

I KILLED TONIGHT!

"PILOT"

by

MARK I PALMER

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Email: markipalmer74@gmail.com
+447446879524

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

A young Asian cashier pulls the door of the convenience store closed and locks it, taking a moment to push it back and forth a few times, making sure it's locked. He turns and looks out into the car park.

The rain has started to fall again in a steady drizzle. He sees a single car parked in the empty car park and almost ignores it when he notices that the car's interior dome light is on and can see the shape of someone in the car, slumped forward, head resting on the steering wheel. He pauses briefly and starts to walk slowly toward the car.

The store's keys jangle in his hand. He squints his eyes, trying to get a clearer look at the figure in the car but the droplets of rain on the window obscure what he can see.

A few steps from the car he reaches into his jean's pocket and pulls out his phone. He crouches down and using the sleeve of his jacket wipes at the window, the keys in his hand jingling noisily. He moves his face closer to the window and peers inside.

He taps lightly on the passenger side window, using the keys in his hand, but the person slumped over the steering wheel does not move. He taps again, this time harder, the metallic keys making a cracking sound against the glass.

CASHIER

(loud)

Hello...please, you cannot sleep here! Hello!

He shoves the keys into his jacket pocket and uses his knuckles to knock on the window this time.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Hey! You cannot sleep here...I'm going to have to call the police if you don't move.

He presses his face right up against the window and sees that the head of the person in the car is facing the drivers side door, which is slightly ajar and the reason the car's interior light is still on. He looks at his phone, slides his finger across the screen and activates the torch function.

He tries to open the passenger side door - it's locked.

He takes a deep breath and walks around the back of the car. This area of the car park is very dark, none of the light from the store reaches it and the streetlight overhead is broken. He uses the torch to light up his path, not wanting to trip over anything.

As he reaches the driver's side door he notices a large black bin, only a few feet away.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
(whispering)
That's weird...what's the bin doing there?

He pushes the bin, it doesn't budge. He shines the torchlight onto the wheels and using his foot he releases the brakes. He pushes the bin back and away from the car easily, re-locking its brakes. He walks back to the car, shaking his head and looking back at the bin, confused.

He can see the top of the head of the person slumped over the steering wheel. It's covered in a hoodie, the peak of a cap sticking out beneath, the person's face still obscured.

He shines the torchlight in through the driver's side window but still can't see this person's face clearly. He notices their left arm hanging limply over the handbrake, a bottle of Prosecco gripped in their hand. He knocks again.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Hey...are you alright? Hello!

He stands upright and reaches for the driver's side door handle, pausing for a moment before pulling it open.

He crouches down and raises the torch, shining the light directly onto the face of the person, a look of recognition on his face. It's a man, eyes wide open, and staring directly at him, startling him. But the eyes don't move when the torch's light shines directly into them.

He holds his breath and shines the light over the man's face. He sees that the jacket is unzipped and the man's mouth is open, in a silent scream - blood coats the man's lips and chin - his white shirt soaked red. The cashier stares wide eyed at the man and then notices the deep, cut in the man's neck - thick red blood still oozes from it slowly.

He gasps loudly and jumps back from the car, his feet slip out from under him and he crashes down onto the wet tarmac. He scrambles backwards and away from the car and the body - he moves until his back crashes against the bin.

His phone tumbles from his grip as he jumps back and is laying face down a few feet from where he sits, the torch's light still activated, shining up into the dark sky like a tiny spotlight.

He reaches for the phone, his hand shaking, his fingers fumbling to open the screen. He makes a call.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

(crying, scared,
panicked)

Uncle! It's me uncle. Somebody is
dead! Somebody is dead at the shop!

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. COMEDY CLUB - FRIDAY NIGHT - HALLOWEEN

A bright spotlight shines onto a stage, the only light in a dark room. A person is onstage, it's the show's host, ANDY FRANCIS. A middle aged, balding, slightly overweight white man, in a blazer and scruffy jeans, a jaded veteran of the comedy scene. Only his back is visible, a silhouette against the bright spotlight. The room is filled with applause and cheering.

ANDY

Ladies and gentlemen, you've been an absolutely smashing audience this evening...have you had a great time on this spooky Halloween? You ready for your headline act?

The audience applauds and cheers and whistles at the host's question. He adjusts the microphone stand and slips in the corded microphone.

ANDY (CONT'D)

This guy travels and performs all over the world...you're in for an absolute treat...please welcome your headline act Marcus Bishop

The volume of the audience almost drowns out the name of the MARCUS BISHOP as he steps onto the stage, shakes Andy's hand and walks to the mic stand and looks out into the crowd - they are noisy but are in almost total blackness.

BISHOP

Thank you...thank you very much for such a warm welcome. Let's give a massive round of applause to Andy Francis, your host and to all the other acts you saw tonight.

Bishop is tall, with dark features. He is dressed in all black, an imposing figure on the small stage.

Bishop hasn't lifted the microphone from the stand yet, he just speaks into it and then takes a step back and joins in the rapturous applause from the audience.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Wow, this is going to be fun. My name is Marcus...

We don't hear Bishop's full name as it's drowned out by feedback, the audience replies with excitement.

AUDIENCE
(shouting)
Hello Marcus!

He looks out at the audience, taking in the cheap Halloween decorations hanging around the venue - lifts the mic out of the stand, moves the stand to the side and begins his set, only taking a second to glance at his watch - it's 10pm.

He walks back and forth across the stage, his body silhouetted by the blinding, bright spotlight.

He moves across the stage smoothly - a consummate professional.

He stares out into the darkness, only the first few rows are visible, seeing smiling, laughing faces, the rest of the audience barely visible, all in shadow.

He continues to come back to one face in the audience over and over again as he scans the crowd to read the reactions of the audience.

There is no smile on this face. It's the surly face of a man, arms folded across his chest, a phone in one hand.

This man is PETE. He has messy blond hair, he's tall and slim and has a permanent scowl on his face.

Bishop thinks to himself as he continues his performance.

BISHOP (V.O.)
There's always one isn't there.
100's of people can be laughing and
having a great time but who do I
keep going back to, the same
unsmiling, miserable piece of shit.
All the time. Every single time.

His eyes keep coming back to Pete's unsmiling, miserable face. Even though he's not seated in the first few rows, he seems to stand out in the shadows, his face bright, as though lit up by some unseen lighting.

He moves his gaze to a young couple in the front row, and continues his comedy set.

BISHOP
Kev and Leanne right?

The couple squirm uncomfortably in their seats, the girl giggles nervously. The Headliner stares at the guy, KEV, and directs his next question to him.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
So how long have you two been
together for?

Kev folds his arms across his chest and turns his head to look at LEANNE.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
Don't look at her for an answer
mate!

The audience roars with laughter at Bishop's rapid observation. Kev throws his head back and laughs. Leanne glares at him and nudges him sharply in the ribs with her elbow.

Bishop laughs at her reaction and looks out into the audience.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
I guess someone's going to be
sleeping on the sofa tonight.

Another roar of laughter fills the room.

LEANNE
Three years, we've been together
three years now.

Bishop acknowledges her answer with a nod but his eyes continue to look in the direction of the unsmiling, Pete, seeing the same miserable scowl carved onto his face. This time he's reading a message on his phone.

The light from the phone lighting up his miserable face even more.

