



Cabbie

by
Kat Magrowitz

(story idea with Matt Orton)

Original screenplay
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(Additional material Nate Wiseman)

An aerial shot glides over sunny London:

ED (V.O.)

*When someone says 'London' to you,
what do you think of? Piccadilly
Circus, Houses of Parliament, Big
Ben, the Queen? All the tourists'
favourites. But let me ask you
this: How are you going to get
there? Walk in the rain like a mug?
Squeeze onto the underground to get
drenched in other people's sweat?
Get a forgettable Uber?
No. When you get to London you need
one thing: a Black Cab.*

Camera booms down onto a street, a BLACK CAB speeds towards us through a huge puddle, water splashes on either side.

Animation sequence continues.

ED (V.O.)

*Now, to become a London Cabbie you
must pass a test called The
Knowledge, the world's hardest
geography test.*

Street turns into part of an A2Z MAP of London.

ED (V.O.)

*A London cabbie must learn over
27000 streets over 30000 points of
interest...*

Streets FLASH up and Points of Interest POP UP.

ED (V.O.)

*the shortest distance between them
is your mental street map.*

Zigzag lines join dots in rapid succession. Map turns into a pocket size map mounted to the front of a scooter, a CABBIE LEARNER drives around in the rain.

ED (V.O.)

*It can take years! After all the
learning, practising, memorising
and revising the real fun begins:
The Test!*

Fast montage. A room full of cabbie learners sweat over written exams.

ED (V.O.)

...After test, after test...

Some of the cabbie learners crumble under the exam pressure.

ED (V.O.)
*Until 'D-Day'— the day you receive
 that coveted Green Badge!
 You've done your Knowledge.*

A MET POLICE OFFICER hands out GREEN BADGES like Saint George's Crosses to the lucky few cabbie learners who got through.

ED (V.O.)
*There's me and my best mate Simon,
 "Spice"...*

Frame comes to an abrupt HALT-

ED (V.O.)
*Well, that's not actually us. We're
 not there yet...*

Frame rewinds.

ED (V.O.)
We're still here...

CUT to Ed's dingy studio flat, Knowledge gear everywhere, books, streets maps of London on wall, call-over sheets,

ED (V.O.)
*Struggling to make ends meet to
 finish the damn Knowledge!*

Overflowing ashtray, empty cans of baked beans. Sound of frantic knocking on door,

MR.ÖZIVAL (OS)
 Ed, open door! Open door...

ED(31) pops up,

ED
There's me--

grins charmingly into camera, then guides a pretty GIRL (20s) to the window, opens it, knocking continues,

MR.ÖZIVAL (O.S.)
 Where's rent?! Where's RENT...

PRETTY GIRL
 What the f-

Ed smiles disarmingly, gestures,

ED
 Ladies, first.

PRETTY GIRL
 What?!

The girl looks out to see a scaffolding.

PRETTY GIRL (CONT'D)
Are you serious?

ED
It's actually, perfectly safe.
I do it all the time.

We hear the front door being unlocked. Ed quickly sweeps the girl off her feet, climbs out after her.

ED (V.O.)
And my best mate Spice...

Cut to SPICE (31) and his seven month pregnant wife NATALIE(30) in their tiny council flat. Every inch also covered in Knowledge gear. An old Playstation (PS3) and other valuables in a box labelled PAWN SHOP in front of Nat, she grabs a stack of Knowledge books, *

SPICE
Not the Blue book...

Spice lunges for it.

Cut back to Ed now in the street, fully dressed, scooter between his legs, Knowledge map mounted in front, turns to the girl, pats the seat with his hand, smiles, front or back? The girl scoffs, walks off, a massive ladder in her tights.

ED (V.O.)
You see, it takes an average of three and a half years to complete The Knowledge and has a drop-out rate of 65 percent but if you do pass, you're set for life! Earn as much as you want, whenever you want. Be your own boss. Now, who doesn't want that? The problem is raising enough cash to pass the final exam and become a cabbie.

TITLE:

'CABBIE'

FADE OUT.

Fade In.

EXT. POLE DANCE CLUB SECRETS EAST LONDON - NIGHT

Glossy. Fronted by two suited burly bouncers TOMMY and JOHN, each next to a shiny brass pole. City punters enter. Across the street, Ed and Spice now dressed in plumber's overall with tool belts, peek around the corner, wait for the right moment, move across.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE ALLEY WAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER NIGHT

Ed and Spice climb up the stairs. WHISPER throughout,

SPICE
This is Corfu all over ...

ED
It's not Corfu ...

Ed reaches the top, tries to open the fire escape door - locked.

ED (CONT'D)
(mutters)
Who the hell locks a fire escape?!

Spice comes up. RIP!!! His overalls tear. There's a big hole between his legs, Velcro on the inside, 'Magic Mike stripper overalls'. Their overall logo reads *We Plumb You Good*.

SPICE
Why's there a hole in there?

ED
Shhhh!

ED (CONT'D)
What do you think...

SPICE
I think there's a hole in there because you're about to get me to rob a strip joint dressed as a stripper!

ED
Don't be such a prude. We got 'm for free.

Ed reaches between Spice's legs, sticks it back together.

SPICE
Have I mentioned this is a stupid idea?

ED
A few times.

SPICE
And have I mentioned we could join
Uber, like, tomorrow?

ED
I don't wanna hear about it!
We're going to be cabbies!
(turns to door)
Trust me, this one's gold dust.

Ed tries again to open door. Spice whispers into his ear,

SPICE
You said Corfu was gold dust!

ED
Corfu was Gold dust.

SPICE
Corfu was not Gold dust!

ED
Ok, Corfu wasn't quite gold dust
but this one definitely is.

Ed turns with a grande gesture,

ED (CONT'D)
Spice, don't you want to be on top
of the world for once?!

Meanwhile across town....

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE INVESTMENT BANK CITY - SAME TIME NIGHT

Panoramic city view. WINSTON HUNTER(31) senior investment
banker, a man on top of the world in front of multiple screens
with live world-news and stock indexes for after hours
trading. Four phone lines,

HUNTER
(into blue tooth)
... One point three million
guaranteed bonus for the next three
years?! And you call yourself a
head hunter, Gold? I might as well
stay put!
(a line flashes)
Hold!

Hunter switches lines and his voice. It's now smooth and
soothing,

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 Tonight and only tonight, my last offer is this: eight and a half...
 (chuckles)
 Since when do you care? It's pension funds, old people loosing their savings. They'll be dead soon enough ... Eight and a quarter... Done!
 (unholds blue tooth)
 What's it going to be, Gold?
 (listens, grins)
 Deal! But before I jump ship I've got to liquidate assets, I need a trusty liquidator, shoot me some names... Mister Angel...number?

On one screen a curve rises sharply, he shouts at it, while jotting down the number,

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 UP! UP! UP! Yes!!!
 Damn, I'm good.
 (into small mirror on desk)
 You're good!
 (into blue tooth)
 And what, Gold - a code?
 (a line flashes)
 Hold...
 (takes call, now matey voice)
 Ramston-Thomas, you there?

EXT. POLE DANCE CLUB SECRETS - SAME TIME NIGHT

Junior banker LIONEL RAMSTON-THOMAS(22) into Bluetooth,

RAMSTON-THOMAS
 (very posh)
 Yes, yes! I'm here, Le Dique's here, too!

Senior banker JEAN-PIERRE LE'DIQUE (38)pronounced L'Dick, impeccably dressed Frenchman, nods.

RAMSTON-THOMAS (CONT'D)
 Yes, yes ... see you in 10!

Ramston-Thomas finishes call.

LE'DIQUE
 (French accent)
 Did he say what it's all about?

RAMSTON-THOMAS
 He wants us to go in already.

They tip the bouncers, walk inside. Camera tracks to fire escape where Ed still struggles with the door. Spice's fed up, has a go. The door springs open, it was never locked! They sneak inside.

INT. POLE DANCE CLUB SECRETS - FEW MOMENTS LATER NIGHT

Ed and Spice sneak across when bouncer PAUL (40s) stops them. Ed brazenly raises his tool belt, points to basement, he waves them through.

Pretty FLOWER (20s) approaches club manager American ex-pat LEX DAVIS(45), dressed like a twenty something RODEO STAR standing at the bar.

FLOWER

Lex, the bankers you wanted me to look out for? They're here. They're right where you wanted them.

LEX

(Texan accent)

Cool. Thanks, flower. Now, I told you to go home. Your little son's sick. Look after him for as long as it takes. You'll still get paid.

Flower gets emotional,

FLOWER

Thanks Lex. How's the hip?

LEX

Hell, you know, it's a war injury, Flower, gotta live with it for the rest of my life. But you English got the greatest health service in the world! Even physio is free!

Flower smiles.

FLOWER

Will you come and visit us?

LEX

You know I can't, Flower. I'm busy here, besides I'm not the father.

He pecks her on the cheek, slips a bank note in her bra, moves her along and fills his money bags.

INT. LEX'S BASEMENT OFFICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER NIGHT

Small but colourful like an American comic. On the walls a Texan hat.

On the desk a PHOTO of a much younger Lex as a US soldier with an all American girl in his arm in front of an American flag and lots of NHS prescription pain killers.

In the corner, a life-sized DOLLY PARTON Blow-up Doll. Spice kneels in front, waves a torch light about.

SPICE
(whisper)
You sure?

Ed examines the floor boards,

ED
(whisper)
Just do it.

Spice gingerly moves his hand up the skirt of the doll. He finds the button, presses it. The doll gives the famous Dolly Parton wink, a TRAP DOOR in the floor boards springs open.

We can see that inside is an URN.

SPICE
Bloody hell.

ED
She's a lovely girl, Daisy...

Ed places a smacker on the urn.

SPICE
Daisy? Stripper Daisy? She gave you the tip off?

ED
She's a pole dancer now! And yes.

SPICE
But why?

ED
Revenge. The Yank stood her up at the altar.

SPICE
He may have had his reasons.

ED
They're skimmed takings, Spice!

SPICE
It's still a crime though and in two months' time I'll have a screaming ball of pink flesh that I'm quite keen on seeing grow up--

Spice eyes pop. Ed has opened the urn: plenty of CASH.

SPICE (CONT'D)

How much?

ED

Enough to finish The Knowledge.

Outside, footsteps approach, a mobile rings, American National anthem, Ta Da Da.

ED (CONT'D)

Bollocks, it's the Yank!

INT. OUTSIDE LEX'S OFFICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER NIGHT

Lex approaches, cash bag swinging, American anthem playing.

INT. LEX'S OFFICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER NIGHT

Lex enters. Ed and Spice have disappeared. He fires up his computer and presto, we can see his club and the punters in it. Lex has cameras and mics rigged in hidden places.

Lex puts on his headphones and flicks through the different camera images on his computer screen. In one image the BANKERS appear huddled together in a conversation. Lex zooms in. We follow the camera go inside the Banker's booth.

INT. BOOTH CLUB SECRETS - SAME TIME NIGHT

Hunter tops up their glasses with Cristal champagne,

HUNTER

... what I'm saying is: our bank is going to be investigated by HMRC. Cracking down on tax evasion.

RAMSTON-THOMAS

(excited like a wet puppy)
Bloody hell!

LE'DIQUÉ

You're sure? *Certainment?*

HUNTER

It's a tip off. Every trader. Every analyst. Every account.

RAMSTON-THOMAS

Bloody hell!

LE'DIQUÉ

When?

HUNTER

Could be as soon as next Monday.

RAMSTON-THOMAS
Bloody hell!

HUNTER
Will you stop saying 'bloody hell'!

Ramston-Thomas blows a raspberry.

LE'DIQUE
We must not take any chances.

HUNTER
We're going to have to close all
the numbered accounts.

RAMSTON-THOMAS
Bloody hell!

Camera pulls back, we're back on Lex's monitor zooming out...

INT. LEX'S OFFICE. SECRETS - SAME TIME

Lex, bored of the banker's talk, starts to divvy up the takings,

LEX
One for you... two for me...

On his computer screen, the bankers continue, Lex listens through his headphones,

HUNTER
*... The European central bank
issues 500 Euro notes, ten times
the value of our largest bill
therefore easy to move and hide.
Here's what we're going to do:
We'll empty the offshore accounts,
bring it all over in narrow 500
note bundles, comfortably hidden in
heirlooms, sit on it until the
investigation blows over...*

LE'DIQUE
*..then buy property in cash.
No traces!*

HUNTER
Touché.

RAMSTON-THOMAS
We're gonna need an armored van!

Lex pays attention,

HUNTER

Yeah, let's call in the Royal Marines, Ramston-Thomas! We just need a few globetrotters and a trusty transport. Nothing conspicuous.

RAMSTON-THOMAS

We can use my Fezza!

HUNTER

And put it where, Rambling-Dumbass? Your Ferrari's glove compartment? It's 18 million in cash!

Lex jumps to his feet. Under the floor boards, Ed and Spice, hold their breath. Lex does a little 'Footloose' jiggle,

LEX

Just how I like it. Come back next week and I'll tell you all that I know about you and your two shiny shoed Limey fags...

He reaches for his Texan hat, plays Tammy Wynette 'Stand By Your Man', puts up his cowboy booted legs, opens a beer and sings along to the lyrics: *'Sometimes it's hard to be a woman...'*

INT. INSIDE TRAP DOOR LEX'S OFFICE - SAME TIME NIGHT

Ed and Spice look up through the floor boards. Tammy and Lex's wailing echo through.

SPICE

(whispers)
He's gonna be up there all night, listening to Dolly 'frikkin' Parton.

ED

(whispers)
It's Tammy Wynette.

Ed points behind them, in the distance a VENT.

SPICE

No way. Not thru there.

ED

Why not?

SPICE

I'll never squeeze through that.

ED

Spice, you're not fat

Ed cradles urn, crawls towards vent, wailing above '*Stand by your man...*'

SPICE

Why am I always following you?

Ed turns back, smiles,

ED

You're not. We're mates. You're my partner.

Spice sighs, sucks his gut in, gets on all fours, crawls.

INT. BAR CLUB SECRETS - FEW MOMENTS LATER NIGHT

Hunter watches from afar as Ramston-Thomas and Le'Dique have a private lap dance, tips bouncer Tommy.

HUNTER

Make sure they're well looked after.

TOMMY

Certainly. And yourself, Sir?

HUNTER

I'll have a take-out.

TOMMY

The usual?

HUNTER

Make it the House Special, I'm celebrating. And a Magnum of Krug.

TOMMY

Excellent choice, Sir.

EXT. SECRETS - FEW MOMENTS LATER NIGHT

Hunter emerges with a blonde pole DANCER from the club on his arm and a Magnum bottle, spots across the street an old NISSAN, grins, saunters over to car, girl in tow.

EXT.INSIDE GOWER'S OLD NISSAN - FEW MOMENTS LATER NIGHT

DETECTIVE GOWER(40s) reluctantly lowers window, he looks unkempt, sleep deprived. Hunter, arm around the girl, leans in, salaciously,

HUNTER

Fancy joining us, detective Gower?
Or... is the restraining order
still in effect?

