

JIM'S hand goes towards the radio.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
No fucking music either.

His hand retracts quickly. There is nothing more to be said. The car ploughs onwards. They enter the city limits. Dyke Road roundabout. The blinking red lights of the Rampion Wind farm can be seen on the sea horizon. Hove lays before them. The Jag motors down the hill.

EXT. THIRD AVENUE. HOVE. SUSSEX. NIGHT.

The Jaguar slows to a halt. CHARLIE emerges and holds the door open as usual for MICHAEL, who gets out. He pulls his coat tighter.

MICHAEL
Always forget how windy it is down here.

CHARLIE shuts the door, and makes to go with MICHAEL.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
No ... I think you stay here with Jim. I won't be too long. Just a few particulars. Have a few pints if you want. Or a nice walk on the prom. Or have a quick bounce up and down the 360. I'll call when I'm done.

CHARLIE
Say hello from me and Jim.

MICHAEL
Regards will be conveyed.

He strides off down the road.

FADE DOWN.

FADE UP.

INT. JAGUAR. M23. NIGHT.

JIM, CHARLIE and MICHAEL are on their way back to Crawley.

MICHAEL
It's funny what people tell you sometimes isn't it.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
All comes tumbling out. Not even
under duress.

CHARLIE and JIM look at each other but neither says anything.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You ever said anything you
shouldn't have Jim?

JIM
Aye, all the time Mr. Henderson,
but only stuff that would get me in
trouble. Nae one else.

MICHAEL
Like a Scottish owl. What about you
Charlie?

CHARLIE
I don't talk that much, and when I
do it's straight to the point. Done
nothing I'm ashamed of.

MICHAEL
I would say not as well. Steven
sends his regards by the way. He'll
be back on duties shortly. Just a
bit of paper work to sort out so to
speak. Little bit of flim flam to
fix. Nothing we can't handle. What
a kurfuffle.

CHARLIE
That's good to hear Mr. Henderson.

MICHAEL
What else did you hear? Anything
else? Anyone been gassing about
what happened? It's quite important
that I know.

CHARLIE
Just ... chatter. You know. 'Cos it
was on the telly. I mean, well,
half of Brighton guessed it might
be him.

MICHAEL
Half? That's a lot isn't it.
Imagine.

CHARLIE
Half of those who know him.

MICHAEL

Exactly half or thereabouts? Have you done, say, extensive market research? A gangster poll? Of those Brightonians that know our man?

CHARLIE

(squirming)

No, of course not Mr. Henderson, just ... heard stuff. You know. Pubs. Parties. He's knows a lot of people.

MICHAEL

Heard stuff. Seems every walking pile of warm pork apart from me has "heard stuff". My problem, lads, is that some Norwegian bigwig shitpig fucknut has also "heard stuff", and that stuff he heard could affect business in the negative. Do you get my drift?

JIM

It's just hearsay, tittle tattle. You know, that it was probably our Stevie that ... fucked up the farmers. Nixed the chopper. Sent it back to Shoreham.

MICHAEL

But my problem is, how would they even guess at that? Are his missions pinned up on some fucking town notice board each night? Hove town hall? Title: "Steve's Crime Spree - MONDAY - SUNDAY, AM / PM?" You see my confusion?

CHARLIE

(worried glance at JIM)

I really don't know.

MICHAEL

Hmm. Well, someone does. If some white glowing blob on TV news translates to Steve from Crawley causing countryside chaos in East Sussex, that's more than tittle tattle in my book. That's serious insider fucking information that wended its merry way to the North fucking pole. More or less.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
As leaks go, that's Fukushima.
That's Exxon fucking Valdez!

JIM
If we knew, you'd be the first to
know. We've been asking ourselves
the same thing.

MICHAEL
Do yourselves both a favour, and
stop asking yourselves, but ask the
right people the right questions
and find out how this got to Oslo.
I need to plug that gap as soon as
possible.

CHARLIE
Course.

JIM
Nae problem. We'll be bending a few
ears and fingers, don't you worry
Sir.

MICHAEL
Oh, I always worry. Part and parcel
of being the boss. Drop me at the
George when we get back would you
Jim? I've had a most rapacious
thirst come on.

FADE DOWN.

FADE UP.

EXT. THE GEORGE PUB. CRAWLEY. NIGHT.

The Jaguar pulls up. MICHAEL sits for a while in the back.
Sighs deeply. JIM turns around.

JIM
What time do you want picking up
tomorrow Mr. Henderson?

