

"Fleeced"

Written By

Patrick Whittaker

WGA Registration: 1311573

Producer:

Margaret Milner Schmueck,
©Split Second Films Ltd,
The Manor House,
Station Road,
Irthlingborough,
Northamptonshire NN9 5SP, UK

Tel: +44(0)1933 382289
Mob: +44(0)7801 541007
mms@splitsecondfilms.com
Script - May 2016

INT. MUSIC VENUE - NIGHT (1969)

SUPER: LONDON. 1969.

In a darkly lit room, an AUDIENCE of Greasers and Teddy Boys is gathered in front of a stage. On stage, cloaked in darkness, the Bluebirds - a rock'n'roll trio - are about to start their set.

A voice booms out over the P.A. system.

STAGE ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen... welcome to
the Bluebird Experience!

The Bluebirds launch into their first number. Stage lights blaze into life. The audience explodes with enthusiastic applause.

YOUNG DES Gilroy (20 something) is the band's lead singer and bassist. He exudes aggression and sexuality. This is in stark contrast to his brother YOUNG DAVE Gilroy (also in his 20s), a competent guitarist who is happy to let Des hog the limelight. Young Dave, for no particular reason, wears an eye patch.

The band's drummer is BRAD Hamel.

The song finishes. The audience noisily shows its appreciation. Young Des holds up a copy of the MELODY MAKER.

YOUNG DES

Oi! Oi! How about that then?
Into the charts with a bullet.
Number twenty-nine! And they said
we'd never crack it!
(beat)
Two, three, four - !

The band go into their second number.

With the lights in his eyes, the audience appears to Des as a sea of shifting shadows. Their screams build to a crescendo.

The noise reverberates unexpectedly; the Audience moves in SLO-MO. Darkness descends.

Clutching his head, Young Des falls over. He twitches briefly then lies still. Thinking this part of the act, the Audience cheer. Young Dave stops playing. Brad does likewise.

Young Dave lifts his eye patch to get a better view.

A panicked STAGE MANAGER runs onto the stage waving frantically for the house lights to go up and the curtain to fall.

Camera fixes on Des's face.

INT./EXT. RENTAL CAR/COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

SUPER: SPAIN. PRESENT DAY.

Brothers DES and DAVE Gilroy (both in their 60s with Des being the elder of the two) are heading through the Spanish countryside in a hired car.

Des is in the back with his wheelchair folded on the seat beside him. He is wearing a straw hat and a ridiculously loud Hawaiian shirt.

Dave, who is driving, is dressed more conservatively.

DES

I love Spain!

Des attempts to pour tequila into his mouth with the bottle raised over his face. Most of it misses, much to his obvious delight.

DES (CONT'D)

Of course, it would be a whole lot better if Franco was still running the place.

DAVE

What the blazes are you talking about? Franco was a dictator.

DES

Yeah, but as dictators go, he wasn't so bad. I mean, he wasn't like Hitler or Amin or Thatcher.

DAVE

Shut up and drink your tequila, Des.

Des reaches into his pocket and takes out a large photograph which has been folded into four. He unfolds and then kisses it.

DES

You little beauty, you.

Des places the photograph on the seat beside him. We see now that it is a picture of a Spanish villa, complete with swimming pool. The bottom right corner is emblazoned with the logo of 'Loach Spanish Holdings PLC'.

DES (CONT'D)

Here, Dave. What's the Spanish for bluebird?

DAVE

Dunno. El bluebird?

DES

"El bluebird." That don't half have a lovely ring to it. What's the Spanish for villa?

DAVE

Villa.

DES

So let's call our new gaff 'El Bluebird Villa'. Or should that be Villa de Bluebird?

DAVE

Villa de Bluebird would be French.

DES

El Bluebird Villa it is then.

DAVE

Why not just call it Bluebird Villa?

DES

Because that's English and we're in Spain, you parochial twat.

INT./EXT. RENTAL CAR/COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

The same road, miles further on.

DES

We there yet?

DAVE

You ask me that again and I swear to God...

DES

Need a pee.

DAVE

You had one ten minutes ago.

DES

Need another.

DAVE

Tie a knot in it.

DES

Nice thing to say to a cripple.

DAVE

You ever thought about getting a colostomy bag?

DES

You ever thought about getting a smack in the gob?

DAVE

We're there.

Dave stops the car beside a driveway leading up to the villa in Des's photograph.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Journey's end, bro'. This is what we've been working for.

DES

I have never in my life seen anything so beautiful that didn't have tits.

DAVE

Welcome to El Bluebird Villa.

With a sudden and loud crash, a bulldozer bursts through the wall of the villa, leaving a gaping hole. Heavy chains attached to the back of the bulldozer pull at roof beams.

The villa collapses.

As the dust settles, workmen in safety helmets approach the rubble and set about demolishing what's left of the building.

Des and Dave look on in despair.

INT. SPANISH POLICE STATION, INSPECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Des (in wheelchair) and Dave are confronting a very disinterested-looking INSPECTOR DIAZ who is sat with his feet on his desk.

DES

What is it with you people? We let you beat us at football and you think you can treat us like mugs? Without us, you wouldn't even have football. Your only entertainment would be bullfights and watching us English shag your wives and daughters.

DAVE

Shut up, Des. You're not helping.

DES

I'm not helping? What about him? Sitting there like a bleeding lemon while our life savings go down the crapper?

DAVE

(to Inspector Diaz)
Sorry about that. Too much tequila.

DES

(To Inspector Diaz)
Listen, Pedro. I realise it goes against centuries of Spanish tradition, but how about getting off your fat arse and doing your job? You never know; you might actually enjoy it.

INSPECTOR DIAZ

Senors, I have already explained.
You did not have planning permission
for a villa. The law says it cannot
stay.

DES

And I says bollocks to the law.
We paid for a villa and a villa we
ain't got, and for that we have
Malcolm Loach to thank. The man
is a fucking con artist and it's
your job to bang him up.

INSPECTOR DIAZ

You perhaps know where Senior Loach
is?

DES

Course I know where he is.
(to Dave)
Where is he, Dave?

EXT. LUTON AIRPORT, TAXI RANK - DAY

Des and Dave, having newly arrived from Spain, wait for a
taxi. A NUN stands next to them.

DES

Argentina?

DAVE

For the thousandth time: yes.
Argen-bloody-tina.

DES

You gave our savings to some geezer
out in Argentina? The same
Argentina we had a bleeding war
with?

DAVE

He wasn't in Argentina at the time.
And I didn't give the money to
Malcolm Loach. I gave it to his
company.

DES

Well that's fine. So long as it
was a company, I really don't mind.
Let's ring them up and invite them
to help themselves to our fucking
kidneys.

The Nun pointedly clears her throat. Dave looks
embarrassed.

DES (CONT'D)

(to Nun)

You know the story of Cain and
Abel, Sister? Stick around and
you might see it re-enacted.

Dave slaps Des on the arm.

DES (CONT'D)

Oi, you cunt! I'm a cripple. Be nice.

INT./EXT. TAXI - DAY

Des and Dave are in the back of a taxi making its way through London.

DES

The bank?

DAVE

The bank.

DES

The bank advised you to buy an illegal villa in Spain from some geezer what lives in Argentina?

DAVE

Do you need a diagram? The bank should have been looking after our interests. Clearly, they didn't. So now they have to compensate us.

DES

And we can bag ourselves a brand new villa. Only next time I do the wheeling dealing and you just sit there looking like the dumb prick you are. Leave it to you and we'd end up buying an igloo in the Sahara.

INT./EXT. TAXI/BEDFORD ROAD - DAY

The taxi turns into Bedford Road, a decidedly gone to seed residential road. Many of the houses have been boarded up.

DES

(wryly)

Ain't it great to be home? You see what we'd miss if we lived in Spain? The litter. The abandoned cars. A rubbish dump in every garden. And think how dull life would be without rats.

DAVE

OK, things have gone a bit pear shaped, but the law is on our side. If the bank doesn't cough up, we'll set our solicitors onto them.

DES

You mean the solicitors who dropped us in the shit and caused our life

(MORE)

DES (CONT'D)

savings to evaporate? We're putting our faith in them, are we? That's your plan?

DAVE

(to Taxi Driver)

Up here on the right. Just in front of the burning settee.

A settee blazes away in the middle of the road. The taxi pulls up outside an ordinary suburban house distinguished by a sign saying 'Rose Cottage'. A small forest of 'For Sale' signs populates the front garden.

DES

You wanna buy a house?

TAXI DRIVER

Around here? I'd rather cop a dose of chlamydia.

DES

How about a Villa in Spain? All mod cons if you care to dig them out of the rubble.

The Taxi Driver hops out of the cab, opens the back door and puts down the wheelchair ramp.

TAXI DRIVER

Beats me why you didn't sell up when everyone else did. From what I hear, you'd have done all right for yourselves.

DAVE

(to Des)

Tell the nice man why you refused to sell to the property company when our neighbours busted a collective gut in their hurry to take the money and run.

DES

I grew up here and I wasn't about to let some faceless corporation turn my childhood into a parking lot.

DAVE

So nothing to do with holding out for more money?

DES

Well, there was that as well.

DAVE

Then along comes the recession, the construction company goes bust and we're left with a house nobody in their right mind would buy.

DES

Which is better than a worthless
pile of rubble in Spain.

TAXI DRIVER

Torch it. Claim on the insurance.

DAVE

What insurance?

DES

So there you have it. We've a
house we can't give away, a patch
of land in Spain that's worth about
as much as Jimmy Saville's autograph
and a ruddy great bridging loan
which we ain't got a hope in Hell
of paying back. And my legs don't
work.

(beat)

Still, you gotta laugh.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A divan has been set up by the wall. There is a settee
beneath the window sill. An old Bluebirds publicity poster
hangs above the mantelpiece. It is a picture of Des, Dave
and Brad in their younger days.

The walls are littered with posters of rock stars: Elvis,
Jerry Lee Lewis, Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran.

Also in the room is a television, a video player, a CD
player, a wardrobe, a clothing rack full of leather jackets
and a trunk.

Des sits at a table, using a PC. He is in a chat room
headed 'Anarchadia. Lords of Kaos.'

His nickname is DesTrukTor.

Des types: 'corse all property is theft but its more than
that - its an illusion. The banks lost billions of s wot
never existed and replaced them with billions more that
still don't exist but which we have to pay 4. end result =
they get sumfink 4 nuffink & we get nuffink 4 sumfink. G
sick is wot it is'

On-Line, Eddie Zero types: 'agreed. Its all smoke &
mirrors. 1 day people will wake up and find the emperor
has no clothes.'

Des: 'but when they do, they'll take off their own clothes
and pretend it's normal 2 b stark bollock naked.'

EDDIE ZERO: 'NO'

Dave comes in, carrying a tray of cocoa and biscuits which
he puts on the table. He and Des start on their supper.

DES

I might have me a new BFF. Geezer by the name of Eddie Zero. Unlike most of the wankers I meet online, he seems to actually have a brain.

DAVE

You ever thought he might be a cop?

DES

More likely a pedo. I reckon he's grooming me.

DAVE

Bit old for that, aren't you?

DES

I was joking. Twat.

DAVE

I know. Double twat.

DES

I know you know. Triple twat.

DAVE

Shut up and drink your cocoa. Quadruple twat.

Techno music starts blaring from an unseen source.

DES

What the fuck's that?

DAVE

It's coming from next door.

DES

But nobody lives there.

DAVE

Unless rats can play synthesisers, we've got ourselves an infestation of squatters.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Des lies on the divan staring at the ceiling. From next door comes the steady thump-thump of synthesised bass and drums.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sat on the bed and untouched by the noise from next door, Dave watches an 8mm home movie projected onto the wall. He swigs fitfully from a bottle of Jack Daniels.

The film is a montage of scenes of the Bluebirds on tour in a battered transit van.

EXT. THE SQUAT - NIGHT

A sheet covers the upstairs window. Shadows projected onto it from within show the SQUATTERS dancing and cavorting.

EXT. OUTSIDE LAVATORY - MORNING

Des wheels himself in his night clothes across the garden to the outside lavatory. He opens the door and reverses in.

INT. OUTSIDE LAVATORY - CONTINUOUS

Des pulls the door behind him. It swings back open. He pulls it shut only for it to swing open again.

DES
Fucking thing.

Giving up on the door, Des manoeuvres himself onto the toilet.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dave is busy at the gas stove knocking up the mother of all fried breakfasts. Glancing out the window, he finds himself with a full-on view of Des on the toilet.

With a shudder, he turns away.

INT. OUTSIDE LAVATORY - CONTINUOUS

Having done his business, Des struggles back into his wheelchair. He pulls the chain. Nothing happens.

He pulls it again. Still nothing.

Des thumps the cistern pipe with the heel of his hand. The pipe breaks. Des is sprayed with water.

DES
Bollocks!

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Des and Dave are having breakfast. Des presents Dave with a list of grievances.

DES
I'm living next door to a tribe of troglodytes. I'm stuck in suburbia when I should be lording it up in Spain. I've had fuck all sleep. I have to wash in a bucket. And I've been douched by my own toilet - again! Apart from that, everything's just peachy.

Des picks up a piece of bacon and waves it at Dave.

DES (CONT'D)

And I want my bacon crispy. Is that too much to ask for?

DAVE

If you're going to keep this up, I'm off to the bank on my own. The last thing we need is you throwing your toys out of your pram.

DES

In your dreams, matey. The bank's already wiped their feet on you once. I aim to make sure they don't do it again.

DAVE

Just let me do the talking.

DES

Tell you what. On the way to the bank, let's give a warm Gilroy welcome to our lovely new neighbours.

EXT. THE SQUAT - DAY

Dave wheels Des along the pavement. They stop at the squat's front gate.

Des wheels himself up to the door of the squat.

DAVE

I'm begging you, Des. Don't do this.

EXT. SQUAT FRONT DOORSTEP - DAY

Ignoring Dave, Des knocks on the door. For good measure, he bangs on it with his fist.

DES

Oi! Open up.

Des bangs again.

DES (CONT'D)

Open up, you arse wipes!

The door opens to reveal VI, a washed-out waif of a girl with unkempt hair and a face that looks like it's never smiled.

VI

Yeah?

DES

What the fuck are you?

VI

Name's Vi. What do you want?

DES
You not keeping me up half the
bleeding night.

VI
Wait here.

Vi goes to the stairs and shouts up.

VI (CONT'D)
Oi! Eric! You up yet?

ERIC - a male equivalent to Vi - sticks his head over the
banister.

ERIC
We're out of bog paper.

VI
There's some old geezer with no
legs here. Says he doesn't want
us to keep him up half the night.

ERIC
Unless he's got some bog paper,
tell him to go fuck himself.

DES
You want to come down here and say
that to my face?

ERIC
Ooh - grandpa's in a mood. My
knees are knocking.

VI
Fuck off, Grandad.

Vi slams the door on Des.

EXT. THE SQUAT - DAY

Des backs angrily onto the pavement. Dave side-steps to
avoid being run into.

DAVE
Feel better for that? Anyone else
you want to antagonise while we've
a few minutes to spare?

DES
This is war, bro'. Fucking war.

INT. CHEMNITZ C.K. MERCANTILE BANK, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

JARVIS, the Manager, is sitting behind his desk. In his
forties, he exudes superciliousness. In front of him sit
Des and Dave.

Jarvis opens a buff folder.

JARVIS

Your paperwork. I presume you read it before signing?

DAVE

Nowhere does it say we were buying a pile of rubble.

Jarvis pulls out a sheet of paper and places it on the table for Des and Dave to see.

JARVIS

This delineates yours and the bank's obligations and charges. A quick perusal will show we kept our end of the bargain.

DAVE

The contract we have with you states we were buying land with a villa on it.

