

GODS GIFT.

FADE IN:

TITLE: (WHITE ON BLACK)

*"Those to whom evil is done, do
evil in return".*

W.H. Auden.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TITLE: (WHITE ON BLACK)

"BASED ON A TRUE STORY".

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT (DUSK SEARED WITH LIGHTNING)

A white chariot zips shut the country lanes, pursued by the voltaic fingers of God. Atop the crest a settlement, hazed in yellowed sodium, rises like the sun...

... A gallop chastened to a trot by the all prying eye.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE SPORTS CAR - NIGHT (DUSK)

The driver, handsome and in his mid-twenties, is sucking down smoke, his elbow half in and out, despite the biting cold.

On the passenger seat sits a fragrant bouquet, adhered with a hand written note;

"I've missed you x".

Up above, a redundant felt-tree dances feverishly beneath the mirror, perhaps reminiscing on days when it too was fresh.

The car stereo provides the music.

ROLL TITLE SEQUENCE AND SONG - STONEY "UNTIL YOU LEAVE".

SERIES OF SHOTS: (TRAVELLING)

- A) A village and a seemingly endless street, awash with cheap looking "self-runs" and "take-aways".
- B) A sharp right, deep into the bowels of an estate.
- C) Oxidised and overgrown, the metal bones of a disused playground.
- D) A nod from a tattooed skinhead smoking whilst pushing a pram.
- E) Overhead, boots dance the lines on knotted laces.
- F) Wooden curtains and pebble-dash fronts.
- G) A pub run inside outside, for the slaves to nicotine.
- H) Rutting dogs roam in packs.
- I) Plastic bottles, free-wheeling the wind, like tumbleweed.
- J) Young-guns, posse'd up on bikes.
- K) Skewed "For Sale" signs every other, advertise intent.
- L) Overgrown gardens, makeshift graveyards for, stripped out, "bangers".
- O) A sharp, steep right up a hill to, again, break free the estate and its clutches.
- P) Atop the hill, all is quiet and in its place.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

END TITLE SEQUENCE AND SONG.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD/OUTSIDE TONY'S FLAT - NIGHT (EARLY EVENING)

The car pulls up opposite an upstairs flat. Two wheels mount the curb before the engine is disengaged and the lights extinguished.

TONY (Tee for short) then EXITS the car and crosses the road, followed closely by the two BEEPS of his alarm.

Drawing closer a dull, repetitive THUD builds, synonymously, in the air culminating to a peak on his front step.

He then opens the door and lets out the MUSIC, like bats from a cave.

Inside, he follows the NOISE upstairs to its source, with the flowers, a "Welcome Home" gift, tucked tight into his back.

CUT TO:

INT. TONY'S FLAT/KITCHEN - NIGHT (EARLY EVENING)

Stood in the corner with her BACK to Tony is SALLY, she is twenty six years old and incredibly attractive.

Sally has long black silky hair, high heels, a black leather pencil skirt and a cream silk blouse.

She has a mobile in one hand and a glass of rosé in the other. She sways seductively to the music as she speaks.

Tony leans against the door-frame and observes, unobserved.

SALLY
 (into phone)
 Yeah, I've just got back today,
 I've been at my Mam and Dad's for
 the week.

TELEPHONE CONVERSATION (NOT INTERCUT).

SALLY
 Swansea, no they're fine --
 (beat)
 Well you know why I went, don't
 you?

SALLY
 Yeah I know, It just wasn't me
 though, I'm not ready for all that
 yet.
 (beat)
 And what with the holiday coming
 up. Yeah, I know, I cant wait,
 Ibiza here we come baby --

SALLY
 Imagine what I'd have looked like
 though in my new bikini --
 (cut short with a laugh)
 I know, I know.

SALLY
 Anyway it's all done now babe --

SALLY
Yeah, I'm fine. I just need to be
really careful --

SALLY
God, if Tee ever --

TONY
(cutting in)
Ever what Sally?

Sally jumps out of her skin as she snaps round to see.

SALLY
(like zephyrs)
Gotta go, I'll call you back yeah?

TONY
That better not be him?

SALLY
Nice to see you too?

TONY
I'm not kidding Sal --

SALLY
What are you talking about?

TONY
(angry now)
Dom! You once slept with him,
remember?

SALLY
Tony, we've been over this a
million times, it was a mistake and
I'm really, really fuckin' sorry
but you have to let it go.

TONY
How can I let it go, when your
still fuckin' seeing him?

SALLY
(shocked)
Tony I'm not, I swear. I've been
home for literally, five minutes --

TONY
Really, well where's the fuckin'
coke from then?

Her hand instinctively reaches for the wrap on the side.

TONY
You said you'd fuckin' done wi'
that shit? So how can I trust you
eh, when all you ever do is fuckin'
lie to me, eh?

Sally's gaze falls to the floor.

TONY
You went to his house first, didn't
yer?

SALLY
Only to get some coke, nothings
going on, I swear --

TONY
Then what was that fuckin' shit on
the phone?

Sally doesn't answer.

TONY
I can't believe your actually doing
this to me, again!
(beat)
I'm telling yer Sal, he's fuckin'
dead this time!

Tony becomes angry and animated smashing the flowers on the
kitchen side. Loosed petals then fill the air, softening the
scene, slightly.

SALLY
Tony I'm not, I --

TONY
Your fuckin' lying Sally!

He then turns, EXITS the kitchen and storms OUT of the flat, "His" flat.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD/OUTSIDE TONY'S FLAT - NIGHT (EARLY EVENING)

Fuming still, Tony paces across the road to his car, OPENS the door, pauses, then slams it back SHUT.

