

BLACK

VOICE OVER

Of course, I've seen the film Notting Hill. Funny. Charming even... but a million miles from the world I live in. Now that's a different story....

FADE IN:

EXT NOTTING HILL, LONDON, 2003 -DAY

A ropey looking fruit and vegetable market. A pair of DRUNKS fight over a lager.

VOICE OVER

On weekdays there's relative peace.

EXT MCDONALDS -DAY

Two chubby GERMAN'S emerge, stuffing themselves.

VOICE OVER

Culinary delights abound.

EXT STARBUCK'S -DAY

Chainsmokers quaff Venti Latte's.

VOICE OVER

It's a quaint little village, really.

EXT THE MARKET BAR -DAY

A drug deal is in progress.

VOICE OVER

There's The Market Bar, where customer satisfaction is paramount...

A HOODED MAN starts kicking a hapless TEENAGER.

EXT CORONET CINEMA -DAY

A COUPLE walk out, utterly befuddled. The film "Andrei Tarkovsky's Solaris" is playing.

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VOICE OVER

The Coronet - entertainment for all
the family.

EXT PORTOBELLO RD -DAY

Thousands of tourists are now teeming beneath the motorway.

A young ITALIAN COUPLE try on stupid hats.

VOICE OVER

The real killer is the tourists. They
haven't the faintest....

They look daft.

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

...and bring normal life to a halt.

A LOCAL MAN stumbles out of a supermarket into a sea of
JAPANESE, sending his bacon, milk and eggs flying.

EXT PORTOBELLO RD - NIGHT

The same street. Relatively deserted. Serene. The Italian
couple stumble into a taxi, giggling in their silly
sunglasses.

VOICE OVER

But it's when they're safely tucked up
counting sheep that the area comes
into it's own....

EXT DECREPIT CHURCH - NIGHT

The stained glass seems to be pulsating. The brickwork,
vibrating with the shuddering sub-bass which emanates
through the eaves.

VOICE OVER

Big style.

A group of hard-headed locals queues excitedly, clutching
invitations. A crack of ultra-violet shimmers through the
monstrous oaken portals. A cathedral of pleasures awaits. A
CHUBBY BLOKE edges to the front of the line, carrying a box
of records. We follow him through the door.....

INT CHURCH - NIGHT

Searing psychedelic rock/ trance is SMASHING out of the sound system. A kaleidoscope of celestial colors envelops the looned-out HIPPIY BABES and their SHAMANIC SUITORS, all gyrating to the hypnotic rhythms. Flourescent, crazed, marvellous, synergistic MAYHEM.

A BIG BLOKE is jabbing the corner of his credit card into a wrap of white powder. Just as he stuffs it into his eager nostril, a CONCERNED MAN blusters past him knocking the contents to the floor.

CONCERNED MAN

Sorry.

FAT BLOKE

For God's sake...

He has fallen to his knees, scrabbling for the precious crystals.

FAT BLOKE (CONT'D)

You cu--

He turns, coming face-to-face with two angelic CHILDREN, both about eight years old. He is startled by their shocking WHITE DREADLOCKS. They LAUGH at his idiocy.

FAT BLOKE (CONT'D)

--annot be serious.

An ATTRACTIVE LADY giggles at the mishap with her BESPECTACLED GIRLFRIEND, who points up at the DJ box.

BESPECTACLED GIRLFRIEND

Pogo's giving it some...

A bald GOATEE BEARDED MAN is jumping wildly, sweat whipping off his brow. A record box is set down next to him and its owner grabs the reefer out of his mouth and takes a hefty tug.

A beaming Hawaiian-shirted NUTTER IN A WHEELCHAIR, who is giving as good as the rest on the dance floor, has his wild wheelies interrupted by an absolute GODDESS in Gucci shades.

GODDESS

Where the hell's Tom?

NUTTER IN WHEELCHAIR

That's a damn good question.

They pair off and filter through the throng.

GODDESS

Jesus, this is some party...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NUTTER IN WHEELCHAIR

Always pushing the envelope, our Tom.

The big bloke and two girls follow them through to...

EXT CHURCH COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

A bonfire is raging. It's freezing, and they all shiver as they emerge through the door.

Up ahead, in the light of the bonfire, a man stands naked, shaking and muttering. He is soaking wet, from head to toe, swaying on the spot. Otherwise, the courtyard is empty. They gather round him.

