

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON TOWER BLOCK - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

SUPER: LONDON - 1990's

Against the backdrop of the London skyline, TWO TEENAGERS hurtle toward the ground.

The stillness is shattered with a loud...

-SMASH!

Followed by the alarms of nearby cars.

MISS STEEL (25) and ALEX MARSHALL (30) peer over the edge.

The teens stare vacantly up, all life extinguished.

A CROWD begin to gather.

INT. SHACK - JUNGLE - DAY

SUPER: COLUMBIA - PRESENT DAY.

TONY (41) A.K.A Henry the Eighth; well toned, shaved head, his eyes look sad and tired.

He swings in a hammock surrounded by weapons and Kilos of cocaine.

He sucks deep on his crack pipe. Beads of sweat glow orange.

GANG MEMBER (OS)
Come on! We're waiting for you.

Tony rolls out of the hammock. He removes his shirt to reveal his various drug cartel tattoos.

He rubs the two burn marks on either side of his temple.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Henry saunters out the shack dressed in shorts, sunglasses, and flip flops, he looks ready for the beach...

Until we see that he trails a HUGE BLOOD-STAINED AXE behind him.

Various GANG MEMBERS sit around an old barrel. Crumpled bills lie on top.

(CONTINUED)

GANG MEMBER #1
You feeling strong?

HENRY.
Always! One thousand dollars; ten
out of ten.

The ONE-EYED MAN takes various bets.

ONE-EYED MAN.
(In Colombian)
Henry the Eighth; one thousand
dollars. Ten limbs. Ten strikes.

GANG MEMBER #2
Two hundred on six.

GANG MEMBER #3
Five hundred on eight.

A frenzy of betting takes place. The one-eyed man struggles to keep up.

A gang member films Henry on a camcorder. He warm up with the axe behind his neck, both arms draped over either end.

Two gang members march TWO HOODED PRISONERS into the clearing. They are forced to kneel.

The gang members WHOOP and HOLLER!

Henry removes the hood of PRISONER #1; their hands cabled tied behind their backs.

Henry smiles. Prisoner #1 stares at the axe that henry uses to keep balance.

HENRY.
(In Colombian)
You like? No? The way I see it is
that you've got two options; You
can die tied up like a dog and I'll
start with you head. Or you can die
with honour, untied not screaming
like a pig, If I start with your
legs?

The first prisoner stares at Henry, his eyes cold and with no fear.

1ST PRISONER
(In colombian)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1ST PRISONER (cont'd)
I'm no fucking dog, and won't
scream like a pig, you son of a
Tupac loving bitch.

HENRY.
(In Colombian)
What's your name?

1ST PRISONER
(In Colombian)
You can call me Daddy. Henry the
fucking Eighth.

The first prisoner then spits in Henry's face. Henry wipes
the spit off with a smile on his face.

Henry punches PRISONER #1, his rage building.

HENRY.
(shouts In Colombian)
All bets are off. Bring me my
chainsaw.

ONE EYE MAN.
(Shouting in Colombian)
No fucking way man. Bets have been
taken.

HENRY.
(In Colombian)
Fuck you. I'll cover all the bets
taken with double. I'm gonna cut
this cunt up, one joint at a time,
and when I get to his head, I'm
gonna cut his eyes, ears, nose, and
tongue, off before his ugly fucking
head.

An enthusiastic gang member hands Henry a chainsaw. Henry
takes the hood off PRISONER #2, so he can watch..(laughing)

HENRY(CONT)
(In Colombian)
That your fucking younger brother.

Prisoner #1 doesn't look or reply to Henry.

HENRY(CONT)
(In Colombian)
It fucking is (laughs). Change of
plan. You can watch me cut your
brother up, no honour! He will die
like a dog.

(CONTINUED)

The chainsaw starts after a few pulls. Prisoner #1 doesn't look away. The sound of the chainsaw dulls as the metal cuts through bone.

Prisoner #2 screams pierce the jungle. A few gang members look ill as Henry laughs; blood splashing his face.

The chainsaw is switched off. The screams stop.

Prisoner #2 shallow breathing stops. He has bled out.

Gang members carry him off.

HENRY(CONT)
(In Colombian)
(Laughing) your brother looks
drunk, in fact he looks legless,
and off his head.

Henry walks to a table, picks up a handgun, and shoots the first prisoner in the bollocks.

