

White Knuckle Ride

by

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FADE IN:

INT. POORLY MAINTAINED DRUG DEN - DAY

THE SCENE OPENS IN HIGH CONTRAST BLACK AND WHITE. THE MOOD IS DARK AND DIM.

Music and strobe lights are abounding. The music is heavy and the lights flare and flicker.

A flame erupts from a lighter, igniting a poorly rolled up joint.

It appears that TWO STONERS are slouched on a sofa in an old and rotting house.

One of them blows out a large puff of smoke and ash from his exhausted and half-shrunken lungs. The other sits beside him on a sofa, dazed and appearing like a man stuck on the cusp between life and death.

Around the room, it appears the windows are covered up and the walls are peeling. It looks utterly disgusting!

From outside the front door, the shadows of SEVERAL MEN gather together to disrupt this oddly loud but lifeless haze...

BANG. The door bursts open and ALEC MARSDEN storms through. He's a twenty-five-year-old, with short black hair, and a physically strong manner.

ALEC

Get on the ground now!

The two stoners jump out of their skins and try to make a run for it. Alec and one of the officer's lunge for them and they fall to the ground; one of them swings out a blade, almost slashing Alec in the process. Alec knocks the blade off of him before cuffing them both and pulling them to their feet.

The other officer switches off the music and turns on the lights, while Alec and the other officer escorts the thugs to the door.

OFFICER 1

(to one of the stoners)

Well done mate. You've got yourself nicked.

The officer grips the man with a fierceness, pushing him as he walks.

After Alec puts the thugs in the back of the police van, he remains in a state of shock as he presses his hand against his heart, trying to catch his breath as his heart pounds by the second.

OFFICER 2
You alright, mate

ALEC
Yeah, I'm fine, just catching my breath.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. TRAIN, CUBICLE - DAY

CALVIN DUNES, 25, the most polished and well-groomed man you'll ever see, stands, observing himself in the mirror.

His skin looks bleached, his hair looks slick and his attire leaves nothing to be desired.

Calvin pulls out an expensive brand of hair wax from his newly tailored suit and places it beside the sink. With two fingers, he scoops out a generous amount of product and runs it passed his hairline, making sure to plaster his entire scalp.

He then rinses his hands and closely examines himself, making sure the lapels on his tuxedo are symmetrical. Satisfied, Calvin exits the cubicle.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Calvin steps out into a luxurious first-class cabin. Surrounding him, the walls are a royal blue, the ceiling is a creamy white and the floors are a deep red; quite an odd combination to the common man. Calvin, however, with his well-tailored suit and groomed appearance, looks like he belongs there.

As he walks down the carriage, he notices a MAN wearing very similar attire, sitting opposite his seat. He looks about fifty, his hair is grey, and his shoes and suitcase look as shiny as polished brass.

The man glances across to Calvin, looking at the luggage plonked on the seat beside him. Calvin gives him a pompous look, holding his head up high. He then turns to the window

as he walks, observing the approaching CITY in the distance...

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE, FITTING ROOM - DAY

JAKE FINN, 22, frail as can be, stares at himself in the dressing room mirror, placed in the corner away from a wide selection of vintage costumes, hanging from long metal railings. Jake stands wearing a creased cotton shirt, two sizes too big for his skinny body. His lips are quivering a little. His breathing is irregular. Jake picks up the script for Romeo and Juliet and flicks through the pages. The corners are all ripped and tattered. Jake, now red faced, breathes a loud sigh.

INT. THEATRE, AUDITION ROOM - DAY

The plays DIRECTOR and PRODUCER sit side by side at an old school table, impatiently, within a dense yet plain studio room.

DIRECTOR

Can we get Jake in?

The director doesn't even look at Jake as he enters and approaches the table. The producer recognises Jake's nerves and turns to the director.

DIRECTOR

Nervous?

JAKE

Yeah.

Jake tries to compose himself, trying to focus clearly on the prose in his hand. The producer glances down at Jake's script, looking very unimpressed.

DIRECTOR

Just take a deep breath, then go for it.

Jake sighs heavily. His mouth opens but no words come out. The producer looks very impatient.

DIRECTOR

Remember Jake, the audience have to believe the person you're playing is real. There's no point casting a nervous actor to play a confident character, is there.

Jake recomposes himself, stands firm and gives it another shot. His mouth opens but still no words surface.

PRODUCER

Just relax!

Jake now looks even more nervous. The script begins to shake in his hand. His mouth opens again. Nothing.

PRODUCER

Relax!!

Jake's face reddens.

JAKE

(under breath)

For fucks sake.

PRODUCER

I beg your pardon.

JAKE

I said for fucks sake!

The producer looks stunned. Jake stares at her for a moment with a look of intense hatred. Jake then throws the script on the floor and storms out of the audition room. The director doesn't look fazed. He just writes a brief note and says...

DIRECTOR

Send in the next one.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

A WOMAN catwalk across a white floor, moving like a creature of elegance towards a PHOTOGRAPHER - 45, thick black glasses, bold head - as he stands behind the camera.

To the side of the entirely white room sit a row of YOUNG WOMEN, all cross-legged and positioned parallel to each other.

One among them is CASSIE FINN - 21, a figure of pure beauty with little makeup - who looks smug as the next woman stands and catwalks towards the camera. All of the women except her are wearing extensive layers of makeup; they almost look like porcelain dolls.

Now it's Cassie's moment in the spotlight. She stands and catwalks seductively towards the camera. The photographer gives her the eye, then the naughty smile.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Just stop there a moment Cassie.

He looks at Cassie with his own eyes. Cassie smiles back at him.

PHOTOGRAPHER
What's your waist size?

Cassie looks taken aback. The other women look jealous of her.

CASSIE
I'm sorry?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Your waist size. What is it?

CASSIE
28.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(eyeing her)
Good to know. What's your chest size?

Cassie doesn't seem to like where this is heading.

CASSIE
34.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Perfect.

He turns to his ASSISTANT and points to a brown fur coat on a rail in the corner of the room.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Jenna. Fit her into that one over there, will you. The brown one.

Cassie looks a little disheartened. The assistant fetches the coat.

PHOTOGRAPHER
She'll look gorgeous in that.

The photographer gives Cassie another naughty smile. She doesn't look impressed. The other women all look at her like they're manikins; still and artificial. The assistant fits the coat on Cassie and the photographer gets behind the camera. Then, there's a blinding flash of light.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The train passes a police car as it heads towards the station just up ahead. Calvin is staring intently out the window.

The passengers begin to stand up. Calvin, on the other hand, makes sure he's the last person to leave the train. He watches everyone getting up, then turns to the man opposite.

The man gives him an evil look as he stands. Calvin swallows - He knows he didn't make the best impression.

Finally, he stands, grabbing his truck-load of luggage and gifts as he motions to leave.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

From overhead, passengers exit the train. There's a sense of franticness in the air as a rush of people storm their way towards the ticket barrier. Calvin walks away from the train looking happy as can be with his head held high. A HOMELESS MAN sits on the far side of the platform.

HOMELESS MAN

Spare any change please?

Calvin blatantly ignores him, passing him by like he's not even there. His smile, in fact, is almost like the Joker's: bright, sharp and artificial.

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Calvin opens his front door. Cassie Finn and Alec Marsden turn in shock, removing their arms from one another as they sit side by side on the couch. Their faces are bright red. Calvin stands there in silence like he's just been struck by the biggest revelation of his life. He lets go of his gifts.

CALVIN

What are you doing?

Cassie and Alec can't speak. Cassie has since stood up while Alec remains on the couch. Cassie, blushed, looks at Alec like she's expecting him to answer.

CALVIN

Aren't you going to answer me?

CASSIE

I thought you were coming back tomorrow.

CALVIN

Change of plan. Thought I'd surprise you... clearly, I did.

Cassie looks on edge. She swallows hard. Calvin awaits a response.

ALEC

(steps in)

Calvin, honestly mate, Cassie was upset, I thought I'd cheer her up.

Calvin studies Cassie's facial expressions. She looks guilty.

CALVIN

I bet.

Calvin notices some male clothing that isn't his own, scattered across the hallway outside Cassie's bedroom. Calvin paces over to the bedroom and takes a look inside.

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE, CASSIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

What Calvin sees causes him to nod. He half expected Alec's clothes to be lying beside Cassie's bed. His face is contorted beyond measure.

CASSIE

Calvin...

Calvin doesn't pay any attention to her. Instead, his head makes a sharp turn towards his own bedroom. He's just heard a cough. Calvin paces towards his room, barging passed Cassie.

CASSIE Calvin, will you listen to me please...

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE, CALVIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Calvin opens the door to his room. Lying in his bed is Jake Finn. He looks shattered. The bed is also a complete mess and the room in general looks like a pigsty.

CALVIN
What's he doing here?

CASSIE
Calvin, just listen to me a minute.

Alec slowly walks over to the two of them.

CALVIN
Do you want to explain why we have
a homeless man in my bed?

CASSIE
He's my brother.

CALVIN
Oh, he's your brother... Why is he
sleeping in my bed?

Cassie is being outright put on the spot.

CALVIN
Maybe it's because you and Alec
have been sharing a bed in the
other room?

Cassie lets it out.

CASSIE
I'm in a relationship with Alec
alright!

Calvin looks stunned, if not a little pissed off. Alec looks guilty, and Calvin looks ashamed of him. His eyes are bloodshot and burning. For a moment, he's lost for words.

CALVIN
Well good luck to you both.