ATTRACTIVE LADY

Tom...?

TOM LANGTON'S face says it all. He's fried out of his tiny mind. Buck naked in the middle of winter, gibbering in front of his closest friends.

ATTRACTIVE LADY (CONT'D)

(very concerned)

TOM!

TOM

I'm totally and utterly FUCKED.

Tom's eyes stare wildly.

They MORPH into two serene, calm eyes.

INT "THE PRIORY" - MORNING

We PULL BACK to reveal Tom, relaxed and resplendent on a chaise-longue. He's a handsome devil and dressed to the nines. This is a psychiatrist's office. Crisp and clinical splendor.

SEBASTIAN PEARSON, white turtle-neck sweater, smile of an Abbot, is finishing a session.

SEBASTIAN

(laughing)

Well it was good of you to check in.
Before you check out. If you see what
I mean.

TOM

Yep, no more "invisible friends."

Tom makes scary gestures with his hands.

(CONTINUED)

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SEBASTIAN
Psuedo-hallucinations.

TOM
They're not hallucinations if you know-
-

SEBASTIAN
--they're not real. Exactly. You've
come a long way, Tom. We're going to
miss you.

TOM
Seb. Let's get this straight. As much
as I've enjoyed our chit-chats, and am
now one happy-clappy follower of the
twenty-seven step program. I will most
certainly NOT be missing your
invoices.

Sebastian holds his hands up innocently.

SEBASTIAN
N.H.S. all the way then, next time.

TOM
At least they'll draw the line at
blowing warm water up my butt at
eighty quid a throw.

He gets up.

SEBASTIAN
Irrigation. The foundation of our
nation.

TOM
Smart-arse....

They embrace.

TOM (CONT'D)
There's not going to be a next time.

SEBASTIAN
That's the spirit.

INT PRIORY CORRIDOOR.

A skinny model, MELINA, stands in Tom and Sebastian's way.

MELINA
Tommy, baby...

She drapes her stick-like arms around his neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM
Melina. I'll miss our morning Pepsi's.

MELINA
(whispering)
Get me some coke and I'll fu--

TOM
I wont forget you, either.

Tom looks across at Sebastian and chuckles awkwardly.

EXT THE PRIORY - MOMENTS LATER

Something of a manor house. BELLSEY is waiting on the lawn. She has a sweet, homely look about her. Tom and Sebastian emerge....

BELLSEY
My lion...

Tom makes a playful roar at her, then proceeds with some KUNG FU DANCING. She reacts with some nifty chops and slices. It's as if a blinding tune has been whapped on the decks. Sebastian stands awkwardly by...

SEBASTIAN
I'll, er, see you, then...

Tom winks and, in mid-manoevre waves over Bellsey's shoulder as Sebastian leaves, shaking his head.

Their routine complete, Bellsey leaps and straddles him, and they playfully snap jaws at each other, lion-style.

TOM
You cheeky little minx, I knew you hadn't lost your touch.

BELLSEY
I've been practising with Moist. He's even taught me a few new moves.

TOM
That crafty little trickster.

BELLSEY
Someone had to keep me company. Oooh, I missed you so much, babe. Don't do this to me again.

They kiss.

INT RENAULT CLIO V6 -CONTINUOUS

They break the kiss. Tom is groping her ample bosom.

BELLSEY

Stop it... it's dangerous.

We can hardly hear over the throb of the V6 engine. She slips a CD into the stereo. The rumbling is now accompanied by a frighteningly good track.

BELLSEY (CONT'D)

Napster has been my lover in your absence. That ADSL is a Godsend.

She snicks the car down a gear and hits the gas.

BELLSEY (CONT'D)

Hallucinogen, G.M.S., Psychopod, even... you wouldn't believe it. I found that Synchro track, "One drop or two sir?" It's BRILLIANT.

She flicks a switch on the stereo. A more menacing mantra begins to exude....

TOM

Turn it off.

BELLSEY

What?

Her smile drops.

TOM

Please.

She puts the radio on. A rapper is telling London how well hung he is.

TOM (CONT'D)

And I can certainly do without that homey bollocks.

Bellsey slows down. The radio is off.

TOM (CONT'D)

It makes me feel anxious listening to The Trance again.

