

TOWER BLOCK

by

James Moran

Locked Shooting Script - July 2011

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7 **INT. TOP FLOOR STAIRCASE - NIGHT** 7

Jimmy reaches the top.

This hallway is open. He's exhausted, but forces himself to keep running.

Behind him, running footsteps echo loudly in the stairwell.

8 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT** 8

Several doors have light coming from underneath them. The hallway is dimly lit, half the ceiling lights are broken.

Jimmy staggers down the hallway, out of breath, trying to shout as loudly as he can, banging on doors.

JIMMY

Help me! Help! Please! Somebody,
let me in! Please!

He keeps banging on the doors and shouting.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Please! Help me!

No response. A couple of the lights under the doors go off. The sound of security chains going on.

9 **INT. BECKY'S FLAT, HALL - NIGHT** 9

BECKY HARTMAN, late 20s, stands by the door, nervously. Doesn't want to get involved. She switches off her hall light too, and puts her security chain on the door.

She picks up her phone and dials 999. But stays well away from the front door.

10 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT** 10

Jimmy gets to the very end of the hallway, where there's another doorway marked "ROOF ACCESS" - but it's padlocked.

He is desperate now that no help is forthcoming. He's in tears, exhausted. There's no escape.

JIMMY

Please! For fuck's sake! Somebody
help me!

And now the two people chasing him have reached the hallway. There's no way out for Jimmy.

11 **INT. BECKY'S FLAT, HALL - NIGHT** 11

Becky listens at the door. Hears approaching footsteps from the corridor outside the door. Her hall light is still off. She hears a scuffle, as Jimmy is grabbed.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Please! Let me go! I gave it back!

Becky flinches as she hears Jimmy get punched in the stomach. He gasps for breath.

Becky tiptoes to the peephole, and lifts up the metal cover, which makes a tiny squeaking sound. She peers through it.

And someone's EYE appears, right up against the outside of the peephole.

Becky gasps and jumps back.

The person on the outside BANGS on the door, just once, just to show he knows she's there. He slides his hand down the outside of the door, slowly.

JIMMY (O.S.) (cont'd)
Please! Somebody help me!

Becky hesitates. But can't just let this happen. She grabs her fire extinguisher from the hall.

12 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT** 12

The two figures in balaclavas start to drag Jimmy away. But Becky slips out of her doorway, and WHACKS one of them in the back. He falls over, grunting in pain.

The other one turns to face Becky. She swings the extinguisher, but this guy is ready for her, and dodges. He delivers a swift jab to her stomach, doubling her over in pain, winding her. He kicks her in the face.

Becky drops the extinguisher, and rolls around in agony. The guy she hit stands up, and kicks her in the stomach, angrily. They both kick and punch her several times, brutally. Becky's helpless, overpowered and outnumbered.

It's about to get worse for Becky, but Jimmy is crawling away. They drop Becky, and grab Jimmy, punching him.

They drag Jimmy off down the hallway, into the darkness.

Becky stares at Jimmy's pleading face, but she's too battered and broken to do anything.

13 **INT. TOP FLOOR STAIRCASE - NIGHT** 13

The two figures drag Jimmy into the dark of the staircase. Now, from the stairs, comes the sound of a vicious beating.

14 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT** 14

Becky lies in front of her door, bleeding, coughing up blood, hearing Jimmy's screams in the darkness. But still nobody comes out to help. Can't be too careful.

And slowly, Becky loses consciousness.

15	<u>OMITTED</u>	15
16	<u>OMITTED</u>	16
17	<u>OMITTED</u>	17
18	<u>EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAY</u>	18

The next morning. Two police cars are parked outside. No flashing lights, it's all over.

Now it's daylight, we can see that the tower block is in a largely cleared area of the city, with one other tower block facing it, which is covered in demolition sheets and tape.

The entire area is being levelled, giving this patch a bizarre feeling of isolation. The nearest occupied houses are quarter of a mile away. This was a whole housing estate, and is now being taken down, bit by bit.

Only this block, and the cordoned-off one facing it, are still up. But not for much longer, by the look of things.

19	<u>INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY</u>	19
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A very reluctant Becky talks to DC JOHN FLETCHER, a plain clothes detective, 30s. She won't let him in, and keeps glancing around, hoping nobody sees her with him. She has plasters and bandages on her face, and one arm in a sling.

BECKY

I told you, I was mugged. I didn't see anybody attack that boy.

She's lying, badly. Doesn't want to get involved. Scared.

DC FLETCHER

But the paramedics found you outside your front door. It must have been the same people.

BECKY

I never saw them.

DC FLETCHER

Was your husband in at the time?

BECKY

He doesn't live here anymore.

There's more to it, but she's not talking.

DC FLETCHER

Look, I've spoken to everyone else, and we've got nothing that will help us identify the attackers. Nothing at all.

BECKY

Not my fault.

DC FLETCHER

Please. I know you're scared, but we can protect you. We want to put away whoever did this.

Becky doesn't answer.

DC FLETCHER (cont'd)

The boy's father has given us names of several people his son hung around with. We can do a line up, but without an eye witness, we have nothing. For God's sake, why won't any of you talk to us?

BECKY

I told you, I didn't see anything.

Long pause. Fletcher's wasting his time here.

DC FLETCHER

Okay, fine. If you think of anything else, please, call me.

He gives her his card. She closes the door without another word. Fletcher sighs, puts his notebook away, and leaves.

20 **OMITTED** 20

21 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAY** 21

Fletcher approaches his colleague, DC ORMOND, by the car.

ORMOND

Anything?

DC FLETCHER

Complete waste of time. Half of them didn't even want to be seen talking to me. Forensics?

ORMOND

Nothing usable. It's a public area, everyone and his mum have left traces of themselves.

DC FLETCHER

Shit. Fifteen years old, murdered, and nobody saw a fucking thing.

He slams his hand down on the car roof.

ORMOND

They never do.

Fletcher just glares at the bleak tower block, frustrated.

ORMOND (cont'd)

Come on. They don't want our help.

Fletcher nods, and they get in the car.

From the top floor, Becky looks out, watching the police cars leave. She's upset, but trying to stay strong.

22 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAY**

22

Caption: ONE YEAR LATER

Caption: FRIDAY

KEVIN RAWLINS, property developer, Northern and blustery, leads a man (EDDIE) wearing a "GRAINGER DEMOLITIONS" jacket into the building.

KEVIN

I'll show you the top floor and the roof, the others are boarded up for now. Health and safety, and all that bollocks.

Outside, a truck delivers a skip, taking it around the back of the building.

23 **INT. LIFT - DAY**

23

Kevin and Eddie in the lift, going up.

KEVIN

Council's rehousing everyone, but you know how bloody slow they are. We're not their top priority.

EDDIE

Tell me about it. The amount of paperwork they dump on me, Jesus.

KEVIN

I mean, if I lived here? I wouldn't wait for the rehousing. I'd kip on a mate's sofa until they found me somewhere. But no, they're all sticking it out. God help 'em.

EDDIE

Can't you convince them?

KEVIN

First thing I checked. Bloody council says it's illegal! Technically a bribe. I said, call it a goodwill gift. But they wouldn't have it.

EDDIE

No, I meant... persuade them. Make them want to leave.

KEVIN

I might have to, if this drags on
any longer.

24 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**

24

Kevin and Eddie exit the lift, and head for the roof access doorway. The steps leading up to the roof are shuttered off, the door padlocked. As Kevin unlocks the padlock, he notices that the keyhole is scratched and tampered with.

KEVIN

Bloody kids, they keep trying to
pick the lock. And if they fall off
the roof, whose bloody fault is it?
Muggins here, that's who.

They go through the door and head up to the roof.

25 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAY**

25

Becky arrives back from work with a handbag and a small bag of shopping. Her cuts and injuries have all gone, but she still looks fragile and scared of her own shadow.

26 **INT. GROUND FLOOR LIFT RECESS - DAY**

26

Becky presses the lift button, and waits. There's movement from behind the back wall, outside the back door near the lift. Becky turns to look, but there's nothing there.

She keeps waiting. And suddenly, there's an almighty CLANG from the other side of the back door. Becky flinches, ready to run. But nothing else happens, the back door stays shut.

Ding! The lift arrives, making her jump again.

27 **INT. LIFT - DAY**

27

Becky enters the lift with her bags. Presses the button for the top floor.

Just before the doors close, PAUL, an awkward man in his 20s, enters the lift. Becky is scared, until she recognises him. She nods at him, doesn't know him well.

Paul nods back, awkwardly, keeping away. He's wearing his work outfit - a blue shirt with "HOLLYWOOD DVD RENTALS" on it. He's a little bit drunk, but struggling to hide it.

He's carrying a small, brown paper bag. Becky glances at it, and can tell it is bottle-shaped. Paul looks embarrassed. He moves it slightly so it's out of sight.

28 **OMITTED**

28

Kevin and Eddie come back through the roof access door. Kevin locks the padlock.

KEVIN
Right, this way.

All the flats are on the same side of the building - at the front, with all the entrance doors facing into the hallway which runs the width of the building.

The hallway is at the back of the building, and has tiny, slit windows.

Kevin and Eddie walk down the hallway, as life goes on around them. One door opens, and two kids, five and seven, run in and out, shouting and laughing. From inside, their mum JENNY screams at them.

JENNY (O.S.)
Stop fucking running around, you're giving me a fucking headache. Oi! I said stop it!

Kevin and Eddie walk past. Kevin rolls his eyes.

KEVIN
Excuse the residents.

EDDIE
I've seen worse. I'm just going to make some notes.

He wanders around, writing on a clipboard.

An elderly couple - NEVILLE and VIOLET THORPE - head for their flat, carrying shopping bags. Neville nods at Kevin, cautiously polite, with an old soldier's bearing and clipped attitude.

NEVILLE
Mr Rawlins. Come to look at your investment?

KEVIN
Yeah, for all the good it's doing me. Don't suppose you've had any word from the council?

NEVILLE
Not yet, no.

KEVIN
Didn't bloody think so.

One of the kids from the open flat runs out again, and starts pulling the fire hose off the wall, uncoiling it.

Jenny comes out and grabs the kid's arm.

JENNY

Leave that alone! What did I
fucking tell you? I'll break your
fucking neck if you don't stop. Now
get in.

She smacks the kid round the head. He's only five. He starts
crying and runs inside. Jenny looks up to see Neville,
Violet, Kevin and Eddie staring in shock.

JENNY (cont'd)

What? It's my fucking kids, innit?

NEVILLE

They certainly are, Miss Mackenzie.
There can be no doubt about that.

He and Violet go into their own flat, closing their door.
Jenny narrows her eyes - did he mean something cheeky by
that? Then she catches sight of the back of Eddie's jacket as
he starts re-coiling the fire hose.

JENNY

Oi! You're not knocking the fucking
place down right now, are you?

EDDIE

I'm just doing a preliminary check,
there's nothing to worry about--

JENNY

Yeah, you better fucking not be.
We'll go when the council says, and
not before, do you hear me?

KEVIN

I think they can hear you in
Australia, love.

JENNY

Good!

And she goes inside, slamming her door shut.

30

INT. TOP FLOOR LIFT RECESS - DAY

30

Kevin and Eddie go back to the lift, and press the button.

EDDIE

Okay, this one should be a piece of
cake. All we have to do is wait for
everyone to go.

KEVIN

Do we have to?

They both laugh.

The lift arrives with Becky and Paul. Kevin and Eddie enter.

DANIEL

The internet froze again, it's ruining my scores. Are they still working on the roof?

CAROL

Don't know. But it's a good excuse to go out and get a bit of fresh air. Go on, it's good for you.

DANIEL

Okay. After this game.

She smiles at him, and leaves, walking into--

36

INT. BANNISTER FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

36

--The living room, where she finds her husband BRIAN watching a TV horse race. The room is sparsely furnished, trying to look posh with very little money.

CAROL

Well, I tried.

BRIAN

Tell him the building's on fire.
(to TV screen)
Come on, you scrawny bastard.

The horses on screen approach the finish line.

CAROL

I wish it was, we might get rehoused quicker. God, I hope the council get their finger out soon.

BRIAN

They will. Hey, give it a second, we might be rich.

The horse race ends.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Bollocks. Well, there goes a quid.

Carol bursts out laughing.

CAROL

You bet a whole pound on a horse race? Easy there, big spender.

Brian shrugs. Smiles, sheepishly.

37

OMITTED

37

38

INT. BUXTON FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

38

JEFF BUXTON is trying to calm his wife AMY, who is packing a suitcase. She's not hysterical, but is very upset.

AMY

I said leave me alone!

JEFF

Let's just talk about it.

AMY

It won't change anything.

JEFF

Please.

She keeps packing.

AMY

I'll go first thing in the morning.
Stay at my mum's.