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Calvin storms towards the door, picking up his gifts along the way. Cassie's head jolts as the door slams shut. Both her and Alec stand in silence for the moment. Jake exits Calvin's bedroom, still half asleep.

JAKE
What did I miss?

Cassie doesn't move or speak, so Alec answers.

ALEC
Absolutely nothing mate. Go back to
sleep.

Jake looks slightly guilty. He can't help but look like he's somewhat to blame.

JAKE

Well I've got an audition at four.

(awkwardly)

I was just going to use the shower quickly... If that's alright?

Cassie pays Jake no mind.

ALEC

Go for it mate.

Jake stands by the door awkwardly for a moment before deciding to walk towards the bathroom.

INT. CALVIN'S CAR - DAY

Calvin sits in his car in a right state. He's gripping the steering wheel hard, staring dead ahead down a long busy street. He looks furious.

He shakes his head in disbelief, trying to drown out the harsh reality of what's just happened. Calvin turns to his left. Cassie's gifts are plonked on the seat.

Just up ahead, Calvin notices a PUB on his left. After a second or two, he indicates and makes a sharp turn onto a quiet street.

INT. CALVIN'S CAR/EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Calvin's car approaches an empty parking space. He aligns himself into position. His parking is clumsy and worse than a learner driver.

Inside the car, Calvin taps his hands on the steering wheel. He turns to glance at Cassie's gifts quickly, and then... Calvin exits the car and slams the door behind him.

INT. PUB - MOMENTS LATER

From afar, Calvin sits in the corner of the pub with a pint beside him. The anger is still oozing out of his face. Calvin takes a sip from his glass, then takes a few seconds to swallow.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Jake's hands tremble as he holds a script tightly in his hand, pacing towards what looks like a WOMAN slouched on a chair. Her exact features are blurred, however. The script is the only point of focus.

JAKE

Retard I said? Retard? How can that be true? I...

The director cuts him off.

DIRECTOR

Just hold up there Jake. Could you just repeat that last word for me please?

Jake looks taken aback. Which word? Surely not...

JAKE How

Can that be true?

The director rubs the back of her neck.

DIRECTOR

No, no, before that.

Jake and the director are now in focus.

Jake looks shocked - The bitch wants him to repeat the word 'retard'! What a retard she is!

JAKE

Retard.

DIRECTOR

Again.

JAKE

Retard.

The director leans forward in her chair, staring at Jake with intensity. She studies his eyes, then his hands. It appears he is shaking.

DIRECTOR

One more time.

Jake looks down at the script in his shaking hand. For some reason, the word is causing him a massive amount of stress.

Jake takes a deep breath, leans forward and asserts the word...

DIRECTOR

Retard.

The director looks disappointed. She crosses her arms.

DIRECTOR

Alright Jake... Do you know what I think?

Jake shakes his head.

DIRECTOR

You're all over the place, you can't stand in one place for more than five seconds, I can't believe a word you're saying and, also, you talk behind your script.

Jake looks hopeless.

DIRECTOR

You shouldn't even need a script at this point. If you rehearsed, you wouldn't need one.

JAKE

(sincere)

I did rehearse.

Jake's hands are still shaking a little. The director looks disappointed. She glares down at the table. She looks like she's about to say something but doesn't.

JAKE

So I haven't got the part?

The director looks down at her copy of the script for a moment. She opens her mouth to speak yet again but changes her mind.

DIRECTOR

I just don't think you're right for the role... And honestly, with your nerves working against you, you're probably not going to be right for any role right now.

Jake looks furious on the inside. In fact, all of the signs point to a tiger waiting to be released from its cage. And if it ever got out, it wouldn't be a pretty sight.

EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAY

Clouds drift over the city at speed as the day rolls by. The wind builds in the distance, faint yet ever present... and growing. The wind carries with it repetitive intermittent sounds, rhythms and what appears to be music.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The music continues as Jake, still in his nervous state, auditions for a part in another play. The DIRECTOR and PRODUCTION CREW don't look the least bit impressed. Their arms are crossed, their posture is lazy and their temper is short. Jake throws his script on the floor and shouts something at the director. The music mutes his dialogue but judging by the director's reaction, it couldn't have been anything good.

CUT TO:

INT. GRUBBY AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Jake auditions yet again but this time the setting is much more lowkey; visually repellent and not at all remotely pleasant. Jake's hands tremble as he stands in the spotlight. All eyes are on him.

The DIRECTOR'S, a crisp brown, narrows.
The PRODUCER'S, an emerald green, widens.
They're both shocked. Jake isn't. His reaction suggests he's not the least bit surprised. MUSIC IS STILL PLAYING, OMNIPRESENT. DIALOGUE IS MUTED. Jake's script lands on the floor. He turns to leave, cursing under his breath. The director turns to his list of auditions for the day. Jake's, number twelve on the list, is crossed off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAY (LATER)

The clouds continue on their journey towards the horizon.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Jake walks towards a reception desk. Jake hands the RECEPTIONIST his CV. The receptionist shakes her head at him and Jake turns to leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER TV STUDIO - DAY

Jake walks through the studio doors with his CV in hand. The public continue to walk passed, from left to right, continuing with their day to day lives. Jake walks back out the studio doors after several moments looking very disappointed.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - DAY (LATER)

The clouds have now turned a burnt orange, the sun is on the horizon and the city is beginning to light up from below.
THE MUSIC CUTS OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTORWAY SIDE ROAD - EVENING

Calvin's car exits the motorway and pulls up on a side road. He comes to a slow halt beside a row of thick bushes; bushes on his left side, speeding cars on his right.

INT. CALVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Calvin stares dead ahead in the driver's seat, focussing on the traffic. He then turns to Cassie's gifts, parked besides him in the passenger's seat. He reaches over and examines the items in the bag: a selection of lipsticks, luxurious chocolates and expensive underwear. Just as he's about to pick up the bag and exit the car, he notices a bottle of red wine buried beneath everything else. Calvin picks out the wine and exits the car with the bag.

EXT. CALVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Calvin throws the bag in the boot and re-enters the car.

INT. CALVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Calvin grabs the bottle, unscrews the lid, and starts to drink. First, he only takes a few sips. Then, he starts to down the bottle as though it were a much more innocent beverage. Calvin's tongue fights back against the taste but his throat can't resist the urge to swallow. He's forcing himself to drink it.

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE, CALVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake lies on Calvin's bed, glaring up at the ceiling from overhead. He looks tired and used. Then, his phone vibrates.

He's just received a text from a guy named 'Mike'. The message reads, "Still looking for a job? Come meet me and I'll explain!:D"

Jake immediately sits up and starts texting back. He replies, "Where do you want to meet?"

Mike replies, "Goldhawk Road. One hour?"
Jake smiles. That's a yes.

EXT. GOLDHAWK ROAD - NIGHT

MIKE, young faced with shiny wet hair, stands to his side with his hands in his coat pockets as a figure emerges from the darkness beyond. A street with very few cars lies beyond, far in the distance and shrouded in fog. Jake emerges with a look of glee about him. Mike's face looks distorted from Jake's POV; his skin looks like it's been melted and wrinkled down. Mike turns to face Jake, revealing his two-faced appearance. Jake doesn't seem at all fazed by it.

MIKE
You alright?

JAKE
That depends. What you got for me?

MIKE
A job.

Mike reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pouch full of white powder. Jake begins to frown.

JAKE
What's that?

Mike throws Jake the pouch.

MIKE
That's what you're gonna sell.

Jake goes silent. He looks disappointed.

JAKE
What? Fuck no!

MIKE
Listen, I'm doing you a
favour here...

Jake opens his mouth to speak but Mike interrupts.

MIKE
Do you want to make money, or
do you wanna continue
scrounging off of your hot
sister?

JAKE

No offence, Mike but I don't want to end up like you... I'd don't even know if I'd make a good salesman?

MIKE

(smirking)

You act. You become a dealer. Then you sell.

Jake scratches his head.

JAKE

So you want me to become an addict?

MIKE

Depends who you are.

Jake appears to contemplate in his head, weighing up the pros and cons.

MIKE

Why don't I go and introduce you to Trinity?

JAKE

Who's Trinity?

MIKE

(pauses, smirks)

Follow me.

Jake looks weary. Still, he tags along behind.

EXT. BLEAK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Trinity, broad boned and thick skinned, lights up a cigarette. He looks at it like it's his new toy; like he owns it. He slowly pulls it to his lips and puffs several times on the end of it. Then, he inhales the fumes, causing his chest to expand tenfold. Mike approaches with Jake by his side. Trinity's breath is long and loud as he exhales, looking ahead at Jake with immense scepticism, and with a look of utter bewilderment on his face. Jake cowers behind Mike.

TRINITY

This your friend?

Trinity sounds as if a frog is stuck in his throat.

MIKE

This... is your new employee.

Trinity nearly chokes on the fumes.

COUGH, COUGH, COUGH!!!

TRINITY
You must be joking,
Mike.

Jake turns in the other direction, looking somewhat relieved instead of offended.

MIKE
Okay, well... will you at least hear
my proposition?

TRINITY
Are you high?

MIKE
What do you want me to say? I'm
sorry. Right now, it seems we've
got bigger problems, don't you
think?

Trinity paces back and forth between the two walls on either side of the alleyway.

TRINITY
I really don't like being messed
around with, you know that.

MIKE
Can I introduce you to Jake?

TRINITY
(snorts) He looks like a fucking stiff.

Jake narrows his eyes.

JAKE
Mike, let's just go. This is a
waste of time.