BELLSEY

I'm sorry. Of course....

TOM

It brings it all back.

He looks serious. Now Bellsey does too.

INT ANNABEL AND TOM'S FLAT -MORNING

An idyll. Flowers. Real Art on walls. Pictures of her and Tom on Macchu Pichu, on a beach and paragliding in the mountains.

Tom roughly strokes his ecstatic cat, MOIST, splayed out on a shaggy rug, MEOWING.

TOM
Moisty, Moisty, Moisty.

He makes silly kisses. Bellsey makes tea. Both of them are nearly as naked as the cat.

BELLSEY
Never, ever again, then?

TOM
Not even a puff of a joint.

He means it.

BELLSEY
I'm so proud of you.

She cocks her head to the side and offers the sweetest of smiles. A tray of tea is placed on the coffee table. A red INVITATION sits next to the milk. It reads "THE HALLOWEEN DRUGS SYMPOSIUM."

BELLSEY (CONT'D)
I've got you on the panel.

TOM
You're doing this?

BELLSEY
Yep...

TOM
Jesus... Bellsey. You could have told me earlier....

He examines the invite. A metropolitan police badge is on it.

BELLSEY
It'll be a breeze. You'll be famous!
They wanted someone who knows the culture. You're a veteran.

TOM
Yeah, but....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELLSEY

No butts. Besides, there's five hundred quid in it for you.

TOM

As long as I don't have to prepare a speech.

BELLSEY

It's not a balloon debate... Could open up some career avenues... Talking of which, Mickey wants to give you a trial at the cafe today.

TOM

(resignedly)
Groovy.

EXT GOLBOURNE RD MARKET -MORNING

A ramshackle bric-a-brac market bustles in the shadow of an extraordinary, hulking tenement block. On the twentieth floor, one of the windows is flickering.

INT "TWISTED" PROMOTIONS OFFICES -CONTINUOUS

JON OHM(30), a gangly, dreadlocked white boy, is fiddling with his minidisc players. A strobe flickers out of the chaotic mess of record sleeves and wires behind him. Hands reach from behind, and lift the cups of his headphones...

TOM

Mental! Mental! Chicken Oriental!

Jon spazzes out with shock. He sends his Grande Latte flying. Tom is stabbing the air, waving an imaginary glo-stick and gurning like a teen raver.

JON OHM

Fuckety fuck fuck.... TOM!

Tom acknowledges him nobly.

TOM

Back from the dead, bwoy.

They engage in some ingenious hand clasping, ending in knocked fists and a hug.

JON OHM

Man. Been sending big shouts to the Priory massive for weeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tom motions to the crude, crooked antenna which jabs through the window.

TOM

John. The Telecom Tower would need a windless day to pick up a signal from this.

They survey the equipment of a true pirate radio outfit. And the view from the twentieth floor.

JON OHM

Brainwashing the stockbroker belt.

TOM

Respect.

INT ANOTHER ROOM -MORNING

A techno music production studio. Tom stares, disgruntled, at a pile of boxes as Jon Ohm comes in with a cup of tea and a bong.

JON OHM

Fancy a bowl?

He offers a bag of marijuana. He registers the dismay on Tom's face.

JON OHM (CONT'D)

We needed the space, man.

TOM

I'm not putting any more parties on so you can keep the studio.

JON OHM

I figured you might be hitting the brakes for a while. You had us all worried...

TOM

No, John. I'm not putting any more parties on. Period. Things went too far.

JON OHM

Cool, man.

TOM

No, it's not cool. It's a pain in the buttocks. I don't imagine you'd be sitting pretty if you couldn't ever drink or do drug--

The door BUZZES. John goes to answer it. Tom notices a bottle of "Minty Fresh" breath freshener on the side.

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CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)

Tommy.....

He turns.

In spins SPIDER(30's). He's wheelchair-bound and grinning, his features - chiselled, his charisma - undeniable, his Hawaiian shirt - offensive. He's acting like a mental patient.

SPIDER

.....Lobo-Tommy!

TOM

Not you.

SPIDER

Flew out of the cuckoo's nest then.

TOM

You really are a piece of work,
Spider...
I would hug you but... my back's a bit
dodgy.

SPIDER

Touche!

They clasp hands.

SPIDER (CONT'D)

Glad you're here, bud. Need you to
make a delivery.

