

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - EVENING

A bijou yet uncluttered room. JULIE, late twenties, pretty, casually dressed, attends to the cooking duties, dancing along to the music emitting from the tinny speaker of the radio.

KATIE, eight, dressed in a smart school uniform sits at the dining table, patiently colouring a picture as she awaits the food. She looks up at her mother and smiles.

KATIE

You're happy today, Mum!

Julie turns around and grins, still bopping along to the tune.

JULIE

Is it that obvious?

Katie chuckles then carries on with her felt-tip masterpiece. Her tongue sticks out with sheer concentration involved in a few moments of artistic 'staying within the lines'.

Julie leans over and gently prises the book and crayons from Katie's grasp.

KATIE

Mum! I've not finished yet...

JULIE

I've got to lay the table, baby.
Sorry.

Julie spaces out three placemats on the table.

KATIE

Is Stuart coming again tonight,
mum?

Julie stops what she is doing and pulls out a chair. She sits down opposite her daughter.

JULIE

Yes, baby. Is that okay?

Katie smiles.

KATIE

Yeah. I like him.

JULIE

Yeah. Me too. I was wondering...

She stalls. Katie visibly eggs her on.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Well... How would you feel if...
You can say no if you want... But
I'd like it very much...

KATIE
Like what?

Julie tone turns almost quizzical-

JULIE
If maybe Stuart might move in with
us?

Katie beams a huge smile back towards her mother. Not the
reaction she had prepared herself for.

KATIE
He won't...

JULIE
What, baby?

Katie stalls for a second or two.

KATIE
Will... Will I have to give him my
room?

Julie disguises a giggle in her response-

JULIE
No, baby. Stuart says that he
doesn't mind sharing mummy's room
for the time being.

Katie looks satisfied with the reply.

JULIE (CONT'D)
He'll be so pleased that you're
okay with this. He was really
worried. We both were! And you know
what? To show you how much we love
you, we've got a little treat lined
up for you tomorrow...

Katie excitedly stands to her feet and bounces around like a
child on Christmas eve.

KATIE
A puppy! A puppy! A puppy! A...

JULIE
Calm down, Katie. Not a puppy.
Stuart's got us some tickets to the
theme park.

KATIE

The one on the telly?

JULIE

Yes. Now that's better than some smelly old puppy, isn't it?

KATIE

Can Emily come?

JULIE

No, Baby. It's you for you, me and Stuart.

EXT. CAR PARK - MORNING

The parking lot is about three quarters full as the silver Mercedes pulls into an empty space.

The rear passenger door flies open virtually before the car pulls to a halt. Katie rushes out, slams the door then fidgets in the car park.

STUART, mid thirties, casually dressed, balding, exits the car from the driver's side. He grabs Katie's hand and leads her to a grass verge away from the traffic.

KATIE

Mum, come on!

Stuart smiles to himself.

STUART

Yeah mum, get a shake on!

Julie clambers out the car and tries to show a little enthusiasm.

EXT. THEME PARK - LATER

A bustling mish-mash of noise and people. Music, sirens, screams and laughs echo throughout the park.

Julie and Stuart each hold one of Katie's hands as they walk, occasionally lifting her off her feet in a playful manner.

STUART

Did you enjoy that ride?

KATIE

A bit. I think it was a bit too fast though. It made me dizzy!

JULIE

Try and find something a little more gentle then, baby.

Her head scans left and right as she searches for the next amusement.

Stuart points into the near distance.

STUART
Is that a bit too babyish?

Julie looks to where Stuart indicates.

JULIE
A fun house? No, she'd love that.
Wouldn't you honey?

Katie nods enthusiastically. She speeds up into a canter and drags the adults along.

They near the entrance to the FUN HOUSE.

STUART
Are you taking her in?

JULIE
No. You take her. It might be good
for you two to spend a bit of time
together.

Stuart smiles and Katie drags him weaving towards the ticket booth. Julie raises her voice to be heard amongst the crowd noise-

JULIE (CONT'D)
I'll go and get some candyfloss.

Stuart turns and smiles.

EXT. CANDYFLOSS STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Julie takes the bags of candyfloss and hands over her money. She reaches out for her change as Stuart reaches his arm around her neck and pulls her close for a kiss.

JULIE
Wow, that was fast. Too scary for
you?