TRINITY
No, no, don't go. Mike's got to
make it up to me first.

JAKE
Well, sounds to me like you've got
everything you need already. So, if
you don't like me, we might as well
all shake hands and leave.

Trinity takes a heavy puff on his cigarette. He walks over to Jake and stares him dead in the eye. Jake looks unnerved.

Trinity breathes the smoke into his face, and then taps the cigarette.

TRINITY

You're tougher than you look... if only in spirit.

Trinity turns, throws the cigarette away and breathes out a final trail of tar and nicotine.

TRINITY

So why do you want to sell? This doesn't seem like your kind of business.

MIKE

Because...

TRINITY

(interrupts)

I was asking Jake.

There's silence. Jake turns to Mike. He looks more determined than before. Jake takes a deep breath.

JAKE

To tell you the truth, I just need to make some money. I can't seem to get any other ordinary job.
(shrugs shoulders)

What can I say? Mike brought me over and I followed him here.

Trinity and Mike look at each other.

JAKE

But I'm looking for a bit of leeway and it seems to me like this is the best chance I have, so...

Mike looks kind of pleased with Jake's answer. He turns to Trinity.

TRINITY

At least he's honest.

Trinity smirks at Mike. Mike looks a little ashamed. Trinity starts to walk off. Then, he turns to face them both.

TRINITY

You coming?

MIKE

I'd rather stay with Jake.

TRINITY
I wasn't talking to
you...

Mike looks surprised.

TRINITY
Jake's honest. I need an employee I
can trust.

Trinity continues his walk. Mike raises his eyes at Jake as they follow closely behind.

EXT. TRINITY'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Trinity, Mike and Jake walk towards what looks like an abandoned warehouse, rusted and worn down. Overhead, gulls drift above a river beside them, angled just beside the warehouse. The overall impression is an abandoned dock within a suburban area.

INT. TRINITY'S WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The doors slide open after Trinity applies immense force. The sound echoes throughout the warehouse. Jake looks stunned by what he sees; stacks upon stacks of the highly profitable and highly distributed drug known as Cocaine. The drugs are stacked in all four corners of the warehouse, condensed together in a way that makes them look too bulky for the warehouse they are housed in.

TRINITY
What do you think? D'you think you
could sell my shit?

Jake looks lost as he gazes at the drugs in awe.

JAKE
I wouldn't know where to begin.

TRINITY
Of course not.

Trinity studies Jake.

TRINITY
I can tell you look lost.

Mike looks at Jake nervously. Jake freezes up for a moment, lost for words.

TRINITY

Now you listen Jake... The way I see it, Mike's unreliable. I need a new salesman and that salesman is you... so I'm gonna make one thing very clear... if you lie to me, if you don't do your job, if you fail to make me a profit... you're out. No negotiations, no second chances, you're out. Understand?

Jake breathes nervously.

JAKE

What choice do I have?

TRINITY

You don't.

Trinity, with a freshly lit cigarette, stands besides one of the drug stacks.

TRINITY

So, this is how it's going to work Jake... I need you to make me three times what Mike made for me. It's a challenge yes, but the rewards are far more than anything a career in acting will give you. And I can say that with a solemn heart.

Trinity stands beside the drug stack. He's pointing to Jake as he speaks.

TRINITY

Your biggest enemy is gonna be the police. Trust me Jake, the one thing you don't want to do is expose yourself. If they find you, they find me. And if they find me... they find this place.

Trinity walks with his cigarette in hand. Mike stands with his arms crossed. Jake's twiddling his thumbs.

TRINITY

Now, your best bet is gonna be to start off at rave parties. Illegal yes, but highly profitable if you know what you're doing.

Jake looks unnerved.

JAKE

Raves?

TRINITY

Raves are where all the magic happens Jake. You got to start somewhere.

JAKE

Surely the police are going to be all over them.

MIKE

Not all of them... The venues change location all the time. They never stay open in the same place more than once. Trust me, I've been to enough of them to know.

TRINITY

To summarise Jake, this is what you do... You buy a large sum of the drug from me, discounted of course, then you sell said drugs at the rave parties you're gonna be going to. It's very simple.

MIKE

Then you get a share of about... what was it? Twenty percent?

TRINITY

(shakes head)

Ten.

JAKE

Ten?

TRINITY

Look I've never met you before. I don't know anything about you, I don't even know if I can trust you completely. As I said, it's either you or Mike, and Mike's no good for me or for this business.

Jake looks frustrated.

JAKE

Alright...

TRINITY

Look, the more you sell, the more you make. That's how the business

works... It's fair trade if you ask me.

Trinity throws his cigarette away.

TRINITY

So, as it's your first and only attempt... shall we say 12 grams?

JAKE

For how much?

TRINITY

480.

Jake turns to Mike, unsure.

TRINITY

I'm not offering any less.

JAKE

Why not?

TRINITY

It wouldn't be worth my time.

Mike sighs before stepping in.

MIKE

I can vouch for Jake.

JAKE

No.

MIKE

It's the least I can do.

Jake looks like he's about to say something but doesn't.

MIKE

Four hundred and eighty is it?

Trinity stares at Mike for a moment, before replying...

TRINITY

Four hundred and eighty.

JAKE

You sure you're okay with this?

MIKE

As long as you pay me back, mate.

TRINITY

And if you do what you're paid to do, that shouldn't be a problem.

Jake, despite his new knowledge, still retains some of his nerves.

INT/EXT. CALVIN'S CAR - THE NEXT MORNING

Calvin lies with his head glued onto the steering wheel and with an empty wine bottle in his hand. He looks shattered. Then, BEEP. Calvin jolts awake, flying backwards into his chair, having accidentally pressed against the horn. The wine bottle falls onto the floor. Calvin clutches his head, clearly suffering a hangover.

He reaches across to grab a bottle of water and starts to down it, carelessly, as water dribbles down his chin. Then, he takes a deep breath and pulls himself together, fixing his hair and the symmetry of his suit in the rear-view mirror. From a distance, Calvin exits the car and grabs Cassie's gifts from the boot. Inside the car, Calvin makes sure everything is still there; wrapped and protected as intended. Everything seems to be in order. Satisfied, Calvin drives off, re-entering the motorway.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - MORNING

Alec stands beside a water dispenser, pouring himself a refreshment. He raises the cup and downs the water in a mere few seconds. It looks as though his chain of thought is still stuck on the violence of the previous night. Alec's POLICE SERGEANT approaches from down the corridor.

POLICE SERGEANT

Alec.

Alec turns to face the man - By the look in his eyes, he just may well know what this is all about.

POLICE SERGEANT

Can I have a word, please?

The sergeant looks weary. Alec looks guilty; he bites his cheek and freezes up for a moment.

ALEC

Sure.

Alec throws the cup in the bin and tags along behind.

INT. POLICE STATION, SERGEANT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Alec and the Sergeant enter the office. Alec, comes to a standstill by the door.

He observes the formality of the room: the intrusive up-close-and-personal lighting, the uniform coloured walls and table tops & the Sergeant's tight knuckled hands. Then, Alec catches on...

ALEC
I'm relieved, aren't I?

The sergeant stops before he reaches his chair. He turns back around to face Alec. There's a brief pause.

SERGEANT
You know why, don't you?

ALEC
(blunt)
I figured you don't want someone getting traumatised to death every time they make an arrest.

The sergeant looks at him sympathetically.

SERGEANT
I'm sorry Alec.

Alec clears his throat.

ALEC
No, don't worry about it. It's fine... I understand.

The two of them lock eyes for a moment, neither uttering a word.

Alec looks like he's going to say something but instead turns away, walking back down the corridor.

SERGEANT
Alec?

Alec turns back to face him.

SERGEANT
Can I be honest with you?

ALEC
About what?

Alec can't even look at him right now. He's looks away, focussing on random inanimate objects.

SERGEANT

Take my advice, Alec. Go away, take a deep breath, then come back in six months once you've cleared your head.

Alec nods, casts a nervous smile, and walks down the corridor.

The sergeant stays where he is, casting an empathetic gaze in Alec's direction.

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Calvin places his key into the lock. His hand is a little fidgety. He stands outside the door for a moment, gripping the gift bag in his hand. The door opens and Calvin walks in at a pace.

CALVIN

Hey.

Cassie stands with a cup of tea in her hand, still in her dressing gown.

CASSIE

(unenthusiastic)

Hey.

Calvin leans in for a kiss on the lips but Cassie turns her head. He pauses for a moment, then results to a quick kiss on the cheek. Cassie continues drinking her tea while Calvin brings his gift bag over to the kitchen table.

CASSIE

What's that?

CALVIN

Let's find out, shall we?

Calvin is frantic in pace and very keen to show off his new gifts.

CALVIN

A box of Lancome cosmetic cream, a set of Royal Albert cups and saucers, a 12-karat gold ear ring, and, your favourite, a box of Delafee Swiss chocolates.

Cassie looks sarcastically stunned.

CASSIE
(unenthusiastically)

Wow.

Calvin reaches back into the bag - There's something else that's drawing him back in.

CALVIN
Oh and err... There's this too.

He slowly pulls out what looks like what could be a PICTURE FRAME, wrapped neatly in typical wrapping paper. Nothing to elaborate. And to be honest, whatever it is, it looks like a gift from a working-class man. (At least by Calvin's standards.)

CASSIE
What's that meant to be?

CALVIN
Something that means more to both of us that everything else on the table.

Calvin holds out the gift to Cassie but it seems Cassie doesn't care. She walks passed him and runs her hands over Calvin's more elaborate gift set.