JEFF

We can sort this out. I'm so sorry.

AMY

Really? Were you sorry when you
kissed her for the first time? How
about the first time you stuck your
dick inside her? Were you sorry
then? What about the second time?
Or the time after that?

No answer. She keeps packing the suitcase.

39

INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

39

Becky goes into her flat. As she's about to close the door,
someone appears in the doorway, blocking it. It's KURTIS,
late 20s, tattoos, menacing, dangerous.

Becky flinches. Kurtis grins, standing too close.

KURTIS

Hey, blondie. Time to pay up.

BECKY

Piss off.

She starts to close the door, but Kurtis pushes it back open,
banging it off the inside wall. He grabs her handbag.

KURTIS

I said, it's time. You want to hand
it over, or shall I just take it
off you?

Becky reaches out her hand. Kurtis pauses, then gives it
back, showing her who has the power. Becky opens it, takes
out a twenty pound note, and Kurtis snatches it.

KURTIS (cont'd)

There we go. Wasn't so bad, was it?

Becky doesn't answer.

KURTIS (cont'd)
It's going up next week, as well.
Thirty instead of twenty.

BECKY
What? Why?

KURTIS
Because I said so. I'm protecting
all you lot, but I've got to keep
up with inflation, and shit.

Becky looks at him, angrily. Kurtis takes half a step inside,
and leans close to her, eyeing her up.

KURTIS (cont'd)
You could always... you know...
work it off. Are you as juicy as
you look??

BECKY
Get out! Get the fuck out!

She tries to shut the door, but he kicks it open, glaring at
her. He waits a moment, and then steps back out again.

KURTIS
Not my type anyway.

She slams the door in his face.

Kurtis chuckles, and strolls over to another door. Knocks.
Violet opens it, in her dressing gown. Self consciously holds
the top closed when she sees who it is.

KURTIS (cont'd)
Hello granny. Did you miss me??

Neville comes to the door, taking over from Violet.

NEVILLE
It's all right, Vi, you go inside.

He waits until she's gone back into the flat.

KURTIS
Let's have it, then.

NEVILLE
Good manners cost nothing.

KURTIS
You're not paying for good fucking
manners.

NEVILLE

No, we're paying to stop you
smashing our flats up. Don't expect
me to be scared of you, though.

Kurtis stares, then suddenly bangs his fist against the side
of the door. But Neville doesn't flinch. Kurtis grins.

KURTIS

Brave old soldier, eh? But your
wife isn't. Be a shame if she got a
fright one day, when you weren't
around. Might have a heart attack.

Neville glares at him.

NEVILLE

If you go near her...

KURTIS

Whatever. Just give us the money.

Neville already has it out. Kurtis grabs it.

KURTIS (cont'd)

Don't forget, thirty from next
week. Inflation, and shit.

Neville shuts the door without another word.

MARK and GARY, two wiry, mid-20s thugs, pop their heads out
of their door, and nod to Kurtis. Loud drum and bass music
pours out of their flat. Mark passes a spliff to Gary, and
they both look at Kurtis expectantly.

Kurtis gives up waiting for them to speak.

KURTIS (cont'd)

Well??

MARK

How's it going? You need any help?

KURTIS

What, knocking on doors?? I think I
can just about manage.

Kurtis takes the spliff from Gary. Takes a drag. Gary waits
for him to give it back, but he just walks off with it. Mark
and Gary sheepishly vanish back into their flat.

Kurtis lets himself into his own flat with a key.

40

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

40

Becky walks in, still shaken. Her mobile phone rings. The
screen shows "Liz calling". She smiles, and answers.

BECKY

Hey Liz.

LIZ (O.S.)
How'd you know it was me?

BECKY
Cause it shows up on my screen, you
silly tart.

LIZ (O.S.)
All right, all right. So you coming
to thingy's leaving do, or what?

As Becky talks, she brings her shopping into the kitchen.

41

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY

41

Becky starts unpacking the bag.

BECKY
No, I've barely seen him the whole
time he's worked there. I don't
even know his name. Anyway, you
know I can't stand work things.

LIZ (O.S.)
Oh, don't be boring. Everyone's
going, it'll be a laugh.

BECKY
I don't really fancy it. Anyway, I
was just about to have dinner.

LIZ (O.S.)
Ooh, let me guess, a Becky special:
microwave lasagne?

Becky looks at her meagre shopping items - teabags, milk,
toilet roll, and microwave spaghetti bolognese. She smiles.

BECKY
No, it's not lasagne.

LIZ (O.S.)
Mac and cheese. Spag bol.

Becky hesitates.

BECKY
Doesn't matter what it is.

LIZ (O.S.)
I knew it! Spag bol. Come on Becks,
there'll be food at the place.

BECKY
I don't know.

LIZ (O.S.)
It's free booze! I'll keep calling
until you say yes. You know I will.
I've done it before.

Becky thinks. Shrugs. Why the hell not?

BECKY

Go on then. Give us twenty minutes.

LIZ (O.S.)

There you go! I'll meet you there.
See you later, masturbator. Kiss
kiss, bye bye.

And she's gone, a whirlwind of energy. Becky is carried along in her wake, going along for the ride. She throws the microwave meal into the fridge, and goes to get ready.

42

INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

42

Later. Becky comes out of her flat, in jeans, t-shirt and a jacket, unused to going out, taking it one step at a time. She locks her door, and heads down the hallway.

As she does, Jenny leaves her flat too, shouting back through the door before she shuts it:

JENNY

Keep an eye on your sister, or I'll
break your neck, right?

She's done up for a night out, but in contrast to Becky's casual gear, Jenny is wearing a belly-top, tight pink leggings, six inch heels, and loads of make-up.

43

INT. TOP FLOOR LIFT RECESS - NIGHT

43

Becky and Jenny wait for the lift to arrive. Becky glances at her, feeling awkward.

JENNY

What?

BECKY

I didn't say anything.

JENNY

I can't afford a fucking babysitter
all the time, can I?

BECKY

You could if you didn't go out
drinking every night.

And that was the WRONG thing to say. Jenny glares at her.

JENNY

Don't you tell me how to raise my
kids. Don't you fucking dare. Or
I'll kick your fucking teeth in.

Becky flinches, still nervous of confrontation, even now.

JENNY (cont'd)
Yeah, that's what I thought. Pussy.

44

INT. BANNISTER FLAT, DANIEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

44

Daniel is setting up for a night of gaming, with snacks, cans of Jolt, and his headset. His mum pops her head in.

DANIEL
Mum! The knocking!

CAROL
Yeah yeah yeah. Listen, don't stay up all night, okay?

DANIEL
It's better at night, cause all the American players are online.

CAROL
Why don't they play at night so you can play during the day?

DANIEL
Good idea. I'll ask everyone in America to sort that out for me.

CAROL
Just try not to stay up all night. It's not healthy. Okay?

DANIEL
Okay.

Carol leaves. Then pops back in again, startling him.

CAROL
Sorry - forgot to knock.

She knocks on the door, smiling at him.

DANIEL
Very funny.

45

EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - NIGHT

45

The city gets ready for bed. Gradually, the lights on the top floor go out, except for a couple of windows.

DISSOLVE TO:

46

EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAY

46

Caption: SATURDAY

Dawn. The city is still mostly asleep. The tower block is silent and dark.

47 INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

47

Becky wakes up in bed. Cringes, as she puts a hand to her head. Killer hangover. She stretches.

Hears a movement in the room.

Looks to her left, and sees RYAN in the bed next to her. About her age, maybe a bit older. Good looking. And now Becky remembers what she got up to last night.

BECKY

Oh...

She gets up quickly, putting on jeans, t-shirt, shoes. She's equally amused and embarrassed.

48 INT. BECKY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

48

Becky takes two Ibuprofen for her headache, then paces around a bit. She's happy, but trying to get used to the idea. She bites her nail, thinking.

She checks her phone. There's a text from Liz: "u saucy cow, hes gorgeous, dont do nething i wdnt do!!!"

Becky smiles. She replies with "Too late... :)" and sends it. The phone beeps: "Unable to send message - try again?"

Becky hits "Yes". Beep - same message, unable to send. She frowns. But then RYAN walks in, wearing her dressing gown. It's a bit flowery, and quite short. Becky laughs.

RYAN

Sorry, this was all I could find.

BECKY

Suits you. Fancy a coffee?

RYAN

Now, that's what started all the trouble last night.

BECKY

This time, I mean an actual coffee.

RYAN

I'd love one.

Becky's slightly skittish around him, trying to make a good impression. He's patient, and amused by the situation.

Becky tries to send the text to Liz again, but now the screen says "NO SERVICE".

49 INT. BUXTON FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

49

Amy drags her suitcase towards the hallway, Jeff follows.

JEFF

Amy, I'm sorry. Please, don't go.
Let's have some tea, calm down.

AMY

I am calm. A cup of tea isn't going
to change anything.

JEFF

Please. I don't want to lose you.

She ignores him. Dials a number on her phone. It beeps - "No Signal". She tries again.

AMY

Well, you have. My dad'll pick up
my stuff next week.

50

INT. BANNISTER FLAT, DANIEL'S ROOM - DAY

50

Daniel's still playing his game, curtains closed - he's been up all night. He's bleary eyed but still immersed in the game. He sneaks up on a rival player.

DANIEL

Here we go, here we go...

And then the screen freezes again. Daniel shakes the mouse.

DANIEL (cont'd)

No, no, no! Bollocks!

The screen stays frozen. Then a message: "Connection lost - check your internet settings and try again."

DANIEL (cont'd)

Oh, you're joking.

He tries to connect again, but gets the same message. He quits the game, opens an internet browser. Error message: "Unable to load page - check your network settings."

He sighs, stands up, stretches, and walks into the hall.

51

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

51

Ryan walks in from the bedroom, in jeans and t-shirt, as Becky puts the coffees on the table.

BECKY

I preferred the dressing gown.
Looked good. Ladylike.

RYAN

Yeah, I wasn't feeling it.

He smiles at her. They both sit at the table by the window, and drink their coffee. Awkward silence.

RYAN (cont'd)
So.

BECKY
So!

RYAN
Great party last night.

BECKY
It was, yeah. Really good fun.

Silence.

BECKY (cont'd)
I don't do this all the time.

RYAN
What, drink coffee?

BECKY
You know what I mean.

RYAN
I know.

BECKY
I just... I got out of a long term
relationship a while ago.

She's not telling him everything. Something very painful is
hiding behind the words. Ryan waits patiently, letting her
get to it when she wants to.

BECKY (cont'd)
I haven't really... been out much.
I'm not used to it, you know?

She runs out of steam. Ryan lets her off the hook.

RYAN
We had a great time last night. And
I'm having a great time now.

BECKY
Me too.

RYAN
So don't worry. All we have to do
this morning, is drink our coffee.
Maybe go and get some breakfast.
And see what happens.

BECKY
I don't really know what "this" is,
you know? We've just met, and... I
really don't do this all the time.

RYAN
I know, you said. It's okay.

BECKY

All I'm trying to say, very badly,
is - I would like to see you again.
But don't be put off, if I'm a bit
cautious.

RYAN

That's fine. We'll just play it by
ear. No guarantees, no pressure.

Becky smiles at him, so grateful. He winks back at her.

BECKY

Thank you.

RYAN

And seeing as we've only known each
other for half a day, we don't have
to get married right now, we can
always wait until next week, next
month if you like, no hurry...

He chuckles into his coffee. Becky sticks her tongue out.

BECKY

So, so not funny... My mum warned
me about blokes like you.

RYAN

I should hope so. Tell you what
though, I bet she--

CRASH! The window shatters and the side of Ryan's head
EXPLODES, as a high velocity, high calibre bullet smashes
through it.

Becky screams.

Still holding his coffee mug, Ryan's body slides sideways off
the chair.

Becky falls backwards in shock, her feet propelling her.

Just in time too, as several more bullets SMASH through the
window where she was sitting. They smack into the opposite
wall, shattering objects on the shelves.

52

EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAY

52

Bullets impact the windows of the top floor flats, coming
from the other, abandoned building. Occasional muzzle flashes
appear in one of the windows.

The only other sounds are the quiet pops from a gun fitted
with a sound suppressor. As each one is fired, the bullets go
through the window and into the flat.

It's not as fast as a machine-gun, mostly single shots, but
many are fired in quick succession.

53

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

53

Back in the flat, the sound roars back into full volume as the bullets shatter objects in the room, tearing chunks out of wooden furniture, peppering holes in the walls.

Becky stays down, out of the line of fire. No sound of gunfire the whole time, just the impact of the bullets.

54

INT. BUXTON FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

54

Amy gets her handbag and keys from the table.

JEFF

Amy, please. Don't go.

AMY

I've said all there is to say.

Amy faces the window. Sees the ruby red gleam of a laser sight aiming at her face. It dazzles her.