Bishop returns his attention to the couple and then looks directly at Kev, leaning in towards him.

BISHOP
Three years! Engaged?

Leanne shakes her head no, glaring at Kev as she does this, a grin on her face.

KEV
Nope, not yet.

Kev squirms in his seat. He is clearly uncomfortable as a few "ooh's" from the audience fill the room.

Bishop stands upright, tilts his head and pauses briefly, raising the comedic tension in the room, a naughty grin on his face.

BISHOP
Commitment issues?

The room explodes with laughter and applause from the audience and after a brief moment the couple join in with the applause.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
And Kev thought Halloween couldn't
get any scarier!

Bishop has throughout his exchange with the couple kept getting glimpses of Pete on his phone.

He sees a woman, BONNIE, short blonde hair, friendly face, quite petite. She's sitting next to Pete and asks him to put his phone away. Pete turns to her and Bishop can see him say to her "Bonnie, fuck off", he doesn't hear it but reads his lips. Pete continues with his phone.

BISHOP (V.O.)
What the fuck is wrong with people?

Bishop grabs the microphone stand and takes a moment to glance down at his watch - it's 10:30pm.

He looks down for a moment, lets the final laughs and applause from the audience die down, he looks out at the audience again and sees that Pete now has stood up and making his way along the row. The same sour miserable look still etched onto his face. Bishop clenches his jaw and watches as Pete reaches the end of the row. All he sees is Pete, everything else is black. There is no audience anymore, Bishop can only see this man.

He takes a deep, calming breath - unclenches his jaw, smiles and acknowledges the audience.

BISHOP
Ladies and gentlemen...that is my
time...you've been brilliant...
(V.O.)
Well almost all of you.

BISHOP (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
To Kev and Leanne...you've both
been brilliant...and remember I am
also available for weddings!

The audience and the couple all laugh loudly and the sound of
applause ripples through the room.

BISHOP (CONT'D)
I've got a train to catch. Happy
Halloween. See you soon. Goodnight!

He slides the microphone into the stand, steps back and gives
a slight bow and walks off the stage, pausing briefly to
shake hands with the host Andy as he walks back onto the
stage to close the night.

INT: COMEDY CLUB BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop walks past the bar, audience members pat him on the
back and tell him "great job". He gives them all a friendly
smile and mouths "thank you" and heads away from the crowded
room.

The room fills with the sound of applause and cheering as the
host says goodnight.

ANDY (O.S.)
Drive home safe and see you all
soon. Remember to follow all your
favorite comics on Instagram and
don't forget to buy me that drink.

Bishop walks directly into the gents toilets, pulling the
door shut behind him.

INT. TOILET. CONTINUOUS

He walks up to the sink and stares into the mirror. Sweat
beads his forehead. He removes his jacket and places it
neatly onto the little shelf above the sink. He turns on the
cold water tap and splashes water onto his face - grabs a few
paper napkins from a small basket on the same shelf and pats
his face dry.

He glances at the poster on the wall next to the mirror and
smiles - his own face stares back at him - the words "A
HALLOWEEN COMEDY SPOOKTACULAR" in bold blood red type stands
out.

The toilet inside the cubicles flushes. He pauses mid-pat and
stares into the mirror, watching the cubicle door.

The cubicle door opens and he sees the miserable prick, Pete, step out, his face still buried in whatever was so intriguing on his phone.

He watches Pete head directly towards the bathroom door, not bothering to wash his hands.

He steps back, directly into Pete's path, who is oblivious that anyone else is in the bathroom with him. He walks directly into Bishop, his phone jarring loose from his grip and falling onto the floor.

PETE
(shouting)
Fucks sakes!

Pete bends down and retrieves his phone, turning it over in his hands, checking for cracks and damage.

BISHOP
Your phone ok?

Pete notices Bishop for the first time, steps up threateningly to him, noses only inches apart. Pete is tall but still shorter than Bishop and has to look up into his face.

PETE
Yeah...you're lucky it's fine
mate...otherwise...

BISHOP
(slow, menacing)
Otherwise? Otherwise what?

Bishop stares directly into Pete's eyes, he doesn't blink, a small grin on his lips, the grin doesn't reach his eyes. His eyes black, emotionless.

Pete stares back, but only briefly before turning away and walking out of the bathroom.

PETE
(mumbling)
Twat.

Bishop watches the door close and continues to stand his ground for a moment, staring at the now shut door, the grin dissolving from his face.

He pulls his hand out his back pocket and returns to the sink, placing a cut throat razor onto the small shelf.

He grabs his jacket, puts it on, picks up the razor, stares at it for a moment and slips it into the inside pocket of his jacket.

He glances into the mirror for a moment and walks out the bathroom.

INT. GREEN ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Bishop steps into the green room. It's a typical comedy club green room. A large worn sofa against a wall with random scattered chairs throughout. There's a large mirror on one wall and a small bar fridge is tucked into a corner.

Two other people are in the room. He'd had seen them leave the bar area as he stepped off the stage. They are two of the other acts, both open-mic comedians, NATHAN and JACK

NATHAN

Great bloody set mate.

Nathan slaps Bishop on the shoulder. He is about 22 years old, scruffy beard and even scruffier clothing. He looks as though he smells of old cigarettes and beer.

JACK

Yea man, that was quality.

BISHOP

Cheers.

He smiles at both the new young acts and sits on the sofa, lifts his satchel onto his lap and pulls out his beanie which he pulls down low onto his head.

JACK

Listen mate, my offer still stands, I'm happy to give you a lift to the station...it was pissing down earlier.

Bishop looks up at the second open mic act, Jack. He is a little older than Nathan, but wears a suit with a neat haircut.

BISHOP

Appreciate the offer, but I don't mind walking, the station's not too far and could use the cool air...sorry fellas but I have to dash.

Bishop pulls out his phone and looks at the train timetable - he sees that the next train is at 11:15pm, it's also the last train. He pulls on his dark thick coat and slings the satchel over his shoulder.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

I'm going to be late if I don't run. Cheers.

Both open mic comics stand aside to let him pass.

NATHAN

Cheers mate. Pleasure working with you...

JACK

Yea, definitely mate...listen, would you mind if I used you as a reference to try and get onto some other lineups? It could really help having you as a reference.

Bishop pauses at the door and stops it from closing with his foot. He pulls out a card from his coat pocket and extends his arm into the green room.

BISHOP

This is for Covent Garden and Camden Comedy Clubs, tell Dave and Elaine, the bookers, that I saw you play and they should at least give you a try out.

JACK

Ah mate. Brilliant. Thank you.

Jack grabs the offered card. Bishop pauses for a moment and looks back into the room, nods his head, and walks away. The door shuts behind him.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

He walks towards the exit. The comedy club has emptied. He sees the staff tidying up empty pint and wine glasses, rearranging tables and pulling down the Halloween decor.

He sees that the show's host, Andy, is still on the stage talking to three stragglers, all older, middle aged woman - all dressed as Nuns. He tries to avoid the man but unintentionally makes eye contact with him. Andy waves him over. The "groupies" also try and entice him, all three of them shout across to him.

GROUPIES

C'mon love. Come have a drink with us, it's still early.

He smiles and shakes his head no, points to his watch and mouths the words "train" and "late". He shrugs his shoulders in a "I have no choice" manner.