HENRY(CONT)
(In Colombian)
Now you'll die, known as an arse
bandit. (Laughs)

1ST PRISONER
Fuck you, your mother's a whore.

They all start to laugh with Henry, as he walks back into the shack.

FLASHBACK:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - WAITING ROOM - DAY

A younger, naïve TONY, (16), skinny with long hair and dressed in an ill-fitting suit enters.

There are six CANDIDATES of various races and religions. They each have a clipboard and scribble away intently.

Tony shyly walks up to the desk toward the RECEPTIONIST.

She does not look up.

RECEPTIONIST
Take a clipboard, a pen and this
test. When you have finished, come
and see me.

One-by-one, the candidates are called into the next room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - WAITING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Tony is on his own. He twiddles his thumbs.

The door to the adjoining room opens.

RECEPTIONIST(CONT'D)
Guess this is you.

Nervously, Tony ambles towards the door.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
I wouldn't keep her waiting if I
were you.

Tony picks up the pace.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Miss Steel (25) sits behind her heavy desk. She sports a trouser suit with her hair styled into a bob-cut.

She smiles when Tony approaches.

INT. PRISON - COLOMBIA - DAY.

MUSIC - FYFE - SOLACE

Henry lies on his bunk with his eyes closed.

A GUARD bangs his stick on the bars.

Henry sits bolt upright, eyes open and dart around the cell.

GUARD
(In Colombian)
Henry! Hands and feet!

He walks towards the bars, puts his feet through a gap at the bottom where the Guard chains his feet. They replicate this with his hands, through a gap half way up.

A bare-chested Henry is escorted by TWO PRISON GUARDS.

He shuffles Past packed cells.

Prisoner's faces are pressed against the bars to get a glimps of the infamous Henry the Eighth

INT. HENRY - PRISON OFFICE - DAY

Henry is ushered into an office with one table and two chairs.

Henry sits, then notices the unstable fan, right above him and moves his chair back.

The Two Guards stand behind Henry, a guard opens the cell door

MR MILLWARD (50) in a short button-down collar shirt, sweats profusely.

He places a thick file on the table along with his spectacle case.

He pulls his chair closer to the table and places his forearms either side of the file.

MR MILLWARD.

(In Colombian)

My name Mr Millward. I work for the British Consulate. I've read your file, and barring a miracle, I really don't understand how I can help you.

Mr Millward opens the file, takes his spectacles out of their case, they sits on the end of his nose, so he can look over them when he talks.

MR MILLWARD.

(In Colombian)

Mr Henry. Your file says.(takes a deep breath) that you were second in command in the communist terrorist organisation FARC-EP, and are responsible for up to one hundred murders. Most chopped up using an axe, earning you the nickname Henry the 8th. when FARC disbanded, you went on to run one of the biggest drug cartels in Colombia exporting up to one hundred tonnes of cocaine to America and Europe a week. Is this correct?

Henry grins.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY.

(In cockney)

Alledged to be one hundred and sixteen and three hundred tonnes a week. But that's neither here nor there. Mr Millward, I need you to look at me and concentrate on what I'm about to tell you.

MR MILLWARD.

You speak English? How? When? What's going on?

HENRY

I'll explain everything. Just look at me! I'm an MI5 agent. I've been working undercover... Look at me, Mr Millward. I need you to write this number down.

MR MILLWARD.

Who are you?

HENRY

My name is Tony Harris; God I haven't heard that name mentioned in years.

MR MILLWARD

If you're MI5? Why have you waited until after you've served a year in prison to contact us?

HENRY.

(Laughs)

If I'm honest, I liked the power and respect. But most of all the peace and quiet I had in here, which has allowed me to think and start remembering certain things from my past. Now write this number down please. 0-2-0-7 3-0-2 1-6-1-6, it's a direct line to a Miss Steel, she's head of MI5. Tell her you're calling on behalf of agent TONY HARRIS, working undercover on operation Jungle book.

Mr Millward jumps up out of his chair and shouts for the guard to open the door. Mr Millward walks out of the room.

INT. PRISON OFFICE TWO - DAY

Mr Millward sits at a desk and rings the number.

MISS STEEL.(VO)

Steel!

MR MILLWARD

(on phone)

Is that a Miss Steel, head of MI5?

MISS STEEL.(VO)

To whom am I speaking? And where did you get this number from?