MICHAEL
Ah. Well, tomorrow, I'm sight
seeing.

CHARLIE and JIM look quizzically at each other.

CHARLIE
Again?

MICHAEL

Might make it a weekly thing. Very therapeutic.

JIM

With this new guy? Are you sure?

MICHAEL

He's working out very well as it happens. I mean, what a first night. Poor fucker was properly put through his paces. There's a couple of things I need to ask him in confidence.

CHARLIE

No tail?

MICHAEL

No, I think I'll be alright Charlie. I'll see you later in the week. Well done for bringing that lad back from the brink Jim. What could have happened had we not been there. Shame about his supervisor. That pretty face all smashed up. Night night fellas.

JIM

Mr. Henderson.

CHARLIE

Mr. H.

CUT TO:

We see MICHAEL seated at a table in the pub, behind a grubby window. He has the whole room to himself and is nursing a pint of Guinness. He's initially on his own. Then a raven haired lady, late 50s comes up to the table. She smiles. He indicates a seat. She sits and they strike up a conversation. We can't hear what they say. Clearly they know each other. After a few moments, he glances straight at us. Inscrutable. Devilish.

FADE DOWN.

FADE UP.

TITLE: "DEAN"

1. EXT. HVAR HARBOUR, CROATIA. NIGHT.

We see a quick cut collage of DEAN DAVIS (39), a well dressed, fit and ruggedly attractive man, MARK RILEY (37), a well presented confident chap, MAAIKE (27) and ANOUK (25), two attractive Dutch ladies, drinking, dancing, gyrating, having the time of their life, not a care in the world. Diving deep into the hedonistic lifestyle of a party town.

CUT TO:

The GROUP walking along the harbour front, past the bars and clubs. They've all now had a bit of a skin full, not a small amount of drugs but are still lapping up the good vibes and energy. As they go past various bars and clubs they get cheered or high-fived. The vibe is contagious, everyone is having a good time.

Two men walk past the GROUP and a mobile phone rings loudly in one of the man's top pockets. DEAN, MARK, MAAIKE and ANOUK look at them briefly, ignore it then stroll past.

They are in seventh heaven. Fireworks go off in the distance. A shimmering array of the YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL are all around. They continue walking through party wonderland. A short time later, DEAN'S own phone goes. He ignores it. It seems strangely loud. MAAIKE hears it ring, even above the party cacophony, and nudges DEAN.

MAAIKE

Are you going to answer it?

DEAN
(smiling)
Nah! I'm having WAAAY TOO MUCH FUN!

MAAIKE and ANOUK laugh and people around cheer. MARK puts his arm around DEAN as they all march along.

MARK
Told you it would be proper good
didn't I!

DEAN
Yes you did mate, yes you did.

MARK
(to passers by)
Oi Oi!

REVELLERS
Oi oi!

DEAN, MARK and MAAIKE and ANOUK continue on past fire eaters, poseurs, glitzy hedonists, club dancers, promoters, resplendent yachts. They are riding high.

Suddenly, DEAN'S phone goes once again. It gets louder and louder to the detriment of all the other sounds. MARK looks at DEAN, who in turn looks rather worried, and glances to the phone in his pocket.

MARK mouths something, but it cannot be heard. All the music has suddenly gone quiet. Bizarrely, the sound of a lorry passing can be heard, but there is no lorry nearby. DEAN shakes his head and the scene returns to normal. He scratches his cheek involuntarily. Something is not quite right. Probably the drugs?

The quad continue down the quayside, buoyant and fresh. Series of cuts until they are outside a pub that looks oddly like an English house. It's called Waylaid. DEAN glances at it suspiciously. It seems oh so familiar. The evening lighting has changed.

A group of SCANTILY CLAD PROMOTERS come dancing up handing out leaflets to further discounted nights of debauchery and revelry. DEAN'S phone rings for a third time. The trilling seems to affect the visuals, manifesting as subtle ripples.

It affects all the people around, like a mild breeze. One of the promoters makes a phone hand gesture. Things become slightly slo-mo. MAAIKE and ANOUK slip out of the boys arms. Until finally it's just the phone trilling like an enraged harpy. The wobbles become pronounced.

CRASH CUT TO:

2. INT. BEDSIT. BRIGHTON. DAY.

The ring tone from the dream morphs into an urgent, present day ring tone. DEAN is asleep on a mangy sofa, a tatty blanket draped over him and ROMMEL (5), a mangy black cat, asleep on top of that. Finally, the ringtone cuts through his unconscious. He jolts awake suddenly. ROMMEL flees. We see his room and it's not nice.