Andy gives him 2 thumbs up, looks at the groupies who still stare at Bishop, and licks his lips and thrusts his hips back and forth with a sneer on his face. The three "Nuns" turn to look back at Andy and he returns his attention to them.

BISHOP

(whispering and smiling)

What a sleaze bag!

He speed walks towards the door and offers the staff cleaning up a friendly smile as he walks past. He stops to pull the zip of his coat up so that it comes to just below his chin and pulls his beanie down lower, covering his eyebrows, and steps out into the night.

EXT. OUTSIDE COMEDY CLUB ON THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The rain has stopped. Puddles on the street reflect the street lights.

Bishop looks at his watch and sees it's 10:50pm.

He hears a loud voice coming from behind him, it's a woman's voice.

BONNIE (O.S.)

(shouting, angry, upset)

You're such a wanker Pete...a miserable fucking wanker.

The angry shout is followed by that of a man's voice.

PETE (O.S.)

(angry, raised)

Fuck you Bonnie. I told you tonight would be shit and I was right...I'm always fucking right...and that's why you're so pissed off with me.

Bishop turns and recognises that it's the same miserable prick from the comedy club. Pete leans on the open door of his car, a Ford Focus. The argument is with the woman, Bonnie from the comedy club, the same one he had told to "fuck off" earlier that night.

BONNIE

You're rude and you're miserable
and you spent all night on your
fucking phone...probably messaging
that whore Beth.

Bonnie turns her back to Pete. He pulls on her shoulder roughly turning her around to face him.

She pulls away forcefully from his grip on her shoulder.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Don't you ever pull on me like that
again you abusive prick!

She moves closer to him, inches from his nose. Bishop sees the spittle shoot from her mouth into his face as she shouts at him. He sees Pete clench his fists.

He stares at Bonnie closely, his sharp eyes picking up the faint outline of a bruise on her neck, the shape of fingers, a man's fingers, beneath a poorly applied coat of makeup.

He removes his hands from his pockets, both already balled into tight fists. He bites down hard on his jaw and starts towards the arguing couple.

BISHOP (V.O.)

This asshole needs a lesson in
manners!

He's barely taken a step when another voice shouts out and he stops abruptly.

BOUNCER (O.S.)

(loud, commanding)

Oy! You two...take your domestic
shit somewhere else...people have
had a good night and you're pissing
all over it. Now you, mate, leave
the lady be and fuck off!

Both Pete and Bonnie turn, as does Bishop, and they all see the huge doorman standing at the entrance of the club, thick arms folded across his chest.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

You heard me mate...FUCK OFF!

The BOUNCER strides towards Bonnie. He places a giant hand gently on her arm.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

You alright love? Want me to call
you a taxi?

She shakes her head no. The bouncer plants himself between Pete's car and Bonnie, a human shield.

Pete stares at the huge man and then turns his gaze back to Bonnie. He stares at her for a moment and climbs into his car, slams the door shut, rolls his window down and leans out.

PETE

(loud)

Bonnie...hey Bonnie! Really? So now
you're not getting in? C'mon
love...I'm sorry. Just get in will
ya...we'll talk about this at home.

Bonnie walks away, ignoring Pete. She's crying.

She continues towards another group of girls. They all hug her as she arrives.

The bouncer jerks a thumb at Pete, again telling him to leave without saying a word.

Pete starts his car and revs it loudly - he is angry, face red.

Bonnie turns and looks at Pete who continues revving his car.

She stands and glares angrily at him and suddenly flips him the bird, mouthing "fuck off" at him. She rejoins her friends. They walk off and climb into a waiting taxi.

Pete revs the car again and speeds off, tyres throwing up wet gravel - music blaring. He shouts out the window as he drives away.

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

CUUUUUUUUUNT!

Bishop watches as the taillights of Pete's car disappear into the dark night. When he no longer sees the car he relaxes his jaw and flexes his fingers.

THE HEADLINER

(whispering)

What a fucking asshole...

He looks at his watch - it's 10:54pm.

EXT. THE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Bishop tucks his hands deep into the pockets of his dark coat and walks away from the comedy club, rounds a corner and spots the lights of a convenience store. The sign for the train station only a little further on.

He continues his rapid walk until he reaches the store.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

The light from inside is warm and inviting and reflects in the puddles in the car park. From where he stands he can see the beers in the fridge.

He takes a quick look around and can see the car park is empty, except for a large metallic bin on wheels, and from where he stands it also appears that there's only the cashier inside the store.

He opens the door and hears the sound of a door buzzer. Loud, Indian style music floods out through the open door.

He steps inside.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

The volume of the loud music, at the sound of the door buzzer, drops - Bishop sees that the young cashier is turning down the stereo's volume.

The cashier is a young, skinny, Asian male, RAFIQ, 17-20yrs old. He greets his only customer with a warm smile.

RAFIQ

Welcome sir. Let me know if there's anything I can help you with? We close at 11pm sir...3mins from now sir.

Bishop smiles at the cashier, nods his head in greeting and makes his way to the fridges at the back of the store and picks up a four pack of Lager. He grabs 2 packets of crisps and a chocolate bar from a nearby display.

The door buzzer sounds again from a speaker right above the fridge. He hears a man's voice but can't see who is speaking.

This person talks like they have no volume control and "wants the world to hear" everything they say.

PETE (O.S.)

Yea mate, it was a total fucking waste of money...

Curious, Bishop walks out from behind the shelves and looks into the curved security mirror which allows the cashier to see customers in all parts of the store.

He hears the young cashier call out.

RAFIQ

We are about to close sir, please
hurry to make your purchases.

He sees a man stand just inside the entrance of the store, he's talking into a phone. He also sees the man raise his middle finger in the direction of the cashier.

BISHOP

(muttering to himself)
Why does the world have to hear
your conversation you inconsiderate
prick!

He watches as the man pulls down his hoodie, take off his cap and pull his fingers through his hair. The man still talks loudly into the phone - it's Pete.

PETE

Ended up having a right old
shouting match with Bonnie...only
good thing about tonight was the
beers and a sexy waitress.

Bishop continues to watch Pete. He rolls his eyes.

BISHOP

(whispering)
Of course. It had to be him!

Pete continues with his phone conversation, even louder.

PETE

Mate...and those people call
themselves comedians...fucks
sakes...the shit I had this evening
before coming out was funnier than
all of them combined. Not only was
it a waste of money but me and
Bonnie are probably over
too...FUCK!

Pete walks further into the store, turns down an aisle, and heads to the fridges in the back.

PETE (CONT'D)

She called me an abusive prick...stupid bitch...next time mate...next fucking time. Silly slag don't know what abuse is.

Bishop bites down on his jaw. His hand holding the crisps curl into a tight fist and he stops himself when he hears them start to crunch in his grip.

Pete continues his conversation.

PETE (CONT'D)

Mate, here's a joke for ya, what does a man say to his woman that has two black eyes?

Pete's already laughing.

PETE (CONT'D)

Nothing...he's already spoken twice!

Pete roars with laughter.

PETE (CONT'D)

Speak to ya in the morning mate...now that Bonnie's fucked off I've gotta try get my end away with Beth now don't I?

Pete ends his call.

Bishop glares at Pete in the mirror. His eyes narrow slits. His jaw clenched tightly.

Taking a deep breath he walks to the counter. He sees the top of Pete's head disappear behind the shelves near the beer fridges. He hears that Pete has started another phone call.