JARVIS

And by your own account, that's what you got.

DES

You must have known Malcolm Loach was a con artist. The guy's got previous. But you let him take us for every penny we had.

JARVIS

Loach Holdings PLC is neither owned nor run by Malcolm Loach. He is merely their employee.

DES

How much did he pay you to stitch us up?

JARVIS

(icily)

I'll have Head Office draft a letter to officially state the bank's position in this matter. You should receive it within the next week or so. And that, I believe, concludes our business.

DES

How the fuck do you sleep at night?

JARVIS

Quite well, thank you. Please show yourselves out.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Des is back On-line, in the 'Anarchadia' chat room.

Des: 'u c this kinda fmg on telly and u fink people have to be right idiots to get stitched up like this. But it happens to normal people all the time coz the law is on the side of them wot has money. If anyone cost a bank wot my bank's cost me, the bank would shit all over em. They would persecute em & grind em into the ground & take away everyfing they got'

Eddie Zero: 'yeh that's it innit? The banks gambled and lost and we had to bale em out. Dunno about u, but nobody asked me if I wanted to do that. So much for democracy! Y is it that everyfing is done n their terms not ours?'

Des is about to type in something else. He stops, sniffs the air and frowns.

Annoyed, he wheels himself out to the kitchen.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Des rolls into the kitchen.

DES

If there's one thing I hate more than shepherd's pie, it's burnt shepherd's pie.

Des checks the oven. It is off.

From next door, comes the strains of the Prodigy's 'Firestarter'.

He wheels himself out to the back garden.

EXT. ROSE COTTAGE, BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

Des glides out to find that Eric, Vi and the rest of the Squatters are having a party in their back yard. Central to the celebrations is a large bonfire upon which sits an effigy of Des in a wheelchair.

Eric spots Des.

ERIC

All right, Gramps? Not disturbing you, are we? We're celebrating 'Burn-a-Cripple' Day.

The Squatters, all singing 'Firestarter', dance around the bonfire. Des's eyes narrow.

DES

(quietly)
Okay, my friends. But just remember who started this.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, KITCHEN - DAY

At the gas stove, Dave stirs a saucepan which is slowly coming to the boil over a low heat.

Des browses an A4 document.

DAVE
You sure this is going to work?

DES
Only one way to find out.

DAVE
Assuming we don't get blown to
Kingdom Come.

DES
How many more times? It's not
going to explode. Mind you, if
you want something that will take
out an apartment block...'

Des holds the document up so Dave can see the title.

DAVE
(reading)
'The Krazy Kaos Kookbook. A guide
to creating mayhem in the modern
world'.

DES
Everything you need to know about
becoming the establishment's worst
nightmare. How to build atom bombs,
rip off ATMs, get free electricity
and even how to shoplift without
getting caught.

DAVE
You get that from Eddie Zero?

DES
He wrote it.

Dave sniffs the mixture and recoils.

DAVE
It smells like your feet.

DES
Then it's ready. Remove it from
the heat and let it cool down.
Then pour it into a washing up
liquid bottle.

DAVE
Takes me back to watching Blue
Peter when we were kids.

DES
Don't it just?

EXT. SQUATTER'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Des and Dave are at the front of the house, by a window.

Des holds up a washing up liquid bottle with a string fuse
poking out.

DES

And here's one I prepared earlier.

As Des lights the fuse, Dave produces a hammer.

DAVE

Now?

DES

Now!

Dave smashes the window. Des throws the bottle into the squat.

DES (CONT'D)

Leg it! Or - in my case - wheel it!

Des and Dave retreat down the road. As they do so, smoke starts rolling out of the squat.

From the squat comes the sound of people coughing, shouting and spluttering. Smoke pours from every window.

The front door opens and the squatters come tearing out into the street, coughing violently and wiping frantically at their eyes.

Eric is amongst the first to evacuate. He has a cravat over his mouth. Getting clear of the smoke, he spots Des and Dave watching from a safe distance.

ERIC

I'll get you for this, Grandad.
You hear me? You're a dead man!
Fucking dead!

Des tuts and shakes his head as if disappointed.

DES

There's really no need for that sort of language, is there?

INT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

An office in the firm of Grady, Grady and Burrows. Des and Dave are in a meeting with Alvin GRADY, a man who oozes smarm from every pore.

GRADY

In theory, you have a case against the bank. Clearly they didn't display due diligence when recommending you buy this property through - what was their name?

Grady picks up a sheet of paper and examines it.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Oh yes. Loach Holdings PLC.
(beat)
The problem is proving it.

DAVE

I've done some checking. When Malcolm Loach sold us the property, he was an undischarged bankrupt with three convictions for fraud.

GRADY

Mr Loach did not own the company. His wife did.

DAVE

I was here when you spoke to him on the phone. You can't have been in any doubt he was running the show.

GRADY

My advice is to put this behind you. Consider it a lesson learned and move on with your life.

DES

Bollocks. We're suing.

GRADY

I'm sure you've got the time, but what about the money?

DES

Money be damned. You got us into this; you get us out.

DAVE

You not only said that villa had planning permission, you put it in writing.

GRADY

Loach Holdings produced the relevant paperwork. We had no way of knowing it was faked.

DAVE

You could have checked!

GRADY

That wasn't within our remit. I'm afraid it all boils down to caveat emptor.

DES

So that's it? We're ruined because you didn't bother to make a phone call to Spain, and now you're washing your hands of us?

GRADY

You could put it like that. I really don't care.

DES

You'll care soon enough when we go to the press.

GRADY

Do you think the papers will give a damn? They hear stories like yours every day. And the reason they don't print them is simple: nobody cares. At least nobody who matters. Now will that be all?

DES

Except to say you'd better watch your back, matey. What goes round comes around.

GRADY

Is that a threat, Mr Gilroy?

DES

No. It's a bleeding promise.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Des and Dave are at Des's table with a bottle of bourbon and two pint glasses. Des half fills both glasses.

Dave has several piles of papers in front of him. They are mostly bills and receipts with a few legal documents thrown in. He is tallying up the figures on them using an old fashioned adding machine.

DES

How is this even possible? How is it that two reasonably intelligent men with enough dosh to look forward to a comfortable retirement suddenly find themselves bottom of the shit heap? What crime did we commit that we should be punished like this?

Des takes a hefty draft of bourbon.

DAVE

Alcohol isn't the answer.

DES

Then it's a fucking silly question. And what the hell are you doing anyway?

DAVE

I'm totting up how much this fiasco has cost us.

DES

Shit loads. Now put that away.

Des puts down his glass. He picks up the other one and thrusts it towards Dave.

DES (CONT'D)

Drink!

DAVE

This is not the time to be getting
shit-faced. We have to think.

DES

About what? How we're going to be
spending the rest of our lives in
utter penury? You think all you
like, matey. Me - I'm done with
it. Now drink!

The sound of a motorbike causes Des and Dave to look towards
the window.

Outside, a motorcycle COURIER pulls up. He dismounts and
heads for the front door with an envelope and a clipboard.

The doorbell rings.

Dave goes to answer the door. Des, meanwhile, knocks back
more bourbon.

COURIER (O.S.)

Letter. Sign here.

The front door closes and the Courier hurries on his way.

Dave comes in, looking quizzically at the envelope.

DAVE

It's from Spain. Looks official.

Des suddenly brightens.

DES

This is what we've been waiting
for. The dagos have come to their
senses and we're getting our villa
back.

DAVE

Sure. Because we're lucky that
way, aren't we?

Dave opens the envelope. As he reads the letter it
contains, his countenance grows grim.

DES

Well?

DAVE

It's a bill from the Municipal
Council. Not content with
demolishing our villa, the fuckers
want us to pay for the privilege.

DES

You can't be serious.

DAVE

Twelve thousand euros! It's a fucking nightmare.

(beat)

Well, that's it then. They've left us no choice.

He grabs a glass of bourbon and drinks.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You and me are going to drink ourselves silly. And then we are going to systematically set about getting what is rightfully ours. I did not spend my adult life working my bollocks off just to line the pockets of shit stains like Jarvis, Grady and Loach. They've kicked us about long enough. It's time to kick the fuckers back.

DES

Amen to that!

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Des and Dave are clearly drunk. They both have a bottle of wine to swig from.

Dave is sat on the divan.

DAVE

We've got to do this right. We have to stay on the side of the angels. I'm talking about the moral high ground here. All we're after is what we're owed. Nothing more. Nothing less.

Des is at his computer, chatting in the Anarchadia chat room. He pays no attention to Dave.

DES

You'll never believe what Eddie Zero's just come up with. He thinks we should do to the Windsors what the Ruskies did to the Romanovs. That guy's a hoot.

DAVE

Focus! And stay away from Eddie bleeding Zero. He's probably an undercover cop.

DES

My arse. This guy's read Kropotkin. You name me one undercover cop who's ever read Kropotkin. Most of them never even get past Sartre.

DAVE
Just don't tell him what we're
planning.

DES
(sarcastic)
Duh! OK, Dave!

From next door, comes the sound of techno music. Des and Dave look at each other in amazement.

DES (CONT'D)
It's not? It couldn't be. They
wouldn't dare.

DAVE
Seems some people just can't get
enough of that old Gilroy magic.

DES
Fine by me. That's another entry
for my shit list.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, GARAGE - DAY

The garage has been converted into a makeshift video studio. Spotlights have been fixed high up on the walls. A video camera sits on a tripod and a microphone has been placed on a mic stand.

Des is in his wheelchair, facing the video camera. Behind him, Dave is fixing a Jolly Roger flag to the wall.

DAVE
You sure you want to go through
with this?

DES
Never been so sure of anything in
my life.

DAVE
Because this is where it starts to
get serious. Once we start this,
there's no turning back.

DES
Shit or bust.

DAVE
Death or glory.

Dave finishes putting up the flag and steps back to admire his handiwork.

DAVE (CONT'D)
There! That should put the fear
of God into them.

Des pulls a ski mask over his face.

DES
How do I look?

DAVE
More beautiful than ever.

Des manoeuvres his wheelchair so he is facing the video camera full on. Dave places the microphone in front of Des and switches on the spotlights.

DES
Fucking Ada!

Dazzled, Des reaches into his leather jacket and pulls out a pair of sunglasses. He tries putting them on, but as he has no access to his ears, they fall off.

DAVE
You can't wear shades over a ski mask. That's just ridiculous.

DES
Menacing more like. You got any Sellotape?

DAVE
Wear those sunglasses and that's it - I'm out of here. You do this thing on your own.

DES
Fine. No sunglasses.

Des puts away his sunglasses and pulls out a folded sheet of A4 which he unfolds and puts on his lap.

DAVE
What's that?

DES
My script. Any objections?

DAVE
It's scruffy.

DES
It won't be in shot.

DAVE
Will be when we do the medium shots.

DES
Medium shots? Don't talk bollocks.

DAVE
Got to have medium shots. We don't want people to think we're amateurs.

DES
We are amateurs.
(MORE)

DES (CONT'D)

And this is a blackmail tape - not 'Gone With the Fucking Wind'. How are you going to do medium shots without letting the world know I'm in a wheelchair?

DAVE

I'll use special effects. Make it look like a settee.

DES

Just point the camera at me fizzog, set it running and then leave the fucking thing alone. No zooms, no pans, no scans and no nothing else.

DAVE

That is going to make for one hell of a boring film.

DES

(camply)

Darling, I couldn't make a boring film if I tried.

Dave checks the camera's viewing screen and makes adjustments until Des's head and shoulders fill the frame.

He sets the camera running.

DAVE

Quiet on the set! Places everyone. And... action!

DES

Is the camera on?

DAVE

I wouldn't have said 'action' if it wasn't.

DES

Right. Hang on.

Des picks up the script. He reads it silently with his lips moving.

DAVE

Cut!

DES

I haven't even started.

DAVE

That's why I said 'cut'. When I say 'action' that's when you start. And straight away, if you don't mind.

DES

Just making sure I know my lines.

Des puts the script back in his lap, clears his throat and speaks to the video camera.

DES (CONT'D)

You bureaucrats and bankers,
exploiters of the masses,
politicians, usurers, despoilers
of the Earth -

DAVE

What are you doing?

DES

What's it look like I'm doing?

DAVE

I haven't said 'action'.

DES

Is the camera running?

DAVE

Yes.

DES

Then fuck off and leave me alone.
I'll give you a shout when I'm
finished.

DAVE

This is not how to make a film.

DES

Fuck... off!

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, GARAGE - DAY

A head and shoulders shot of Des addressing the camera.

DES

You bureaucrats and bankers,
exploiters of the masses,
politicians, usurers, despoilers
of the Earth, lying, cheating
fuckpigs - you made me what I am.
And what I am is your worst
nightmare. I'm the guy with nothing
to lose. You know what I want.
It's mine to take. I AM ENTITLED!
Deny me and people will die. The
blame will be yours.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The video camera has been plugged into the television.
Des and Dave are watching the output.

DES

(on television)

I am the Bluebird Bomber and this is the Bluebird Manifesto. Give me £758,223 and 97p and then fuck off and leave me alone. If you do not, I will come after each and every one of you. I know who you are and where you live. I know the names of your children. I know their schools. Fuck with me and I will kill your loved ones. I will destroy everyone and everything you've ever cared for. I will show you the emptiness of your lives.

(beat)

Welcome to the Bluebird Experience.

Des presses pause.

DAVE

Bit over the top, innit?

DES

We're terrorists, not the Salvation Army.

Putting on a voice that sounds concerned, Des parodies a TV advert.

DES (CONT'D)

This is an appeal on behalf of the Bluebird Bomber. Just £758,223 and 97p will provide him with the lifestyle he so richly deserves.

(beat)

Yes, just £758,223 and 97p is all it takes. Please give generously.

Dave goes over to the table where a jiffy bag sits next to a pile of stamped addressed envelopes.

DAVE

How many of these have you done?

DES

One hundred.

DAVE

You really know that many people who have pissed you off?

DES

And then some. But most of those are people I haven't even met. I got their names from a file on Anarchadia entitled 'People Who Should Be First Against the Wall Come the Revolution'.

DAVE

We can't target 100 people. We don't have the resources.

DES

We ain't going after each and every one of them. We're just going to make them think we are. Keep 'em guessing and you keep 'em scared. And if they're scared, they're going to put pressure on the bank to cough up.

DAVE

Have you considered how much it's going to cost to post that lot? Can we at least send them second class?

DES

From now on, we do nothing second class. And we'll add the cost to the ransom demand.

(beat)

Now get your coat. We're off to Walthamstow.

DAVE

Walthamstow? That's the other side of London.

DES

It would be bleeding silly posting them on our own doorstep.

DAVE

(suspiciously)

Why Walthamstow?

DES

I thought I'd drop in on our old mate, Jack Kilkenney.

DAVE

You promised you'd have nothing more to do with that evil fuck.

DES

Needs must when the devil shits.

INT./EXT. DAVE'S CAR / MYSTIQUE'S - NIGHT

Dave is parked outside Mystique's, a massage parlour. Gene Vincent is playing on the hi-fi.

INT. MYSTIQUE'S, JACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A dingy subterranean office with a desk and filing cabinets. It is cluttered up with boxes of inflatable dolls.

JACK KILKENNEY, an East End gangster, is standing at an easel, working on an oil painting of Jesus on the cross.

His model is CHARLIE, one of his henchmen, who is being crucified for real. His hands are nailed to a cross while his feet rest on a small platform and are kept in place by ropes. A piece of cloth in his mouth stops him from talking or crying out.

TRISH, an archetypal Essex girl is perched on Jack's desk doing her nails. She seems a little bit bored.

Des studies the painting.

DES

Jesus.

JACK

Rather a good likeness, don't you think?

DES

I don't know. I've never met Jesus.

JACK

I meant of Charlie here.