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Oh, it is, isn't it. Aw, that's too bad, detective. One hundred yards, I believe?

Hunter laughs, swans off with the giggling girl. Gower watches Hunter leave as he talks to his partner.

GOWER

His day will come. They always slip up eventually and we'll be there to catch him.

He routinely opens a can, hands it to his partner:

GOWER (CONT'D)

Won't we?

We see: his 'partner' is a one-eyed GINGER CAT with an eye patch curled up on passenger seat next to him.

GOWER (CONT'D)

He thinks the likes of us will never beat his kind...

Cat starts to eat. Gower lights a cigarette, puts up collar of his leather jacket, zips it up.

GOWER (CONT'D)

I say, we stay put.

INT. PASSAGE WAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER NIGHT

Ed's head appears behind a large vent grill, it leads to a GARAGE. They peek through: two men change into MTC mechanic's overalls, get into a van with the logo MTC - MOTOR CAR TRANSPORT, drive out. Whisper,

ED

Aren't those the bouncers from Secret's...

SPICE

Who cares? We got the money. Let's go.

They wait till the van is completely gone and open the vent, climb down and slip through the garage door, after the van. Spice stumbles on his tool belt, scrambles, lifts up belt with both hands, rushes to catch up with Ed.

EXT/INT. HUNTER'S BUGATTI - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Secrets's Car park. The pole dancer takes swigs from the bottle. Hunter, one arm around her, into mobile,

HUNTER
I'd like to make an appointment
with Mister Angel... Yep, happy to
hold...

The dancer leans in, smiles,

POLE DANCER
And so am I...

EXT. CAR PARK SECRETS - SAME TIME NIGHT

Spice and Ed run across with urn. Spice's tool belt gets in
the way again, he now rips it off as--

INT. LEX'S OFFICE - SAME TIME NIGHT

-Lex opens the trap door to deposit his skimmed money, finds
it empty!

LEX
NO!

EXT. CAR PARK - SAME TIME NIGHT

-Spice stumbles, falls into Ed, who falls onto Bugatti
backing out in front of him.

ED
NO!

EXT./INT. HUNTER'S BUGATTI - SAME TIME NIGHT

-Hunter hears a scraping sound,

HUNTER
NO!

Screeches to a halt. Hunter gets out, sees a scratch on his
Bugatti, Ed and Spice lie on the floor, Hunter goes mental,
kicks them hard.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
You bloody clowns!

A scuffle ensues. Hunter knocks them out with unexpected
KARATE moves. Money spills out of urn. Hunter snatches it,
stuffs his pockets with the money from urn,

SPICE
Oh yeah, nothing like Corfu...

ED
Let it go...

Hunter turns urn - empties it. He's got it all.

HUNTER

I'll take this. Compensation for
the damage you caused. Keep that!
You 'urned' it.

He drops urn, walks back to his car,

POLE DANCER

You kick butt.

Hunter grins,

HUNTER

And now I wanna see some.

He gets in, when big PAUL charges around the corner, spots
Lex's glazed urn on the ground next to Ed and Spice. He moves
towards them...

Lex, a little behind because of his war injury, catches up
with Paul as Hunter's car speeds away. Lex watches it go as
Paul presents Ed and Spice, who he has in a headlock.

PAUL

Got the jokers!

LEX

And my urn?

Paul quickly steps in front of the urn when he realises a
large piece has broken off,

Paul

Boss, don't look ...

But it's too late. Lex has seen his beloved urn, fractured.

LEX

My urn! MY URN! They took my urn
from me. MY URN. You can't steal my
URN from me.

Scary Paul moves Ed and Spice up against a wall,

PAUL

The urn is all my boss has left of
his fallen comrades' ashes after
some joker spilled it...

and goes through their pockets. They are too scared to
resist.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where's the money?

ED

That Bugatti wanker chopped it from us with his crazy karate moves!

PAUL

I don't care if King Kong and Godzilla double-teamed you for it. You took it, you return it.

Lex nods gravely,

LEX

Ten large.

ED

But, there was only like, five, in there!

Lex comes closer.

LEX

I'll give you five. In the teeth. And my compatriot here another five. And that makes ten.

Ed wants to protest,

ED

But-

Paul squeezes him by the neck forcibly against the wall.

LEX

(comes closer)

You don't steal from me.

(to Paul)

They stole from me.

Thy stole from ME.

I smell you out. If you don't want me to go 'Full Fallujah' on ya and relocate your testicles to your thorax you better get me MY MONEY!! You whiney, little, Limey douche bags, I'll cut you up into little pieces of Britt shit!!! And smear you all over London God Damn Town!!!

He makes a scary gesture. Ed and Spice wince.

PAUL

I'm on it boss. I got their licence! And a...

(puzzled)

... 'Knowledge score card'?

Lex lowers himself down in front of his urn in pieces,

LEX

My hip may be AWOL, but my American
ass will kick your British asses.

There, there is my urn,

(cradles urn)

I love this urn, my urn, you'll
live, my urn, what's inside you, my

urn... nothing... It's gone...

(makes a sound with his
lips, the way life just
pops from a person)

Lex looks up, he looks really mad now, he's back in Baghdad,
reliving the war, the moment his comrades died next to him.
He's got steely eyes, seeing black. Looking closer his eyes
reflect whirring helicopter blades, we hear the sound of
gunfire and anticipate a flashback to the war...

But instead we cut to Ed and Spice, transfixed - they see the
war in Lex's eyes.

Lex, trance-like, takes the urn shards, lifts the sharp end
up to his temple, makes a sound like he's shooting himself
with a gun, then turns to Ed and Spice who have momentarily
turned into pillars of salt.

ED

We'll bring back your money.

All of it.

LEX

Good.

Lex snaps out, gets up, limps away with the shard. Paul
throws them their wallets, holds up Spice's Knowledge score
card, puts it in his pocket,

PAUL

Friday noon or you're both in the
urn.

Paul picks up urn, follows his boss Lex back inside the club.
Ed and Spice scramble to their feet, shaken to the core.

ED

Why did you bring your score card?

SPICE

Don't wanna lose it.

ED

Well, make sure you remember it
when we both end up in his urn,
come Friday.

Ed shakes his head, spots Hunter's MOBILE, picks it up, it's
open, discovers on it something BIG.

ED (CONT'D)

Holy F--

INT. BEDROOM HUNTER'S CHELSEA PENTHOUSE - NEXT DAY

Hunter wakes up entangled with the dancer, massive hangover gropes for his phone, as he pushes remote curtain button. They open to a full frontal river view. Hunter is wailing in frustration and anger looking for his mobile,

HUNTER

Fuck, fuck, fuck...

POLE DANCER

(sleepy)

Add-on's are extra...

(off his look)

What's wrong, big boy?

HUNTER

Where's my phone ...

POLE DANCER

Um. Over there?

Camera pulls back to reveal, six more mobile phones all charging up.

HUNTER

No. A different one. A special one.

Hunter opens laptop CU on 'locate my phone' app.

INT. BATHROOM/ED'S FLAT - SAME TIME DAY

CU on Hunter's phone as Ed disconnects the GPS

SPICE (O.S.)

I need a doctor.

We cut to Spice in bathroom. He gingerly examines his battered face in mirror reflection. Ed enters behind him,

ED

Let's rob that banker.

SPICE

What?

ED

I just disabled the GPS, he can't locate us.

(off his look)

Think about it. It's not like he's going to report his shipment stolen, is he?

SPICE

Bloody hell! We can't even walk out of a strip joint with a bloody Urn!

ED

This will be different.

SPICE

Different - how?
We don't know nothing about bankers. We don't know nothing about robbing. We don't know nothing about anything!

Ed puts phone down, takes a closer look at Spice's cuts, gets a towel, wets it with his spit, gently tabs dried blood away.

ED

Remember when we was kids and built that tree house? We didn't know how, but we did it anyway.

SPICE

Yeah, but it was a rubbish tree house...

ED

That's not the point. The point is we did it. And we did it together. No dads to help, no proper tools, but we did it.

Ed looks on expectantly at Spice.

SPICE

... 'The summer of splinters' they called it...

Ed smiles. He's not listening, he's all vision now.

ED

18 million! We'll be outlaws, Robin Hood, David Cassidy and Sundance, that sort of thing!

SPICE

I think, it's Butch.

ED

Exactly.

SPICE

What?

ED

This is the stuff dreams are made of! Spice, we can do it! You and me! Together! I know we can!

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

Look, think of Nat's face when you show her real money for once in your life! No more pawn shops! Or bailiffs! Finish the Knowledge, or move to sunny Spain, lark around with your boy by the pool, sip pina colada with Nat...

SPICE

Spain was the retirement plan...

Hunter's phone flashes, the screen goes dark, a sign pops up 'locked'. Spice's face falls.

SPICE (CONT'D)

But we'll never pull it off.

He leaves the bathroom. Ed follows him.

ED

You have a better idea how to get 10 grand by Friday in order to keep us out of an urn? No? Then we better get our ass in gear.

SPICE

But we'll need to get help, professional help, we'll need to go to someone who's done this sort of thing before! And you'll need to get rid of that phone!

ED

No worries, I'll sort it.

He closes door behind Spice, catches sight of himself in the mirror, chucks phone aside, encourages himself in the mirror,

ED (CONT'D)

This is it. The One. A total game changer. Don't get scared, boy.

INT. HALLWAY ED'S FLAT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Ed flies down the stairs. Landlord Özival waits at the bottom with a grim face.

ED

And a very good morning to you too, Mister Özival!

ÖZIVAL

(Turkish accent)

No good morning for Mr' Özival. You again rent shitter. Where's my money?

ED

Five days! Tell you what, make it four! By Saturday morning you'll have your rent money! All of it! And I'll throw in a little bit extra for the wife! Mister Ozival, I have a plan!

ÖZIVAL

I no care. You always rent shitter.

ED

Mister Özival...

ÖZIVAL

No more 'Mista' Özival'! You think I am old man you can tell fairy tales to. But next time I come with four sons, and they not like fairies. Know what they like?

ED

(under his breath)

Cross dressing?

ÖZIVAL

(oblivious to innuendo)

Giving tenants who no pay rent on time serious warning. "Serious warning".

ED

I-

ÖZIVAL

You understand nuance of this?

ED

Yes. I understand what you mean.

ÖZIVAL

Good...

(Beat)

Serious. Warning.

ED

Yes. Yes. Totally clear. Four days. Mister Ozival, that's all I need. Thank you very much.

Ed rushes out.

EXT. CHIPPY 'FRYER'S DELIGHT' EAST LONDON - DAY

Wide shot of colorful, traditional chippy. Tech geek TOM MILLER (26) with a hoodie awkwardly enters.

INT. CHIPPY 'FRYER'S DELIGHT' - DAY

Shop assistant AMIR KAHN(40s) in crisp white coat and chef's hat lifts a basket with golden fries out of the sizzling oil,

AMIR
Open or wrapped, luv?

A tiny, sweet OLD LADY(80s), looks up, chirps,

OLD LADY
Open! Thanks, Amir.

AMIR
You're welcome. Here you go, luv.

He hands her fish and chips open. It's walk-in only.

OLD LADY
Thank you. Bless.

The little old lady shuffles out. Miller moves up,

AMIR
Yes, mate?

MILLER
Triple battered haddock, double chips and mayo.

AMIR
(alert)
Double mayo?

MILLER
(nervous)
Triple - plus.

AMIR
(under his breath)
He's waiting for you.

Amir presses a BUTTON under the counter. Miller walks to the back, passes a sign STAFF ONLY, walks down stairs.

INT. ANGEL'S BACK OFFICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Miller comes down a SPIRAL STAIRCASE.

ANGEL(55) is sat at his desk. Under his crisp white chef's coat he's suited. He too, wears a chef's hat. He's flanked by a painting of Queen Victoria and the Union Jack flag.

Angel is a liquidator in more than one sense of the word: he liquidates money, assets and sometimes, toes and fingers. Presently he examines the tech device in his hand. (GoogleGlass type). Miller approaches,

MILLER

Yes, Mister Angel, the app's still in its prototype-phase but it already has an algorithm with a Weissman score of five point six--

Angel's eye brows go up. Miller stops himself.

ANGEL

Details. Mister Miller.
What did I tell you about details?

Miller sits down, perched on the edge.

MILLER

Not your forte, but please, we're so close! We just need the extra cash for the demo at Start-up Battlefield in San Fran. The place will be crawling with VC's dying to invest!

(off his look)

Venture Capitalists? ... is what it stands for...

ANGEL

(jolly)

I know what it stands for, son. So... You want to borrow another twenty five on top before any positive returns? This is what we in the world of investment call: 'toxic stock' and when this happens, there's really only one solution - liquidation.

MILLER

But, you're looking at vested stock options here at a potential billion dollar start-up-

ANGEL

And you're looking at Karl.

Angel's enforcer, KARL THE POLE(35) a big figure has entered.

KARL

Karl who spent 10 years fighting in a Russian Gulag, biting the eye lids off anyone who looked at him the wrong way...

Angel hands the tech devise back to Miller.

ANGEL

Tell me I'm wrong. Tell Karl, here, he's wrong...

MILLER
Please, Mister Angel...

ANGEL
Karl, apron.

Karl puts on a snow white plastic apron.

MILLER
I'll get you your seed money back!
All of it! I just need time!

ANGEL
I know you will, son. I just don't
dabble in long term investment.
I won't have it. Don't worry,
liquidation is painful for me, too.

MILLER
Please, please, pleeeee-

Karl tapes the geek's mouth, carries him to the back, towards a single FRYER, hoists geek up over fryer. Angel picks up his phone, makes a call. On the wall behind him a framed Banker etiquette from 1775 '*First rule of business, protect your investment*'. The phone keeps ringing...

INT. LEX'S OFFICE SECRETS - SAME TIME DAY INTERCUT

Texan country music at full blast. Lex and his staff from across Eastern Europe and Latin America, have lunch, share champagne, wear Lex's Texan hat, Lex's loving it, ignores his phone buzz away, eventually answers,

LEX
Ye-lo!

Immediately covers phone when he recognizes Angel's voice, puts his finger to his lips, staff fall silent. Lex into phone, cheerful,

LEX (CONT'D)
Mister Angel!

Staff collectively recoils. Lex winks at them to relax.

LEX (CONT'D)
(into phone)
What can I do for you?

ANGEL
For starters - answer the bloody
phone before I kick the bucket!

LEX
Everything okay?

ANGEL

One of my investments has gone south. So I'm going to be sending Karl round.

LEX

Whoa, howdy, doody now? The vig's not due for another three days--

ANGEL

Details, Lex! What have I told you about details?

LEX

Not your forte. But fair's fair, surely?

ANGEL

Fair?

LEX

Well, it's not technically due - and we had a break in last night.

ANGEL

Are you trying to be funny?

LEX

No. I'm telling you, we had a frickin' break in last night!

ANGEL

What a coincidence - You know who really hates the word *coincidence*? Karl. I'd put him on, but he's busy with that bad investment I'm *liquidating* as we speak...

Karl, with Miller in a bear hug over bubbling fryer, moves Miller's face towards the sizzling oil.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

And you know, how much I hate the mess of *liquidation*...