He chucks a sachet of white powder onto Tom's lap.

SPIDER (CONT'D)

Client of mine. Can't trust this Space
Cadet.

He gestures to Jon Ohm, who's packing his bong.

TOM

No. I'm working at Mickey's.

SPIDER

Great, I'll send her round there,
then.

He stuffs a twenty pound note into Tom's hand

SPIDER (CONT'D)

Shut-up. It's from work. It's legal.
You need the money. End of story. Oh,
not quite. She's damn cute.

Tom considers this as Spider spins away.

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SPIDER (CONT'D)
Gotta dash.

JON OHM
Spider. Here.

Exhaling a rich cloud of smoke, he tosses Spider the bottle of "Minty Fresh" breath freshener.

JON OHM (CONT'D)
Sort out the halitosis.

SPIDER
Adios, amigos.

The front door SLAMS.

TOM
Always got time for his mates, that one.

INT BOOTS THE CHEMIST, NOTTING HILL -MORNING

A gorgeous MODEL sashays away from the lipstick counter. She glides to the till, glancing downwards at a girl who anxiously clutches a pregnancy test.

BELLSEY
Oh, and a packet of Smints please.

She looks up at the Model. They smile weakly, as strangers do. Leaving, Bellsey stops to glance at her bottom in the mirror. Her smile fades.

EXT QUICK MICKEY'S CAFE, PORTOBELLO -MORNING

Tom is locking up his bicycle when a lost AMERICAN COUPLE approach, wearing matching yellow wind-cheaters.

MAN
You wouldn't happen to know where we might find the Blue Door, would you?

TOM
(Mildly miffed)
I'm sorry?

WOMAN
From The Movie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Aaaah. Well, you head up Portobello, under the freeway, straight on about two blocks, over Colville Terrace, past the church and then left down Powis. About a hundred yards further on the right. Can't miss it.

MAN

Thanks, guy.

As they bumble off past the teeming hordes, Tom finishes locking his bicycle. He smiles at the patch of blue paint under the black door he's in front of.

INT QUICK MICKEY'S -MOMENTS LATER

Post-modern "Aloha" would best describe this lively and trendy cafe. MICKEY(30's), 250 lbs of British irony, gives Tom a lung-crushing bear-hug.

TOM

Mickey.

MICKEY

In your own time, mate.

TOM

Hardly rammed, is it?

MICKEY

Easy, lippy, remember who'll be lining your sky rocket.

Tom throws him a sidelong look of disdain.

TOM

Lock, stock and barrel?

Mickey swivels, pad in hand.

MICKEY

Right, let's get you started. You know the deal. Humorous, ironic, dead-pan rudeness. That's why they come.... to feel good about feeling bad about themselves.

GUIDO(20's), shifty chef, and FENELLA(20's), slinky waitress, busily ignore their fellow worker's arrival.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I'll be with you bunch of geeks in a minute.

His customers giggle.

EXT INFINITY EVENTS -MORNING

An unseemly hulk of 80's over-exuberance tarnishes the quaint news it presides over.

INT INFINITY EVENTS -MORNING

A busy events promotion company. Bellsey sits next to the cute, bespectacled, EMMA(20's), a fellow PA.

A weasel of a Director, BOB BROOKS, is carrying a full-size skeleton.

BOB BROOKS

Gad-dammit, An-na-bel, where's the gad-damn syringe. There ain't no syringe.

BELLSEY

Sorry Bob, I--

He has already gone. The skeleton now lies in an undignified heap. Bob wanders off.

BOB BROOKS (O.S.)

Never does anything ... when I...
Jesus H.

EMMA

You should have said.

BELLSEY

(mimicking)
Gad-dammit, An-na-bel.

She blows a raspberry and flicks a V. Then giggles.

EMMA

Bells!

BELLSEY

Shrivelled pee-wee.

Emma has put on a Halloween witches mask.

BELLSEY (CONT'D)

A definite improvement.

She reaches into her handbag and pulls out the pregnancy test.

INT QUICK MICKEY'S -MORNING

Tom, whilst changing for work, drops the sachet of white powder onto the floor. This is spotted by Guido, the chef, who is flipping bacon. Tom heads in to deal with his first customer.

INT INFINITY EVENTS -MORNING

A toilet cubicle. Bellsey rips apart the box and reads the instructions. She frowns....

