

FADE IN

INT. SAMUEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dirty, dimly lit torn down apartment, wallpaper falling off, dirty chipped wooden doorways, flies floating around a full bin, bread loaf sticking out of the top, full of mould.

A small stack of antidepressants sit atop a bedside drawer.

The door RATTLES as it's being unlocked. It swings open. SAMUEL, late 30's, skinny, unkempt neck length raven hair and a small bushy beard.

He walks in with the PROSTITUTE, eerily gorgeous, early 20's but looks older due to drug abuse. Has dress sense of a stereotyped prostitute.

She starts observing, she puts her finger to her nose.

PROSTITUTE

So much for tidying the place up.

Samuel picks up his dirty socks off the bed.

SAMUEL

(nervously)

Sorry, I've been busy.

She takes her jacket off slowly, looking at a drawer that's slightly open. Samuel wanders around clueless.

PROSTITUTE

So... when do you want to get this party started?

Samuel looks around and drops the socks in a dirty corner.

SAMUEL

(nervous)

Whenever you want really Honey.

Honey smiles. Horrid teeth.

HONEY (PROSTITUTE)

I like it when you call me by my name.

Samuel grins and heads towards the drawer, he opens it full revealing a small stash of heroin, rubber tubing, a needle and a toasted spoon.

He takes them all out and smiles at Honey.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

The heroin is heated and ready to be shot up.

SAMUEL

Can you... shoot me up please.

Honey grabs the rubber tubing.

HONEY

Thought you'd never ask.

He rolls his sleeve up, track marks galore, she wraps it tightly around his arm. Veins bulge. The needle sucks up the heroin. Straight into his vein.

Samuel lets out a pleasurable MOAN.

HONEY (CONT'D)

That's a good boy.

She releases her grip on the tubing.

HONEY (CONT'D)

My turn babe.

Samuel, dazed, grabs the tubing, he rolls her sleeve up, the track marks are even worse, he tries wrapping her arm. She stops him.

SAMUEL

(Slurred)

What's... wrong?

HONEY

I'll tell you what, I'll do it myself babe, you go make yourself comfy.

Samuel puts the needle down, she quickly grabs it and puts it in her bag. Honey MOANS in pleasure.

Samuel looks at Honey, dazed, as she grabs hold of his hand and walks him towards the bed.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Usual?

Sam snorts heavily.

SAMUEL

(Dazed)

Mmm....

They stand at the bed. She starts undressing him. Samuel is slowly stripped to his underwear, the clothes piling next to the bed.

Honey starts to undress. Dirty socks, torn jeans, knee high leather boots, a cheap red frilly miniskirt, a white shirt with yellow patches under the arms all merge in a heap.

HONEY

Get in.

Samuel staggers into the duvet and shifts to the other side making way for Honey to slip in.

She gets in and embraces Samuel on her bosom. She starts to stroke his head.

He closes his eyes as tear runs down his cheek.

HONEY (CONT'D)

Shh.... Shh... Shh...

Rhythmically she repeats it, stroking his hair as he slowly fades out from his high. His breathing slows.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Samuel sleeps on Honey's chest. She taps his face twice, no response. She lowers his head slowly onto the pillow.

She creeps out of bed and begins dressing again slowly. She looks at Samuel and shakes her head.

HONEY (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Fucking weird cunt.

She creeps her way to the drawer and slowly grabs the rest of the heroin.

Honey puts the heroin in her bag and slowly heads out, the door gently CLOSES behind her.

Samuel lay motionless.

EXT. SAMUEL'S APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Honey walks out of the shabby apartment blocks, a dim light flickers, above her at the entrance. She re-adjusts her bra and walks on.

As she walks past, a black Volkswagen Passat rolls up. A figure wearing a fedora hat is sat in the driver's side. It's hard to see with the dim light.

INT. SAMUEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Samuel wakes up hazily. The tattered apartment is clearly visible with the little sunlight that creeps through his ragged curtain.

He looks at the time, 9.23.

SAMUEL

Fuck.

He scurries out of bed and grabs his a messy long sleeved shirt with plain trousers.

INT. SAMUEL'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Samuel has a bag on his shoulder. He frantically locks the door. He nudges into an old woman on her way up the stairs.

SAMUEL

Sorry.

He ducks handymen moving furniture up.

EXT. SAMUEL'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Samuel rushes out of the building, a moving van parked outside. He heads to his car, a tattered old '98 Ford Fiesta.

INT. FORD FIESTA - DAY

Samuel tries to start the car, fails. Tries again. Fails. Third times a charm. He speeds off.

EXT. SAMARITAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The sign reads SAMARITANS, a few colleagues are outside wearing green T-shirts having a cigarette in the smoking area.

Samuel parks his car in the staff car park and rushes inside.

INT. SAMARITAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Samuel nervously brushes his hair with hands the office is busy, phones are ringing, people are talking.

MANAGER (O.S.)
Sam, a word please.

He freezes in his tracks, he turns around.

The MANAGER, early 30's, long blonde hair, smartly dressed with a clipboard, immediately leaves her social group and approaches him.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Walk with me.

His head lowers as he walks with the manager, colleagues stare at him, making him more uncomfortable. They reach her office at the far end. The door reads LINDA MASON.

INT. SAMARITAN'S OFFICE - LINDA'S OFFICE

A plain white office with a two plants either side of Linda's name plaque sit on a beige wooden. She closes the door behind Samuel.

LINDA
Take a seat.