Angel holds out phone: Millers's muffled screams echo in Lex's phone.

LEX

Not so fond of it myself, Mister Angel.

ANGEL

So, are you telling me you don't have it?

LEX

Of course not.

ANGEL

Right. Well, be a good boy and get me that 50 grand today.

Lex flinches at being addressed as 'boy'

LEX

I'll have it bagged up by this afternoon

ANGEL

There's a good boy.

Lex flinches again at 'boy' but lets it go.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

All I'm left with from that investment is a neon joke from outer space.

(sweeps device, it bounces)

When you send over the Vig have Candy Triple X deliver it.

Lex flinches at 'boy' again. Protective of his staff,

LEX

Candy Triple X's booked up, Mister Angel. On a take-out. They all are. Today.

The staff collectively react relieved.

ANGEL

Tell me Lex, why is there never a girl available when I call?

LEX

Good management Mister Angel! You wouldn't want the girls sitting around all day 'knitting willie warmers'?

Lex winks at his staff. Angel abruptly ends call. Lex puts phone down. His staff smile. Lex pops a NHS pain killer and takes a swig of booze,

LEX (CONT'D)

A country of evil hobbits, but, God Damn! I love your free drugs! What a health service!

INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME DAY

Karl lets Geek out the back door. Angel swears,

ANGEL
 Bloody bugging Yankee! I'll teach
 you coincidence, you dunce!

Karl comes back.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 Coincidence!
 (off Karl's look)
 Co-in-cidence...

Karl frowns. Angel with a paternal sigh,

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 What lesson are we on, Karl?

KARL
 Fifdi for, Mista Angel.

Karl picks up the tech device from the floor, examines it.

ANGEL
 Throw that away, will you, Karl.
 Never let the little shits take you
 for a ride!

KARL
 Slowly, slowly, Mista Angel,
 please...

ANGEL
 Christ, Karl, how're you going to
 run this place one day if you still
 can't speak the Queen's?

KARL
 Don' worriee' Mista' Angel.

Karl puts devise away, pulls an iPod from his pocket with an
 English language app.

KARL (CONT'D)
 (stilted)
*Hello. My name is Karl.
 I am from Poland.
 Would you like a cup of tea?*

EXT. CABBIE SCHOOL EAST LONDON - SAME TIME DAY

Senior Cabbie instructor FREDDY MARSON(60s) in front of the
 school garage lends out practice cabs (TX4) to Knowledge boys
 and girls, hands them keys, fire extinguisher etc.

Ed and Spice pull up on their scooters, take off their
 helmets, park etc,

SPICE

What're we doing here?
We said we need pros!

ED

Spice, half the guys were pros
before they went on The Knowledge.
Terry Tuesday, Frankie Five Doors,
Bald Rich...

SPICE

Bald Rich, really?

ED

Yeah, he used to blag corner shops
before he took up the Blue Book.

SPICE

Barry, the Bull?

ED

Dealt gear from his cab the minute
he got his green badge but got into
a turf war with the Albanians, they
chopped off his head and kept the
cab. He's no good to anyone now...

SPICE

Harold the Hunk?...

ED

O, no, he gave up on the Knowledge,
works in a nursery now...

Sound of a scooter, we pan away to a scooter arriving, MONK
(30's) pulls up.

ED (CONT'D)

Now, Manga Monk...

SPICE

Manga Monk?

ED

Oh yeah. Used to knick cars for a
living, until she had an epiphany,
figured drivin' one made for an
easier life.

Monk on scooter, takes off helmet, reveals a red head scarf.

SPICE

Well, she's not in prison or
decapitated, so there is that going
for her.

ED

You seen her Manga signature punch?

SPICE

Nope. But I can guess from the bandana.

ED

Hachimaki. Japanese helmet scarf. Monk's got a Samurai girlfriend to impress. Leave this to me.

Ed swaggers over. Spice follows all the same.

ED (CONT'D)

Wassup, Monk? How many runs did you do today...

INT. REST ROOM INVESTMENT BANK - SAME TIME DAY

Posh. Ramston-Thomas and Le'Dique at the urinal. Hunter rushes in, claps hands,

HUNTER

Prep time.

swiftly checks no one's in the cubicles before he joins them,

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Numbered accounts in Luxembourg?

LE'DIQUE

Being closed one by one.

HUNTER

'Death Star' holdings?

RAMSTON-THOMAS

Closed by the nominee directors!

HUNTER

'Vader' trust?

RAMSTON-THOMAS

Done& dusted!!

Ramston Thomas, eager to high-five. Hunter ignores it.

LE'DIQUE

Security wise, Hunter?

HUNTER

Lex's boys. He runs a little number on the side.

RAMSTON-THOMAS

From Secrets? Isn't that a little - dubious?

HUNTER

You want an invoice from the
national security to write it off
against your tax, Ramston-Thomas?

Le'Dique chuckles. Ramston-Thomas blows a soft raspberry.

A junior banker sweeps in. Hunter slams door in his face,

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Sod off!

JUNIOR BANKER

Sorry...

(scrambles)

LE'DIQUE

Project name, Hunter?

HUNTER

Star Wars.

They giggle giddily, finish, wash their hands.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

And since we're operating in three
jurisdictions - 3J!

RAMSTON-THOMAS

Return of the Jedi!!

They whoop. Hunter allows Ramston-Thomas to high-five him.

RAMSTON-THOMAS (CONT'D)

I'm going to buy that water front
apartment in Chelsea Harbor
straight out, before that knob
Frank Libovitz from the 10th floor
gets his claws into it!

LE'DIQUE

I want that 5,000 acres vineyard in
Bordeaux. And a new wife...

HUNTER

Yeah, well, first, let's make sure
we all know what we're doing come
Friday.

(draws them in)

INT. GARAGE CABBIE SCHOOL - SAME TIME DAY

Monk sweeps the floor board of a school cab, lowers board
back down with a screw driver, looks up at Ed and Spice,

MONK

This is your plan? How's this gonna work then? Have any of you got any previous?

ED

We got the basics down.

SPICE

And we've got the motor...

Points around garage, filled with practice cabs.

ED

And you know, how to rev'm up, Monk

Monk puts the fire extinguisher back in, comes out of cab,

MONK

What basics?

ED

I blagged a post office at 14.

SPICE

Whoooh you just saw someone robbing it, all you did was talk about it for two weeks!

ED

I bought you a pint from the proceeds!

SPICE

No, you said, the guy who actually robbed the place gave you two pounds for keeping your mouth shut.

ED

You remember it all wrong!

SPICE

No. You do.

MONK

Gentlemen!

MONK (CONT'D)

Hypothetically, I'm interested. I've got another ten months on The Knowledge and calculated five years cabbying before I can move to Japan for Sushiniko.

SPICE

Is that like a special sushi or something?

MONK
It's my fiancée.

SPICE
Nice one.

SPICE (CONT'D)
Sorry.

MONK
Anyway... Numbers?

ED
We are talking anything upwards of -
18 mill.

MONK
18 Million!?! What - Yen?

SPICE
Pounds.

ED
As far as I can tell from the
information I gathered and
sources I consulted-

MONK
What sources?

ED
(draws her in)
Intercepted communications.

MONK
Wire taps.

ED
An email.

MONK
Let me get this straight. You two
want to organise a heist of upwards
of eighteen mill on the basis of an
email?

ED/SPICE
Yeah. Yeah.

MONK
Anything else?

ED
Well, there'll be a hold up, I
imagine, an ambush and a chase
that may or may not involve a
jet.

MONK

A hold up, an ambush and a chase
that may or may not involve a jet.
All based on an *email*?

ED/SPICE

Yeah.

Monk thinks it over. Ed and Spice hold their breath.

MONK

We need guns. And we're going to
need a driver. Not just a driver,
but a 'driver'.

ED/SPICE

Danboy!

INT. DANBOY'S BEDROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER DAY

DANBOY(22), gamer geek, passionately plays racing game Grand Theft Auto V, totally immersed. Looking closer between the Knowledge maps on his wall, there is a photo of his hero: gamer Ninja with blue hair. The door opens. Danboy automatically flings a map over his desk, pretends to study for The Knowledge:

DANBOY

*Leave on Green Lane, right,
Highbury New Park, left Highbury
Grove, right Saint Paul's--*

ED

"Manor house to Gibson square"?!

Danboy jumps, relieved.

DANBOY

Ed. Thought you was my mum.

ED

Yeah, she let me in. 320 runs and
you're still calling over the very
first one after - four years?

DANBOY

Wassup, man?

They chest bump. Ed flings himself on the bed.

ED

How many runs did you do today,
Danboy?

DANBOY

Oh man, can't be thinking about
runs, when I'm about to beat...

Danboy returns to his game. Ed chuckles,

ED
And The Knowledge?

DANBOY
Keeps my mum happy. Mate! This
taught me how to drive.

ED
How good is it you driving like
Lewis bloody Hamilton, sittin' on
your ass all day?

DANBOY
What's up?

ED
How'd you like to make enough paper
to never work again? You got the
crumpets I got the tea.

DANBOY
What does that even mean?

ED
It means lets get these skills of
yours into the real world!

DANBOY
Oh... What's the job?

ED
Robbin' a bunch of bankers
transporting illegal cash back
into the UK.

DANBOY
Oh man, I thought you meant a real
job gettin' rich, like, selling
Zanax or Prons. I'm ok. Thanks. Not
for me. Serious, bro. I get ulcers
when I get stressed. I throw up.

ED
There'll be no stress. And no
trouble. Promise. Monk's in.

DANBOY
Manga Monk?

ED
Yep.

DANBOY
She's smart.
(off his look)
Thanks, but no thanks.
(MORE)

DANBOY (CONT'D)
 (back to gaming)
 Ah! There! See?

ED
 Suit yourself.

Ed leaves.

DANBOY
 Wait!

Ed looks back, expectant and hopeful. But:

DANBOY (CONT'D)
 Not a word to my mum about...

He gestures to the video game and sees Ed out.

Hallway, the mail drops through the letter box, Danboy routinely picks it up, spots a red-lettered ENVELOPE, COURT WARRANT DO NOT IGNORE, opens it, ashen face. Opens kitchen door,

DANBOY (CONT'D)
 Mum?

Jamaican MS BUCHANAN (40s) emerges,

DANBOY (CONT'D)
 What is this?

MS BUCHANAN
 Nothing.

She tries to snatch it, he hangs on to it,

DANBOY
 Mum...

MS BUCHANAN
 I took out loans.
 (off his look)
 Bank loans, credit cards, anything
 I could get my hands on.

DANBOY
 But... why?

MS BUCHANAN
 I didn't realise it would take you
 this long to finish that Knowledge.

Danboy struggles with the news. Ed looks straight at him,

ED
 I'm very sorry, Miss Buchanan.
 I wish there was something I could
 do.

Ed leaves. At the elevator, Danboy catches up with him.

DANBOY

Wait. They'll put her away.

ED

How much does she owe?

DANBOY

O man, forty grand!
How much is your...

ED

Four and a half mil. Each.

EXT. POLE DANCE CLUB SECRETS - SAME TIME DAY

Deserted. Burly bouncers Tommy and John polish shiny brass poles. Hunter strides around the corner, waves at the car in the street opposite - Gower's Nissan, enters club.

INT. POLE DANCE CLUB SECRETS - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Deserted. Paul greases greasy poles. Lex comes to greet Hunter with open arms,

LEX

Mister Hunter! You are lucky I'm about. There's only two things a man could be looking for at this time of day 'n' that's the hospital or a pair of legs and you don't look like you're in need of medical attention, so what's your type today?

HUNTER

I'm looking for some muscle.

LEX

You do know, we only do straight here?

HUNTER

Clearly. I'm moving something. This Friday. I need transport. And protection. What's your price?

Lex can't believe his luck - he planned to blackmail the banker over his secret! He hams it up,

LEX

Well, now, Mr Hunter, my little security company's nothing more than an ad-on service by special appointment, for a select clientele. There's no price list or entry into my books, if you get my drift.

HUNTER

Just what I'm looking for.

LEX

Twenty K now and twenty after.

HUNTER

Dollars.

LEX

Pounds.

HUNTER

Euros.

LEX

Euros it is.

(sly)

What're we escorting?

HUNTER

A relative of mine has just sadly passed and I have some heirlooms I need to get safely home to make sure they stay in the family...

LEX

I understand, Mister Hunter. And my condolences for your loss.

HUNTER

Thank you.

Lex puts his arm around Hunter's shoulder in the knowledge that any direct physical contact with another man makes an English man squirm. He's also proud he just outsmarted the banker.

LEX

Now, let me introduce you to a little number known as Candy Triple X. She has a cure for everything, including bereavement...

INT. ED'S STUDIO FLAT - SAME TIME DAY

Ed clicks through Hunter's Facebook photos on a cheap laptop: Hunter on a yacht, ski in the Alps, spray champagne at his chums, among them Le'Dique and Ramston-Thomas.

MONK

Sloanies.

DANBOY

How did you...?

ED

Just pretended to be a double D blonde and these Sloan rangers couldn't add me fast enough.

They chuckle. Spice comes back from the kitchen juggles cups,

SPICE

You're all out of tea bags, Ed.

They each take a cup.

MONK

So what's this?

SPICE

Recycled t-bags, from the rubbish bin.

Everyone is reticent for a beat but then they accept it and carry on as if that's fine.

ED

According to the email, there are three of them: Hugo Winston Hunter and Lionel Ramston-Thomas are Brits, Jean-Pierre Le'Dique is French.

Ed clicks thru their facebook sites. Danboy giggles,

DANBOY

Le'"Dick"! What do the French call their... you know... dick, then?

MONK

A 'Royal with Cheese'.

DANBOY

Uuccch.

Spice and Ed chuckle about the Pulp Fiction joke.

ED

Danboy, you'll 'borrow' a school cab and cabbie tonight.

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

We need to find out when the shipment arrives and how they're going to transport it at this end. They called their little operation 'Star Wars' so listen out for any mention of it.

DANBOY

Can't you just go? Or Spice?

ED

No way. Frenchie might be with Hunter, he'll recognise us and we can't take that chance.

MONK

(off Danboy's look)

I'm seeing Mister Angel tonight.

Danboy looks worried. Spice scrutinizes Le'Dique's profile.

SPICE

Why him?

ED

He's soft, he'll talk. And he's an Anglophile, won't use an Uber.

SPICE

The stuff people put up there 'bout themselves...

Ed hands Danboy a green Badge.

DANBOY

Whoa... wait...

ED

What? It's a real one, borrowed it.

Danboy hands badge back to Ed.

DANBOY

I can't. I can drive al'right but - I just can't remember runs. Not a single one. Just doesn't stay in.

SPICE

Bloody hell! What've you been doing for the last four years then? Wanking?

DANBOY

Not all the time! Anyway, I figured, for as long as I'm on The Knowledge and keeping my mum happy I could do what I really wanna do.

(off their looks)

(MORE)

DANBOY (CONT'D)

Online gaming! World competition in Australia!

SPICE

A getaway driver who doesn't know where the hell he's going. Great.