DES

Oh yeah. You've certainly captured his essence, Jack.

JACK

I caught him with his fingers in the till. And this was right after I warned him what would happen if I ever did.

(to Charlie)

Ain't that right, Charlie? I told you if I caught you trying to rip me off, I'd crucify you, didn't I? Perhaps next time you'll believe me.

(beat)

I'll give him a break in a minute so he can get his circulation going again. Don't want to kill the bleeder.

Des picks up one of the inflatable dolls and looks at the packaging.

DES

I saw this exact same model when me and Dave went to Amsterdam. Five hundred euros they were asking for it.

JACK

I'm knocking these out for fifty quid a time.

DES

Sounds like a bargain.

JACK

Well, it ain't. These ladies are all Taiwanese knock-offs. I wouldn't shag one without having a puncture kit handy.

Des puts the doll back.

DES

I need some 'H', Jack.

JACK

Back playing up again?

DES

It's not for me. I'll settle for the shittiest stuff you've got.

Enough for a couple of hits.

Jack nods at Trash. She reaches into her top and produces a small bag of heroin, which she throws to Des.

JACK

On the house.

DES

Cheers, mate.

JACK

If I'd known you were coming, I'd have cleared my diary.

DES

I have to get back anyway.

JACK

Drop by again some time. Give me warning and we'll hit one of my clubs.

(to Trish)

Show him out, Trish.

DES

See you around, Jack.

JACK

Give my regards to Dave.

As Trish hauls Des through the door, Jack steps back to assess his handiwork.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

It's the jeans, Charlie. I'm pretty sure Jesus didn't wear jeans. They'll have to come off.

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE - NIGHT

Trish pushes Des to the lift.

TRISH

We got special rates for pensioners on Wednesdays. You should tell your friends.

DES

I had no idea Jack was so artistic.

TRISH

He doesn't like people to know. Thinks it's bad for his image.

Trish presses the call button.

TRISH (CONT'D)

That's why I'm sworn to secrecy about his flower arranging.

DES

(shocked)

His what?

Trish smiles at her little joke.

EXT. THE SQUAT - NIGHT

Des wheels himself up to the front door of the squat and takes out the packet of heroin. After wiping the packet with his handkerchief, he drops it through the letter box.

EXT. PAY PHONE - NIGHT

An open booth. Des is talking into the phone.

DES

Yeah, extra pepperoni, no anchovies. And no garlic bread. I hate foreign food.

(beat)

Ten minutes? Great. Cheers, mate.

Des cuts the connection and taps in a new number.

DES (CONT'D)

(in Irish accent,
into phone)

Hello. Is that the police? I'd like to speak to someone from the Drugs Department please.

EXT. ROSE COTTAGE - NIGHT

Des and Dave sit in their driveway eating pizza. Neither seems at all surprised to see a police car and police van race towards them with their lights flashing.

The vehicles screech to a halt outside the squat.

POLICE OFFICERS pile out of their vehicles. They rush up to the squat. Two of them have a battering ram which they use to smash open the door.

The Police pour into the squat.

Still eating their pizza, the brothers listen to the sounds of Squatters resisting arrest.

Soon the Squatters, all of them handcuffed, are being escorted by Police into the back of the van.

Eric, putting up a struggle, is being half-dragged, half-carried by two of the Policemen.

ERIC

Take your filthy paws off me!
Fucking Nazis! I'll have you!
I'll have the whole fucking lot of
you!

DES

That's the way, Eric! Don't let
them take you alive!

ERIC

You wait, Grandad! Just you wait!

DES

And remember you have the right to
remain silent!

A Policeman looks querulously at Des.

DES (CONT'D)

Nice night for it, Officer.

Eric is bundled kicking and cursing into the back of the police van. Soon all the squatters have either fled or are in custody and the police depart.

The road is quiet again.

DAVE

Tell you what, Des. This pizza
could have done with more pepperoni.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Des and Dave watch a new video they've made.

On the television: Des is now dressed in the ski mask and a camouflage jacket.

DES

(On television. To
camera.)

You bureaucrats and bankers,
exploiters of the masses,
politicians, usurers, despoilers
of the Earth, lying, cheating
fuckpigs - you made me what I am.
And what I am is your worst
nightmare. I'm the guy with nothing
to lose. You know what I want.

(MORE)

DES (CONT'D)

It's mine to take. I AM ENTITLED!
Deny me and people will die. The
blame will be yours.

(beat)

I am the Bluebird Bomber and this
is the Bluebird Manifesto. Give
me £758,365 and 12p and then fuck
off and leave me alone. If you do
not, I will come after each and
every one of you. I know who you
are and where you live. I know
the names of your children. I
know their schools. Fuck with me
and I will kill your loved ones.
I will destroy everyone and
everything you've ever cared for.
I will show you the emptiness of
your lives.

(beat)

Welcome to the Bluebird Experience.

Des pauses the tape

DAVE

You are one frightening bugger.

DES

I'll have those politicians crapping
their pants, no problem.

DAVE

You do that. I'm off to my
allotment.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Des has set up his bass guitar and amplifier.

He strikes a long, extended power chord and rejoices in
the feedback.

After playing 'free form' and somewhat unmelodically, he
bursts into a rendition of Robert Johnson's 'They're Red
Hot'.

DES

(singing)

Hot tamales and they're red hot,
yes she got 'em for sale / Hot
tamales and they're red hot, yes
she got 'em for sale / I got a
girl, say she long and tall / She
sleeps in the kitchen with her
feets in the hall / Hot tamales
and they're red hot, yes she got
'em for sale, I mean / Yes, she
got 'em for sale, yeah

(beat)

Hot tamales and they're red hot,
yes she got 'em for sale / Hot

(MORE)

DES (CONT'D)

tamales and they're red hot, yes
she got 'em for sale / She got two
for a nickel, got four for a dime
/ Would sell you more, but they
ain't none of mine / Hot tamales
and they're red hot, yes she got
'em for sale, I mean / Yes, she
got 'em for sale, yes, yeah Des
goes into a long instrumental break.

There is an urgent knocking on the front door.

DES (CONT'D)

(Singing)

Hot tamales and they're red hot,
yes she got 'em for sale / Hot
tamales and they're red hot, yes
she got 'em for sale

With a final, defiant strum, Des slings the guitar aside
and goes to answer the front door.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

More knocking.

DES

(mocking)

Please, Mr Wheelchair-Person, can
you keep the noise down? This is
a respectable neighbourhood and
the rats are trying to sleep.

Des opens the door.

DES (CONT'D)

Fuck off!

EDDIE Zero is on the doorstep, white stick in hand. His
eyes are hidden behind dark glasses.

EDDIE

Mr Desmond Gilroy?

DES

(warily)

Might be. Who wants to know?

EDDIE

The police. You're under arrest.

DES

You're bloody joking. This is my
house. I'm entitled to make as
much din as I bleeding well like.

EDDIE

You're not entitled to go setting
off smoke bombs in other people's
houses. Some would consider that
terrorism.

DES

Terrorism, my arse. It's pest control.

EDDIE

I hope you don't mind me asking, but are you by any chance a dwarf?

DES

I'm in a wheelchair - as you'd know if you'd remembered to bring your eyes, which I seem to recall are standard issue in the Met. If you're a cop, I'm Gene Krupa's armpit.

EDDIE

Had you going though, didn't I?

Eddie holds out his hand.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Eddie Zero: anarchist, agitator and all-round good guy.

INT. DAVE'S ALLOTMENT, SHED - DAY

An electric guitar sits incongruously amongst the gardening tools.

Dave fills a kettle with water from a bottle. He puts the kettle on a Primus stove. Picking up a box of matches, he lights the stove and sits down.

Taking his guitar, he strums a few chords.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eddie is sat at the table. Des pours two drinks and hands one to Eddie.

DES

So how the bleeding hell did you find me?

EDDIE

You were bragging online about smoke bombing some squatters. Meanwhile, someone in another chat room starts bitching about being smoke bombed.

(beat)

When I discovered I was living less than a mile away from the mighty DesTrukTor, it seemed like Fate was up to something. And when I heard the almighty racket you were making, it was like a Siren calling to me.

DES

The Rickenbacker speaketh.

EDDIE
You a professional musician?

DES
Ever hear of a band called The
Bluebirds? We were big in the
60s.

EDDIE
'Castaway'?

DES
Our one and only single.

EDDIE
I've got it on a compilation album.

DES
I'm on bass guitar and vocals.

EDDIE
You still play?

DES
Now and then.

EDDIE
If ever you need a drummer, let me
know. I'm a dab hand on the old
sticks.

DES
You used to be a soldier.

EDDIE
What gave me away?

DES
You have the look. Is that how
you lost your eyes?

EDDIE
Afghanistan. Matthew 18, verse 9.
'And if thine eye offend thee,
pluck it out, and cast it from
thee'.

DES
You didn't?

EDDIE
Right after a bomb went off and I
found myself watching bits of
children sliding down a wall.

DES
Christ!

EXT. ROSE COTTAGE - DAY

Dave approaches in his car. As he does so, he is dismayed to see Eddie leave the house and make his way off down the street.

He parks the car in the driveway. From the back seat he takes a cardboard box filled mostly with household items - detergent, rat poison and so forth.

He takes it into the house.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Des is back at his PC. Dave comes in with his box.

DAVE

Who was that geezer who just left here?

DES

That, my friend, was the one and only Eddie Zero.

DAVE

A complete stranger who might well be a cop. And you invite him into what is to all intents and purposes a bomb factory.

DES

He invited himself, and no way is he a cop. In case you hadn't noticed, he's blind.

DAVE

How do you know he's not pretending?

Des points at the box Dave is carrying.

DES

Are those my ingredients?

DAVE

Everything's here. It came to twelve pounds and thirty six pence, including the electronics.

DES

Don't forget to stick it on the bill. What are we up to now?

DAVE

£758,422 and 67p.

Des picks up his copy of The Krazy Kaos Kookbook and places it on top of the box.

DES

Page 97. 'How to make a Letter Bomb Using Common Household Items.'
Try not to blow yourself up.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Des is at his table. With a soldering iron, he is just putting the finishing touches to a small bomb. It's basically a circuit board, some wires, a battery and an electronic trigger. All that's missing is the explosive.

Dave comes in holding a small milk pan containing what looks like black treacle.

DAVE

(in French accent)

May I present to you ze chef's specialite du jour - soup a la boom boom? Best enjoyed with a fine Bordeaux and ear plugs.

Des opens a tin that's about the size of a large snuff box.

DES

Fill 'er up.

Dave carefully pours some of the mixture into the tin. Then he steps back.

DAVE

Is that going to be enough?

DES

We only want to scare the fucker - not take his head off.

Des tapes a pair of wires to the tin.

DAVE

And this will definitely work?

DES

The Krazy Kaos Kookbook does not lie.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dave is asleep. The radio alarm clock at his bedside shows 6:59. As it flips to 7:00, the display lights up and the radio comes on.

As 'Shake Some Action' plays on the radio, Dave rolls out of bed and pads off to the bathroom.

EXT. ROSE COTTAGE, BACK GARDEN - DAY

Des is on the outdoor toilet, reading a copy of Viz. He has a portable radio which is blasting out 'Shake Some Action'.

INT./EXT. VARIOUS HOUSES - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE (with 'Shake Some Action' playing over it):

Various houses. The envelopes we saw in the living room drop through letter boxes.

People open the envelopes. Inside they find a Bluebird calling card.

One side of the card reads: 'WELCOME TO THE BLUEBIRD EXPERIENCE. It's not a matter of life and death. It's just a matter of life.'

The other side reads: 'THE CHOICE IS BETWEEN A QUIET LIFE AND NO LIFE AT ALL.'

END MONTAGE.

INT. ALVIN GRADY'S DINING ROOM - DAY

A large semi-detached house full of modern furniture and appliances. MRS GRADY sits at the dining table in a dressing gown. Early forties, she'd be beautiful if she made the effort. She is reading a newspaper and eating toast.

Grady hurries in tucking in his shirt. Mrs Grady doesn't look pleased to see him.

GRADY

Why didn't you wake me? I've got to skip breakfast now.

MRS GRADY

It's your own fault for staying out drinking all night.

Grady flips through the post on the table.

GRADY

Bill. Bill. Circular.

An envelope catches Grady's eye. He picks it up, tears it open and takes out a Bluebird calling card.

Puzzled, he puts the card to one side and takes out the accompanying letter. As he reads the letter, he becomes increasingly agitated.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Have we had any parcels delivered?

MRS GRADY

What are you expecting? Another batch of your 'special interest' magazines?

GRADY

Ring the office. Tell them not to open the post until I get there.

MRS GRADY

Do it yourself, you lazy fuck.

INT. CHEMNITZ C.K. MERCANTILE BANK, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jarvis is at his desk going over some documents. MISS CRAWFORD, his secretary, breezes in with a tray of letters.

On top is the Jiffy bag Des posted.

MISS CRAWFORD
Your post, Mr Jarvis.

Without looking up, Jarvis points to a space on his desk.

Miss Crawford puts the post where indicated. She stands with her arms folded until Jarvis looks up.

JARVIS
Something you want, Miss Crawford?

MISS CRAWFORD
Just an acknowledgement of my existence.

JARVIS
You have it.

MISS CRAWFORD
(tartly)
Thank you.

Miss Crawford saunters out. Jarvis watches her go, his eyes firmly fixed on her bottom.

As the door closes, Jarvis notices the package. He picks it up.

INT. CHEMNITZ C.K. MERCANTILE BANK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE - DAY

Miss Crawford sits at her desk. Crossing her arms, she stares sulkily into space.

An explosion resounds from Jarvis' office.

Startled, Miss Crawford falls off her chair. The door to Jarvis' office swings open. Smoke pours out.

EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, COMMANDER WALPOLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Commander Lewis WALPOLE is at his desk, watching the Bluebird Manifesto on YouTube.

His intercom buzzes and he stops the playback before pressing the reply button.

WALPOLE
Yes?

WALPOLE'S SECRETARY (O.S.)
(via intercom)
Chief Inspector Powers to see you,
sir.

WALPOLE
Send him in.

After a few moments, Chief Inspector POWERS - 40s, a career copper - enters the office, closing the door behind him.

WALPOLE (CONT'D)
Take a seat, Richard.

POWERS
Thank you, sir.

Powers sits. Walpole taps the screen of his PC.

WALPOLE
So, the Bluebird Bomber? What do
you make of him?

POWERS
Hard to say, sir. We know of at
least fifty people who've received
his calling cards and there are
bound to be more. I can't see any
real connection between the people
he's targeted, except they're either
well off or in positions of
authority.

WALPOLE
Al Qaeda?

POWERS
More likely a home-grown nut job.
I doubt there's much more to him
than meets the eye.

WALPOLE
Motive?

POWERS
Money, probably. It's my guess
there are going to be a lot more
bombs and a lot more YouTube clips.
Mr Bluebird Bomber no doubt sees
himself as a good guy - a Robin
Hood figure taking on the
establishment on behalf of the
little people. And the little
people are going to lap it up.
They always do.

WALPOLE
Which is all we need. The Home
Secretary's breathing down my neck.
He's new to the job and keen to
show his mettle.

(MORE)

WALPOLE (CONT'D)

We nail this Mr Bluebird or whatever he's called, and we nail him fast. Do whatever it takes, Richard. Understood?

POWERS

Yes, sir. Whatever it takes.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

One of the walls had been cleared of posters and now resembled the board in a police incident room. It is covered in maps, graphs, photographs and other documents, all connected to one another with strands of ribbon. Amongst the photographs we see shots of Jarvis, Loach, Grady and other Bluebird targets.

As Des watches on from his wheelchair, Dave pins a picture of Thomas MORGAN onto the wall.