He then sets off at speed on foot. Around the corner, down the hill, across a road and onto the other pavement, teeth and fists firmly clenched.

After drop-kicking the front gate, he storms straight up to the solid oak-wood door and blitz's it with his fists.

CUT TO:

INT. DOM'S HOUSE/STAIRWELL - NIGHT (EARLY EVENING)

DOM, a stocky male in his late twenties, fearing the Police spirits away the evidence of his drug dealing, before confronting the disgruntled, unknown threat on his front step.

After dealing with its locks, Dom cautiously opens the door.

Immediately, Tony lunges forward grabs him by the throat and positions him flat on his back, against the stairs.

TONY

(slow and protracted)

What the fuck did I say to you, eh?

(beat)

Eh?

DOM

What, what do you mean --

Struggling to speak or breathe.

TONY

You yer junk cunt! I fuckin' warned you, didn't I?

(beat)

Didn't I?

DOM

Tony I --

TONY
What were you just chatting about?

DOM
What?

TONY
On-the-fucking-phone!

DOM
Tony I wasn't --

TONY
Your the second cunt that's lied to
me today.
(beat)
So I'll ask you a-fuckin-gain!

Tony Increases his grip round Dom's neck and he starts to gurggle and ripen.

TONY
I'm warning yer, last fuckin'
chance --

DOM
(using his last)
Alright stop.

Tony slackens off his grip, slightly.

TONY
Well? I'm fuckin' waiting?

A pause for thought.

DOM
(slow and quiet)
It's him innit.

TONY
(with teeth)
Him who Dom? I need a fuckin' name
--
(beat)
I'll kill the cunt!

Time trickles by slowly.

DOM
(almost a whisper)
Your too late.

TONY
What the fuck do you mean? Speak!

Time nears a stop.

DOM
(quietly spoken)
Yer son Tony.
(beat)
Yer son.

Tony lets go of his neck and Dom slides down the stairs like a sack of split shit, gasping for breath and shielding his bruised pride and throat.

CLOSE UP - TONY'S FACE (STANDING OVER DOM)

SLOW LINGERING ZOOM - CENTRED ON TONY'S EYES

Tony's PUPILS flicker from black to flames, to flames licking at Sally's feet, who is seen lashed to a stake, twixt fire and hell.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN.

INT. TONY'S FLAT/TONY'S BEDROOM - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

POV - TONY

The room is in complete darkness, until Tony swishes open the curtains to reveal a crisp winters morn. Sunbeams then cut through him like lasers.

Central to the window is his parked car and just above it, pinned to the house opposite, is a 12ft banner framed with wind-tossed balloons, it reads;

"** EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER **".

[*Note: Similar, subliminal time-line indicators shall be used throughout the film, rather than title-cards, although, short lapses in time will be indicated by a;

"FADE TO BLACK"].

BACK TO SCENE.

Tony then turns, LEAVES the bedroom and walks through the HALL and into the KITCHEN to partake of his daily regime.

He then OPENS the refrigerator door and the kitchen VISTA appears visible.

[*Note: The camera is housed inside].

Reaching in he grabs the milk and then walks away leaving the door and the scene, wide open.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Breaking three eggs into a glass, yolks intact.
- B) Swallowing them down whole without hesitation or distaste.
- C) Pills, stood queueing all night on the side, disappear one after the other, helped down with water.
- D) A whey protein shake is then hastily prepared and quaffed with similar gusto.
- D) First cigarette of the day, lit dangerously close to the blue gas hob flame.
- E) The milk is then returned to the fridge and likewise, the scene to darkness.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

CUT TO:

INT. TONY'S FLAT/LIVING ROOM - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Tony slowly opens the door to a darkened room, illuminating it slightly.

In the far corner is an unknown SHAPE writhing about on the sofa, like a salt-laden slug, wholly obscured by a duvet.

Tony shakes his head and closes the door, taking the light with him.

CUT TO:

EXT: THE STREET/OUTSIDE TONY'S FLAT - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Tony walks over to his car, his work-bag slung over his shoulder. With an outstretched arm he presses the button on his key-fob.

The car BEEPS the lights flash twice and the doors unlock.

The banner and balloons are still visible on the second floor level of the house opposite, but it now reads;

"** EIGHTEEN TODAY **".

Tony then ENTERS, makes a few adjustments and pulls away.

CUT TO:

EXT. TONY'S BARBERSHOP "WISE GUYS" - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Effortlessly and at speed, Tony manoeuvres his car into the one, single parking space his business has to offer.

He then slams on the brakes and skids to a halt, just inches away from its plate-glass fascia and a £600 bill.

Standing outside the shop, is a rag-tag queue of CUSTOMERS (aged thirty to sixty five), all chilled to the bone.

Occasionally and in turn, they pat themselves down and hop, foot to foot, in an attempt to alleviate the cold.

Tony then EXITS the car, makes his apologies and retreats to its "treasure chest" in the rear.

TONY
Sorry I'm late fella's.

DEREK
'Bout time Tony, it's bloody freezing out here!

The boot flips opens and its contents are then bathed in a winters sun. As the glare dissipates, the loot becomes apparent.

Carton upon carton of duty-less fags, a rainbow of fake couture and stack upon stack of pirated DVD's.

Tony reaches inside for his work-bag, plus, a large handful of "plunder", before slamming it back shut.

After searching his big bunch of keys, like every morning, he finds the one that fits and ENTERS his place of business.