She holds up her hand to shield her eyes.

SMASH! THUNK! A bullet comes through the window and vaporises her hand, the deflection making it miss her face. Before she has time to scream, another bullet smashes into the side of her stomach, passing through and hitting Jeff in the arm.

Amy is thrown backwards into Jeff, knocking them both over. They crash to the ground, pulling a table over with them as they fall. Jeff hits his head and is knocked out, splattered in Amy's blood.

The bullets stop when they're both out of sight.

55

INT. BANNISTER FLAT, HALL - DAY

55

Daniel comes out of his room, just as his mum Carol comes out of her bedroom.

CAROL

You're up early.

DANIEL

Internet's gone again.

Over her shoulder, dad Brian opens the bedroom curtains.

SMASH, SMASH! Two bullets come through in quick succession, hitting him in the chest and head. He flies backwards, as more bullets come in, hitting the pillows and far wall.

CAROL

Brian!

She starts to run into the bedroom. But Daniel sees the red laser sight, and grabs her arm, yanking her back.

DANIEL
Mum, don't!

CAROL
I have to, oh God--

DANIEL
Someone's shooting! You can't!

He holds on with all his strength, in tears, devastated at seeing his dad get killed, but trying his best to save his mum now, she's all he's got left.

CAROL
Brian...

DANIEL
Mum, please. Don't go in. Look at the red beam.

Finally Carol sees it, coming through the window. She sinks back against Daniel, and they slump against the wall, holding each other, crying, trying not to look at Brian's bullet-riddled body.

56 **INT. THORPE FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY**

56

Neville and Violet are dressed, ready to go out. Violet checks her hair in the mirror.

Neville stops in the hall. His hearing isn't what it used to be. But the noise from the other flats is horribly familiar - soldiers never forget that sound.

NEVILLE
Vi, get down!

VIOLET
Eh? What you on about--

And surprisingly quickly for his age, Neville sprints back into the bedroom and leaps onto Violet, knocking them both to the floor--

--Just as the bullets come smashing through the window, shattering the mirror Violet was just looking into.

Neville lands on top of Violet, who cries out in pain. Bullets riddle the room, but Neville and Violet are out of sight behind the bed. Neville holds Violet down, staying on top, shielding her with his body.

57 **INT. MARK AND GARY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

57

Gary dives behind the sofa, as bullets slam into the walls. Last night's takeaway and beer cans on the floor, his blanket on the sofa. He wets himself, terrified.

Mark comes in, half asleep.

MARK

What's all the fucking noise?

GARY

Get down!

Mark's a moving target, and gets a bullet in the leg. It spins him around. Another bullet catches him in the upper arm, taking out a large, fleshy chunk.

He hits the floor, screeching in pain.

58 **INT. PAUL'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY** 58

Paul, the loner, stands at the side of the curtains, opening them using a drawstring. Bullets come smashing through, and into a large poster on the wall for the movie Maniac Cop - at first glance, it must look like a real person.

Paul ducks, terrified, as the bullets smash the poster to pieces. He covers as he is showered with window glass.

59 **OMITTED** 59

60 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY** 60

Silence.

61 **INT. TOP FLOOR STAIRCASE - DAY** 61

Silence.

62 **INT. BECKY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY** 62

Silence.

Becky lies where she fell, trembling. She looks up at the window. No movement. Is it over? Should she risk it?

She crawls over to Ryan. Maybe there's a chance he's alive.

No. He's definitely dead, half of his head missing. She puts her head on his chest for a moment.

BECKY

I'm sorry.

She listens, trying to make out any sound from the other flats. There's a muffled sound of people crying, shouting, screaming. It's not just her. What the hell is going on?

The landline phone is on a table by the laptop. She crawls over to it, keeping out of sight of the window.

She picks it up. No dial tone. Flicks the button - nothing.

She sees her mobile phone, which has fallen to the floor.

Crawls towards it, carefully. Picks it up. The screen says: "NO SERVICE".

Becky is desperate. Tries to phone 999 anyway. But the phone just beeps, and repeats: "NO SERVICE".

She crawls to her laptop, and opens it. Opens an internet browser. She gets the same message Daniel did earlier: "Unable to load page - check your network settings."

BECKY (cont'd)
For Christ's sake...

She stays where she is for now. What can she do? Without phones or internet, she's a bit lost.

Looks up at the window. Maybe the shooter is gone? She's not going to risk checking, though.

She crawls underneath the window, and then crawls along the wall towards the door.

63 **INT. THORPE FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY**

63

Violet is crying softly, while Neville tries to calm her. He holds her tightly.

NEVILLE
It's all right, Vi, I've got you.

VIOLET
What's going on? Why are they shooting at us?

NEVILLE
I'm not sure. But I think it's stopped. I'm going to check. There might be another shot, but we're safe down here, okay? I promise.

Violet nods, and covers her ears.

Neville picks up a pillow. He throws it up above the bed, quickly, a moving target.

THUNK! A bullet shreds the pillow, going straight through and into the wall. Violet flinches. Silence descends upon the room once more.

Neville pulls the bed towards the door, keeping them both behind it. When it reaches the door, he leads Violet out of the room, both of them staying down.

64 **INT. BECKY'S FLAT, HALL - DAY**

64

Becky crawls into her hall, stands up, and opens her door.

Becky comes out into the hallway. Daniel and his mum Carol are already in the hallway, trembling in fear, with Neville and Violet. So is Paul, brushing glass off himself.

BECKY

He's been shooting at you too?
Anybody hurt?

DANIEL

We're not hit. My dad...

He can't finish. He looks at his mum, and they hug each other, in tears.

Becky looks at Paul, who is pale and in shock.

PAUL

I'm okay. I was lucky.

NEVILLE

Has anyone got a mobile phone?

BECKY

I have, but it's not working.

PAUL

Same here, there's no signal.

DANIEL

Me too.

They look at each other. That's weird.

PAUL

How come we've all lost our signal,
at the same time?

BECKY

Landlines and internet, too.

CAROL

Is it some sort of terrorist thing?

BECKY

I doubt it - why us? Why here?

NEVILLE

The police will sort it out when
they arrive.

CAROL

But nobody's called them.

NEVILLE

Yes, but somebody will have heard
the shots.

DANIEL
I didn't hear any actual shots. Did you?

They all shake their heads.

BECKY
He must be using a sound silencer.

DANIEL
Sound suppressor.

PAUL
Nobody heard it, then.

BECKY
The other block is empty. There's at least quarter of a mile between us and any other buildings.

CAROL
So nobody's coming. Oh God. Oh God. We've got to get out of here.

DANIEL
Don't, mum. He's at the front, we can't get out.

CAROL
We'll use the back door then. Come on, Daniel.

She walks over to the lift, Daniel following.

65a **INT. TOP FLOOR LIFT RECESS - DAY**

65a

The lift isn't in the line of fire from any windows, and Carol goes over to it, pressing the call button. But there's no movement, and the button doesn't light up.

There's a piece of paper on the wall by the lift buttons, but nobody notices it yet.

Carol presses the button again, but there's still nothing.

CAROL
Light's not even coming on, what's the matter with it?

Carol sighs in frustration, and they go back.

65b **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**

65b

Carol is stumped.

CAROL

The lift should be working. I think it's switched off. Why is it switched off?

BECKY

Probably the same reason the phones are down. It's okay. We'll get help to come to us somehow.

CAROL

How? How are we going to do that?

Becky is at a loss.

BECKY

I don't know.

The door to Mark and Gary's flat bursts open, and the two of them come out, Mark limping from his leg wound, arm wound bleeding, Gary supporting his weight.

GARY

Help! For fuck's sake--

He stops, surprised at seeing everyone out in the hallway.

GARY (cont'd)

Did you hear that? Someone was shooting into our flat!

BECKY

Same for all of us.

GARY

Eh? Look, Mark's been hurt. Can someone help?

Everyone looks at him, unwilling to help.

CAROL

Why should we? You and that Kurtis bastard never help us.

GARY

Oh, come on! This is a bit different, isn't it?

Nobody moves.

GARY (cont'd)

He's gonna die if nobody helps him.

Violet eventually steps forward, she's too nice.

VIOLET

I can do first aid. Can you get me some clean sheets or clothes, and some alcohol?

GARY

We've got vodka, and a box-load of t-shirts, we nicked 'em off-- we got 'em off a mate.

VIOLET

They'll do. And if anyone has any painkillers, bring them to me.

Violet goes to Mark, while Gary heads back to their flat. Violet sits Mark up against the wall and inspects his wounds.

And then there's a grim silence, as everyone turns to look at Jenny, who is walking out of her flat slowly, silently, tears streaming down her face.

She's smeared in blood, but uninjured. And there's no sign of her children.

BECKY

Jenny? Are you okay? Where are your kids?

No answer. Silence, as they realise what this means. She talks very quietly.

JENNY

They wanted to get up and watch cartoons. I said, fine, go. And I stayed in bed. I heard them screaming. Then they went quiet, they're never quiet, and I knew, I knew something terrible--

She sits suddenly, the strength going out of her legs.

JENNY (cont'd)

Why would someone do that? They never did nothing to no-one.

Neville goes over to her, talking softly.

NEVILLE

He's been shooting at everyone. We don't know why.

JENNY

They were just kids.

NEVILLE

I know. We're going to call for help, then get out of here, okay?

Gary comes out of his flat with the t-shirts and vodka, and a packet of Ibuprofen. Mark swigs from the vodka, and downs three or four of the pills.

Violet tears some t-shirts, and cleans Mark's wounds with the vodka. She wraps one strip of t-shirt around the leg wound, and one just above his arm wound, tightly.

Gary paces. Then stops, and stares at his flat door. Something's not right.

GARY
Hey! Who did this?

He points at the flat door.

On the outside of the door, someone has spray painted a design: three rough faces, just circles. The first face has X's instead of eyes, the second has X's instead of ears, the third has an X instead of a mouth.

GARY (cont'd)
Did one of you do this?

NEVILLE
Why would we do that? If anyone's going to vandalise doors, it'd be you two.

GARY
Yeah, well, we didn't.

NEVILLE
Okay, I confess: I'm a secret graffiti artist. Who cares who did it? Let's worry about it later, shall we?

Gary continues pacing, worried.

The door to the Buxton flat slowly opens, and Amy crawls out, sliding along on her belly, unable to get up.

AMY
Please, somebody.

As she comes further out, we see the damage the bullet did to her - it entered her left side, just under her ribs, and exited on the opposite side just further up, leaving a ragged, gaping hole.

One rib is twisted and splintered, and some of her intestines are slipping out. They drag along behind her, leaving a bloody smear on the ground.

GARY
Oh, fucking hell.

Nobody wants to go near Amy - she's losing a lot of blood, her wound is horrendous. Violet finishes tying Mark's leg wound, and hurries over to Amy.

VIOLET
It's okay, just keep still, I'm going to help you.

GARY

Don't waste your time, she's
fucked, look at her. Bit of torn up
t-shirt isn't going to help.

VIOLET

Oh shut up! Just shut up!

Violet tends to Amy, trying to stop the rest of her insides
falling out, but she's fighting a losing battle.

VIOLET (cont'd)

Just lie there, don't move. Help's
on the way, okay?

She tries to stop the bleeding with some wadded-up t-shirts,
but the blood keeps soaking through.

AMY

Jeff...

VIOLET

Hush now, don't try to talk.

AMY

I tried to drag him out, but he's
too heavy.

VIOLET

It's okay. There was nothing you
could do.

Amy flinches in pain.

VIOLET (cont'd)

I know it hurts, but you're going
to be okay. We'll get help, we'll
get you out of here, we're all
going to make it, okay? Okay?

But halfway through that speech, Amy stops moving, stops
breathing. She's gone.

Violet sits there, looking at the blood, at Amy's dead eyes.
Neville comes over, and gently helps her up. He leads her
away, as she starts to cry softly.

Everyone watches, numbly.

Suddenly there's the sound of a man screaming from inside one
of the flats. Everyone turns to look. It's coming from the
open door Amy just crawled from.

BECKY

Jeff's alive. He needs help.

CAROL

Well I'm not going in. No way.

BECKY
Nobody asked you to.

Silence.

BECKY (cont'd)
But someone's got to go and check.

Nobody answers.

BECKY (cont'd)
And that'd be me, apparently.

NEVILLE
I'll come in with you.

VIOLET
No! Nev, please! Don't leave me.

NEVILLE
Don't worry, I'll be careful.

PAUL
I'll go. I don't mind.

He steps forward, then speaks to Neville.

PAUL (cont'd)
You've got someone. I haven't. It's
only fair, really.

Neville thinks. Violet looks at him, pleadingly. He nods.

NEVILLE
Okay. Thank you.

Paul nods nervously. Looks at Becky.