DANBOY

Hey, hey, I can drive!

SPICE

Yeah, a joy stick. What now?

DANBOY

Can't we use a satnav?

ED

I'll be your satnav!

EXT./INT. SCHOOL CAB STREET - NIGHT

Danboy behind the wheel, green badge around his neck, Ed crouched in the empty space next to him.

DANBOY

Here, Ed, what if Frenchie uses the scabby app...

Ed spots Le'Dique hail a cab in the street opposite, outside his bank,

ED

That's him! Told ya, he's an anglophile, loves black cabs! Go!

Ed ducks down under a black tarpaulin. Danboy pushes the small rubber button on meter, the narrow digital readout strip warms up and moments later the words come up: *For Hire*. Yellow taxi light switches on.

DANBOY

(giddy)

I'm live, Ed! I'm live!
Oh, my stomach, this is crazy! My first fare. My brain's gone blank. Can't think...

ED (O.S.)

Think of your mum.

Danboy snaps into action. Ed gets flung around.

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

Oi, not like Lewis bloody Hamilton! Like a cabbie...

EXT. INVESTMENT BANK - NIGHT

Across the road, Le'Dique flags our cab. It smoothly pulls up.

INT./EXT. SCHOOL CAB - A FEW MOMENTS LATER NIGHT

Le'Dique rushes in,

LE'DIQUE
 (French accent)
 Number 4, 'Oxton Square, please.
 (plums into seats, sighs)
 Mon dieu! Nothing beats the comfort
 of a blag cabbe...

DANBOY
 Oxton tower, Sir?

LE'DIQUE
 'Oxton Square.

DANBOY
 Yes, Sir,
 (to hidden Ed)
 Oxton Square?

ED
 (hidden)
Never heard of it!

DANBOY
 Never heard of it, Sir.

LE'DIQUE
 N1?!

DANBOY
 (to Ed)
 N1.

ED
Hoxton Square! Bloody frog...

LE'DIQUE
 You should know '*Oxton Square!*
 You're a London cabbiee', you have
 the street map of the entire city
 stored in your head, yes?

DANBOY
 Erre...

LE'DIQUE
 What do you call this again, that
 you have to pass? *The Knowledge!*
 (MORE)

LE'DIQUE (CONT'D)

I read somewhere you must memorize thousands of streets and points of interest and hundreds of routes and the hippocampus part of your brains is enlarged by 25 percent from all that memorizing, is it not?

DANBOY

Yes Sir. Something like that.

Danboy starts engine. Hidden Ed gives directions,

ED (O.S.)

*Left city road, comply roundabout.
Get him talking!*

DANBOY

Long day, Sir?

LE'DIQUE

Oui, oui...

DANBOY

Good day?

LE'DIQUE

Non, merde, dragging on like my shitty divorce...

DANBOY

Divorce sucks!

LE'DIQUE

How old are you?

DANBOY

22, Sir.

LE'DIQUE

I was 22 when I met my wife. Soon to be ex-wife. French of course. 'Mon Dieu', I was crazy for her...

He lapses into silence. Danboy's lost. Ed's voice pops up,

ED (O.S.)

I'm crazy for my girlfriend.

DANBOY

I'm crazy for my girlfriend.

ED (O.S.)

She's a dream. Everything a man could ever want from a woman.

DANBOY

She's a dream. Everything a man
could ever want from a woman.

Le'Dique perks up.

LE'DIQUE

Really...? What's her name?

DANBOY

Eerre...

He catches sight of LARA CROFT tomb raider game ad in his
copy of the Evening Standard on the dashboard

DANBOY (CONT'D)

Lara!

LE'DIQUE

She *joli*? - a nice girl?

DANBOY

Not Jodie, Lara.

LE'DIQUE

No, what's she like?

Danboy comes alive, dreamy,

DANBOY

O, she's got long brown hair,
lovely long legs, luscious lips...
When I say 'jump', she says 'how
high'!

Le'Dique all smiles now and relaxed,

LE'DIQUE

Wow... That's what I need - a nice
new girl not the dragon that my
soon to be ex-wife turned out to be
after she run off with her Yoga
teacher--

(mobile buzzes, he answers)

Whatever it is, I'm not going back
to the office tonight! What? Now?
Why? Star War's all decided!

(Danboy eavesdrops)

We meet at the garage next to
Secret's this Friday, noon, drive
to Dagenham airport, meet Hunter,
get our little delivery...

EXT. STREET CITY - SAME TIME NIGHT INTERCUT

Ramston-Thomas stands on the pavement,

RAMSTON THOMAS

No, that's changed! Pick-up's
outside your house, Friday noon.
More inconspicuous. Now come and
get me!

LE'DIQUE

No, no, no! I'm going home!

INT./EXT. DANBOYS CAB - A LITTLE LATER NIGHT

Ramston-Thomas slams door shut, plumps down next to Le'Dique.

RAMSTON-THOMAS

Le'Dique, you bastard, lighten up!
We're on our way to a strip club!

LE'DIQUE

This divorce's killing me, that
weasel faced lawyer of hers--

Ramston-Thomas interrupts him.

RAMSTON-THOMAS

Forget the lawyer, Le'Dique! You'll
have 6 bars in your pocket come
Friday! Tax-free! And there's
something else to put a smile on
your miserable face - any private
dancers we want at Secrets tonight
are on the house, all night long!
I'll do them all!

LE'DIQUE

How so?

RAMSTON-THOMAS

It's part of the deal Hunter made
with them for Star War's
security...

Danboy smiles, this might just work out...

EXT/INT. SECRETS - A FEW MOMENTS LATER NIGHT

Detective Gower's Nissan stands in the street opposite.
Danboy's cab pulls up. Ramston-Thomas jumps out.

RAMSTON-THOMAS

Hurry up! Hunter's waiting! And I
don't want to lose another minute
of my all comp't night!

He throws Danboy a tip through the window,

RAMSTON-THOMAS (CONT'D)

Catch.

And rushes off. Danboy catches a a pound coin .

DANBOY

You tightfisted...

LE'DIQUÉ

Excuse my colleague's rude behavior.

Le'Dique hands him a bank note, gets out.

LE'DIQUÉ

Thank you. Keep the change.

Danboy gasps, 50 pounds. Le'Dique walks up to his window, kisses a mortified Danboy on the cheeks, left, right, left.

LE'DIQUÉ (CONT'D)

'Merci beaucoup'. I enjoyed our little ride very much. You're a good listener. May I have your card, please? I'm always on the outlook for reliable drivers.

DANBOY

(stammers)

I'm all out of cards.

LE'DIQUÉ

Just your number then, if I may?

Danboy tears a piece from his Evening Standard, jots it down.

LE'DIQUÉ (CONT'D)

This will do.

Le'Dique takes it, leans in. In earnest,

LE'DIQUÉ (CONT'D)

Don't marry your Lara. It will end up killing you.

Danboy strains to keep a straight face.

DANBOY

I'll bear that in mind, Sir.

Le'Dique walks away. Danboy flicks the bank note.

DANBOY (CONT'D)

I could get used to this!

Ed pops up, smiles,

ED
 Gotta finish The Knowledge first!
 Listen, you didn't give Frenchie
 your real number, did you?

Danboy looks caught.

DANBOY
 No... I'm a pro.

ED
 Let's step on it. We'll meet that
 Mr Angel first thing in the morning

DANBOY
 Where?

EXT. CHIPPY FRYER'S DELIGHT - NEXT MORNING DAY

Wide shot of chippy on High Street. We hear Danboy's voice,

DANBOY (O.S.)
 What's he like?

INT. CHIPPY 'FRYER'S DELIGHT'- SAME TIME DAY

The cabbies stand in line.

MONK
 (to Danboy)
 Mister Angel? He's a laugh.

At the counter, Amir lifts the basket with the golden fried chips out of the sizzling oil. Monk steps up,

AMIR
 Yes, mate?

MONK
 Triple battered haddock with double
 chips and mayo.

AMIR
 Double mayo?

MONK
 Triple plus.

Amir pushes a button under the counter,

AMIR
 (under his breath)
 He's waiting for you.

The boys glance at Monk.

MONK

Don't ask any stupid questions.
Just follow me.

The guys follow Monk to the back.

INT. BACK ROOM ANGEL'S CHIPPY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Monk stops. The others glance at the spiral STAIRS.

MONK

Gentlemen.

They walk down stairs.

INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE CHIPPY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Angel's gaze fixes the guys, behind him, Queen Victoria, a mean-looking, older queen, stares at them from the old oil painting on the wall. The guys are stood in front of his desk. Intimidated like hell. Just the way Angel likes it.

Spice, to break the ice,

SPICE

A fine lady. Proper good'n an'
all.

Angel's eyebrows go up. Monk steps in.

MONK

What my friend here means, Mister
Angel is, he likes your painting.

ANGEL

Does he now?
(to painting)
A remarkable monarch.
Put the Great into Britain.
(snears)
Not like today's *quitters on
twitter*.

They eagerly agree, not wanting to be on the wrong side of Angel. Karl enters with handguns with a long barrel.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Tranquilliser guns. Cattle owners
use 'em to great effect. They
knock the target out for a couple
of hours, leave them feeling like
they were hit by a stampede' of
rhinos, but they won't leave you,
and more importantly me, with
bloody hands.

They excitedly examine their guns.

DANBOY
They look real threatening.

MONK
Proper.

ED
Got a silencer an' all!

ANGEL
(jolly)
One dart per gun at a time. Plan
carefully: point and shoot. It's
all you need to know. I've thrown
in an extra set of darts in case
you--

FYOOOOO, Spice has accidentally FIRED his dart.
Whip PAN. The dart STICKS out from BETWEEN Queen Vic's
eyes. The room falls silent.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
That's one thing you don't wanna
do again, son. I can assure you.

He walks up to his painting, carefully extracts dart, hands
it to Karl, turns to Spice.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Now apologize.

Angel sits down again. Spice looks nonplussed.

SPICE
I'm sorry?

ANGEL
Karl. Give him a hand.

Karl puts on his apron, picks up Spice like a letter,

SPICE
What the f-

Karl carries Spice to the fryer and holds his feet over the
bubbling oil. The cabbies are gobsmacked.

ANGEL
Apologise.

SPICE
I'm very sorry, Mister Angel.

ANGEL
Not to me to Her Majesty.

SPICE
I'm very sorry, Queen Victoria.

ANGEL
She can't hear you.

SPICE
(on top of his lungs)
I'M VERY SORRY, QUEEN VICTORIA!

Angel gives Karl a sign to let go. Spice is shaking.

SPICE (CONT'D)
Sorry. Don't know what happened.

ANGEL
You pulled the trigger, son.
That's what happened.
Need to watch that. Now, let's
conclude our little business.
Remember, the payment's due
Saturday, first thing.

MONK
Yes, as agreed last night, Mister
Angel,

ED
Hang on, what happens if something
goes wrong?

ANGEL
You still pay your advance plus
interest.

ED
What if we can't?

ANGEL
Then you all end up in the fryer.
(off their looks)
Don't look so worried. I never
fried anyone who didn't deserve
it. Right, Karl?
(Karl nods)
And don't even think of messing me
about. A deal is a deal.
(jolly)
So, as long as I get my money,
there'll be no fry-ups.

*

EXT. STREET WHITECHAPEL - DAY

The cabbies come round the corner, walk into an alley. Danboy
throws up. They wait, then continue to their parked bikes,

MONK

... It's still a good deal.
What's 25k compared to 4 and a
half mill each? And he gave us
everything in advance.

SPICE

A real gentleman.
He nearly nearly fried up my
toes.

Danboy touches his stomach.

DANBOY

Oh, don't...

They reached their parked bikes. Spice gets on his bike,

SPICE

We shouldn't be doing this, guys!

ED

(to Spice)

We don't have a choice! Because if
Angel doesn't get his money back
we'll all end up in the fryer. And
if the Yank doesn't get his money
back we'll end up in an urn.

MONK

Urn?

DANBOY

What urn?

Ed waves it off.

ED

Spice, we needed the dosh to finish
the Knowledge.

SPICE

And have we?! Look where we are
now!

ED

We'll get us through this!

Spice scoffs,

SPICE

Yeah? Just like Corfu?!

And rides off. Danboy kisses his teeth.

DANBOY

Is he gonna be ok?

ED

He'll be fine. I've known him my whole life. I gave him his nickname.

DANBOY

Is it because he's got ginger pubs?

ED

Ginger pubs? No, I walked in on him in our tree house, having a private moment over a Spice Girls Calendar.

MONK

Really... Spice Girls?

DANBOY

I love Spice Girls! The Sporty Spice is a bit of me, you know!

MONK

Right.

DANBOY

Right. So we'll be al'right?

ED

Right. I've got everything under control.

INT. LEX'S GARAGE - SAME TIME DAY

Burly Tommy opens a cupboard, exposing a serious WEAPONS ARSENAL.

TOMMY

What artillery, boss?

LEX

Pack the scary stuff, they're bankers, they like that gangster rap shit - looking rough and all.

Tommy, John and Paul chuckle, take out big scary guns.

LEX (CONT'D)

Listen up, no one knows we're doing anything and you're not telling anyone. And I mean - anyone.

JOHN/PAUL/TOMMY

Yeah, yeah, boss. Crystal.

LEX

A lot of people are having a good time at my expense thinking I don't know what's really going on.

(MORE)

LEX (CONT'D)

(winks)

I might have been born in the morning, but not THIS freaking morning!

Lex expects a laughter but the bouncers stare blankly at him.

JOHN

So... What're we doing, boss?

Lex sighs.

LEX

We pick up the bankers. Drive them to the airstrip, where their shipment's waiting, drive the lot back and Wham! Bam! Thank you Mam!- the shipment is ours!

TOMMY

The shipment is ours...?

LEX

(exasperated)

It will be, when we're finished with the bankers!

TOMMY/JOHN/PAUL

Ah, ok,... right... gottya...hahaha

LEX

So, make sure you don't break anything. And remember, we don't lay a finger on the bankers till the shipment's safe and secure.

Van door, slams close.

INT. ANGEL'S CHIPPY - SAME TIME DAY

The little Old Lady is back, peeking over the counter,

OLD LADY

Triple battered haddock, double chips and... a tippie of triple mayo.

Startled Amir stops his fries basket in midair.

AMIR

Triple mayo?

(leans in)

Are you sure, luv?

Old lady chirps,

OLD LADY
 Yes, I'm sure, Amir.
 Today, I fancy a tippie of triple
 mayonnaise.

She smiles mischievously. Amir nods, unfazed, presses button under counter.

AMIR
 (under his breath)
 He's waiting for you.

OLD LADY
 (hard of hearing)
 Who's waiting for me?
 I'm waiting for YOU!-

Hunter rushes in, pushes her aside to get to the counter.

INT. ANGEL'S BACK OFFICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

At his desk, Angel, now with a crisp linen napkin tucked into his shirt like an English version of an Italian Mafia boss, half eaten silver plate of the classic fish and chips dish with a dollop of green pea mush, cup of tea with a saucer, eats with silver cutlery. Hunter sits in front.