CASSIE
You really know how to impress a girl, don't you?

CALVIN
Well you're worth every penny.

For a moment, Cassie looks like she doesn't know what to say.

CASSIE
Jake's been gone all night. Don't suppose you've seen him?

Calvin looks agitated by her response, and he makes sure Cassie understands he most definitely is.

CASSIE
What's wrong?

Calvin shakes his head at her.

CALVIN
So, you're just going to ignore me then?

CASSIE

Yes, thank you for the gifts
Calvin. I really appreciate them...is
that what you want me to say?

Calvin looks speechless.

CALVIN

I just thought you'd be more
grateful that's all.

CASSIE

Well I'm not...

Calvin grits his teeth at Cassie

CASSIE

...I'm in a relationship with Alec.
If you don't like it, you might as
well pack your things and go.

Calvin looks like he's been pushed to breaking point, so
this time he changes the subject.

CALVIN

Tell you what, I'm going to go and
look for Jake.

Calvin motions to leave.

CALVIN

Any idea where he is?

Cassie hesitates for a moment.

CASSIE

No but I know his friend Mike's a
drug dealer.

Calvin grabs his coat.

CALVIN

That's helpful.
Calvin...

CALVIN

(mocking)
You think Jake's up to no
good? Course not.

CASSIE

Calvin, he's my brother.

CALVIN
Yeah, and I'm your boyfriend but
that doesn't matter

Calvin grabs the keys.

CALVIN
Your new boyfriends got a good
reputation. Shame I don't anymore.

Calvin quickly makes a dash for the door, still carrying the
present in his hand.

CASSIE
Calvin...

Calvin turns back and starts walking towards her.

CALVIN
Problem?

Cassie looks a little unnerved.

CASSIE
I don't mean to ask you but...

CALVIN
Then don't.

CASSIE
... I don't suppose you've seen Alec.
He should be here to drive me to
work.

CALVIN
That's your problem, isn't it?

Calvin waits a moment for her response but she doesn't
answer. He makes a dash for the door.

CALVIN
Just get a cab.

The door slams shut behind him. Cassie looks a little guilty
but still stern.

INT. ALEC'S HOUSE, BEDROOM

Alec lies on top of his bed covers, outstretched. A line of
dribble has recently come out of his mouth and onto the
pillows. He pulls himself up and rests against his
headboard. He leans across to grab his phone and realises

he's missed several calls from Cassie. Now he's frantic!
ALEC Shit.

Alec dashes out of bed, downs some water and opens up his wardrobe to the sight of some of the most mundane looking clothes on the market: a collection of cheap jeans, sweaters and shirts. Alec hears his phone vibrate. He stops what he's doing, with his shirt of choice only half covering his body, and reads the new message. He looks incredibly disappointed.

The message reads, "Got a taxi!! See you later." Alec takes his shirt off and throws it on the floor.

EXT. TRINITY'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jake leans over a rusted steel bar outside Trinity's warehouse beside the docks, slouched, with a lit cigarette in-between his fingers. Across the river is the great city of London: dense, diverse and distant. Between them both is the Thames: dark, dirty and defenceless.

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

FLASH. Cassie stands in front of the camera; her face barely visible amongst all the clutter on her fine body. She is literally dressed to death. She's wearing a dress that's far too big and heavy for her to carry, she's wearing a thick overbearing coat and, last but not least, she's wearing a head scarf that matches the thick red makeup that's all over her face. She's also posed with her hands against her sides. Despite appearances, she doesn't look happy.

The photographer switches his lenses, changing his camera eye for his eagle eye; naked and more piercing than ever before.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You look sad, Cassie. Something wrong?

Cassie is so bogged down in clothing, she's overheated and looking very dehydrated.

CASSIE

No.

As soon as the photographer switches his lenses and puts both his eyes behind the camera, she breathes a sigh of relief. But then, his naked eye drifts back.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Actually...

(calls over his
assistant)

... Jenna, can you fit her into
that coat instead.

Cassie is about to explode. The assistant fetches a thick black overcoat from the rail at the back of the studio and brings it over. Now Cassie's eye is piercing. They're so focussed on the photographer, they've started to twitch. The assistant fixes the coat on Cassie.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Perfect.

CASSIE

(furious)

Do you think I'm a doll?!

The photographer takes a step back from the camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER

What was that Cassie?

CASSIE

I said, do you think I'm a doll?!

There's an awkward silence.

PHOTOGRAPHER

What's the problem?

CASSIE

(pause, angry)

Just look at me. Do I look like a
model to you?!

The photographer eyes her up and down.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Cassie, let me make one thing clear
to you. If you're here, you'll do
as I say. If I tell you to wear a
long skirt, you wear a long skirt.
If I tell you to wear a mini dress,
you wear a mini dress... And if I
tell you to wear nothing, you wear
nothing. Not a thing.

Cassie is frozen in terror.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Do you understand?

Cassie, looking very vulnerable, bites her lip. The photographer gives her a dirty smile.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Now, where were we?

EXT/INT. ALEC'S CAR - DAY

Cassie struts towards Alec's car with makeup still plastered all over her face, despite her failed attempts to wash it off. She gets in and slams the door shut.

ALEC

You alright?

CASSIE

Just drive.

ALEC

What happened?

CASSIE

Nothing.

Alec leans across to her and closely examines her face.

ALEC

How much makeup were you wearing?

CASSIE

Too much.

Alec studies her for a moment.

CASSIE

Let's just go.

Alec turns the engine on and pulls away, heading down a quiet street. Inside, Cassie examines her face in the mirror.

ALEC

You know Calvin's waiting for you, don't you?

CASSIE

Is he?

ALEC

He said he needed to talk to you in person.

Cassie doesn't look interested.

CASSIE

You'll have to talk to him for me
then.

Cassie stares at Alec for a moment. Alec notices.

CASSIE
What happened this morning?

Alec goes quiet for a second.

ALEC
I overslept.

Cassie continues to study Alec. He quickly glances at her
from the corner of his eye.

CASSIE
Bad day at work, was it?

ALEC
Something like that.

CASSIE
How so?

ALEC
Well... long story short, I'm
taking a break.

Cassie looked a little surprised.

ALEC
It's a temporary break.

CASSIE
(sarcastic)
Yeah, well, for you that'll be six
months.

ALEC
No, it's alright Cassie, I'll take
a break.

Cassie turns her head away and looks out the window - she
daren't trouble him anymore.

From outside the vehicle, the car speeds along down a
jampacked road.

EXT. RAVE CLUB - EVENING

Jake observes TWO TEENAGE GIRLS outside what looks like a
disused building. The walls are solid brick, moss coated and

poorly cemented. One girl was a brunette, an adventurous personality, wearing a grey beanie with a neck collar, along with a black vest and torn jeans. The other was a short blonde, wearing rose-tinted spectacles and had a flowery dress.

The one with the beanie hat catches him looking at them before he quickly looks away. They both head inside the club after smoking a joint between themselves. Mike approaches.

MIKE

You ready?

Jake looks like he's away with the fairies.

MIKE

Jake?

JAKE

Yeah, yeah, I'm ready Mike. Let's go.

Jake starts walking towards the club first. Mike follows closely behind, looking very weary.

INT. RAVE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The music is deafeningly loud for the time of day. Jake and Mike walk close together. They freeze at the sight of the two women standing by a thick emerald green light in the corner of the club. One is about 25. The other is in her early 30s.

They stand close together, almost shoulder to shoulder. They could just be friends, or they could be lesbians. Who can tell in this place? Jake watches the two with a shine in his eye.

JAKE

Is there a loo?

MIKE

Aw, you scared?

JAKE

(pulls a face)

No.

MIKE

It's down near the fire exit.

Jake pivots on the spot, appearing shy. He turns back to Mike.

MIKE
(points to fire exit)
That way.

Jake heads to the rest room. Mike smirks at Jake.

INT. RAVE CLUB, TOILETS - CONTINUOUS

Jake hands tremble as he stands in front of the mirror above the sink. He looks nervously excited - A welcome paradox of the human condition.

First, he starts to mess up his hair like he just woke up He likes that bedhead look you see.

Jake hands tremble as he stands in front of the mirror above the sink. He looks nervously excited - A welcome paradox of the human condition.

First, he starts to mess up his hair like he just woke up He likes that bedhead look you see.

Next, he runs the tap and washes his face, making sure his skin is spotless - If only he had some makeup to disguise those acne spots under his chin.

INT. RAVE CLUB - EVENING

Jake approaches Mike, refreshed, as the party starts to grow around them. More people have since joined the club; most of whom look beaten and battered with either earrings or tattoos to help accentuate their masculinity.

Even the women look more masculine than the common man would expect. But then again, this is a rave club.

Mike pays attention to the subtle changes in Jake's appearance.

MIKE
Making yourself look beautiful,
were you?

JAKE
(jokingly) Shut up.

MIKE
You have.

Mike can't take his eyes off Jake's face.

MIKE

How about you go and prove it to those guys over there?

Mike diverts his attention away from the two women and points to TWO MALE TEENS standing in the far corner of the club. They both turn to Jake and Mike. Both of them look as hard as nails; They could easily kick the shit out of both of them.

Jake looks sceptical. Instead, he diverts Mike back to the two girls in the corner.

JAKE

What about them?

Mike smirks and shakes his head.

MIKE

They're not our customers Jake, trust me.

JAKE

How do you know?