PAUL
Ready?

BECKY
Not really.

66

INT. BUXTON FLAT, HALL - DAY

66

Becky and Paul cautiously walk inside.

BECKY
Thanks for coming with me.

PAUL
I had an opening in my schedule.

He smiles, but is clearly terrified. Just a sad, lonely man, facing something awful. Becky smiles back at him, and squeezes his arm. She calls out.

BECKY
Jeff?

JEFF (O.S.)
In here! Careful!

67 **INT. BUXTON FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY**

67

Becky and Paul peer in, staying close to the ground.

Jeff is underneath the table. He has a large flesh wound in his arm.

JEFF
Please, help me. Amy's hurt, I
think she went into the other room.
Can you check she's okay?

Becky and Paul glance at each other, but avoid mentioning it.

BECKY
We're going to come over, and get
you out. Hold on.

Becky and Paul crawl over to Jeff, staying low. They pull the table away.

JEFF
Please, can you just check on Amy?

But now Jeff can see the guilt on their faces, he realises.

JEFF (cont'd)
Oh, Amy, Christ, please God no...

BECKY
Jeff. We've got to get you out.

JEFF
Where is she?

BECKY
She's in the hall. Come on.

Together they crawl back across the floor to the hallway.

68 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**

68

Becky and Paul lead Jeff out. Paul leads Jeff over to Violet to get some help with his arm wound, but Jeff falls to his knees by Amy's corpse, crying his heart out. Violet tends to him as best she can.

69 **OMITTED**

69

70 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**

70

Becky looks around to see who's here.

BECKY

Is everyone accounted for? Who's missing?

They look around.

NEVILLE

Kurtis.

Becky looks at Paul, worried.

BECKY

Suppose we'd better check on him.

While Neville and Violet take Amy's body into her flat, Becky and Paul go over to Kurtis' door. Becky knocks, loudly.

BECKY (cont'd)

Kurtis? You in there?

Silence. She knocks again, louder.

BECKY (cont'd)

Kurtis?

No answer. She glances at Paul.

71 **INT. KURTIS' FLAT, HALL - DAY** 71

CRASH! The door is kicked in. Becky and Paul come inside. Paul heads for the living room, Becky takes the bedroom.

72 **INT. KURTIS' FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY** 72

The curtains are drawn, keeping the room fairly dark. Paul walks in, carefully, and checks around. Empty.

73 **INT. KURTIS' FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY** 73

Becky slowly peers around the doorway. Curtains are drawn, fully. It's dark.

She comes further in. Something is under the sheets.

She sighs. She has to make sure.

She approaches the sheet. Hand reaches out. Just about to pull it off, when--

--The sheet is thrown back, and Kurtis comes leaping out, like a rattlesnake, grabbing Becky and putting a switchblade to her throat. He's half asleep, in boxers and t-shirt.

KURTIS

Who the fuck?

He's still a bit sleepy. Now he realises who Becky is.

KURTIS (cont'd)

What are you playing at?

BECKY
I'm sorry we broke in, but--

KURTIS
"We"? Who's we?

And now Paul is at the doorway.

PAUL
Take it easy.

KURTIS
You take it easy. Come any closer,
and I'll slice this bitch open.

BECKY
We just wanted to check that you
were okay.

KURTIS
Right, right. Well, I'm fine,
thanks for asking. How are you? Why
the fuck wouldn't I be??

BECKY
Someone's shooting into the flats,
through the windows. People are
dead. We had to check on you.

Kurtis looks at her, then at Paul. What the hell?

KURTIS
Okay. You've got five seconds to
tell me the truth, or I'll cut off
your ear.

He grabs her left ear and holds the blade next to it. Paul
starts to back out of the room.

KURTIS (cont'd)
You stay there.

BECKY
Kurtis--

KURTIS
Five.

PAUL
It's true, there's a sniper.

KURTIS
Four.

BECKY
He's killed Amy. And Brian. And
Jenny's kids.

KURTIS
Three.

BECKY
Your boy Mark's injured.

KURTIS
Two.

BECKY
That's what happened! I swear!

KURTIS
One.

BECKY
Try and call them! Call Mark on the
phone, ask him how his arm is!
Nobody can get a mobile signal,
landlines are down, and so's the
internet. Try it. If you don't
believe me, just open the curtains.

Pause. Kurtis thinks about it. It's a weird story, why would
Becky lie? He grabs her by the throat, and leads her over to
the window, holding her at arm's length.

KURTIS
No, YOU open the curtains.

BECKY
He'll shoot me!

KURTIS
And I'll cut you if you don't. Open
the curtains. Now.

And suddenly his mini hi-fi system comes crashing down on to
his shoulder, sending him staggering. Paul hit him with it.

Becky gets free, and runs over to the doorway, where she
stands with Paul.

Kurtis stands up, furious.

KURTIS (cont'd)
You nearly broke my fucking
shoulder!

PAUL
Sorry. I was aiming for your head.

KURTIS
Are you on drugs, mate? Seriously?

PAUL
Open the curtains and find out.

And now Kurtis starts to realise that maybe they're telling
the truth. They're still there, haven't run away.

He gets his mobile phone out, and speed dials Mark's number.
No service. He stares at Becky and Paul.

He turns to the curtains. Should he just open them? He puts one hand on them. And notices Becky and Paul shielding themselves behind the doorway.

Kurtis stands to the side, out of harm's way, and quickly yanks the curtain back briefly. Nothing happens. Kurtis throws a t-shirt past the window. A bullet hits it, thuds into the rolled up blankets on the bed. Then another.

Kurtis lets go of the curtain, and it covers the window again. He looks at Becky and Paul.

KURTIS
Where's Mark?

BECKY
In the hall.

Kurtis pulls on jeans, socks and shoes, quickly.

74

INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

74

Kurtis comes out, and sees everyone gathered there. Neville is almost disappointed that Kurtis's not dead.

NEVILLE
Oh good, you're okay. I was so worried...

Becky and Paul follow Kurtis. Kurtis strides over to Mark. Stares at his wounds, and the blood smear from Amy's flat.

KURTIS
Talk to me.

MARK
Someone's outside, shooting at us.
Don't know why. Got me fucking bad,
man.

Kurtis looks at the others. He wanders into the nearest open door - Carol and Daniel's flat.

KURTIS (O.S.)
Jesus Christ!

He comes back out.

KURTIS (cont'd)
What the fuck is this shit?

NEVILLE
Someone's trying to kill us all. We don't know why. Or even who it is.

CAROL
Rawlins. Must be. He's been trying to get us out for ages.

BECKY

The developer? No way. The police would be bound to suspect him.

CAROL

But what if it is?

KURTIS

Then we're just as fucked. Who cares who it is? He's probably just some random psycho with a mobile phone jammer.

BECKY

No, it's too well organised. He took out the phones, the internet - even the cable TV's down. He's not crazy, he's got it in for us.

DANIEL

Also, there's the gun.

Everyone looks at Daniel, the youngster. He blinks.

BECKY

What do you mean?

DANIEL

Well. It's really accurate, even with the laser sight. It must be military grade. They're hard to get hold of, and really expensive.

PAUL

How expensive?

DANIEL

Given the accuracy and range, it'll be something like the Heckler & Koch PSG1 - they go for around ten grand, usually more. All the top level sniper rifles do.

BECKY

How do you know all this?

DANIEL

I play "Covert Action Force" online. I play it a lot.

CAROL

Yeah, too bloody much. It's training you to be a killer, is what it is.

DANIEL

Mum, real guns don't come with a mouse and a keyboard.

CAROL
Yeah, but still.

BECKY
Maybe if we all run out the main entrance, at the same time, we can make a run for it?

DANIEL
No. He's too fast. It's a semi-automatic. He'd pick us all off really quickly.

KURTIS
Well, cheers for that, nerd-boy. Nice to know we're totally fucked.

CAROL
So what do we do?

NEVILLE
We just have to wait for the police to realise something's wrong. Or wait until he goes away.

CAROL
What if he never goes away? What if he's just going to stay there, until he's killed us all?

And nobody has an answer for that.

75 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAY** 75

Silence outside. A slow Saturday afternoon.

76 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY** 76

Everyone is close together. Jenny's still not speaking, Jeff is fairly quiet.

Paul's restless, fidgety, trying not to let it show.

Mark and Gary huddle together, talking about something quietly. Kurtis paces like a caged tiger.

BECKY
If we could get downstairs somehow, we could use the back door, he wouldn't see us go out.

NEVILLE
Good idea. We should all go.

Kurtis starts to head into his flat.

CAROL
Hey, where are you going? Where's he going?

KURTIS

I'm going to get shitfaced, until someone comes to rescue us, or until you lot think of something.

BECKY

You can't, we need to stay together, figure out a way downstairs.

KURTIS

You figure it out. Get help. I'll be in there, drinking and smoking until I pass out.

NEVILLE

Kurtis. We need to work together.

KURTIS

Piss off.

And now Neville is standing between Kurtis and the door to his flat. Kurtis grins, amused.

KURTIS (cont'd)

Don't be stupid, granddad.

NEVILLE

You're staying here. We all pay you for "protection".

KURTIS

So?

NEVILLE

So, bloody well protect us.

Kurtis shakes his head. He's bored of this now.

KURTIS

Get out of the way.

VIOLET

Nev...

NEVILLE

It's all right, Vi. Kurtis isn't going to do anything stupid. I boxed for ten years in the army.

Kurtis is slipping his knife out of his back pocket.

PAUL

Look out!

But Neville, quick as a flash, pops Kurtis in the chin with a swift left hook.

Kurtis staggers back, surprised. And now wary.

KURTIS

Okay, I'll give you that one. Lucky shot. Now get out of my way. Before you get properly hurt.

Whack! Neville pops him again, right hook this time, then a jab to the stomach, too fast for Kurtis to block.

Kurtis drops to his knees, hands on the floor. He presses the button on his knife, extending the blade--

--But Becky stands on his hand, forcing him to let it go. Kurtis grunts in pain.

And suddenly it's not just Neville and Becky standing over him. It's also Paul, and Jeff, and Carol. Now the odds are against him. He looks at them, warily. He glances over at Mark and Gary, looking for help.

BECKY

Don't bother. One of them's badly hurt, and I don't think the other one likes the odds.

And indeed, Gary can't look Kurtis in the eye, not wanting to get involved.

KURTIS

Gaz! Come on!

But he won't.

KURTIS (cont'd)

You fucking prick.

NEVILLE

Not a very nice feeling, is it? Being outnumbered, outgunned? Probably the first time you've had to experience it.

BECKY

Stay and help, or we'll hurt you.

Kurtis looks at them all, hating them.

KURTIS

Fine. I'll stay. Fucking bitch.

And Becky slams her foot into his crotch, sending him all the way down to the floor, groaning in agony.

BECKY

Who's the bitch? Me, or the little pussyboy whining on the floor?

It's a new side of Becky we haven't seen before. Kurtis pushed too far - and like all bullies, when confronted, he falls to pieces.

Violet comes over to Kurtis, to look after him.

VIOLET

Okay, okay, I know it hurts. Just lie on your side. Keep your legs bent, like that. Now just breathe, deep breaths. It'll pass.

The group comes together again.

PAUL

So how do we get downstairs?

77

INT. TOP FLOOR STAIRCASE - DAY

77

Becky and Paul open the staircase door and look at the stairs - they're way too exposed, with huge windows. They'd be seen as soon as they stepped out. They head back down the hall.

77a

INT. TOP FLOOR LIFT RECESS - DAY

77a

Becky presses the lift button a few times. It doesn't even light up. She listens at the lift. No sound.

78

INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

78

Becky and Paul come back to the group.

BECKY

Not looking good.

NEVILLE

Can we get the lift doors open? There must be a ladder in the lift shaft. Failing that, we could shinny down the cables.

Sounds reasonable. Becky nods.

BECKY

I'll give it a go.

PAUL

Me too.

CAROL

And what are the rest of us supposed to do?

BECKY

Sit tight. Try to come up with some brilliant ideas. Okay. Me, Paul, Jeff - and Kurtis.

PAUL

Jeff? He's just lost his wife. Why not Gary?

BECKY
 Because I don't want Gary and
 Kurtis getting any funny ideas.
 Gary stays up here. Come on Kurtis.
 How are your bollocks?

Kurtis looks at her with contempt.

79

INT. TOP FLOOR LIFT RECESS - DAY

79

Becky, Paul, Jeff and Kurtis inspect the lift doors. Now they're all here, they spot the sheet of paper taped next to the lift call button.

It's the same drawing that was painted on Mark and Gary's door - the three faces, with X's for eyes, ears, and mouth.

PAUL
 There's that picture again.

BECKY
 Local kids, messing about?

PAUL
 Don't know. Maybe.

They stare it, getting slightly creeped out.

