

MOUTH OF THE BEAST - (Gib end).
by
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(Based on a true story)

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CHANCER'S LUCK

FADE IN:

EXT/INT. A RANGE ROVER ON HIGHWAY - DAY - TRAVELING - (SPAIN)

The sun glints in the windscreen of a cruising Range Rover as the driver pulls down the visor and checks the rear view.

A muscle car side-swipes the Rover into the steel median. Screaming metal forces the muscle car into the flow of horn-blaring traffic; the driver wrestling the steering wheel.

The Range Rover pulls away from the pursuers as the sun shines on the ringing cell-phone on the console.

CHANCER, a hard-faced, 30-ish muscular Englishman, swiftly opens the phone as he accelerates along the motorway.

EXT. STATIONARY JEEP ON HIGHWAY - DAY

PACO, a 30 year old Spaniard is furtively speaking into his cell phone as he walks away from his jeep on the busy highway as police move in.

Horns blare as armed uniformed policemen rush in to surround his jeep and other cars caught in the ambush.

A policeman grabs Paco as he talks into the cell phone.

INTERCUT - INT. RANGE ROVER #1/EXT. PACO'S JEEP ON HIGHWAY #2

CHANCER #1
(into phone)
Not now, PACO, I'm busy!

PACO #2
(into phone - panic
stricken voice)
Turn around now! We are in the bag!
The cops are waiting for you in
Madrid. You are the evidence -
don't get caught!

CHANCER #1
(into phone)
Shit, man! They're on my tail! You
useless bastard - putting me in the
shit!
(hangs up)

BACK TO RANGE ROVER:

He closes the phone and throws it on the passenger seat. With the pedal to the metal he weaves between traffic.

His pursuers collide with swerving cars. Blaring horns and screeching metal urge Chancer towards a distant signpost.

Three cars skid into position, blocking the motorway ahead making the slip road his only way of escape. The SIGNPOST is for junction number 13.

He slams on the brakes as two cars drive at him against the flow of traffic boxing him in. A wild-eyed man runs at Chancer waving a pistol.

He slams the car door into the man, knocking him over. Chancer runs to the rear, leaps on the car behind and jumps over the median. Landing badly, he winds himself and stumbles into a nearby hotel lobby.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Five men enter as he frantically tries each door. A large man grabs at Chancer and is dropped with a throat punch.

Chancer wades in with finger strikes to the eyes; groin kicks, head butts and punches. A pistol is pulled out. Raising his hands above his head he backs to the wall.

CHANCER

Tranquilo, hombres.

His hands are cuffed behind his back as they curse in Spanish and pistol-whip him with their weapons. Much blood.

His face slams into the wall, noisily breaking his nose as another man pulls his legs from under him. His teeth shatter on the tiled floor. The beating continues. Kicks rain in.

EXT. POLICE COMPOUND - MADRID - DAY

Chancer is dragged from the cop car and made to stand facing a BIG MAN wearing a smart suit.

BIG MAN

So, Mr English, you try your karate
shit on my men. Not wise, Asshole!

Chancer looked at him, hate in his eyes. He snarls.

CHANCER

Get these cuffs off - Asshole!

The big man jerks Chancer around to see the handcuffs cutting into his wrists. He calls to his grinning men.

BIG MAN
Quitalelos

Two men stroll over to Chancer and take off the handcuffs.

Chancer rubs his hands vigorously then notices his missing finger and thumb nails.

INT. WASHROOM/TOILET BLOCK - POLICE COMPOUND - DAY

Chancer washes his hands and face from the tap.

Grabbing his nose with both hands he noisily forces it back into shape as fresh blood splashes into the sink.

Onlooking policemen step back as one of them pukes into a sink, cursing in Spanish as Chancer grins mockingly.

INT. HOSPITAL A&E TREATMENT ROOM - MADRID - DAY

Chancer is surrounded by policemen as a large female doctor noisily scrapes his skull with the needle as she stitches.

The SENIOR OFFICER is handed Chancer's dossier as he disdainfully looks at his injuries and the secret policemen - no love lost here.

He flips through pages of the file.

A PICTURE of Chancer in military uniform.

A PAGE of awards and qualifications which the officer reads out loud.

SENIOR OFFICER
(in accented English)
Royal Engineers; Grade 1 Combat
Engineer, Demolitions expert,
Weapons Instructor, Unarmed Combat
Instructor, Intelligence Operator -
Put a Madre!

He turns to the bruised officers, smirks, looks at Chancer.

SENIOR OFFICER (CONT'D)
I see you taught them a thing or
two... And an honorable discharge -
and now you are caught with half a
ton of hashish? *Hijo de puta!*

The large female doctor digs deep with the stitching implement. Chancer forces his mind to better times when he first came to Spain.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. EMPTY BUILDING - FUENGIROLA - DAY

Chancer and his wife, SUSAN, a shapely blue-eyed blonde Londoner, appraise the large room. They are delighted, this is their dream location for their dojo. They shake hands with the two Englishmen, STEVE and CHARLES, the owners.

STEVE

... we also have a house in the country. Would you like to see it?

EXT. DELAPIDATED COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Susan is ecstatic with the hillside house with its mud-filled swimming pool and flaky whitewash walls.

She grabs Chancer around his waist and hugs tight.

SUSAN

Oh, Babe! This is my dream! We've just gotta have it. We can move in now... tomorrow!

STEVE

Seeing as how you need to renovate it; you can have it for a peppercorn rent, dirt cheap.

MONTAGE - SEQUENCE OF SETTLING IN

- A) Chancer and Susan, paint-spattered, working on the house. Trestles; ladders, paint. They're happy and laughing.
- B) Chancer in the dojo demonstrates punching with two students. Nobody else there.
- C) Susan fitting lace curtains in newly decorated kitchen. New cutlery and crockery on the dining table.
- D) Chancer in the dojo demonstrates hip throws with nine students. Lots more noise, new people looking in.
- E) Susan turning burgers on their newly built BBQ. The house looks completely different - lived in, clean.
- F) Chancer ends a lesson in the dojo. He sees Steve and Charlie jostling through exiting students.

INT. DOJO - DAY

Steve and Charles enter wearing serious expressions. Chancer takes them into his office. He knows things are not right.

CHARLES

... and so, I'm giving you first option to buy it. If you can't make the deposit, I'll have to sell it to the couple who want to buy it.

CHANCER

Over my dead body! You know we haven't enough for a deposit. There's got to be another way for us - you can't just chuck us out after all our hard work and expense because some one wants to buy it.

STEVE

There is a way for you, but you might not like it. It takes guts, but really it's a piece of cake.

CHANCER

OK, shoot! Tell me what I've got to do, if it's a piece of cake.

STEVE

Take a bit of hashish to Liverpool, it's piss easy, we've been doing it for years. No probs--

CHANCER

You've gotta be fuckin' joking! I'm not touching that shit - fuck off!

Charles grunts and walks out, shaking his head.

STEVE

Think about it. You've got a few days before Charlie sells the place. You'll earn enough for the deposit with just one run.

CHANCER

Bollocks! I'll find the money somehow.

EXT/INT. THEIR COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Susan is happy making it homely. She makes up the bed in the spare room and calls out to Chancer.

SUSAN

Your Mum will be here next week, Babe... you must be getting excited now. Especially now the house is finished. I know I am.

She comes out of the bedroom to feather dust a black belt draped around a photo hanging on the wall, she's proud.

Chancer is on the side of the pool talking into his cell-phone.

CHANCER
(into the phone)
OK, Steve, I'll do it... but just
one trip - no more.

Closing the phone, he calls back to Susan.

CHANCER (CONT'D)
Yeah, Babe, can't wait to see her
face when she sees what you've done
to this place. Be proud sweetheart,
you've worked hard.

Susan exits the house, dusting her hands, but she notices Chancer's new habit of staring morosely at the sky, ignoring the puppies around his feet.

SUSAN
What's the matter, Babe? You've
been out of sorts for a few days.

CHANCER
Oh, it's nothing to worry about,
Sweetheart. I've been asked to do a
seminar in France over a weekend
next month and it means you being
here alone for a couple of days.

SUSAN
This is our little paradise, Babe.
Don't worry about me here with our
dogs... I've never been so happy.

INT. DOJO - DAY

Steve and Charles fuss around the tailor, measuring Chancer's chest and fitting him with a neoprene skirt stretching from his neck to his knees.

CHANCER
(chuckles)
I hope this isn't a wooden overcoat
your measuring me up for.

STEVE
I'm surprised you ain't been
measured for one before with your
years in the army... Why'd you
quit?

CHANCER
I got sick of Northern Ireland,
mate. I knew it would go on for
years so I got out.

STEVE

This job'll suit you then if you like a bit of excitement.

CHANCER

Oh yeah, bring it on mate, I like a challenge... But only one - no more.

The tailor fitted a length of neoprene material across Chancer's back, rolled it up and walked out with it in his bag. Charles followed him leaving Steve alone with Chancer.

STEVE

He'll have that ready soon, but now Paco'll take you down to La Linea for the shit.

EXT. "MUSTANG SALLY'S BAR" - DAY

Leaning on the bonnet of the Range Rover parked outside Mustang Sally's bar, Steve introduces PACO, a shifty, nervous looking 30 year old Spaniard.

STEVE

You can trust Paco, he's been with us for a long time - he'll show you the ropes.

EXT/INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY - TRAVELING

Chancer hangs a left, sign-posted La Linea and pulls into a street hung with bed linen and washing which hides the car.

EXT/INT. HOUSE IN BACK STREET LA LINEA - DAY

Chancer and Paco enter the house to meet LITO, the gypsy and OUASSINI, a Moroccan hashish grower. Paco introduces them.

PACO

Lito is the gypsy boss down here and Ouassini supplies the shit.

The deal is done - exchange cash for hashish and they're out of there with bags stashed in the trunk and they're away.

MONTAGE - SEQUENCE OF BODY PACKING

A) Chancer is carefully inserting individual nine-bars into plastic bags which Steve is holding open. Steve inserts the end of the bag into the vacuum sealing machine which hisses as it shrink wraps the nine-bar. He drops it in a bucket of bleach.

- B) With 20 nine-bars in the bleach bucket, they take off their overalls and surgical gloves and carry the bucket to an adjacent room where they put on fresh overalls and gloves. They remove the nine-bars and lay them out on a table to dry.
- C) Chancer, dressed in his neoprene garment, stands erect as Steve wraps each nine-bar with fresh tape and attaches and tapes them all on Chancer's back. Grabbing the hem of the skirt, he pulls it up over the nine-bars sandwiching them in the garment. Chancer struts around the room shrugging his shoulders confident nothing can fall out.
- D) Chancer walks through the metal detector arch at Malaga airport carrying tickets and passport in one hand and an overnight bag in the other. He nods hello to the two Guardia Civil officers on duty who acknowledge with a touch cap salute as he passes undetected and heads for check in.
- E) Chancer walks through the green lane at customs and out through the arrivals concourses at Manchester airport (SERIES OF SHOTS) and Gatwick airport and Bristol airport and Exeter airport and Leeds-Bradford airport.

INT. DOJO - DAY

Steve walks into the empty dojo wearing a big grin.

STEVE

We have a better way of doing it.
What do you think of this? We put
the shit in a petrol tank and you
drive over in style.

CHANCER

How the hell are you going to do
that without ruining the shit?

STEVE

I'll pick you up later and take you
to the workshop. You'll see for
yourself. Absolutely undetectable!

EXT. THE COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

The house looks beautiful with its new extension and new balustrade. The swimming pool looks inviting with its new coat of turquoise blue paint under the crystal clear water.

Susan is in tears and squeezing Chancer's hands across the table in the shade of the sun brolly. Truly anguished.

SUSAN

... and you must stop this now,
Babe. I'm not able to sleep knowing
the risks you're taking.

CHANCER

Stop worrying, sweetheart. We have
a fool-proof way of doing it now
and when we've paid for the house
I'll stop doing it.

SUSAN

And how long will that be, Babe?

CHANCER

Not long, Babe. It'll be over
before you know it. Trust me.

MONTAGE - SEQUENCE USING MOTORCAR

- A) A car, jacked up on axle-stands with the petrol tank on the floor. Chancer lifts it out from under the car.
- B) Petrol tank on workshop bench with top cut off and section steel being welded into position showing divide for petrol and hashish. Crackling flashes and sparks flying.
- C) Hashish is packed into fuel tank, secured and placed under the car ready for fitting back into position.
- D) Chancer drives onto the ferry and through passport control points (SERIES OF SHOTS) at Calais; Boulogne-sur-mer, Dieppe, Le Havre and Caen.
- E) Disembarking (SERIES OF SHOTS) at Dover, Portsmouth and Folkestone.

INT. LITO'S HOUSE IN LA LINEA - DAY

Lito and Chancer finish packing hashish into kitbags as Lito's wife brings in cups of coffee.

They relax and look at each other over their coffee cups.

LITO

... and you can sail a boat as
well?

CHANCER

Oh, yeah. I can sail anything,
mate. Why do you ask?

LITO

I have a job for you, my friend. A
much better job than this one.

MONTAGE - SEQUENCE USING BOATS FROM AFRICA

- A) Chancer and Lito set out from a remote cove in a RIB (rigid inflatable boat) and head out to sea.
- B) Chancer meets other skippers and cannabis growers at the loading docks in Morocco. He laughs with KENNEDY, a Rib jockey from Trinidad as their boats are loaded.
- C) Chancer's Rib crunches onto a beach as men appear out of the darkness and frantically unload the hashish.

INT. DOJO - DAY

Steve and Chancer grimly shake hands in the empty dojo.

CHANCER

... and that's it. The house is mine, I owe you nothing. I will supply you with what you want but I have finished working for you.

STEVE

I knew you would get big when you found your way around, but we can still do business.

EXT. BEACH BOATYARD - DAY

Chancer works on a Narwal Rib as Paco animatedly pesters him. He cuts the motors - he is obviously irritated.

PACO

... and if I don't get the 500 kilos of hashish to Burgos in time they will kill me and my family.

CHANCER

OK, Paco, so you're gonna die.

PACO

But you are my friend and last hope. Wharram I gonna do? You owe me. I got you Lito and other suppliers in Morocco. C'mon, it's my wife and kids at stake here!

CHANCER

OK, you fuckin' owe me big time for this! I'll use the Range Rover... usual drill, you ride shotgun ten minutes ahead of me.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. HOSPITAL A&E TREATMENT ROOM - DAY.

The big nurse throws the bloody instrument into a metal bowl and scowls at Chancer as he is taken out.

INT. HOLDING CELLS - MADRID - DAY

Chancer is in a large cell with eight men. Food is brought around the cells by an internee and a belligerent prison officer. He cannot eat his food because of his bleeding mouth and broken teeth.

Chancer acknowledges a wave from CHINKY, a muscular 30-ish Chinese man with a flattened nose and scarred eyebrows.

CHINKY

Hey, Engrish, food shit, eh?

Chancer gives him a smile and raises his hand in a half wave and wipes blood dripping from his nose.

CHANCER

Hello, Chinky. Yeah, it's shit, man. Where're you from?

CHINKY

Hong Kong, but talk later when we get to prison.

INT. DIMLY LIT PRISON VAN - NIGHT

Chains rattle. Sweat drips from Chancer's chin onto wrist manacles. He slowly turns his bleeding face to glance at the brute he is chained to.

Gazing at each face in sinister silence, fresh blood oozes from his injured nose and drips onto his hand, mingling with the blood where his fingernails used to be.

EXT. PRISON RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

The prison van enters the prison. The guard and his companion open the sliding side door.

GUARD

Fuera, fuera! Out! Get out!

Prison officers arrive and the inmates are dragged out.

PRISON OFFICERS

(shouting in Spanish)

Get out, you bastards, get out.

The men are pushed into line by the prison officers as the Guardia Civil officers take handcuffs from the inmates.

An officer puts his pistol to Chancer's head as his colleague unlocks the manacles and bullying prison officers violently frisk the inmates as the manacles are being removed.

SENIOR PRISON OFFICER
(in Spanish)
Everybody undress, quickly.

Everyone undresses. Chancer is naked first, blood stained clothes lying in a heap at his feet. A prison officer brings a mirror and places it between Chancer's feet.

SENIOR PRISON OFFICER (CONT'D)
Squat, quickly.

Chancer squats over the mirror as the prison officer ogles his rectum. His face lights up as he discovers the injuries.

One of them picks up Chancer's bloody clothes with the end of his truncheon and flicks them into a nearby holding cell and gestures for him to follow and get dressed.

INT. RECEPTION BUILDING. EVENING

The large prison officer manning the finger print table, grabs Chancer's wrist and forces his fingers in turn on the ink slab and onto the record sheet.

The word *PELIGROSO* (Dangerous) is stamped in RED on the record sheet.

The screw repeats the process with the other hand, smearing blood from Chancer's damaged fingers onto his own hands.

CHANCER
I have AIDS, *SIDA*, you fat bastard.

Chancer smirks as the fear hits home in the bully's brain.

FAT PRISON OFFICER
(cursing in Spanish)
You foul English bastard!

He rushes to the washroom as his colleague shoves Chancer toward the mug-shot photographer. Two officers grab Chancer and force him backwards into a white tiled wall, banging his head and smearing blood on the wall.

SENIOR PRISON OFFICER
(shouting in Spanish)
You stupid English bastard, wipe that blood off the wall.

A toilet roll hits Chancer. He wipes the ink and blood from his fingers. The officer pushes him into the wall indicating the paper is to wipe the bloody wall, not his fingers.

The photo is quickly taken and Chancer is pushed to the next table where he quickly signs the record sheet.

Another officer screams at him to hurry and strip naked to take a shower. Chancer steps into the shower and turns his back on the ogling officer.

INT. WING 5 - TOP LANDING - NIGHT

Chancer walks in front of DON IGNACIOUS, the escort, along a poorly lit landing whilst looking down through the safety net at the lower landings. The escort taps the handrail with his truncheon.

Cockroaches and rats scatter as they approach cell 98. The escort inserts a key and slams back the big steel bolt and pulls open the cell door.

INT. CELL 98 - NIGHT

Two ARABS stand to attention as Chancer and escort enter the dimly lit cell. The escort snarls and points his truncheon threateningly at the Arabs.

DON IGNACIOUS
(in Spanish)
Another foreigner!

TRIBAK AND HASSAN (ARABS)
Si, senor, muy bien, senor.

Escort officer backs out of the cell pointing his truncheon menacingly at Chancer. He slams the door shut.

The Arabs grab Chancer's hands and welcome him with a torrent of French, then Spanish, then German.

TRIBAK
You are English, yes?

CHANCER
Yes, mate, where are you from?

TRIBAK
We are from Algiers. Come, sit, we make your bed first before lights out... then talk.

The Arabs make up a third bed as Chancer washes blood from his hands then sits on the bed. He looks a mess.

The Arabs gasp as they see the injuries to Chancer's body as he undresses.

HASSAN
Police?

CHANCER

Yeah, bastards!