MIKE

Have you seen them?... I know you've been eyeing them up since you got here.
(concerned)

Look you've got my money in your pocket. You'll have better luck with those guys over there, trust me.

Jake sniggers.

JAKE

Fuck that.

MIKE

Jake?!

JAKE

Just go, I'll catch up with you later.

Jake begins to head over to the two women in the corner. Now Mike's visibly frustrated.

The women stare at Jake as he approaches, whispering to themselves.

JAKE
You alright ladies.

The girls turn in formation to face Jake.

BONNIE
Fuck off.

Jake turns back until JACKIE charges after him.

JACKIE
Hey, wait!
(taps Jake shoulder)
I'm sorry about her,
she had a bit of a
shit day and I'm
trying to cheer her
up.

JAKE
Oh... uh, that's
understandable.

JACKIE
I'm sorry, were you
gonna
sell us something?

JACK
Err, Yeah

JACKIE
Cool, come back and join
us and see how much we can
get out of you.

Jake follows Jackie to reunite with Bonnie

JACKIE
Who you here with Jake?

BONNIE
Hopefully no one.

JAKE
It's just me.

BONNIE
But what about that guy you were
with just a minute ago?

JAKE

Oh, he's just a friend. He's here to meet someone else.

JACKIE

Oh really? Well he's still looking at us.

BONNIE

It's alright if you're gay you know.

JAKE

What? No...

Jake cuts off. He's starting to blush.

JACKIE

Well then, what have you got for us, Jake?

Jake looks frustrated. He glances back over at Mike, who's still standing there watching.

Jake then nervously pulls out a pouch full of white powder from his pocket. The two women look at each other. They know what this is.

JAKE

Fancy any coke?

BONNIE

How much you selling for a gram?

Jake turns back to see if Mike is still there. Of course, he is indeed still there.

JAKE

For you, forty.

The two women exchange glances, smirking.

JACKIE

(Looking through how much she has with her in her wallet)
Can we possibly buy it off you for thirty?

Jake looks down at the floor. This is risky.

JAKE

Uh, yeah, sure.

BONNIE
(mutters) Aww...

JACKIE
You sure? You don't
have to.

JAKE
No, really, that's fine

Jackie takes the gram out of his hand.

JACKIE
You are really generous for a
dealer. Thanks. We'll pay you back.

Mike begins walking over to him.

Jake looks pleased with himself - Looks like he scored big
time!

Mike arrives by Jake's side.

MIKE
(pissed) What the fuck
do you think you're doing?

JAKE
What's the problem Mike? I just
made a sale.

MIKE
That wasn't a sale, that was a giveaway.

JAKE
They said they'll pay the rest
back.

MIKE
Oh really. How are they going to
do that then?

JAKE
Offer the next batch at a steeper
price.

MIKE
Jake, half the people in here know
each other. If word gets around...

JAKE
That what? That I'm a decent
salesman?

MIKE
(sincere)

Trinity has a reputation to maintain alright. I have a reputation to maintain.

JAKE

Listen, what I did there was a one off, okay?

MIKE

You're missing the point.

JAKE

It's just ten quid alright. Relax.

MIKE

(rhetorical)

Yeah, and what if they don't get you that ten quid?

Mike walks away, heading towards the exit - Clearly, he's had enough.

JAKE

(disheartened)

Mike?

Jake watches him depart, looking a little guilty. After a brief moment of self-reflection, Jake turns his attention back to the two women now standing by the bar.

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Alec and Cassie open the door to find Calvin sitting very patiently on the living room couch with a glass of wine by his side. Cassie looks annoyed.

ALEC

It's alright. I'll deal with him.

Cassie throws her coat down and makes her way to her room, giving Calvin a dirty look on the way. Calvin watches her slam the door as Alec approaches.

ALEC

You know Cassie's made her mind up, don't you?

CALVIN

Hello to you too, Alec.

Calvin pours himself a glass of wine. He sits, quite content.

Alec sits down on the couch also - Now he looks anxious and fidgety.

ALEC

So, do you agree?

CALVIN

I don't think so to be honest Alec.
I don't think Cassie knows what she wants.

Both of them are sat on separate couches, adjacent to one another with a coffee table in-between them.

Calvin drinks. Alec doesn't and instead plays with his glass.

ALEC

Look I'm trying to do you a favour here mate... and I think, well... we think, that it's probably best, for all of us, if, you know, you take a step back.

CALVIN

It's a bit late for that.

Calvin drinks his wine like it's a shot of vodka.

ALEC

(puts his hands up)

Look what more can I say. I love Cassie, you love Cassie, fair enough. But we can't both have her, so what are we supposed to do?

Calvin rotates his wine glass, watching the liquid curl around, before resting it on the table. He turns to face the window.

CALVIN

You know, I really can't see things working out between you two.

ALEC

Just accept it mate alright. It's done. Laid to rest.

CALVIN

Yeah, but she doesn't know you like

I do, does she? She doesn't know that you're a liar.

ALEC

Calvin...

CALVIN

(interrupts)

In college, you lied to me all the time. Uni, you lied to me all the time.

Alec looks frustrated.

ALEC

Yeah, but that was years ago.

CALVIN

Doesn't matter. My point is you were a liar then, and you're a liar now.

Alec doesn't know what to say. He stares at his glass.

ALEC

She doesn't know about the panic attacks. Not yet.

CALVIN

Then you should tell her. Prove me wrong.

ALEC

(pause)

I can't mate.

CALVIN

Why, because you're a coward?... Does Cassie think you're a hard man, does she? Just because you're a police officer?

Alec doesn't know what to say.

ALEC

I think you should leave, mate.

CALVIN

See what I mean. Because you're a coward, you can't even talk to your best friend.

All of the sudden, Alec's phone vibrates on the table. Alec sits there, unsure of whether to answer.

CALVIN
You gonna get that?

Alec waits several more moments before grabbing the phone.

ALEC
Hi, Tim.

Calvin watches Alec, looking almost repelled by his telephone manner. To add to that, he's also sitting upright and looking very stern.

ALEC
Alright, I'll be there as soon as I can. Cheers.

Alec ends the call. Then, he shoots up off the couch and walks briskly to the door. Calvin rushes to his feet.

CALVIN
What's the problem?

ALEC
There's been a stabbing at a rave.
Look sorry, mate, I've got to go. I expect you gone when I get back.

Calvin looks very alarmed. Alec grabs his coat.

Calvin peaks out through the window to see Alec get into his car.

Alec is about to drive out of the parking lane. Calvin runs to the window and watches, waiting for Alec to get into his car. As soon as he drives away, Calvin makes a run for the door. He grabs his car keys and coat on his way out.

EXT/INT. CALVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Calvin runs to the car, starts the engine and starts to follow Alec's car 2 miles away in front of him. Inside the car, Calvin looks nervous.

INT. RAVE CLUB - NIGHT

The club is in full rave mode. It's packed out. The music is raving and the crowd are jumping to the beat as if each and every one of them were fixed to a spring.

Jake, wasted as he is, dances with Jackie rather closely. He's literally standing on her tip toes.

Jackie then reaches for Jake's waist and pulls him closer.

She reaches into her pocket and grabs the coke Jake sold her.

JACKIE
(waving it in Jake's
face)
Want some?

JAKE
(hesitant)
Err, I don't know.

Jake cuts off, staring at the coke pouch intensely.

JACKIE
Call it repayment.

It's difficult to make a decision amidst this racket and Jake is, once again, being put on the spot.

JAKE
Alright.

Jackie holds up her hand and Jake takes a big sniff, filling his nostrils like a strong hurricane.

Jackie laughs from his reaction.

JAKE
Oh, god.

For a moment, the world begins to slip out of existence. The music starts to dip down - so do the lights. Through Jake's eyes and ears, the real world begins to constrict down to an infinitely small point in space and time. And then...

BANG!!! The world explodes back into existence! The lights burn brighter than ever before.

Jake dances more intensely and more over the top - Just like the crowd around him. It's clear now - every single person in the club is on drugs!

Jackie resumes her dancing alongside Jake, this time putting both her arms around him. The two of them are living life on the edge.

And while everyone else is on fire, it seems Bonnie and another GUY are having a good long snog away from everyone else in the far corner of the club.

EXT. RAVE - NIGHT

A police car approaches a crime scene outside a rave club. A MAN lies on the ground with a stab wound to his abdomen.

One BOUNCER is holding down the OFFENDER - a tanned man of Mexican descent, wearing a denim jacket - while another BOUNCER is keeping people away from the club.

Sirens approach. The police car comes to a halt. Alec and his two officers exit the car and run over to the chaos. Alec approaches the body of the wounded man while the officers arrest the criminal.

ALEC

What happened?

BOUNCER 1

He's been stabbed.

Alec nods. He watches the police officers pick up the criminal.

ALEC

Have you called an ambulance?

BOUNCER 1

It's on its way.

ALEC

(looking at victim)

Put pressure on that wound.

The bouncer kneels and applies pressure to the wound.

The bouncer applies a lot of force but blood still oozes out from in-between his fingers. Alec approaches the criminal with an evil look in his eye. The criminal smirks at him. Alec isn't having it. Just as he's a few feet away, Alec lunges his fist at him.

Drops of blood fall from his lips as the force of the impact knocks his jaw out of position. Alec starts walking away, heading towards the inside of the club. The two police officers and the bouncers look at him in shock. Alec turns back.

INT. RAVE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

From the corner of the frame, the club raging on. Lights flare down the corridor, emanating from the main part of the club.