JEFF
 Can we get on with it? I want to
 get out of here.

Jeff is hollow-eyed with grief. They turn their attention to the lift doors.

Daniel comes out of his flat with a toolbox, offering it to Becky. He hands her a large torch, too.

DANIEL
 Plenty of screwdrivers and stuff.
 Only one torch though.

BECKY
 Thanks, Daniel, good thinking.

Daniel hurries off back to Carol.

Becky wedges a screwdriver in between the doors, and hammers it in further with the end of the torch.

She gets it in, and pulls it sideways, trying to wedge the doors apart. Paul joins in, and they both get the doors open about an inch. They start pulling harder. Jeff joins in. Paul looks at Kurtis.

PAUL
 Give us a hand, then.

Kurtis rolls his eyes. He joins in. The doors are open about two inches now.

JEFF
Get out the way, hold on.

He move them aside, puts his foot in the gap, pushing one door, while he pulls the other with his hands.

JEFF (cont'd)
Come on, come on!

He's making himself angry.

PAUL
Take it easy, Jeff.

JEFF
You take it easy. I want to get out of here, so they can catch this bastard.

Finally, he gets the lift doors most of the way open. He stands in the doorway looking into the shaft.

JEFF (cont'd)
Give us the torch, I--

BANG! Jeff's chest explodes, and he is sent flying backwards. Everyone scatters. The people in the hallway scream and cluster together.

KURTIS
What the fuck?

Becky checks Jeff, but he's dead. They all stay out of the way of the lift shaft.

PAUL
Is there someone in there?

BECKY
Hold on, nobody move. Everybody else stay back!

She's on the side of the lift near the hallway. She runs off, and into her flat.

80

INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

80

Becky comes out of her flat with a small makeup mirror.

NEVILLE
What's going on?

BECKY
Jeff's dead. I think someone's in the lift shaft.

She runs off, and Neville stands up to follow.

Becky comes back, and carefully holds the mirror so she can see into the lift shaft. She sees what's in there, and quickly waves her hand in front of the opening.

She looks with the mirror again, and then stands up, peering around the corner. She calls out to everyone.

BECKY

There's nobody there. It's some sort of a trap, but I think it's just a one-off.

Kurtis and Paul look. Neville, Violet and Carol have come to look now, too.

A trap has been rigged up on the far wall of the lift. A modified, sawn-off double-barrelled shotgun with a wire attached to the trigger and a small control box. There's a small camera on top of the assembly.

Both triggers have been pulled back. The shotgun can only take two shells at a time.

Kurtis climbs in, and pulls it off the wall, bringing it back out. He pulls the wires and camera off, and smashes the camera under his foot.

He checks the gun, but apart from spent shells, it's empty.

KURTIS

Shit.

CAROL

Great. He could have put these things all over the place.

BECKY

So we'll have to be extra careful.

PAUL

He might not even be outside. This could all be automated.

BECKY

No, he's here. This stuff, sure. But that's definitely him outside.

NEVILLE

How do you know?

BECKY

He's taken the phones out, but left all the lights on. He wants to watch us suffer.

82 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**

82

Neville takes Jeff's body into his own flat, to keep him out of the way, then he and Violet check on Jenny, who still isn't talking. Everybody else is now back in the hallway. Becky and Paul regroup.

BECKY

Okay. Let's try that again.

83 **INT. TOP FLOOR LIFT RECESS - DAY**

83

Becky, Paul and Kurtis walk over to the open lift shaft. They lean in, and Becky shines the torch down.

84 **INT. LIFT SHAFT - DAY**

84

She shines the torch down the shaft. It's dark and creepy. But there's a ladder, going all the way down. The lift car is at the bottom.

PAUL

Well. Long way down.

BECKY

Good job there's a ladder. Who wants to go first?

Nobody's too eager. Becky rolls her eyes.

BECKY (cont'd)

I really need to stop asking stupid questions like that.

She swings herself around and starts climbing down the ladder, slowly, carefully.

Once there is room, Paul and Kurtis follow her.

Slowly they make their way down the ladder.

85 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**

85

The rest of the residents sit around awkwardly. Jenny still sits in silence, almost in a vegetative state. Neville and Violet stay together, keeping a brave face.

Carol paces, while Daniel plays a game on his iPod Touch.

CAROL

Where did you get that? Did you go back in for it? I told you--

DANIEL

No, it was in my pocket.

CAROL

Oh. Well, don't go back in there. It's not safe.

DANIEL
I know. I remember what happened.
Stop talking to me like I'm stupid.

CAROL
I'll talk to you how I like, I'm
your bloody mother.

DANIEL
Mum. Stop it. Please.

Carol keeps pacing. Daniel retreats further into his game.

Mark and Gary sit together, whispering nervously.

GARY
How's your arm?

MARK
In fucking agony, what do you
think? Give me some more pills.

GARY
It hasn't been four hours, you
should wait. Says on the label.

MARK
Give them to me!

Gary hands them over, and Mark pops another few. Silence.
Gary wants to talk, Mark definitely doesn't.

GARY
Weird, this, isn't it?

MARK
Yeah. It's weird. That's the end of
that conversation.

Silence again. Gary can't let it go.

GARY
Don't take any more pills for
another four hours, at least.

MARK
Please stop talking.

86 **INT. LIFT SHAFT - DAY**

86

Becky, Paul, and Kurtis reach the top of the lift car. They
open the roof panel and start climbing inside.

87 **INT. GROUND FLOOR LIFT RECESS - DAY**

87

A thumping and clanking sound comes from the lift doors.

The tip of a screwdriver pokes through. Then another. The doors widen an inch. Then fingers poke through, and the doors are slowly pulled open a crack.

Becky carefully glances out to make sure there aren't any traps. When the coast is clear, Becky, Paul and Kurtis pull the lift doors all the way open, and come out.

87a

INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

87a

Becky, Paul and Kurtis head for the back door. It has another sheet of paper taped to it. The same three faces, the same design.

PAUL

Okay, that's starting to creep me out a bit.

KURTIS

Come on.

He pushes his way past, and tries the door. It's locked.

KURTIS (cont'd)

Fine, it's locked. Back up we go.

BECKY

Hang on, don't give up so easily. We've got our own keys.

She holds up her screwdriver. Points at the door hinges - they're on this side of the door and wall, and the screws are easily accessible.

She starts unscrewing one of the screws in the top hinge.

BECKY (cont'd)

Surprised you didn't think of that. What sort of a criminal are you?

KURTIS

Fuck off.

Kurtis crouches down, and starts on the bottom hinge.

Becky finishes taking the top hinge off. Kurtis is on the final screw of the bottom hinge - but it won't turn.

KURTIS (cont'd)

Why's it always the last fucking screw? Every single time. "Oh look, he's got all the other screws out, better make the last one fucking impossible, just to be fucking AWKWARD"--

As he talks he gets more and more angry.

BECKY
Just try another screwdriver.

KURTIS
Back off!

He yanks at the top of the door, and it comes away from the frame, snapping the bottom hinge off.

Behind the door, filling the door frame, somebody has parked a skip right outside, blocking the entire exit.

On the skip, another sheet of paper is taped. The same three faces. The same design.

KURTIS (cont'd)
Shit. Fucking shitting cock.

BECKY
Maybe we can move it? If we all push at the same time?

The three of them lean against the skip, and push as hard as they can, repeatedly.

They try and rock the skip away from them, but it's like they're pushing a brick wall. It doesn't budge.

PAUL
He's probably parked a car up against it.

BECKY
Great. Just great.

KURTIS
Well, that wasn't a waste of time at all. Totally worth Jeff's life.

BECKY
Stop it.

Kurtis grins humourlessly at Becky, twisting the knife.

KURTIS
Still. One less person to worry about, eh?

BECKY
Fuck you.

KURTIS
Fuck you! I'm not the one who got him killed.

Becky is sick with guilt - she's already been thinking along those lines. Paul tries to get back on track.

PAUL
So what do we do now?

BECKY

I suppose we go back upstairs.

88 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAY**

88

The whole area is still quiet.

89 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**

89

Becky, Paul and Kurtis are back upstairs. They've been filling the others in. Neville inspects the sheet of paper with the face designs on.

CAROL

What now? There must be something we can do.

KURTIS

Yeah, there must be. Let us know if you have any bright ideas, eh?

Becky thinks.

BECKY

What about the roof?

CAROL

What about it?

BECKY

If someone climbs down the back of the building, they could get away. The sniper would never see them.

PAUL

How would they climb down? This theoretical "someone"?

BECKY

We could tie sheets together. A lot of sheets.

The others look dubious.

CAROL

And who climbs down? I'm not doing it, and neither is my son. We've suffered enough.

BECKY

We've all suffered, Carol, all right? We'll ask for volunteers.

KURTIS

Well you can count me out. Sheets?? No way they'll hold anyone's weight.

VIOLET

We could use the fire hose.

Everybody looks at her, then at the fire hose.

PAUL
It's not long enough.

VIOLET
No, but you could tie them all together. They took them out all the other floors, they're in the utility cupboard.

89a **INT. UTILITY CUPBOARD - DAY** 89a

Becky and Paul force the door open. Inside are various items, including a sledgehammer and lots of old fire hoses coiled up. Becky picks one up and brings it into the hallway.

89b **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY** 89b

Becky flexes the fire hose. It's very tough, and hard to bend. She looks at the others.

BECKY
This could work. Good idea, Violet.

CAROL
They're a bit old, aren't they?
Won't they rip?

Kurtis pokes at the hose with his finger.

KURTIS
I don't think you're going to get any volunteers for this, blondie. If it goes wrong, that's a fucking long way to fall.

BECKY
What other choice do we have?

CAROL
This is ridiculous. We haven't done anything. He has to go away sometime.

BECKY
No, he won't. This isn't just some random attack. It's personal. All the planning, these weird pictures - he's teaching us a lesson. He's telling us something.

She waves the sheet of paper with the faces at them.

NEVILLE
So what do the pictures mean?

And finally, Jenny speaks. Her face is lined with tears when she looks up, and speaks in a very small voice.

JENNY

See no evil. Hear no evil. Speak no evil.

They look at the faces. X's over the eyes, ears and mouth.

BECKY

She's right.

PAUL

Oh yeah, those three wise monkeys.
So what does that mean to us?

They think about it for a moment.

JENNY

Must be that boy who was killed here last year. None of us saw anything, heard anything, or said anything. We didn't help. Nobody got arrested for his murder. It's our fault. And God has come to punish us. We let that boy die, now it's our turn. It's our turn.

BECKY

I fucking tried to help! And I got the shit kicked out of me for it!

JENNY

But you wouldn't talk to the police. None of us did. We're all to blame.

She stands up, unsteadily, and walks towards her door.

BECKY

What are you doing?

JENNY

My babies are up in Heaven now. I'm going to be with them.

She disappears into her flat.

Becky and Paul run after her--

90

INT. JENNY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

90

--Just as several bullets come crashing through the windows, killing Jenny, who has run into the room.

Becky and Paul get to the doorway, too late. They see Jenny's dead body, now lying next to two smaller bodies under bloodied sheets.

They can't come any further inside, or they'll be shot too.
They just have to leave.

91 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY**

91

Becky and Paul come out, their grim faces letting everyone know that Jenny is dead.

VIOLET

I suppose she couldn't cope with
losing her little ones.

Kurtis snorts in derision. They look at him.

KURTIS

Yeah, right. She didn't give a fuck
about 'em. Treated 'em like shit,
left 'em home alone. She got what
she deserved.

Everyone looks at him, shocked.

KURTIS (cont'd)

What? You're all thinking it.
Fucking hypocrites. She deserved it
for every time she screamed at
them, or hit them, or left them in
the flat on their own. You just
don't fucking do that to kids,
right? You can't do that. If you
do... you get what's coming to you.

He turns his back on them and walks to the other end of the hallway. Clearly he's got some personal issues about this. Nobody speaks.

92 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - NIGHT**

92

Night has fallen. The area is quiet, desolate. You'd never guess people were dying inside the building.

93 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT**

93

Paul paces up and down, restless, nervous. Carol looks into her flat. She comes back.

CAROL

It's dark. Maybe we could turn off
the lights and sneak out?

BECKY

If he set all this up, he's bound
to have some night vision gear.

CAROL

We don't know that.

PAUL

There's an easy way to find out.

DANIEL

Mum, don't.

NEVILLE

He's probably expecting us to try it. Waiting for us to slip up.

KURTIS

Fucker's thought of everything, hasn't he? Been planning this for ages. Every last detail.

He's sitting in the corner, morosely. As he says this though, he glances at Mark and Gary's door, with the spray painted faces on it. Something clicks in his head.

He turns to Mark and Gary, who are still sitting together.

KURTIS (cont'd)

Why's it only on your door?