INT. QUICK MICKEY'S LARDER - MORNING

Guido is in the larder, chopping out two neat lines of powder. He has emptied the sachet. He snorts them briskly, then smiles guiltily. It turns to a confused frown. Then a shrug. Sniffing, his attention is drawn to a box of baking soda.

INT QUICK MICKEY'S -CONTINUOUS

A table of Germans has settled down.

TOM

(wearily)

When you've quite finished nattering, perhaps you'd consider our specials today.

HANS

I object to your rudeness.

TOM

Oh, really, well zen ve might hef a little problem.

HANS

This is outrageous!

TOM

I sink zat you misunderstand. Ve haf ways of making you understand....

HANS

I've never been so--

TOM

I'm sorry, bad idea. Not funny.

They bustle out. Tom is left marooned. Mickey appears, annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY

Don't get personal. That's not what it's about.

INT QUICK MICKEY'S KITCHEN -CONTINUOUS

Guido's bacon is burned to cinders.

FENELLA

Guido!

He emerges, tying his apron and wiping his nose.

GUIDO

Sorry, I had to go pee-pee. It's ok...

FENELLA

Oh babes, quick.

GUIDO

Guapa. Tu me encanta.

He blows her a kiss.

GUIDO (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Puto madre! Joder!

He flicks the blackened bacon into the trash, shaking his head.

INT QUICK MICKEY'S -MORNING

Tom sniffs the air, frowns towards the kitchen, and continues to wipe down the table. And that's when she enters.....

HATTIE MARTIN(20's), is quite simply an angel - tall, steeped in hippy couture, with lips and hips that catwalks were built for. She's framed by the doorway, applying her lipstick. She drops it and it rolls... ending up at Tom's feet.

Tom picks it up.

TOM

This yours?

She slinks seductively over, and takes it from the love-struck Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)

Silly question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence descends for a moment

TOM (CONT'D)
Would you like to sit down?

He hands her a menu.

HATTIE
I didn't think being polite was on the menu.

TOM
... It's today's special.

He chortles ineffectually. She smiles. Those eyes.

She turns and walks to an empty table.

HATTIE
Mine's a smoothie. Banana Mango... Is Tom around?

Tom's eyebrows rise.

INT KITCHEN -CONTINUOUS

Fresh bacon sizzles. Splashes on the grill. Guido's nose is running like a tap.

MICKEY
You've got to be kidding.

Guido's trance is interrupted by his ear being yanked.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Get the hell upstairs and clean up.

Guido scuttles away, mortified. Mickey holds his hands to the heavens.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Jesu-Cristu-Madre-Mia-Que pasa hoy?

More bacon in the bin.

Tom leans over the counter. He whistles to Mickey, motioning towards Hattie.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
My table.

TOM
You're going to have to be quicker than that. Fenella, one banana and mango smoothie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She grudgingly obliges. She doesn't think much of Tom. Mickey motions to Hattie.

MICKEY

Now that, my son, is exactly where you should be docking your barge.

TOM

Mickey. I'm not like you. To me, monogamy is NOT a type of wood.

INT INFINITY EVENTS -MORNING

Bellsey sits in the cubicle, waiting anxiously for the tester to turn blue. Or not.

INT QUICK MICKEY'S UPSTAIRS -MORNING

Guido comes out of the bathroom with toilet paper in each nostril. He sparks up a filter-less Gauloise cigarette. A cute GIRL walks past beneath.

GUIDO

Hola, carinya!

GIRL

Piss off, weirdo.

Guido catches his reflection and the twists of paper hanging out of his nose. He plucks them out, but the dripping ensues and he re-plugs.

INT QUICK MICKEY'S -MORNING

Hattie has finished her smoothie, and Tom brandishes the bill.

TOM

Might I suggest that you never cast your shadow again through the hallowed portals of this establishment.

HATTIE

Very good.

TOM

Call me out of line, but only the beautiful people are welcome.

He hands her the bill, Spider's sachet is underneath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM (CONT'D)
Looks like I'm tipping you.

She winks.

INT FLUFFY ROOSTER FILMS -MORNING

The pregnancy test. It's turned blue.

Annabel. So has she.

INT QUICK MICKEY'S -MORNING

Tom and Mickey stand, arms crossed, heads shaking. They are admiring, through the glass, the spectacle of Hattie walking to her car.