At the end of the hallway, a dense blue light illuminates a door which appears to be the exit.

All of the sudden Jake and Jackie come into the hallway from the side. Jackie pushes Jake against the wall and begins passionately kissing him.

She grips the back of head - It's amazing Jake can still breath at all. Jake then unexpectedly pushes Jackie away.

JACKIE

What's wrong?

Jake goes silent for a moment, on the cusp of wanting to ignore this fleetingly feeling and wanting to throw up.

Jackie decides for him. She lunges for Jake and in a split second, he's back against the wall. They kiss for a few more seconds, then... Jake pushes her away.

JAKE

Just wait a minute, I think...

Jake starts to cough. He looks ill. He freezes for a moment and observes the club from over Jackie's shoulder. The music is almost migraine inducing, even here in this relatively quiet portion of the club.

JAKE

I think I'm going to be sick.

JACKIE

Aw Jake, can't you handle a little...

Retch!!! Jake throws a load all over Jackie's shoulder. She shoots back in a heartbeat.

JACKIE

What the fuck are you doing?!!!

Jackie's whole demeanour has just shifted.

JAKE

I'm sorry...

Retch! Jake is sick again - this time, all over the floor.

Jackie runs back to the dance floor in utter terror. It was that simple; One false move, and Jake has lost his date.

Jake turns in the corridor, leaning his hands against the wall. He breathes heavily, trying to recompose himself. He coughs up the remaining vomit in his month and spits it out.

He then turns to face the club and runs his hands through his hair - appearances are still important to him it seems.

He stands still for a moment. He's about to head back to the dance floor when... Nope. RETCH! He's sick again.

He lunges for the fire exit so he can continue to be sick outside.

EXT. RAVE, STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jake crashes through the doors. A rush of unfamiliar sounds flood his eardrums - cars, traffic, the fresh night air.

He begins walking like a tramp down the street. He gets about twenty feet before he has to stop again.

He stops and leans against a brick wall, catching his breath and trying to catch back his sanity.

Something then catches his eye. He looks up and catches the sight of what looks like a police car parked outside another rave club in the distance, about fifty yards away. Its blue lights shine brightly within the darkness of the suburban street.

Something else then catches his tinnitus-struck eardrums. He turns to a car approaching from down the street -it looks like Calvin's car!

INT/EXT. CALVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Calvin spots Jake beside a brick wall along the street.

Calvin's car pulls up beside Jake. Jake doesn't look in the mood to talk. Calvin rolls down his window.

CALVIN

Jake, get in! Now!

Jake hesitates, but sees no choice but to. He goes into the back seat of the car before Calvin drives away from the scene.

INT/EXT. CALVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Calvin locks all the doors. Jake is slouched all over the back seat. Outside the windows, men and woman under the influence of the bottle or the needle plunder the town. They all look like zombies walking around; dead faced and brain dead. Calvin watches them with a look of fear about him. Jake slowly pulls himself up.

Calvin pulls up underneath a bridge where no cars or people are nearby. He turns back to face Jake and stares him dead in the eye. Jake looks at Calvin, clueless.

JAKE

What?

CALVIN

You know what I feel like doing
right now?

JAKE

What's that?

Calvin punches Jake in the face. Jake plummets back onto the seat and cries out in pain.

CALVIN

That hurt did it?

Calvin turns back to face the front window while Jake holds his hands over his face.

Jake doesn't respond.

Jake moves his hand away from his face and notices the button to unlock the doors beside Calvin.

CALVIN

Serves you right to be honest...Wait
until Cassie finds out what you've
been up to.

Jake leans forward and prepares to make a quick getaway.

Jake lunges for the button and opens the back door.

CALVIN

Jake!

Jake runs back towards the club at speed.

CALVIN

Jake!!!

Calvin watches him run. He reaches for the ignition but, at the last minute, refrains himself from doing so. It's too late. Jake's already made his decision. Calvin looks hopeless as Jake shrinks to the size of an ant in the distance.

Surrounding him are police cars that have just arrived at the scene of the crime. Bottles are thrown at the cars and the policemen go to tackle the vicious dogs responsible to the ground. The entire street has turned to carnage.

FADE TO TITLE: SIX MONTHS LATER

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

There's a bright flash of light. Cassie stands being photographed by her creepy photographer in the same old white room she's come to know and love.

This time she's wearing a bulging white dress made from feathers and an obscure arrangement of deep red and pink cheek colouring.

The photographer takes his final shot, much to his amusement. He looks at the photo he's just taken with a cheeky grin, staring at a picture of the elegant bird that is Cassie. Cassie narrows her eyes at him.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You never fail to impress Cassie,
I'll say that much. What do you
think to this, honestly?

The photographer turns the camera around so that Cassie can see her photo.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(toying with her)
You might want to step forward
Cassie... unless you can see
yourself from way over there.

Cassie steps forward, dragging her dress along with her as she walks. She stares at her photo with disappointment.

CASSIE

(blunt)
You can't sell me looking like
that.

PHOTOGRAPHER

No, I can't Cassie. These aren't
good enough for editorials

The photographer stares at her up and down. This is the first time they've been so close. Cassie is screaming inside.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Now get off my stage.

Cassie looks at him dead eyed. She walks away and heads towards the fitting room at a pace. The photographer looks at her lustfully.

INT. DRESS ROOM - LATER

Cassie stares at herself in the mirror as she tries to unfasten the strap on the back of her dress. She looks like she's struggling.

Knock. Knock. Knock. Cassie looks even more frustrated now she's being interrupted. The photographer walks in.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Not interrupting, am I?

Cassie continues to struggle to unfasten her strap.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Sure you don't need a hand?

Cassie looks like she's about to lash out.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Cassie?

Cassie gives up.

The photographer smiles seductively and closes the door. He starts walking towards Cassie, who stares at him in the reflection. She looks incredibly weary.

The photographer stops behind her and stares at her in the reflection as well. He raises his hand to her back, just next to the strap.

Then, his hand moves away, further down Cassie's spine to her lower back. All the while, Cassie looks like she's starting to go into panic mode.

PHOTOGRAPHER
You know Cassie, if you really think you're as beautiful as you say you are, you shouldn't need to wear this dress at all.

The photographer now moves his hand towards her backside. Cassie grips the dressing table with force. Then, Cassie lunges herself towards the door.

The photographer grabs her back and pushes her against the door frame. Cassie reaches for the door knob but the photographer grabs her hands and forces them against her back. He presses against her body as hard as he can.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(whispers in her ear)
Shhh, Shhh, Shhh, it's alright...
Don't fight it... don't fight it.

The photographer rips open her dress at the back and reaches underneath in an attempt to grab her genitalia.

Cassie looks helpless as he does so. She closes her eyes, as she endures the pain.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cassie cradles herself under the shower rinse, as she shivers from the traumatic, abusive experience she had just been through.

EXT. FACTORY'S MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Jake lies on the ground in a heap, with his eyes closed. His clothes look ragged and he looks like he hasn't showered in over a month. In his hand is a beer bottle with a crack running down it. Surrounding him are bins, bin bags and all manner of waste.

A figure approaches him and stops right beside his head. Jake looks up to see a very angry looking Trinity stood towering above him.

Jake, still looking half asleep, attempts to push himself up. Trinity smacks him back down onto the cold pavement.

Jake doesn't gasp in pain. Instead he sinks back into his dream state, and a trail of blood starts to fall from his nose. Trinity lights a cigarette.

TRINITY

You're a fucking mess.

Jake starts to pull himself back up.

TRINITY

Couldn't trust you to make me some money, could I? Couldn't trust you, couldn't even trust Mike to keep an eye on you.

JAKE

Where is he?

TRINITY

He's alive.

Jake starts to show some expression on his face at last.

TRINITY

But... he will be dead, and so will you.

Trinity punches Jake in the face and he falls back down. Trinity kicks him again, and again and again, causing his cigarette to fly out of his hand onto the wet and muddied ground.

Trinity reaches into his pocket, pulls out and lights another cigarette. Jake's entire face is now bloodied.

TRINITY

Now, as things have worked out the way they have, and believe me, they've affected me just as much as you, my job is to now put the pieces back together. One way or another.

Jake starts to crawl but stops after moving a few feet.

TRINITY

That means, either you find a way to pay me back by tomorrow night or... well I won't have any other choice but to kill you, will I.

Trinity puffs on his cigarette, exhaling the fumes like the exhaust on a turbo jet.

TRINITY

I'll leave you to think about it.

Trinity flicks his unfinished cigarette towards Jake beside his first cigar as he walks away. The damp concrete puts it out. Jake stares at the cigarettes. The burnt orange embers fade away and what's left is nothing more than black tar.

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE - LATER

Cassie storms through the front door, slams it shut and heads straight for the bedroom. Alec approaches her, having been sat there for Cassie to return home.

ALEC

You going to tell me what happened or not?

Cassie continues walking away.

ALEC

I've been sat here for over an hour.

CASSIE

Good.

ALEC

If you'd have told me you were getting a taxi, I would've gone straight home... Cassie...

Cassie turns around and throws her arms around Alec. Alec stops dead in his tracks, completely stunned.

Cassie passionately kisses him and he pulls away. Cassie kisses him again and this time he lets her do it. Before long, he's joining in.

Cassie pushes him into the bedroom and onto the bed. She climbs on top of him and lunges in for another kiss. Alec looks overwhelmed but soon starts to get into it.

Cassie reaches down for Alec's crotch and starts to undo his belt. She then proceeds to pull Alec's trousers down and rip his shirt open.