STUART
Ha ha. Very funny. No adults
allowed in, I'm afraid.

JULIE
Do you think she'll be alright on
her own?

STUART

Of course she will. They'd let adults in if it was dangerous or scary wouldn't they?

INT. FUNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Katie runs along the brightly coloured, moving tunnels and walkways, a look of excitement on her face.

She stops at the entrance to a room- tatters of black cloth hang over the doorway. She parts them and peers inside.

The room is dark apart from the ultraviolet light which casts a disorientating glow on certain objects.

She stalls for a moment more, then steps inside gingerly. Her feet sink into the foam flooring. She bravely continues towards the centre of the room.

A loud BANG behind her causes her to turn. The door to the room is no longer visible. She speaks aloud-

KATIE

It's just the door slamming. It's just the door slamming.

She takes another few steps forward towards the edge of the room.

To the side of her a door slowly slides open. The white gloves and face paint of a CLOWN are illuminated in the ultraviolet.

The clown grabs Katie. She screams.

One hand lifts her up off the floor, the other swiftly covers her nose and mouth with a handkerchief.

She struggles in vain for a second or two more, then lies limp in the clowns grasp.

The clown quickly strides over to the door, unlocks it, then races through the nearby sliding door. It closes gently and silently behind them, just as a bunch of children march noisily through the room and out of a now illuminated exit.

EXT. FUNHOUSE - DAY

The crowd of children waiting to enter is long and boisterous.

Julie and Stuart stand by the exit. Stuart holds a large candyfloss stick.

JULIE
She's been a while now...

She looks at her watch.

JULIE (CONT'D)
...do you think she's okay?

Stuart grins.

STUART
Of course.

The exit door bursts open and a group of children spew out in a whirl of screams and laughter.

Julie's disappointment is obvious. Stuart's shoulders drop.

STUART (CONT'D)
She'll be out in a minute, you'll see.

INT. CAR - DAY

REZNER sits and taps a tune on the steering wheel. His forty year old gaunt features are hidden beneath a head of long curly hair and handlebar moustache.

He looks in the rearview mirror; Stuart's car is parked behind his.

He checks his watch and looks out the side window, then taps his rhythm again.

EXT. FUNHOUSE - DAY

Stuart stands alone with the candyfloss. He keeps an eye on the exit door which opens to eject children every few moments.

FUNHOUSE ENTRANCE

Julie taps on the glass for the attention of the proprietor who watches a small television set.

PROPRIETOR
No adults. Sorry, love.

Julie shakes her head.

JULIE
No, I wonder if I can go inside.
My daughter's been in there for
twenty minutes and I'm a little
worried.

The proprietor glances at the television; a game show is in full swing. He sighs.

PROPRIETOR

Are you sure she's still inside?

His attention is drawn back to the show.

Julie bangs the glass with more aggression.

JULIE

Excuse me. Yes, she's still inside. Can I go in and look for her?

The proprietor sighs in defeat.

PROPRIETOR

Alright, but you be quick. Straight in and out.

Julie pushes open the entrance.

PROPRIETOR (CONT'D)

And keep your hands to yourself.

The door swings shut.

INT. FUNHOUSE

Julie walks along the brightly coloured tunnel. She checks every corner.

JULIE

Katie, baby. Are you in here?

She comes to a door with tatters of black cloth hanging over it. She pushes it open and goes inside.

EXT. FUNHOUSE - DAY

The candyfloss stick hangs at Stuart's side. His eyes on the exit.

A loud clatter gets his attention.

The clown pushes a trolley through the crowds of parents and children. A large sack sits atop the trolley.

As the clown passes Stuart, their eyes meet. The clown gives a nod but gets nothing in return.

Stuart watches the clown melt into the crowds.

The funhouse exit opens and Julie emerges.

Stuart shrugs and Julie shakes her head. Panic grows in her eyes.

Stuart looks back into the crowd but there is no sign of the clown and his cargo.

EXT. CARPARK - DAY

Rezner stands by the open car boot. He gestures for the clown to hurry.

The clown pushes the trolley past Stuart's car and stops beside Rezner.

REZNER

You did get the right one, didn't you?

The clown nods.

Together they push the bag into the boot and slam the lid.

REZNER (CONT'D)

Get in, and take off that bloody mask. It creeps me out.