MICKEY
Out of your league, I'm afraid.

TOM
I'm not on the sniff, anyway.

EXT QUICK MICKEY'S -CONTINUOUS

Guido is still on the windowsill above. Unsatisfied with his cigarette he flicks it skyward, and heads within. As Hattie prepares to start her silver Alfa Spider convertible, it lands in her hair. She doesn't notice.

INT QUICK MICKEY'S -CONTINUOUS

Mickey and Tom continue to adore.

MICKEY
(singing)
R-R-R-Ride da poonaney.

TOM
Romantic sort, aren't you?

EXT QUICK MICKEY'S -CONTINUOUS

Hattie's hair IGNITES.

INT QUICK MICKEY'S -CONTINUOUS

Tom and Mickey are aghast.

TOM
Shii....

MICKEY
....iiiiit.

Tom whips a towel from Fenella's waist-band and RUNS to the door.

EXT QUICK MICKEY'S -CONTINUOUS

Hattie checks her face in the rear-view mirror. She turns to see Tom racing towards her like a loon

TOM
HAIR! FIRE!

Hattie looks back in the mirror. She SCREAMS.

The towel lands just in time.

HATTIE
What the...?

She pulls a smouldering cigarette butt out. She looks around. Guido appears at the window above.

HATTIE (CONT'D)
You fucking asshole. Jesus.

TOM
He'll pay.... The damage is remarkably superficial...

HATTIE
Are you kidding?

TOM
Really.

She checks. Mildly charred. Tom looks far more concerned than she.

TOM (CONT'D)
I know a great hairdre--

HATTIE
That's sweet, but I know a better one.

TOM
This establishment insulted you verbally. Fine, that's the idea.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM (CONT'D)

But this... this... incendiary assault. This has taken things too far. Way, way. Too far.

He takes the pencil from behind his ear and throws it to the ground with the towel.

TOM (CONT'D)

I resign. Effective immediately.

Hattie smiles. She is surprisingly taken by her dashing knight. She offers her hand.

TOM (CONT'D)

We're not worthy of your forgiveness.

She's smiles, melting Tom's heart.

HATTIE

Come round sometime.... I'm on Westbourne Grove.

TOM

Where?

HATTIE

You're a bright boy.

She speeds off.

Tom registers the numberplate of the car. It reads "LUC 1 D."

As the burning rubber dissipates, we see INSPECTOR JENKINS(40's) watching, his top lip twitching against his moustache, one hand on one hip.

INT INFINITY EVENTS -MORNING

Bellsey, still in the cubicle. She looks very worried. Slowly she lets out the sweetest of smiles, and looks down at her stomach, a tear forming in her eye. Her face then drops. She is thinking of...

INT QUICK MICKEY'S -MORNING

Tom - the alpha male. He is accepting the APPLAUSE of the entire cafe. A bow.

TOM

I thank you....

Mickey forces a smile. He doesn't like not being the centre of attention.

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CONTINUED:

Fenella takes her towel back.

FENELLA
Quite the hero....

Her cleavage really is exceptional...

FENELLA (CONT'D)
.... it's always nice to see a man
take an active approach to romance.

Tom is beaming from ear to ear.

INT INFINITY EVENTS -MORNING

The office is buzzing. Bellsey's eyes are dampened by tears.

EMMA
Hardly the fathering type, is he?

BELLSEY
Thanks. He is, it's just.... I love
him.

EMMA
Don't tell him.

BELLSEY
What?

BOB BROOKS (O.S.)
Gad-DAMMIT!

They are only momentarily distracted. Their tones hush.

EMMA
Yet. Wait. Has he got his shit
together? No.

BELLSEY
Yes, in a way.

EMMA
Come on, he's still a caner.

BELLSEY
You're a real comfort, Emma. No, he
has. He's stopped.

EMMA
Seriously. He's going to have to show
you he loves you and that you're the
one. And no more drugs. It's not what
Dad's do...

EXT QUICK MICKEY'S -MORNING

Tom, work finished, is followed out by Mickey.

TOM

Nah, mate, I don't do that shit anymore.

MICKEY

Listen, my boy. To get a chick like that. You gotta be armed to the teeth.

TOM

A fair point. But that's still a no. I'll be relying only on the gifts that God gave me.