Hassan hands Chancer a T-shirt and Tribak hands him a lumberjack style shirt. The cell light goes out and they each climb into their beds.

Moonlight shines in through the barred window as Chancer buries his head in the pillow. The heartache and numbing sadness express itself in a dream as tears of frustration soak into the pillow.

EXT. CHANCER'S COUNTRY HOUSE - DREAM.

Chancer's wife, Susan, feeds dogs; Roxy, the Rottweiler and Sammy and Max, the German Shepherds; the happy group unaware of Chancer's imprisonment. The dream is shattered by a piercing scream.

END DREAM.

INT. CELL 98 - NIGHT.

Tribak leaps out of bed as screams from the depths of the gallery reverberate around the wing.

In the moonlight, Tribak slides back the metal plate of the Judas hole to squint out with one eye. He speaks in rapid Arabic. Hassan translates.

HASSAN

Four screws are beating an inmate who must have been raping his cell mate. He is famous for raping his cell mates.

INT. LOWER LANDING - WING 5 - NIGHT.

Four prison officers beat a Spanish gypsy inmate with truncheons. The inmate lies bleeding as the officers step back to admire their work.

Don Ignacio, the officer who escorted Chancer to cell 98, smashes the inmate's ankle and knee to the sound of his weird laughter echoing around the wing.

INT. CELL 98 - DAY

A wailing siren and shouts of '*Recuento*' awaken Chancer. The noise of crashing bolts add to the alarm of the moment.

Chancer and the Arabs dress and make their beds. The cell door bolt crashes noisily and the door opens outwards to reveal Don Ignacio, bleary eyed and scruffy.

DON IGNACIOUS
Recuento, recuento, Cabrones.

Standing in the open doorway, snarling, dressed in baggy blue serge trousers and light blue ruffled shirt with a metal badge pinned to the right breast pocket, he then grunts and slams the door.

INT. TOP LANDING - WING 5 - DAY

Chancer closes the cell door, slides the bolt and walks along the landing looking down on inmates below.

The noise of hundreds of shuffling feet and voices ease as heads crane upwards to watch Chancer.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - WING 5 - DAY

Inmates milling around look up at Chancer descending the stairs toward them. Tribak and Hassan wave vigorously to attract his attention. Chancer nods recognition and snakes through the throng to join them.

HASSAN
We go eat now, look.

Hassan points as an iron gate opens and inmates barge through it into a corridor to form a queue at the entrance to the dining hall.

Several gypsies barge through to the front of the queue. The big bald man behind Chancer, ALI SAFF, growls.

ALI SAFF
Gypsy rats, Mister, beware of them.
They will kill you for a cigarette.

Chancer turns to look into the unblinking dark eyes of the huge athletic Arab with bulging muscles and big hard fists.

CHANCER
You speak English but I can't place
your accent. Where are you from?

ALI SAFF
Iran, my name is Ali Saff.

Ali extends his big hand, Chancer shakes it, ignoring the pain as the massive fingers close around his bruised hand.

CHANCER
Chancer... English.

ALI SAFF

Enjoy your breakfast, it's the best meal of the day. I will talk to you later in the yard.

They release hands and shuffle into the dining hall.

INT. DINING HALL - WING 5 - DAY

Chancer loads his metal tray with bread, jam, margarine and a plastic mug of milky coffee. Hassan points to an empty table in the dining hall. Dozens of heads turn to watch him.

HASSAN

That is the English table, you must eat there.

Chancer puts his tray on the table and cocks his leg over the bench to sit. He looks about, swigging his coffee.

Spanish gypsies in a huddle on their nearby table glare at him with intimidating sneers on their faces.

He surveys the dining hall. Many foreign eyes avert as he scans the tables, others blatantly ogle him... hostile.

Chancer gazes to the left where the French gaze impassively back at him. Several Arab tables noisily chat as they look him over. Hostile eyes meet Chancer's gaze as he scans left to see Spanish gypsies and South Americans scowling at him.

His gaze locks on the Spanish gypsy tables. Two of them get up and swagger towards Chancer, menace in their eyes. The TALL GYPSY threatens Chancer with his clenched fist.

The dining hall falls silent. Food pauses near mouths.

TALL GYPSY

(speaking Spanish)

This table is for Spaniards - so move, *guiri!*

Leaning forward he punches into Chancer's face, Chancer catches the fist in the palm of his hand and responds with a lightning strike to the throat followed by a back-fist into the philtrum nerve of the gypsy standing behind him. Both gypsies lie stunned on the concrete floor.

Everyone is looking - open mouthed - surprised - impressed. Ali Saff half smiles knowingly, he continues to eat as other gypsies take their compadres back to their table.

The duty screw approaches, slapping his truncheon.

PRISON OFFICER

Finito, fuera!

Chancer unhurriedly gathers his things, stacks his tray and leaves the dining hall.

The duty screw turns and looks at the face of the chief officer, DON RAPHAEL, looking through a hatch at the far end of the dining hall.

EXT. PRISON YARD - WING 5 - DAY

(approx) 150 men stroll clockwise around the yard. Some of them run/jog as Chancer walks briskly alone through slower groups of strolling men; many eyes watch him.

Chancer marches around the yard taking in the high walls and bricks and mortar of the place. He notices the CCTV cameras turning on their mountings. He also notices several gypsies grouping ever closer to him.

A hand grabs his elbow. A GRIMY GYPSY grins at him.

GRIMY GYPSY

Hey, *guiri*, get me a coffee, just one for me.

Chancer slaps the hand from his elbow irritably.

CHANCER

No, no money, no *dinero*.

The gypsy's face changes from simpering beggar to total hatred as he pulls out a 9" long shank.

Nearby Arabs shout a warning as gypsies make the ambush.

HASSAN

Watch out!

Hassan, Tribak and other Arabs rush forward as Chancer is surrounded by several gypsies closing in on him. Ali Saff's great head and shoulders surge through the crowd to join in.

Chancer parries the lunge, grabs the wrist and drives his palm-heel into the gypsy's jaw, noisily breaking it.

CHANCER

Taste that, you bastard!

Another gypsy stoops to grab the shank, Chancer stomps on the hand and with a tremendous downward punch knocks him out.

The Arabs squared off with the gypsies but shouting prison officers intervene and grab Chancer's arms.

HASSAN

(shouts in Spanish)

Look, you are all blind!

(MORE)

HASSAN (CONT'D)

He has a shank! English was
defending himself! Look, here it
is!

Reluctantly, the screws let go of Chancer's arms as Hassan points to the shank in the hand of the unconscious gypsy. Ali Saff walks away, a satisfied look on his face.

Arabs lead Chancer through the throng of onlookers and head to the *economato* (coffee shop) across the yard.

Don Raphael, the chief screw, sees it all from a cell window. His hard eyes shine as he grins knowingly.

INT. CORRIDOR LEADING TO DINING HALL - DAY

Chancer stands alone in the queue, men give him a wide berth and look at him as though he is a dangerous lunatic.

The queue moves forward but men behind Chancer don't move until he moves. Chancer sees Ali Saff ahead of him and shrugs.

ALI SAFF

They think you are mad!

INT. DINING HALL - FOOD SERVERY - DAY

Scruffy inmates dressed in dirty whites serve food to shuffling vociferous inmates.

Chancer leaves the servery and picks his way to the English table where he sits alone. Tribak slinks over from the Arab tables and joins him.

TRIBAK

When we leave our tables to go
upstairs, come with us. The gypsies
will attack you if you are alone.

CHANCER

OK, thanks, Tribak.

Tribak slinks back to the Arab tables, taking abuse from the French as he passes. He doesn't look at them.

Chancer finishes lunch and joins Tribak and Hassan as they stack their trays and head for the cells.

INT. TOP LANDING - WING 5 - DAY

Cell doors open outwards creating bottlenecks along the landing. Several groups of men add to the obstacles as the trio cautiously but swiftly move toward their cell at the far end of the landing.

Chancer hears a shout from below. Looking down, he sees a gypsy draw his finger across his throat (throat-cutting gesture). Chancer replies with the finger.

INT. CELL 98 - DAY

Tribak and Hassan snore softly as Chancer silently practices combat techniques - thrusting finger strikes.

The sound of crashing bolts on the lower floors awaken the Arabs and they rise and wash their faces.

The bolt crashes and the door opens. A red-faced screw, DON FRANCISCO shouts obscenities as the trio grab their bags.

DON FRANCISCO

Out, niggers... And you, you
English cunt.

They move out of the cell and Chancer looks into the glaring eyes of the screw.

CHANCER

Your English is good.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Strolling around the yard, Chancer sees a disturbance at the gate; new inmates are escorted into the yard. Chancer sees a familiar face and scowls as he recognises Paco.

Paco sees Chancer and makes a bee-line for him. The big grin disappears as he sees the scowl on Chancer's face.

PACO

It's good to see you, Chancer, but
why are you looking at me like
that? You think *I* fucked up?

CHANCER

Somebody fucked up! You got me here
with your sob story, you sad shit!

PACO

We will soon find out who fucked
up. The police knew exactly where
to catch us... Anyway, our lawyer
will get us out on bail.

CHANCER

What lawyer? I haven't seen a soul
yet. How come you have a lawyer?

PACO

Don't worry, our lawyer was called an hour after we were caught. He's already on our case.

CHANCER

How many were caught?

PACO

Six of us, no one got away.

CHANCER

Six of us! Christ almighty! Who are they? I only know you!

PACO

They don't matter, they are of no use. They are only buyers. You will see, we are needed on the outside, we are of no use in here, the lawyer will get us out.

Paco fishes about in his pockets feeling for money.

PACO (CONT'D)

Here, take this money and get yourself coffee and biscuits. I need to find my cellmate, I'll meet you later. Oh, I forgot to tell you - my wife, Consuela, went around to see Susan, so she knows what's happened. I'll get a phone card for you. You can call her tomorrow.

Chancer heads for the coffee queue, perplexed.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA - PRISON YARD - DAY

In the queue, Chancer is accosted by begging gypsies. Ignoring them he walks away from the queue with coffee and biscuits and sits at a nearby metal table deep in thought.

CHINKY appears out of the crowd and nimbly sits opposite Chancer at the table. He looks about him cautiously as if being followed. Ready to defend himself.

CHINKY

Hey, whassup, man? You miles away.

CHANCER

Hi, Chinky. Yeah, just thinking. How're you? You look wound up.

CHINKY

Fuckin' gypos, man. Dey're everywhere;

(MORE)

CHINKY (CONT'D)

dey all carry shanks an' I ain't got one. Not good man. Anyway, you got money for coffee?

Digging in his pocket, Chancer hands over some change.

CHANCER

Yeah, here, take this.

Chinky moves quickly, jostles with beggars and returns with two fresh cups of coffee.

CHINKY

You got aggro with gypsies, Engrish - not good. Gypsies come behind with shank, but I watch your back.

CHANCER

Thanks, mate, stick around and I'll watch yours.

The frown on Chinky's face is replaced with a confident, cheeky grin as he warms even more to Chancer.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Bloody hell! Look at this.

A beautiful girl wearing a mini-skirt and well filled white blouse and carrying a plastic bag walks across the yard and into the shower block followed by a crowd of Spaniards.

CHINKY

Come on, Boss, let's go see.

Undressed, in the shower, the pretty girl is revealed as a transvestite. Chancer and Chinky walk out laughing.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Chancer sits alone at the English table pushing his food around the tray. Chinky stands before him with his food.

CHINKY

How 'bout me sitting on Engrish table? No probrem, Boss, I fuck off when udder Engrish peoples come.

Chancer looks around to see dozens of hostile eyes on him, mostly gypsies. Many of them negatively shaking their heads.

CHANCER

Sit down, Chinky. Welcome to England.

Widespread muttering with the words *guiri* and *chino* cease as Chancer stands and stares purposefully around him.

A very big man, known as JAKE, with masses of muscle, a pugilistic face and piercing blue eyes stands next to Chancer, who stops eating.

JAKE

Do you mind if I join you? My name is Jake. I am from Belgium but I lived in England for a while.

Chancer grins as he looks at the giant before him.

CHANCER

Sit down, Jake. Nice of you to ask.

Jake laughing heartily, sits next to Chancer holding out his massive hand for a handshake.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Chancer... what're you in for?

Jake pauses, his big hands ready to stab his food, looks across into Chancer's eyes. He then attacks his food and talks as he eats.

JAKE

I was a bouncer and bodyguard in a girlie club in Brussels, but I pinched all the money in the safe. These bastards caught me in Madrid.

Jake stops eating for a moment and looks about assertively.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You know, this is the first time I've felt safe since I've been here. I'm comfortable sitting here.

Chinky cheekily looks up into Jake's face and burps loudly.

CHINKY

Yeah, man, me too. 'specially next to a big fucker like you.

A large negro appears and stands across the table from Chancer. His name is LUCKY JOHNSTONE. He is muscular and his FACE is adorned with tribal scars.

LUCKY

Can I join your table before all the seats are taken?

CHANCER

What're you in for?

LUCKY

Hashish - Cannabis resin by da ton... I's a Rib jockey; jus' like you.

(MORE)

LUCKY (CONT'D)

You don't know me but I first saw you in Mar Chica loading your boat wid Lito, da La Linea gypsy boss. King o' da gypsies 'e is.

CHANCER

You talk too much. Sit down and shut up.

Laughing, they all shake hands and eat their food.

INT. CELL 98 - NIGHT

Chancer. Chinky, Lucky and Jake sit playing cards.

LUCKY

Da gypsies t'ink dey rule da roost 'ere an' shank anybody dey don't like. Dey only likes demselves so we's all on da shit list.

Lucky eyeballs Chinky and smirks.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

'specially niggers an' chinks.

JAKE

The gypsies will stab you in the back, you know that, don't you? They put rat shit in grooves near the point of their spikes, the spicks call them *pinchous*... and sometimes they use shit from an Aids carrier.

Chinky pulls his face in disgust - then fear.

CHINKY

Fuck dat! Rat shit bad, Aids shit deadly. Bad peoples these gypos.

Chancer fondly slaps his shoulder and tousles his hair.

CHANCER

Don't worry, Chinky, we'll watch each others backs from now on.

Tribak enters the cell, sits with Chancer and hands him a metal nail file.

TRIBAK

I must return that in the morning.

CHANCER

OK, you can have it back tomorrow.

INT. CELL 98 - NIGHT

In the moonlight, Chancer, face sweating profusely, files down the jagged edges of his broken teeth as Tribak and Hassan snore softly as blood drips from his chin.

Chancer, in bed, whispers The Lord's Prayer.

MONTAGE. SEQUENCE OF EARLY DAYS IN PRISON.

Action 1. Chancer performing press-ups in cell.

Action 2. Chancer, Chinky, Lucky and Jake, jogging in yard.

Action 3. Chancer writing letters in his cell.

Action 4. Chancer in kneeling meditating posture.

Action 5. Chancer performing karate kata.

INT. SHOWER BLOCK - DAY

Men showering. Room thick with steam. Gypsies enter.

LUCKY

What da fuck! Gypos - Watch out!

Naked men leave shower stalls to grab towels from benches.

JAKE

Watch out, they've got spikes!

Six gypsies lurk in the steam with pinchous in their hands; the points are smeared with excrement.

Jake emerges from his steaming shower to slam his massive fist into the passing gypsy's face with a resounding crunch as nose and cheekbone crack.

CHINKY

Venga! Come here, you bastard.

Chinky kicks into the groin of Nito, a senior gypsy and wrestles the spike out of his hand. Glancing at the rat shit in the grooves near the point. He slams it down into Nito's shoulder, snapping the collar bone and embedding it deep into the shoulder.

Chancer thrusts his rigid fingers into the eyes of a gypsy thug and slams his fist into his throat, dropping him. He parries another thrusting spike and again strikes the eyes of the second attacker.

Chancer grabs the weapon and stabs it in the gypsy's buttock who screams incoherently. He finishes him with a tremendous punch to the throat.

JAKE

Watch out, there's more of 'em!

Jake and Chinky batter Manolo, a big thug as Chancer parries a thrust from a tall skinny gypsy wielding a sharpened broom handle with Aids excrement smeared around the point.

Chancer noisily breaks the gypsy's jaw with a palm heel strike and stabs the gypsy's foot with the broom handle. He looks about and heads for the door.

CHANCER

C'mon, you lot, get out!

Chancer grabs his clothes and runs out of the shower block, punching incoming gypsies out of his way.

INT. CELL BLOCK OPPOSITE SHOWERS - DAY

Looking through the cell window, Don Raphael grins as he sees Chancer punching his way out of the shower block clasp his clothes as he punches his way through.

INT. PRISON YARD BARBER'S SHOP - DAY

Several inmates stare in amazement as Chancer enters naked, and quickly dresses. Madly glaring about him, Chancer throws his bag and wet towel at the transvestite barber knocking his wavy blonde wig askew.

CHANCER

Look after my kit, Alice. *Hasta luego!*

EXT. THEIR COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Susan, dressed in a one-piece swimsuit, sunbathes next to the swimming pool surrounded by the dogs.

As one, the three dogs look to the north perimeter fence where bush movement attracts them - someone's there. A PEEPING TOM.

They race, grunting and growling to the spot where a man appears from behind a bush. The fence separates him from the dogs as they ferociously bark at him.

The man kicks the chain link fence which further infuriates the dogs as Susan arrives and challenges the man.

SUSAN

(breathless, angry)
What are you doing sneaking about?

PEEPING TOM
 (speaks with a Dutch
 accent)
 This side of the fence is my land.

SUSAN
 Make sure you stay on it; you and
 your bloody binoculars.

The Peeping Tom stumbles away muttering threats as Susan ushers the dogs back down the hillside to the house.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Action 1) Susan dressed in shorts is hanging washing on the clothes line - dogs bark and rush to the fence. Peeping Tom slinks off, back into his house.

Action 2) Susan sunbathing next to pool - dogs bark and rush to the fence. Peeping Tom stumbles away.

INT. WING 5 OFFICE - DAY

Chancer stands opposite RAFA, Don Rafael, the tough-looking chief officer who sits at his litter strewn desk. Pointing at an empty chair, the chief screw gestures for Chancer to sit.

RAFA
 (gruffly)
 Sit down... smoke?

CHANCER
 Life's too short, I don't smoke.

RAFA
 Nor do I, look how these fuckers
 treat my desk - shit everywhere!

With an angry sweep of his arm, the porn mags, newspapers, litter and overflowing ashtrays clatter to the floor, making the other screws jump and look nervously at each other. He shouts at them.

RAFA (CONT'D)
Fuera! Trabaja!

Four lounging screws slink out of the office as Chancer eases himself into a chair.

RAFA (CONT'D)
 (speaking English with
 East Midlands accent)
 Stinking fucking pigs! The laziest
 fuckers on the planet.

Looking unblinkingly into Chancer's eyes, he continues.

RAFA (CONT'D)

You're ex-military, aren't you?

CHANCER

Yes, I was a professional soldier.

RAFA

Good! So was I, a para. Did you have anything to do with the French Foreign Legion?