DAVE

Thomas H. Morgan. CEO of Chemnitz C.K. Mercantile Bank. The spider lurking at the centre of a web of lies and deceit. You may recall a few years back he was committed for trial on several charges of conspiracy to defraud. Just as the case was about to come to court, all charges were mysteriously dropped. At the time, the reasons given were somewhat iffy. Since then it's emerged that Mr Morgan made a generous contribution towards a certain political party just before he was let off the hook. Which, of course, is nothing more than a coincidence.

(beat)

Thomas Morgan is now untouchable. The police know better than to try to prosecute him, no matter how naughty he gets. So he's more or less a law unto himself, as are all his cronies.

(beat)

This man, more than any other, is the agent of our misfortunes. Whether or not he has financially gained from our grief, there can be no doubt that he has put in place the machinery that enables others to do so.

(beat)

He is the head honcho. The gang leader. The big cheese. Der Fuehrer. The devil incarnate. What the Sheriff of Nottingham is to Robin Hood, what Blofeld is to James Bond, what Mick McManus was

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

to Giant Haystacks, this man is to us.

(beat)

We're playing a game of chess, Des. No matter how many pieces we capture, how many pawns and bishops and rooks we wipe from the board, none of it matters until we can say 'check mate'.

DES

So let's go get him.

DAVE

Not so fast. This isn't just about winning. This is about how we win.

(beat)

A game that ends in fool's mate is no game at all.

(beat)

Getting the money we're owed only evens things out financially. For the karmic balance to be restored, we have to fuck over every fucker who's fucked us over. They have to know they've been fucked over and that the little guy can win at least some of the time. And then - and only then - do we deal with Thomas H. Morgan.

INT. CHEMNITZ C.K. MERCANTILE BANK, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jarvis is at his desk. He is staring at his PC screen as though he wants to throttle it. Being a bomb victim has obviously made him tense.

A knock at the door makes him jump.

JARVIS

Damn it, Miss Crawford! How many more times?

Miss Crawford opens the door.

MISS CRAWFORD

Sorry, Mr Jarvis. I knocked as gently as I could. There's a gentleman from the police here.

JARVIS

Good. Send him in. I've something I want him to see.

Miss Crawford ushers Powers into the room.

POWERS

Chief Inspector Powers, sir. I won't take up too much of your time.

Jarvis jabs a finger towards his screen.

JARVIS
Look at this!

Miss Crawford goes out. She slams the door after her, causing Jarvis to jump again.

JARVIS (CONT'D)
Jesus, Miss Crawford!

MISS CRAWFORD (O.S.)
Sorry, Mr Jarvis.

JARVIS
You're doing that deliberately!

With a trembling hand, Jarvis grabs a bottle of pills from his desk, pours two pills into his other - equally shaky hand - and swallows them.

POWERS
You had something to show me, sir?

JARVIS
Yes! This! Look at it!

Powers walks round the desk to get a view of the screen. It is on an internet site headed 'Welcome to the Bluebird Experience'. The site is full of slogans such as 'The choice is between a quiet life and no life at all', 'It's time for the banks to pay what they owe ', '£758,521 and 78p or someone will suffer' and 'This is just the beginning. How it ends is up to the money men'.

POWERS
Oh yes. I saw this back at the Yard. It's got some nice graphics.

JARVIS
If you know about it, why is it still on the Internet?

POWERS
The site's hosted in Lithuania. We'll get it removed eventually, but it will just pop up somewhere else. That's the Internet for you - as lawless as the old Wild West.

JARVIS
It's a joke, Inspector.

POWERS
Chief Inspector. Do you mind if I sit down?

Powers sits down and takes out a pen and pad.

POWERS (CONT'D)
Just a couple of questions and then I'll be out of your hair.

JARVIS

Well hurry up. I have work to do.

POWERS

About the bomb, sir - or rather the package it came in. Did you happen to notice who it was addressed to?

JARVIS

Me, of course.

POWERS

By name? Or was it something more generic?

JARVIS

Generic?

POWERS

'The manager', for instance?

JARVIS

I've no idea. Miss Crawford opens the post. What difference does it make how the damned thing was addressed?

POWERS

It would tell us if the bomb was aimed at you specifically or if our bomber didn't much mind who he blew up.

JARVIS

I'm afraid I can't help you there.

POWERS

The amount of money he's asking for - £758,223 and 97p. Ring any bells?

JARVIS

It's money. I'm a bank manager. Of course it rings bell.

POWERS

What I'm getting at is that it's a very precise amount, which leads me to think he believes it's legitimately his. Your bank wouldn't happen to have cost someone that sum of money or thereabouts?

JARVIS

Don't be absurd.

POWERS

If you don't mind me saying so, sir, you seem a bit tense.

JARVIS

So would you be if you'd had a
bomb go off in your face.

POWERS

Have you tried camomile tea? It's
very good for the nerves.

JARVIS

Will that be all, Chief Inspector?

POWERS

For now. I'll show myself out.

Powers gets up and opens the door.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Thank you for your time, sir.
You've been most helpful.

JARVIS

(as Powers goes out)
Please don't -

Powers deliberately slams the door behind him.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

Slam the door!

Jarvis bangs his fist on the desk.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

Damn it!

POWERS (O.S.)

Sorry!

EXT. BEDFORD ROAD, OUTSIDE ROSE COTTAGE - DAY

A van is parked outside the Gilroys' house. Eddie Zero is
leaning against a lamp post. He and Des are passing a
joint between themselves.

His comrades - PATTY and NORMAN - are busy unloading a
drum kit from the van and lugging it into the garage.
They are both dressed in the stereotypical uniform of the
urban terrorist: black trousers, black jumper, shades and
black beret.

Dave pulls up in his car. The back is loaded with shopping.

Dismayed by what he's seeing, he gets out of the car and
hurries over to Des.

DAVE

You want to tell me what the fuck's
going on?

DES

I'm reforming the Bluebirds.
Eddie's our new drummer.

DAVE

And those two? What are they? A mime act?

EDDIE

Patty and Norman. Our very first groupies.

DAVE

This isn't going to happen, Des. We've got better things to do than piss about pretending we're teenagers.

DES

We are talking about making rock'n'roll, Dave. If you can think of anything better to do than that, I'd like to hear about it. Now shut your cakehole and grab your guitar.

Dave points at Eddie.

DAVE

Can he even play?

EDDIE

Can you? From what Des tells me, you may be a little past it.

Dave looks like he's about to strangle Eddie.

DAVE

You wait here while I get my Telecaster, you little skid mark. We'll see who's past it.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, GARAGE - DAY

Watched by Patty and Norman, Dave (lead guitar), Des (bass and vocals) and Eddie (drums) serve up an energetic and rousing rendition of 'Shakin' All Over'.

As the final chord dies away, Dave turns to Eddie.

DAVE

Not bad, kid. We might make a drummer of you yet.

DES

You weren't so bad yourself, Grandad.

DAVE

Call me Grandad again and I'll rip your bollocks off.

DES

What about me? I was fucking ace, wasn't I?

EDDIE
Anyone know 'The Blizkrieg Bop'?

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

A narrow lane winding through idyllic countryside.

Dave is on his hands and knees beside a gate leading to a meadow. He is taping a bomb to a cattle grid.

Job done, he gets to his feet, looks around guiltily and hurries off over the lane.

EXT. COPSE BY COUNTRY LANE - CONTINUOUS

He keeps going until he enters a copse where Des sits munching a sandwich beside Dave's car.

A picnic table laden with goodies has been set up next to Des.

DES
How'd it go?

DAVE
Piece of cake.

Des grabs a piece of cake.

DES
Don't mind if I do.

Des crams the cake into his mouth.

DAVE
Who the hell are we going to blow up out here? Maybe if we searched hard enough, we could find a hedgehog to assassinate, but I don't think either of us would feel good about it.

Des raises a finger.

DES
Listen.

Dave listens. The purr of an approaching car is barely discernible. It grows louder.

Des checks his watch.

DES (CONT'D)
He's early. Traffic must have been good.

DAVE
Who's 'he'?

DES
Patience, young Dave. All will soon be revealed. Have a sandwich.

Dave absent-mindedly takes a sandwich.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - CONTINUOUS

He and Des watch as a Rolls Royce pulls up outside the gate.

It comes to rest over the bomb.

DAVE

Nice motor.

DES

Not for much longer.

A CHAUFFEUR gets out and smartly opens the rear door. Out steps EMANUAL RICE - 50s, flabby and ostentatious - followed by TRACEY, his too-young mistress.

Rice and Tracey walk hand in hand through the gate and over the meadow.

As the Chauffeur takes out picnic things - table, chairs, hamper - from the boot, Des expounds.

EXT. COPSE BY COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Des and Dave continue with their picnic.

DES

That geezer who thinks he's God's gift to women - that's Emanuel Rice, regional director of our beloved bank and architect of a dozen tax avoidance schemes.

(beat)

The fact that he and Malcolm Loach were members of the same golf club is in no way coincidental.

(beat)

Also not coincidental is the fact that he sold a load of land out in Spain to Malcolm Loach which Loach then sold for a huge profit to the likes of you and me.

DAVE

And the girl?

DES

One of the douche bag's many mistresses, a few months shy of sixteen. Every week, weather permitting, they come here for sandwiches, champagne and a shag.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Emanuel Rice and Tracey are sat on chairs. The Chauffeur prepares their picnic table for them.

EXT. COPSE BY COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Des takes out a remote control and hits the switch.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

An explosion rips through the rural calm. The Rolls Royce goes up in a spectacular fire ball.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

With a black marker pen, Dave ticks the picture of Emanuel Rice on the wall. Then he fills in some of the squares in his project wall chart.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fully clothed, Dave is asleep on his bed, clutching a bottle of whisky like it's a teddy bear. His 8mm projector has run out of film but is still rolling.

Suddenly, from downstairs, comes the clatter of drums which is joined after a few bars by the steady thrumming of a bass guitar.

Dave opens his eyes. Hungover, he smacks his lips and groans.

DAVE

What the fuck?

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Des and Eddie are having a ball playing Howling Wolf's 'Howlin' for my Darling' with Eddie on drums and Des on bass and vocals.

Dave bursts in and stands open-mouthed at what he sees. Des and Eddie ignore him.

DAVE

(shouting)

What the fuck?

Des and Eddie still ignores him. Looking like he's fit to explode, Dave unplugs Des's amplifier. Des carries on playing for a few chords until he realises he's unplugged and then stops.

DES

What the fuck?

Eddie stops drumming.

EDDIE

Yeah. What the fuck?

DAVE

What the fuck are you saying 'what the fuck?' for?

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm the only one here who's any right to say 'what the fuck?' . It's three in the morning and I'm trying to sleep.

EDDIE

Day or night - it's all the same to me.

DAVE

Well, we're not all blind.

EDDIE

No need to rub it in.

DES

Yeah, Dave. That was a bit cold, wasn't it?

DAVE

Why is he even here?

EDDIE

I've got some good news.

DAVE

You're giving up the drums?

EDDIE

Yeah, funny. I've got us a gig. It's just some shithole of a pub in Walthamstow, but it's a start.

DAVE

Not the Dog and Duck. Tell me it's not the Dog and Duck.

DES

How about that, Dave? The Bluebirds fly again - back where it all started.

DAVE

The Bluebirds do nothing of the sort. There's no fucking way I'm going within a mile of the Dog and Duck.

EXT. THE DOG AND DUCK, CAR PARK - NIGHT

Des, Dave and Eddie are beside a transit van. In front of them is a sign with a dog and a duck on it. Des and Dave are carrying their instruments. Eddie's drum kit is in the van.

DAVE

(grim-faced)

I hate you both. I really do.

DES

Let's go check out the groupies.

Dave and Des head towards the pub entrance.

EDDIE

Oi? You guys going to give me a hand with my drum kit?

DES/DAVE

No.

INT. THE DOG AND DUCK, DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

A grotty little room which also serves as a toilet and a stock room. Dave sits on the shit stool, swigging whisky. Des is in his wheelchair, tuning his bass.

Eddie warms up by performing what may or may not be tai chi.

DAVE

How the hell did you manage to talk me into this?

DES

The same way you managed to talk me into buying a villa that's now a heap of rubble.

DAVE

The villa was your bloody idea.

EDDIE

This is the life, isn't it, guys? Today Walthamstow, tomorrow the world!

DAVE

Shut the fuck up.

DES

Here, Eddie. Did I ever tell you about the Great Lost Album?

EDDIE

The whosit?

DES

The Bluebirds recorded an album.

EDDIE

I did not know that.

DES

Only it never got released on account of me becoming a cripple. The A&R department took one look at me in a wheelchair and dropped the Bluebirds like we were a bunch of turds they'd picked up by mistake.

EDDIE

So what happened to the tapes?
I'd really like to hear them.

DES

You and me both. Only we can't on
account of Brad Hamel.

EDDIE

The record producer?

DES

Used to be our drummer. When the
record company decided not to
release our album, Brad bought the
master tapes for peanuts and
promptly stashed them away.

(beat)

A bit of a magpie is our Mr Hamel.
He bagged himself all sort of rock
memorabilia from the sixties:
concert footage, demo tapes, album
out-takes, tv programs - that kind
of thing. He's got enough
rock'n'roll memorabilia to start a
small museum, but the greedy little
bastard wants to keep it all to
himself.

(beat)

In all modesty, we made one of the
greatest rock'n'roll albums ever,
and no one's ever going to hear
it. Makes you wanna puke, don't
it?

The door opens. Jack enters followed by Trish.

JACK

So how's my favourite
rock'n'rollers?

DES

Rocking and rolling.

JACK

Sorry I wasn't here to greet you.
Had some business to take care of.

Jack ambles over to Dave and gives his cheek an affectionate
pinch - much to Dave's obvious displeasure.

JACK (CONT'D)

How you doing, Davey-Boy? Ready
to bust some moves?

DAVE

Glad to see this place hasn't
changed.

JACK

I've thought about tarting it up,
but what's the point? The animals
who drink here would only trash
it.

DAVE

You could at least remove the blood
stains.

JACK

They add to the character.

Jack looks at his watch.

JACK (CONT'D)

Let's get you on stage before the
punters start smashing up the
furniture.

INT. THE DOG AND DUCK, PUBLIC BAR - NIGHT

The stage at the end of the bar. The curtains are closed.

As Des and Dave plug in their instruments, Trish helps
Eddie to his drum kit.

EDDIE

You smell nice.

TRISH

Thank you.

EDDIE

And you have a nice voice.

TRISH

You think that's nice? Try these.

Trish takes Eddie's hands and places them on her breasts.
Eddie nods appreciatively.

EDDIE

Cool.

Eddie sits behind his drums. Trish hands him his sticks.

On the other side of the curtain, Jack ambles onto the
stage. The bar is populated by people who look like they
just want to get pissed and start a fight. A couple of
tables are occupied by Norman, Patty and some more of
Eddie's friends. They are dressed all in black and sporting
shades and black berets.

JACK

Ladies and gentlemen, let's give a
warm Dog and Duck welcome to the
next big thing in rock'n'roll -
Eddie and the Zeroes!

As the curtain comes up, there is a smattering of applause.
Des and Dave glare accusingly at Eddie.

A glass comes flying from the audience. It lands at Dave's feet and shatters.

The band launch into 'Honey Hush'. By the time they have finished, a mass brawl has broken out.

DES
(ironically)
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen.
And for all you young lovers out
there, this one's especially for
you.

The band perform 'Blue Moon'.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The television is showing a news bulletin.

NEWSREADER
We're receiving reports of an
explosion outside a supermarket in
Ealing. Initial reports indicate
the explosion was low level and
there have been no fatalities
although three people received
treatment for minor injuries.

(beat)

Shortly before the explosion, police
received a phone call from someone
calling themselves the Bluebird
Bomber warning that an explosion
was imminent. We'll keep you up
to date on this story as details
come in.