Samuel sits down. Head lowered. Linda sits on the desk in front of him. Arms folded.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Sam, what the fuck are you doing?
You should stop being a selfish
prick for once.

Samuel's head stays lowered. She unfolds her arms. Puts one on his shoulder.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Look, I'm sorry for being a bitch
but come on, I keep getting quizzed
by your colleagues on how you're
still in this place.

Samuel head remains lowered. Staring at the ground.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Just tell me you're off drugs at
least.

Samuel looks up and shakes his head.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 (Whispering)
 For fuck's sake Sam.

SAMUEL
 I'm sorry, I just--

LINDA
 Samuel, listen. There are new starters here today and I wanted one of them to sit with you.

Samuel looks up.

SAMUEL
 I don't think I'll be the best company to be around.

LINDA
 I think with your condition it maybe just what you need. Get your head off things. Fresh faces and all.

Linda instructs Samuel to get up. He stands

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Look, we don't see eye to eye on a lot of things but trust me on this one, OK?

Samuel nods and weakly smiles.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 There's that diamond smile. Go log on.

INT. SAMARITAN'S OFFICE - SAMUEL'S DESK

Samuel sits at his desk and logs on. MICHAEL (20's), sits nearby.

MICHAEL
 Way-hay! Look who's finally in.
 Nice sleep?

Samuel weakly smiles and nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Good man, listen I've got a question to ask.

Linda is approaching in the distance.

SAMUEL
What question?

Michael leans forward.

MICHAEL
How the hell do you get away with
all this time off? You and the
manager bang--

Linda stands over the pair.

LINDA
I suggest if you have any questions
relating to me, ask me directly
Michael. Besides you're already on
thin ice.

Michael backs off and nods. Linda places her hand on Samuel's
shoulder.

SAMUEL
Thanks Linda.

LINDA
Well, the new starters have arrived
and I'll be bringing them in now,
so get set up now please.

Samuel nods and begins activating his systems as Linda walks
off. Michael leans forward again.

MICHAEL
You must be giving it to her good
Sammy lad. I bet she moans right--

Michael's eyes widen as he looks up. Samuel follows his gaze.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Christ on a bike.

Linda stands with a bunch of new starters, all wearing green
SAMARITANS t-shirts. Amongst the small sea of green, a
devilishly beautiful ginger haired WOMAN (20's) with a
piercing ice blue gaze.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What you think of her Sammy?

Samuel's eyes are caught by her. He breaks his gaze and
starts meddling with the computer again.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I asked you something you div.

SAMUEL
Shut up, I.. I need to log on.

Michael backs off shaking his head. Samuel probes at his telephone. Adding a splitter to the headset.

Linda is approaching Samuel's desk alongside her band of green-shirted newbies.

Samuel glances at the side of his eye, caught in her beauty. Linda notices Samuel's gaze. She approaches him.

LINDA
I see someone's caught your eye.

SAMUEL
No. Not really.

LINDA
Well you won't mind her sitting
with you then?

Samuel looks up startled.

SAMUEL
No--

LINDA
Samantha, can you come over here
please?

SAMANTHA approaches, green T-shirt with a long-sleeve shirt underneath. Notepad in hand. A shiny rock on her finger.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Sam meet Sam.

SAMANTHA
Hi.

SAMUEL
Hello.

Samuel carries on with trying to fix his telephone with a splitter.

LINDA
Well I'll leave her here as she's
your buddy.

Samantha looks around for a seat to grab, Michael is taking sly glances at her.

SAMANTHA

Erm, does anyone sit here?

Samuel raises his head.

SAMUEL

No, go ahead.

Samantha drags the chair and sits next to Samuel.

SAMANTHA

So I hear you're pretty good at this. I think it's really cool that you can help vulnerable people. Did you study at psychology?

Samuel finishes connecting the splitter.

SAMUEL

I didn't study psychology, never had the opportunity for further education. What about you? How's married life?

Samantha analyses her ring. Samuel looks at the ring, he notices a scar near her wrist. She quickly pulls her shirt over it.

SAMANTHA

Oh, no I just got engaged going to be wed soon hopefully. What about you?

SAMUEL

I'm...I'm just having a rocky time with the girlfriend.

SAMANTHA

Ah, I see. Oh also, I just graduated, I did psychology and I'm just hoping to get a bit of field experience with real subjects.

Samuel logs into the system and takes a spare headset from his drawer and connects it. Samantha's eyes follow all the way.

Samuel gives her a headset.

SAMUEL

Just remember, they're not circus
acts, they're people.

Samuel logs into his phone. The red light immediately
flashes, L. MASON shows on the display.

Samuel has confusion on his face. Samantha puts her headset
on. He hits ANSWER. Puts on his headset.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Linda?

LINDA (O.C.)

(Phone)

Sam, I've just got a call off
Heather. The voice is muffled but
there's someone asking for you.

Samuel scratches his head.

SAMUEL

Can't she deal with it, I'm not
really feeling a call right n--

LINDA (O.C.)

(Phone)

Besides the fact it's your job to
take the calls, the caller won't
disclose any info and said they
would kill themselves if they
didn't speak to you.

Samantha cups her mouth. Samuel's face reads confusion.

SAMUEL

O...OK transfer it through.

A CLICK on the line signifies the call's been transferred. A
moment of silence. BREATHING can be heard on the other line,
irregular sounds, electronic voice changer.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Hello? This is Samuel speaking, how
may I help y--

VOICE (O.C.)

(Phone)

I am your guardian angel Samuel. If
you do not follow my instructions,
I will die as a result.