CHANCER

I had a friend who served as a Paratrooper with them. He became a warrant officer class one in the British Army and we were good pals. He was killed.

RAFA

What was his name?

CHANCER

Ken Bradshaw.

RAFA

(astonished)

I knew him! Isn't this a small world. I spent most of my legionnaire years in the same company. Fucking hell!

They eyeball each other across the table in a few seconds of silent respect for the man they both knew well.

CHANCER

How come you speak English with a Brummy accent?

RAFA

I have relatives in Nottingham. My father took me to live with them when I was 13 years old, so I did a couple of years in school there and I made a lot of friends, especially girlfriends. I shagged myself to a frazzle in Nottingham, I wish I'd never left there: I had the time of my life in that city.

CHANCER

Why did you leave?

RAFA

I was army barmy. I was in the Army Cadets and when I found out I couldn't go straight into the SAS, I fucked off to France and joined the Foreign Legion.

Rafa opens his desk drawer and lifts out a file with the word *PELIGROSO* in red across it. Flipping through it he eyeballs Chancer over the top of it.

RAFA (CONT'D)

I see on your file you have a German yacht master ticket. How come it's kraut?

CHANCER

I did my course at the Royal Engineers Yacht Club at Kiel, in Germany, on the Baltic sea.

RAFA

And you're a martial arts instructor. What do you do?

CHANCER

Ju-jitsu and karate... 4th dan. Why are you interested? You must have done a bit in the Legion.

RAFA

Yep, I've done a bit alright. C'mon, I'll take you to the gym and show you around... you'll like it.

INT. CARABANCHEL CORRIDORS AND STAIRWAYS - DAY - TRACKING

Don Rafael and Chancer walk briskly along dark corridors and up stairways. The sound of their footfalls echo. The gym duty screw opens the big steel gate and lets them in.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Chancer inspects judo mats as Don Rafael punches the heavy bag. Chancer calls across to him.

CHANCER

How often can I come here?

RAFA

(shadow boxes, grins)
Play your cards right and I'll see to it you get a job in here as the instructor.

CHANCER

What cards are you talking about?

RAFA

You'll see soon enough. Be patient. Next week. I'll bring you a track suit bottom and maybe a judo top.

(MORE)

RAFA (CONT'D)

I think there's a black belt lying around somewhere.

CHANCER

Don't get that; a black belt means fuck all in here, an old sweatshirt will do. What have I done to deserve this?

Their eyes lock as Rafa stands, arms akimbo. Aggressive.

RAFA

You think we don't know how many gypsies you've battered? You are surrounded by *chivatos*, y'know, grasses, informers. If you do anything you don't want the screws to hear about, you must make sure there are no Spaniards about. Anyway, there's more to it than that. I'll tell you when I know you better and that won't take long.

INT. CELL 98 - NIGHT

The bolt slides back on the cell door and it opens to reveal Rafa, the chief officer. Hassan and Tribak scramble off their beds and stand to attention. Rafa grins at Chancer.

RAFA

C'mon, grab your kit, I'm putting you in another cell... alone.

CHANCER

Where to?

RAFA

Next floor down, I have an empty cell for you. C'mon, quietly.

Rafa nods at the Arabs and Chancer's bedding and walks out. Chancer follows, carrying his few belongings.

The Arabs struggle through the doorway with the bedding.

INT. CELL 45 - NIGHT

The Arabs throw Chancer's bedding onto one of the two empty beds and straighten the bed clothes as Chancer dumps his kit on the table. Rafa beckons the Arabs to leave.

RAFA

Someone you know is being transferred to this wing. Let him share this cell with you, it is to your advantage... trust me.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Jogging around the yard, Chancer sees a familiar face. He recognizes KENNEDY, the short muscular man from Trinidad who he met at the loading docks in Morocco.

His cheeky black face breaks into a big grin as he spots Chancer. They converge and meet in the centre of the yard.

They shake hands vigorously and hug in a manly embrace.

KENNEDY

(Thick Caribbean accent)

I heard you was 'ere? What da fuck 'appened? Important peoples lookin' fer you... jobs waitin' to be done. Dey can't believe you got mixed up wid fuckin' Paco an' his crew.

Chancer tries to speak but Kennedy pre-empted him.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Which cell are you in, Bro? I think there might be room for me, yeah?

CHANCER

It's your lucky day, Mate.

KENNEDY

Great, Bro. I want in wid you. C'mon, let's tell the duty screw now, and then it's settled. C'mon!

INT. WING 5 OFFICE - DAY

Rafa enters Kennedy's name in cell 45 on the wall chart. Turning his head to look over his shoulder, he jerks his head, indicating they should go away.

RAFA

That's it, Kennedy. Now fuck off.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA - PRISON YARD - DAY

Chancer, Kennedy, Chinky, Lucky and Jake sit around a metal table sipping coffee. Chinky and Jake look intently at Kennedy, taking it all in.

KENNEDY

... an' da spick bastard called me Nigger, so I dropped him. Dat's why I'm here. He was the chief gypsy on cell block 7, so dey moved me here so I wouldn't get stabbed.

CHINKY

The gypsies here already talk 'bout you, so you ain't safe.

JAKE

(snide comment)

Yeah, they'll slide a spike into your fucking liver before the week is out.

CHANCER

(hotly replies)

Not if we stick together and kick the shit out of any fucker trying it on.

CHINKY

Kiko and his gang already brag 'bout how dey're gonna stab him.

CHANCER

Right, where are they?

Chinky twists on his seat and nods in the direction of strolling groups of men.

CHINKY

See the tall fella wid the long black hair? Dat's Kiko with his gang. Tattoo on 'is neck.

CHANCER

Okay, Kennedy, you put Kiko in the picture. We will take care of any backstabbers... move now.

All five move as one from the table and head for the gypsies in the yard.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

The five pals quickly move in amongst the gypsies. Kennedy confronts Kiko who is completely taken by surprise. Other gypsies in the yard notice and move in.

KENNEDY

Hey, Kiko. Stab me now - *hijo de puta!*

Chancer moves quickly to intercept the biggest gypsy and grabs his testicles and wind-pipe simultaneously. He executes a take-down technique then chokes him near to death as the gypsy voids his bladder.

Bolstered by reinforcements, Kiko lunges at Kennedy who bites into his face. Kiko screams in agony.

Gypsies hit the deck as Ali Saff bursts through the crowd punching through to join Chancer in the middle of it all.

Having the fight of their lives, the six men are joined by a seventh - VITO, an adonis with lustrous long black hair, reminiscent of Victor Mature. He pounds gypsy faces in rapid succession. Blood spurts all around as screws whistles blow.

The seven men break away from the crowd, and head to the four corners of the yard to stroll nonchalantly with the strolling inmates of the yard.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA - PRISON YARD - DAY

Chancer, Lucky and Kennedy sit at a table as Chinky and Jake arrive with two cups of coffee each. Jake passes one to Chancer as Chinky hands another to Kennedy and Lucky.

KENNEDY

You're gonna have to teach me some of dat karate shit.

CHANCER

I will, I'm getting a job in the gym if Rafael the screw is as good as his word.

KENNEDY

Er... I was gonna get you a morning job in the *zapateria* next week.

CHANCER

What's the *zapateria*? And how can you get me a job?

Kennedy rolls his eyes and looks like he wishes Jake, Lucky and Chinky weren't listening.

KENNEDY

It's the prison workshop where shoes are made.

He looks about him furtively as though others are eavesdropping.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I can fix it so you can do mornin's in da workshops and afternoons in da gym. You get good money in da workshops and it gets you out of dis fuckin' yard. Also, I'll introduce you to some good people who will smooth things for a nice ride through your bird; I'll tell you 'bout it tonight when we're in da cell.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Chancer, Kennedy, Lucky, Jake and Chinky stop eating as Ali Saff puts his food on the table and looks at Chancer.

ALI SAFF

May I?

Vito appears and puts his food next to Ali's on the table.

VITO

And me?

With his plastic fork, Chancer indicates for them to sit.

The dining hall fell to silence as the two men join Chancer, making the English table the most formidable in the hall.

INT. CELL 45 - NIGHT.

In the dim light of the cell, Kennedy looks over at Chancer as they lie on their beds. He's nearing the end of his tale.

KENNEDY

... and dat's it, Bro. All dese people are involved in da drugs racket. DON PABLO, da sub-director of da prison is da main man as far as you are concerned and he already knows 'bout you. I told him we go back a ways and we've worked together at sea.

CHANCER

Okay, that's fine. So he thinks I am going to work for him when I get out... together, me and you?

KENNEDY

Yeah, man. We can work togeder. We do nothing on da land; dey load da cargo, we sail it and dey unload it at de other end. A piece of piss, Bro. Dey're working on gettin' me out on bail right now so I can go to work for 'em. Dey'll be on your case next.

CHANCER

Who's they, exactly?

KENNEDY

Don Pablo's da real boss but da guys in Morocco do all da work. You prob'ly know Amer, da colonel. He works out of Nador. Big noise.

INT. ZAPATERIA WORKSHOP - DAY

Men stoop over workbenches manufacturing shoes, occasionally lifting their heads to peer at Chancer and Kennedy standing at the furthest bench away from the entrance. All of the men are Colombians, all 15 of them.

KENNEDY

Dis is your bench so don't allow
any fucker else to use it.

Turning to a dimly lit doorway, Kennedy nods at it.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

See dis 'ere door... you will be
able to make phone calls in dere
shortly. Pablo has given us a
mobile and it's hidden on de other
side of dat door. Dere's a
duplicate key hidden in your
workbench, so when coffee break
happens, we'll nip in an' you can
call your missus.

INT. ZAPATERIA WORKSHOP - DAY

The workers down tools and make for the exit to join the queue for coffee. Kennedy quickly gets the key to the storeroom and unlocks it.

Chancer and Kennedy slink inside and find the cellphone. Kennedy activates the phone and asks Chancer for Susan's number, punching it in as he spoke, then hands it to him.

KENNEDY

Dere ya go, it's ringin'. I'll be
outside, you've got five minutes.

Kennedy slinks out as Chancer listens eagerly.

INTERCUT - INT. ZAP' STOREROOM. #1. EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE. #2.

CHANCER #1

(into phone)

Hello Sweetheart, how's this for a
surprise?

SUSAN #2

(into phone)

Is that you, Babe? Oooh, it's so
good to hear your voice. Look, the
dogs are running in. They know I'm
talking to you! Oooh, how excited
we all are! How are you, Babe? Are
you alright?

CHANCER #1

Yeah, Babe, I'm fine, I'm fine, but how are you? Are you coping? Is everything alright? Do you need anything?

SUSAN #2

No, I'm OK if you're OK... but, errrm...

CHANCER #1

What is it? C'mon, Babe, I've only got seconds... what is it?

SUSAN #2

It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter... I'm alright.

CHANCER #1

Go on, tell me, I haven't got long, go on, tell me, Sweetheart, I can't be in here worrying about you!

SUSAN #2

It's the dutch guy next door, he keeps creeping around the fence looking at me, and the dogs don't like him... he squirted his hose-pipe over the dogs and then squirted me when I told him off.

Chancer panics as Kennedy urgently knocks the door to end the call. Internally freaking out, he speaks calmly.

CHANCER #1

OK, Sweetheart, I've got to go now, but I'll call you again soon. Don't worry about the guy next door; he's harmless, he's frightened of the dogs so don't worry about him.

SUSAN #2

Alright, Babe, don't worry about me, I've got the dogs. You just keep yourself fit and healthy for me. I love you forever, Chris. Love ya, love ya, love yaaaaa.

(hangs up)

Chancer grimaces as he sadly closes the phone and lets Kennedy in.

KENNEDY

C'mon, Bro, dey'll be back from coffee break in a minute.

CHANCER
 (animated, anxious)
 My next-door neighbor's a fucking
 perv! He's disturbing my Susan!

KENNEDY
 OK, Bro. Let Pablo take care of
 dis. You'll see how serious he is.
 I'll tell 'im now - today.

INT. CELL 45 - NIGHT

Chancer and Kennedy lie on their beds chatting.

KENNEDY
 Don Pablo will be in da workshop
 tomorrow and he will take you to
 his office so you can use da phone.

CHANCER
 Why's he doing that?

KENNEDY
 To make ya feel better 'bout being
 part of things and to prove dis
 ain't bullshit.

EXT. PEEPING TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

A car pulls into the gravel drive of the house and four big men get out, their boots crunching on the gravel as they approach the house.

The door flies open with the impact of the boot and three men enter as one man stands guard by the broken door.

Sounds of thumping and cries of pain bring a smile to the man guarding the door. His grin broadens with the sound of breaking furniture and glass. The men exit the house pushing Peeping Tom through the broken door toward the fence.

The biggest heavy drags him to the fence and shoves his face into the wire as the dogs arrive, barking and snapping.

HEAVY
 Take your last look at my pal's
 wife because one more peep out of
 you and you're fucking dead!

PEEPING TOM
 (screaming and crying)
 Don't let the dogs bite me, I won't
 look at her again, I promise, I
 promise! Pleeeeease!

Susan arrives, shocked at what she sees. She shouts the dogs to silence and makes them sit.

SUSAN
(shouting, anxious)
Sit! Sit! Down! NOW! Roxy - SIT!
What are you doing? Who are you?

HEAVY
We're friends of your husband. He
sent us here to deal with the
Peeping Tom. OK, you perv',
apologise to the lady now.

With hate in his eyes that only Susan can see, Peeping Tom whimpers but his eyes send Susan a different message.

PEEPING TOM
Please, please, I am very sorry.
You will never see me again.

Susan gathers the dogs and heads back to the house, a concerned expression on her face that the four big men didn't miss.

EXT. BOAT DECK AT SEA - NIGHT.

Four big men stand around the trussed, weighted Peeping Tom.

The gag is ripped off his mouth as he is heaved into the sea, which drowns the spine-chilling scream beneath the waves.

INT. ZAPATERIA WORKSHOP - DAY

Don Pablo enters the workshop as coffee break begins and indicates Chancer to follow him. Chancer catches up with him as they exit the workshop.

INT. DON PABLO'S OFFICE - DAY

In his plush office, Don Pablo points at his desk telephone.

DON PABLO - SUB DIRECTOR.
(in heavily accented
English))
You come highly recommended,
Christopher. We will talk after
speaking with your wife. Call her
now... you have ten minutes.

Don Pablo enters a side room as Chancer dials the phone.

CHANCER
Hello Sweetheart, guess what?

SUSAN (V.O.)

You guess what, Babe? Your friends have just left. The big fellow assures me the man next door will not disturb me again. There was four of them so our neighbour got a shock and a few bruises. We won't be seeing him again.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Chancer eats as Kennedy sits next to him with a worried expression on his face.

CHANCER

What's up with you?

KENNEDY

I needs a big favour of ya, Bro.

CHANCER

What the fuck is it?

KENNEDY

I wanna bring anudder fella into our cell. A very important fella.

CHANCER

(curses under his breath)

Who the fuck is it - the Director?

KENNEDY

No, ya funny fucker! But he is well connected in da prison an' we'll get all kinds of good things when he moves in. What do ya say?

CHANCER

You haven't told me who he is yet, you prick!

KENNEDY

Oh yeah. His name's ENRICO an' he's the richest an' most influential South American you'll ever meet.

Chancer eyeballs Kennedy, who shifts uncomfortably.

CHANCER

So why does he want to move in with us?

Kennedy is crestfallen at Chancer's snapping back at him and emits a groaning sigh. Chancer looks at him for a long moment then reluctantly smiles approval.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Okay, you twat! Where is he?

Kennedy's face breaks into an excited grin.

KENNEDY

He's in *ingreso*, the reception block.

CHANCER

What's he doing in there?

KENNEDY

Oh, it's political; he's been in dere fer months. He was a government minister but somehow he siphoned off millions of dollars an' shot over to Spain to spend it.

CHANCER

How did this rich, clever fella get caught?

KENNEDY

Well, nobody seemed to bother 'bout him until dey had a change of government; then some fucker decided to fuck 'im.

Kennedy holds Chancer's gaze, then in a more cheerful tone and wearing a big grin, hands Chancer a green apple.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

But I don't think he will be 'ere much longer, coz dere's new elections dis year an' da outcome looks set to be a highly desirable one fer 'im.

INT. CELL 45 - DAY

Chancer and Kennedy fit a bed on top of Kennedy's bed, making it into a double bunk, one atop the other.

KENNEDY

I think I'll let 'im sleep below; he's older dan me.

CHANCER

You suck-holing nob-licker. You'll be asking me to move so's he can have my bed.

KENNEDY

Dat did cross my mind actually, so...

CHANCER

Piss off!

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

The seven pals stroll around the yard going with the flow of the throng, chatting amiably when the prison tannoy crackles loudly, the duty prison officer puffs into the microphone.

DUTY SCREW (V.O.)

Kennedy - *oficina ahora.*

KENNEDY

Dat'll be Enrico. I'll call ya if I needs a hand wid 'is kit.

CHANCER

What fucking kit?

KENNEDY

This man's got everything: a telly, cooking kit...

CHANCER

Fucking cooking kit! What the fuck is he going to cook?

KENNEDY

Listen, Bro', you won't be eating in the *comedor* when Enrico gets organised. You'll enjoy fresh food brought in from da street.

As Kennedy trots away to the office, Jake steps closer to Chancer, concerned.

JAKE

Who the fuck is Enrico?

EXT. COFFEE SHOP AREA - DAY

Chancer, Chinky, Lucky, Vito, Ali Saff and Jake sit around the metal table sipping coffee as Kennedy arrives with an elegantly dressed middle-aged man who removes his Porche sunglasses with one hand as he extends the other for a handshake.

ENRICO

Thank you for allowing me to join you, Christopher. I will repay your kindness in due course.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Chancer and his group collect their food and head for the English table to eat the last meal of the day.

Several *Colombianos* call to Enrico to join them. He smiles and sits at the English table.

Piqued, somebody throws a bread roll and hits Jake's head, causing much hilarity.

JAKE

You fucking spick twat!

Jake quickly crosses to the Colombians and pounds the head of the thrower. The Colombians watch him return with hate filled eyes.

Chancer notices Kennedy's sparse tray.

CHANCER

You on a diet?

KENNEDY

Fuck dis shit... Dere's loadsa grub
in da cell.

CHANCER

What kind of grub?

KENNEDY

You'll see when we go up jus' now.

INT. GROUND FLOOR WING 5 - DAY

Chancer and his gang stroll amongst the shuffling horde of inmates waiting for the cells to open.

They are in the middle of a South American ambush.

JAKE

Watch out! The fuckers are all
around us!

Jake is the target and is surrounded by six men. Another twelve men move in fast. Furious, focused violence erupts as Chancer, Chinky, Lucky and Kennedy wade in.

Vito and Ali Saff crash through the onlookers and blood spurts as noses, throats and eyes are pounded by hard fists and boots.

Chancer head-butts, eye-gouges and punches face after face until it is over and grabs Enrico.

CHANCER

C'mon, Enrico, we're out of here!