HUNTER
 I have a little business to be
 taken care of and was told by
 Mister Gold that you're just the
 man for the job.

Angel dabs his mouth, leans back. Karl stands by his side.

ANGEL
 Did he also tell you that I charge
 twenty just to make the pitch, Sir?

HUNTER
 He did, indeed. Here's thirty.

Hunter takes out a wad of cash. Angel smiles.

ANGEL
 I like this pitch already.
 We're all ears, aren't we Karl?

Tilt up to Karl, he nods, takes the wad from Hunter.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
 Have a seat.

Hunter is already seated.

HUNTER

I'm bringing in a shipment from Luxembourg this Friday and I want you to steal it from me.

ANGEL

Let me guess, someone is not getting their piece of the pie.

HUNTER

Close. I'm relocating some very valuable family heirlooms. I don't see why the inland revenue's taxation code needs to-

Angel raises his silver fish knife to stop him,

ANGEL

Please, Mister Hunter, no details. And no fancy CityTalk.

(Hunter obliges)

I'm only interested in positive returns. Preferably, in the form of small pieces of paper with her majesty's lovely face on it.

Angel shoves a piece of fish into his mouth.

INT. ED'S STUDIO FLAT - SAME TIME DAY

Ed polishes his tranquilizer 'gun'.

ED

One more time: knock out security, pose as them, meet bankers at garage, drive them to airstrip, pick up cases, tranquillize bankers, dump 'em at club, put cases in one cab, drive to Portsmouth in other, meet Nat, ferry to France!

MONK

And the short version?

Ed gives her the finger, Monk chuckles.

SPICE

Yeah, when you put it like that, what are we worrying about?

MONK

We're not worrying, you are.

SPICE

Well, you should be!
 (to Ed)
 What are you doing?

ED

Polishing me gun.

SPICE

They're not real guns, Ed! They're
 animal tranquilizers to be used
 from the distance. No one will ever
 see them!

ED

But I do and I like'm pretty.

SPICE

Top of our list, good looking guns!
 And what is *that*?

He circles the table with the balaclavas, tranquilizer guns
 and a stack of ASDA bags.

ED

Sandwich bags. Family size. We
 gotta make sure the dosh stays
 protected, you know, be pro.

Ed quickly puts some loose change into a bag and seals it up.

ED (CONT'D)

Bosh.

DANBOY

Cool!
 (tries on balaclava)
 What's up with ya landlord, Ed?
 He was givin' me bare eyes earlier.

ED

It's nothing. Ignore him.

SPICE

How can you be so calm?

ED

What? Just because we have a crazy
 fry-up gangster and an urn obsessed
 Yank breathing down our neck?
 We got a plan!

Spice scoffs. Danboy pulls down balaclava, lifts gun to his
 face. To Monk,

DANBOY

Looking hard?

MONK

Yep.

A knock on the front door. Danboy drops his gun, jerks off balaclava. Ed throws a blanket over the table.

ED

Just stay in here and don't make a noise.

He goes to front door, opens it.

INT. HALLWAY ED'S STUDIO - SAME TIME DAY

Özival's four scary-looking TURKISH SONS with baseball bats at the ready fill the door frame.

ED

Whoa, fellas come on, let's talk...

MR.ÖZIVAL

No more talking. Two days are up.

ED

Two? We said four. There's no need to get rough...

The sons close in on Ed.

MR.ÖZIVAL

When you say, you can't pay rent because you pay cabbie school, I was understanding, was I not?

One son pins Ed against wall, the other two sons each stick a baseball bat into Ed.

MR.ÖZIVAL (CONT'D)

When you say-

TURKISH SON

Baba.

Özival turns. The cabbies emerge from living room with balaclavas and dart guns pointed. The sons, agape, let go of Ed. Özival shushes them back, extends his palms towards the cabbies and their guns,

MR.ÖZIVAL

Why you not say you have guests?

(all smiles)

We come back another time.

I give you extension...

(off Monk's mean look)

Or call it quits.

Turks leave. Ed closes the door, turns, smiles,

ED
Cheers, guys.

Danboy enthusiastically waves his gun around.

DANBOY
They bloody work!

SPICE
But they're not real. None of this is. We were just lucky they didn't have real guns. Security will. Who are we kidding? I'm out.

Spice puts his gun down.

ED
You can't! What about the Yank and Mister Angel?

SPICE
I'll take my chances.

ED
This is our only chance!

SPICE
(quietly)
It's a dream, Ed. Grow up, for Gods sake.

Spice leaves. Danboy kisses his teeth,

DANBOY
Now what?

Ed goes all out.

ED
Remember why we all went on the Knowledge.

MONK
Last bastion of the working class.

ED
I was a kid apprentice at West Ham. They had high hopes for me. Said I could have turned pro. But it all went to my head. I lacked discipline, started getting more interested in chasing girls. When I crashed out. I had nothing, I was lost... Longest journey of my life.

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

Then someone started chatting about the Knowledge and everything changed.

MONK

Nice.

DANBOY

Yeah, but we gotta get Spice back.

EXT. SPICE'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER NIGHT

Spice opens the door, Ed stands in front of him.

ED

Your keys.

SPICE

Sorry, Ed. Pipe dream's over.

ED

Together we can make it come true.

SPICE

Time to wake up.

ED

We need you. I need you. Please.

Spice turns to leave.

SPICE

I'm sorry mate.

Ed hands him his keys, in an Asda food bag. Spice's not amused, takes keys, closes the door in Ed's face.

INT. SPICE FLAT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER NIGHT

Spice turns, 7 months pregnant Nat stands in the hallway.

NAT

What's going on, Hun?

SPICE

Enough with this Knowledge malarkey. And Corfu. And Ed.

NAT

Are you sure?

SPICE

Yes, love. Time to get real.

EXT. SPICE'S COUNCIL ESTATE - SAME TIME NIGHT

A defeated Ed walks back to Monk and Danboy wait on their scooters. Ed shakes his head, gets on his scooter. Danboy kisses his teeth.

MONK

We'll do it without him.

EXT. STREET EAST LONDON - NEXT MORNING DAY

The three scooters come up the road, Ed, Monk and Danboy. Behind them, the sun comes up.

EXT./INT. PLANE DAGENHAM AIRPORT - SAME TIME DAY

Hunter slips into a small plane. Closes door.

PILOT

Nice one, Hugo. You wouldn't even think this a runway, what with all the cows and what not...

HUNTER

Yeah, City Airport was getting a little crowded. Let's go! They're always one hour ahead of us in Luxembourg. Bastards!

Hunter whips on his safety belt, leans back. Plane takes off.

EXT./INT. GARAGE CABBIE SCHOOL - A FEW MINUTES LATER DAY

Instructor Freddy opens the garage door with the school cabs inside, turns to Ed, Monk and Danboy. Their scooters are now parked next to the garage.

FREDDY

Remember to practice tight turns. That's what the examiner's after. Tight turns, wheelchairs and helping old ladies getting in and out.

MONK

We're on it, Freddy.

They take the keys and fire extinguishers off Freddy and get into two cabs.

EXT./INT. GOWER'S CAR DAGENHAM AIRSTRIP - SAME TIME

The Nissan is hidden under a tree. Sleep deprived Gower, iPad on knees, Ginger next to him, empty take away boxes and tins,

GOWER
 (into mobile)
 Marm, I'm at Dagenham airport!
 Hunter left for Luxemborg at 7.15am
 this morning, in a private plane.
 Did you receive the photos I sent?

INT. POLICE STATION SCOTLAND YARD - SAME TIME DAY

Superintendent ECCLESTONE (40s) just got in, still in coat,
 leaning over her desk, scrolls down the many photos of Hunter
 getting into a plane, on her laptop,

ECCLESTONE
 Yes, Gower. All fifty three.
 I didn't know Dagenham had an
 airport?

GOWER
 It's another one of those new fancy
 private ones, Marm, popping up all
 over town, so the Rich can avoid
 Joe Public!

ECCLESTONE
 Detective Gower...

She takes off coat. Her uniform indicates she's the boss.

GOWER
 I know he's up to something! He may
 have switched airports but he's
 doing exactly what he did last
 time! I can feel it in my water!!

Ginger looks up. Gower calms a little.

ECCLESTONE
 And maybe it should stay there.
 It's Friday. For all we know he
 could be on a romantic getaway
 break.

GOWER
 Shagging twenty hookers, snorting
 coke off their asses whilst being
 spanked by a Peruvian dwarf!

ECCLESTONE
 Gower, if you can't operate
 objectively I'll have to take you
 off the case.

GOWER
 But, Marm', I'm so close!

ECCLESTONE

Last time you said that you wiped out the legal allowance of the whole department for the rest of the year. For nothing.

GOWER

One more chance, Marm'! Let me wait for him here, at the airport. I'll catch him red handed and bring you all the evidence you need!

ECCLESTONE

It better be good. Better be better than good. It better be a bloody *knock out!*

Ecclestone slams down phone. Gower to Ginger, his cat,

GOWER

We're on.

EXT. PRIVATE BANK LUXEMBOURG CITY - SAME TIME DAY

Sun shines on a discreet gold plate 'Luxembourg private bank'. We hear the swift sound of a money counter.

INT. OFFICE PRIVATE BANK LUXEMBOURG CITY - SAME TIME DAY

Red 500 Euro notes fly through a MONEY COUNTER on the desk of private wealth manager JON ROGUE(31) on cheap mobile,

JON

(soft Luxembourg accent)

Yes, Hugo, I closed all numbered accounts, over four days, not a single transaction over ten thou. Everything just like last time ...

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP LUXEMBOURG - SAME TIME/INTERCUT DAY

Hunter, by till with antique purchases as SHOP ASSISTANT rings up his purchases in Euros. Into a cheap mobile,

HUNTER

Excellent! That should keep the compliance team off our back... How are we doing for time?

Jon glances at his wrist watch, 500 Euro notes still run through the money counter like water.

JON

Tell your courier to collect in thirty minutes.

(MORE)

JON (CONT'D)

And Hugo, while you're here in Luxembourg for the day, make sure you try the Wagyu Ribeye Steak at Claire Fontaine *amazing!* Best beef this side of Japan!

HUNTER

Jon, you know, I'd kill for a Kobe steak but I'm on a tight schedule.

SHOP ASSISTANT (O.S.)

6,532.40 Euros, please, Sir.

Hunter takes a ridiculously small bundle of 500 Euro notes from his wallet, ponders,

HUNTER

It's not Sterling but it sure is handy.

(hands over notes)

Have it all delivered to the La Grande...

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP LUXEMBOURG CITY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Hunter emerges from shop, discreetly takes out sim card, destroys it, bins it.

EXT. ALLEY WAY POLE DANCE CLUB SECRET'S - DAY

The two school cabs pull up. Danboy, Monk and Ed get out.

EXT. ALLEY WAY SECRET'S - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Ed leads them up the fire escape, turns, out of habit, but there's no Spice. He lets Danboy and Monk pass him, takes out his phone.

EXT./INT. PRIUS CAR PARK COUNCIL ESTATE - SAME TIME DAY

Spice, hemmed in behind wheel listens to UBER app instructions on his phone,

APP

(automated voice)

... You'll be available on a 24/7 router with a three minutes booking window between each ride. Our app records your every move for security and our unique algorithm measures, logs and analyzes your performance after every ride.

(MORE)

APP (CONT'D)

Our rating system lets each
customer rate your service on a
scale of 1 to 5...

INT. LEX'S OFFICE - SAME TIME DAY

The guys pull down their Balaclavas, slip into the trap door.
Ed closes door from inside. On the outside, a board gets ever
so slightly trapped in the rush. They're amateurs.

EXT./INT. PRIUS CAR PARK COUNCIL ESTATE - SAME TIME DAY

The app on Spice's phone flashes LOG ON, LOG ON. He hesitates
A knock on the window, 7 month pregnant Nat. He opens,

SPICE

(soft)

You need a ride, love?

NAT

Ed just called. They're going
ahead.

SPICE

Good.

NAT

Is it?

SPICE

Of course!

(off her look)

It's nonsense, Nat, a fantasy.
This...

(clutches steering wheel)

... is real.

NAT

But is it what you really want,
Hun? What about your dream?
Are you not even going to try?
I know it's dangerous but Ed's plan
is solid.

Spice avoids her eyes.

NAT (CONT'D)

Simon...

SPICE

It's not Ed, or his plan, Nat.
It's me. I can't. I just can't.
I've got no bravado like Ed,
I could never hold a spade and look
scary, let alone a gun...

(MORE)

SPICE (CONT'D)

I'd be too scared myself. Who am I kidding, I'm no good to anyone...

NAT

You're my man. You're good to me.

SPICE

I love you.

Nat

I love you, too. But what do you want me to tell our daughter when she grows up? That her father sat with his thumb up his ass while his best friend was going after their dream?

Spice looks up, surprised.

INT. LEX'S GARAGE SECRETS - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

John climbs into their MCT van. Inside Tommy fiddles with satnav. Both are now dressed in overalls with the MCT logo.

JOHN

Hurry up!

TOMMY

Can't find Hoxton Street...

In the back, vent door slowly opens, BARREL of a dart GUN peaks out.

John too, now fiddles with the satnav.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Bloody things never work when you need 'em.

He smacks it proper.

JOHN

Uhh, definitely not working now.

TOMMY

I'm gettin'me map.

ZEEEP. A dart shoots across straight in to Tommy's beefy bum. He slumps over burly John.

JOHN

What you lookin' down there for?

John sees dart in Tommy's bum.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What the-

ZEEEP. BOOM. John slumps over Tommy's body, a dart sticks out from his bum, too. Paul approaches,

PAUL

Oi, you two numpties pack it in-

ZEEEEP. BOOM. He collapses. A dart sticks out of his beefy bum too. The guys crawl out the passage way. Take off their balaclavas. Ed grins,

ED

Nice shooting...

INT. LEX'S OFFICE - SAME TIME DAY

Lex enters excited in anticipation of his little coup, overalls in hand, when he spots the floor board caught up just a little. Alert, he opens the safe, takes out his gun.

EXT. HOXTON SQUARE STREET - SAME TIME DAY

Ramston-Thomas and Le'Dique stand on the pavement, look out for their transport.

LE'DIQUE

A blue silver van?

RAMSTON-THOMAS

With a big logo across: MCT - Motor Car Transport.

INT. LEX'S GARAGE SECRETS - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Ed, Monk and Danboy lift the last unconscious bouncer out of the MCT van.

LEX (O.S.)

Don't move.

They freeze middair. Lex pops up.

LEX (CONT'D)

Put him down. Slowly. Move away. Over there. Hands up.

Ed desperately tries to cover his face.

EXT. HOXTON SQUARE STREET - SAME TIME DAY

Ramston-Thomas and Le'Dique are still waiting.

RAMSTON-THOMAS

I don't bloody believe it!

LE'DIQUE

(tuts tuts)

You English are like your buses.
Even your organized crime runs
late.

RAMSTON-THOMAS

Shut up. Something's not right.
Better call that Yank.

(calls Lex)

Straight to voice mail.

LE'DIQUE

Relax. We'll give it another five.