While Dave looks on, Des eeny-meeny's the photographs on
the wall of prospective victims.

DES
Eeny meeny miny mo. Catch a member
of a racial minority by the toe.
If he hollers, let him go. Eeny
meeny miny mo.

He finishes up pointing to a picture of VERNON BATEMAN.

DAVE
Who?

DES
Vernon Bateman.

DAVE
Thomas Morgan's right hand man and
chief asset stripper. Likes nothing
better than to take over perfectly
viable businesses and close them
down. I've been looking forward
to welcoming him to the Bluebird
Experience.

EXT. BATEMAN RESIDENCE, GROUNDS - NIGHT

A large house with an ornamental garden. The garden is filled with statues in the classical style and dominated by a fountain ringed with garden gnomes.

All is quiet and still until - Dave dressed as Father Christmas pops out of a hedge carrying a sack.

He puts the sack on the ground and opens it. Reaching in, he takes out a roll of gaffer tape and a small bomb.

Dave tapes the bomb to a statue.

INT. BATEMAN RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bateman and MRS BATEMAN - the latter sporting a face pack - are comfortably asleep in a luxurious bed.

The telephone on the bedside cabinet starts to ring.

The Batemans stir.

Disgruntled, Bateman opens his eyes and sits up.

MRS BATEMAN

Unplug it.

BATEMAN

It's probably New York.

Turning on a light, Bateman picks up the phone and puts it to his ear.

BATEMAN (CONT'D)

Yeah. Who is it?

(pause)

What?

(pause)

It's the middle of August! What the bloody hell are you on about?

(pause)

How did you get this number?

(pause)

Hello?

Bateman slams the phone down.

MRS BATEMAN

Who was it, dear?

BATEMAN

Some idiot wishing me a happy Christmas.

MRS BATEMAN

It's the middle of August.

BATEMAN

He said he's left my presents in the back garden.

MRS BATEMAN
Probably a wrong number.

BATEMAN
I'd better have a look. The
perimeter alarm's still out of
action.

From outside comes the sharp crack of an explosion.

BATEMAN (CONT'D)
What the - ?

Bateman leaps out of bed and rushes to the window. He
throws open the curtains.

Another explosion.

BATEMAN (CONT'D)
Bloody Nora!

EXT. BATEMAN RESIDENCE, GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Bateman's statue of David lies in several pieces on the
lawn. His Venus di Milo has been decapitated.

One by one, the other bombs go off.

After several statues are reduced to rubble, it is the
turn of the gnomes.

INT. BATEMAN RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A shocked looking Mrs Bateman has joined her husband at
the window. She flinches each time a gnome is blown up.

MRS BATEMAN
It's him, isn't it? That Bluebird
Bomber. You said he wouldn't attack
us.

BATEMAN
(angrily)
He's not attacking us. He's
attacking my gnomes!

The explosions stop. Bateman shakes his head in sorrow
and disgust.

BATEMAN (CONT'D)
What kind of a sick, twisted...

The telephone rings.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dave, dressed as Father Christmas, drives away from the
Bateman residence. He has a mobile phone on a speaker and
has just rang Bateman.

Bateman picks up.

BATEMAN
 (filtered)
 You bastard!

DAVE
 Getting your gnomes was easy, Mr
 Bateman. Getting your two sons at
 their boarding school will be even
 easier. So I suggest you have a
 word with your board members and
 see about sending £759,351 and 24p
 my way.

BATEMAN
 (filtered)
 Go to Hell!

DAVE
 Just as soon as I get my £759,351
 and 24p.

Dave cuts the connection then removes his fake beard.
 From beneath his tunic, he produces a bottle of Jack
 Daniels. He opens it and raises it in a salute.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 And a happy new year!

Dave takes a long swig.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Des is asleep on his divan, gently snoring. Outside, a
 car pulls up. The engine dies. A car door opens and
 closes.

After some moments, we hear someone coming in through the
 front door.

Still dressed as Santa, Dave sneaks into the room, using a
 torch to guide himself. He ticks the picture of Vernon
 Bateman on the wall and fills in some squares on his project
 plan wall chart.

As he tiptoes out, a creaking floorboard wakes Des just in
 time for Des to catch sight of Father Christmas.

The door closes behind Dave. Des closes his eyes.

DES
 (muttering)
 I don't half have some weird
 bleeding dreams.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Des and Dave stand by their mother's grave. A shopping
 bag rests at Dave's feet.

The gravestone reads: MOLLY AGNES GILROY. Beloved mother
 of Desmond and David.

DES

If only she'd lived long enough to spend her last years with us in Spain.

DAVE

She wouldn't have come. Remember all those times we tried to get her abroad? Jellied eels and a bottle of stout on Southend Pier - that was her idea of a holiday.

Des and Dave lapse into silence for a few moments.

DES

That's where I ought to be. Six feet under, pushing up daisies. I should have died when I had my stroke. Then I wouldn't be some old git in a wheelchair with nothing but memories. Killed on active service like Buddy Holly and Jimi Hendrix. If I'd shown a bit of initiative and died young, I'd be a Byronesque hero and you'd be rich.

DAVE

Now I've heard it all.

Des has a feeling of being looked at. He turns around.

Eric is standing by a gravestone. He and Des look candidly at each other for a few moments.

Eric drops his gaze and walks away. Des turns back to his mother's grave.

Des turns around. There is no sign of Eric.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - A LITTLE LATER

Des wheels himself towards the exit.

Dave stands alone at the grave of his wife, Elise. He seems far away.

INT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD, COMMANDER WALPOLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Commander Walpole and Chief Inspector Powers face each other across the desk.

WALPOLE

I thought it might be useful to have a chat about the Bluebird Bomber. How's the investigation going?

POWERS

Slowly. We're following a number of leads but there's no telling which if any of them will pan out.

WALPOLE

You've asked for more manpower, I see.

POWERS

The more people we have on this, the sooner we have our man behind bars.

WALPOLE

Well, that's all very well, but we have to live within our means. Our budget's already overstretched.

POWERS

With respect, sir, I don't give a stuff about our budget and I doubt Joe Public does either. If we don't put the Bluebird Bomber away bloody soon, somebody's going to get killed. I don't understand why we're even having this conversation.

WALPOLE

I'm going to level with you, Richard. And this is something that goes no farther than these four walls. You mention a word of what I'm about to say and I will firstly deny it and then drum you out of the police force. Do you understand?

POWERS

That you're threatening to destroy my career? Perfectly.

WALPOLE

You're aware, of course, that the Home Secretary is presenting a new Anti-Terrorism Bill to the House next month. If it goes through, it will give us more of the tools we need to deal with the likes of the Bluebird Bomber. I'm sure you agree that's a good thing.

POWERS

No, sir, I don't. If that Bill is passed, it will take us one step closer to a police state.

WALPOLE

The problem for the Home Secretary - a good friend of mine by the way - is that too many MPs have the same woolly, liberal mindset as you, so there's a good chance the bill won't make it onto the statute books.

(MORE)

WALPOLE (CONT'D)

If it doesn't, then we're leaving ourselves at the mercy of every nutter who can lay their hands on a gun or a wad of Semtex.

POWERS

Better than being at the mercy of every nutter in MI6.

WALPOLE

Don't get smart, Richard. The Home Secretary is taking a personal interest in how you deal with this case. Of course he wants the Bluebird Bomber caught - we all do - but he'd prefer it to happen after the Bill is debated.

(beat)

In a nut shell, every bomb our friend sets off sends a few more votes in the right direction.

EXT. ROAD TO HAMEL HOUSE - DAY

A quiet road somewhere in the English countryside. Two cars are beetling along, one behind the other.

The front car is driven by Jack Kilkeny. The passenger seat is occupied by Charlie who has both hands bandaged. In the back, Eddie and Trish are canoodling like teenagers.

The back car contains two of Jack's henchmen. For the sake of convenience, we shall call them Bill and Ben.

INT./EXT. JACK'S CAR/ROAD TO HAMEL HOUSE - DAY

Jack looks in his rear-view mirror and is slightly put out to see Eddie and Trish snogging.

JACK

I thought I told you to pack that in? Any more of it and I'm taking you to the vets to have whatever's making you do what you're doing removed.

Eddie and Trish break their clinch.

EDDIE

Here's a question for you, Jack. Would you say that me and Trish are like: a) Bonnie and Clyde, b) Sid and Nancy or c) Rock Hudson and Doris Day in any number of cheesy movies?

JACK

I would say you're like d) something annoying and nauseating.

TRISH

You think we're adorable, don't you?

CHARLIE

Personally, Jack, I think it's rather sweet.

JACK

Next time I crucify you, Charlie, it won't be your hands I nail to the cross. Now shut the fuck up.

Charlie looks in the rear-view mirror and sees the car behind pull over and stop.

EXT. ROAD TO HAMEL HOUSE - DAY

Bill and Ben get out of their car. They are both equipped with binoculars. Together, they tie a bomb to a tree at the side of the road.

Bill takes out a radio and turns it on. It picks up the local police's radio traffic. Ben, meanwhile, climbs a nearby tree and scans the area with his binoculars.

EXT. HAMEL HOUSE - DAY

Jack pulls up outside a security gate protecting the driveway leading to a large house.

Charlie hops out and presses the call button on the gate's answerphone. Getting no reply, he presses the button several time in succession until an irritated voice responds.

BRAD (O.S.)

(filtered)

Leave that alone.

CHARLIE

Mr Hamel? Brad Hamel?

BRAD (O.S.)

(filtered)

Piss off.

CHARLIE

I only want a minute of your time. Five minutes max.

BRAD (O.S.)

(filtered)

I said 'piss off'!

CHARLIE

We're friends of Des Gilroy.

BRAD

He's a cunt and so are you.

CHARLIE

Very well, Mr Hamel. I've tried being civil, but if you won't have it, you won't have it.

Charlie goes back to the car and speaks to Jack through the window.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

He won't have it, boss.

JACK

Fine by me.

Jack gets out of the car. He ambles over to the gate and starts placing plastic explosive on the gate's lock.

BRAD (O.S.)

(filtered)

What the hell do you think you're playing at?

Jack ignores him. He attaches two wires to the explosive and trails them back to the car. From the glove compartment, he takes a trigger device to which he attaches the free ends of the wires.

BRAD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(filtered)

You'd better not be doing what I think you're doing.

JACK

You want to do the honours, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Sure do, boss.

Charlie takes the trigger device from Jack. With his hands bandaged, he has to hold it awkwardly against his chest.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Three... two... one...!

Charlie presses a button and the plastic explosive explodes. As the gate goes flying, Jack and Charlie are dumped on their rears. In the car, Trish and Eddie cling to each other for dear life.

JACK

Maybe a bit less explosive next time, Charlie.

Jack and Charlie get up and climb back into the car.

Jack hits the accelerator and tears up the driveway. As he comes to a skidding halt at the front of the house, BRAD Hamel comes running out brandishing a shotgun.

Jack and Trish both get out of the car.

BRAD
Hold it right there!

JACK
(coolly)
Now what are you getting so uptight about? We only want to chat.

BRAD
You shut your mouth! And lie down!
Flat!

JACK
I don't think so.

Jack points to the suit he's wearing.

JACK (CONT'D)
Savile Row.

BRAD
I'll use this fucking thing. Don't think I won't.

Trish steps between Brad and Jack.

TRISH
I think he would, Jack. But not on a lady.

BRAD
Don't bet on it, Missy.

Charlie, who unseen by anyone has sneaked out of the car, steps into view behind Brad.

CHARLIE
Is this a private party, or can anyone join in?

Brad spins round to face Charlie. As he does so, Trish whips a taser out of her pocket and tases Brad.

Stunned, Brad fires both barrels and blows to pieces a nearby statue. He drops to the ground where he spasms.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Is that my taser? I've been looking for that.

INT. HAMEL HOUSE, BRAD'S OFFICE - DAY

One wall of the office sports a vault door much like you'd see in a bank. Brad is tied to a chair. Jack, Charlie and Trish stand over him. Trish is wielding bolt cutters.

Eddie, in the meantime, busies himself at the drinks cabinet, removing stoppers from decanters and sniffing the contents.

EDDIE

Anyone fancy a cocktail? I make a mean Manhattan.

JACK

Can you knock up an Old Fashioned?

EDDIE

The best you've ever tasted.

TRISH

Gin and tonic for me, lover boy.

CHARLIE

I'll take a whisky. Neat with one lump of ice.

EDDIE

Coming right up.

BRAD

You realise, don't you, that the police are on their way?

JACK

Well, they are and they aren't - depending on how you look at it.

EXT. ROAD TO HAMEL HOUSE - DAY

Bill is still monitoring police traffic on his radio. Ben, from his vantage point up a tree, peers through his binoculars. He spots two police cars speeding in his direction and signals to Bill.

Bill takes a trigger mechanism from his pocket and hits the button. The bomb tied to the nearby tree goes off.

As the police cars come round the corner, the tree topples in front of them. The cars brake but it's too late. The first car hits the tree. The second car rear-ends the first.

Job done, Bill and Ben get into their car and drive off.

INT. HAMEL HOUSE, BRAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad, Jack, Charlie, Trish, Eddie.

JACK

And so to business. We're looking for the Bluebird's Great Lost Album, a priceless piece of British rock'n'roll history which by rights belongs to the whole world and not just you. I presume we'll find it in that vault?

Trish steps forward and brandishes the bolt cutters.

BRAD
 (disdainfully)
 You stupid cow. It'll take more
 than bolt cutters to get into that
 vault.

Trish presses the business end of the bolt cutters to Brad's
 crotch.

TRISH
 Really?

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eddie places three spools of tape on the table in front of
 Des.

EDDIE
 And there it is. The Great Lost
 Album to do with as you wish.

DES
 (stunned)
 You ain't shitting me, are you?

EDDIE
 I've taken the liberty of copying
 it onto a CD.

Eddie produces a CD from his pocket.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 You want to have a listen?

Des grabs the CD and eagerly puts it in his CD player.
 The first track is the Bluebirds' rendition of 'Be Bop A
 Lula'. A tear comes to Des's eye as he listens to his
 younger self singing.

DES
 You hear that, Eddie? The voice
 of a fucking angel.
 (beat)
 You sure Brad won't go to the police
 about this?

EDDIE
 There wasn't just rock'n'roll
 memorabilia in that vault of his.
 If he snitches on us, he'll be
 getting visits from the Vice Squad,
 the Drugs Squad and the Stolen
 Antiquities Squad to name but three.

Des wipes tears from his cheeks.

DES
 This makes up for so fucking much,
 Eddie. Times like this, I wish I
 could be a better person.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

The lights are out. On the doormat sits a Jiffy bag addressed to Grady.

A car engine cuts through the silence. Headlights slash across the window of the front door.

We hear the car stopping outside the house. A car door being opened and slammed. The creaking of a gate. The car pulling away. Footsteps. A milk bottle being kicked and rolling on concrete.

A key turns in the lock.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE, TOP OF STAIRS - NIGHT

Mrs Grady appears at the top of the stairs in her nightgown and switches on the light. She is not pleased.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door opens. Grady staggers in. He slams the door behind him.

MRS GRADY

For goodness' sakes. You'll wake the kids.

GRADY

(drunkenly)

Go back to bed, you old bat. I told you I was going to be late.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE, TOP OF STAIRS - NIGHT

Mrs Grady turns away in disgust. Disappearing into the bedroom, she closes the door behind her.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Grady puts a finger to his lips.

GRADY

Shush! You'll wake the kids.

Grady notices the Jiffy bag and picks it up. Rather uncertainly, he opens it and takes out a neatly folded note which he reads aloud.

GRADY (CONT'D)

(reading)

Dear Mr Grady. Just a little something to show my appreciation of the fine work you're doing on behalf of your clients.