Chancer hustles the shocked Enrico away from the melee and into the crowds of onlookers and barges his way through to distance themselves from the fast approaching screws.

INT. CELL 45 - DAY

A TV sits on a small bedside cabinet, two reading lamps are on the new table surrounded by three tubular chairs. Cardboard boxes are crammed under the beds and a bulging plastic bag sits on the toilet. A bright red carpet covers the floor.

CHANCER

We ain't gonna hear Herbie coming with that carpet, are we?

ENRICO

Who is Herbie, Christopher?

CHANCER

Our resident cockroach, he races around here like a fucking VW.

Kennedy excitedly produces tins of food from one of the boxes. He also produces a forbidden tin-opener and gives Enrico a chastising look.

KENNEDY

Hey, man, der's tinned fruit 'ere and packets of spaghetti. Fuck me! Look at dis: der's tins of salmon an' corn' fuckin' beef!

They set about organising the cell and stow Enrico's kit and lie on their beds watching TV. Kennedy is on the top bunk above Enrico, smirking down on Chancer.

CHANCER

You brown-nosed cunt.

Kennedy clambers down from his bunk.

KENNEDY

I'll fix supper. It looks like we's 'ere for de night. Dem screws'll keep us banged up till mornin' so fuck it, let's eat.

ENRICO

There's fresh bread and a tub of butter in that box there; we'll need to eat that first because I've ordered fresh for tomorrow.

(MORE)

ENRICO (CONT'D)

I've also arranged for new cooking equipment with Pablo, so that should also happen tomorrow.

CHANCER

Just what the fuck is going on with this fucking Pablo? And what cooking gear are you talking about?

ENRICO

(puzzled, prods Kennedy)
Have you not explained the situation with Pablo?

KENNEDY

Only about the telephone.

ENRICO

OK, Christopher. Pablo is my personal friend. We have been friends for a long time and we do business together outside. I can have almost anything I like from him; no questions asked from the screws. He knows all about yours and Kennedy's skills at sea and he has a stake in our future. So we must take advantage of his hospitality during our stay here.

INT. CELL 45 - DAY

Chancer awakes to cornflakes, fresh milk and a corned-beef sandwich.

CHANCER

I'm going down to see the others at the English table.

INT. ZAPATERIA WORKSHOP - DAY

Chancer glues soles on slippers as Kennedy approaches, grinning and rubbing his hands together in excitement.

CHANCER

What the fuck are you so pleased about? Are you getting out?

KENNEDY

Don Pablo jus' sent me round to tell you to start work in da gym disafternoon; but yeah, it looks like I'll be out soon. Is it still on for me an' my missus to stay at your house?

CHANCER

Yeah, you can live in one of the apartments - she knows you and your missus need a place, I think she's looking forward to your company. Whatever happens, you must never take shit to my house and apart from your missus, nobody else comes to my house... no fucker!

KENNEDY

No sweat, Bro. I'll weigh ya missus off wid half of any dosh I makes from your contacts and I'll have work ready for ya when ya gets out. Jus' keep Pablo an' Enrico sweet.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Don Rafael approaches the English table. Everybody stops eating and looks at him in silence.

RAFA

(speaks in German)

Come to my office when you finish eating that shit.

CHANCER

(answers in German)

I've finished. Shall I come now?

RAFA

Ja, jetzt.

Chancer gets up from the table and follows the screw.

INT. WING 5 OFFICE - DAY

Chancer sits facing Rafa across the office table.

RAFA

I hear you're Enrico's bodyguard; I bet you think Kennedy engineered that.

CHANCER

As it happens, you guessed right. Kennedy fixed it somehow.

RAFA

Somehow my arse! Me and Pablo fixed it, along with the job in the *zapateria*, and he told me today to put you in the gym, which I'd already fixed up for you anyway.

(MORE)

RAFA (CONT'D)

I'll take you to the gym later.
Fancy a coffee?

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Chancer, Rafa and three gym orderlies stand in a group chatting. Chancer shakes the hands of the orderlies then breaks off to wander over to the martial arts area.

He fetches a mop and bucket and starts mopping his area. Rafa exits the gym, chuckling.

RAFA

I'll come back for you during the
last session. Don't fucking kill
anyone... not till I get back.

Chancer mops as inmates pass by. They watch him curiously as they head for various bodybuilding apparatus.

Many eyes watch as he unhitches the heavy punch-bag, letting it fall to the floor with a loud thud. He kicks it over to the stack of judo mats.

ALI SAFF joins him as he soaps the punch-bag. He speaks in a gruff, Persian accent.

ALI SAFF

There are many stories about you,
my friend, but to me you look just
like a family man with children. I
believe you are more out of place
here than if you was on the moon.

CHANCER

That's right, Ali, but everything
has a reason, so bollocks.

Ali shifts to lean his elbows on the stack of judo mats, relaxing with his lower back against the pile he smiles.

ALI SAFF

I will be your first student, I am
looking forward to this.

CHANCER

So you should, it's for free. But
first you can help me clean the
mats... they're filthy.

Chancer nods at the judo mats, indicating he is about to clean them. They each grab an end.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Chancer teaches Ali a defense technique and Ali uses an empty plastic bottle as a practice weapon.

Other inmates gather round, curious as Chancer slams big Ali onto the mat.

Inmates gather around the mat the Combat Class begins.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) Chancer demonstrating shoulder throw with Ali Saff, Vito, Lucky and three other men.

B) Ten men practising wrist throws on the mat.

C) Group of 15 men practising kicks as a squad.

INT. WING 5 OFFICE - DAY

Rafa drops overflowing ashtrays into the waste basket and flings the basket out into the corridor.

He wafts thick tobacco smoke out of the door with an enormous Spanish fan then hangs it back on the wall.

An inmate brings cups of coffee, sets them down and goes out to clean up the waste basket. Chancer and Rafa sit alone.

RAFA

Pablo, the sub-director, asked how you was getting on in the gym.

CHANCER

Oh yeah, what did you tell him?

RAFA

Only that you are enjoying yourself. But what intrigues me is why he wants to know if you are playing with brown sugar. He's got a few of us looking out for you in case you're dealing or taking heroin. Why's that, do you think?

CHANCER

How would I know?

RAFA

Don't gimme that shit. He'll drop you like a turd the moment he hears you're playing with brown sugar or Charlie. Him and Enrico has got you and Kennedy lined up for something on the out.

CHANCER

I don't know what he has in mind
but if it means an easy ride
through this piss-hole, I'll go
along with anything they want.

RAFA

Right, then I'm gonna give you a
tip. Touch fuck all. Have nothing
to do with dealers and junkies. If
you need to earn some cash, I'll
get you some booze to sell. How do
you like that?

CHANCER

Fucking great! I wouldn't touch
brown sugar anyway, so there's no
need to waste energy in that
direction. And Charlie is a closed
shop with the South Americans. But
what do you want out of the deal?

Rafa leans forward across the desk, thrusts his face into
Chancer's, meaningfully eyeballing him.

RAFA

I want to come with you when you
get out. I know your future is full
of adventure at sea and there will
be buckets full of *dinero* and I
want some of that life and you can
give it to me. Carabanchel closes
this year and some of us are not
welcome in other prisons, so I'm
taking the handshake.

CHANCER

Good for you, but I don't know how
long I'll be locked up for yet.

RAFA

No matter what happens, you will
not do more than two years. But
with Pablo and Enrico on your case
you will get bail soon. They fixed
it for Kennedy - you're next. What
do you say to having me on board?

His eyes search Chancer's for any hint of doubt.

CHANCER

You'll do well. You'll get rich and
have more adventure than you can
shake a stick at. You'll think
you're back in the legion.

Rafa thrust his hand out. They vigorously shake hands.

INT. WING EXIT GATE - DAY

Chancer hugs Kennedy goodbye as the duty screw opens the gate. Kennedy grabs his bags and walks out.

CHANCER

Use those contacts I gave you and don't get caught.

KENNEDY

Keep da faith, Bro. I'll be here to pick you up in a few months.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

Chancer's group are all busy eating and talking. Lucky picks his moment and talks low through the side of his mouth.

LUCKY

I's gerrin' bail soon, prob'ly after you. I wants wid you when I gets out. Dat OK wid you?

CHANCER

Tell me how you got caught again.

INT. CELL 45 - DAY

Enrico packs his kit into separate piles on his bed.

ENRICO

There you are, Christopher. You can have that pile, I don't need any of that stuff. I don't want any reminders of this evil pit.

CHANCER

Thanks, Enrico. I'll share it with the boys on our table. They're going to miss you.

ENRICO

They're gonna miss you too when you go... not long now my friend. Our lawyers will soon get you out. GABRIEL is very influential. Oh, and stay close to Don Rafael, Rafa is reliable and will see you safely out of here... and then you can look after him and have him as your right hand.

INT. PRISON COMMUNICATION BLOCK - DAY

Looking at each other through a glass partition and speaking into handsets, Gabriel, the lawyer, a 35-ish dark, handsome man, wearing an elegant business suit and a striking Masonic ring, talks quietly into the handset with Chancer.

GABRIEL

... and like Kennedy, our firm will pay the bail. You will work out of Nador with Colonel Amer, no others. You will have accounts here in Spain and another in Liechtenstein. Stick to the rules and you will live to be rich... Christopher.

CHANCER

Who is actually paying my bail?

GABRIEL

No one person is paying your bail - the firm, our group is paying it and that is all you need to know. The next time you see me is when I come here to escort you out.

CHANCER

What about my passport?

GABRIEL

The police have that, along with your various licenses. I will give you passable documents when I get you out. Oh, another thing - stay close to Don Rafael and avoid your codefendants... especially Paco.

MONTAGE. SEQUENCE OF EVENTS LEADING TO FREEDOM.

Action 1. Chancer teaches inmates martial arts in the gym.

Action 2. He quietly works at his bench in the *zapateria*.

Action 3. Chancer happily talks with Susan on Pablo's phone.

Action 4. Chancer's farewell to his prison pals.

Action 5. Carrying his bag, he finally closes his cell door.

EXT. CARABANCHEL PRISON GATES - DAY

Chancer walks out of the prison gates into the sunshine.

Rafa opens the car door and rushes around to shake his hand.

RAFA

Welcome to freedom, Boss.

Rafa picks up Chancer's bag and puts it on the back seat as Gabriel appears with a sheaf of papers - concentrating.

GABRIEL

Take these, they are your bail papers, just in case you get stopped anytime. This is your driving license and skipper's ticket and this passport is only good for a casual stop. If it gets scanned you'll be arrested. Here is your train ticket to Malaga and here's some money. Good luck.

Chancer joins the grinning Rafa in the car and drives away.

INT. CAR - DOWNTOWN MADRID.

Rafa threads through traffic into the railway station.

RAFA

... and I will join you at the end of the month when I finish here. Oh, I heard this morning your pal Lucky gets bail next week.

EXT. MALAGA RAILWAY STATION - DAY

Crowds of people wait on the station platform as the train stops and doors open. The noise and excitement is contagious as Chancer peers out of the window.

Stepping from the train he jostles people around him as he cuts a swathe through the happy crowds to find the exit.

He looks wildly about him - searching, searching. He catches a glimpse of blonde hair amongst the mass of faces.

Time stands still in the moment of recognition. Her blue eyes gush with tears as they embrace, oblivious of the crowd around them.

SUSAN, the beautiful blue-eyed, blonde wife clings to Chancer and tries to talk and kiss all at the same time.

SUSAN

Hug me, hold me tight, kiss me, Babe. Keep our hearts together just for another moment. I've missed you so much.

Chancer drops his bag and with both arms pulls his wife even closer in their moment of enchantment.

CHANCER

I have missed you so much,
Sweetheart. Stay right there, Babe,
so we can repair our broken hearts.

After moments of love and endearments Chancer picks up his bag, grabs her hand and heads for the exit.

INT/EXT. CAR - COASTAL HIGHWAY - DAY

Susan drives cautiously through busy Spanish traffic as Chancer relaxes and talks happily about home.

CHANCER

I can't wait to see the dogs, Babe.
I hope they remember me after the
time in prison.

SUSAN

Oh, they'll remember you alright. I
talked for hours every day about
you... and I told them you're
coming home today, so they're
waiting for you.

Chancer claps and rubs his hands together in glee and anticipation and laughs heartily.

CHANCER

OK, Sweetheart, tell me what we're
eating when we get home. Christ,
I'm hungry!

SUSAN

You'll have to wait to see that as
well... it's a surprise so don't
ask again, just be patient, Babe.

EXT. THEIR COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Three big dogs run rings around the car as it pulls into the car park. They yelp and yap excitedly as Chancer gets out.

Chancer laughs loudly and greets his beloved dogs as he bends to ruffle each of them all at the same time.

He rolls onto the grass verge to wrestle and hug his dogs in the great moment and excitement of their reunion.

Kennedy appears next to the happy group.

KENNEDY

Welcome home, Bro, gizza hug afore
da dogs lick ya to death.

Chancer scrambles to his feet and embraces Kennedy with a manly hug and lots of back slapping.

CHANCER

Good to see you, Bro... everything alright mate? Your missus, Belen, is she alright?

KENNEDY

Yeah, man, everyt'ings jus' cool... 'specially now you're 'ere. I've got all kindsa shit ta tell ya. But dat can wait till we'se 'ad our party an' you've met da boys.

CHANCER

What fucking boys? What party?

Susan appears and wags her finger at Kennedy.

SUSAN

Don't you dare tell him anything. Go on, back to your wife. I want time with my man before I have to share him with you lot. C'mon, Babe, it's bath time.

INT. CHANCER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He stands naked as he looks at his black belt with four crimson stripes embroidered on the end of it hanging on the wall.

His black karate *gi* hangs on the wall with photos of himself and Susan placed in sync around it, with smoking joss sticks and a fragrant oil burner set to make it look like a shrine.

She stands behind him looking at his hard body. His biceps and triceps bulge massively and his abdominal muscles are striated with sinew and muscle. She sees a scar on his leg.

SUSAN

What happened to your leg?

Ignoring her question he looks lovingly at her.

CHANCER

How long has this lot been hanging here? It looks clean and new.

SUSAN

Since the day you went to prison. What happened to your leg?

CHANCER

Oh, Babe, I'm so proud of you. The way you have looked after everything and kept our home in such beautiful condition. I can't love you more than I do but I feel I need to make your pedestal just that little bit higher.

SUSAN

What happened to your leg?

EXT, SWIMMING POOL AND BBQ AREA - NIGHT.

Flamenco guitarists strum dramatically as happy couples jokingly try to imitate the dance. Fairy lights are strung all around the pool and add atmosphere to the party.

The bell at the bottom of the drive keeps ringing as friends and associates join the party. Amongst them are men later known as SCHULTZ, a German marine engineer; MARIANO, a mixed race boat salesman; DREW, a Moroccan hashish grower and LITO, from La Linea, who have all joined the homecoming party bearing gifts for Susan.

Kennedy is in charge of the smoking BBQ and BELEN, his wife, is busy charging glasses with champagne. She laughs a lot.

BELEN

Lovely jubbly! C'mon, drink up, we have plenty of bottles on ice.

Drew, the elegantly dressed Moroccan raises his glass. The men sitting next to him, Mariano and Schultz, raise their glasses in a toast to Chancer.

SUPER: THREE WEEKS LATER.

INT. MUSTANG SALLY'S BAR - EVENING.

Chancer greets Rafa and Lucky as pre-arranged. Meaningful handshakes and backslapping as they take a table near the juke-box.

RAFA

Gabriel fixed it so Lucky travelled down from Madrid with me... he gave us enough money to pay for digs.

Lucky fetches drinks from the bar, grinning and happy.

LUCKY

I hope we'se not working tomorra, coz I'm gerrin pissed an' I'm gonna find me a woman.

CHANCER

Relax, Lucky. I've got you each an apartment just around the corner and you've got a couple of days to settle in and then a week or so to recce the beaches.

EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY.

With a map spread on the Range Rover bonnet, Chancer scribbles a note as Rafa reads the numbers from a hand held GPS as Lucky, waist deep in the sea, shouts to them.

LUCKY

No rocks, no ledges, just soft sandy gravel. Jus' right, Boss.

CHANCER

OK, Lucky, get dressed, we gotta recce the routes out of here.

Lucky pulls on dry shorts as Chancer and Rafa gaze through binoculars at the high ground behind them.

RAFA

It looks good, Boss. The highway runs behind those hills so we can't be seen from the road.

Chancer pans to the east and grunts.

CHANCER

Yeah, but we can't see anyone turning into the approach tracks to the beach... especially if they turn off their lights.

RAFA

So what're we gonna do?

CHANCER

Put a man on the road with a phone... C'mon, let's go find the spot for him.

With Rafa at the wheel and Chancer reading the map, they drive along the beach and check each of the three approach tracks from the highway.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Perfect! Good escape routes... now let's go find the spot for the lookout.

MONTAGE: SEQUENCE OF SMUGGLING EVENTS.

Action 1: Arabs load bales of hashis onto beached Rib.

Action 2: Chancer, alone at sea in high speed Rib, night.

Action 3: Chancer hitting the beach with cargo of hashish.
Beach team unload cargo.

Action 4: Chancer and Gabriel celebrate successful voyages
with champagne in posh hotel.

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER.

EXT. SPANISH HOLIDAY RESORT BEACH - DAY

The holiday season is in full swing and it is hot and sunny with noisy kids playing beach games and buzzing jet-skis whizzing all along the sea shore.

Chancer talks to DREW, the elegantly dressed Moroccan as they drink beer al fresco whilst glimpsing semi naked tourists. They make eye contact over the rims of their glasses.

Chancer rubs the bottom of his cold glass along the Yin-Yang tattoo on his forearm, he raises the glass back to his mouth and talks into it; his eyes focused on Drew's eyes.

CHANCER

Gimme the GPS coordinates and the telephones tomorrow at the boat yard and make sure the rendezvous is one mile offshore at midnight. If your gang ain't there with one tonne of shit I will return to Spain and kick the living shit out of you. D'you understand me?

Drew, sweating profusely, talks into his beer glass as he breaks his gaze from Chancer to ogle the nearby naked breasts of a gorgeous blonde girl.

DREW

My family in Morocco will be there, my friend. Please do not threaten me, I have never let you down.

CHANCER

Mohammed Rubio let me down last week... another fucking rag-head waster. All mouth and brilliantine.

DREW

Yes, I know, but he paid you compensation so do not complain too loudly.

CHANCER

I don't want compensation I want a tonne of shit! A tonne of shit is worth a darn sight more than a few free kilos.

Drew eases himself out of the chair and beckons the waiter.

DREW

Yes, well, tomorrow night you will have it. Now I must go and prepare.

Drew fumbles change from his pocket and gives the waiter a handful of coins and orders another beer for Chancer.

DREW (CONT'D)

OK, I'll see you tomorrow... usual time?

INT. NOISY BEACH BAR - NIGHT.

Tipsy girls dance lewdly around Chancer as he huddles around a table with Lucky and Rafa.