INT. LEX' GARAGE SECRETS - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

The guys still hold the body. Ed hides his face in vain.

LEX

Hey, you're that urn stealing
plumber bastard...

Ed makes a desperate jump for his gun on the floor.

LEX (CONT'D)

Don't even think about it.

(spots other two bouncers.)

My compatriots! My loyal
compatriots!

(spots the purple bums)

What's going on here? I'm counting
to three, then I'm going to start
shooting kneecaps!

(cocks his gun)

One, two--

WHACK. Lex goes down. Behind him appears SPICE, shovel in
hand.

SPICE

Three.

Spice too, came through the tunnel.

DANBOY

Jesus..

ED

Spice!

SPICE

Not going to let you have all the
fun. If we're doing this we're
doing it together.

Spice opens his arms, Ed runs into them. Re-united!

MONK

Are we getting married here,
gentlemen? We've got bankers to
rob.

She throws Spice a pair of overalls.

INT. GRAND HOTEL LUXEMBOURG CITY - SAME TIME DAY

Hunter skillfully hides narrow bundles of 500 Euro notes in the large hollowed spaces of the "heirlooms" he just bought at the shop: antique music instruments, clocks, quilts, dolls, chunky paintings etc., places them into globetrotters,

HUNTER

(into phone)

Yes, Ramston Thomas... What?!
unbelievable!... No, sod that! Get
someone else... Tell Le'Digue to
ask clients if their private
security's available, call me
straight back.

Finishes, calls Angel, while hiding more 500 Euro bundles,

HUNTER (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Mister Angel? Hunter here. We had
a little hiccup this morning with
the security company we hired.
Can you do me a favour and check
up on them on your way to the
airstrip? The address is...

INT. ANGEL'S OFFICE - SAME TIME DAY

Angel writes down the address. His eyebrows go up - it's
Secret's!

ANGEL

Just leave it with me, son.

(ends call)

Lex you sneaky septic ballbag!
Karl, are the boys ready?

KARL

Yeas, Mista Angel.

ANGEL

Tell 'em we're going to take a
little detour before we head to the
airstrip.

KARL

We go what?

ANGEL

We're going here first.

He shoves address across to Karl.

EXT. HOXTON SQUARE STREET - SAME TIME DAY

Ramston-Thomas gets off his mobile.

RAMSTON-THOMAS

Bloody hell! Booked up! Every single one!

LE'DIQUE

Same here. Well, it *is* Friday!

RAMSTON-THOMAS

Let's take our own cars!

LE'DIQUE

I don't think that would be a good idea,

Ramston-Thomas grows restless.

RAMSTON-THOMAS

It's not like Hunter. He's such a perfectionist. You don't think that..?

LE'DIQUE

He set us up? It crossed my mind.

RAMSTON-THOMAS

But?

LE'DIQUE

Did he ever tell you about the 1 billion dollar deal?

RAMSTON-THOMAS

He never stops.

LE'DIQUE

We worked together on that deal, for many months, in the trenches. We bonded.

RAMSTON-THOMAS

I see.

INT. LEX'S GARAGE SECRET - SAME TIME DAY

The cabbies now in MCT overalls, looking like security guys, pace around. The MCT van is ready to go.

MONK

No one out the back.

SPICE

Or the front. Now what?

ED

(to Danboy)

Noon at the garage next to Secret's, right?

DANBOY

That's what Frenchie said.

Spice starts to hyperventilate,

SPICE

If we can't pick up the bankers we can't get to the airstrip...

DANBOY

Yeah, if we can't get to the airstrip, we can't get the cases.

SPICE

And if we can't get the cases, we can't get the money!

DANBOY

And if we can't get the money my mum goes to prison.

SPICE

(hysterical)

And we'll all get fried!!

ED

Shhhhh!! I need space to think.

SPICE

You need a bloody football pitch!

MONK

Think.

EXT. HOXTON SQUARE STREET - SAME TIME DAY

Ramston-Thomas, agitated,

RAMSTON-THOMAS

Le'Dique! We've got to do something!!

LE'DIQUÉ

Shhht! I've just had a brainwave...

He stops, looks up to 'catch the brainwave'.

INT. LEX'S GARAGE - SAME TIME

All eyes are on Ed still 'thinking'. Spice loses it,

SPICE
I don't believe it, this is Corfu
all over again!

ED
It's not Corfu!

SPICE
It *is* Corfu! It's *always* Corfu with
you! Every bloody single time!!

ED
Will you stop going on about
Corfu!!

Danboy's mobile buzzes, he takes the call, looks shocked,
puts call on hold,

MONK
What the hell happened in Corfu?

DANBOY
The bankers! The bankers!

ED/SPICE
What? Where?

DANBOY
Here!

/ED/SPICE/MONK
Where?/Where?/Where?

DANBOY
Here!

MONK/ DANBOY/SPICE
WHERE?

Danboy holds up phone,

DANBOY
HERE!!!

He puts his finger to his lips, un-holds,

EXT. HOXTON SQUARE STREET - SAME TIME DAY

Le'Dique, on phone to Danboy. Ramston-Thomas leans in,

LE'DIQUE

'*Bonjour*', my friend, this is Jean-Pierre Le Dique, are you free?...
 Qui, now. I have a fare for you, a flyer to Dagenham airport. Two persons, to pick up a third, luggage, quie...

(Ramston motions 'two')

Two cabs, please, if one of your colleagues's free, also? I will be very generous, '*Merci*'!

INT. LEX'S GARAGE - SAME TIME DAY

Danboy finishes call,

DANBOY

We're on!

ED

(affectionate)

"Oh no, I didn't give him my real number, I'm a pro"

They grin. Everyone gets out of overalls in a hurry.

SPICE

Hang on. Who's driving the other cab?

ED

You.

SPICE

Me? I'm not much of a getaway driver, Ed.

ED

Yeah, but you're even less of a gunslinger.

The others chuckle and agree. They rush out and forget the spare set of darts, still in Ed's overalls, on the floor...

EXT. LEX'S GARAGE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

The guys emerge from the garage, hurry into their two cabs, drive off. Mr Angel's white van comes around the corner, stops in front of garage.

EXT./INT. ANGEL'S VAN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Angel opens the hatch pokes his head through, gives his burly boys a Henry V pep talk,

ANGEL

A certain Yank has organized
himself a little Boston Tea Party
to get his hands on my positive
returns in an attempt to go solo.
I feel a bit of King George
coming on!
Let's give 'm a Royal salute!

The goons grunt in support, load their weapons, jump out.

INT. LEX'S GARAGE SECRETS - SAME TIME

Angel and his men charge in and find: an empty MCT van,

ANGEL'S GOONS

Not much of a party going on
here, boss...

ANGEL

Shut up.

Angel the blood hound, sniffs out the three unconscious, half
undressed bodyguards at the very back, out of sight.

GOON2

Ere, wot's up with their bums,
then.

Angel recognizes the 'purple bums', his eye brows go up. Karl
picks up Ed's unopened spare set of darts in overalls.

KARL THE POLE

Mista Angel! De faggin' cebbies!

ANGEL

Those stupid little cabbie
learners...

He walks over to Lex, examines his body,

ANGEL (CONT'D)

No dart in this bum. Fetch some
frikkin' water, Karl and let's
get to the bottom of this little
Boston Tea party gone wrong here.

EXT. HOXTON SQUARE STREET - SAME TIME DAY

The two bankers get into Danboy's cab, cab drives off.
Spice's cab follows.(neither Ed nor Monk are visible in cabs)

INT. LEX'GARAGE SECRETS - A LITTLE LATER DAY

Angel throws a bucket of water into Lex's face. Lex comes round, refocuses his eyes. Dazed,

LEX
Mister Angel...

ANGEL
Fucking right it is, matey boy!

EXT./INT.GOWER'S CAR DAGGENHAM AIRSTRIP- SAME TIME DAY

Restless Gower on phone to Ecclestone, Cat alert.

GOWER
Marm', at last! I've been trying to call you! I need back up!

INT. LOO SCOTTLAND YARD - SAME TIME DAY

Stalls. Ecclestone, uniform trousers down, sits inside a stall, phone on ear, reaches inside tampon box,

ECCLESTONE
(into phone)
Gower, if this is another one of your cock-ups-- SHIT!

GOWER
Marm ..?

Ecclestone shakes tampon box, turns it up side down - empty! She starts pulling loads of toilet paper angrily off the roll.

ECCLESTONE
(soft, under her breath)
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...

INT. LEX'S GARAGE SECRETS - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Angel pulls Lex up by his Rodeo shirt, gun pointed,

ANGEL
... city bankers bringing in a shipment from Luxembourg? Illegal money? Eighteen million in cash?!

LEX
It's a business opportunity.

Angels eyebrows go up.

ANGEL

And you didn't think to tell me about it?

Lex props himself up.

LEX

I wanted to but I also wanted to build my business and get myself out of your shitty little game.

ANGEL

Buy yourself out from me with my money and build up your business with my returns? You are even more stupid than those stupid cabbies And they'll be dead soon.

LEX

There's no need for that Angel. There's enough money for everyone.

ANGEL

Enough money for everyone? What is this 'enough money for everyone' liberal Commie bollocks?

(beat)

I've had it up to here with people like you coming to our country knowing nothing about us or our culture and trying to rip us off. On our own soil! I won't have it! I will fight for England with my last breath.

Lex smirks,

LEX

What, like on the beaches at Dunkirk? Only the English can lose a battle and still celebrate themselves as winners! Your shitty little country would have been finished a long time ago if it wasn't for us 'Yankee doodle dandy's' coming to your rescue. You depend on us for protection. Listen! You God Damn Limey shitbags!

(addresses goons)

I was a soldier in *Baghdad*, when you were in your '*dad's bag*'! I was fighting a real war! With real men.

ANGEL

Shut up.

Lex gets up.

LEX

No, I frikkin' won't! I came here for a better life and yes, for your god damn national health service because it's the best in the world, and a few other things due to the fact that you've got that frikkin' pea shooter pointing at me but you English, you smile at a foreigner, shake his hand and then stab him in the back!

ANGEL

Shut up.

LEX

Your all the same with your lordy bullshit titles, Well! you can stick them up your fat, white limey asses! Rule Brittania? I piss, in your general direction. Hah! A United 'frikkin' Kingdom of grade 'A' freaking moaners with bad teeth and no money, saying sorry all the time! The only redeeming factor is your national health service! And you still moan about that, too!!

BOOM! Angel shoots Lex. Camera wipes away before we can see it.

ANGEL

Well, let's see our NHS fix you up now. Get rid of him.

ANGEL'S GOON 3

What about the others, boss?

ANGEL

They'll wake up and walk by themselves.

KARL

'Cheeggy' cebbies'.

ANGEL

Dagenham airport. Sharpish!

EXT. DAGENHAM AIRSTRIP - SAME TIME DAY

Hunter's plane lands. Fields and cows.

EXT./INT. PLANE DAGENHAM AIRSTRIP - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Le'Dique and Ramston-Thomas lift out a large Globetrotter with a FRAGILE tape. Hunter spots our two cabs,

HUNTER

Cabs?

RAMSTON-THOMAS

Le'Dique's brainwave!

LE'DIQUÉ

Black cabs, Hunter! Don't you just love them? *Je adore 'cabines noires'*! And they're much, much safer than any security convoy could ever be! Who'd ever suspects a black cab? They're so welcoming looking with their little yellow hat on top, a little home on wheels, protective, cosy, no ill can come of them...

HUNTER

(affectionate)

Crazy frog.

Tell the cabbies to give a hand.

EXT./INT. DANBOY'S CAB AIRSTRIP - SAME TIME DAY

Danboy, behind the wheel, watches Le'Dique approach,

DANBOY

(into phone)

Spice, Who's got the spare darts?

EXT./INT. SPICE'S CAB AIRSTRIP - SAME TIME INTERCUT DAY

Spice behind the wheel, watches the bankers,

SPICE

(into phone)

Hang on.

(turns)

Ed?

Ed pops up next to Spice from under the tarpaulin.

SPICE (CONT'D)

(to Ed)

Where are the spare darts?

ED

In the overalls.

SPICE

Where's the overalls?

ED

In the garage...

SPICE

O great!
 (into phone)
 Ed left them in the garage.

Danboy turns to Monk hidden under the tarpaulin next to him,

DANBOY

Ed left them in the garage. How
 are we gonna ambush the bankers
 with no darts, Monk?

Monk pops up, calmly,

MONK

Just look mean.

DANBOY

Look mean?

MONK

Look. Mean.

Monk ducks back, down under.

DANBOY

(into phone)
 Just look mean.

EXT. INSIDE SPICE'S CAB - SAME TIME DAY

Spice turns to Ed,

SPICE

Just look mean.

ED

I can do mean.

Ed ducks back down under the tarpaulin.

EXT. MOTORWAY - SAME TIME DAY

Angel's white van comes up, turns off at sign Dagenham
 Airport.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - SAME TIME DAY

Two unmarked police cars come up the country lane, turn off
 at the small wooden sign by the road side 'Dagenham Airport'.

EXT./INT. DANBOY'S CAB AIRSTRIP - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Danboy lifts the last Globetrotters into the back, moves aside, Le'Dique and Ramston-Thomas get in, sit down. Monk pops up, Hachimaki round her head gun pointed at them, puts index finger to her lips. The bankers freeze. Danboy starts to tie them up together.

EXT./INT. SPICE'S CAB AIRSTRIP - SAME TIME DAY

Hunter checks his watch, secretly looks out for Angel, then gets in, shuts door, slams down in back, four big Globetrotter cases at his feet. Ed pops up, points his gun. Hunter scoffs,

HUNTER

Is this a joke?

ED

You see me laughing? Hands up so I can see them.

Hunter reluctantly complies. Spice ties Hunters hands behind his back and ties his feet.

HUNTER

Who put you up to this? Le'Dique? Ramston-Thomas? Hang on. I've seen you before, and you. You're the two little prick-holes with the urn: Plumb me Good!

SPICE

Nope. Not us.

HUNTER

You had 'plumb me good' on your overalls!

Ed tries his best to look mean.

SPICE

No, not us, matey.

ED

Shut up or I'll shoot you.

Hunter shuts up. Spice starts the engine,

SPICE

Erre... Ed...

ED

What?

SPICE
There's something coming towards
us...

ED
What?!

SPICE
Two Cars... heading straight
towards us... Jesus Christ...

ED
Just go!

SPICE
I can't! They're ambushing us...

Hunter smirks. Spice turns wheel round and round.

ED
What're you smiling about?

HUNTER
Amateurs.

Ed points gun at Hunter's knee cup. Hunter drops his smirk.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Don't do anything stupid.

ED
Shut up or I'll shoot you.

Ed watches outside Gower's two unmarked cars stop.

ED (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Monk...

EXT./INT. DANBOY'S CAB - SAME TIME DAY /INTERCUT

Outside Gower's men jump out, Gower approaches cabs, gun drawn.

MONK
Who the hell are they?

GOWER
(outside)
*Police! Police! Get out of the
cars! Hands above your head!*

The bankers freak out in the back,

RAMSTON-THOMAS/
Oh, God! Oh, God! O, golly gosh...