GARY

Eh?

Kurtis stands up and slowly walks towards them.

KURTIS

These faces, the three monkeys, they're all over the building, but it's only sprayed on your door. What have you done?

And the hallway goes very quiet.

Gary starts stammering but Mark cuts him off.

GARY

Well, I mean, we haven't--

MARK

Shut up! We didn't do anything. I don't know why it's on our door.

Kurtis is thinking, remembering.

KURTIS

A year ago, some kid gets beaten to death on the staircase, then you two clowns suddenly disappear "on holiday". Oh, I must be fucking stupid.

MARK

No, no, it's not like that, we'd already booked it ages ago.

KURTIS

I knew those last few bunches came up short. You were selling it on the side, weren't you?

(MORE)

KURTIS (cont'd)

He got in the middle, so you beat him to death. In your own fucking building, you dumb fuckers.

MARK

Nah, mate, this is stupid, where are you getting this from?

BECKY

Kurtis? What's going on?

Kurtis turns to her, white hot with fury.

KURTIS

These chumps have been nicking some of my deliveries, just a bit here and there, I thought it was someone at the other end. But they've been selling it.

BECKY

Drugs?

KURTIS

Yeah! Drugs! Ooh, what a shock. They must have got greedy. Started selling it from their flat. What happened? Did he not pay?

MARK

I don't know what you mean--

And Kurtis KICKS him, on his arm wound. Mark HOWLS in agony. Paul steps forward to intervene, but Becky stops him.

KURTIS

Tell me what happened. Any time you lie, you get another kick.

Mark and Gary look at each other, desperate.

MARK

He didn't have the money he owed us. So we decided to just, you know, scare him, beat him up a bit. He was alive when we left him, I swear. We didn't mean for him to die, we thought he'd be okay.

Becky realises what this means.

BECKY

And you kicked the shit out of me when I tried to stop you. All this time, it was you.

GARY

We're sorry! You weren't supposed to be there, we panicked.

Kurtis stares at the two of them.

KURTIS

You stupid fucking cunts. You kicked that boy to death. Now someone's come to make us all pay for it.

MARK

It can't be that! It was a year ago, why did he wait so long?

NEVILLE

It must have taken a lot of planning. Waiting for the right time, getting all the equipment. It makes sense.

VIOLET

You murdered that poor boy. In our own building. How could you?

Carol steps forward, quickly.

CAROL

Well, if it's those two he wants, let's give them to him.

PAUL

Hold on.

CAROL

Why not? We didn't do anything! They should give themselves up.

GARY

What? No! No way! If we go out there, he'll kill us.

KURTIS

That's the general idea.

CAROL

He's going to kill us all. If you go to him now, you'll save us.

GARY

No way. It was an accident! Look, I'll volunteer to climb down off the roof, fair enough. But I'm not going to just let him shoot me.

BECKY

I vote for that. Let him climb down. It's the least he can do.

Kurtis watches Gary and Mark, like a snake, working out his next move.

KURTIS
Get inside your flat.

GARY
Why?

KURTIS
We need to talk. I don't want this
lot hearing what we say.

GARY
Why not?

KURTIS
Cause it's fucking private, and if
I explain why, then they'll hear!
Jesus Christ...

GARY
What about Mark?

KURTIS
He's coming too. Get up, fucko.

And he drags Mark to his feet, very roughly.

KURTIS (cont'd)
Back in a few minutes. Talk amongst
yourselves.

He goes into the flat with Mark and Gary. Slams the door.

Neville looks around.

NEVILLE
Where did those sheets of paper go?
The ones with the drawings?

PAUL
They were just there, by the door.

But they're not there any more.

DANIEL
I saw Kurtis pick them up. Why?

Becky, Paul and Neville look at each other.

Then Becky and Paul run to the locked door, and start trying
to kick it in. They kick it loose, but the door only opens a
few inches.

94

INT. MARK AND GARY'S FLAT, HALL - NIGHT

94

Kurtis has placed a table in the small hallway, which blocks
the door from opening. Becky and Paul rattle the door,
frantically.

PAUL (O.S.)
Kurtis! What are you doing?

Kurtis holds Gary by the neck, up against the wall. Mark is on the floor next to him, in the middle of the room, trying to crawl away.

Kurtis kicks Mark's leg wound. Then STAMPS on his knee, breaking it. Mark screeches in pain.

BECKY (O.S.)

Kurtis! Stop!

Kurtis grabs a stapler from the table, opens it out, and STAPLES one of the sheets of paper on to Mark's chest, and the other one to Gary's chest. He drags Mark up on to the bed, leaving him there, on his back.

GARY

Kurtis, please, don't. I'll do anything you want! Anything!

KURTIS

This is what I want.

He yanks him over to the window, stands to one side of it. Then pulls back the curtain. Mark is now in the line of fire. He panics, and tries crawling away.

But it's too late. Several bullets smash through the window, catching Mark in the chest and head, killing him.

GARY

No! Ah, shit!

Gary struggles. But Kurtis headbutts him, dazing him.

And now Kurtis SHOVES Gary away from him, sending him out in front of the window.

Gary tries to get out of the line of fire, but the shooter is ready this time, quicker. Two bullets. One in the head, one in the chest. Gary goes down. Dead.

Kurtis takes the drawing off Gary's chest, and carefully holds it up to the window, keeping his fingers clear.

He pauses for a second, then shouts out the window.

KURTIS

It was these two who did it. You must know that, cause you sprayed their front door. Well, they're both dead. Okay? You happy? Can we go now?

Silence. Not really expecting an answer.

Just in case, Kurtis crawls along the floor to the door.

The table is removed from behind the door, and the door opens. Kurtis comes out.

BECKY
What did you do?

KURTIS
You know what I did. I gave him what he wanted.

PAUL
You killed them.

KURTIS
No. HE killed them.

BECKY
Jesus Christ.

They all stand around awkwardly. Kurtis shrugs.

KURTIS
All right, I did a bad thing, so fucking what? I took one for the team, nobody else has to feel guilty. Anyway, what do you care? They beat the shit out of you.

BECKY
Gary would have climbed down from the roof, we could have used him.

KURTIS
Well now he doesn't need to. They killed that kid, the sniper killed them. We're safe.

BECKY
Oh, and did you stand in front of the window, to test your theory?

Kurtis hesitates.

KURTIS
Well... no.

BECKY
So you're not sure.

KURTIS
Of course I'm not fucking sure!
He's a nutcase.

NEVILLE
There must be a safe way to check.

KURTIS

Stick an arm out. Worst case, you lose an arm. Like Mark. Live to fight another day. Unlike Mark.

CAROL

This is stupid. We gave him those two, he'll leave us alone now. Come on, Daniel.

DANIEL

What?

CAROL

We're leaving. Come on.

She stands up and takes his hand, but he pulls away.

DANIEL

No, we can't.

CAROL

You'll do as you're told, for once. Come on, he's gone.

DANIEL

He might not be!

VIOLET

Carol, we don't know if he is.

CAROL

We're innocent. My boy is innocent. He'll let us go.

BECKY

I know you're upset. We all are.

CAROL

Oh, are we? You only met your bloke last night. I've been married to my husband for eighteen years.

BECKY

Excuse me?

CAROL

Well, it's hardly the same, is it? Losing a husband, compared to losing a one night stand.

Becky SLAPS Carol across the face.

BECKY

How dare you? How dare you decide who has suffered more?

CAROL

I'll decide whatever I want. And right now, I've decided me and my son are leaving.

DANIEL

Mum, I'm not going out, I'm scared.

CAROL

Oh for God's sake, come on.

She grabs his hand, and starts yanking him along the hallway, towards the stairs, towards possible danger.

NEVILLE

Carol, stop!

CAROL

Piss off.

BECKY

Don't do this.

CAROL

Are you going to stop me?

BECKY

If we have to.

Becky, Paul and Kurtis are there, ready to intervene.

CAROL

Get out of my way.

BECKY

Don't take Daniel. Just in case.

CAROL

You what?

BECKY

If you're wrong, then you're both dead. Just think about this.

Carol looks at her. Then at Daniel's pale, terrified face. Horrified at what she's become. She realises she's being unreasonable, and lets go of his hand.

CAROL

Daniel - I'll go and get help. Okay? Don't be scared. Just stay here, and everything will be fine.

DANIEL

Mum, don't, please. I love you.

They hug, tightly.

CAROL

I love you too, sweetheart, but
I'll be fine. You'll see. And then
you can all follow me out.

NEVILLE

Carol, if you're determined to go,
why not risk an arm first?

Carol looks at them. Nods. She's not stupid, just scared.
They all walk towards the staircase.

97

INT. TOP FLOOR STAIRCASE - NIGHT

97

The others hang back, as Carol stands in the doorway.

KURTIS

Hold up, hold up. Why don't we use
Mark? As a decoy, like. He's dead,
he won't care.

The others look at him, disgusted.

KURTIS (cont'd)

What?

CAROL

Let's just save time.

Carol puts her left hand out in front of the window. She
pulls it back quickly.

Nothing happens. She glances nervously at the others. Then
puts her hand out again, shaking with fear.

She keeps it outstretched, arm in front of the window.

Nothing happens. She waves it around. Still nothing.

CAROL (cont'd)

There? See?

The others wait, still nervous.

CAROL (cont'd)

Okay, I'm going downstairs. I'll
shout when I get there.

Carol flashes a nervous smile.

She walks down the stairs, slowly. She's not quite in full
view of the window yet, just her legs.

She keeps going. Now she's in full view of the window.

And nothing happens. She walks down further.

CAROL (cont'd)

See? I'm fine. It's over.

She walks down a bit further, and is now on the next staircase down. She keeps going.

DANIEL
Mum, wait.

He sticks his arm out too, in front of the nearby window. Nothing happens. He looks at the others.

DANIEL (cont'd)
Maybe that's it.

KURTIS
There. You're welcome.

DANIEL
Hang on mum, I'm coming down.

He heads out on to the staircase, and starts walking down.

And still nothing happens. He reaches Carol, and they keep going. Kurtis moves forward, but Becky stops him.

KURTIS
What? He's gone.

BECKY
If they make it all the way down,
and around the corner, then we'll
know for sure.

98

EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - NIGHT

98

Carol and Daniel are down to the ground floor.

They get to the exit. Up on the top floor, nobody else is coming down yet.

Carol starts to leave the building, followed by Daniel.

She looks up at the building opposite. And sees a red light flickering from one of the windows. It dazzles her slightly. And she realises what this means.

CAROL
Oh, no... Daniel, run! EVERYBODY
STAY UPSTAIRS, HE'S--

THWACK, THWACK, THWACK! Bullets slam into Carol, sending her falling backwards on to the ground.

DANIEL
Mum!

Daniel's out in the open now.

99

INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

99

Upstairs, the others hear the bullet impacts, and flinch.

100

EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - NIGHT

100

Daniel grabs a sheet of thick corrugated iron from the pile of building materials on the ground. Crying, he holds it up as a shield, and makes a run for the corner. The red laser sight finds him. Bullets slam into the metal.

DANIEL

I'm getting away! I'll get help!

Upstairs, the others shout encouragement.

More bullets slam into the metal sheet, knocking him sideways, but it looks like he's going to make it.

Until one bullet catches one hand holding the metal, shattering his fingers. He drops the metal, screaming, but still shielded. He drags it along with his other hand.

He's almost at the corner. He shuffles along.

Another bullet gets under the metal, and shatters his ankle. He collapses, screaming louder, and the metal falls away. He's completely unprotected.

Two bullets catch him in the side, one in the stomach, one in the throat.

Daniel hits the ground, dying. As he breathes, blood bubbles in his neck wound, and pumps out thick and fast.

And the light slowly goes out of his eyes.

101

INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

101

Only Becky, Paul, Neville, Violet, and Kurtis are left. Nobody can speak for a moment.

NEVILLE

That answers that. Jenny was right.

He points to the door of Mark and Gary's flat, with the three faces spray painted on it.

NEVILLE (cont'd)

He wants to torture us for as long as possible.

They all stew on that for a while. Becky's very quiet. Paul looks over at the fire hose.

PAUL

So I suppose we have to try climbing down from the roof. Becky?

She snaps out of it, and nods.

BECKY

Yeah. Looks like we have no choice. Let's take a break first.

102 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - NIGHT**

102

Silence. The city sleeps.

103 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT**

103

They all sit around on some cushions and chairs, eating snacks and drinking coffee. All apart from Becky, who stands at one end, too wired to sit.

Paul comes over to her.

PAUL

Let me go. Let me climb off the roof, I mean.

BECKY

Why?

PAUL

Because I need to do something. I'm tired of waiting around for him to kill us.

BECKY

The fire hoses might not hold. You could die.

PAUL

If they don't, then we're all dead anyway.

Becky looks at the others.