Empty booze bottles litter the floor, discarded and strewn, drunken the night before. There are numerous cigarette burns around an over spilling ashtray.

A crack pipe lurks menacingly next to discarded and burnt foil. Sunlight streams in through a slit in some cheap curtains. A wide screen TV lies propped against the wall, but is clearly one still in use. It's not discarded.

Post-It notes with scribbled program times are stuck around the edge. DEAN spies the screen of his mobile through blurry eyes then sits bolt upright. Shock. Both at the time and the caller. He is in a right state.

DEAN

Oh god.

He tentatively answers the phone.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(nervously)

Mike, I ...

MICHAEL (O/S

Where the hell are you? I've been calling all bloody morning! You've had two weeks off you whelk and you've ballsed up your first day back. You were doing so well. I had such high hopes you fucking idiot. The day I had yesterday. You have no idea. And this morning was meant to be my little bit of fun. A bit of R&R. Rampage and 'recking.

DEAN

(coughing, gravelly voice)

Sorry sorry sorry ... I had ... ah shit, sorry Mike ...

MICHAEL

You're about as reliable as rain in the Sahara. Halley's fuckin' comet is more punctual and that's only every 76 fuckin' years! Are you really more useless than a lump of ice hurtling through space?

DEAN

Well, no ... well, I mean ice can be quite useful if you think about it ...

MICHAEL

Don't even go there! I'll put you on ice! Why do I specifically need a you as a driver today Dean? Can you remember? That brain working yet?

DEAN
 (sighing even more deeply)
 So we can knock cyclists over if we
 need to 'cos its my shit car.

MICHAEL (O/S
 Bingo McJingo! Knock those lycra
 clad wankers on their festering
 little arses.

CUT TO:

Flashback of DEAN driving MICHAEL along an A road. They are held at traffic lights. A lycra clad cyclist suddenly shoots past, smugly jumping a red light.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Get that velocipedel shit stain as
 soon as the coast is clear!

DEAN
 (trying to get out of it)
 Mike, I can't do this any more, I
 ...

MICHAEL
 Do it! Or I'll cook and eat your
 cat.

DEAN
 Oh Jesus ...

MICHAEL
 I'll eat him too! Just do the
 usual.

The lights change. DEAN catches up to the CYCLIST, checks all around to see if it's clear then nudges him enough for him to go careening into the pavement on the ground. Yelling from the CYCLIST. DEAN pulls the car over.

MICHAEL leaps out, ignores the shouts of anger from the fallen cyclist, and punches him twice in the face, instantly silencing him. MICHAEL finally slaps parting words into the poor CYCLIST.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Don't - jump - red - lights - you -
 utter - fucking - cunt!!!!

It's demented, shocking, brutal and not a little disturbing. He then tries to fold the bike wheels around his legs.

Then stomps what remains a few times before heading back to the car.

CUT BACK TO:

MICHAEL (O/S) (CONT'D)
 Wankers! Those ... fucking ...
 calumniator cocksuckers ...
 (Sniffs. Beat.) Son, get your
 sorry arse round here now!

DEAN
 Yeah yeah yeah, course I will Mike.
 I'm really ...

MICHAEL has already hung up.

DEAN holds his head in his hands, groaning. He swings his legs out and stands in a half eaten kebab left on the floor. The sludge ebbs through his toes.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Oh for fucks sake.

He angrily kicks it away, and ROMMEL makes a bee line for the scattered zombie flesh. He frantically searches around for clothes and finally finds his trousers hung up neatly on the curtain rail. He hauls them on. They are surprisingly fashionable. Ted Baker.

CUT TO:

DEAN is now dressed and almost functional. He looks very cool indeed, totally at odds with his surroundings. He pats himself down, going through a check list.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Where are the keys? Where are the
 keys ... Rommel, where are the
 bloody keeeeys?!

He searches for clues before eventually finding his keys on a small table top, hidden by beer cans. He knocks the cans off. Suddenly a look of horror crosses his face. Under the keys is a DVLA notice of clamping and a contact form to release it.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Ahhhhhh fuuuuckin 'ellll! When the
 fuck did ... ah, I don't believe
 it!! This cannot be happening! For
 fuck's sake.

He runs to the window to take a look at his clamped car, still not quite believing it is real. He parts the curtains.