MR MILLWARD

(on phone)

Forgive me; my name is Mr Millward, I work for the BRITISH Consulate in Colombia, I have someone in jail serving two life sentences.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MISS STEEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Miss Steel, now a world weary 40-something, chats on her hands free as she studies a map of the world on one of the walls.

MISS STEEL

So?

MR MILLWARD (VO)

He claims to be an MI5 Agent, going by the name of Tony Harris.

Miss Steels's eyes widen.

She presses a huge red button. Almost immediately, TWO SENIOR MI5 guys, immaculately dressed, enter.

MR MILLWARD (VO) (CONT'D)

He says that he has been working undercover on operation Jungle Book.

MISS STEEL

We lost all contact with someone of that name about five years ago, Believed to be dead. Does this man have scars on the sides of his temple?

(CONTINUED)

MR MILLWARD (VO)
Err, I don't know. Will you wait
while I go back and clarify it.

MISS STEEL
Yes of course.

SENIOR MI5
What's going on?

MISS STEEL
Could be something; could be
nothing.

INT. PRISON OFFICE - DAY

Tony sits in the other room when the doors open and Mr
Millward walks in, he looks at the burn marks on his head;
he exits.

INT. PRISON OFFICE TWO - DAY

He picks the phone up.

MR MILLWARD.
Hello Miss Steel.

MISS STEEL.(VO)
(on phone)
Yep I'm still here. Well?

MR MILLWARD.
Yes. He has the scars.

MISS STEEL.(VO)
(on phone)
Okay. I'll email all the relative
paperwork so you can double check
his identity and prepare for his
release, and-

Mr Millward interrupts.

MR MILLWARD
His release? He is believed to have
committed up to one hundred
murders.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MISS STEEL'S OFFICE - DAY

MISS STEEL
 (on phone)
 (Angry voice) Yes. fucking believed
 to have. This man could hold vital
 information. So do you're told and
 get him back into BRITISH custody.

Miss Steel hangs up and throws her hands-free headset on the desk.

She regains her composure and addresses the MI5 guys.

MISS STEEL (CONT)
 I think it's safe to say that this
 falls under the category of
 "SOMETHING".

INT. LISA - OFFICE - DAY

LISA (33) blond, journalist, is a sleep on her desk,
 hung-over.

Next to her is an award, with a condom rolled over it like a dick.

A sign stuck on her monitor reads "WHO DID YOU BLOW TO WIN THAT"

UNKNOWN #1 (OS)
 Lisa. MARSHALL wants to see you in
 his office.

TOMO (32) a black colleague.

TOMO
 If you're quick Lis, you might win
 another award.

Lisa opens her eyes, her head still on the desk, raises her right arm and does a wanker gesture, then turns to face Tomo.

Tomo makes a blow job gesture with his hand at his mouth, and his tongue to make a lump in his cheek.

LISA
 Fuck off Tomo, I've seen your dick,
 remember? You must be the only
 black man with a maggot.

Lisa does the same gesture back to TOMO, but with her little finger, and a small lump on the outside of her cheek.

The office roars, and the others take the piss out of Tomo. He melts behind his computer screen.

INT. TONY - JOHN - MENTAL HEALTH WARD - DAY

Tony's in bed, minged out on medication, in his room

There's a knock at the door. Tony looks towards the door. JOHN STEWART (50) well built Scottish Ex-SAS. Walks in.

JOHN.

Hello Tone; I heard you was back.
Do you remember who I am?

Awkward silence.

JOHN (CONT)

It's John Stuart, I trained you and the others on the Inset Course.

Tony stars back at the ceiling

TONY.

(Talks slowly)

Yeah I remember, I see you've got a number one bests selling book... Congratulations.

JOHN CONT.

Thanks mate..What they done to yer?

TONY.

(Talks slowly)

It's only what I deserve.

John gets choked up, seeing Tony in this state.

JOHN CONT.

I'm so sorry Tone! I should have stopped 'em. Them fucking evil bastards. I should have stopped 'em! What they done to you lot on that course, still haunts me to this day, but with your help, we can fuck Steel big time.

TONY.

(Talks slowly)

Look at me! I'm in no fit state to help myself, let alone anybody else.... I can't remember much from the course. Just little bits and pieces? When I was in Columbia.. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONY. (cont'd)
don't know why I just wanted to
kill Steel... The last thing I
remember was sitting on the plane.
Then I woke up in here.