Rezner gets in the drivers seat.

The clown looks round the carpark before getting in the passenger seat.

EXT. THEME PARK - DAY

Julie, head in hands, breathes hard; her eyes everywhere.

JULIE

Oh my God, Stuart. Where is she?

Stuart drops the candyfloss, grabs Julie's wrists and slowly lowers them from her head. He looks deep into her eyes.

STUART

Calm down. She's probably just wandered off.

He glances round the Theme Park. People everywhere.

Julie shakes her head.

JULIE

She wouldn't, she knows better.

Stuart nods.

STUART

Okay, there must be a lost persons office or something.

JULIE

Oh God, Stuart. What if...

Stuart gently shakes Julie by the wrists and pulls her into him. He whispers into her hair.

STUART

We'll find her...

He glances to where he lost sight of the clown.

STUART (CONT'D)

...I'm sure she'll be fine. Do you think she came out while we were queuing at the stall?

JULIE

Maybe... No, not maybe, she must have done.

STUART

So let's head to customer relations, they must have a lost children policy.

JULIE

Oh, Stuart, don't say that word.

STUART

What word?

JULIE

...Lost.

EXT. CUSTOMER RELATIONS - LATER

Hordes of families swarm around the plaza. Laughter and excitement fills the air.

The metal clad door of the office slowly opens as Stuart exits, supporting Julie by a firm grip around her waist. Her sobbing head rests on his shoulder.

JULIE

That poor little girl. She must be petrified.

STUART

Come on, she probably doesn't even know what a fuss she's caused.

She snaps back angrily -

JULIE

She has not caused a 'fuss'.

STUART

Hey. I didn't mean it like that. She's a kid, she's excited and wandered off, that's all. You know how long she's wanted to come here.

JULIE

But what are we supposed to do? Where do we start?

STUART

We'll just walk around the park. The manager's got your mobile number, they're studying all the CCTV footage. If they... Not if - When they locate her, they'll ring us and tell us where she is.

JULIE

She's never been out on her own. She's not street smart like most kids.

Stuart tries to diffuse the situation somewhat -

STUART

It's lucky she's not on the street then. Look, I know you're worried, but no-one can get in or out of this place without them seeing.

JULIE

But what if she went out before they started monitoring the cameras? She might be at the car.

STUART

I doubt that very much, babe. But, if it makes you feel better, we'll get our hands stamped and go and check the car park.

EXT. CAR PARK - LATER

The couple head towards their car. Stuart notices something tucked under the windscreen wiper. He jogs over and removes an ENVELOPE.

Julie rushes to catch up with him, and snatches the envelope from his hand. She rips it open and reads the letter.

Her expression turns from worry to sheer terror.

STUART

Julie?

She hushes him aggressively.

STUART (CONT'D)

Julie, what is it? What does it say?

Tears waterfall from her already red eyes. She thrusts the letter towards him. She heads off back towards the theme park entrance.

Stuart calls out to her -

STUART (CONT'D)

Julie, what are you doing?

She turns to rasp her response -

JULIE

I'm doing what the fucking letter tells me to do.

INT. CUSTOMER RELATIONS - LATER

The office is sparsely decorated apart from a birds-eye photograph of the park hung on the wall and a few pamphlets scattered on the counter.

Julie heads towards the RECEPTIONIST, early twenties, smart but garish uniform.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi... They're still looking through all the footage in the back...

JULIE

It's okay. We've found her. She's... Fine.

Her voice struggles to appear composed -

JULIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for your help, but the panic's over.

RECEPTIONIST

Phew. That's a relief. I'm glad it's all turned out alright.

JULIE

Thank you. It's been quite a morning. I don't think I can handle much more excitement. We're going to head home.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, that's a shame. Look, I'm not really authorised to do this, but here...

She pulls open a drawer near her desk. She rummages around.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Take these staff passes. Free entry to the park for when you feel up to visiting us again.

JULIE

Thanks. You... You haven't notified the police yet, have you?

RECEPTIONIST

No madam. We have to follow a set procedure before we do anything like that. All the park footage is reviewed, staff search around the grounds. That sort of thing. We can't waste the polices' time, cos nine times out of ten it's a happy ending... Like yours.

JULIE

Quite. Look, thanks again.