MICKEY

Must have been a miserable birthday...

Mickey walks into the cafe.

A silver JAGUAR is parked nearby. Inside, a GENTLEMAN in an ethnic silk shirt is talking on a mobile phone and nodding in Tom's direction.

Tom heads over to his bicycle, only to discover that his bicycle has been stolen, leaving only the front wheel.

TOM

Cheapskates.

The Jaguar approaches, and an electric window winds down.

GENTLEMAN

Shocking behavior.

TOM

(startled)
You're telling me...

GENTLEMAN

That kind of activity rather lowers the tone of the area, don't you find, Tom? It is Tom, isn't it?

TOM

Do I know you?

GENTLEMAN

Let's just say I'm a friend of a friend's.

The door opens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

Could I be so bold as to offer you a
lift to your destination?

In the back is the GENTLEMAN, whose well-travelled charisma and debonair comportment are edified with piercing silver-grey eyes. A pair of slender, tanned legs, splay across his lap. They belong to BONNIE. She looks like Twiggy.

In the front, a CHAUFFEUR, something of a brute, doffs his cap.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

Assuming it's not too far....

Bonnie giggles.

BONNIE

Turn it up, Gordon.

Gordon, the chauffeur, obliges. A cheeky psychedelic riff struts through the healthy Bose sound system.

TOM

Nice tune.

INT JAGUAR DRIVING - DAY

The Gentleman, Bonnie and Tom are in the back. His bicycle wheel sits awkwardly on Tom's lap.

TOM

Sorry about this.

Bonnie has crafted a magnificent joint.

GENTLEMAN

Ever the professional....

He ruffles Bonnie's pigtails.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

We go back a while, Spider and I....
Oh God, not another Coffee Republic.

They pass an "opening soon" sign.

TOM

I know, Crappucinos--

GENTLEMAN

And I've never had reason to feel that
I should feel anything other than
utter.... confidence in our
relationship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bonnie bites the stray paper from the end of the reefer and passes it to the Gentleman ceremoniously. A transparent bag of moist marijuana "buds" is sitting on the spokes of his bike wheel.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)
Costa Rican hydroponics, 100
milligrams THC per gram. Potent is
too short a word.

Tom looks anxious.

TOM
You won't mind if I don't join you.

Bonnie frowns.

GENTLEMAN
Tsk.

He shakes his head.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)
The Fear...

TOM
Well, that's actually not the case.
I'm rather partial to the odd toke.
It's just a bit early, and I've got
some stuff I need to sort--

GENTLEMAN
--it's fine, Tom, no offence taken.

The music growls on. Tom is feeling uneasy. The Gentleman takes huge tugs on the joint, then passes it to the grateful Bonnie. The car is getting smokey. Tom wonders how he ended up in this dubious situation.

TOM
Actually, maybe I'll get out here. I
feel like a walk.

GENTLEMAN
Don't be hasty, Tom.... I am a
businessman. And trust is fundamental
to the mind-set of all good
business... you understand this ethos?

TOM
Yes.

GENTLEMAN
Are we clear?

TOM
Crystal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GENTLEMAN

Someone has broken that precious chain
of trust.... I hate to be....
hackneyed.... but I fear that....

Wisps of smoke rifle up Tom's nostrils. He tries to open
the window. The buttons don't work.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

... all's not well in the kingdom of
Denmark. Am I making sense to you,
Tom?

He holds his stare. Bonnie's smile has gone. The Chauffeur
turns and grins. Toothless.

TOM

There's been some mistake....

Things are getting weird. The Gentleman seems to leer
accusingly.

GENTLEMAN

It's enough to give a man, well... The
Fear.... And that's not a realm I make
a point of visiting. If I can help it.
I think you've--

TOM

Let me out --

GENTLEMAN

-- get yourself in spot of bother,
Tom.

TOM

-- you fucking lunatic..

There is a struggle. And face-pushing.

GENTLEMAN

Hey, Hey!

Tom grabs his wheel and goes for the door handle. As the
car turns he is THROWN OUT.

EXT PORTOBELLO RD MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Tom stumbles backwards into a FISH STALL. The canopy
collapses, sending crabs and haddock flying. The Jaguar
stops.

FISHMONGER

Gor Blimey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Ooomph!