LE'DIQUE
Merde! Merde! Merde...

Monk puts finger to her lips. Bankers fall silent.

INT. SPICE'S CAB - SAME TIME DAY INTERCUT

Spice peeks through the windshields,

SPICE
 What's the filth doing here, Ed?

ED
 Don't know but we're screwed.

HUNTER
 We're all screwed. Get me out and I'll give you a hundred thousand pounds each, two hundred, three hundred, ok, you got me over a barrel here, five hundred. That's half a million for either of you to get me out!

ED
 Shut up or I'll shoot you.
 (into phone)
 Monk, we gotta break through...

INT. SPICE CAB - SAME TIME DAY

POV Spice: At this moment Angel's VAN trundles around the corner. Everyone turns to look at the little white van....

SPICE
 Ed...

ED
 What the hell is this now?

Hunter recognizes KARL behind wheel, smiles,

HUNTER
 There goes your million, boys.

ED
 Shut up, or I'll shoot you.

EXT./INT. ANGEL'S VAN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Outside Gower raises his police badge, walks towards van,

GOWER
 POLICE. Step Out of the van.

Inside van,

ANGEL

Police, my ass. And I'm on the
Queen's bloody honour's list.
Karl, go.

Angel's van charges directly at Gower,

GOWER

What the fff--
Jesus Christ on a bike!!

Gower quickly pulls his cat from his car as van charges directly at it, tucks it safely in the front of his leather jacket, braces for the impact.

But nothing happens. Silence.

Gower, puzzled, peeks up: The van has stopped within an inch in front of his car.

Angel grins, one big evil grin, his eyes glint. He knocks on the van's bulkhead without looking...

BOOM, the back door flies open, his goons pile out. The shooting starts.

Karl and Angel take cover behind the police cars. Gower and police run for cover behind a wrecked plane.

EXT. PLANE WRECK AIR STRIP - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Gower crouched for cover, cat in front of his jacket,

GOWER

(into earpiece)
Marm', we need more back up...

BOOM BOOM, BOOM, the bullets fly....

INT. OFFICE SCOTLAND YARD -SAME TIME INTERCUT

Ecclestone can hear shooting through the phone, BOOM, BOOM BOOM. She's playing mini golf with another officer,

ECCLESTONE

(into phone)
You promised a knock out detective
Gower, not a bloody *shoot out*.

Gower, perched, cat peeks out from his jacket..

GOWER

(into earpiece)
Well, they started it!
(MORE)

GOWER (CONT'D)
 I need more back up!
 (BOOM, BOOM)

EXT./INT. SPICE'S CAB - SAME TIME DAY

BOOM, BOOM. The cabbies, caught in the middle of the cross fire, though somewhat in a bubble, while they don't get shot at, they can't get out either. Spice hyperventilates,

SPICE
 Oh God, Oh God...

HUNTER
 Say good bye to your cabs,
 morons. You're next!

Ed points gun squarely at him.

ED
 Shut up or I'll shoot you.

Hunter, hands and feet tied up, smiles defiantly.

EXT. PLANE WRECK AIR STRIP - SAME TIME DAY

From behind plane wreck, police men shoot at Angel's goons. Gower pokes his head up again, shouts,

GOWER
 (angry)
 Police! Put down your weapons!
 POLICE!!!

EXT. POLICE CARS AIR STRIP- SAME TIME

Covering behind the two police cars, Angel chuckles,

ANGEL
 Yeah, let's give'em a right royal
 salute! The cabs are ours.

Angel's goons start to advance towards police. One goon comes right up to Spice's cab, BHOOM, he's shot at, his body flies against the cab's window,

GOON 1
 Urrrrru

He slides down on the window, falls to the ground

EXT./INT. SPICE'S CAB - SAME TIME DAY

Spice watches fixated, as goon's face and shoulder slide past him outside the window. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM all around them.

SPICE
 (whispers)
 What's happening Ed?

Ed pulls Spice down. From the back, Hunter crouched on floor,

HUNTER
 You stupid morons, should've used
 your god damn brain five minutes
 ago, taken the sodding money and
 gotten us out of here!

ED
 Shut up or I'll shoot you.
 (into phone)
 Monk, see the gap? between the van
 and the Nissan? Go, go, go!!

EXT. AIR STRIP - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Danboys cab swirls around on a tight turn, escapes through
 flying bullets.

INT. SPICE'S CAB - SAME TIME

Ed, phone in hand, gun in the other, yells at Spice,

ED
 Spice! Spice!

Spice snaps out, crawls up, starts engine, follows Danboy's
 cab, robotic. In shock, he drives them away. Hunter goes
 quiet. Ed points his gun at him,

ED (CONT'D)
 What about that million bucks,
 big shot?

HUNTER
 Screw you!

EXT. AIRSTRIP DAGENHAM - SAME TIME DAY INTERCUT

Angel and Karl, by Gower's police car as both cabs fly past
 them on their way out.

ANGEL
 AGHHHH!

Angel raises his gun to shoot at the cabs, ducks down as he
 takes gunfire from the police. Fight between Gower's and
 Angel's men continues.

Gower perched against plane wreck, his cat tucked safely
 in front,

GOWER
 (into earpiece)
 Marm, the cabs escaped but I've got
 their' licence numbers: Whisky 1 2,
 Alpha, November, November...

INT. OFFICE SCOTLAND YARD - SAME TIME DAY INTERCUT

Ecclestone jots it down, golf club in hand.

ECCLESTONE
 Cabs?

GOWER
 We're being ambushed, Marm'!

ECCLESTONE
 By *black cabs*? Gower, if you're
 shooting blanks again, this time,
 you're out.

Gower hangs up.

ECCLESTONE (CONT'D)
 Gower..?

She sighs, waves an assistant, hands him her note with the
 license number,

returns to her game, scores,

ECCLESTONE (CONT'D)
 Fore.

EXT. MOTORWAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Danboy's cab speedily turns onto the A13. Spice's cab lags
 behind.

EXT./INT. SPICE'S CAB ROAD - SAME TIME DAY

Spice drives. Ed, gun pointed at Hunter,

ED
 (into phone)
 Down the A13, come straight into
 the city ...

HUNTER
 You gonna give me a lift home?

Ed points gun,

ED
 Shut up or I'll shoot you.

EXT./INT. DANBOY'S CAB ROAD - SAME TIME/ INTERCUT DAY

In the back Le'Dique loses it, throws himself to the floor, dragging Ramston-Thomas with him, to whom he is tied.

LE'DIQUE
I don't want to die!!
I love black cabs and I hate
Uber!!!

Monk throws Le'Dique a mean look. He falls silent. Ramston-Thomas tied to him pulls them both back up.

RAMSTON-THOMAS
(whines)
Stiff upper lip, boy! Stiff upper
lip!

Monk puts her finger to her lips. Ramston-Thomas reluctantly complies.

MONK
(into phone)
Why we're going West, Ed?

EXT./INT. SPICE'S CAB ROAD - SAME TIME / INTERCUT DAY

Ed, holds Hunter at gun point,

ED
(into phone)
Change of plan. We don't know
where them cops came from. We
head back to London. Lose
ourselves in town, then change
cars.

MONK
(into phone)
Got you.
(to Danboy)
Second left, third roundabout...

Hunter glances at Spice, gripping wheel, but going slow,

HUNTER
Christ sake, my nan goes faster
than this on her bloody mobility
scooter!

Ed points gun squarely at Hunter,

ED
Shut up, or I'll shoot you.

EXT. DAGENHAM AIRSTRIP - SAME TIME DAY

BOOM BOOM BOOM. Angel and Karl cover behind the police cars, The shoot-out is still ongoing.

ANGEL
Cover us, boys! Hold 'em off!
We'll go after the cabs.

Karl and Angel run to the van. The second goon is shot holding off police,

GOON 2
Urrrrrrr

Down he goes, lands in a funny position. Angel and Karl drive off in their van. Angel shoots out of the window as they leave. Gower shoots after the van.

The two remaining goons use the distraction and make a dash for Gower's car, jump in, drive off. Gower's left fuming.

GOWER
Oh Brilliant...
(to his men)
Don't just stand there. Moooove!

Gower makes for the last unmarked car, all four police clumsily follow,

GOWER (CONT'D)
You dickheads! You know what to do!

Two police men stay reluctantly behind, miffed off, as last car speeds off.

EXT./INT. SPICE'S CAB ROAD - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Cab drives along. Ed glances in the rear mirror: police again! He thinks on his feet.

ED
(into mobile)
Monk, let's do a little dance.
(to Spice)
I got this one.

Ed exchanges seats with Spice, holding Hunter at gun point,

EXT. EXCEL EAST ENTRANCE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Our two CABS jump into frame, speed down the huge car park towards entrance.

INT./EXT. DANBOY'S CAB - SAME TIME DAY

Behind them the two police cars jump into frame. Danboy smiles,

DANBOY
Bring it on!
(to Monk)
Give us a nice beat, Monk.

Monk hand reaches for the car's radio...

INT. EXCEL UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

'Metal Storm' by CUT CHEMIST plays out as our two cabs play 'catch me if you can' with the police, whizz around the concrete pillars with their tied turns. Eventually, the cabs escape at the other end and the two police cars get stuck in the exit blocking each other.

INT. ED'S CAB - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Ed behind the wheel, grins.

EXT. PYRAMID WEST ENTRANCE EXCEL-A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Below the PYRAMID the two cabs BURST out of the centre. Bystanders run for cover. Cabs stop sharp in front of the big STAIRCASE. The two drivers, Ed and Danboy look at each other.

EXT./INT. DANBOY'S CAB - SAME TIME DAY

Danboy smiles, changes gear Lewis Hamilton style, revs the engine, ehm, ehm...

EXT. STAIRCASE EXCEL CENTRE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Danboy's cab FLIES down the stairs, onlookers watch enthralled, turns left, into race track by the river.

EXT./INT. SPICE'S CAB - SAME TIME DAY

Ed, takes a deep breath, revs the engine, ehm, ehm....

EXT. STAIRCASE EXCEL CENTRE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Spice's cab FLIES down the stairs.

The two police cars, drive up to the staircase, stop in their tracks, hesitate, bravely go down as well.

In Ed's rear mirror we see, the police cars come down and blow out a tyre.

CLOSE UP of tyre, frustrated police kick the tyre.

EXT. RACE TRACK EXCEL CENTRE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

The two cabs speed down the race track, Thames river to one side.

EXT./INT. DANBOY'S CAB - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Danboy punches the air. Monk, holding bankers at gun point,

MONK
Nice one, Lewis.

Le'Dique looks on gloomily. Ramston-Thomas throws up.

EXT./INT. SPICE'S CAB - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Ed whoops in triumph as they speed along.

ED
We did it, Spice. We bloody did it!

SPICE
I always knew we would.

ED
And you were bloody right, you beauty!

They change seats again. From Hunter's briefcase sound of several mobiles ringing. Ed gun pointed at Hunter, smiles,

ED (CONT'D)
Sounds like someone's stock's going down today...

Hunter scoffs. Spice, back behind the wheel,

SPICE
(beams)
Oh, Ed, I can't wait to see Nat's face...

HUNTER
Don't blow up your party balloons yet, you morons.

ED/SPICE
(enthusiastic)
Shut up!

ED
Or I'll shoot you.

EXT./INT. ANGEL'S VAN - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Van speeds along, Angel looks out for the cabbies.

ANGEL
Where the hell are they?

KARL
We try this.

He pulls neon device from his pocket, holds it up to Angel, while driving,

ANGEL
You brought this putrid piece of techno bollocks along? For what? We don't even know how the hell to make it work.

KARL
I do...

Angel reluctantly takes the tech device from Karl's hand, Karl drives calmly along.

ANGEL
Gives me a headache just looking at it!

KARL
Patience, Mista Angel, patience..

EXT./INT. SPICE'S CAB ROAD - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Ed holds Hunter at gun point. From Hunter's briefcase the sound of his four mobiles again,

ED
Looks like the market's having a cardio today cause you're not there selling your bullshit.

HUNTER
You wanna take my place? Let's see if you can cut a one Billion dollar deal!

ED
(into phone)
Time to get rid of the bankers.

EXT./INT. DANBOY'S CAB ROAD - AT THE SAME TIME DAY

Danboy drives. Monk holds the bankers at gun point.

MONK
(into phone)
Consider the bankers gone.

Le'Dique is ashen. Ramston-Thomas slides to his knees, taking Le' Dique with him.

RAMSTON-THOMAS
You don't have to do this.
Why have blood on your hands when
you can have the money just like
that? Let us go. We'll walk away
and never tell a soul.

MONK
You mean that? I can have your
share? And his, too? And you
won't tell anyone, if I just let
you go?

RAMSTON-THOMAS
Yes, yes, you have my word.
And his too.
(nudges Le'Dique)
Tell her! Tell her!

LE'DIQUÉ
She's screwing with you.

RAMSTON-THOMAS
Are you?

MONK
I'm the one with the gun.

EXT. MOTORWAY A 13 - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

The two cabs speed along. No police in sight.

EXT./INT. SPICE'S CAB ROAD - SAME TIME DAY

Ed holds Hunter at gunpoint,

ED
(into phone)
We'll dump them at the Ayle
Estate, 3 miles from here. Lose
one cab and head to the port with
the other.

Hunter's gone all quiet. It dawns on him, they might actually mean business.

EXT. AYLE ESTATE LONDON - A LITTLE LATER DAY

Abandoned. The cabbies lead the bankers out of the cabs. Hunter JUMPS on Ed with a Karate leg move. Monk floors the much taller Hunter with her single Manga signature punch. Everyone's awed.

MONK

Cut that fancy black belt stuff,
City boy. Or you'll be seeing
black for good. Move.

Monk herds three bankers together on the ground. The other cabbies get busy with the cases inside Danboy's cab.

EXT/INT. ANGEL'S VAN ROAD - SAME TIME DAY

Karl drives, Angel tries hard to make the device work,

ANGEL

... and then pull it over one
eye?

Karl nods. Angel reluctantly pulls device over one eye.

KARL

Good, Mista Angel. Now, put in
numba... Hunter numba...

ANGEL

What? With one eye?

KARL

Try, Mista Angel, please, try...

Angel strains to tap in number on his temple, succeeds.

KARL (CONT'D)

Good... now waid for flasch...
(to device)
App find location...

Angel jolts, Hunter's location pops up, he reads...

ANGEL

Ayle... Ayle....
Well, bugger me with a flying
saucer! They've stopped at the Ayle
Estate!! Three miles away...
(to Karl)
This is a good investment, Karl.
I wonder what else that geek has
up his sleeve.

Karl holds up one arm, shakes his hand,

KARL
No hand, Mista Angel...

They holler.

EXT. AYLE ESTATE EAST LONDON - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

The bankers sit herded together on the ground. Monk holds them at gun point. Ramston-Thomas sobs. Le'Dique falls apart,

LE'DIQUE
My wife was a lousy spouse but we made two beautiful daughters, Grace will be thirteen and Joy's eleven. They'll remember me...