JOHN.
(Angry)
I'm gonna expose the lot of 'em,
and bring 'em down...you heard from
Tim, Clair, or Julie? I've been
trying to find 'em, without any
joy. Don't know if they're all dead
or deep out in the field somewhere
undercover?

TONY.
Expose 'em how?

JOHN.
My next book gonna be called, the
Inset Course. but I really need
your help, please Tone together we
can fuck 'em

TONY.
Please John I've got no fight left
in me, I'm tired, Some days I wish
I was dead. but if you can fuck
Steel, you'll make me so happy. If
you kill her, I'll die a very, very
happy man

Tony turns his head and looks at John for a moment, then
looks back at the ceiling.

JOHN
Trust me, there's not a day passes,
that I don't think about it. Tone
please look at me, I'm off to
afghan with Lisa Stella. She's a
journo, She's lovely I've known her
for a few years now. We're doing a
live show from there, I'm gonna
throw some clues out, and hopefully
Clair, Tim, or Julie might see it
and get in touch.

Tony turns his head.

TONY.
(Talks slowly)
You be careful, Steel make's
Cruella De Vil look like a girl
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONY. (cont'd)
guide. I'm not fucking joking mate,
she's schizo.

JOHN
Yea I no. I'M sure she's up to
something. I'm not sure what? But
I'm hearing bits and pieces that
don't add up yet, but I think it's
big. I don't know how much you
remember from the course, but there
was a book that they wrote into all
the time. Someone from MI6 told me
a book was nicked from there
bosses, that held all the trigger
and release codes for all the
agents. I'm sure it's the same
book, Steel always had with her,
when she was on the course.

Tony looking at John very puzzled.

JOHN CONT.
Look Tone I'll leave it for today,
you look tired. Just nod if it's ok
for me to visit you again?

Tony nods.

JOHN CONT.
Thank you Tone, you don't know how
much that means to me. I just hope
you can forgive me one day.

TONY.
There nothing to forgive for John,
you was only taking orders like the
rest of us.

JOHN
Thank you, that really means a lot
to me.

John stands up and opens the the door to leave.

TONY.
John!

John stops and looks round.

TONY CONT
I'll try and help you the best I
can. If I remember any contacts,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONY CONT (cont'd)
places, phone numbers I'll write em
down, for when you visit next
time.... John if you get the chance
to kill her. Do it mate, she's pure
evil.

John smiles and leaves. Tony just looks back into space, a
tear rolls out the corner of his eye.

FLASHBACK:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Miss Steel sits behind her desk. She smiles.

A sixteen year-old Tony smiles back.

MISS STEEL
Ah, our final candidate; Tony
Harris. I have read the answers to
your questionnaire and was mightily
impressed.

TONY.
Umm, thanks?

MISS STEEL
I know this is for the position of
post-room attendant, but I believe
that you may have that certain
something that sets you apart from
everybody else.

TONY.
Okay...

MISS STEEL.
How would you like to travel the
world? Live in amazing houses? Meet
gorgeous women.

Tony's eyes light up.

TONY.
Yeah sure; just call me Bond, James
Bond.

MISS STEEL
Tony would you be prepared to do an
IQ test first?

(CONTINUED)

TONY.

Sure...

MISS STEEL.

Great.

Miss Steel hands him an I.Q test.

MISS STEEL.

In your own time Tony.

Tony starts... and finishes in no time. He hands the test back to Miss Steel.

She heads towards a door with a mirror on the wall.

INT. SECRET ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MR EGGERTON silently watches Tony through the two way mirror.

Miss Steel enters.

EGGERTON

Well?

MISS STEEL

He aced the test. I just think-

She is cut off.

EGGERTON

We do not pay you to think.

Miss Steel looks resentful.

MISS STEEL

No, you don't.

She exits.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Tony looks around. The sound of the clock ticks heavily.

Miss Steel enters.

MISS STEEL.

Well Tony. you've done very well,
in fact the highest I've seen in a
long time.

Tony looks pleased with himself.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Thanks.

Tony drinks from his glass of water. He falls asleep, drugged.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Tony wakes, holding his head.

TONY.

Damn, I got a headache.

Miss Steel hands him a glass of water and some pills.

MISS STEEL

For your headache.

Tony is hesitant.

MISS STEEL

I promise it's just water and aspirin. Take it or your headache won't go away.

Mr EGGERTON (30) grey hair, dressed in black combat gear. A young JOHN STEWART stands by the door looking uneasy, arms behind his back.