He places his purchases on the counter, the cashier starts to rings them up. He can't see Pete any longer but he can hear him.

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

Hey Beth...yea it's Pete. You alright love?

RAFIQ

That'll be £7.50 please sir.

Bishop looks up from the counter and sees a name badge on the cashier's chest. It says RAFIQ. He drops a £5 note and some coins onto the counter.

BISHOP

Pop the change into one of those charity jars please Rafiq. Thank you!

He picks up his purchases, nods his head in thanks to the young cashier and walks towards the exit - catching the end of Pete's phone call.

PETE (O.S.)

Brilliant...I'll be at yours in 10, 15 minutes tops...and yea...I'll bring some Prosecco.

Pete laughs sleazily.

Bishop glances one more time in Pete's direction and sees him walk to the counter and grab random items from the shelves.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The door buzzes again as Bishop steps out the store where he pauses for a moment, his warm breath billowing out into the cold night air. He looks at his watch - it's 11:05pm.

He looks into the car park - it's no longer empty. A single car is parked at the furthest end, the dark metallic bin on wheels a few feet in front of the car. It's Pete's Ford Focus. A street lamp, near the car, is broken and shrouds the car and that entire area in darkness. Light from the store doesn't reach the car.

He looks back into the store's window as he walks in the direction of the station and sees Pete fling cash at the young cashier, grab his packet of purchases and a bottle of Prosecco by its neck. He watches as Pete pulls on his cap then his coat's hood over the cap and walk towards the store's door, his attention once again on his phone.

BISHOP

That phone is going to be your downfall Pete.

He moves into the blackness surrounding the car, his dark coat, black jeans and black beanie make him completely invisible as he's swallowed by the shadows. He rolls the bin closer to the driver's side door, narrowing the space Pete would have to be able to get into his car. He engages the bin's brake with his foot, he pushes it, it doesn't budge.

He slides back into the darkness where he stands motionless and waits - the only movement his hand sliding into the pocket of his coat. He pulls it out, his movement slow, a brief metallic glint flashes in the darkness.

The sound of the store's door buzzer is distant, dulled by the sound of Bishop's heart beating. The click clack of Pete's shoes on tarmac penetrates through the sound of the heart beat.

There's a sudden loud bleep and a quick flash of dull red as the car's alarm is deactivated. Pete is still focussed on his phone and looks down into its bright screen and does not see Bishop's face, which for only the briefest of moments is painted in the dark red of the car's lights - ominous.

Pete finally looks up from his phone, the night again black - Bishop hidden - invisible within the darkness.

Pete walks around the back of his car - the large black bin near his car's front door unnoticed. He opens the door - it bangs loudly with a metallic clang against the bin and Pete cries out in surprise and anger.

PETE

What? Fucks sakes. What the...a bin? Who's the stupid twat that put that bin there?

He tries to shove the bin aggressively - it's wheels are locked, it doesn't move.

PETE (CONT'D)

FUUUUUCK!

He stares at the bin, kicks it and pulls his door open agin - it knocks against the metal bin with a grating metallic thud.

PETE (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Fuck, fuck, fuckit!

He leans half way into the car and flings the packet onto the passenger seat. He still holds the Prosecco as he slides awkwardly into the driver's seat. The door knocks against the bin a few more times as he does this.

From behind, unseen, Bishop moves, his body shrouded by the darkness. He reaches out when Pete is at his most vulnerable and grabs a handful of the hoodie, the cap as well as Pete's hair and jerks hard backwards.

Pete lets out a confused questioning shout.

PETE (CONT'D)

What the...?

Bishop pulls down sharply, his grip firm on the hoodie, cap and hair, revealing Pete's exposed white neck. Pete's vision is blocked by the hoodie and peak of his cap and cannot see Bishop.

There's a sudden, violent flash - Bishop releases his grip - steps back into the darkness and disappears. A menacing glint disappears back into his coat's pocket - the cutthroat razor - the only sound his soft footsteps retreating into the night.

Pete is confused as he sits down into his seat - door still open - light from the roof light filling the interior.

Blood seeps into his shirt - soaks it. It flows down to his crotch.

He looks down, confused by the wetness - touches himself between his legs and lifts his hand to look at it - his fingers are coated with red, sticky blood.

He attempts a deep breath, but there's only the sound of a wet gurgle. His eyes dart around - panicked - his face fills with fear.

He tries to talk - no sound comes out - only a cough - blood sprays from his mouth.

His hands drop to his sides, his head tilts backwards - a wide, deep, ear to ear cut across his throat is exposed - it resembles a grotesque, mocking smile.

His eyes roll back and his head drops forward and comes to rest on the steering wheel with a dull thud - he still grips the bottle of Prosecco in his hand - it is now a death grip. Pete is dead.

The time on the car's dashboard flashes 11:13pm.

INT. TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

There's a loud beeping and the sound of the train's doors sliding shut.

Bishop sits in an empty seat. There's a few other people in the carriage, but there's plenty of space between him and the other passengers.

He folds his coat neatly into the overhead compartment and pulls off his beanie and straightens out his hair. He sits back and listens to the train announcement.

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
This is the 11:15pm service to
London, Charing Cross...our next
stop will be...

The end of the announcement is immediately cut off as he presses play on a podcast and the voice of the podcast host floods through his headphones.

He pops open one of the beers - a loud hiss fills the carriage - he takes a long sip from the can and closes his eyes. His face peaceful.

He is roused by his phone buzzing on his lap. It's a message. He opens it and reads "Terry - Agent" on the screen, it's a voice message from his comedy agent, TERRY WHITE.

He presses play and the voice of his agent replaces the voice of the podcaster. He listens with interest as he sips his beer.

TERRY (V.O.)
Hello mate. Just checking up on how tonight's gig went? It's a new room so wanted to make sure they got it right...but mainly that you did what you're so bloody good at...killing it. Chat tomorrow, might have something in the pipeline.

The voice message ends - his finger hovers over the screen as he thinks for a moment. He smiles, presses the voice record option and proceeds to leave a voice message.

BISHOP
Hey mate. Gig was lovely. And to answer your question...yeah...I killed tonight!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION. - LATER THAT NIGHT

A police constable is sitting behind a desk in an empty police station. His feet are raised and resting on a seat he'd placed opposite him for just that purpose.

A small bluetooth speaker is playing music in the background - classic 80s music.

The constable is focussed on his mobile phone - playing Candy Crush. The sound of the game mixes with the music playing from the speaker.

His name badge says CONSTABLE ANDREWS. He's in his 30's, slightly overweight, with a military style haircut.

The phone on the constable's desk rings shrilly and he almost drops his mobile in fright.

CONSTABLE ANDREWS

Damnit! Shitting phone's going to give me a heart attack.

He looks at the clock on the wall - 11:52pm.

He pauses his game, places the phone onto the desk and lifts the phone's receiver from the cradle.

CONSTABLE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Constable Andrews speaking, how can I be of assistance?

He snatches the phone away from his ear - a loud, terrified voice screams deafeningly from the phone's earpiece.

He holds the phone away from his ear, waiting for the voice from the other side to stop screaming. It finally stops, giving Constable Andrews the opportunity he was hoping for.

CONSTABLE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Hello...okay, please slow down...I won't be able to help you if you don't slow down and don't stop shouting.

(beat)

Understand?