She turns and approaches the door, drops the free tickets in the bin as she passes.

INT. CAR - MINUTES LATER

Julie reads through the letter once again. She reaches in her pocket for her mobile.

STUART

What are you doing?

JULIE

What do you think I'm fucking doing? I'm ringing the cunt that took my daughter.

STUART

Don't you think we should call the police first?

JULIE

You read the letter, Stuart. No police, no fuss.

She shakily types the number into her phone. It rings for a few seconds.

VOICE ON PHONE

Yeah?

JULIE

Hello?

VOICE ON PHONE

Yeah, hello. Can I help?

JULIE

I'm ringing about... Katie.

VOICE ON PHONE

Katie... Oh, Katie! What about her?

JULIE

Where is she?

VOICE ON PHONE

Do you honestly think I'm gonna divulge that information so early on in the game?

JULIE

Game? This is no fucking game, mister. Where is my daughter? What have you done with her?

VOICE ON PHONE

Let's not walk before we can run, eh? One step at a time. I suggest you head back home, you'll find your next instruction there. Ta-ta for now... Julie.

She drops the phone and turns to Stuart.

JULIE

He... He knows my name.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - ONE HOUR LATER

Julie sits at the dining table, still in tears. She holds another letter in her shaky grasp.

JULIE

I don't understand- They know my name, they know where I live. They've obviously been casing us out, but it doesn't make sense.

STUART

I know, baby. I know.

JULIE

No you don't. If they've been following me and know everything about me, they must know that there's no way on God's earth I can afford a ransom like that. They must know I have to rely on benefits.

STUART

Just call the cops, baby. I doubt anyone would be able to rustle up that kind of money.

JULIE

I'm not going to call the fucking police. I don't want to get my daughter back in the post piece by piece. What am I going to do? What the fuck am I going to do, Stuart?

STUART

I... I could sell my car?

JULIE

Yeah and what about the other one hundred and ninety thousand?

STUART

I'm sorry. Just a suggestion.

JULIE

No I'm sorry. Didn't mean to snap. My mind's all over the place. My house is rented. I don't have a car. I don't have any savings. I might as well just go and buy a sodding lottery ticket.

STUART

There must be something. A loan?

JULIE

I would never get a loan with my pathetic income. Not for that amount anyway.

STUART

Not from a bank...

JULIE

What are you saying?

STUART

Look, it's a last resort, but I know a couple of sharks. I could go see them, see if I can't get some sort of funding in place.

JULIE

I can't expect you to do that.
We've not even known you for a
year. It's too much to ask. Give me
the details. I'll go.

STUART

They're dangerous people, Ju. Do
you know what you'd be getting
yourself in to?

JULIE

Well so are the bastards that are
threatening to dismember my
daughter, so it's a risk I'm
willing to take.

STUART

I could call Ivan, if you're sure?
Set up a little meeting.

JULIE

Do it.

EXT. RED LION INN - NIGHT

The run down pub sits nestled awkwardly between scruffy
houses and industrial units. The street light outside
flickers to stroboscopically illuminate the smoking wastrels
outside.

The crowd jeer as Julie exits the car. She turns and nods to
Stuart. He drives away.

She pushes her way through the handful of people towards the
door to the pub.

INT. RED LION INN - CONTINUOUS

The room is shabby and unkempt. The patrons inside make the
outside look like pillars of the community.

Thick tobacco smoke hangs in the air like winter fog. Julie
approaches the bar.

JULIE

Excuse me... Sir?

The BARTENDER, undeterminable age, glass of whiskey in one
rough hand, roll-up in the other, shifts his gaze from the
television to Julie.

BARTENDER

Long time since anyone called me
that.

He laughs chestily, exhaling smoke in Julie's direction in the process. She wafts femininely in front of her face.

JULIE

You do realise there's a smoking ban...

BARTENDER

Not in here there int! What can I do you for? Glass o' wine, is it?

She recoils slightly, then speaks with a air or trembling confidence.

JULIE

I'm... I'm here to see Ivan.

The bartender looks her up and down.

BARTENDER

Are you now? You don't look like his usual *guests*, I must say.

JULIE

Is that good or bad?

BARTENDER

Can't say as I give a fuck either road. I'll let him know yer 'ere.