Grady removes a video cassette from the Jiffy bag and opens it. A Bluebird Experience card lands at his feet.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Moments later - an explosion.

EXT. RUDGEFORD, SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY

A small country town. About fifty yards from a branch of Chemnitz C.K. Mercantile Bank, Dave sits on a bench. Des is in his wheelchair next to him. Behind them is Dave's car.

From a nearby church, we hear an organ playing 'Jerusalem'.

Dave yawns conspicuously.

DAVE

When you said we were going to do something different today, I thought you meant a safari park or the seaside. I didn't expect to end up in 'Night of the Living Dead'.

DES

You want excitement? I'll give you excitement.

Dave watches in puzzlement as Des wheels himself up to the entrance of the bank. From beneath his leather jacket, Des produces a package in a shopping bag which he leaves on the pavement.

Des comes back to Dave.

DAVE

What the fuck's in that bag, Des?

DES

Three guesses.

DAVE

(appalled)

There are innocent people here.

DES

No one is innocent.

DAVE

Have you gone mad? This isn't what we're about.

Dave and Des watch as two little girls - GIRL#1 and GIRL#2 - approach the carrier bag. Girl#1 picks up the bag and looks inside.

Girl#2 snatches the bag and runs off. Girl#1 chases after Girl#2.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Bollocks.

Dave gets to his feet and runs towards the girls. Des looks on dispassionately.

Dave swerving to dodge one girl, collides with the other.

The bag goes flying and lands nearby.

Instinctively, Dave throws himself on the bag. Closing his eyes, he braces himself for an explosion.

There isn't one.

In the meantime, a small crowd gathers round him. A CONCERNED SHOPPER kneels down next to Dave.

DES'S POV: We see the Concerned Shopper talking to Dave. We are too far away to hear what is being said.

The Concerned Shopper helps Dave to his feet. Dave thanks him and hurries over to Des.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(whispering fiercely)
Let's get out of here. Now!

DES
Do you think I can have my library book back?

DAVE
What?

Dave opens the bag and takes out its contents: a hard back edition of 'Valley of the Dolls'.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You asshole!

Dave throws the book at Des and storms off.

DES
Oi! That's public property, you fucking hooligan.

Des retrieves the book and brushes it down.

DES (CONT'D)
Some people have no respect for great literature.

EXT. ALLOTMENT - NIGHT

Dave is sitting beside his shed. He strums on his electric guitar.

He stops strumming and thinks intensely for a few seconds. Fingering a new chord, he raises his hand to strike it.

Dave changes his mind. He stands and walks to the shed. As he reaches it, his anger wells up. With a cry of rage, he turns, rushes at his vegetable patch and raises the guitar over his head.

Dave drives his guitar into the damp ground. He looks up. Eric is standing on the other side of the fence surrounding the allotment.

Dave and Eric study each other.

Dave steps towards Eric. Eric backs away.

Dave walks slowly, hesitantly towards Eric. Eric takes a couple of steps backwards.

Dave walks faster. Eric turns and hurries away. Dave runs after him.

Eric breaks into a run and disappears round a corner.

Dave slams into the fence. Dropping to his knees, he bows his head and clasps his hands as if in prayer.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Des and Eddie are playing darts.

It is Eddie's throw. His first dart misses the board.

EDDIE

What's that?

DES

A double twelve.

Eddie throws and misses again.

DES (CONT'D)

Treble twenty! Nice one, mate.

EDDIE

Double nine to finish?

DES

Yeah. Double nine.

Eddie throws and hits the double nine.

EDDIE

How'd I do?

DES

Missed by a mile.

The sound of a key turning in the front door halts proceedings. We hear the door being opened and slammed shut.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave walks in.

DAVE

I want out. I've had enough.

Dave spots Eddie.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hi, Eddie. Didn't know you'd be here.

EDDIE

Out of what, Dave?

DAVE

What?

EDDIE

You said you wanted out. Out of what?

DAVE

You two eaten? There's shepherd's pie in the fridge.

DES

Don't evade the question, mate. What exactly is it that you want out of?

EDDIE

Perhaps he doesn't want to be a Bluebird Bomber any more.

Dave is stunned.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

No matter. I'm happy to take his place.

DAVE

(to Des)

How much have you told him?

EDDIE

I worked it out myself. Some time ago, as it happens.

DAVE

After what you saw in Afghanistan, I would have thought you'd want to steer clear of bombs.

EDDIE

What I saw in Afghanistan was a lot of foolishness and bravery on both sides. And it taught me that one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter.

Eddie whips out a twenty pound note and waves it at Dave.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Now you're going to get us some booze, we're all going to get rat-arsed, and then in the morning we're off to Chippenham.

DES

Time to make that pilgrimage.

DAVE

Put your money away, Eddie. I've got booze upstairs.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

A bonfire blazes away. Eddie, Dave and Des sit around it, eating food cooked in the fire and drinking whisky from China mugs. Des has a laptop on his lap and is intermittently surfing the Internet.

EDDIE

There was a time I believed in England. Thought she was the greatest nation the world had ever seen. And in some ways I was right. I mean, there'd be far fewer democracies if it wasn't for us. And if we hadn't spread our Empire where we did, the French or the Germans would have sneaked in. Better a Wellington boot than a jackboot, hey?

(beat)

But somewhere along the way, we lost the moral high ground. And what are we now? The Reserve Wing of the United States Military Industrial Complex, ready and willing to fight for Uncle Sam and the almighty petrol dollar.

Eddie heaves himself out of his chair and staggers to the corner of the garden. Loudly singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner', he takes a piss against the garden fence.

DAVE

(to Des)

You know he's not right in the head, don't you? He's got that Gulf War syndrome.

DES

He wasn't in the Gulf War.

DAVE

He thinks we're starting a revolution.

DES

Maybe we are.

DAVE

We should tell him to piss off.

Des isn't listening. He squints at the screen of his tablet PC.

DES

Well, fuck a diddly-do. Will you look at that?

DAVE
(peering at screen)
What?

DES
632 downloads.

DAVE
Of what?

DES
The Great Lost Album. I put it on-
line and it's had 632 downloads.
No - make that 633. Someone out
there likes us.

DAVE
If you don't mind me saying so,
Des, that was a really stupid thing
to do. Suppose the cops see that
and connect the Bluebirds to the
Bluebird Bomber? We'll be right
up Shit Creek.

DES
Like there are any cops out there
smart enough to do that.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD, POWERS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Powers is at his desk. On his PC, he browses through the
bulletin boards on the Anarchadia site, paying special
attention to those left by DesTrukTor.

The DVD drive clicks. The tray pops out with a newly
created CD on it.

A message pops up on the monitor: 'CD BURNING NOW COMPLETE'.

Powers takes the disk and writes on the label with a felt
tip 'THE BLUEBIRDS GREAT LOST ALBUM'.

EXT. ROSE COTTAGE - DAY

Dave unlocks the boot of his car. Eddie throws in his bag
in and closes the boot.

Dave carefully places his acoustic guitar on the back seat.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Des puts a notice on the cupboard door. It reads: 'DO NOT
OPEN THIS DOOR'.

He looks out the window to see Eddie and Dave getting ready
to roll and goes to join them.

INT./EXT. DAVE'S CAR/MOTORWAY - DAY

Dave drives. Des and Eddie are in the back. All three
wear sun glasses.

DES

Eddie Cochran, Gene Vincent, Billy Fury, Georgie Fame, Joe Brown. The last night of a ten week tour. Gene and Eddie planned to fly back to the States in the morning.

BEGIN RE-ENACTMENT (BLACK & WHITE):

INT. 1960'S TAXI - NIGHT

A taxi heads through thick fog along a nondescript road. PATRICK THOMPCKINS is in the passenger seat. In the back are GENE VINCENT, EDDIE COCHRAN and SHARON SHEELEY.

The driver, GEORGE MARTIN, is driving at quite some speed.

DES (V.O.)

They got a taxi to take them from Bristol to London. It was just before midnight on April 16th. In the front was Patrick Thompkins, their tour manager.

(beat)

Eddie's fiancee, Sharon Sheeley, was with them. She'd flown from the States to celebrate her twentieth birthday.

END RE-ENACTMENT.

EXT./INT. DAVE'S CAR/MAIN ROAD - DAY

The car passes a sign saying 'WELCOME TO CHIPPENHAM'. We follow its progress until it reaches Rowden Hill.

DES

This is it.

Des looks around.

DES (CONT'D)

Must have been about here.

Des points to a memorial on the pavement.

DES (CONT'D)

There.

Dave pulls over by the memorial.

DES (CONT'D)

When they got to Chippenham, Thompkins told the driver he was going the wrong way.

BEGIN RE-ENACTMENT (BLACK & WHITE):

INT./EXT. TAXI/ROWDEN HILL - NIGHT

Back to Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran, Sharon Sheeley and Patrick Thompkins in their taxi.

Martin turns the wheel hard. The car skids. A tyre blows. The taxi slams into a side of a lamp post. Eddie Cochran is thrown through the windscreen.

END RE-ENACTMENT.

INT./EXT. DAVE'S CAR/MAIN ROAD - DAY

DES

Gene broke his collar-bone and several ribs. His leg was injured. Sharon suffered a fractured pelvis. Eddie never regained consciousness.

EXT. EDDIE COCHRAN MEMORIAL - DAY

With Eddie videoing the proceedings, Dave (on acoustic guitar) and Des (on vocals) pay homage to Eddie Cochran by performing 'Three Steps to Heaven'.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Powers parks his car on the road at the end of the alleyway, which runs behind a row of houses. He gets out, locks the car and hurries down the alley to a gate leading to the back garden of a derelict house.

Powers goes through and knocks on the back door of the house. It is opened by Sergeant MATHESON, a plain clothes policeman in need of a diet.

POWERS

All quiet?

MATHESON

All quiet.

Powers steps into the house.

INT. HOUSE OPPOSITE ROSE COTTAGE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MATHESON

I'd offer you a cuppa, guv, but there's no gas or electricity. And I wouldn't use the khazi, if I were you. Or go anywhere near it. Or even think about it.

Matheson leads Powers up the stairs.

INT. HOUSE OPPOSITE ROSE COTTAGE, FRONT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A stake-out is in progress. Two uniformed PCS (FIRST UNIFORM and SECOND UNIFORM) sit on wooden chairs, playing cards on a tea chest.

At the window, a video camera peeps through the a gap in the curtains. A THIRD UNIFORM stands looking at a monitor fed by the camera. It shows a view of the road outside Rose Cottage.

FIRST UNIFORM

How much is it now?

SECOND UNIFORM

What you owe me? Seventeen quid.

FIRST UNIFORM

I'm talking about the bomber.
It's funny how what he's asking
for keeps going up in small amounts.
It's like he's adding on interest
or something.

SECOND UNIFORM

The gov'nor reckons he's charging
for his time and expenses.

FIRST UNIFORM

Fucking weird, if you ask me.
You'd think he'd ask for a few
million. Why go through all this
trouble for the sort of money that
wouldn't even get you a decent
house round here?

SECOND UNIFORM

Integrity.

FIRST UNIFORM

Get to fuck.

SECOND UNIFORM

That's what the gov'nor says.

As Powers and Matheson enter, the Uniforms playing cards
stand to attention.

MATHESON

(to Third Uniform)

Anything happening?

THIRD UNIFORM

No, Sarge. Just the same as before.

MATHESON

(to Powers)

Doesn't look like anyone's home.
We've seen signs of life next door.
Squatters by the look of them.
But nothing in the target house.
We might be wasting our time.

POWERS

Everything points to the Gilroy
brothers. If they're not the
Bluebird Bomber, you can stick me
in a canary costume and call me
Tweetie Pie.

Matheson looks quizzically at Powers.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Something my Auntie Glenda used to say. A very wise woman was my Auntie Glenda.

(beat)

Get onto headquarters. Tell them we want an armed response unit standing by and as many plods as they can muster.

MATHESON

Commander Walpole isn't going to like that, gov.

POWERS

And therein lies the beauty of it.

INT./EXT. DAVE'S CAR/OUTSIDE ST. MARTIN'S HOSPITAL, BATH - DAY

Dave's car pulls up across from the entrance.

DES

This is where Eddie died. I reckon if he'd lived, he'd now be bigger than Elvis.

DAVE

Goes to show, doesn't it? None of us know how much time we have left on the clock.

EDDIE

You all right, Dave? You sound edgy.

DAVE

I need a drink. Let's find a pub.

INT. COUNTRY PUB, SALOON - DAY

A large pub with a handful of CUSTOMERS, none of whom are paying attention to the television.

The Landlord is standing at the end of the bar drying glasses while looking at the telly.

NEWSREADER (O.S.)

We're just receiving reports of a bomb going off outside the Tate Modern art gallery in London. We have no news as yet of casualties.

Des, Dave and Eddie enter and head for the bar.

INT. PUB, ON TV - DAY

NEWSREADER

This is the latest in a series of bomb attacks thought to be the work of the Bluebird Bomber.

INT. COUNTRY PUB, SALOON - DAY

Des, Dave and Eddie stop dead in their tracks.

INT. PUB, ON TV - DAY

NEWSREADER

So far today, six devices have gone off in various parts of London. Seven people have been injured - maybe more with the Tate Modern bomb. One man - thought to be a school teacher from Brentford - is in a critical condition.

(beat)

This latest wave of bombings seems to be the work of the so-called Bluebird Bomber. The BBC received a letter this morning from someone claiming to be the bomber. The letter said today would be National Bluebird Day and that "London had better watch out".

(beat)

We'll have more on this story as details emerge.

INT. HOUSE OPPOSITE ROSE COTTAGE, FRONT BEDROOM - DAY

Powers and Matheson have joined in the card game. The Third Policeman is still watching the video monitor.

MATHESON

I listened to the Great Lost Album this morning, guv. It ain't bad, is it?

POWERS

I've heard worse.

MATHESON

I reckon with the right breaks the Bluebirds could have been famous.

POWERS

Wait till we nab them, Sergeant. They'll have all the fame they can handle.

THIRD UNIFORM

Well, well, well. Looks like our urban terrorists are about to get burgled.

Powers goes to the window and peeks out at -

EXT. ROSE COTTAGE - DAY

Vi watches nervously as Eric takes a crow bar to the front door. He eases it between the door and the jamb. Wood splinters. The door swings open.

Putting a finger to his lips, Eric leads Vi into the house.

INT. HOUSE OPPOSITE ROSE COTTAGE, FRONT BEDROOM -
CONTINUOUS

POWERS

That's all we bloody need.

MATHESON

Do you want us to nick them?

POWERS

And let the whole world know we're here? No. We'll sit back for now and see how this pans out.

INT. COUNTRY PUB, SALOON - DAY

Des, Dave and Eddie sit nursing drinks at a table away from the other punters.

DES

Well, it's not us, is it? There's a copycat at large.

EDDIE

And he's doing a better job than you are.

DAVE

What does 'critical condition' mean? Is he going to die?

DES

Very likely, which ain't going to do our Robin Hood image any good. It's a PR disaster.

EDDIE

On the plus side, at least now they'll take you guys seriously.

DES

They're already taking us seriously. And if they pin a murder on us, that's it - game over. And just when we're within a gnat's whisker of winning.

EDDIE

They'll pay up now. Just you see.

DAVE

(exasperated)

We don't want them to pay up now. That's not the plan.

EDDIE

I don't get it.

DAVE

The sort of money we're asking for means nothing to the people we're dealing with. If they're to pay for what they've done, it has to be with more than cash.

(beat)

Fool's mate, Eddie. That's what we have if we let them off easy. Fool's fucking mate.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room has been ransacked. Vi tries on one of Des's jackets.