He moves the phone closer to his ear.

CONSTABLE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Good...now please repeat what you
just said...but keep it slow and
keep it calm, okay?

He listens closely, ready to pull the phone away from his ear should he need to. He hears slow, deep breaths coming through the receiver from the caller and then finally a voice, a heavily accented voice.

MR KHAN (V.O.)

Constable...Constable Andrews it's
Mr Khan, from the off-
license...there's a problem
Constable...there's a humungous
problem.

The Constable rolls his eyes at hearing it's Mr Khan.

CONSTABLE ANDREWS

Mr Khan...good evening sir!

The constable cradles the phone between his shoulder and ear and picks up his phone from the desk, unpauses his game, turns the phone to silent and continues playing his game.

CONSTABLE ANDREWS (CONT'D)

(sarcastically, annoyed)

What seems to be the problem this
time Mr Khan? Noisy kids? People
parking in your car park? Aliens?

There is a brief pause before Mr Khan's voice comes shouting through the receiver.

MR KHAN

There's a dead body Constable
Andrews...in a car...somebody has
been murdered!

Constable Andrews sits bolt upright at Mr Khan's words, he drops his phone as he fumbles frantically with the receiver.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM. SATURDAY MORNING

The sound of an alarm from a mobile phone buzzes loudly in the room. A small sliver of sunlight sneaks in through a small gap in the curtains.

The room is basic, a double bed, with clean crisp bedding. Two bedside tables with lamps on top of both. A classic vintage Star Wars movie poster hangs above the bed. Mirrored built in cupboards line one of the walls, a chest of drawers stands against the wall opposite the foot of the bed, a plasma screen television perched on top. The bedroom door is slightly ajar. A dark blood red wingback leather wingback sits in the corner of the room, clothes draped casually over it.

A hand reaches out from beneath the covers of the bed and fumbles around for the buzzing alarm, knocking the phone off the bedside table in the process.

MARCUS BISHOP

Shit!

Marcus pulls the covers off his head and rolls to the edge of the bed, reaching his arm over the side, fingers searching around the floor trying to find the phone.

MARCUS BISHOP (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

Where the f...

His fingers finally touch the phone. He lifts it up and deactivates the alarm.

He sits upright, reaches for the light switch on the bedside lamp - turning it on.

He looks at the phone and sees two unread messages. He considers opening the messages but the need to urinate overpowers his need to read the messages.

He slides his legs off the bed, stands up and stretches, his back clicks loudly - he walks out the bedroom.

INT. BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS

The bathroom light flickers into life and Marcus stands over the toilet and pees.

The bathroom is spotless. A shower in a corner, the glass sliding doors immaculately clean and clear, the walls, the sink, mirror and toilet also perfect - cleaning products stacked neatly behind the toilet bowl.

He washes his hands, dries them off on a small hand towel hanging neatly next to the sink and then wipes off the sink with a bit of toilet paper, dropping it into the toilet bowl before flushing it away.

He looks at his reflection briefly before walking out.

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

He fills the reservoir of the coffee machine with water, grabs a coffee pod from his supply and places it into the machine.

He pulls a clean coffee mug from the dishwasher, drops in some natural sweetener, some coconut milk and heats the milk in his microwave. He places the mug with warmed milk into the machine and presses start, the machine rumbles into life, the smell of freshly brewing coffee filling the small kitchen.

He stirs the coffee, washes off the teaspoon, picks up the mug and heads back to his bedroom - sipping from the steaming coffee as he walks off.

INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

He places his mug onto the coaster on the bedside table and pulls the curtains open, flooding the room with bright sunlight and climbs back into bed. He takes a long sip of the coffee before picking up his phone.

One of the messages is a text message from another comedian offering him a lift to an upcoming comedy gig. He scrolls to the next message, and reads the words "Terry - Agent" on the screen - it's another voice note from his agent. He presses play.

TERRY (V.O.)

Hiya Marcus, call me as soon as you
get this please, possible gig
tonight. I know it's last minute,
but it's a goodie. Call me. Cheers.

He ends the message and types in a quick reply telling his agent he'd call him back as soon as he'd woken up.

He opens the news app on his phone and starts to read.

He half heartedly reads all the latest weather, sports and world news headlines before dropping his phone onto the bed and turns on the TV.

The channel is already on Sky News but it's muted. From what he sees on the screen, between sips of coffee, most of the news is the same as what he'd just read on his phone.

The screen then fills with images of police cars, an ambulance and a forensic tent with uniformed forensic officers in the background. The words "Breaking News" flash across the screen.

He takes another long sip of his coffee, unmutes the TV and the voice of the news reader on the TV fills the room.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

Local police are asking for anyone that might have any information on the brutal murder that occurred last night outside this off-license in...

The news readers voice is abruptly cut off as he mutes the TV again. He stares at the images on the screen for a moment, seeing the young cashier, Rafiq, from the previous night standing next to an elderly Asian man - both talking to a uniformed police officer.

He places his coffee mug back onto the bedside table and picks up his phone - scrolls through the contacts list and clicks on "Terry - Agent" - calling his agent.

MARCUS BISHOP

Terry, good morning to you...what have you got for me mate?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

FADE IN:

EXT. M25 MOTORWAY. SATURDAY AFTERNOON

The M25 motorway is bumper to bumper with non-moving traffic, resembling a giant carpark. The sky is overcast and the remaining daylight has already started to fade - the constant flash of brake lights in the dwindling light gives off an eery red glow, like a fine mist of blood.

Marcus sits in the back seat of an older model Volvo estate, headphones on, face buried in the screen of his MacBook Air.

Two people sit in the front seat. Both younger men. Both comedians, deep in conversation.

INT. VOLVO. CONTINUOUS

Marcus lifts his gaze from his laptop and stares at the back of the heads of the two comedians in the front.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLAPHAM JUNCTION STATION. SATURDAY AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Marcus stands in the pick up/drop off zone at Clapham Junction station, satchel slung over his shoulder. He looks at his watch - it's 15:25.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)

They said they'd be here at
3:30pm...not long now. I really
hope they're not dickheads.

He sees an old model Volvo estate drive into the pick up/drop off zone slowly, two younger men sitting in the front seat. They see him standing on the pavement and wave. He smiles at them.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)

They're early...miracles never
cease to amaze me.

The car stops in front of him - the passenger in the front leans back and opens the rear passenger door as Marcus reaches to open it himself.

SCOTT PARSONS

Sorry man, the door handle don't
work from the outside.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)
American!

MARCUS BISHOP
Cheers mate.

He pulls the door open, and slides into the seat. The car is neat inside.

SCOTT PARSONS
My name's Scott, Scott Parsons,
from Boston...

He reaches back and offers his hand to Marcus. They shake hands, but Marcus doesn't remove his gloves.

SCOTT PARSONS (CONT'D)
And our driver for today is Olly
Harris.

The driver turns around and greets Marcus with a broad smile. He's younger than the American. Clean faced. Ginger.

MARCUS BISHOP
Nice to meet you both. Appreciate
the offer of a lift Olly.

Both SCOTT PARSONS and OLLY HARRIS smile at Marcus. Olly presses start on the SatNav, puts the car into gear and they pull off.

Marcus watches as the SatNav calculates the route and travel time to the venue in Bristol - a 3hr27min ETA.

SCOTT PARSONS
Let the adventure begin!