TONY.

Where am I?

EGGERTON

That's not important. What is important will become clear shortly. Miss Steel?

MISS STEEL.

Tony, we feel you will become a great asset to our company. You'll be trained to work for the Security Service.

TONY.

I was joking with the whole James Bond thing.

MISS STEEL.

You don't want the fast cars and loose women?

(CONTINUED)

TONY.

Of course... but I couldn't kill someone.

Eggerton speaks.

MR EGGERTON

What if it was a kill or be killed situation?

TONY.

Well yeah, of course I could kill, when you put it like that.

MR EGGERTON

Well that's all we ask of you, Tony. not many people will get this chance, it's a great opportunity for you. All you have to do is sign this paper and you are on the training course.

Mr Eggerton hands Tony a sheet of paper. At the top it says British Intelligence Inset Course: OFFICAL SECRET ACT.

Tony reads through it.

TONY.

I don't know? Can I take it home, and think about it.

MR EGGERTON

No Tony this is your only chance, if you don't sign today you won't get another chance.

Tony reads it again.

TONY.

Ok, what can it hurt! It's only a course ain't.

MR EGGERTON

That's right Tony it's just a course. But once you sign you can't tell anyone. Not even your Mum or Dad.

TONY.

They ain't bothered what I do, anyway. Where do I sign.

Tony signs.

Then smiles, leans back crosses his arms very happy with himself.

Mr Eggerton shakes Tony's hand then leaves.

PRESENT DAY:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

An older JOHN; on his own at the bar, dressed in a dinner suit and tie, drinks a pint of lager with a scotch chaser. Unhappy, deep in thought, he talks to himself. TAFF enters (50ish) six - foot well built, big moustashe.

TAFF (OS)
(Welsh accent)
Talking to yourself is the first
sign of madness, boy-o.

John turns.

JOHN.
(Pissed off voice)
Hello Taff.

John turns back.

TAFF.
Barman can you get my friend here
another drink and I'll have a pint
please... Fuck me John. You look
like you're got the world on your
shoulders.

JOHN.
I'm gonna expose all of them cunts
that were on the course.

TAFF.
What cunts?

JOHN.
Steel, Marshall, the fucking lot of
em. What they done to them poor
kids was terrible.

TAFF.
John, I here what you're saying,
but don't be saying things like
that in public. Especially in here.
Who don't know who could here ya.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN.

I don't give a fuck! I'm past caring. Do you remember the young kid in my group called Tony?

TAFF.

Vaguely. Why what's he done?

JOHN.

Nothing. I've just visited him in a mental hospital, he's so fucked up he can't even talk because of them.

TAFF.

John it wasn't your fault. The government wasn't worried about who or what they done to 'em. Have you forgot we was at war...the IRA, Cold War, they need agents to carry out orders without questioning 'em. And go into situations a lot worse then we was ever in, and on their own. They're just casualties of war. End of.

JOHN.

Don't try and justify touture, rape, just so they can brainwash em. That's bollocks.

John slams his drink down, walks out. Taff watches John walk out, with a very concerned look. Taff moves John's pint next to his. Then makes a call on his mobile.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Lisa, John and FRANKIE-BOY the cameraman are filming a routine BRITISH ARMY patrol.

LISA

Frankie-boy, get a shot of the troops patrolling along the side of this gully.

Frankie Boy runs to the front and starts filming. The patrol comes under small arms fire. Lisa, John, and Frankie Boy scramble into The gully.

Bullets, mud is flying around them. The BRITISH soldiers return fire. one soldier shout's into his radio.

(CONTINUED)

RADIO SOLDIER
Contact! Repeat contact!

Lisa shouts to Frankie-Boy.

LISA
Frankie? Frankie! Are you still
rolling?

FRANKIE BOY
Yeah.

LISA
Quick, get me on.

JOHN
Lis, don't be silly. Keep your head
down.

LISA
I've got to get this, John.

Frankie Boy films Lisa.

John suddenly hits the deck.

EXT. AFGHANISTAN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A SNIPER got John in his cross hairs, with his finger on the
trigger.

EXT. AFGAN - DAY

A snipers bullet hits Frankie-Boy at the base of his neck
from behind, and exits out under his chin.

Lisa is covered in Frankie-Boy's blood.

The BRITISH SOLDIERS return fire. One SOLDIER shouts into
his radio.