RAFA

So the first choice is Algorrobo beach. That's good, there's three escape routes from there...

LUCKY

Worrif da cops is about?

CHANCER

Call me and tell me what you see. Make sure you only talk for ten seconds then I'll tell you to go to number two or number three beach. As long as I hit the beach before dawn we'll be fine.

LUCKY

We'll see you at da farmhouse after you park da boat, yeah?

Chancer fixes him a scowl.

CHANCER

How many times have I got to go over this plan? You know what to do, you know all the escape routes, you know the three beach landing locations, the garages to hide in if there's a problem... yes, at the farmhouse.

Chancer downs his drink in one, gets up to go and scowls at Lucky and Rafa.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Don't fuckin' hang in here tonight.
Piss off home and get some kip...
now! You're gonna be up all night
tomorrow. I need you fresh.

EXT. BEACH BOATYARD - DAY

Chancer secures his drinking water and cooler box to his seat in the RIB (rigid inflatable boat), which is on a launch trailer hitched to a tractor on the beach. Drew approaches, reaches up and hands him a plastic bag.

DREW

The GPS and two phones are in the bag. The coordinates are punched into the GPS and the numbers for Omar are in the black phone. My number is in the white phone, so call me when you're unloaded in Spanish waters and we'll recover the boat and get ready for the next cargo... hopefully, at the weekend.

CHANCER

OK, mate, wait while I check these coordinates with my chart.

Chancer crosses the deck to his sea chart on the helm. Comparing the GPS with the chart, Chancer nods.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Yep, smack on for Capa Negro, mate... just make sure the bastards are there at midnight.

Drew pats the twin 250HP Yamaha outboard motors and then shields his eyes from the sun dipping behind the mountains as he looks up at Chancer. The tractor roars into life so Drew has to shout.

DREW

Don't worry, they'll be there...
inshalla.

The tractor pushes the launch trailer into the sea and the RIB floats free from the trailer. Chancer starts the engines with a loud roar, he waves at Drew and heads out to sea.

Drew, arms akimbo, watches as the RIB accelerates and creates a billowing wake flashing in the last of the evening sunlight. A banshee wail as the screaming engines gather speed and Chancer wanes to the horizon and disappears.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT.

The RIB scuds across the swells, its wake reflecting the starlight, there is no moon. Chancer leans into the breeze, staring ahead looking for debris; he is in the shipping lanes and he narrowly misses baulks of timber floating to starboard. The rush of adrenalin makes him shout.

The cascading wake and roar of the engines dissipate into silence and darkness as small waves lap against the side of a floating, semi submerged steel container in the swells.

EXT. OFFSHORE MOROCCO - NIGHT.

Chancer checks the GPS and cuts the motors. Riding the swells in silence he scans the shoreline. Small bbq fires and motor car headlights shine all along the shoreline.

He strains his eyes looking for patrol boats and listens carefully for engine noises in the darkness.

The cellphone rings and he fishes it out of the plastic bag.

CHANCER

Where are you, OMAR, you wog bastard? It's midnight and you should be here loading my boat!

OMAR (V.O.)

A change of plan, my friend... you must come ashore for your cargo. Do you see the lights of the car on the beach?

CHANCER

I see the lights of many cars on the beach, you twat! Get my fuckin' cargo out here now or I fuck off back to Spain and kill your useless fuckin' brother.

OMAR (V.O.)

Listen carefully, my friend. I will give you the new coordinates and you can come ashore at the correct spot... *inshalla*.

CHANCER

Shove your coordinates up your wog arse, Omar, I'm going back to Spain... Fuck you! Adios!

OMAR (V.O.)

No, no, you cannot go! I have a tonne here ready for you. It is here, sitting on the beach.

CHANCER

I am switching this phone off now
and if you are not here in half an
hour... I'm off!

He switches the phone off and reaches for his cooler box and takes out chocolate biscuits and a bottle of Coca Cola. Alert, he scans around for patrol boats as he eats.

The silence breaks with the hiss of the opening bottle, but beyond that is the swish of a dorsal fin and the louder splash of a swishing tail. Chancer gags on the Coca Cola.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

He peers at the swirling dark waters but sees nothing. Sitting on the jockey seat biting a biscuit, he is jolted forward as the boat is rocked by something in the sea. He looks about him in trepidation.

He is jolted by another bump at the bow. Leaping forward and leaning precariously over the bow sponson, he laughs.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Ah, the angels of the sea! Hello,
my friends! Have a biscuit, I don't
have any fish for you today.

He throws biscuits into the sea as the surface breaks and swirls with excited dolphins. Throwing more food, he calls to them in a calm voice.

He waves his arms and points out to sea. The dolphins ease slowly away seaward as the thump of a diesel is heard approaching from the shore. He waits in trepidation to confirm the silhouette is not a patrol boat.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT.

A Moroccan fishing boat is tied alongside the RIB and the last of the hashish bales are being stowed. The Arabs are loading 20ltr containers of fuel around the stern as Chancer frantically trims his craft, shouting all the time.

CHANCER

You useless raghead bastards! I am
over an hour late now! Careful with
that fuckin' petrol, you lot.

Chancer struggles with bales as the Arabs cast off. He stows the bales, cursing to himself.

He pours fuel into the tank and throws the containers overboard. They float towards the shore as he starts the motors and turns into the wind. Checking the compass and the stars he roars into the night, his face thrust into the wind.

LATER:

Chancer roars into a thick sea mist, muttering.

CHANCER (CONT'D)
 Fuckin' hell! That's all I need, a
 sea mist in the shipping lanes.
 Stay with me, Lord of the Universe,
 I need you now.

Checking the compass, he brings the RIB to north as he peers intently ahead.

He throttles back as he sails into calmer waters. A pod of dolphins break the surface to starboard.

CHANCER (CONT'D)
 Hello, Angels! I'll follow you till
 I clear the shipping lanes and get
 out of this fog.

The RIB lurches wildly as it hits a bow wave. He hears the rumbling of a passing ship ahead of him.

The rumblings diminish as he steers through the wake. The stars reappear as he exits the sea mist and he sees the lights of passing ships heading west.

Checking compass and GPS, he adjusts the steering and opens the throttle. A dolphin silently watches the RIB disappear into the starry night, phosphorescent starlight reflecting off the wake.

EXT. OFFSHORE SPAIN - NIGHT

Chancer slows down to lessen his wake and heads inshore. Scanning ahead in the poor light of pre dawn, his cell phone rings.

CHANCER
 What's up?

LUCKY (V.O.)
 All clear, Boss.

CHANCER
 Get off the fuckin' line now, you
 dopey sod!

LUCKY (V.O.)
 But yer a bit late an' we...

CHANCER
 Get off the fuckin' line!

He closes the phone and scans around. The coast is clear. Checking the GPS, he opens the throttle slightly, checks his wake and adjusts steering and heads straight for the beach.

EXT. ALGAROBBO BEACH - NIGHT (PRE DAWN)

Cutting the motors he raises them on their risers to clear the bottom as the keel rides the gravel and the bow crunches into the sandy beach. Two figures loom out of the darkness, jump aboard and start tossing bales onto the beach.

CHANCER
Where's the truck?

RAFA
Over there on the track. This sand is too soft.

CHANCER
OK, the coast is clear but it's getting light so I'll give you a hand. C'mon, move it.

The RIB lies empty as the three men run back and forth with bales of hashish. Job done, they dash to the RIB and Chancer clambers aboard as the others shove it away from the beach.

Chancer lowers the engines, starts them and slowly heads out to sea. No wake and hardly any noise as dawn breaks. He watches his men run back to the truck and drive away.

INT/EXT. TRUCK LEAVING BEACH - DAY (DAWN)

Rafa drives along the track to join the highway. The truck is hidden from view by trees and shrubbery on each side of the track.

Headlights break the poor light of dawn on the highway to their front.

LUCKY
Fuckin' hell! what's dat fuckin' jeep doin'? It's fuckin' racin'!

RAFA
Fuck all, Lucky. He hasn't seen us yet an' he's goin' too fast.

Nearing the T-junction, the jeep flashes across their front at high speed.

LUCKY
I didn' see any uniforms... warrif it's da secret police? I bet dey've seen Chancer. Look, 'e's jus' coastin' along out der.

RAFA

Well if it is he'll blame you for
usin' the fuckin' phone.

EXT. OFFSHORE ALGAROBBO BEACH - DAY

Chancer heads south away from the beach. He sees the headlights moving fast along the road, passing the unseen truck. He swings the boat due east parallel with the beach. Spurting a high flying wake the roaring engines invite the jeep to follow, away from his men.

INT/EXT. TRUCK LEAVING BEACH - DAY

The truck ticks over quietly in the weak light of dawn.

LUCKY

Fuck! Dey's after 'im awright.

Rafa selects first gear and creeps forward, scanning up and down the highway. Turning onto the highway he flicks on the lights and heads in the opposite direction to the jeep.

RAFA

We need to get to the *finca*,
rapido. This area will get busy in
a few minutes.

INT/EXT. POLICE JEEP - DAY

Three men in plain clothes concentrate on the speeding RIB. One of them speaks rapidly into a microphone as the other drives like a racing driver. The man in the rear seat AIMS his pistol at Chancer, mouthing, bam, bam and blows imaginary gun smoke away.

EXT. OFFSHORE ALGAROBBO BEACH - DAY

Chancer pulls down the peak of his Afrika Korps hat and pulls over the hood of his parka, hiding his face. Glancing out to sea in the half light of dawn, he sees a mist towards the horizon. Steering in a long arc to starboard he speeds away from his pursuers, heading for the mist.

LATER:

Roaring into the mist, he steers due east paralleling the coast. He tightens the hood of the parka as the cold mist envelopes him. His face into the wind, adrenalin pumps as he hurtles through the mist blindly at 50 knots.

LATER:

Silence, as the RIB bobs lightly in the calm water and Chancer finishes cleaning the deck. The last remaining 20ltr container floats empty into the mist as he checks his GPS.

Fishing out a cellphone from a plastic bag he hits the digits and scans about him as he listens to the phone.

CHANCER

Drew? Pick me up at number six in an hour. Drive the trailer into the water, I'll drive straight onto it. Don't forget the tarp.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A Land Rover parked up to its axles in the sea with a submerged boat trailer, jolts slightly as the RIB collides with the skids on the trailer. Chancer steadies himself and cuts the motors. Drew nimbly hooks up the winch as Chancer tilts the motors.

DREW

Looks like you was busy... I saw two patrol boats earlier and the police are everywhere further down the coast.

CHANCER

Hurry up with that fuckin' winch. Where's the tarp?

The Land Rover pulls the tarped-up RIB and trailer off the beach onto the highway to join the traffic going east.

INT/EXT. LAND ROVER - COASTAL HIGHWAY - DAY

A Jeep with three men inside pulls out into the line of traffic several cars behind the Land Rover.

CHANCER

Go to Schultz's workshop, he can service the RIB. I'll take a shower and then we'll go home. I'm shagged!

DREW

Where is the cargo?

CHANCER

With Lucky and Rafa. Why?

DREW

I asked because of the situation along the coast. I am concerned because of all the activity.

CHANCER

Yes, and who is responsible for me being late? If my men get caught because of your worthless brother making me late, I'll kill him.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Sweating, Lucky and Rafa shrink-wrap slabs of hashish. The room is full with bales of hashish and the two men work feverishly with the hissing packing machine.

LUCKY

Da boss shoulda' been 'ere before now. Mebbie I ought'a ring 'im.

RAFA

Don't touch that fuckin' phone. He'll show up. This fuckin' lot has to be ready before morning, so he'll be here soon enough.

The phone rings. Lucky answers.

LUCKY

(into phone)

Yeah, we'se neely finished. OK, I'll come an' open da gate.

EXT. FARMHOUSE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Lucky closes the big iron gate behind the car as it wheel spins up the drive. Chancer smiles at the rear-view as gravel bounces off Lucky.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Lucky and Rafa stack boxes of sealed hashish.

CHANCER

OK, that's good. Now get a quick shower and we'll go for a pint and some grub. Change your clobber, you stink like hell!

They pull off their surgical gloves and bin them.

RAFA

Great! I could eat a camel between two pissed mattresses. And a few beers will go down very well.

LUCKY

War'appened widda cops? I reckons dey was secret police.

CHANCER

Yeah, they were Old Bill alright. I wonder what stirred them up? Probably some black scar-faced twat with a phone.

LUCKY

Aw, fuckin'ell! Don't blame me. You was late, mebbie dey clocked you far out to sea an' guessed you was comin' ashore... dey didn' see us else dey woulda nabbed us.

CHANCER

Hmm, a bit strange because according to my mate there was something happening miles away down the coast that took all their manpower and their patrol boats. Anyway, just get washed and dressed, I'm parched.

INT. SPANISH VILLAGE BAR - NIGHT.

Chancer and his men sit at a table drinking beer in the murky bar as noisy locals sit at nearby tables playing *pachis*, a dice game. Cigarette smoke swirls all around them.

A dark beautiful girl sits on Lucky's lap drooling in his ear as he gropes up her skirt and stage whispers to Rafa.

LUCKY

I'll take 'er out to da car in a minute an' 'ave some fun.

CHANCER

If you're going do what I think you're going to do; hurry up.

Lucky nudges Rafa and smirks.

LUCKY

Hey, Rafa, ya can 'ave 'er after me if ya fancies a bit.

RAFA

You gotta be fuckin' joking pal. She'll be no use to anyone after you've ruined her hole!

Chancer gets up and walks across the dimly lit bar room to stand next to a tall man called ANDO, propping up the bar.

CHANCER

The gate will open at six o'clock.

ANDO

I'll be there... usual drill?

Chancer picks up a tray of beers and winks at Ando.

EXT. SPANISH VILLAGE BAR - NIGHT.

A jeep is parked in the shadows further up the street. The three men inside observe the jigging car as Lucky shags the girl on the rear seat.

INT. SPANISH VILLAGE BAR - NIGHT.

In the dim light of the bar, a young Spaniard leans into Chancer and whispers in his ear.

Chancer goes over to Ando and whispers instructions, Ando quickly slinks through the back door without a word, cigarette smoke swirling after him as Lucky and the disheveled girl enter happy and laughing.

CHANCER

Where's your fuckin' phone?

The smile gone from his face, Lucky hands over the phone. Chancer strides across to the young Spaniard, gives him the phone, whispers and shoves him toward the rear door.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

You two, make your way up to Paco's place and stay there till I send for you. The Old Bill are out front so get through the back door and up the hill - now! Fuckin' move!

EXT/INT. CAR OUTSIDE SPANISH VILLAGE BAR - NIGHT.

In the darkness, Chancer switches off the courtesy light in the car and sneaks out as the girl bounces up and down on the rear seat. He blends into the shadows and disappears as the car shakes at the kerb-side.

EXT. FARMHOUSE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Ando drives the big articulated truck through the gates and up the drive as Chancer closes them behind him.

The truck halts beside the farmhouse and Ando cuts the motor. He climbs down from the cab, walks to the rear of the big rig and pulls open the big doors.

INT. REFRIGERATED TRAILER - DAY

The false bulkhead of the trailer is opened and Chancer and Ando pack the boxes of hashish into the specially made cavity, perfectly carpentered to house the boxes.

CHANCER

Right, that's one tonne exactly.
Make sure the pallets of onions
don't get bashed into that woodwork
when they're loading... You got a
bag for me?

ANDO

Yeah, Boss. Here it is.

Ando pulls up a floor panel as Chancer lifts out a suitcase, checks the locks and feels the weight of it.

CHANCER

Feels OK, looks OK. Hang a minute
before you go for the onions.

Chancer lugs the case to the tailgate and jumps down. He jiggles the numbers on the locks and opens it enough to see inside. He pulls out a wad of notes and hands it to Ando.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

I know Kurt pays you well, but I
like to get you a drink.

ANDO

Thanks, Boss. I'll go and get the
onions now. They're in Malaga

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Chancer leans on stacks of banknotes as he closes his phone. Lucky and Rafa stash banknotes into sports bags.

He looks around him at the debris on the floor and scowls at the mess of hessian and plastic wrappings.

CHANCER

That jeep is worryin' me. Get this
place clean now and close it up.
Burn everything and hose through
here.

Chancer's cell phone rings. He grunts into it and closes it.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

That was Schultz, the RIB's ready.
We'll take the truck over there and
take the RIB down to Mariano's
place in Duquesa. C'mon, hurry up!

The men start cleaning. Chancer's phone rings.

CHANCER (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Is that you, Drew? (awkward beat)
 OK, meet me at the bar next door to
 Mariano's yard at four... it better
 be important... OK?

INT. RESTAURANT BAR IN DUQUESA - DAY.

Chancer props up the bar and looks up as the clock strikes four. He downs his drink in one and heads for the door. As he reaches the door, Drew enters with two men: one a Moroccan called MOHAMED OUASSINI and the other is Kennedy.

CHANCER
 You know the rules, mate. If you
 can't make it to a meet on time,
 you won't be at the fuckin' beach
 on time will you, and I'll be
 bobbing up and down in my boat like
 a lemon!

Exasperated, Drew turns on his companions angrily.

DREW
 Now you know why I broke all the
 speed limits. Remember that!

Kennedy shakes Chancer's hand and give him a manly hug.

KENNEDY
 Yer norrin de army now, Bro. C'mon,
 lighten up. Dis 'ere is Ouassini...
 Mo to 'is pals.

OUASSINI
As-salam alaycum, Mister Chancer.
 Nice to meet you again, I have
 heard so much about you since we
 last met, my friend.

CHANCER
Walaycum as-salam, Ouassini. What
 can I do for you?

They all take a seat at the furthest corner table in the empty restaurant. Drew goes to the bar for drinks.

KENNEDY
 Yer gonna like dis, Bro. A new RIB,
 a new contract an' twenty tonnes to
 shift from El Jebha... piss easy!

CHANCER

There's nothing piss easy about El fuckin' Jebha. Fuckin' miles of fishing nets and navy patrols. Besides, I'm busy... very busy. You know we have a job for Pablo and Gabriel next week and nothing can interfere with that.

Drew returns with a tray of drinks. He sits wringing his hands and looking worried. He looks meaningfully at Chancer.

DREW

Ouassini has taken over the contracts out of Ketama.

CHANCER

So what? How does that affect us?

OUASSINI

(butts in sharply)

It does not affect you personally. You can still take your cargoes, but it is I who says when and where. But I am not here to discuss that, I need to discuss a new contract with you... the first of many, you will be very rich.

Chancer looks at the grinning Kennedy menacingly. The grin disappears, replaced with a wary expression.

CHANCER

What've you got to do with this? You know we are tied up with Pablo and Gabriel.

KENNEDY

Mo axed me to gerra new RIB to take a two tonnes cargo an' a good skipper. So 'ere we are. Pablo won't know 'bout dis job.

CHANCER

What about you, Drew, are you happy with this? And your family, are they happy? What about your brother, Omar and his acres of happy herb, is he happy?

DREW

Omar and my family are being paid to harvest and they are well, thank you. It means things are different now, but we will all make a living.