Eric looks over the gear sitting on the table. He picks up The Krazy Kaos Kookbook to reveal a pile of Bluebird calling cards.

He picks one up. Frowns.

ERIC

Shit!

VI

What?

ERIC

Get out of here, Vi.

VI

Why?

ERIC

Scram! Meet me at the Red Lion. Go! Just go!

VI

Can I take the jacket?

ERIC

Leave it. Leave everything.

Vi slips out of the jacket. She looks hurt.

VI

Five minutes?

Eric nods his head. Vi heads out the door.

INT. ROSE COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eric picks up the phone and taps in a number. After some moments -

VOICE ON PHONE

(filtered)

Crime Stoppers. How may I help you?

ERIC

Yeah, I understand there's a reward for information leading to the arrest of the Bluebird Bomber. Ten grand, isn't it?

(beat)

Yeah. I'll hold.

Eric spies the notice on the cupboard: 'DO NOT OPEN THIS DOOR'.

Curious, he flips the door open. A laptop on one of the shelves comes alive. Des's face stares out from the screen.

DES

Well, now you've done it. By opening the door when you were told not to, you have triggered a timing device concealed beneath the floorboards. Said timing device is attached to a shitload of home made explosives. Now I don't mean to alarm you, but you've got twenty seconds before you and your bollocks part company. So I suggest you run.

Dropping his phone and using the settee as a springboard, Eric crashes through the window.

INT. HOUSE OPPOSITE ROSE COTTAGE, FRONT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Policemen witness Eric's dramatic exit and watch as he high-tails it down the road.

MATHESON

Fucking Ada. What's got into him?

POWERS

I think we'd better duck.

MATHESON

What?

POWERS

Down! Now!

Everyone hits the deck.

EXT. BEDFORD ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Eric is still running for dear life when an explosion rips through Rose Cottage. The blast propels him over a hedge. He lands face down in a pile of manure.

As the blast dies away, he rolls onto his back.

EDDIE

I hate you, Grandad. I... really... fucking... hate... you!

INT. COUNTRY PUB, SALOON - DAY

Dave returns to the table with a tray of drinks - three pints and three scotches.

DAVE

I got us all a shot. I reckon we need it.

DES

You're driving.

DAVE

Yeah. Let's worry about me losing my driving license, shall we?

Des catches sight of something that causes him to say:

DES

Holy shit. Will you look at that?

Dave follows Des's gaze. On the television, BBC News shows a shot of Bedford Road filled with police cars and fire engines. Rose Cottage is a smouldering ruin.

DES (CONT'D)

Well, that's it then. We've been rumbled. Time to play our end game.

DAVE

Not yet. We have to stick to the plan.

DES

The plan went down the shitter when some geezer decided to muscle in on our act. We can no longer afford to piss about playing childish power games.

DAVE

They're not childish and they're not power games.

DES

Right now I'd say our chances of getting away with this are less than fifty-fifty, and the odds are shortening by the minute. We've got to wrap things up.

DAVE

Fine. Have it your way.

DES

Good. Now the first thing we need is a place to lie low.

EDDIE

I think I might be able to help you there.

INT./EXT. DAVE'S CAR/COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

Dave is driving. Eddie is in the front. Des is in the back.

DAVE
You sure this is the right way?

EDDIE
Positive.

DES
Talk about the blind leading the blind.

EDDIE
When I was in the army, I learnt to do a lot of things in the dark - and that includes navigating. There should be a hump back bridge up ahead.

DAVE
Yeah, I see it.

EDDIE
Over that. Turning on the right about fifty yards on. And then on the left you'll see a 'PRIVATE KEEP OUT' sign.

Dave follows Eddie's directions and pulls up beside the aforementioned sign.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
And for my next trick...

Des and Dave stare past the sign at a ruined cottage. Their jaws drop.

DES
You have got to be shitting me. It doesn't even have a roof. Whoever sold you this dump was a bigger con artist than the wanker who sold us our villa.

EDDIE
(to Dave)
Drive round the back.

Shaking his head, Dave puts the car in gear, drives it around the back of the cottage and stops.

All he can see is a small concrete structure that might be a coal bunker.

DAVE
Eddie, mate, you might want to have a word with your estate agent. There is no way we're hiding out in that.

Eddie produces a Yale key and gets out of the car. Using his white stick, he finds his way to the metal door of the concrete structure.

He unlocks the door and opens it.

Inside the structure, a staircase and a lift lead into the ground.

EDDIE

Give me a minute to start the generator. Then you can both use the lift.

Eddie makes his way down the stairs.

DES

Now I get it! He's Batman and this is the Batcave. It all makes sense.

Dave surveys the ruined cottage.

DAVE

Wayne Manor's a bit of a disappointment.

INT. NUCLEAR BUNKER - NIGHT

A concrete and aluminium chamber. It has two sets of bunk beds, a television, a microwave, a PC and everything else someone might need to survive an apocalypse.

Eddie waits as Des and Dave descend in the lift.

The lift stops. Des and Dave exit.

DES

Care to enlighten us?

EDDIE

Nuclear bunker. Sleeps eight in relative comfort.

DAVE

You own this place?

EDDIE

Part own it. Me and a few buddies have seen the writing on the wall. There's another banking crash coming and it won't be fixable like the last one.

DAVE

You're a survivalist?

EDDIE

You don't have to say it like I'm crazy.

DES
This is perfect. Just like
Churchill's bunker.

DAVE
Or Hitler's.

DES
Whatever. The main thing is we'll
be safe from flesh-eating zombies.

DAVE
Yeah. Because flesh-eating zombies
is our number one worry right now.

EDDIE
Could happen, you know.

DES
Talking of eating, how are we fixed
for food?

EDDIE
Got enough to last us a year. If
you guys like your food powdered,
you are in for a treat.

Eddie hurries over to a metal door and opens it to reveal
a room stocked with fire arms and other weapons.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
What do you reckon, guys? Still
think anyone stands a chance against
us?

DAVE
Holy crap.

DES
Looking at that is giving me a
hard on.

Dave hastily closes that door.

DAVE
We are not using any of that
hardware. Agreed?

DES
Apart from an Uzi. That's what
this wheelchair is missing: an
Uzi. And maybe a rocket launcher.

DAVE
Des!

DES
Only kidding.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Thomas Morgan cashes in a handful of chips. A lady CLOAKROOM ATTENDANT hands him his coat.

CLOAKROOM ATTENDANT
Good night, Mr Morgan. See you
again soon.

Morgan absent-mindedly pushes a fiver into the Cloakroom Attendant's pocket and heads out the door.

EXT. CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Morgan's car awaits. Someone he assumes to be his chauffeur - but is in fact Dave - opens the passenger door for him.

MORGAN
Thank you, Jenkins.

As Morgan gets in the back, he finds himself looking at the business end of a shotgun.

DES
Welcome to the Bluebird Experience,
Mr Morgan.

EXT. A QUIET ROAD - NIGHT

Dave stops the car and gets out. He takes off the chauffeur jacket and cap and drops them on the pavement. Then he opens the car boot.

Inside is JENKINS, his mouth gagged and his hands tied behind his back.

DAVE
Quick update. Your boss is in the
back with a shotgun pointing at
his face. And unless you want the
pleasure of cleaning his brains
from the upholstery, you will do
as you're told.
(beat)
Out you get.

Jenkins clambers out of the boot. Dave unties and ungags him.

DAVE (CONT'D)
When we depart, you will stand
here and count one alligator, two
alligator all the way up to a
thousand. If I see you move or
hear you call for help, your boss
says bye-bye to his face.

Dave heads for the driver's door then stops.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Oh, I nearly forgot. Tell whoever it concerns that we want £759,923 for Morgan. In used notes.

Dave takes out an envelope.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Catch.

Dave throws the envelope to Jenkins who catches it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

In there you will find an itemised bill for everything your shitbag employer and his cronies have cost us. So far it's £759,923. We'll settle for that so long as we're not pissed about.

(beat)

There's also a mobile phone in there - the cost of which you'll find included in our bill. I'll be ringing it at noon tomorrow. Make sure whoever answers is in a position to do business. And no police or your boss gets it.

Dave gets in the car and drives on.

INT. CHEMNITZ C.K. HEADQUARTERS, BOARD ROOM - DAY

Powers, Walpole and Rice sit at a large table. Rice inspects the itemised bill.

The clock on the wall ticks towards 12 o'clock. The men are silent, intense. Powers and Walpole focus on the mobile phone on the table. It is the one Dave gave to Jenkins.

The phone is wired up to a recording device.

RICE

This isn't a ransom note - it's an invoice.

Bateman is at a drinks cabinet. He pours himself a large whisky. His cigar smoulders in an ashtray on the cabinet.

BATEMAN

(holding up the
decanter)

Anyone else?

The other three shake their heads. Bateman drinks and puffs away. He seems to be quietly enjoying the situation.

The mobile phone rings, causing Rice to start.

Powers starts the recording device.

Bateman goes to pick up the phone. Powers grabs his arm.

POWERS

Not yet. A few more rings to help us trace the call.

BATEMAN

You said there was no point.

POWERS

You never know. And it's standard procedure.

Powers lets the phone ring a few more times.

POWERS (CONT'D)

OK. Now.

Bateman picks up the phone and answers it.

BATEMAN

Hello.

DAVE

(filtered)

Well, that's the pleasantries over. Suppose you tell me who you are? Then we can get on with things.

BATEMAN

Which brother are you? Desmond or David?

DAVE

(filtered)

You don't get to ask the questions, matey. Right now the only thing between me and Thomas Morgan is a .45 magnum. I've never fired one of these puppies before, but I should think the odds against me missing are negligible. So be a good boy and identify yourself.

BATEMAN

Vernon Bateman.

DAVE

(filtered)

Vernie! How the devil are you? More to the point, how the devil are your gnomes?

BATEMAN

Replaceable.

DAVE

(filtered)

Glad to hear it. Once I get my money, I'll buy you a new one so you can get your collection going again.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

And talking of money: can I take it you're in a position to stump up 760 grand? It should actually be a bit more, but let's not quibble.

BATEMAN

We'll need time to get that sort of money together.

DAVE

You have until 8 o'clock tonight. At that time, I will ring the phone you're holding and give you the address of a derelict shop. By 9pm, you will see to it that a suitcase containing £760,000 is placed on a chair in the middle of the shop floor. The notes must be used, of mixed denomination and non-sequential.

(beat)

When I arrive to pick up the ransom, I'd better not see any police or smell any rats. If you try and fuck me over, my brother will do to Morgan what I did to your gnomes. Understood?

BATEMAN

How do I know Mr Morgan's still alive?

DAVE

(filtered)

Think of a question only Morgan could know the answer to. Ask me it when I call tonight and I'll tell you what he says.

(beat)

By the way, I'm sure you're going to try and trace this call but there's no point. It's being bounced through an anonymous server in Lithuania.

Dave hangs up.

BATEMAN

Well, that's that then. Now what?

POWERS

Now you scrape together 760,000 quid and leave the rest to us.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

An empty flat with a view of an empty shop over the road. It is currently occupied by Powers and Sergeant Matheson. They are watching the shop.

A video camera has been set up by the window. Powers has a walkie-talkie.

A white van, apparently belonging to a firm of builders, is parked near the shop.

Matheson pours tea from a thermos flask. He takes a biscuit from his pocket and starts noisily munching.

POWERS

Shush. I hear something.

It is the sound of an approaching motorbike.

A motorbike RIDER appears at the end of the road.

Powers speaks into his walkie-talkie.

POWERS (CONT'D)

This looks like it, gentlemen.
Get your heads down.

INT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Two plain clothes POLICEMEN duck down out of sight. The one in the driving seat - POLICEMAN#1 - has a walkie talkie from which issues Powers's voice.

POLICEMAN#2 is holding a tracking device.

POWERS

(filtered)

Nice and still. I'll let you know
when its time.

EXT. EMPTY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The Rider pulls up outside the shop. After looking up and down the street, he goes in.

INT. EMPTY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

A briefcase has been placed on a chair in the middle of the room. The Rider picks it up and leaves.

EXT. EMPTY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The Rider heads off down the road.

INT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

POWERS

(filtered)

He's heading back the way he came.
Stay as you are.

(beat)

OK. He's out of sight now. Off
you go. But keep your distance.

The Policemen sit up. Policeman#1 starts the van and moves off.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Powers and Matheson.

POWERS

That's us done here. Be a good chap, Sergeant, and pack the gear away.

MATHESON

I've hardly touched my tea, guv.

POWERS

Nobody said being a sergeant was easy, did they?

INT./EXT. DAVE'S CAR/SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT

Dave and Eddie are in the front of the car drinking beer from cans.

EDDIE

All I'm saying is that riots don't just happen. Society's made up of classes and sub-classes, all with different needs and wants. And they rub up against each other like tectonic plates. Then when the pressure is high enough, something's got to give.

The Rider appears at the end of the road.

DAVE

Here we go.

Dave watches as the Rider pulls up outside a house, takes the briefcase and lets himself in.

DAVE (CONT'D)

He's just gone in.

EDDIE

Any sign of the police?

DAVE

Not yet.

The white van pulls up at the end of the road. It is shortly joined by a car containing Powers and Matheson.

DAVE (CONT'D)

That must be them now. Which means the cavalry's on its way.

INT. JARVIS'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jarvis is asleep and gently snoring in an armchair. His face is hidden from us so we don't recognise him.

Mrs Jarvis is on the settee, watching television.

The Rider enters, bearing the briefcase.

Mrs Jarvis looks up.

MRS JARVIS

There you are. You didn't say you were going to be late.

The Rider puts the briefcase down and takes off his helmet. He kisses Mrs Jarvis on the cheek.

RIDER

Sorry, Mum. Last minute job. Would have let one of the others take it but the client insisted on me. And they were paying twice the usual rate.

MRS JARVIS

I see you've got yourself a briefcase.

RIDER

It's the client's. I'm to deliver it in the morning.

Mrs Jarvis gets up.

MRS JARVIS

Grab a seat and I'll fetch you your dinner. And try not to wake your dad.

RIDER

How's he been?

MRS JARVIS

He's on a new brand of sedatives. Let's hope they work better than the last lot.

INT. JARVIS'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: 5 MINUTES LATER.

The Rider is sat next to his mother, eating his dinner. They are watching television. Jarvis is still asleep.

From the front and the back of the house, there are almighty crashes as doors are smashed open.

ARMED POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Armed police!

The cry 'Armed police!' Is repeated by others as armed police burst into the living room, guns at the ready.

ARMED POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Armed police! Do not move!

The Rider drops his dinner. Mrs Jarvis goes into hysterics.

Jarvis wakes with a start and jumps to his feet.

JARVIS

What the -

ARMED POLICEMAN

I said, 'Don't move!' .

Jarvis, a quivering wreck, wails and then faints.

INT./EXT. DAVE'S CAR/SUBURBAN ROAD - NIGHT

Dave quietly surveys the mayhem he has caused.

The road is now full of police vehicles. Powers and Matheson walk briskly towards Jarvis's house.

Dave starts the engine.

DAVE

Our work here is done.

INT./EXT. DAVE'S CAR/MOTORWAY - DAY

The car is beetling along with Dave driving.

Eddie has a mobile phone in his hand.

DAVE

You sure you know what to say?

EDDIE

Yeah. Leave it to me.

Eddie presses the green dial button and puts the phone to his ear.

EXT. JARVIS'S HOUSE, FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT

Powers and Matheson come out into the front garden.

POWERS

Bloody hell. What a mess.

MATHESON

Got you good, didn't he, guv?

POWERS

Us, Sergeant. He got us good.

MATHESON

It was your plan.

POWERS

Until it went wrong. Now it's our plan. Tomorrow, it may be all yours.

The sound of a mobile phone ringing issues from Powers's pocket. He pulls out the phone Dave gave to Jenkins.