HUNTER
Shut up, Le'Dique! And you can shut up too, stop crying like a baby, Ramston-Thomas! You're pathetic, the pair of you!

MONK
You can all shut up.

At that moment the white van drives into the estate, comes to a halt. The cabbies reach for their tranquilizer guns. Karl jumps out with his machine gun drawn, Angel follows.

DANBOY
I'm gonna be sick...

ANGEL
Drop your toy guns boys. Unless you want to be dead for real.

The cabbies drop their guns. Hunter grins relieved, gets up, Le'Dique and Ramston-Thomas get up, too. Karl holds all at gun point with his machine gun. Danboy throws up.

Angel points his revolver about,

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Now, what do we have here?
The shipment.
(points to Spice's cab with cases)
The ambushed bankers.
(points to bankers)
An empty cab.
(points to Danboy's cab)

Karl starts to herd cabbies together.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

And our smart ass baby cabbies
 busy getting ready for their Big
 Getaway in their cab. Looks like
 I arrived just in the nick of
 time.

Angel points at dart guns on the ground. To bankers,

ANGEL (CONT'D)

You've been had, Gents, by
 a bunch of amateurs with toy
 guns.

HUNTER

NO!

ANGEL

Yes. These guns are as real as your
 heirlooms.

Le'Dique and Ramston-Thomas gasp.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

(to Hunter)

And I have more news for you.
 The man you asked me to look up for
 you on my way down here tried to
 double cross me. He's dead now.

Le'Dique's shocked,

LE'DIQUE

Tell me it's not true, Hugo, tell
 me this man's lying. We were
 together, in the trenches...

HUNTER

You would have done the same, given
 half a chance!

LE'DIQUE

Never!

HUNTER

Says the man, who let the CEO fuck
 his little girls on that billion
 dollar deal to get the biggest
 bonus ever.

Le'Dique goes quiet. Ramston-Thomas gasps,

RAMSTON-THOMAS

You've made it all up! There's no
 investigation! You're jumping ship
 and want to take all the money with
 you, you--

Hunter interrupts him.

HUNTER

OF COURSE I AM YOU OXBRIDGE HARROW
WANKER!--Lionel RAMSTON--*double*
barrelled bellend Thomas! You're
only here because of your old man -
and he's another proper twat that
can piss off an' all! I worked my
ass up from nothing--Nothing!--

Ramston-Thomas cries,

RAMSTON-THOMAS

Wa-anker!

(jumps on Hunter)

I'll kill you! I'll KILL you!

I'll KILL YOU!!!

BOOM! Angel shoots Ramston-Thomas in the foot. Blood gushes forth. Silence. Everyone gets the message, surrenders at once to Angel.

ANGEL

It's been a FUN day a-all round.

But now - the party's over.

Karl, tie up this lot.

(points to bankers)

Karl tapes their mouths, ties them up into one neat unit, then dresses Ramston-Thomas' wound.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

You lot, in there! Chop, chop.

The cabbies don't move. Angel's eyebrows go up.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Into your cab.

They move.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Keys.

Danboy gazes at Ed.

ED

Do as he says.

Danboy throws Angel the keys. The four get into Danboy's cab. Angel locks the cab from the outside.

ANGEL

Karl, petrol.

Karl gets a petrol canister from their van,

EXT./INT. CAB AYLE ESTATE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Cabbies watch terrified as Karl pours petrol onto cab.

ED

Move closer... Monk, now...

They move close, shield Monk moving to the front.

EXT. AYLE ESTATE - SAME TIME DAY

Karl hands Angel a lighter. He flicks on lighter,

ANGEL

I myself prefer the fryer but you
can't be too hung up about
tradition these days.

throws it up in the air. Flame flies through the air SLOW
MO... lands on cab, ignites the petrol. Cab BURNS.

Angel and Karl turn their attention to the bankers now rigid
with fear.

EXT./INT. DANBOY'S CAB AYLE ESTATE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Monk frantically hot-wires, her foot hits the accelerator.
Danboy jumps in like a Ninja.

EXT. AYLE ESTATE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

The BURNING cab speeds past Angel and Karl who turn their
heads. Karl wants to give chase but Angel holds him back,

ANGEL

We'll fry 'em later.
First - the boxes.

EXT./INT. DANBOY'S CAB AYLE ESTATE - A FEW MINUTES LATER DAY

Burning cab shoots out of estate. Ed held by Spice and Monk,
half out of the window puts out fire with the school's fire
extinguisher as they speed away.

EXT./INT. GOWER'S CAR COUNTRY LANE - SAME TIME DAY

Gower drives, listens on police radio reporting. Two Police
in back and Cat in passenger seat listen, too.

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)
*An altercation on the Ayle estate
 in East London, involving a burning
 black cab, licence number whisky,
 1, 2, November, November ...*

GOWER
 That's us. Ginge...

He grabs cat, tucks it safely in the front of his jacket,
 turns wheel round. Police men in back seat get flung around.

INT./EXT. DANBOY'S CAB COUNTRY LANE - SAME TIME DAY

Ed, Monk and Spice fall back inside, the fire extinguisher is
 spent, the flames are out but they are shell shocked.

ED
 We'll stick to our plan, head back
 to the city. Monk gets another car,
 Spice, sorts the money...

EXT. AYLE ESTATE - SAME TIME DAY

Angel smashes through heirlooms and globetrotters -
 nothing. Angel flies into a royal rage, rushes to Hunter,
 rips tape off his mouth,

ANGEL
 Where's the money?

Hunter gasps for air, blood trickles down his forehead. All
 composure gone. He's truly terrified now, breathes heavily,

HUNTER
 I don't know...

ANGEL
 Where's the money?

HUNTER
 I doon't knoooooow!!

KARL
 Petrol?

ANGEL
 Yeah. Go on, Karl. Let's have a
 right royal roasting feast!

Karl picks up the canister. Hunter's eyes widen in horror,
 with his hands tied behind his back, he scrambles at
 Angel's feet,

HUNTER

Mister Angel, please, you must believe me, I don't know where the money is, I swear...

ANGEL

Don't play innocent with me. Bankers always know where the money is!

151 INT./EXT. DANBOY'S CAB ROAD LONDON - SAME TIME DAY 151

Danboy glances in rear mirror at an approaching police car! Again!

DANBOY

What now, Ed?

Ed thinks on his feet,

ED

(to Danboy)

Smithfield's. Second left, then first right,

(to Spice and Monk)

Ask every cabbie you know to come to Smithfield's, urgently, say someone's shooting a music video and need cabs, £100 squid a piece, if they can make it in five and send a Selfie...

Monk and Spice get to work on their mobiles. Leans forward,

ED (CONT'D)

(to Danboy)

Let's buy some time...

152 EXT. BACK STREETS SMITHFIELD - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY 152

Cab leads police car round the bend, through back streets in a Montage-Succession until...

153 EXT. SMITHFIELD - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY 153

...the unmarked police car is led into the trap: getting submerged by 30 black cabs already parked in Smithfield's meat market, normally empty during the day. Two cabs close a gap as Danboy's cab slips away.

EXT./INT. DANBOY'S CAB ROAD CITY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

The cabbies punch the air as their cab speeds away, happy as punch.

Danboy starts to have hick-ups.

ED
Danboy?

DANBOY
Ain't feel so good...

EXT. AYLE ESTATE - SAME TIME DAY

Hunter soaked in petrol already as Karl pours more petrol over him.

ANGEL
I'm going to ask you one last time, *where is the money?*

HUNTER
(screams)
I don't knooooow!!

ANGEL
Karl, lighter.

HUNTER
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!

Karl hands him the lighter. Angel lights flame, his eyes glint with anticipation, approaches Hunter to set him alight,

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Nooooooooooooo!

Gower jumps from behind a wall, gun drawn, followed by his two police men,

GOWER
Police! Drop the gun!

Karl whips out his gun to shoot when a fierce BALL OF FUR speeds towards him, lands on his face with a mighty roar WUUUUARR!! Gower's partner - Ginger!

Karl stumbles,

KARL
Arrrrr....

fires blindly in the air, drops gun and petrol canister.

Taken out by Ginger who has adhered itself to his face, Karl stumbles 'headless' in both directions. Angel whips out his gun - BOOM.

Gower shoots Angel in self defence.

Hunter breaks down, sobs uncontrollably. Gower reaches down for his cat, picks it off from Karl's face. Karl drops his accent. As SCOUSE,

KARL (CONT'D)
(Liverpudlian accent)
Don't shoot me, I surrender.

EXT. BRIDGE BANKSIDE CITY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Cab drives over Southwark Bridge.

ETX./INT. DANBOYS'S CAB ROAD - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Danboy has more hick ups, increasingly stressed out,

ED
Straight ahead, first left.

Danboy turns into a back street.

DANBOY
Really don't feel so good...

SPICE
First right, Ed.
(to Danboy)
First right.

ED
First left.

SPICE
There's no left turn, Ed!

ED
We're being chased by Kojak and
worries about a sodding left
turn?!!!
(to Danboy)
Go left!

DANBOY
My ulcer ...

MONK
Stop the car.

ED
Not now! Danboy, you'll be fine.
First left.

SPICE
No! Right!

ED/SPICE
Left! Right! Left! Right!

Danboy pulls wheel round and round.

At Bankside a CHESTNUTS SELLER fans the flames.

DANBOY
I'm gonna be sick...

MONK
Stop the car!

Spice lunges forward.

SPICE
Go right!

Ed lunges at Spice.

ED/SPICE
Left! Right! Left ! Right!

MONK
STOP THE BLOODY CAR!!!

Danboy loses control of the wheel. Eight hands grab the steering wheel. Cab swerves, goes neither left nor right but speeds straight ahead towards stairs to the Bankside.

On top of the steps, the vendor looks up.

Cab drives up the steps. The vendor sees cab come towards him, dives out of the way and knocks over his barrow.

The cab steers off it at the last moment and crashes into the wall at Bankside. BOOM. BANG. BLACKOUT.

EXT./INT. DANBOY'S CAB BANKSIDE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

All unconscious. Ed comes to,

ED
Whoo...

hears a sizzling noise, sees smoke rise from bonnet.

ED (CONT'D)
Ahhh...

Danboy stirs.

ED (CONT'D)
Danboy, we need to save the
money!
(no reaction)
Shit!

Ed scrambles out, kneels, frantically rips open the cab's fake floor with 500 EURO BILLS in Asda food bags, pulls out a few covers, then an armful of bags, stuffs them inside a cover and vendor's scale weight on top, zips it up, puts it down,

ED (CONT'D)

Spice! Monk! Danboy! Quick!
I need some help here!

Spice stirs, groans. Ed pulls out more bags, stuffs them into a cover, zips it up, puts it down, pulls another load. A FLAME sizzles. Ed holds an armful of bags with 500 Euro bills, watches flame shoot up. A thought shoots up in his mind: all he has to do is, walk away, no one will ever know. The flame gets bigger. Ed hesitates, fights with himself, friendship wins out over greed.

ED (CONT'D)

Shit.

He drops the bags, pulls Spice unstuck. Spice pulls Monk out, Monk pulls Danboy free. Just in time. The cab catches fire, BOOM, cab EXPLODES.

The bags POP, 500 Euro bills unfurl. BURNING bills rise to the skies against the panoramic view of the Financial district.

The cabbies watch on stupefied. The sound of approaching police sirens...

INT. OUTSIDE INTERVIEWING ROOM POLICE STATION - SAME DAY

The cabbies with cuts and bruises are sat at a table, being interviewed by an officer. No one talks. Superintendent Ecclestone pulls back from behind the mirror.

ECCLESTONE

Four learner cabbies with a burned out cab keeping schtum, that's your evidence, detective Gower?

GOWER

But marm', the bankers, they're implicating each other.

ECCLESTONE

That may be so but it's one word against the other and an army of lawyers. All your hard evidence has gone up in flames. You better get something quick or the bankers walk and so do you.

A police constable enters,

POLICE OFFICER
Superintendent, one of the cabbies
wants a word with Detective Gower.

INT. INTERVIEWING ROOM POLICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER DAY

Gower sits down opposite Ed,

GOWER
None of your mates are talking.
Have you finally wised up?

ED
Detective, I got something for you,
but I want something in return.

GOWER
Like - what?

ED
Keep me but, let my mates walk.

GOWER
I can't think of anything that
would make me want to do that.

ED
Detective, what if I tell you,
that...

INT. INTERVIEWING ROOM POLICE - LATER THAT DAY

Gower sits down opposite Hunter, all smug again. Hunter leans back. Gower puts Hunter's lost PHONE on the table between them. Hunter's grin drops. Gower starts to smile.

EXT. POLICE STATION - LATER THAT DAY

The guys emerge gloomily and walk down the staircase in silence.

EXT. RIVER BANK SIDE - NEXT MORNING DAY

The sun rises over the Financial district as the camera pans across the river and the shoreline at low tide...

EXT. RIVER BEACH LOW TIDE - SAME TIME MORNING

Close up on a big, bag dripping with water being laid at the feet of three people.

Camera tilts up to reveal their faces: Danboy, Monk and Spice, they bend down, open the bag: inside are Asda food bags with red 500 Euro bills and a vendor's scale weight.

EXT. RIVER LOW TIDE - SAME TIME MORNING

Ed, water dripping from his clothes. We see the river behind him. He's barefoot, pushes up his goggles, smiles and approaches them.

SPICE

(smiles)

Gold dust you said. Nothing like Corfu...

ED

Yeah...

(looks at money, smiles
even bigger)

Nothing like Corfu.

THE END.

Credits roll...

A news speaker (cameo) on London TV News:

NEWS ANCHOR

...London tonight: In the City, three high profile investment bankers have been found guilty of for their part in a major tax evasion scheme known as '3J'. The three jurisdictions scheme where every year the super rich move billions of tax payers money...

News cuts to Hunter, Ramston-Thomas and Le'Dique let away in handcuffs. A beaming Ecclestone talks proudly to the press. In the background,

In the Nissan, **Ginger** with eye patch sits in a brand new cat basket, looks up at **Gower** who sports a brand new eye patch.

CUT TO:

Villa in Spain, by the swimming pool: happy Nat plays with their baby girl. Out the front, **Spice** installs a new sign 'Cabbie school - old Skool!'

CUT TO:

Danboy, with a blue stripped dreadlock, kisses a toy black cab, puts it by his side, it sports the cabbie slogan '*Be lucky!* He's at a world video-game convention in the final round. His mum looks on proudly.

CUT TO:

Monk, the groom and Sushiniko her Samurai bride, jointly swing a huge Manga sword. SWOOSH it goes down halving the big wedding cake in the shape of a *Black Cab* and kiss.

CUT TO:

Ed drives a shiny new electric cab, through sunny London, one arm out, the cab an extension of his whole happy being. In the back a bunch of pretty female tourists. Ed winks at us, drives off into the sun. His licence plate reads: *ED 1*.

After ALL credits... **Karl**, a few cat scratches in his face, at police station with detective Gower,

GOWER

How did you get involved in all this? Bloke from Liverpool?

KARL

(Liverpudlian accent)
It's no good being a Scouse gangster in London, not these days, not unless you speak Polish...