CHANCER

(angry at Kennedy)

And what about Pablo? We're taking a risk doing a bit on the side with Drew's family. And now you bring this fella in the mix. Too risky.

KENNEDY

Lissen, Bro. You've got me, Rafa an' Lucky. If we ain't back in time for Pablo's job, Lucky an' Rafa can do it. Dis is too good to turn down. You can plan dis one, Bro.

Ouassini mutters rapid Arabic to Drew who gets up to walk away. Chancer looks up and angrily hisses.

CHANCER

Where're you goin'?

DREW

To order some food.

CHANCER

Sit down you prick, you are part of my team, you are my recovery man, you're my fuckin' eyes an' ears. Who the fuck wants food now?

Chancer talks through gritted teeth to Ouassini and Kennedy.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Right, tell me all about it an' I'll tell you if I'm playing.

EXT. PUERTO DUQUESA MARINA - DAY

A crane lowers a RIB into the water next to the fuel pumps. A tall man, MARIANO, fills up the fuel tank (automatically), as he clears the slings and waves away the truck and crane.

A loud click and the tank is full. Mariano secures the filler cap, turns the key and starts the twin Suzuki EFI 225HP engines, hangs the fuel pump and walks away.

Two men slink out of a nearby Range Rover wearing Raybans and pulled down peaked Afrika Korps hats; unrecognisable. Passing Mariano, Chancer high-fives him.

MARIANO

Suerte, bon voyage!

Chancer and Kennedy leap onto the jockey seats and the RIB slips away smoothly and quietly.

Passing through the marina entrance, Chancer opens the throttle and the wake flies high as the RIB accelerates into the open sea en-route Morocco.

EXT. OFFSHORE MOROCCO - NIGHT.

Checking his GPS, Kennedy nudges Chancer and shouts.

KENNEDY

Two minutes to RV!

CHANCER

Yeah, look at all those fires and headlights flashing all over the show... looks like there's a fiesta or something going on.

Chancer cuts the throttle so the engines burble quietly. Cooking fires burn all along the beach 2 kilometers away. Kennedy picks one of the phones from a plastic bag and punches the buttons.

KENNEDY

(into phone)

You need to come out, Mo. Dere's a million fires on da fuckin' beach!

LATER:

A wooden fishing boat looms out of the darkness with a gang of locals on board yelling greetings in Arabic. Ouassini steps nimbly onto the RIB and the fishing boat disappears.

OUASSINI

I will take it in. This is my village... move over please.

Chancer gets out of the seat and Ouassini excitedly gets in.

CHANCER

OK, Mo. Take it easy, she's fast.

Chancer and Kennedy hang on to the helm rails as Ouassini opens the throttle and the RIB hurtles forward away from the busy beach.

Parallel with the beach, the RIB speeds into a remote area of cliffs and craggy shoreline. Muzzle flashes appear on the cliff top and on the beach. Water kicks up around the RIB as bullets whizz nearby. Ouassini panics and heads inshore.

Faster and faster it goes towards the rocky shore; Ouassini rigid in panic-stricken shock. The boat hurtles into the rocks and tears itself apart in an explosion of fuel and debris, flinging Chancer and Kennedy into the sea.

EXT. MOROCCAN BEACH - NIGHT.

Kennedy and Chancer crawl to the shore and lie on the sand bleeding and exhausted. Chancer runs back to the wreckage and grabs their bags from the mangled wreck and joins Kennedy on the sandy beach.

CHANCER

Is that prick alive? I'm gonna kill him now. The only rocks for miles and he hits them! Who the fuck is shooting?

Looking up, he sees silhouettes of men with rifles scurrying between rocks, searching for them.

A young Arab, Ouassini's brother, HUSSAIN, grabs Kennedy's sleeve and pulls him urgently. Chancer grabs his other arm and pulls him to his feet.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

What the fuck's happening?

A shot rings out and sand is sprayed over them from a near miss. More shots ring out as they dash for cover. Chancer dashes back for the bags, shots kicking up the sand nearby. Picking his moment, he dashes back to Kennedy.

HUSSAIN

Quick, up here, up the steps!

The three of them race up the steps cut into the cliff face as more shots ring out hitting the sandy beach. Shadows with rifles flit between rocks closing the distance between them.

Another volley of shots are fired into the rocks below them as they scramble over the top of the cliff to a waiting car.

HUSSAIN (CONT'D)

Quickly, into the car. You cannot be caught here.

Grunting and cursing, Kennedy clambers into the rear seat of the car as Chancer stuffs the bags in behind him and dives into the front seat as the car screeches forward noisily and wheels spin for traction.

INT/EXT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT.

The car hurtles along a narrow, rocky track between walls of steep granite. Moonlight provides the only illumination as it narrowly misses looming rocks.

CHANCER

Where the fuck are we going ... and who the fuck is driving?

KENNEDY

Hang on, Bro. It's Mo's brother, Hussain, 'e's a good lad, better'n 'is fuckin' brudder. We'se goin' to a safe house somewhere in da Rif hills. I'se bin 'ere before.

CHANCER

What the hell was shooters doing there? They was trying to kill us... bastards!

KENNEDY

Some twat prob'ly grassed Ouassini. Dese bastards are so fuckin' jealous of each other, 'specially 'im wid a new boat an' all.

The car slows as it approaches a line of houses, seemingly derelict. Through the windscreen Chancer sees an old man open a curtained door and beckons urgently.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

I thought so, I'se bin 'ere before. C'mon, quick! Get inside, dat old fucker'll 'ave a brew on.

INT. MOROCCAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

In a gloomy candlelit room the old tribesman handed Kennedy a tray with two glasses of mint tea on it. The stalks of mint protruded over the edge of the glasses. They look at each other meaningfully as they hear the car drive away.

KENNEDY

We'se gonna need some sleep, Bro.

CHANCER

Yeah, we can do fuck all else. I reckon we're in the Rif hills... that's why it's so bloody cold.

KENNEDY

Oh yeah, I knows where we are, I's bin 'ere before. Dese people're Berbers 'an we need to get the fuck outta here A-S-A- fuckin' P.

Chancer fishes out a waterproof plastic bag and pulls out two cellphones and switches them on.

CHANCER

Thank fuck for that plastic bag. Where's your phones?

Kennedy pulls his plastic bag out and lifts out a phone and switches it on. He starts to punch in numbers.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you calling? It's the middle of the night.

Kennedy holds up his hand for silence as he hears the dialing tone. Connected; he stage whispers in rapid Spanish as he stalks up and down the room.

KENNEDY

Dat's it, Bro. We'se outta here first t'ing in da mornin'. Da colonel hisself is comin. fer us.

CHANCER

What! The fucking colonel!

KENNEDY

Yeah, he's comin' fer us. I reckons dey was 'is sojers shootin' las' night. Yeah, I bet dey was.

CHANCER

Oh, fucking great! Now you've invited a fucking firing squad to get us out of here! You twat!

KENNEDY

No worries, Bro. Da colonel 'as more shit to shift than anyone an' we're his skippers. Most of the farms 'round Ketama are under 'is control. We'se laughin'.

CHANCER

No we ain't. He'll know we was working with Ouassini and that spells trouble.

KENNEDY

Nah, Bro. We'se too valuable. He needs us more than we need 'im.

The old man hands each of them a steaming bowl of food and a plate of bread. They eat hungrily until it is all gone.

CHANCER

That was very tasty. I hope it was lamb; that's what it tasted like. I hope it wasn't a fuckin' cat.

They make themselves comfortable on large sofas while the old man makes another brew. Dawn isn't far away.

EXT. MOROCCAN HOUSE - DAY

A Toyota Land Cruiser ticks over quietly as Chancer and Kennedy hurl their bags into the rear seats and clamber in after them.

The car clunks into gear and lurches over bumps and rocks in the road as it hurtles downhill through acres of cannabis plantations as far as the eye could see.

INT. LAND CRUISER - DAY

They pass through Bab Taza on the main highway to Nador. Kennedy prepares drinks from a built in cabinet. The driver is hatless but dressed in a military shirt. He is heavy built with a face like a sun-dried riverbed and massive hands. This is COLONEL AMER.

KENNEDY

You wan' ice in yer drink, Amer?

AMER

Si, mucho, amigo. Relax now, my friends, we have a long drive ahead of us. A fine dinner awaits us in Nador. We have much to arrange.

Chancer sits back in his seat with a dripping gin and tonic but sits bolt upright as he sees a military checkpoint ahead as they enter Ketama. He urgently nudges Kennedy.

CHANCER

Watch out, mate, there's military ahead. We're here illegally and they have guns.

KENNEDY

'ang on, Bro, the colonel'll sort dis out. 'e's the guv'nor 'ere.

They overtake the queue and drive straight at the barrier. A soldier quickly raises the bar and salutes as they drive through. The colonel toots and waves. Kennedy grins.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Told ya, did'n I. Straight fuckin' through. No worries, Bro.

INT. APARTMENT IN NADOR - NIGHT.

Around a large table sit six men. Chancer, Kennedy, the colonel and three Spaniards. The Spaniards are nervous and are about to leave and the colonel is giving them last minute instructions in rapid Spanish.

KENNEDY

I'll be glad when dey fuck off.
Dey's shittin' 'emselves an' dey's
only takin' a ton to Almerimar.

CHANCER

I wish that was our cargo, we'd be
home tomorrow. The wife'll be
wondering where I am, and there's
no signal on these phones here.

KENNEDY

When dese guys fuck off jus' now,
we'll go wid 'em an' drop off near
Melilla, der's a signal tower fer
Spain der so we can call da girls.

The colonel overhears and looks concerned. He beckons Kennedy to lean across the table and stage whispers.

AMER

I will take you later to the
telephone mast. You cannot come
with these men. Stay here, relax.

EXT. MELILLA/MOROCCO BORDER FENCE - NIGHT.

Chancer and Kennedy stand on the roadside between the border fence and the Land Cruiser chatting with their respective wives on their cell phones.

CHANCER

... so don't worry, Babe, we'll be
home in a few days.

INT. APARTMENT IN NADOR - DAY

Chancer and Kennedy are awakened by the call to prayer at the nearby mosque. A houseboy brings them mint tea as they dress and move into the sitting room.

Chancer ignores the three bedraggled Spaniards at the big table and strolls into the bathroom with his shaving kit. He shouts back at Kennedy.

CHANCER

What's with the three musketeers?
Looks like they didn't make it.

LATER:

Sitting around the table eating breakfast, Chancer and Kennedy ignore the heated argument between the colonel and the three Spaniards.

CHANCER (CONT'D)
Sounds like they bottled out.

KENNEDY
Yeah, da cunts reckon a customs boat chased 'em so dey threw da shit overboard and got back 'ere.

CHANCER
That's bollocks! you never see any customs this side of Alboran and they couldn't have been much further than Alboran... they've seen a light at sea and shit themselves. Typical fucking spicks.

KENNEDY
Yeah, now ya knows why we'se so important to da colonel an' Pablo.

The colonel dismisses the Spaniards with an angry wave of his arm and they shuffle out of the room. Turning back to the table he embraces Chancer and Kennedy with his arms on their shoulders. Smarmy, he propositions them.

AMER
So, my friends. Today I take you to my palace in the hills near Berkane where you can use the pool and the jacuzzi and totally relax until your cargo is loaded. We need to speak about a new contract because I have many tons to send to Spain.

CHANCER
A new contract? What about Pablo's contract? He is the reason we are here... and Gabriel.

AMER
No, you are not here because of my friend, Pablo! You are here because you thought you could sneak a cargo for the idiot, Ouassini. So now you can take cargoes that Pablo and Gabriel know nothing about. Eh?

CHANCER
And when Pablo and Gabriel find out - what happens then?

AMER
They will never know. You will still take their cargo and they will be none the wiser.

Chancer glances at Kennedy who simply shrugs and grins.

AMER (CONT'D)

We must leave here now because too many spies know you are here illegally and you will be safe in my palace. I cannot risk losing you. I will take you now to the mast so you can tell your wife you will be home in a few days time.

INT. LAND CRUISER - DAY

Chancer sees a military roadblock ahead. Sitting in the front passenger seat, the colonel speaks rapid Arabic to the driver, a bearded soldier called BARBA, who slows and waves cheerfully to the guards.

EXT. MILITARY ROADBLOCK - DAY

The car stops. The colonel gets out and the group of soldiers salute. He walks to the Corporal in charge and speaks in Arabic, smiling all the time.

AMER

(in Arabic)

Tell your men to have a good look at the men in the rear seat and remember their faces... tell them to smile and be friendly.

The soldiers mill around the car chatting to Barba cheerfully whilst studying the two passengers.

CHANCER

Do you feel like a goldfish?

KENNEDY

No, I'se a fuckin' guppy!

INT. LAND CRUISER - DAY - TRAVELING

The car pulls off the main highway onto a remote track as Chancer looks about for landmarks. Turning his head and looking through the rear window all he sees is dust.

Ahead is a gate across the road manned by several soldiers. The gate is the only entrance through the perimeter wall of the palace. Chancer gives Kennedy a scowl of disgust.

CHANCER

Remember the feeling when we was in the Carabanchel prison? I've got it now. What the fuck have you got me into? This doesn't feel right.

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - DAY

The colonel shows his guests the swimming pool and jacuzzi. The pool is spotlessly clean with blue tiles in arabesque design and a houseboy is cutting the surrounding grass.

AMER

Anything you want, ask the houseboys or chambermaids... you can fuck any of them. The cook will feed you anything you want... steaks, chickens, ducks, fish, anything but pig. We don't have pigs here.

KENNEDY

Is de any booze?

AMER

Of course we have drinks for our foreign guests. Chivas Regal Royal Salute whisky and the best of French wines. The fridge is full of beer and there's a block of tbizla, the very best hashish, with the cigars. A packet of Peruvian Flake is underneath the cigar box.

INT. MAIN SITTING ROOM - PALACE - DAY

The colonel explains to Kennedy the remote controls for the massive TV as Chancer looks about the exotic room and sees gold everything; door handles, furniture handles, chandeliers and ornaments. Works of art hang on the walls.

AMER

You will enjoy your stay here and you may wander where you will, but do not approach the guards, they are quite trigger happy at night.

CHANCER

Who else is here?

AMER

Just you two, but other guests will be here over the next few days. Very important guests who you will meet before you put to sea.

Amer leaves the room and Chancer starts his treasure hunt.

After rummaging drawers he discovers the cigar humidor inside a glass-fronted cabinet. Inside are Henry Upman Havana cigars and wrapped in foil is a block of tbizla, the very best hashish. Lifting the humidor, he finds a large packet of cocaine.

CHANCER

He's certainly looking after us,
but I feel like a prisoner.

KENNEDY

Don't say t'ings like dat, Bro.
Der's loadsa dough to be made wid
dis fella an' Pablo'll never know.

CHANCER

OK, if we ain't at sea by the
weekend, I want out of here.

INT. DINING ROOM - PALACE - NIGHT

The long refectory table that seats twelve diners is laid up for four with beautiful Georgian silver cutlery. Chancer and Kennedy take their seats as a houseboy serves them iced water and chilled white wine.

The colonel enters dressed in beautiful Moroccan robes and with him is a tall, elegantly dressed Arab in a European suit wearing a British Brigade of Guards neck-tie. His name is MOHAMED.

AMER

Good evening, gentlemen. Meet the first of your new associates. This is Mohamed Bukr Bin Essa, the Army Commander of this coastal region... he is also my brother-in-law.

Chancer and Kennedy get out of their chairs as Amer steps back to introduce the men. Chancer shakes the extended hand vigorously and hides his surprise at the 'craft' handshake of Freemasonry from Mohamed.

AMER (CONT'D)

This is Mr Chancer and Kennedy,
our new sea captains.

MOHAMED

How do you do. So nice to meet you.
I have heard much about you both,
especially you, Mr Chancer.

Chancer gives Kennedy a withering look as the Army Commander continues and they take their seats.

MOHAMED (CONT'D)

Oh, don't blame Kennedy. Ouassini bragged to everyone about hiring you.

CHANCER

Ouassini didn't strike me as being
a bragger. Too shifty to brag.

MOHAMED

Oh, c'mon, my friend. Ouassini wanted to show off in front of his villagers and wrecked his boat doing just that. Now he is the laughing stock of Morocco. News like that travels fast in my land... and now there are many traders searching for you. You are a commodity that brings top dollar right now, but you are safe here.

CHANCER

He didn't wreck his boat. We were shot at!

MOHAMED

Oh, really? I think you may have a problem finding witnesses to that story, my friend.

Colonel Amer gives one clap of his hands and serving staff appear with platters of beautifully garnished food. Amer and Mohamed gesture for the others to begin eating. Kennedy helps himself to fish as he speaks.

KENNEDY

OK, Mo, we wait here till you 'ave ya cargo ready and den we sail..

Mohamed angrily clouts a platter with his fork.

MOHAMED

When you speak to me you call me, sir, or Commander. My senior officers wouldn't dare address me like you just did, (harrumphs).

CHANCER

We're all drug smugglers here, pal, and we're a million miles from the Officer's Mess, so don't come the arse with rank and status, else we'll fuck off.

MOHAMED

You will not be going anywhere until the cargoes arrive from the Rif hills. Should you decide to step outside these grounds you will be arrested or shot as illegals. You will not like the inside of a Moroccan prison, especially a military prison... my friend.

Amer grabs his drink and raises his glass whilst scowling at Mohamed. Turning to Chancer and eyeballing him, he craftily smooths over the evening's hiatus with a toast.

AMER

Gentlemen, let's drink to our success and the millions we will make this season. We have ten tonnes ready to come down from the Rif and much more being processed as we speak. Drink to our success!

KENNEDY

OK, dat's fer me! Loads a dough!

INT. MAIN SITTING ROOM - PALACE - NIGHT

Kennedy chats up a chambermaid and snorts a line of Charlie on the drinks cabinet as Chancer and Mohamed chat on the sofa. Amer brings three large whisky glasses with ice and places them on the coffee table. He pours the whisky and puts three spliffs on the table.

MOHAMED

... and my men load the boat and prepare everything. You come along and start the engines and sail away. Everything is done for you; the boat is trimmed and food and drinks are in cooler boxes.

AMER

And, when you hit the beach our men unload the cargo and recover the boat while you are driven to our villa where you freshen up before being driven home.

CHANCER

OK, but I will drive myself home... nobody sees where I live.

AMER

Splendid! A new Mercedes will be ready for you at the villa. Your money will be paid directly into your account in Liechtenstein the day after unloading. You will be very rich, Mr. Chancer, and well protected. Our dinner guests tomorrow evening are the Chief Prosecutor of this region and the Naval Commander. Both men are my brothers-in-law.

CHANCER

Looks like a big family business then... so where is Ouassini in all of this? He told me he ran everything around Ketama.

AMER

Ouassini is back where he belongs. His family have some farms around there, but he got too big for his boots so we had to put him right. He will be fine when he comes out of hospital... he broke several bones when he hit those rocks.

CHANCER

Oh, so he didn't get shot then?