Both of them are both sweaty and breathless. This is the most unexpected 'HELLO' that neither of them could have predicted.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jake paces through the city streets in a state of panic. He looks like he's running from something. The passers-by stare at him like he doesn't belong there. A HOMELESS MAN notices him on his way passed.

Jake continues walking until he spots a pay phone just ahead. He pulls out some spare change from his pocket, clumsily dropping some on the ground. The homeless man notices. Upon reaches it, Jake clings to the phone like he's holding on for dear life. He inserts the change and calls a number.

INT. FANCY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Calvin is sitting at his work desk, typing away on a computer. His mobile rings but he doesn't answer. He's too focused on his work.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jake is getting impatient on the phone.

JAKE
Come on, pick up.

The homeless man picks up the dropped change and takes it for himself. Jake stares at him with hatred. Calvin finally answers.

CALVIN
What do you want Jake?

JAKE
Calvin, look I need you to meet me right now. It's urgent.

INT. FANCY OFFICE/EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

CALVIN
It's going to have to wait Jake, I'm busy.

JAKE
I haven't got time to wait! I need you to meet me! Now!

Calvin sits in his chair for a moment, staring dead ahead.

JAKE
Calvin?!

Calvin sighs and curses under his breath before replying...

EXT. STREET - LATER

Jake stands fidgeting against a brick wall as Calvin's posh car pulls up beside him. Calvin doesn't look happy to see him. He gets out and checks his surroundings to make sure no one is watching them, eyeing up the neighbourhood and scanning all of the street corners. Calvin approaches Jake.

CALVIN
Can't be too careful with you...
What do you want?

Jake seems afraid of what he's about to say. He's shaking.

JAKE
I need to borrow some money.

Calvin raises his brow.

CALVIN
You're joking, aren't you?

JAKE
I'm serious.

CALVIN

So, what? You want me to just give you my money? After I gave you a chance to turn your life around? After you ran away to go and get fucked off your face on drugs?

JAKE

Calvin, Trinity's going to kill me if I don't pay him back.

CALVIN

Well, that's your problem, isn't it?

JAKE

No Calvin, it's not just my problem. Cassie's my sister and your friend...

CALVIN

(interrupts) I'm starting to think she's not.

JAKE

... And if Trinity kills me, Cassie will never speak to you again, I can promise you that!

Calvin glares at Jake, then turns to check if the coast is still clear.

CALVIN

It's just one excuse after another with you, isn't it, Jake.

CALVIN

This is your problem. And I'm going to keep reminding you of that for the rest of your life.

CALVIN

And I don't care how long that may be.

Calvin cuts him off. Jake looks upset and hopeless as Calvin then drives away, leaving him alone to be eaten by his own mistakes.

EXT. CITYSCAPE - LATER

Clouds drift over the city at speed as the day rolls by. The wind builds in the distance, fierce and unforgiving. A storm is on the horizon, and night-time approaches.

INT. TRINITY'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Mike enters through the main entrance of the warehouse that is left open just a crack to let a beam of moonlight a thin catwalk.

Mike vigilantly walks his way forward inside the warehouse.

MIKE

Trinity...? Trinity?

He flinches after hearing a winding sound.
Like something small is being loaded.

MIKE

(fearful)

Trinity?

Trinity taps his cigarette, releasing the trapped embers.
Mike starts to breath irregularly. He's putting up a fight.

Mike looks afraid. He stands dead still.

MIKE

Look, Jake's just one man,
alright? He's one dealer. He's one
among dozens... We can figure some
way out of this.

Mike thinks carefully about what to say next before sealing his fate.

BANG.

Mike falls to the ground in agony after being shot in the leg. He scarcely drags himself back to the entrance, in hopes of escaping, with Trinity's silhouette effortlessly reaching up to him, along with his elongated shadow follow behind him. He stops as he is inches away from Mike, who is reaching his hand out---begging him to stop what he is about to do. Trinity extends out his arm, pointing a revolver at Mike's face, ready to pull the trigger.

BANG.

He stands there with a shaky trigger finger for a few moments before lowering his arm back down again.

INT. POSH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cassie and Alec are sat opposite each other at a table in a posh restaurant. The plates and cutlery look like they were crafted by the finest designers in the world.

Cassie takes a sip of red wine while Alec chews on some steak. They're both looking at each other, waiting for either him or her to start a conversation.

Alec stares into her eyes, thinking about his next words as he chews his food.

ALEC

You know Cassie, I really wish
you'd just talk to me.

Cassie doesn't respond.

ALEC

Something happened on that
photoshoot, didn't it?

Cassie pauses, awkwardly. She plays with the food on her fork.

ALEC

Don't listen to what anyone says to
you. I know how harsh the business
is.

Cassie continues to ignore him.

The two of them stare at each silently for a moment.

Cassie puts her knife and fork down and stares out the window, trying to hide her eyes.

She can't fool Alec. He knows she's hiding something.

Cassie crosses her arms and goes into deep thought.

ALEC

Why can't you just tell me what's
the matter?

Cassie's head darts back around.

CASSIE

(gets up, mutters)
I'm sorry, I've got to go.

ALEC

No, Cassie...

Before Alec can get another word in, Cassie stands up and grabs her coat.

Cassie walks away, heading towards the entrance.

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

Calvin pours himself a glass of wine. He rubs the rim of the glass before downing it in one.

He stares down at the kitchen counter before hearing footsteps outside the front door. He turns his head.

Cassie walks in, looking really upset.

CALVIN
What you doing back so early?

CASSIE
Shut up.

Cassie hangs her coat up and walks towards into the kitchen.

CALVIN
A bad day, huh? Why am I not surprised?

Cassie stands opposite him beside the counter.

CASSIE
Just... Just don't Calvin, alright.

Cassie reaches for the bottle of alcohol Calvin bought her. She grabs a glass and pours herself a modest amount.

She looks at the glass for a moment, then downs it in the same manner as Calvin did.

CALVIN
Hey, what's wrong?

Cassie turns to face Calvin. She stares at him, looking both guilty and sinful.

Calvin looks at her in the same way - Except his glance evokes more sadness and melancholy.

Cassie then lunges for Calvin's lips, forcing him back against the counter. They passionately make out like there's no tomorrow - Although their physical relationship has changed, their deep-seated love still remains eternal.

Cassie holds on tight to the back of Calvin's head. She grips harder, digging her nails in - She's frustrated and Calvin can tell.

Calvin moves his head away for a moment.

CALVIN
Cassie, what's wrong?

CASSIE
Just shut the fuck up.

Cassie goes in again - Kissing, kissing, kissing.

She then reaches down to feel Calvin's crotch.

This time, Calvin pushes her away.

Calvin squeezes himself away from her, awkwardly.

CASSIE
(whispers)
Please, bring him home.
Please, please, please

CALVIN
I will.

Calvin walks towards the door and grabs his coat.

Calvin cuts off and stares at her while he adjusts his coat in the hallway.

Cassie manages a vague smile but it's clear she's still hurting after the day's events.

After a brief stare, he turns away and leaves the house.

Cassie stands with her wine glass in hand. She fiddles with it for a second, then puts it down.

TRANSITION TO

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Jake's face is dirty and worn down. His eyes look bloodshot and tired. He's slouched beside a rusted wall and broken rocks.

He leans his head down and snorts some coke. Powder coats his nose as his head raises back into frame...
HOLY SHIT - Jake looks like death warmed up!

He then starts to cough - Not only does he look half dead, he also looks blatantly ill. He bends over the ground...

RETCH!! Jake unleashes his load all over the place.

He spits out the vomit stuck between his teeth in the same manner he did in the rave club. A sound then catches his ear. It's footsteps...

He forces himself to sit upright - although it seems salvation is unlikely at this point.

Calvin appears from around the corner. Jake doesn't look physically phased, as his body slowly melts his way to sit on the ground.

CALVIN
(horrified)
Jake. Jake?

Calvin runs to his aid.

CALVIN
Jesus Christ, Jake.

CALVIN
We've got to get you to a hospital

JAKE
No, no hospital

CALVIN
Home, then

JAKE
Trinity's gonna kill me...

CALVIN
You should be more worried about
killing yourself.

Jake is so out of it.

CALVIN
(hurriedly)
Jake? Come on, stay with me, kid.

Jake leans back against the wall, sighing heavily. He contemplates for a moment.

Pause.

Jake is blacking out

Jake leans down, almost lying completely on the ground.

JAKE
(crying)
I'm scared now.

CALVIN

Stay with me, Jake. Stay with me.

Calvin carries him out of the building to take him back to his car.

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE, CASSIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cassie sits on her bedside chair, staring at herself in the mirror. She's wearing a very masculine looking suit, still looking sombre and obviously still thinking to herself about her assault from earlier that day.

She glares back at Alec in the mirror. Alec appears to be sitting behind her on her bed, texting away. Cassie looks guilty as she stares at him.

CASSIE

Who you texting?

Alec keeps his head down as he texts. Cassie is fiddling with her earrings.

ALEC

Work.

Cassie still retains her frustration it seems. Alec notices her in the mirror, deliberately avoiding eye contact while also briefly peering at him before he has the chance to notice.

ALEC

Still not going to open up to me then?

CASSIE

(bluntly)

No.

Alec sighs as Cassie resumes playing with her earrings.

Cassie's fiddling about with herself has caused a bit of confusion here. He hears another message has been sent onto Alec's mobile, which causes Alec to fly out of the couch.

CASSIE

What is it?

ALEC

I've got to go.