Scott turns to Marcus and cracks open a can of Lager - emptying half the can in one swallow.

Marcus smiles at the American, grabs his satchel and pulls out his MacBook Air and cordless headphones.

MARCUS BISHOP
If you two gents don't mind, I've
got to focus on a writing deadline!

Olly looks into the rear-view mirror and shakes his head.

OLLY
No problem at all mate. Shout if
you need to make a pit stop.

Marcus pulls his headphones onto his ears and opens the laptop. He smiles at Olly who's still watching him in the mirror and turns his attention to the screen.

FADE TO:

INT. VOLVO. SATURDAY AFTERNOON (END OF FLASHBACK)

Marcus looks at the SatNav - 3hrs28mins ETA.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)
 Fucking M25. What a shit show.
 We've been on the road for over 30
 minutes already and the ETA is more
 than when we left.

He shakes his head in frustration and looks back at his screen. It's blank. He looks back up at the back of Scott and Olly's heads.

He clicks the noise cancelling button on his headphones, turning it off and starts to eavesdrop on the two young comic's conversation.

OLLY
 I did The Blackout at Up The Creek
 here in Greenwich a few months
 back, got blacked out though,
 bloody favouritism man.
 (beat)
 Hope to do The Comedy Store's Gong
 Show soon.

SCOTT PARSONS
 Two weeks ago man, I was on at The
 Comedy Store in LA, it was insane.
 I totally smashed it, everyone said
 so!

Marcus rolls his eyes listening to what the American said.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)
 What is wrong with this guy?
 Whatever someone else has done,
 he's done one better.

The traffic finally starts moving, a slow crawl. The darkening sky is almost blood red from the constant braking. A soft drizzle has also started to fall.

Marcus continues to listen in on the conversation between the two. The American, Scott, stretches his arms out followed by a massive yawn, making no attempt to cover his mouth.

A horrible smell fills the car. Marcus grimaces at the smell and sits back in his seat, pressing himself as far back as he can, trying his best to avoid it. He glares at the back of Scott's head. His eyes narrow.

BISHOP (V.O.)

What the fuck is so difficult about taking a shower, or brushing your teeth, using deodorant or just plain holding your hand in front of your mouth when you yawn...

He balls his hands into tight fists, his knuckles white, fingernails digging into the palm of his hand.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)

(screaming)

WASH. YOUR. FUCKING. CLOTHES.

Marcus takes a breath and closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VOLVO. SATURDAY AFTERNOON (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Marcus stares at the back of the American, Scott's head. He sees Scott's jugular, thick and pulsating in his neck.

He pulls his cutthroat razor from his pocket, flipping open the blade, it glints menacingly, razor sharp in his left hand.

In a flash he reaches forward, grabs Scott by his greasy, smelly hair and jerks his head backwards, exposing his neck, and his large Adams Apple, his heartbeat thumping visibly in the thick jugular.

Everything moves in slow motion. Scott's eyes are wide. Shocked.

SCOTT PARSONS

(screaming, terrified)

What the fuck man!

Marcus, grinning widely, presses the razor sharp blade of the cutthroat razor against the right hand side jugular. The evil sharpness and pressure splits the skin easily, arterial blood spurts out, splashing against the side of the face of Olly who does not react at all, he just continues driving.

MARCUS BISHOP

(menacing growl)

Take a fucking bath you filthy fucking animal.

Marcus smiles and drags the razor sharp edge of the blade across Scott's neck. He continues to pull Scott's head back, pressing the razor down with immense pressure, the blade sliding through his throat cartilage all the way to the spinal column with barely any resistance.

Blood spurts out in violent bursts, soaking the windscreen, dashboard and the driver Olly in hot, red stickiness. Olly remains oblivious.

Marcus continues to pull on Scott's hair, dragging his head backwards, separating the skin and meat and sinew of his neck - the car is filled with the sound of ripping, wet flesh.

Marcus releases his grip and sits back in his seat. Scott's head flops grotesquely backwards, the intact spinal column the only thing holding the head onto the body, preventing full decapitation. He smiles at his handy work.

He leans forward and looks at Olly, who's still driving, undisturbed, his face and the entire side of his body soaked in blood.

MARCUS BISHOP (CONT'D)

Sorry about the mess mate.

Olly turns his blood splattered face to Marcus and smiles, his teeth bright and white against the dark red blood coating his face.

OLLY

Thanks for that mate...he was a bit of an annoying cunt.

They both smile at each other. Olly turns his attention back to driving and The Headliner settles back into his seat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VOLVO. SATURDAY AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Marcus opens his eyes, shakes his head and unclenches his fists. The car is clean, there's no blood anywhere. Both Olly and Scott are still chatting. He's back in the real world.

Marcus looks down - sees he's clutching the razor tightly in his hand, blade open. He closes the blade quickly and slips the razor back into his pocket.

He sits back into the seat and pulls the headphone off his ears and leaves them hanging from his neck.

Loud music suddenly blares from the speakers near Marcus's head. He jumps forward in his seat, pressing a finger into his right ear.

Scott turns around, the volume reducing rapidly.

SCOTT PARSONS

Shit man. Sorry bro. My
bad...didn't realise it was so
fucking loud.

Marcus smiles and continues to press his finger into his ear.

MARCUS BISHOP

It's okay mate. Who really needs
the ability to hear?

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)

Without a head you'd definitely not
be able to hear.

The music is set at a respectable level and the journey continues.

Marcus pulls his headphones back onto his ears.

MARCUS BISHOP

If you guys don't mind I'm going to
try and shut my eyes for a
bit...had a late one last night.

Both Olly and Scott nod their heads.

OLLY

No worries man. You go for it.

SCOTT PARSONS

You gotta get your naps in when you
get older right.

Scott laughs at his own joke attempt. Marcus grins at him and turns on the noise cancelling function on his headphones. A silence envelopes him.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)

You might not get the chance to get
any older.

He looks at the SatNav one more time as he shuts his eyes -
2hrs40mins ETA.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. VOLVO. SATURDAY NIGHT. LATER THAT NIGHT

Marcus sits in the back seat of the car, waiting for Olly and Scott to get back in. They have stopped at a petrol station to top up for the journey home.

He looks at the SatNav, the journey home a lot shorter than the journey there - 2hrs25min ETA.

The two young comics finally return to the car. Olly turns to Marcus.

OLLY

You sure you didn't want anything to drink or snack on mate?

MARCUS BISHOP

Got my water and a sandwich. I'll be fine mate, thanks.

Olly gives him a thumbs up and starts the car and drives out the petrol station. The streets in the city centre are busy and bustling with humanity. Drunk men and women sway and swerve along the pavements, shouting and singing loudly. Marcus watches them closely as the car glides past.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)

I'm so glad to be leaving all of you behind.

Scott, the American comic hasn't said much since they all got in the car after the gig. He opens a can of Lager and sips on it slowly. He looks down. Upset. Marcus smiles.

MARCUS BISHOP

Great set tonight, Olly. Well done mate. I'll be happy to let the promoter know.

Olly smiles, glancing in the mirror at Marcus.

OLLY

Ah cheers for that mate. Brilliant. That'll really help. I had a fantastic time, they were a lovely audience.

Marcus keeps his eyes on Scott, who's looking even unhappier.

MARCUS BISHOP

Yea, they were a fantastic audience.