MOHAMED

No, my friend, the bangs you heard was the hull colliding with rocks.

Amer reaches for his glass and raises it for a toast.

AMER

Here is to our new contract. Ten tonnes to Malaga and twenty tonnes to Alicante. Cheers!

The three men touch their glasses and drink a toast.

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - DAY

Chancer swims in the pool alone. He swims furiously up and down - up and down. Kennedy approaches with a tray of cold fruit juices and sits on the table near the pool.

KENNEDY

Hey, Bro, come an' get a drink. You'se bin in der fer over an hour. Whassup, man?

Chancer hauls himself out of the pool and sits dripping on the chair. Grabbing a drink, he looks meaningfully at Kennedy as he downs the glass of juice in one.

CHANCER

You know and I know we are both prisoners here... held here until that bastard gets his cargo ready. How long is that going to be?

KENNEDY

Lissen, Bro, we'se gorra good job 'ere. Da money's good an' da conditions are great. Fuck me! Look at dis place, it's ours fer da duration, it's fuckin' great!

CHANCER

No it ain't! We know fuck all! We don't know where the cargo is or when it gets here.

(MORE)

CHANCER (CONT'D)

All we know is that a RIB will be loaded in Mar Chica and we're taking it to Spain. We've agreed to take ten tonnes to Malaga and twenty to Alicante and I know Pablo and Gabriel are being bypassed. This is not good.

KENNEDY

Fuck Pablo and Gabriel! We've done enough for dem. Dey can't 'spect us to work forever jus' coz dey gorrus out o' nick.

CHANCER

Well, you just think about them knowing where our wives are... think about that for a minute - think hard. Remember my next door neighbour, the dutch perv?

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - DAY

Chancer and Kennedy relax around the pool with iced drinks. The colonel approaches accompanied by a tall, elegantly dressed man of about fifty years but looking quite fit.

SUPER: TEN DAYS LATER.

AMER

Gentlemen, meet my friend MAXIMILIAN, a business associate of many years.

They get up, pleased to see a new face and vigorously shake hands. Chancer looks deep into his eyes.

MAXIMILIAN

I have worked with this rogue for many years, my friends. He tells me you are impatient for work. Well, the good news is that one of my trucks is dropping two tonnes at Mar Chica in two days time.

KENNEDY

T'ank fuck fer dat! Dat's good news, Bro, we'll be 'ome in a few days time... fuckin' great!

Max makes himself comfortable as Amer goes into the house. Chancer hands him a drink, an expectant look on his face.

MAXIMILIAN

A lot of people are wondering where you are... especially Ouassini.
(MORE)

MAXIMILIAN (CONT'D)

He has a boat loaded and ready to go, but no skipper. He thinks you are here... ironic really, the two tonnes that my truck is bringing here is from Ouassini's area.

CHANCER

So, if we were not locked up in here we would probably have been taking your shit to Spain, right?

MAXIMILIAN

Oh, yeah. Two weeks ago. I can't hang around waiting for skippers and feuding land owners.

Max digs his ringing phone out of his pocket and speaks rapid Arabic into it. He then smiles and speaks English.

MAXIMILIAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

We Mafioso do not lie, my friend, they are here with me now!

Grinning broadly, he hands the phone to Chancer.

MAXIMILIAN (CONT'D)

Guess who wants to speak with you?

CHANCER

Hello? (a beat) - Ouassini! Where are you?

(a long beat)

Right... OK... on the road.

Chancer closes the phone and hands it back to Max, grinning. Excited, he punches Kennedy and dives in the pool.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Get in here, now, matey! Things are happening.

Kennedy dives in and swims across to Chancer.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Say nothing to that bloke, Max, but we're out of here tonight, Bro.

KENNEDY

Whassup, wa's 'appenin'?

CHANCER

That was Ouassini, he knows Max is here. He knows about the two tonnes on Max's truck!

KENNEDY

Dat don't make sense. Why'd Max hand you da phone if 'e's shit's comin' 'ere?

CHANCER

It's no skin off Max's nose. He thinks we're here to take his load. Anyway, they're picking us up at nine, tonight. We're sailing tonight!

KENNEDY

Fuckin' 'ell! Wharrabout Amer? Dat Max fella's shit is on it's way 'ere?

CHANCER

Bollocks! He's kept us here all this time waiting and waiting... for what? Some Italian bloke arrives and talks two tonnes and we're supposed to believe him. Bollocks, I'm off!

KENNEDY

(nervous, shifty)

Lissen, Bro. I don't wanna go. Amer will 'ave us killed... at least, if I stays an' do da job 'e won't set de army lookin' fer us. Tell you what... you go an' I'll 'elp you escape tonight. No sweat, Bro.

INT. GUARDHOUSE - PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT.

Kennedy sits around a table with three soldiers laughing and joking as they drink Amer's best whisky. He checks his watch to see ten minutes before nine. He turns up the volume on the radio and jigs around the room. Everyone laughs.

EXT. GUARDHOUSE - PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT.

Chancer silently slides the bolt on the gate and quickly squeezes through the narrow opening. In the darkness his bag snags on the gate and causes a rattle.

The guards grab their guns and run outside but there is nothing to see. They aim their weapons down the road. Chancer leopard crawls through the brush and snaps a dry twig under his body. He presses himself flat to the ground.

The guards open fire down each side of the road. One bullet nicks his forearm, many more narrowly miss as the unseen Chancer crawls silently away.

EXT. SCRUBLAND T-JUNCTION - NIGHT.

On a lonely road, Chancer crouches in a ditch, eyes alert. The darkness is broken by distant, approaching headlights.

Coming closer, slowing down. A black Mercedes limousine passes the junction and pulls over. Engine purring. The lights go out. (A long, still beat)

A silhouette emerges from the trees in front of the Mercedes. Unseen, he approaches the driver's window. The driver cranes his neck to the rear.

Still unseen, he squats - the driver sees him, a dark face at the window. The driver jumps in fright. Chancer grins and raps on the window with his knuckles. The window hums down and Ouassini gesticulates to get in.

INT/EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT.

The Mercedes drives along the highway as Chancer sees the sign for Raz-el-Mar.

OUASSINI

OK, you sail tonight. The RIB is loaded, food and drinks are onboard, everything is ready for you. From now on we use Raz-el-Mar because they will expect us to be working further west. Safer.

EXT. DECK OF RIB - NIGHT.

Chancer closes the food container and cocks his leg over the jockey seat. Making himself comfortable, he turns the ignition. The three Yamaha 250HP motors burst into life. He gives the throttle a quick blip to high revs and cuts to idle. He is satisfied.

CHANCER

OK, gimme the GPS and phones. The numbers are punched in for me to contact the beach team, yeah?

OUASSINI

Correct, but the numbers and the GPS coordinates are in the plastic bag... just in case. The GPS is set up for Adra. Drew will be there.

Checking his watch, Chancer flicks on the compass light and navigation lights. The two men shake hands and Ouassini jumps ashore and slips the lines. Slowly, the RIB eases away from the mooring.

From the helm, Chancer sees the car drive away into the darkness. Looking ahead now, he steers the RIB along the unfamiliar channel between the marker buoys for deep water.

Safely away from the jetty, he opens the throttle to meet the waves of the Mediterranean Sea and heads due north.

Looking to the stars, he finds Polaris and switches off all lights. He reaches down for the first of many Coca Cola's.

EXT. ADRA BEACH - NIGHT - (PRE DAWN)

Chancer steers the RIB into the beach and cuts the motors. The keel crunches into the sand as silhouettes of men appear and start unloading the cargo. Drew excitedly escorts Chancer to a waiting car and drives away.

INT. VILLA ON OUTSKIRTS OF ADRA - DAY

Chancer, in a bedroom, takes fresh clothes out of his bag as he speaks with his wife SUSAN on the phone.

CHANCER

(into phone)

... so don't cook anything, we're going out. How about La Bohemian? I love you, sweetheart, see you soon.

SUSAN (V.O.)

I can't wait! Oh, hurry up home, Babe, be as quick as you can. I love you too.

Chancer closes the phone and dresses. He heads for the kitchen where Drew, Rafa and Lucky noisily breakfast.

LUCKY

Wharrappened, Boss? We'se been worried sick 'angin' aroun' waitin' fer ya.

CHANCER

OK, let me drink my coffee and I'll tell you. It's a long story.

LATER:

The men listen intently as Chancer ends the story.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

... so there; now you know. Now, what about my RIB? Is it still at Mariano's yard?

LUCKY

Yeah, no one's touched it. It's on da trailer under da tarp.

RAFA

Anyway, we guessed you had a problem when you didn't show up, so we just cleaned everything up; the farmhouse, the cars and the RIB... everything's locked up and clean, ready to use. Gabriel called so I told him you've gone to England on family business... that OK?

CHANCER

Oh, good thinking, Rafa. That's cool, *amigo*.

INT. GUARDHOUSE - PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT

In the back room, Kennedy hangs from iron rings embedded in the wall. In the dark room the whites of his eyes show as they roll in pain, his face grimy and bloody.

Barba wipes the truncheon clean. The colonel's patience won't hold. He explodes from the chair, grabs Kennedy's protruding windpipe with one hand as the other crushes his testicles.

AMER

Tell me who it was, Nigger, and you will live to become rich. Which of my countrymen took Mr Chancer. Speak now or die in my hands! And then we go for your whore of a wife.

KENNEDY

Ouassini, it was Ouassini.

INT. POSH RESTAURANT - MARBELLA - NIGHT

Chancer and Susan sit at a secluded table enjoying themselves with gourmet food and wine when a familiar face enters and goes to the bar.

CHANCER

I'll not be a moment, sweetheart. I'm going to the loo and I also need to talk with that tall bloke in the white suit.

Chancer sidles next to Maximilian at the bar.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Small world, Max. How's that wog twat, Amer? And how is my man, Kennedy?

MAXIMILIAN

I wish I hadn't given you that phone now. I hear your friend, Kennedy, is having a bad time in the guardhouse at Amer's. He was badly beaten, he must have talked because nobody has seen Ouassini for a while.

CHANCER

If Kennedy is being held at Amer's place, then who is taking the cargo? He hasn't got another skipper. Or has he?

MAXIMILIAN

No, only the Spaniards and he will not use them again. Kennedy will take the cargo when the RIB arrives. The cargo is there, I know, my man dropped it there. But he really has taken a beating. Barba told me he has broken ribs and finger nails have been removed.

CHANCER

Yeah, I bet he removed them... When did he tell you that?

MAXIMILIAN

This morning. He's here to arrange the beach team to load onto my truck, this is my cargo. He is taking a new RIB back to Morocco but he said he wants to proposition you so you take it back and do the job with Kennedy... After all, they did rescue you.

CHANCER

No they didn't, they shot us out of the water! Anyway, I'm sailing tomorrow, I'm all booked up... can't do it.

MAXIMILIAN

Let one of your crew take it back with Barba and help Kennedy. He'll need help.

CHANCER

Why, just so's you get your cargo?

MAXIMILIAN

No, I'll get my cargo anyway. My concern is not to upset the status quo. If they start hunting you down innocent skippers go down because they blast everything in the water at night, those patrol boat skippers shoot at each other because they're so stupid. You know what they're like.

CHANCER

OK, I'll think about it... gimme your number, I'll call you later.

THE CORNER OF THE ROOM:

Max leaves and Chancer rejoins Susan and orders fresh drinks as the dessert arrives. Susan leaves the table to powder her nose. Chancer opens his phone and hits the numbers.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I have a new job for you, Lucky. You're the skipper, so prepare. See me at the Water Park at 7 o'clock in the morning ready to sail.

Chancer stabs more numbers.

INT. BAR - MARBELLA - NIGHT

In a smoky, candlelit bar room, Max and Barba sit over drinks at the bar when his phone rings. He opens it.

CHANCER (V.O.)

My man will do the job. Meet at 7:30 am. Water Park. Bring Barba.

Max held the phone so Barba can hear Chancer. Barba stabs his phone and speaks rapid Arabic into it.

INT. SITTING ROOM - COLONEL'S PALACE - NIGHT

The colonel closes his phone, thinks for a moment and reopens it hitting the numbers angrily.

INT. NAVAL OFFICE - AL HOCEIMA HARBOUR - NIGHT

A naval officer, resplendent in his commander's uniform, replaces the telephone and turns to his companion, Mohamed Bukra Bin Essa, the army commander and grins.

INT/EXT. CHANCER'S CAR - WATER PARK - DAY

Lucky yawns as Chancer scans the entrance to the car park.

CHANCER

I reckon you're sailing tonight so you'll be finished early tomorrow. Give me a ring at 9 o'clock in the morning so I know you're OK and you'll know I'm OK. Right?

Lucky nods assent mid yawn as a car enters the car park.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Wake up, you twat, they're here... and don't forget what I told you!

Max's car draws up alongside Chancer's and Lucky transfers his bag to Max's rear seat.

Barba gets out and takes Lucky's seat next to Chancer. He lights a cigarette, coughs and speaks softly in heavily accented English.

BARBA

You have a contract to honour, my friend. You repay kindness with treachery. My colonel is angry.

CHANCER

Don't gimme that shit, you wog asshole! We was nearly killed in that shooting and then held against our will because you lot didn't have your shit together. So, how is my man, Kennedy?

BARBA

You deserted him and caused him much pain. He waits for you at the colonel's house.

CHANCER

He'll be sailing with my man tonight... won't he?

BARBA

Yes, but he is taking the boat back to Morocco. Your man will come ashore with the cargo, alone. Your contract will be completed... one way or another. And if you don't personally volunteer to complete it, I am instructed to tell you that your wife will get a visit quite soon.

Like a cobra, Chancer's arm wraps around Barba's neck and pulls him into a neck-breaking choke hold. With his mouth at Barba's ear, Chancer snarls.

CHANCER

You will die, you piece of shit!

Chancer chokes Barba into unconsciousness and drags him from the car. Max and Lucky look on, astonished.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Get this cunt in your car, Max. If he threatens to go near my wife again, I will kill him and then come looking for you.

Chancer beckons Lucky to the rear of the car.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Listen, you're sailing out of Torrox this morning and Kennedy is coming back with you but their plan is to make Kennedy take the RIB back to Morocco, so somebody on the beach will have a gun. Don't get involved. I will organise something to help Kennedy when I get back.

LUCKY

If I 'as any fuckin' problems I's gonna head fer your loadin' jetty at Ras-El-Ma, an' stay der.

Lucky helps Max get Barba into the car and they drive off.

EXT. JETTY - MALAGA DOCKS - DAY

A crane holds the RIB suspended on slings as it slowly lowers it into the water. Peter, the engineer, unslings the RIB and the crane swiftly lifts the slings from the water.

The crane driver stows the slings and makes ready to drive away as Peter takes the RIB to the gas pump across the dock. Chancer and Drew sit in the car discussing the plan.

Partially hidden by hoardings across the dock is a jeep with three men looking through binoculars at Chancer.

The man in the rear AIMS his pistol and mouths 'Bam, bam,' and blows imaginary smoke away from the muzzle.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

Chancer checks his compass and heads due south at a leisurely 20 knots. Dolphins break the surface as they play around the boat.

EXT. BEACH BOATYARD AT TORROX - DAY

Lucky starts the motors as the RIB floats away from the launch trailer. Looking back at Max and Barba, he gives a thumbs up and opens the throttle.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

Approaching the Moroccan coastline, Lucky uses his GPS to line up on the entrance to Mar Chica and opens the throttle.

He throttles back as he approaches and sees the heavy machine guns line up on him. He waves nervously.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO MAR CHICA - MOROCCO - DAY

As he slowly enters the channel, the soldiers noisily lower the chain under the water so he can safely pass. A soldier leaps on board and stands at the prow pointing his arm ahead to guide Lucky to his berth, a mile distant.

EXT. OFFSHORE RAZ-EL-MA - MOROCCO - DAY

Chancer can see several bbq beach fires to the east as he approaches the remote jetty hidden in the rocky shore. His GPS guides him to the exact location.

EXT. REMOTE JETTY - RAZ-EL-MA - DAY

A big man, DRISS, appears wearing a turban and djellaba (cotton hooded robe). He leans over the prow and takes the line and ties it to the jetty. Chancer throws him the stern line and he makes fast to the jetty.

CHANCER

D'you speak English?

DRISS

A little... I know what fuck means.

CHANCER

OK, you'll do... where's my cargo?

DRISS

We load your fuel first. It's coming now.

In the waning light, Chancer sees men approaching along a beaten track carrying 20 Ltr containers of fuel. He lifts the jockey seat to expose the filler cap and inserts a funnel.

Each man comes on board to empty his fuel into the tank as the others patiently wait on the jetty for their turn.

As each man steps ashore, Driss sends them to a nearby sand dune where they start digging to unearth bales of hashish hidden in the sand.

The cargo is secure and tarped. The RIB floats in the water silent and sinister, ready to go. Chancer, sitting in the sand, talks low across a cooking fire to Driss.

CHANCER

... and it's a half hour drive to the colonel's house from here?

DRISS

Yes, I know exactly where it is... everyone knows where he lives.

CHANCER

OK, I will get here two hours earlier for my next cargo and you can drive me there... OK?

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

Chancer rides the swells and checks his course. Flicking on the compass light he checks his watch in the light of the dial. He lifts a cold drink from the cool box and peers ahead, staring into a darkness that can be felt.

In the darkness, Chancer thrusts his face into the wind and opens the throttle more to reach 25 knots. Peering into the darkness he cocks his ear to listen above his own engine noise. He feels a rushing sensation.

Out of the blackness, across his stern, hurtles a patrol boat, narrowly missing the RIB and drenching him. Cursing, he flicks off the compass light in disgust.

Muzzle flashes illuminate the patrol boat as it changes course to intercept Chancer. Bullets narrowly miss the RIB.

Chancer about turns and heads back to Morocco on full throttle. Looking back he sees the patrol boat has it's search lights scanning the waves. Excited, he shouts.

CHANCER

You've lost me, you bastards!

INT. GUARDHOUSE - PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT

In the silence and poor light of the guardroom, Kennedy slumps from the ancient iron ring on the cell wall. His wrists bleed with the chaffing of the shackles holding him upright.

He awakens with a scream as Barba yanks out another fingernail with his long-nosed pliers.

The three guards laugh weirdly as Barba forces the pliers onto another fingernail and twists and pulls violently to extract the nail.

Kennedy screams in agony as Barba flicks the bloody nail off the end of the pliers.

BARBA

That repays the pain your cowardly friend, Chancer, gave me. You thought he would rescue you, didn't you? So did we, but he is too busy working for a dead man. Ouassini will soon be dead and you will be next.

Kennedy's eyes widen with fear as Barba pulls out a pistol from his robes and aims at Kennedy's head.

KENNEDY

Amer will kill you if you shoot me... he needs me for his cargo, I am more valuable to him than you are.

Angrily, Barba smashes the pistol into Kennedy's ribs, noisily cracking them. He pushes the muzzle into Kennedy's eye as he screams in terror and pain.