Cassie turns around to face Alec. He's now standing on his feet, re-energised.

CASSIE

What's happened?

Alec shoots off down the hallway and down the stairs.

ALEC

I'll tell you when I get back.

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cassie follows Alec as he walks towards the front door.

ALEC

See you in a bit.

Alec is gone.

Cassie sits in a long silence as she hears the sound of the engine ignited from Alec's car, driving away to wherever he is going.

Pause.

Suddenly, someone else enters... BANG. Jake and Calvin come crashing through the front door.

Calvin is holding Jake under his arm. Jake looks like warm death on a stick.

CALVIN

CASSIE! Come and help me, quick.

It appears Calvin's trousers aren't the only things now covered in sick; his blazer is smothered in the stuff. Cassie runs down the stairs and approaches Jake.

CASSIE

Oh my god, what happened?

CALVIN

He's OD'd.

CASSIE

Haven't you called a hospital?

CALVIN

He didn't want to. It's a long story.

Calvin and Cassie walk up the stairs with Jake in between them. (Literally and figuratively.)

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

RETCH!!! Jake lets it all out in the toilet as Cassie hovers above him. Calvin stands to the side.

She turns to Calvin.

CASSIE
Bring him here.
How much has he
taken?

CALVIN
(hesitant)
I don't know. Alot.

Calvin freezes up for a moment - He doesn't have a clue. He turns away from her.

Calvin leaves the room in shock, while Cassie stays with Jake, fearing for his life.

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE, BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Calvin sits out on the balcony and stares out into the city.

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake breathes heavily over the toilet seat, while Cassie rubs his back in a circle. Now Jake looks paler than before. His hands are trembling, and it looks like he's starting to sweat as well. He stares into his sister's eyes as Cassie's eyes start to fill up with tears.

JAKE

(grasping onto Cassie's hand)
I'm sorry, Sis.

CASSIE

Oh, Jake...

Cassie buries her head into Jake's chest.

EXT. TRINITY'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

The dock is as quiet as a mouse. The silence is broken by the sound of an engine approaching from up ahead.

Then, from a distance, a police car enters the frame and out comes Alec and his two police officers.

They come armed with guns this time - this is serious business! They run towards the building and prepare to breach.

INT. TRINITY'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse is silent. The stacks of cocaine are all still there, scattered in high quantities and mapped together into a maze. There is a looming sense of tension in the air.

Footsteps gather together outside, forming into a cluster outside the entrance. Then, BANG. The door bursts open and the three of them storm the warehouse.

ALEC

Police!

There's no reply. No action. No reaction.

ALEC

Search the whole place! Go! Go! Go!

The police officers spread out and each begin to search around specific areas. They stay sharp, keeping tight and sticking close to the drug stacks before making any attempt to charge in guns blazing. Alec peeks around the corner of a large stack of cocaine but still no suspects are to be found.

All of the sudden, a figure emerges from behind Alec's shoulder. It's not one of his fellow officers. Fuck, it must be Trinity!

He raises his gun and aims it at Alec's head.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Alec!!

Trinity turns towards the officer and open fires on him.

BANG. BANG. BANG. Alec leaps behind a drug stack and takes cover.

Trinity fires his gun with a rapid intensity, causing both officers to take cover and stay there. Alec breathes heavily, trying not to panic.

From over his shoulder, Trinity starts to approach.

Alec, hearing his footsteps, bites his hand and tries to control his breathing. Unfortunately, Trinity is ducked behind some drug stacks which means the other two officers won't be able to get a clean shot from where they are.

Alec clenches his gun tightly and hovers his finger on the trigger -
He can't help it. He can't control he breathing in this situation. He might as well wet himself, honestly. Trinity is now no more than three feet away.

TRINITY

You think I can't see you?

Alec looks like he's starting to have another panic attack. He's starting to anyway. Then something happens...

His airways open up and that gives him the perfect opportunity to breathe deeply. He clears his head and begins to release a lot of tension in his hands, flexing his muscles and letting the energy drain away. He's managed to calm himself to the point of harmony - Has it actually worked?!!

Trinity turns around and fires. The officer ducks down.

Alec, mustering up his courage, reveals himself and lunges upwards towards Trinity's gun.

He grabs onto it with all his strength.

BANG. Trinity pulls the trigger, trying to gun down Alec.
BANG. BANG.

The other two officers charge at Trinity and tackle him to the ground, knocking his gun away.
They hold him down.

TRINITY

Get the fuck off me!!

Alec, having avoided having a panic attack, begins walking over to Trinity.

He speaks in a calm and controlled manner, almost like there was no danger at all.

ALEC

You are under arrest for possession of Class A drugs. You don't have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something which you later rely on in court. Anything you do say may be given in evidence.

They cuff Trinity and lift him onto his feet.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Alec and Trinity sit opposite each other in a dull, coldly lit interrogation room. Beside them is a large piece of glass, fixed into a thick, solid wall. On the other side is a dimly lit hallway. Trinity smirks at Alec, not looking at all concerned following his arrest.

ALEC

You know why you're here, don't you?

Trinity doesn't respond. Alec sighs. He's not going along for the ride. He opens up the documents on the table in front of him.

ALEC

You've been in possession and laundering class-A drugs for the past year, and you've been widely distributing said drugs on a regular basis for the past eight months.

TRINITY

No comment.

Alec slams the documents shut.

ALEC

Look I'm going to be honest with you. You're looking at a lifetime in prison, plus a potentially unlimited fine alright. If I were you, I'd be worried.

Trinity grins. He still doesn't look worried.

TRINITY

No comment.

Alec looks agitated.

ALEC

Well, I know enough to put you behind bars, so...

The door to the interrogation room opens and one of Alec's officers' walks in.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Sir...there's someone on the line for you.

Alec walks up to the officer.

POLICE OFFICER 1

Cassie Finn.

ALEC

Tell her I'll get back to
her. I'm kind of busy as
you can see

Police officer leaves.

Alec turns back to continue his interrogation.

Then, a moment of realisation comes over him. Alec's lousy
police officer has just given away a critical piece of
information. Trinity smiles.

TRINITY

I couldn't help but overhear, but your
officer just gave me a nice piece of
info.

ALEC

(pause)

What info?

TRINITY

Would you happen to know a kid
named Jake Finn?

Alec's face freezes.

ALEC

Yes.

ALEC

What do you know about Jake?

Trinity looks like he's just been told a funny joke.

TRINITY

Let's just say it's a small world
we live in, isn't it, Alec?

Alec now looks like a moment of realisation has just come
over him as well.

EXT. ALEC'S CAR - LATER

Alec is driving down the main road towards the house,
looking extremely angry. That bastard Jake has been duping
him from the beginning. He breathes deeply but remains in control. He clutches onto
the steering wheel tightly and intermittently stares out of
the window to his right before resuming his concentration on

the road - It's an impossibly difficult task, even without the weight of a panic attack looming over him.

INT. CALVIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Alec places his key in the door and twists the handle. As the door frame slides out of view, a great tragedy appears before his eyes. It's an unpleasant sight. Calvin and Cassie are sat beside each other on the sofa... And a dead Jake rests at peace in their arms.

Alec is frozen in shock. Cassie is breaking down in tears and Calvin looks just as shocked as he is. He begins to step forward, observing the body of Jake. Alec, looks down to the ground in shock and despair of this revelation.

As he looks at him, he freezes up as if he were remembering someone else lying in Jake's place... A distant but very relevant memory. He then steps over to Cassie, still grieving, and places his hand on her shoulder. From afar, the lights in the house begin to fade out as we're pulled back behind the curtain, behind the window and into the cold world outside.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. POLICE STATION - SOMETIME AFTER

Trinity walks into frame and positions himself in front of a white wall with height markings. He comes to about 180cms. He appears smug and without regret. There's a bright flash as Trinity is photographed. He then turns to the side. There's another flash of light. Trinity turns back to face the camera.

INT. WHITE ROOM - SOMETIME AFTER

The photographer is seen setting up his camera. Alec, along with his two fellow officers walk their way into the studio. The photographer turns his head to see a police badge being shown in front of him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - SIX WEEKS LATER

THE SCENE OPENS IN COLOUR. THE SETTING IS BRIGHT BUT THE MOOD IS STILL DARK.

Cassie stands, above the grave stone. Calvin watches her

sympathetically from the driver's seat of his car. Cassie walks away from Jake's grave. The grave stone looms in the frame.

INT. CALVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Calvin watches as Cassie walks among the tombstones.

Calvin sits in the driver's seat wearing a pair of sunglasses, concealing himself as he always does. Cassie enters the passenger's seat. Calvin turns to her.

CALVIN

You okay?

CASSIE

Yeah...

Cassie rests her head on her hand. The grieving process is a long and painful one it seems. Cassie looks out the window, contemplating.

Calvin and Cassie sit on either side of the frame. The graveyard lingers in shot through the front window.

Calvin turns and reaches for a bag by the back seat. He takes out what looks like a present, poorly wrapped by the looks of it.

CALVIN

I've got something for you.

He hands the present over to Cassie. She seems to recognise it from the last time. She unwraps it.

Cassie's eyes widen when she notices a rather nostalgic photograph. A black and white photo of Cassie and Jake in their teens: Cassie, roughly fifteen, and Jake, about twelve. The two stands together with their arms around each other. Cassie starts to well up at the sight of her dead brother. She runs her fingers over Jake's lively face.

Cassie leans over to give Calvin a hug. Calvin willfully accepts.

FADE TO WHITE