Scott takes a long pull on his can of Lager and burps.

SCOTT PARSONS

They seemed to like you guys. Don't think they like Americans. Guess my stuff was a bit too cerebral for them.

Marcus smiles and leans forward.

MARCUS BISHOP

It's okay mate...this is stand-up...you win some, you lose some.

(beat)

It is what it is.

Scott glances at Marcus briefly and takes another long sip of his beer, finishing it. He drops the empty into the plastic bag and opens another.

SCOTT PARSONS

Anyone mind if I put some music on?

Nobody objects - soft music fills the car.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)

Your death was a beautiful thing to witness tonight Scotty...a well deserved death.

All three passengers settle back in silence. The SatNav shows - 2hrs10mins ETA.

CUT TO:

INT. VOLVO. SATURDAY NIGHT. LATER

Traffic starts to back up on the M4. Electronic notice boards warn of a road closure ahead.

OLLY

Ah shit. Diversion. Fucking Highways Agency.

Marcus looks out the side window, noticing the warnings of a lane closure ahead. He grimaces.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)

Just what I need. More time stuck in a car with these two. Fuck.

The traffic slows visibly as cars from the 4 lanes all start to merge into one lane.

The massive electric notice board flashes "M4 CLOSED - J16 to J12 - FOLLOW DIVERSION".

Junction 16 is just under 2 miles ahead and they are crawling forward at a snails pace. Marcus watches the SatNav, it's gone into recalculating mode. A new ETA flashes up on the small screen - 2hrs40mins ETA.

All three sit quietly as they nudge forward slowly, music still playing softly from the speakers as they near the offramp. Cars are still merging. Marcus looks into the driver's side mirror and sees the lights of the cars behind them stretch back for what must be miles.

They reach the offramp and start moving off the M4. Suddenly, from nowhere a bright red Vauxhall Corsa comes screaming up the hard shoulder of the offramp, ignoring the queue of cars.

Music blares from the car's speakers, the base so loud the car rattles. Both front windows are open - thick clouds of smoke pour out. Three, rough, shaven headed youths glare out at the other cars menacingly.

The car nudges forward aggressively, daring the other cars to try and stop them- none do. They move forward effortlessly, the other drivers offer no resistance.

The Corsa reaches the Volvo with only a few feet of the hard shoulder left to drive on. The engine revs loudly and noses forward, inches from the Volvo.

Scott, who is still in a bad mood from his terrible set, turns to Olly.

SCOTT PARSONS

Fuck those guys man. Don't let them
in bro. They can get in line like
the rest of us.

He shouts loudly and looks directly at the guys in the Corsa, wanting them to see him.

A bald headed, pale guy sticks his head out the passenger side window of the Corsa. A large tattoo running across the left side of his neck. It was a name.

PALE GUY

Oy. Let us in!

It wasn't a request. He was trying his best to be intimidating.

Olly looks over at the bald guy. He is nervous. He starts to press on the brakes and is about to wave the other car in when Scott leans over Olly and shouts out the window at the bald guy.

SCOTT PARSONS

Hey guy. Fuck you man. Have some patience like the rest of us and get in line.

The bald guy glares at Scott - turns to the driver of the car and says something to him that only they can hear.

The driver of the Corsa presses down on his horn and revs his car forward, almost touching the front bumper of the Volvo. Olly keeps his nerve and doesn't budge - he keeps his car inching forward.

Marcus smiles at Olly's courage, keeping a close eye on the other car and it's occupants. He see that the Corsa is in immaculate condition, every part of it shining brightly. The Volvo is not new, it has scratches and quite a large ding on its front bumper.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)

You want to play chicken don't you?
I'm guessing you value your car more than the child who's name you probably have tattoo'd onto your neck...I'm ready to bet you bark is worse than your bite.

Marcus smiles as he's proven correct. The Volvo slides forward, cutting the Corsa off completely, leaving them with no space to move further forward.

SCOTT PARSONS

Fuck yeah man. Olly you're the man bro. Fuck them.

Scott slaps Olly on the shoulder who is sweating profusely. Marcus glances into the side mirror and sees the Corsa slide in behind them.

The Corsa revs up right behind them, inches from the Volvo's back bumper, still trying to intimidate.

All the cars on the offramp have come to a complete standstill as they wait for the traffic light ahead to change.

The bald pale guy jumps out, a bottle of Cider gripped in his hand. He pulls the cigarette from his mouth and flicks it angrily at the Volvo. His face red. Angry.

PALE GUY

(screaming)

You fucking bunch of cunts! I will
fuck you up. I'll bottle you and
your piece of shit car!

He strides towards the Volvo, his movements exaggerated, stiff legged, arms swinging by his sides. Growing more confident with each step.

Scott and Olly both lock their doors and roll their windows up.

OLLY

Oh fuck!

Marcus's face is expressionless. Scott has shrunken into his seat and is staring straight ahead. Marcus watches the bald guy approach in the driver's side mirror.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)

Things are about to get exciting!

EXT. JUNCTION 16 OFFRAMP. MOMENTS LATER

The bald guy gets closer to the Volvo but pauses as the passenger door opens - Marcus climbs out. The bald guy is 5'10" and wiry and the 6'3" frame of Marcus makes him hesitate.

Marcus smiles. The bald guy takes another long swallow from his cider.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)

Need a bit of liquid courage do you
mate...and is that weed I can
smell? Drunk and high.

The bald guy finds his courage again and continues forward. Marcus takes a step toward him at the same time, his one hand inside the pocket of his coat, tapping his fingers against the cool metallic handle of the razor. He smiles at the bald guy.

MARCUS BISHOP

(calmly)

If I was you mate, I'd climb back
into your car and leave well enough
alone.

The bald guys hesitates again.

PALE GUY
(screaming)
FUCK. OFF.

His arms are spread out wide. Spittle flies from his mouth.
His face blood red.

PALE GUY (CONT'D)
You don't tell me what to do...it's
me who tells you what to do...

He pulls his arms tight against his side, adjusting the now
empty bottle of cider in his hand.

PALE GUY (CONT'D)
(screaming)
NOW. YOU. FUCK. OFF.

Without warning the bald guy swings the bottle at Marcus. The
alcohol and weed has slowed his movement and Marcus, who is
sober, with super fast reflexes, sees everything in slow
motion.

He steps forward in a blur of movement closing the distance
between himself and the bald guy in a flash. The bald guy too
slow to react doesn't adjust and the inside of his elbow
smacks against Marcus's shoulder, the bottle nowhere near his
head.

The shock of the bald guy's arm smacking against Marcus's
shoulder causes the bottle to jerk free from his hand and it
smashes into pieces on the tarmac.

With another burst of almost supernatural speed Marcus moves
forward, towering over the bald guy, his size making him look
even smaller.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)
Is that Lynx deodorant? Of course
it is...it's always Lynx deodorant
with these guys!

He continues forward, pushing the bald guy towards the Corsa.
The bald guy moves backwards uncontrollably - feet hardly
touching the ground - coming to a sudden stop as his skinny
legs smack into the bumper of the car - Marcus's grip on his
shirt the only thing stopping him from falling onto the car's
bonnet.

MARCUS BISHOP (V.O.)
How small are you? What do you even
weigh...9 stone?

Marcus grins menacingly, the bald guy's eyes are wide, terrified. He grips his shirt tighter and drags him to the passenger side door. He releases one hand and opens the door.