BARBA

Your loyal Chancer gave us Lucky to shift our cargo so you are no longer important. My colonel needs you like he needs camel shit! You will die... but slowly... and it starts today!

Kennedy faints as Barba stoops and struggles violently to extract a toe nail.

The guards laugh hysterically as Barba stands upright with a bloody toe nail in the pliers, holding it like a trophy.

One of the guards hurls a bucket of water over Kennedy as Barba steps back and the other guards wade in with kicks and punches to render Kennedy unconscious again.

EXT. OFFSHORE SPAIN - NIGHT

Chancer cautiously approaches the beach, scanning for patrol boats at sea and anything unusual on the shore. Just a few metres from the beach he cuts the motors and tilts them on their risers.

EXT. ADRA BEACH - NIGHT

The keel crunches onto the sand and the beach team appear out of the darkness and swarm over the boat. Rafa and Drew appear grinning broadly at Chancer as the team frantically unload the hashish. Rafa stage-whispers.

RAFA

Lucky got back, but without Kennedy. He thinks he's dead.

CHANCER

No way, he's too valuable to them as a skipper. He must be hurt bad else they'd have used him. OK, it's time I got him out of there.

RAFA

Don't you mean "we"?

CHANCER

Do you want to come with me?

RAFA

Does a one-legged duck swim in circles? Yeah, I'd like some fun.

CHANCER

It won't be so funny, Rafa, they've got guns, just like the ones you had in the Foreign Legion.

Chancer hits the numbers on his phone.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Ouassini, organise a cargo for Thursday night... Raz-el-Mar.

INT. VILLA - OUTSKIRTS OF ADRA - DAY

The men finish breakfast and Chancer hits numbers and listens to the ring-tone.

CHANCER

(into phone)

It's me, Susan. I'll be home at 10 o'clock - unlock the gate, Babe.

SUSAN (V.O.)

No, Babe. I'll wait till you get here because some strange men have been poking around... I'm scared.

Chancer froze in shock and anger, controls his voice.

CHANCER

OK, Babe, stay calm, you've got the dogs and I'll soon be there.

His men know something is wrong as he grabs his kit and rushes to the car. They race after him and join him in the car as it wheel-spins out of the villa.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Chancer drives dangerously as he explains Susan's call.

CHANCER

... and it can only be Pablo, Gabriel or the colonel. Probably all three of them.

EXT. THEIR COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

Susan excitedly pulls open the gate and the car drives in and halts. The door opens and Chancer runs to Susan. They embrace in a clutching tearful reunion as Drew and Rafa split up and patrol the perimeter fence. Silence.

CHANCER

Where are the dogs, Babe?

SUSAN

(sobbing)
I don't know.

The men return. Concerned, Rafa beckons Chancer.

RAFA

(whispers)
The dogs are by the fence at the top end where the rocks are. Sorry, mate, they're dead. They must have used a sword or something to stab them through the chain-link fence.

Chancer exchanges a deep, meaningful look with Rafa and calmly walks back to Susan and embraces her.

CHANCER

You are the most precious thing in my life, Sweetheart, and I must protect you above all else. We need to get you packed and down to Kate's house in Gibraltar... now.

SUSAN

What about our dogs? We can't just leave them. Kate's house is tiny.

CHANCER

The dogs are staying right here, Babe. Let's get you packed and on your way. C'mon, Babe, let's get a move on. I'll ring Kate now.

INT/EXT. CAR - COASTAL HIGHWAY - DAY - TRAVELING

Chancer drives toward Gibraltar with Susan followed by Rafa and Drew in the Range Rover.

CHANCER

I can't chance this passport, Babe, so you'll have to drive through the frontier on your own. I'll go back with the boys in the Range Rover.

SUSAN

What are we going to do, Babe? We've lost everything, haven't we?

CHANCER

We'll survive, Sweetheart, but maybe not here in Spain.

SUSAN

You haven't got a proper passport, so how can you leave here?

CHANCER

There's a spare one in our safety-deposit box in the bank in Gib. Empty the box and close the accounts and be ready to move. Keep your phone on you all the time, even when you're charging it. Here's the frontier, so I'll get out here and you drive into Gib' and straight to Kate's house. I'll call you when I'm ready and you can come and meet me here in La Linea. See that Tapas bar over there? I'll meet you in there.

They get out of the car and embrace as the Range Rover U-turns and waits. Totally distraught, Susan drives into the passport control bay as Chancer gets into the Range Rover.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

The Rib scuds across the sea at high speed. The sea is choppy with low swells and a light breeze. The sun beats down on Chancer at the helm as Rafa and Lucky hang on.

EXT. OFFSHORE RAZ-EL-MA - MOROCCO - DAY

In the fading light, Lucky is tasked with finding the jetty using his GPS. Driss appears and waves a welcome.

EXT. REMOTE JETTY - RAZ-EL-MA - NIGHT

A line of men dressed in Arab garb pass containers of fuel to Rafa and Lucky as Chancer talks with Driss on the jetty.

DRISS

When the boat is loaded I will take you to the colonel's house. It will be darker then.

LATER:

The loaded RIB is silhouetted by the cooking fire as the four men huddle nearby.

LUCKY

... an' if yer not back by midnight I's gotta fuck off to Adra. Do I meet Schultz at Motril if you ain't 'ere?

CHANCER

Yes, and then you come straight back here with our RIB from Mariano's yard... but don't be so gloomy, we'll be back here tonight.

EXT/INT. DRISS' CAR - NIGHT

The car drives along the remote highway and hangs a left at the junction with the road to the palace.

CHANCER

Turn the lights off, we're nearly at the lane into the palace.

In the darkness the car pulls over and reverses into the scrub at the turning to the palace guardroom. In the starlight the silence is broken by the cicadas and the clicking metal of the cooling engine.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Right, we have two hours to do this and get back to Lucky... let's go.

The silhouettes of two men leave the car and move silently along the edge of the road.

EXT. GUARDHOUSE - PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Observing from the nearby scrub, they see a dim light from an open door. No movement. The two men creep up to the gate.

INT. GUARDHOUSE - PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT

In the dim light three guards sit around a table playing *pachis*. At the far end of the room is a bed with a body on it. A chain is attached from the wall to the ankle of the body. Lee-Enfield .303 rifles lean against an adjacent wall.

EXT. GUARDHOUSE - PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Chancer silently slides the bolt and they pass through the gate. Rafa silently follows as Chancer creeps up to the partly open door and carefully peers through the gap.

He shows three fingers to Rafa who cocks his forefinger as though pulling a trigger. He looks again through the crack and raises three fingers and gesticulates that the rifles are against the wall.

They hear loud laughter and a chair scrape. Dropping to one knee they wait on either side of the door, which opens inward and out steps a guard. Chancer clamps his throat with a silent strangle and lays him quietly on the ground.

INT. GUARDHOUSE - PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Rafa races to the rifles and getting there first, he clubs the two guards into unconsciousness with a rifle. Chancer stealthily approaches the bed and wakes Kennedy who cries out in pain as he tries to sit up. Chancer whispers.

CHANCER

Take it easy, mate, we've come to take you home. Where does it hurt?

KENNEDY

My ribs... dey're cracked. Dat slimy bastard, Barba, 'ammered my kidneys an' did dis.

Kennedy lifts up his hands to expose ripped out finger nails. Chancer curses under his breath as he checks the chain and manacles.

CHANCER

Where's the key to this?

Kennedy nods at one of the unconscious guards. Rafa frisks him and produces a key and tosses it to Chancer.

Rafa steps back into the darkness of the back room sensing a movement in the doorway.

Barba, dressed in Arab robes and wearing a fez, enters on tip-toe pointing a pistol at Chancer's head.

BARBA

I half expected you to try this,
but not so...

BANG! Barba's brains fly out of the back of his head behind the .303 bullet from Rafa's rifle. Chancer hustles Kennedy out into the dark night, stumbling over the guard lying unconscious near the door.

EXT/INT. GUARDHOUSE - PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Rafa grabs the ankles of the guard lying outside and pulls him into the guardroom. He fires Barba's pistol into the shoulder of the unconscious guard and places it in Barba's hand. Positioning the rifle across the guard, he exits.

EXT. REMOTE JETTY - RAZ-EL-MA - NIGHT

On a makeshift bed on the cargo, Kennedy tries to relax as Rafa and Lucky fuss about him as he moans in pain. They make him comfortable and reset the tarp over him.

Chancer hands Driss a wad of notes and slaps his shoulder.

CHANCER

Thanks for that, my friend. One day, Kennedy will thank you himself. Without you we wouldn't have got him.

DRISS

It was my duty to help. Allah may also one day thank me. Inshallah.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

Lucky feeds Kennedy from the flask of hot soup. The movement of the RIB makes it difficult to slurp it from the cup.

Sitting on the jockey seat behind Chancer, Rafa scans the horizon with night-vision binoculars as Kennedy struggles to sit up to swig the soup, all the time talking.

KENNEDY

... an' den dat twat, Barba walks in ready ta shoot Chancer, an' Bang! Rafa blew 'is evil fuckin' brains out.

(MORE)

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Flew outta da back of 'is fuckin'
'ead, jus' like grey porridge oats.
Fuckin' great!

LUCKY

What about Amer?

CHANCER

What about him? Who cares ?

KENNEDY

'e'll be fuckin' mad. De army an'
navy'll be lookin' fer us.

CHANCER

Have less of the us, matey. They'll
be looking for you!

They all laugh heartily as Kennedy croaks and holds his ribs in pain as he laughs. He groans louder as the RIB lurches on a bow wave from a distant container ship.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Sorry about that, mate, didn't see
it coming.

RAFA

Looks like something else is
coming! Following us from Morocco.

In the darkness, Rafa is scanning to the south-west. Through the greenness of the night-vision binoculars, he sees two distinct shapes. He hands the bino's to Chancer. Twisting around in his seat and looking through the bino's he sees the unmistakable silhouettes of two patrol boats.

CHANCER

OK, there's two patrol boats about
three miles behind us. I don't know
how they found us, but they have,
so let's assume they're using night
vision. Lucky! dig out the life-
jackets and put one on Kennedy.
Keep your eye on them and see if
they change course. I'm changing
now, hang on!

The RIB lurches forward and the wake kicks higher as the throaty motors bite harder into the sea as Chancer steers to port and in a tight arc, heads due north. With gritted teeth and his face into the wind, Chancer pushes the RIB to its limit. Rafa shouts.

RAFA

One of them has turned due north,
maybe trying to cut us off. The
other is still coming for us
diagonally.

CHANCER

If they can see us, we haven't got much chance with two tonnes on board. Get ready to start dumping it overboard but wait until they are in line astern. They'll crash into the shit!

The RIB is howling along at full power as Chancer shouts at his men. Lucky helps Kennedy with his life-jacket. The two men stop what they're doing to listen.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

Hang on! I'm changing course again. Where are they, Rafa?

RAFA

One is still on our tail, but no nearer. We must be at equal speed. The other looks like it's getting ahead of us to the north.

CHANCER

OK, I'm heading south, back to Morocco. See if they change course, Rafa. We'll know for sure shortly.

Chancer eases the RIB into a wide arc to head south. In the darkness Lucky helps Kennedy onto the jockey seat behind Chancer who shouts over his shoulder at Lucky.

CHANCER (CONT'D)

If they follow us now, get the tarp untied but don't lose it yet. Just be ready to unload when they're in our wake.

The RIB straightens out on course for Morocco and Kennedy taps his shoulder and shouts.

KENNEDY

Dey must 'ave night vision... unless some bastard put a chip on board.

CHANCER

Well, if it's a chip it's in the cargo and that's goin' overboard if they follow us now!

RAFA

They're changing course now. They're coming after us... both of them. There's a couple of miles between them though.

CHANCER

OK, get ready to off-load. We'll start dumping it when they're in line astern.

Lucky and Rafa huddle on either side of the cargo ready to start heaving the bales of hashish overboard. Rafa looks through the bino's. Peering through the greenness, he sees that one of them is online astern. He shouts to Chancer.

RAFA

One of them is in our wake line, but he's about a mile away.

CHANCER

OK, chuck twenty bales out.

Lucky and Rafa start heaving the heavy bales overboard as fast as they can. They bob to the surface and float half submerged on the slight swells.

Sweating and breathing hard, Rafa looks through the bino's at the nearest patrol boat.

RAFA

Just a minute-wait-wait-wait. It should be there, now... now... Yes! They've turned to starboard! They're stopping! They've put their lights on, look!

The patrol boat ploughs into the floating bales sending shocks right through it as the hull and propellers are damaged. Panic stricken crew fire a Very pistol into the black sky, lighting the area with crimson light.

KENNEDY

Yippee! Look, a fuckin' distress flare! Dey're fucked!

Chancer looks over his shoulder and sizes the situation in a second. His eyes, bright with excitement and adrenalin look to the east.

CHANCER

Hold on! We're going east. See what the other boat is up to, Rafa.

RAFA

He's put his lights on as well now and he's heading for his mates. I'm not sure, but it looks like our friends are listing. It don't look right in the water. Fuck me! We must have holed it!

Chancer eases the RIB into a wide arc to the east. The wind changes and the swells are greater.

KENNEDY

Dey can't see us in dese swells so we'll soon find out if we have a chip on board.

CHANCER

Don't think about that, let's get this lot to Adra and go home.

RAFA

I've been thinking about that chip and I reckon it might be on you, Kennedy. Get your clothes off, mate. Let's check you out.

KENNEDY

Fuckin' 'ell, Rafa. You might be right, dey said you might try an' rescue me. Da fuckin' wily wog bastards - quick, 'elp me get outta dese clothes.

Lucky and Rafa gingerly help remove Kennedy's upper garments over his damaged ribs as he cries in pain. They leave him to search through his clothes as they trim the remaining cargo for'ard.

Chancer opens the throttle as they adjust the tarp over the cargo. The RIB surges forward and the wind lifts Kennedy's clothes and blows them into the sea. The RIB disappears into the night. Peels of laughter diminishing with it.

EXT. ADRA BEACH - NIGHT - (PRE DAWN)

The beach team frantically unload the cargo of hashish as three men carry containers of fuel from the truck.

In less than three minutes, the truck is loaded and driving away, leaving a silent, deserted beach.

The silence and darkness are broken by the headlights of two Jeeps racing onto the beach, heading for the RIB.

Rafa and Lucky push the RIB into deep water and clamber aboard as Chancer lowers the motors and starts them.

Four big men jump out of the first Jeep and run to the water's edge too late to catch the RIB as Chancer drenches them with the swerving wake as he swings the RIB 180 degrees out to sea at full power.

Three men get out of the other Jeep and raise their pistols. The dim light of dawn shows the face of Enrico in the Jeep.

ENRICO

Careful! Aim at the man on the helm. I need the others alive.

EXT. OFFSHORE SPAIN - DAY - (DAWN)

On full throttle the three engines scream to full power. The RIB lurches forward and the wake flies high as it gathers speed. Rafa, Lucky and Kennedy hug the deck as bullets whiz over them and Chancer hunkers down on the jockey seat.

The RIB scuds across the wave tops and out of range as the men return to their Jeeps and race onto the coastal highway in pursuit.

Rafa and Lucky lean into the wind and grip the handrails. Kennedy holds on with his arms around Chancer, who shouts at Rafa above the crashing noise of water and engines.

CHANCER

Without me, you will stay alive, so
I'm going to join Susan. We didn't
save Kennedy to lose him now.

Chancer steers to port in a wide arc and heads for the horizon at full power.

LATER:

Kennedy can't take the bumps as they scud the waves and swells. He calls out in pain.

KENNEDY

Dis is fuckin' killin' me! Dem
fellas in da Jeep ain't a fuckin'
problem now. When can we slow down?

CHANCER

Now, mate, these swells out here
will hide us from binoculars. We'll
stop now because I need to call
Susan and then we'll go west until
we're offshore La Linea.

As he cuts the motors, his phone rings. He opens it.

GABRIEL (V.O.)

You have been foolish, Mr Chancer,
you cheated on our deal. Now you
are open season for the police,
customs and Pablo's men. Oh, and
many people await you in Morocco.

The RIB floats silently amongst the swells as Chancer closes the phone and dials Susan's number.

CHANCER

(into phone)
... that's right, Babe, 6 o'clock
in the tapas bar with my passport.

Lucky and Rafa scour the horizon and shoreline with binoculars as Chancer talks with Susan. Rafa shouts.

RAFA

Looks like a patrol boat's comin'.

Chancer reacts instantly. He starts the motors and pushes the throttle to full. He looks around and shouts at Rafa.

CHANCER

Where is it?

RAFA

Behind us. He's coming fast!

LUCKY

Der'es fuckin' two of 'em! One's comin' from da shore. Look! 'e's fuckin' shootin' at us!

Bullets hit the water and whiz overhead as the chase begins.

Chancer steers south toward a large ferry boat, putting it in the line of fire. He narrowly misses the bow of the vessel, putting it between him and the patrol boats and heading straight for Morocco at full speed, out-running the patrol boats. He shouts at his men.

CHANCER

They've probably radioed ashore so they'll think we're going to Morocco. I'll swing in to La Linea beach later and go to Lito's house.

EXT. OFFSHORE LA LINEA - DAY

Chancer steers the RIB inshore behind four fishing boats.

RAFA

What are we to do without you?

CHANCER

You can live in our house for the next ten years. They'll have forgotten about me by then. Don't worry, they want me dead, not you. You three are the best skippers on the Costa del Sol and they know it. Of course, you will have to work for them, but you will make your fortunes and get out when you're ready. You've inherited my RIBs so you're laughing all the way to the bank. You, Rafa, can have this one.
(MORE)

CHANCER (CONT'D)

You, Lucky, can have the one in Mariano's yard and you, Kennedy, can have the one in Schultz's workshop. Just remember to deal with my friend, Drew, the best Rocky in North Africa.

Rafa takes the helm and steers into La Linea beach. They each high five and Chancer leaps onto the sand and dashes up the beach and across the coastal road into the side street full of fluttering bed linen and into the familiar house of Lito as the RIB scuds back out to sea.

EXT. FRONTIER SPAIN-GIBRALTAR - DAY

The Jeep stops and three men get out near the barrier and spread out to walk slowly after Enrico's Jeep as he drives to the tapas bars and stops.

He strides from his car into the bar and at an empty table he sees an English newspaper and a cup of coffee.

The barman shrugs negatively as Enrico looks at him questioningly.

EXT/INT. PASSPORT CONTROL - SPANISH FRONTIER - DAY - (DUSK)

Arm in arm, Chancer and Susan stroll through the Spanish control barrier.

Susan offers the passports to the duty officer who simply waves them through into the building where the Gibraltarian officers also wave them through.

EXT. GIBRALTAR AIRPORT - NIGHT

With the Rock of Gibraltar as their backdrop, Susan clings to Chancer as they embrace with a loving kiss and floods of tears before strolling to their London bound jet aircraft.

SUPER:

Christopher Chance is now a published author and screenwriter living quietly with his wife, Susan in rural England where he spends his time writing.

FADE OUT:

THE END