BECKY

It was my idea. I should be the one to take the risk.

PAUL

We need someone with ideas, to keep a clear head. We need you.

BECKY

Me? I don't know what I'm doing!

PAUL

You're doing pretty well so far.

BECKY

Maybe we could send a signal from the roof, instead.

PAUL

Yeah, then he might come in and finish us off. Let me climb down.

They hesitate. Becky's out of ideas.

BECKY

I can't take the responsibility.

PAUL

That's why I'm volunteering. It won't be on your shoulders if anything goes wrong.

Becky knows he's right.

PAUL (cont'd)

We have to try.

BECKY

I know. If anything happens... do you want me to pass on a message to anyone? Family, friends?

PAUL

No. I don't have anyone. There's just me.

BECKY

I'm sorry.

PAUL

It's okay. You get used to it. Sundays are the worst. The most depressing day of the week.

Becky checks her watch. 2am.

BECKY

It's technically Sunday now.

Paul smiles.

PAUL

So it is. Well, it's not the worst Sunday I've ever had.

Becky smiles too. Then quickly hugs Paul, impulsively. He's so surprised, he almost forgets to hug back.

BECKY

I hope you make it.

PAUL

Thanks. Just remember that when you're tying the hoses together.

104 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - NIGHT**

104

It's still dark. Dawn seems a long way away.

Caption: SUNDAY

105 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT**

105

Everyone is involved in unravelling all the fire hoses from the coils in the cupboard, and then tying them together, to make a long, thick rope.

NEVILLE

We all have our flaws. It's what makes us human. Nobody here thinks badly of you, I promise.

Kurtis comes back out with a bottle and five glasses, with a bag of ice.

KURTIS

Jack Daniel's, single barrel. Only for special occasions.

He rips open the ice, dumps some into the glasses, pours a measure into each. He fills Paul's glass to the top.

KURTIS (cont'd)

More for you, you need it. Cheers.

They all take a sip. Paul downs his in one.

108 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - NIGHT**

108

Still dark. Cold. Unforgiving.

109 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT**

109

Becky looks at Paul, who has stopped shaking.

BECKY

Feeling better?

PAUL

Much better, thank you.

KURTIS

Thank me by paying me back after. This stuff's not cheap.

Becky, Paul, Kurtis and Neville head for the roof door.

VIOLET

Nev, wait!

She's coming with them.

NEVILLE

No, you stay here, sweetheart. Too dangerous up there for you.

VIOLET

Oh? Are you bullet proof, then?

NEVILLE

I've had training, I can look after myself.

VIOLET

And I was a dancer. I always beat you when we're running for a bus.

NEVILLE

This isn't running for a bus.

VIOLET

I know. But I'm not bloody useless,
and I'm not staying here by myself.
Either we both go, or we both stay.
And that's final.

NEVILLE

You're not too old to be put across
my knee, you know.

VIOLET

Promises, promises.

Kurtis rolls his eyes at the thought of it.

KURTIS

Fucking hell.

110

INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

110

They stand by the roof access door, which still has a large padlock on it.

BECKY

What about the lock?

The door to the roof staircase still has a large padlock on it. But Kurtis is already there with a sledgehammer. CRASH! He smashes the padlock off.

KURTIS

Everything's easier with a
sledgehammer.

Kurtis puts the sledgehammer to one side, while Becky, Paul and Neville gather up the fire hoses. Violet opens the door to the roof staircase, eager to get started.

BECKY

No, wait, we need to check it--

BOOM! Violet is hit in the chest and stomach, with both barrels of another shotgun trap, which was rigged up behind the door.

NEVILLE

NO!

Violet staggers back and collapses, bleeding heavily. Neville rushes over and holds on to her, trying to stop the bleeding. But the wounds are too big, too deep, she's fading fast.

Violet gasps for breath, finding the strength to cling on to her last moments of life, concentrating, and taking deep breaths so that she can say something, something so important - she looks at Neville, and whispers:

VIOLET
I love you, Nev.

And she's gone. Used her last breath to say it.

Neville touches her face gently.

NEVILLE
Oh, Vi, no, please... Please don't
leave me...

He cries quietly, cradling Violet's dead body, as the others stand around, not knowing what to do, what to say.

Becky comes over to him.

BECKY
Neville. I'm so sorry.

NEVILLE
Vi... she's gone...

BECKY
Come with me. Come away now.

Neville lets her lead him back to the hallway, shellshocked.

111 **INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT** 111

Becky gently leads Neville to a chair, and sits him down. He buries his face in his hands, wracked with sobs.

BECKY
Wait for us here, okay?

Neville nods, unable to speak.

BECKY (cont'd)
We're going to get out of this.
We're going to make it.

Becky heads back to the staircase.

112 **OMITTED** 112

113 **EXT. ROOF - NIGHT** 113

Becky, Kurtis, and Paul come out on to the roof, with their fire hoses. They look around.

There's a wall running around the edge of the roof.

A TV aerial mast is fastened to the roof. Becky points.

BECKY
Look. We can tie it to that.

She crawls over and looks out through a gap. Way, way down below she can see the skip up against the back door, and a truck parked up against the skip.

Becky wraps the end of the hose around the mast, quickly. She ties the knot, and then ties it again, several times, making sure it's tight.

She braces her feet against the wall, and pulls on the hose, lifting herself off the ground a few inches. The knots hold.

BECKY (cont'd)
Okay. Whenever you're ready.

Paul nods.

BECKY (cont'd)
When you get down, just run in a straight line, he won't be able to see you.

Paul takes the other end of the hose, and throws it over the top of the wall. He turns to Becky.

PAUL
If anything happens... and you still get out... tell them I tried.

BECKY
I will.

He takes a deep breath. And climbs through the gap, hanging on the hose. He looks up at Becky.

PAUL
So far so good.

He starts climbing down, slowly. Becky turns to the others.

BECKY
It's working. He's heading down.

KURTIS
Thank fuck.

They wait, watching him go. He's at the next floor now.

SPANG! Something bangs off the metal aerial mast incredibly loudly, making them all jump.

Tufts of fabric puff out from the knot in the hose, where it is tied to the mast.

BECKY
Shit! He's shooting at the knot!

KURTIS
Have we got anything to block it?

They look around, but there's nothing handy on the roof. Bullets slam into the knot on the hose, and spang off the metal mast.

BECKY
Get him back up.

KURTIS
No! He's got to keep going! Paul!
Hurry the fuck up! He's shooting at
the knot!

SPANG! THWACK! The bullets are tearing the knot in the hose apart, rapidly.

Becky leans through the gap in the wall, and tries to grab the hose and pull Paul back - but she can't reach.

She looks down at Paul, and they lock eyes for a moment. Then he keeps going, as fast as he can.

BECKY
It's ripping. We've got to do something.

KURTIS
Over here! Here!

He is several feet away, trying to draw the fire of the shooter, but it's no good. He waves his arms over the top of the roof, but the bullets are resolutely aimed at the knot on the hose.

KURTIS (cont'd)
Fucking shoot at me, you prick!

He slumps down again, out of ideas. The bullets keep slamming into the hose, and then:

--The hose rips all the way through, starts to come apart.

--Halfway down, Paul dangles from the hose. He's almost halfway down.

--Finally, enough bullets take more of the hose, and it rips completely.

--Paul screams all the way down as he falls, the hose billowing down behind him.

--Until he slams into the concrete on the ground.

--His head cracks open, and his body is twisted at a horrible angle.

Silence.

Kurtis and Becky lie there, staring at the torn piece of hose on the mast.

Becky leans through the gap in the wall, and sees Paul's twisted corpse down below.

She comes back in. She stares at Kurtis, who is panting, wild-eyed, utterly lost. She looks all around her.

And something snaps.

BECKY

You fucking BASTARD! You're not having us all. You're not fucking having us all!

Becky looks back at Kurtis, who is still sitting, stunned, behind her. Becky snaps her fingers.

BECKY (cont'd)

Kurtis. KURTIS! Wake up! Come on, let's go!

He snaps out of it, and comes towards her.

KURTIS

Where are we going?

BECKY

Back to the hallway. We're going to burn this fucking place down.

She heads down the stairs. Kurtis's still a bit shell shocked. He's not sure he heard her correctly.

KURTIS

...What?

114

INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

114

Becky storms in. Neville looks at her, hopefully. She shakes her head, and he looks away, lost.

Kurtis follows Becky, a bit bewildered.

KURTIS

When you say "burn the place down"...?

BECKY

He wants us to hide in here, terrified, while he picks us off one by one. Well, we're not going to. We can't call anyone - but what's the one thing you can see for miles around?

Kurtis catches on.

KURTIS

A fire.

BECKY

Someone will see it, and call for help.

KURTIS

But... we're still in here.

BECKY

Then I hope someone sees it pretty fucking quick.

KURTIS

What if they don't? What if we burn to death in here before anyone turns up?

BECKY

Then at least we won't give him the satisfaction of shooting us.

Kurtis isn't convinced. At all.

KURTIS

Oh, very clever. "Yeah, you can't shoot me, I've set myself on fire. Who's laughing now??" Brilliant.

BECKY

Someone will see it.

KURTIS

This is a fucking shitty plan.

BECKY

It'll work.

KURTIS

How'd you know?

BECKY

Cause it has to.

Kurtis doesn't have any better ideas. He shrugs.

KURTIS

Right, well I'm having something to eat before we burn to death, I'm starving. Last meal for the condemned, and all that.

115

INT. KURTIS' FLAT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

115

Becky, Neville and Kurtis sit at the table with food and coffee. Becky's eating her microwave spaghetti bolognese. Kurtis has cereal, toast, and Jack Daniel's. Neville's not eating, tears silently running down his face.

The kitchen curtains are closed.

BECKY

This is the one time I wish my ex was still here. Now there was someone who deserved to get shot in the face.

KURTIS

What, that scrawny little fucker who moved in with you ages ago? Yeah, I knew that wouldn't last.

BECKY

Where were you when I needed relationship advice??

KURTIS

Think I probably said something at the time, actually.

BECKY

I think you did, yeah. He was a bastard. Kept me on edge the whole time, I was terrified he'd hurt me. And one day, he did.

She stops, it's too painful.

KURTIS

So what happened?

BECKY

I woke him that night with a kitchen knife. Said if he touched me again, I'd cut his fucking eyes out.

KURTIS

Jesus.

BECKY

So he moved out. Took me a while to trust anyone again. Then when I do - bang. Dead. And hey, maybe he'd have turned out to be a bastard, too. But I'll never know.

They eat in silence for a while.

BECKY (cont'd)

So. If you get out. What's the first thing you're going to do?

Kurtis thinks.

KURTIS

Get shitfaced.

BECKY

Me too. Then I'm going to quit my job. I fucking hate it. I hate my boss. I'm sick of laughing at his shit jokes, and being treated like dirt.

KURTIS

What job you going for instead?

BECKY

Don't know. What qualifications do you need to be a drug dealer?

KURTIS

Charm. Good looks. A massive cock.

BECKY

Typical, male dominated industry.

KURTIS

I'll put a good word in for you.

BECKY

What about you? What are you going to do, after you get drunk?

KURTIS

Dunno. Find somewhere else to live. Keep on dealing.

BECKY

You don't have to.

KURTIS

What the fuck else am I supposed to do? And don't give me the big speech. I do what I do. It's all I know. Maybe if I'd grown up in your house, I'd be different. Maybe not, though. We're both still in the same shitty tower block.

Awkward silence. Becky shrugs.

BECKY

Well, you could sell your story to the newspapers for a shitload of cash. Get a book out of it.

KURTIS

I can't write a fucking book.

BECKY

You don't have to. Most famous people get someone else to write it for them.

KURTIS

You're shitting me.

BECKY

It's true. You really think all those footballers and pop stars write their own books??

Kurtis thinks about it.

BECKY
Neville, you'd better go down
first. So you don't have to rush.

NEVILLE
What about Violet?

BECKY
We can't help her now.

NEVILLE
I'm not leaving her here to burn.

Becky has to play this carefully.

BECKY
Somebody will come and rescue us
before the fire spreads too far.

NEVILLE
I should stay with her.

BECKY
And what if something goes wrong?
Wouldn't she rather you got out
safely? What would she say to you?

NEVILLE
Probably tell me to stop being so
bloody stubborn.

BECKY
There you go then. Come on, do it
for her. Okay?

Neville nods, sadly. He heads for the lift, and pauses to
kiss Violet on the forehead, gently.

KURTIS
Go with him. I'll set this off,
you'd only cock it up.

BECKY
You worried about my safety?

KURTIS
No. I just don't want you in the
way when I'm trying to get down
that fucking ladder in a hurry.

BECKY
Touching.

KURTIS
Well piss off, then, I'm waiting.

Kurtis picks up several wadded up pieces of newspaper. Becky
nods at him, and runs after Neville.