RADIO SOLDIER
Contact! Repeat, Contact!

The radio crackles back the tune of "Oh! We do like to be
beside the seaside".

A Darkern Room.

Lisa's eyes open. Her mobile rings to the tune of "Oh! We do
like to be beside the seaside" on the glass table.

Lisa picks it up, presses snooze and throws it on the table
next to a knotted bag of brown powder; fags and lighter.

(CONTINUED)

She slumps back, transfixed on the Houses of Parliament, lit up, in all it's glory.

She still blames herself for Frankie-Boy's death due to her stupidly.

Her eyes blink more frequently until there closed, no sooner they're shut, the phone rings.

The phone lights up one side of her face, as she talks with her eyes closed.

The Caller I.D is John.

A stoned-sounding Lisa speaks.

LISA

Hello.

JOHN (VO)

You still coming Lis?

LISA

Yeah, I said I was, didn't I?

JOHN (VO)

Okay, Lis, but it's eight-thirty now!

Lisa

I'll be ten minutes!

John (VO)

You said that you'd be here at seven! I'm standing on me tod, here... You know I don't like these poncy do's. You still in bed?

LISA

No! I'm just leaving now. I'll be ten minutes, for fuck sake.

JOHN (VO)

Okay, okay, I'll see you then.

Lisa's flat is in complete darkness. Lisa looks at the time on Big Ben, she lays her head back and shuts her eyes again.

LISA

Fuck it! Lights!

All of the lights come on. Lisa already dressed in her cocktail dress, screws up the foil. She pulls herself out of her chair and walks into the kitchen.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

She wipes the work surface down with a tea towel, does a line of Cocaine and lights a fag up. She exits leaving all the lights on,; barefooted, heels in hand.

EXT. LISA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Lisa makes her way down the steps.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lisa enters, grabs the cocaine and exits, slamming the door.

INT. HOTEL - AWARDS CEROMONY HALL - NIGHT

Guests are seated at massive round tables, some clap as a Journalist accept an award on stage from Alex Marshall.

Lisa, and John are seated forth table back from the stage.

John has his back to the stage. Lisa has her chair turned towards John and the stage.

Lisa clearly high on cocaine. Her jaw all over the place. John's drunk and in a horrible mood.

LISA

I don't fucking believe it? How has she won that.

Lisa kicks John's leg.

LISA

Ere John, she's must have sucked someones cock, or done anal to get that. She's meant to be filthy. Terry from the Mail done er. Oh have a look John.

Lisa hits Johns leg again. John doesn't partake in the conversation, his head drops every now and then.

LISA

John! Johh have a look at her shoes, my fucking nan gave a pair like that to a charity shop the other week. Hold up they're them. I'm sure?

(CONTINUED)

The narrator on stage taps the microphone.

NARRATOR.

Ladies and gentlemen, could you please give a round of applause for Alex Marshall, for doing a fantastic job, giving out the awards tonight.

John's all over the place, he tries to turn and stand to face the stage.

JOHN

(Shouting)

Marshall! Write a wrong, if you don't, then maybe I will.

Lisa in hysterics at John, know one else in the room is takes a blind bit of notice.

All except Alex Marshall, Lisa gabs hold of John arm.

LISA.

Yea you... ugly cunt, right a wrong.

JOHN

No. Write a wrong.

They both fall onto a table, drinks go all over the place.

Lisa starts on the other guests at the table.

LISA.

What! Yer never seen or been drunk before? He's a fucking war hero. He's got every right to get pissed.

EXT - JOHN - VAUXHALL BRIDGE - NIGHT

John on Vauxhall Bridge tears pour down his cheeks, he is next to MI6 headquarters, he turns and then look towards Parliament.

INT. LISA - JOHNS DEATH - FLAT - DAY

Sunlight splits Lisa curtains, to reveal, drug paraphernalia, empty beer and Jack Daniels bottles litter across her flat.

Lisa got on a white vest top, and pink velour bottoms.

She opens the fridge and drinks the last dregs from a open can of coke, then bins it.

(CONTINUED)

Shakes, then throws a cigarette pack onto the side, then straightens and lights a butt up out of the ashtray.

Opens the curtains and windows to let some fresh air in, then slumps into the chair, and shuts her eyes.

She sits on the remote. She jumps when the TV comes on.

John's death is on the news.

LISA.

Fucking hell! Please no!

Lisa sheds a tear.