A box of prawns empties itself over his face much to the amusement of the gathering hordes. The stall is wrecked.

Tom wipes the scampi from his eyes. His first sight is of a twitching moustache.

INSPECTOR JENKINS

Are you alright, sir?

TOM

I....I think so.

FISHMONGER

My Halibut!

INSPECTOR JENKINS

Jolly good. The only damage is criminal, then.

TOM

I can explain.

INSPECTOR JENKINS

This?

He holds up the bicycle wheel. Tom looks more confused.

INSPECTOR JENKINS (CONT'D)

Bit of a wheeler-dealer, are we, Sir?

He can't stifle a chuckle at his dreadful pun.

In the spokes is the hefty bag of hydroponic marijuana buds.

Tom's frown vanishes.

EXT HOLLAND PARK POLICE STATION - DAY

An impressive Victorian construction. Sensitive to the surrounding majesty.

INT POLICE STATION BASEMENT- DAY

Sickly cream tiles line the walls of the cell area. Tom is being photographed. Tom has a cynical grin on his face.

INSPECTOR JENKINS

Pushing drugs is a serious offence, Mr Langton.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Too many playgrounds, too little
time....

INSPECTOR JENKINS

Your humour is misplaced. You're very
fortunate this matter has been
resolved with only a caution, Sir.

TOM

FORTUNATE!! JESUS! WHYNCHA GO CATCH
SOME REAL CRIMINALS, YOU POWER-CRAZED
FRUIT!

INSPECTOR JENKINS

Just hold it up a bit higher.....

Tom adjusts his name plate.

INSPECTOR JENKINS (CONT'D)

.... that's right.

TOM

YOU JOINED THE FORCE 'CAUSE YOU WERE
BULLIED AT SCHOOL, WEREN'T YOU?
YA VENGEFUL FUCK!

The flashgun POPS.

Tom is now being fingerprinted.

INSPECTOR JENKINS

Roll each finger. There.....

TOM

GOT A ONE INCH COCK, EH? YOU FASCIST!

Tom is SCREAMING, his veins bulging.

INSPECTOR JENKINS

....that's good. Now the pinky....

Tom's face is inches from Jenkin's nose. His eye-balls
popping out. He swivels his right arm out.

TOM

MUSSOLINI WOULD BE PROUD, HERR GRUPPEN
REICHSFUHRER. WHAT'S NEXT, ANNEXING
THE HINTERLANDS?

INSPECTOR JENKINS

All done. Thank you for your co-
operation. You're free to go.

Tom, relaxed, refreshed.

TOM

There is one thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

INSPECTOR JENKINS

What's that.

TOM

Love the 'tache.

INT POLICE STATION RECEPTION -DAY

The Fishmonger is trying to impress the OFFICER behind the desk. Bellsey sits, listening. She is not happy.

FISHMONGER

Every Tesco's has a fresh fish counter, right. But they've all been frozen and packed in plastic. Now take my Dover Sole. For starters, you're never gonna find it in Sainsbury's or wherever. But even if you could. The eyes would be glazed over. I mean, fresh in my book, just isn't the same as their book. Different books. Basically.

He might be dull, but at least he's handsome.

OFFICER

That's funny. I never thought of it like that.

FISHMONGER

You know what I mean?

She hands him a green form.

OFFICER

This is an application for a hearing at the Small Claims Court.

Tom emerges with inky fingers. Inspector Jenkins is by his side.

Bellsey gets up.

BELLSEY

(to Tom)

You plonker.

FISHMONGER

Plonker? I'll give you plonker, ya junkie scum.

INSPECTOR JENKINS

Now, you're going to have to calm down, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISHMONGER

I'm going to take you to the cleaners,
you smack-head!

INSPECTOR JENKINS

I suggest you leave quietly, u sir.

He escorts him to the door.

INSPECTOR JENKINS (CONT'D)

This is a residential area....

TOM

(to Bellsey)

I can explain.

EXT POLICE STATION - DAY

Bellsey is in the driving seat of her Renault Clio V6,
which is parked at the bottom of the steps. Tom stands at
the window.

BELLSEY

You can explain it to your therapist,
Tom.

TOM

What?

BELLSEY

You're CHUCKED!.

She screeches away.

Tom crumples to the ground his head in his hands.

TOM

Lordy, Lordy.

END OF ACT 1