She snaps the broom in half, and lies it next to Kurtis's leg, to form a splint. She ties it to him with the rags.

KURTIS

Ow. OW!

BECKY

Oh don't be such a baby.

A muffled thump from far up above, as the fire rages.

138 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAWN** 138

It's now dawn.

The top corner of the building roof is on fire. There's no mistaking it, it must be very visible for miles around.

139 **INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAWN** 139

Becky paces. Kurtis sits against the wall, while Neville stands around.

KURTIS

So what now?

BECKY

We wait.

KURTIS

For how long?

BECKY

Until the police turn up and catch him, and tell us it's safe.

A car is approaching. Becky grins.

BECKY (cont'd)

There you go.

140 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAWN** 140

A pickup truck pulls up, lots of tools in the back. Inside are Kevin Rawlins, the property developer, and Eddie from Grainger Demolition. Kevin's talking on his mobile.

KEVIN

So tell him I'll be round to sort it tomorrow if he doesn't. Hello?

He looks at his mobile. "NO SERVICE".

KEVIN (cont'd)

What the hell's going on?

Eddie looks up at the top floor, surprised.

EDDIE

Er, Kevin...

They open their doors and stand by the side of the car. They look up at the inferno that the top floor has become. Kevin is stunned.

KEVIN
Christ almighty.

EDDIE
Call someone, quick.

KEVIN
I can't, my phone's gone to shit.

Eddie tries his own phone. Same thing.

EDDIE
Same here. We in a dead zone or something?

KEVIN
No, I was just talking to Dave a minute ago. Bloody hell. I hope there's nobody in there.

EDDIE
You maintain the smoke alarms, don't you?

Kevin looks at him, guiltily. They look at the blaze. Eddie spots Carol's body, just visible near the entrance.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Jesus, is that a dead body?

A chunk of his leg explodes as a bullet tears through it.

EDDIE (cont'd)
Aaaaghhhh!

Eddie falls, the next bullet missing him.

KEVIN
Fuck!

He lurches sideways in shock, and the next bullet just misses him too. He dives into the pickup. Bullets pepper the truck as he struggles with the keys, hands shaking, trying to start the engine. Eddie howls in agony, lying on the ground.

EDDIE
Come back! You bastard, come back!

141

INT. GROUND FLOOR LIFT RECESS - DAWN

141

Becky, Kurtis and Neville listen at the door. They hear Eddie screaming, and the SPANG of bullet hits.

BECKY
Shit, he's shooting at them.

KURTIS

Fuck.

142 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAWN** 142

Kevin tries to start the truck, but the bullets have perforated the bonnet, the engine is now smoking and won't start. Kevin doesn't realise, and keeps trying to start it.

But the bullets keep hitting the truck, and now several go through the roof and into Kevin. Blood splatters the windscreen, and he slumps over the steering wheel, dead.

143 **INT. GROUND FLOOR LIFT RECESS - DAWN** 143

Becky, Kurtis and Neville listen to the sounds in horror.

144 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAWN** 144

The bullets stop coming. There's no movement from the driver's seat. Eddie rolls around, shielded from the sniper by the truck, in pain.

EDDIE

Somebody help me, please!

145 **INT. GROUND FLOOR LIFT RECESS - DAWN** 145

Becky, Kurtis and Neville listen. Eddie keeps screaming.

KURTIS

What the fuck was that?

BECKY

Don't know, but they can't help us, whoever they are.

KURTIS

Well fucking shitcocks. What do we do now?

NEVILLE

There'll be more coming. There have to be.

KURTIS

And what if that was it?

BECKY

The building's on fire, they have to send more. Wait.

They listen. Footsteps are approaching the front of the building. They're faint, but definitely footsteps.

KURTIS

One of 'em made it!

But Becky shushes him - something doesn't feel right. They listen carefully.

The footsteps get closer. Closer. Closer still. The three of them listen.

EDDIE (O.S.)
Oh thank god! Please, help me, I've been shot, I've--

BANG! BANG! Gunfire, close up, just outside. Eddie is abruptly silenced.

KURTIS
Jesus!

BECKY
Get down the end and hide. I'll sneak out and get help. Go!

Neville and Kurtis hurry into the hallway.

Becky runs into the lift and climbs up into the shaft.

146 **INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAWN** 146

Kurtis and Neville use the sledgehammer to break open another flat, near the end of the hallway. They get the boards off, then run inside, and place the boards back up against the empty doorway.

147 **INT. GROUND FLOOR LIFT RECESS - DAWN** 147

The front door opens, and the GUNMAN walks in through the smoke and dust from the ruined pickup truck outside. The dust sifts into the building, the outdoor lighting shining through it brightly.

The GUNMAN wears urban combat clothing, and a gas mask. Precise movements. Crisp.

He looks around, aiming a Mac10 submachine gun warily.

He looks inside the lift.

147a **INT. LIFT SHAFT - DAWN** 147a

Becky is crouching down, trying not to breathe. She hears the Gunman step into the lift.

Suddenly, the Gunman's gasmask-clad face looks up through the access hatch.

He looks all around - but Becky is nowhere to be seen. He drops back down, and continues on.

Becky is hiding, crouched down, behind the access hatch panel, which she was holding up in front of her, against the wall - from the angle of the hatch, she's invisible.

148 **INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAWN** 148

The Gunman walks up to the empty doorway of the first flat, where Becky and the others had smashed open the boards. He goes inside to look around.

Moments later, he comes back out.

He goes to the next flat, which is still boarded up. He pushes the barrel of his gun against the boards, testing to see if they're still fastened. They are.

He moves to the next door, and repeats the process.

149 **INT. GROUND FLOOR LIFT RECESS - DAWN** 149

Becky slowly lowers herself down into the lift, and sneaks out the front door.

150 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAWN** 150

Becky is outside. She breathes the air for a moment. Glances at Kevin and Eddie's dead bodies.

She could leave. She could just leave. She walks towards the exit road. It's very tempting.

But Kurtis and Neville are back there. She turns. Thinks.

She looks in the back of the pickup truck, and sees several tools - including a nailgun.

151 **INT. GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAWN** 151

The Gunman stands outside another boarded up flat, and tests the boards. Solid.

He moves to the next one - the one Kurtis and Neville are hiding in. He is about to test the boards.

Becky walks in. The Gunman is ahead of her, back to her.

Becky has the nail gun in one hand, and lifts it up, aiming it at the Gunman. It clicks.

The Gunman spins around.

Becky runs forward and pulls the trigger several times.

Several six-inch nails shoot out, catching the Gunman in the chest and arm. He staggers back, wounded.

Becky fires again, getting him in the arm. He manages to lift his gun with his bleeding arm, and squeeze off a few shots, which slam into Becky's arm and the nearby wall.

Becky screams in pain from the wound. She keeps firing, one shot at a time, as she walks closer to the Gunman, filling him full of nails.

He drops his gun when she hits his arm again. Becky runs forward, firing, and the Gunman turns to run away to the end of the hallway.

But Kurtis pushes the loose boards out of the flat doorway and comes hopping out.

KURTIS

Hey, fucker.

He yanks the sharpened, snapped broom handle out of his splint, and rams the sharp end into the Gunman's shoulder.

He yanks off the Gunman's gasmask, HEADBUTTS him, and dives on top of him, pinning him down.

Neville comes out and kicks the Gunman in his wounded arm. They finally see his face properly.

It's DC FLETCHER, the detective who interviewed them after Jimmy's murder. He glares at them, eyes filled with hate.

KURTIS (cont'd)

Fucking hell. It's that copper.

Kurtis gets off him, now he's disarmed. Becky comes forward, bleeding from the arm. She walks right up to the Gunman, and picks up his gun.

BECKY

Why? We never did anything to you, you fucking psycho.

No answer. She kicks him in the knee.

BECKY (cont'd)

You murdered a load of innocent people. For nothing.

She kicks him in the stomach. Fletcher doubles over in pain, but manages to gasp out:

DC FLETCHER

Innocent?? That boy was my half brother, and those scumbags murdered him. You should have helped him. None of you would talk, so the killers got away with it.

BECKY

He was buying drugs. He got himself into it. It wasn't our fucking fault. We did what we could.

The fire rages upstairs. Getting closer now. Smoke starts to sift through the ceiling.

Faint sound of sirens in the distance.

DC FLETCHER
You people all deserve it...

BECKY
What about Jenny's kids? Daniel? My friend, Ryan, who doesn't even live here? Was it their fault too? You murdering bastard.

Becky stares at him.

NEVILLE
So what now? Do we hand him over to the police?

BECKY
Yeah, let's do that. When he's dead.

She aims the gun at Fletcher's head, her finger on the trigger.

NEVILLE
Hold on. I want him to suffer. Killing him's too easy.

BECKY
I don't care. I want him dead. I want his fucking BLOOD.

NEVILLE
Self defence is one thing, but we've got him. If you shoot now, it's murder.

BECKY
So?

KURTIS
Becky. Don't kill him. Not like this.

BECKY
Give me one good reason why not. And no bollocks about how it lowers me to his level, I'm not having that.

Kurtis hesitates. But goes ahead anyway.

KURTIS
Because killing someone in cold blood changes you. Even if he's an evil bastard, and he deserves it... you'll know it was wrong. You'll see his face every night before you go to sleep. Trust me. You don't want that.

And again, it's what Kurtis DOESN'T say that speaks volumes. Becky looks at the pain in his face, and can't pull the trigger. She lowers the gun, frustrated that she can't have her revenge. She kicks Fletcher in the face instead.

The sirens are very close now.

Kurtis comes to take her arm.

KURTIS (cont'd)
Come on, let's get out of here.

She flings his arm away.

BECKY
Fuck off! And I want all my fucking protection money back, too. Okay?

Kurtis nods, wary of her now. So is Neville.

Becky stares at Fletcher.

BECKY (cont'd)
You're going to prison forever. And I'll tell everyone in there what you did. That you murdered kids. They're going to fucking LOVE you. Come on, get up.

Fletcher slowly leans forward, getting his breath back.

Fletcher rubs his ankle, as if in pain. Then suddenly he's got a taser in his hand, aimed at Becky.

NEVILLE
Becky!

Neville quickly flings himself in front of Becky, as the taser goes off - he takes the full blast of it in his chest, and judders in shock as he's electrocuted.

Fletcher is immediately on his feet, shoving Neville into Becky, knocking her over. He spins and punches out Kurtis, then lunges for Becky, both of them falling to the ground.

Becky still has the gun, won't let it go. Fletcher grabs her hand and whacks it against the ground, but Becky still won't let go. She screams in pain as he whacks her hand.

Neville lies motionless nearby. Kurtis tries to get up, but his leg is in too much pain.

Fletcher punches Becky to try and knock her out, but she comes back up and headbutts him. They're both woozy now.

Fletcher grabs the nailgun and tries to aim it at her head, but Kurtis manages to grab his sleeve, stopping it from getting near Becky's head. However, it's now aimed at Becky's hand. Fletcher fires once, nailing her hand to the ground.

Becky screams, and lets the gun go. Fletcher lets go of the nailgun and reaches for the gun.

Becky grabs the nailgun, rams the end into Fletcher's mouth, breaking his teeth, and fires. Again and again.

Several six-inch nails squelch into Fletcher's mouth, cheeks, and the back of his throat, as Becky keeps firing until the nailgun is empty.

Fletcher slowly slides to one side, collapsing, dead.

Everyone gets their breath back.

Becky looks at the nail poking out of her hand - the end is smooth, the same width as the nail itself. With a yell, she pulls her hand up and off the nail.

Neville wakes up, still twitchy. He yanks out the taser darts.

BECKY

I thought he'd killed you.

NEVILLE

Takes more than a toy electric gun
to keep me down.

Becky helps him up, then helps up Kurtis.

Kurtis stares at Becky, impressed. He pulls a twenty pound note out of his pocket, and hands it over.

Becky takes it, and manages half a smile.

From outside, the sound of approaching sirens.

KURTIS

Never once thought I'd be glad to
hear that sound.

151a **EXT. TOWER BLOCK 31 - DAY**

151a

The sun has come up now. Sirens approach, though the vehicles haven't reached the tower block yet.

151b **INT. GROUND FLOOR LIFT RECESS - DAY**

151b

The sun streams through the gap at the bottom of the exit door. Becky, Neville and Kurtis walk towards it, limping, Becky in the middle, supporting the other two on either side.

The sirens are very loud now.

They open the exit door. Extremely bright sunshine blasts through the open doorway, so bright it's impossible to see anything outside just now.

Becky, Neville and Kurtis savour the moment as the fresh air washes over them. They stand there, enjoying their freedom.

Then the three survivors walk out into the light, and the door slams shut behind them.

152 OMITTED 152

153 OMITTED. 153