POWERS (CONT'D)
 (muttering)
 Just couldn't wait to bloody gloat,
 could you?

Powers hits the connect button and speaks into the phone.

POWERS (CONT'D)
 Chief Inspector Powers.

From the phone comes Eddie's voice.

EDDIE
 (filtered)
 Evening, Inspector. I hope you're
 having fun.

POWERS
 You're not one of the people I
 spoke to yesterday.

EDDIE
 (filtered)
 You didn't think there were only
 two of us, did you? We are Legion.

POWERS
 Let me talk to Morgan. I want to
 check that he's all right.

EDDIE
 (filtered))
 You can talk to him later. We'll
 ring you in one hour with new
 instructions. In the meantime,
 chuck another grand in the bag,
 will you? That'll cover the cost
 of your pathetic attempt to screw
 us over. And, Inspector, next
 time you try to spring a trap on
 us, Morgan dies.

The call is disconnected. Powers puts the phone away. He
 looks totally dejected.

POWERS
 I hope to God we don't take any of
 the bastards alive.

INT./EXT. DAVE'S CAR/MOTORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eddie rolls down the passenger window and throws the phone
 from the car.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

A remote airfield. Two police helicopters and a handful
 of police cars are standing by.

Beside an unmarked car, Powers is talking to WPC Jane
 TARRANT who is wearing a high-visibility vest. Matheson
 hovers nearby.

POWERS

Any time you feel you're in danger,
you get the hell out. No 'ifs',
no 'buts'. Just do it. Understood?

WPC TARRANT

Yes, gov.

POWERS

Do exactly as he tells you. Any
heroics and you're on traffic duty
for the next ten years. And don't
try second guessing him. He's
much too smart.

(beat)

We've got the best part of a hundred
men watching your back. Some of
them are armed, so you should be
safe. We've also put a tracker in
the car and a hidden microphone.
You won't be out of contact with
us for a second.

(beat)

Get in, get out and then let me do
the rest. Got it?

WPC TARRANT

Yes, gov.

POWERS

Good girl.

At a signal from Powers, Matheson hands WPC Tarrant the
briefcase.

The Bluebird mobile rings. Powers takes it from his pocket
and puts it to his ear.

POWERS (CONT'D)

Yeah. We're ready.

(beat)

No. No tricks. I promise you.

(beat)

Her name's WPC Tarrant.

(beat)

Sure.

Powers hands the phone to WPC Tarrant.

POWERS (CONT'D)

From now on, he's in charge.

WPC TARRANT

(into phone)

Hello... Yes. It's in my hand...

(beat)

Jane...

(beat)

If you're going to call me by my
first name, perhaps I should know
yours...

(MORE)

WPC TARRANT (CONT'D)

(beat)

OK, Des. Your wish is my command.

(to Powers)

He wants me to drive to Thornton Point and wait for further instructions. He says if he sees another car - marked or otherwise - within two hundred yards of mine, the deal's off and Morgan dies.

POWERS

Off you go then. And good luck.

INT./EXT. WPC TARRANT'S CAR/VARIOUS RURAL LOCATIONS - NIGHT

BEGIN MONTAGE.

WPC Tarrant driving through the countryside, stopping every now and then to take fresh instructions.

This is intercut with shots of police cars and helicopters trailing at a discreet distance.

Eventually, WPC Tarrant pulls up at -

EXT. RAILWAY VIADUCT - NIGHT

An old railway viaduct that now serves as a public footpath.

In the gully below, Dave lurks behind a bush. He scans the viaduct with a pair of night vision binoculars and soon has WPC Tarrant's car in view.

Dave speaks into a walkie talkie.

DAVE

She's here. No sign of other vehicles, though I can hear a helicopter in the distance.

INT. NUCLEAR BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Des and Eddie are at the PC. Des has a walkie talkie.

Nearby, Thomas Morgan has been handcuffed to a bed. He is blindfolded and has headphones on.

DES

(into walkie talkie)

OK. Game on.

(into mobile phone)

Right, Jane. You're nearly done now. Listen carefully. I want you to get out of the car with the briefcase. You're to walk to the middle of the viaduct.

(beat)

On your left hand side, you will see a tray sitting on the wall.

(MORE)

DES (CONT'D)

On that tray is a duffel bag. Go to the tray and open the briefcase. Take out one bundle at a time and hold it up so that it is clearly visible and then put it in the duffel bag.

(beat)

When you have finished, make sure the bag is on the tray. Then go back to the car, reverse a hundred yards and switch off the engine.

(beat)

Have you got all that?

(beat)

Good girl, Jane. Off you go then.

Des scrutinises Morgan.

DES (CONT'D)

What are you making him listen to?

EDDIE

Boney M.

DES

That's a bit cruel, isn't it?

EDDIE

Maybe.

Eddie turns a dial on the music player.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

There you go. Motorhead.

DES

What if he doesn't like Motorhead?

EDDIE

Don't be daft. Everyone likes Motorhead.

EXT. RAILWAY VIADUCT - CONTINUOUS

Dave watches from below as WPC Tarrant carries the briefcase to the centre of the viaduct where there is indeed a dinner tray and duffel bag sitting on the wall.

WPC Tarrant places the case on the wall and opens it. She takes out a bundle of bank notes and holds it up.

Dave zooms in on the bundle.

DAVE

(into walkie talkie)

As far as I can tell, that's the real McCoy.

DES (O.S.)
(filtered)
Course it is. They ain't gonna
screw us about.

WPC Tarrant puts the first bundle in the duffel bag. Then she repeats the process until all the money is in the bag.

After ensuring the bag is squarely on the tray, she heads back to her car.

Immediately, Dave springs from his hiding place. He tugs at a rope attached to the tray.

Tray and duffel bag tumble down and land at Dave's feet. He grabs the bag and heads off along the gully.

WPC Tarrant gets in her car and reverses. As soon as she stops, sirens wail.

Police cars speed towards the viaduct. A helicopter hovers overhead.

In the meantime, Dave reaches a sewer outlet hidden behind a bush.

He opens the grille, goes in and closes the grille behind him.

On the viaduct, the police are still trying to figure out what the hell has happened.

INT. NUCLEAR BUNKER - NIGHT

Des and Eddie are sat at a table with a machine gun on it.

Des looks at his watch and waits for the second hand to reach the 12.

DES
... 2... 1... Go!

Eddie expertly strips the machine gun. Then he puts it back together again.

EDDIE
How long?

DES
37 seconds.

EDDIE
Pathetic! That's what comes of
getting out of practice.

The sound of the lift descending causes Des and Eddie to look round. They applaud and whistle as Dave descends in the lift clutching the duffel bag.

Dave steps out of the lift and walks up to the table. As Des and Eddie gather round, he empties the bag onto the table.

Des whistles at the bundles of notes.

DAVE
761,000 smackeroonies. Used notes.
No consecutive numbers. Not marked
or tagged in any way.

EDDIE
And no tracker?

DAVE
No tracker.

DES
Oh my God! We've done it! We've
beaten the fuckers! We've won!

While Eddie goes to a nearby fridge, Des picks up a bundle of notes.

DES (CONT'D)
Where have you been all my life?
You gorgeous thing you!

He kisses the money and drops it back on the table.

A sudden BANG! Causes Dave and Des to jump. But it is only Eddie de-corking a bottle of champagne.

DES (CONT'D)
You dozy twat! You nearly gave me
a heart attack.

Eddie hands Des the bottle and takes another one from the fridge which he de-corks and hands to Dave.

As Eddie takes out a third bottle, Dave nods in the direction of Thomas Morgan, who is still wearing the headphones.

DAVE
What's he listening to?

DES
Motorhead.

DAVE
(dubiously)
Does he like Motorhead?

DES
Everyone likes Motorhead.

Eddie opens his bottle and raises it.

EDDIE
To the Bluebird Bomber!

DES/DAVE
The Bluebird Bomber!

Dave, Des and Eddie joyfully drink champagne from their bottles.

DES

So what's next for you, Eddie?
Nobody knows you're a part of this,
but if you want to go on the run
with us, you're more than welcome.

EDDIE

And leave my precious bunker?
Thanks but no thanks. Come the
apocalypse, I want to be within
running distance of this place.
(beat)
When it all falls apart, people
like me are going to be needed to
help put it all back together again.
(beat)
Reckon I'll stick around and build
me an anarcho-communist commune.

A click causes Eddie to break off. He is aware of Dave standing behind him, pointing a gun at his head.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

If my ears don't deceive me, Dave,
you've just cocked a Jericho 941
semiautomatic pistol. I take it
it's loaded and pointed in my
direction?

DES

Jesus, Dave! Have you gone mad?
Put that bloody thing down before
you hurt someone.

EDDIE

How long have you known?

DAVE

I guessed almost straight away,
but I didn't know for sure until I
read about how those bombs were
made. According to the papers,
they bore all the hallmarks of
someone who knew what they were
doing and had access to military
ordinance.

DES

What the fuck are you talking about?

DAVE

Your friend here is our copycat
bomber.

DES

Leave it out. He's blind.

DAVE

And he can strip and reassemble a machine gun in less than a minute.

EDDIE

Yeah, Des. A bit of respect, hey? I can build a bomb in the time it takes you to make a cup of tea.

DES

You're shitting me. You mean to say it was you who blitzed half of fucking London and left me and Dave to carry the can?

EDDIE

I did what you were doing. Only I did it better. If it wasn't for me, there would not now be 761,000 quid on the table.

DES

We were doing all right without your help, you arrogant prick.

EDDIE

You're a revolutionary. Revolutionaries don't settle for 'all right'.

(beat)

Isn't that so, Dave?

DAVE

Shut up, Eddie! This has nothing to do with revolution or anarcho-communism - whatever the fuck that is. Fuck you and your lunatic ideals. You nearly ruined everything.

EDDIE

Let's agree to disagree on that. Right now, I'm interested to know what you plan to do next. You've been quick to be my judge and jury. The question is do you have the balls to be my executioner?

DAVE

So help me...

EDDIE

It's easy to make a bomb and post it to some poor unsuspecting sap who's miles away. But shooting an unarmed man at point blank range? Takes a special kind of person to do that.

(beat)

I remember the first time I killed someone.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

It felt like I'd cut out a chunk of my soul. Once you've killed, you can't go back. It changes you. Changes the way you see the world. And never for the better.

DAVE

I want you to make me a promise, Eddie.

EDDIE

No more Bluebird Bomber? You got it. I'm going back to being plain Edward Postlethwaite, war veteran and part-time launderette manager. No more war for me.

DAVE

(to Des)

Do you believe him?

DES

Of course. Look at him. He's done with fighting. All he wants now is a quiet life.

EDDIE

Until the apocalypse comes. Then Eddie Zero will rise again.

Dave lowers the gun.

DAVE

If that guy had died, I'd have shot you dead.

EDDIE

I know.

DES

Well then, all that's left for us to do is return old laughing boy to his family and fuck off out of the country.

EDDIE

And then?

DES

Then we've got some unfinished business to take care of.

INT. MYSTIQUE'S, JACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack is at his desk with Trish standing behind him.

Des and Dave are on the other side of the desk.

Dave hands Jack an envelope.

Jack counts the money in the envelope then hands over two forged passports.

INT. NUCLEAR BUNKER - DAY

Eddie Zero, Trish, Patty, Norman and other members of the Bluebird Brigade are gathered by the computer.. They all wear black paramilitary uniforms with the outline of a bluebird on their sleeves.

They are on the 'Bluebird Experience' site, clicking through various screens. One screen asks 'Where are the Bluebirds Now?' And has an article mocking the police for not being able to find Des and Gilroy.

Another page shows Eddie and members of the Bluebird Brigade dressed in army fatigues and ski masks, holding various weapons. It is headed, 'THE BLUEBIRD BRIGADE AWAITS THE CALL'.

Other pages are full of newspaper clippings with headlines like: 'BLUEBIRD BOMBERS ARE PENSIONERS', 'POLICE CLOSE TO BLUEBIRD BOMBER ARRESTS', 'BLUEBIRD BOMBER TRAIL GOES COLD' etc.

The final pages contain a sequence with the heading, 'WISH YOU WERE HERE'. It shows Des and Dave at various locations around the world. Some of the pictures are obviously mocked up: for instance, the one showing Des parachuting in his wheelchair.

Amongst the sub-headings we see: 'Des and Dave Gilroy - Always One Step Ahead of the Police'.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

SUPER: ARGENTINA.

Des and Dave are parked up in a lay-by overlooking a holiday complex that is being constructed. A sign on the fence surrounding the complex reads 'HALCYON SPRINGS. Loach Argentinian Holdings PLC'.

In a hut beside the entrance, 2 armed security GUARDS are enjoying cups of tea and watching television.

Dave is busy hauling a rocket propelled grenade (RPG) launcher from the car boot. He places it next to another two he has already taken out.

Des is in the back of the car looking at his laptop. It is linked up to a video camera on a tripod beside the car. The video camera is pointed at the holiday complex.

DES

Shame we couldn't get hold of no
Exocets. You'd think they'd have
a few left over.

Dave checks that the video camera is in focus.

DAVE

OK. I'm sorted. Time to make that call.

Des fires up Skype and clicks on the icon for 'MALCOLM LOACH'.

Soon the face of Malcolm LOACH is looking out at him from the screen.

LOACH

You're through to Malcolm Loach, aka the South American Holiday King. If you're looking for a slice of Paradise at a price you can afford, you've come to the right man.

DES

Hello there, Malcolm. Sorry to bother you, me old mucker, but it's about that villa in Spain you sold me.

LOACH

Desmond Gilroy. I was wondering when I would hear from you.

DES

I'd have called sooner, but I've been a bit busy dodging the police.

LOACH

I was mighty impressed with that show you put on back in Blighty. You sure know how to make a point. Where are you now, if you don't mind me asking?

With a click of a button, Des switches the view on his laptop to the feed from the video camera.

DES

Recognise it? You should. You've got seven million quid tied up in it.

LOACH

So you're in Argentina. I hoped you'd make it. Pop in to see me some time and I'll make amends for Spain. I've hundreds of villas all over South America. You can have any one you like and I'll tell you who you have to bribe to keep the law off your back.

DES

Lovely idea, Malcolm. But me and my brother have a better one.

(to Dave)

Show Malcolm our better idea.

Dave fires an RPG at the complex. A moment later, an explosion tears a building apart.

LOACH

What the fuck? There's no need for that. We can make a deal.

As the Guards come running out and stand staring at the stricken building, Dave calmly picks up the second RPG launcher and blows up a second building.

LOACH (CONT'D)

You're crazy! You'll never get away with this. You're in Argentina. The cops here shoot to kill!

Dave fires the third RPG, causing more mayhem and destruction.

He goes to the video camera and scans his handiwork.

LOACH (CONT'D)

You stupid bastards! We could have worked something out. I could have gotten you new identities and everything.

DES

This is just the start, Malcolm. How many holiday homes and flats are you going to sell with people knowing they could be reduced to rubble at any instant?

LOACH

What do you want from me?

DES

I want your balls served up on a silver platter, slightly spiced with Tabasco sauce. Welcome to the Bluebird Experience.

Des closes down Skype.

Dave stops the video camera and slings it in the boot. He gets in the car, starts it up and drives off.

As the car heads off into the mountains, Des looks at the screen of his laptop.

DES (CONT'D)

And there we have it. The millionth download of the Great Lost Album. We are now officially platinum.

DAVE

I suppose we ought to think about a follow-up album. With the right sort of marketing, we could be bigger than the Beatles.

DES

And they say rock'n'roll is dead!

Dave slides a copy of The Great Lost Album into the CD player. The Bluebirds' rendition of 'Brand New Cadillac' blasts out.

FINAL FADE OUT.