He shoves him into the car, making no attempt to prevent his bald head from hitting the door frame with a nasty crack.

Marcus slams the door, missing the guy's skinny leg narrowly. He smiles again and leans forward, his head inside the window of the car. His left hand hangs freely by his side, pressed tightly against his leg, the razor sharp glint of the blade barely visible in his hand.

MARCUS BISHOP

(calmly)

Now listen to me very carefully. Society works when everyone works together towards the same goal. Our goal this evening was to leave the motorway in an orderly fashion and make our way onto Junction 16. We were all queuing politely, patiently, waiting our turn. Now, you came along, not wanting to work with the rest of society, wanting to force your own agenda onto all of us.

(pause)

This type of behaviour only leads to chaos and chaos serves nobody. The only way to deal with chaos is to remove it from society. Do you get what I'm saying gentlemen?

Marcus lets his words sink in, a menacing smile on his lips. The bald guy, the driver and the passenger in the back seat sit speechless. They stare wide eyed at Marcus. Fear carved into their faces - mouths hanging open.

MARCUS BISHOP (CONT'D)

Now. Have a good night gentlemen and please drive carefully.

Marcus turns and walks back to the Volvo and slips into the backseat silently.

INT. VOLVO. SATURDAY NIGHT. CONTINUOUS

He leans forward and puts his hand onto Olly's shoulder.

MARCUS BISHOP

I think we can go now.

Olly and Scott are in awe. Olly puts the car into gear and drives off slowly, still clearly shaken. Marcus leans back in his seat and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. CORSA. MOMENTS LATER.

All three in the Corsa have not moved. They are still shaken from the encounter. The sudden sound of a horn blaring at them from behind shakes all three of them from their silence and the driver slips the car into gear drives forward slowly. All their aggression and cockiness evaporated.

PALE GUY

His eyes. Did you see his eyes?
They were black man...completely
black...like he had no soul!

The driver looks at him for a moment.

DRIVER

Nah mate...was probably just the
light.

The driver turns the radio off and they continue moving forward. A strange thumping sound echoes loudly inside the silent car.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

What the fuck is that? Something
doesn't feel right.

The driver moves the steering wheel from side to side.

PALE GUY

Sounds like you've got a flat mate.

DRIVER

Ah man. Seriously! Did we drive
over something?

The driver turns on the hazard lights and pulls over to the side of the offramp. He climbs out, as does the bald guy, and they inspect the car's tyres.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Nothing this side.

The bald guy stares at the front passenger side tyre and kneels down.

PALE GUY

Take a look at this!

The driver walks around the car and joins the bald guy on his haunches. They're both staring at the front passenger tyre.

DRIVER

How the fuck did that happen? It
look like somebody stabbed a great
big bloody hole in it.

They stare at a large hole in the wall of a completely flat passenger side tyre.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. JUNCTION 16 OFFRAMP. (FLASHBACK)

Marcus is standing against the passenger side door of the Corsa, his head leaning in through the window. His left hand hangs by his side, pressed close to his leg, the opened razor hidden against the folds of his trousers.

His hand moves in a blinding flash, the razor sharp edge of the blade slices into the wall of the tyre with ease. He slides it out effortlessly and returns it unnoticed to his jacket pocket and walks away from the Corsa.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. CLAPHAM JUNCTION STATION. EARLY SUNDAY MORNING.

The Volvo with the three comedians pulls into the pick up/drop off area of Clapham Junction station.

Marcus steps out from the rear passenger door, satchel slung over his shoulder and walks towards the station's entrance - disappearing inside.

The Volvo drives away.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD. MONDAY MORNING

A tall man in a disheveled suit, unshaven, with bloodshot eyes steps out of an elevator and walks into an open plan office space and heads to his office.

The open plan area is a hive of activity, admin officers and police officers, some in police uniform, seated behind their desks, hard at work - on phone calls, typing out reports.

The man walks past a few of these people who all stop and stare at him as he walks past. A woman, in a neat pant suit stands up, arms folded across her chest - blocking the man's path.

DC ANGELA BARNES

(whispering)

What the actual fuck Serg? Nice time to waltz in here hey? If you don't mind me saying but you look like shit...and also smell like shit too! Did you get locked in a distillery over the weekend?

DS STEVE BARROW, 55, stares at her. DC ANGELA BARNES, 32. She has dark hair that's neatly tied up, wearing minimal make up and looking as fresh as a daisy. She's tall with sharp features. She is not impressed by the appearance of Steve Barrow.

STEVE BARROW

Angela...good morning to you! I'm sure I was the senior officer here.

(beat)

The last time I looked at my badge it did say Detective Sergeant on it.

He swerves around her and heads to a small cubicle office in the corner of the larger open plan office. He walks in and pushes the door closed with his foot.

DC Barnes watches DS Barrow through the glass door as he takes off his jacket, throws it over the back of a chair and plops down behind his desk. She shakes her head, disappointed.

She waits a moment before following him, stopping at the coffee machine to fill a paper coffee cup with dark, black coffee. She fills a second cup with water from the water cooler.

She knocks on his office door with her foot and opens the door before he can tell her to come in, using her elbow to open it.

Steve looks up at her, seeing her carrying two cups.

STEVE BARROW (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
DC Barnes...come in, please.

She places the paper cups in front of him and sits down, again without invitation.

STEVE BARROW (CONT'D)
And please sit down won't you.

She watches him closely, not saying a word and then leans forward and slides the cup with the water closer to him.

DC ANGELA BARNES
Drink that. You'll feel better.

Steve looks at the water and then back at her.

STEVE BARROW
Why? Is it hair of the dog?

He forces a smile, lifts the cup and empties it in one gulp. He drops the empty into the waste basket and picks up the coffee and takes a sip.

STEVE BARROW (CONT'D)
Thank you.

She smiles at him.

DC ANGELA BARNES
Boss, you've seriously got to slow down, you're going to drink yourself into an early grave.

STEVE BARROW
Early grave? I'm already 55...I'm way past an early grave.
(beat)
I know I'm not elderly...but I am decaying.

He laughs at his own joke and reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out a full box of Paracetamol pain pills. He pops out two capsules from the blister pack and swallows them down with another sip of coffee.

STEVE BARROW (CONT'D)

What's on the agenda for today?

She grabs a file that was on his desk and opens it up before placing it in front of him.

DC ANGELA BARNES

This!

She points to the open file. He takes a moment before looking down at it.

STEVE BARROW

When did this come in?

He lifts the file and flips through the documents. She watches him as he absorbs the info inside - she sees his eyes go wide - his jaw clench tight, lips pressing tightly together.

DC ANGELA BARNES

On Saturday.

STEVE BARROW

Saturday? Why wasn't I bloody called when it came in?

He hasn't looked up yet, he is still focussed on the file in his hands.

She says nothing, she just continues to watch him closely, staring at him. He finally lifts his gaze and stares at her. Neither move. She watches as the realization dawns on him - she waits.

STEVE BARROW

Ah...you did try call me, but I never answered. Sorry Angela.

She slides her chair closer to the desk.

DC ANGELA BARNES

I think this could be the third one Steve. I think we have a serial.

They both stare at each other as Steve places the file, still open, on the desk, a post-mortem photo of Pete, the miserable guy from the comedy club staring up at them.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END