He leans over and grabs the handset of the yellowed telephone next to his stash of rolling equipment, and presses a button. A faint ringing noise can be heard from not too far away.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Ivan?... Yeah, nowt to worry about... No, nothing like that, one of yer bitches is here to see you... Not sure, hang on...

He turns to face Julie.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Name?

JULIE

Julie. Stuart's girlfriend. He's expecting me.

He doesn't even acknowledge her response.

BARTENDER

Julie, apparently... Yep, will do.

He slams the receiver down and gestures to Julie with a nod of the head -

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

This way.

She follows him behind the bar as he slides open the door of the dumb-waiter.

JULIE

You've got to be kidding?

BARTENDER

Nope. Sorry and all that, but the stairs are fucked. You wanna see Ivan, you're gonna have to use the lift.

She stalls for a second then scrambles into the lift. He slides the door behind her as she sits contorted in the claustrophobic space.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Goin' up!

He presses a button and the lift judders into action.

INT. IVAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The room is surprisingly tidy and orderly compared to the public bar. The desk sits amongst neat piles of boxes of cigarettes and other contraband.

IVAN, late fifties, suited, balding, covered in gold chains and sovereign rings sits in a comfortable leather chair behind the desk.

He stares towards the door of the dumb waiter as he hears it grind to a halt. The door slides open as Julie clumsily makes her exit.

IVAN

So! You must be Stu's bit of stuff, eh?

Julie nods.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Got a bit of trouble, have you?
What brings you my way?

JULIE

It's a long story.

IVAN

Believe me, I've got all the time
in the world.

JULIE

It's... Look, I can't go into to much detail because I don't want to compromise the wellbeing of my daughter, but long story short - I've got an eight year old little girl. She's been taken.

IVAN

Taken? By who? Her dad? Is that it, your ex has swiped his kid and you want him sorting out?

JULIE

No. Her dad's dead. I... I don't know who took her, but they want a ransom.

IVAN

How much?

JULIE

Two hundred thousand.

IVAN

Jesus Christ! What is she, a princess or something?

Julie forces a smile as a tear drops to the floor.

JULIE

I only work part time, there's no way I'd ever be able to get my hands on that type of money...

IVAN

So Stu suggested that you come see me, eh? Well, lady, I got my finger in all sorts of pies around here. And yeah, I've got the money. But...

JULIE

But...?

IVAN

How the fuck are you gonna be able to pay me back... You're gonna have to work for me... How much does your daughter mean to you?

JULIE

Do you really need to even ask that question?

IVAN

Nope. I just need to know how far you're willing to go to get your hands on this money. Are you clean?

JULIE

I've never touched drugs and I rarely drink.

IVAN

Stupid fuckin' bitch. I don't mean that sort of clean. I got a list of clients as long as my arm after a bit of classy fanny. You understand what I'm saying?

Her face is blank. She nods.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Sure, I could have you workin' in one of my factories, but jeez, I'd never get my money back. The real money's with the perverts.

She takes a fumbled step backwards. Ivan stands and approaches. His voice quietens as he nears her -

IVAN (CONT'D)

You want this money, you gotta earn your keep. I've got some pretty specialist clients. They pay good. The more fucked up the better. I ain't talking about the odd fuck up the arse when you're on the blob either. Here's the deal. Sit down.

He points towards a rickety looking chair by the wall.

IVAN (CONT'D)

I'll give you the money. Tonight. You come and work for me - I'll set up all the clients. You keep five percent of what they pay you and I get the rest until the loan's paid off. It's a tough gig, but hey, it's interest free...

Julie nods. The fear in her face makes it clear that there is no other option for her.

IVAN (CONT'D)

We have a deal?

Julie nods.

JULIE

D... Deal.

Ivan leans forward and grabs her face tightly in his hand, pulls her head towards his.

IVAN

And not a fuckin' word to Stuart, you hear? Let's get this story straight. Tell him you're coming to work for me in the abbatoir. It's not a hundred miles from the truth is it, meat packing? Understand?

No reaction from Julie.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Under-fuckin-stand?

Her whole body tremors as she gasps her reply-

JULIE

Yes. I understand.

He releases his grip and takes a step back. She sighs with relief.

IVAN

Now, let's sort your money out. I can give it to you right here and now, but...

He fumbles with his belt.

IVAN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need a little 'down payment'!

INT. BAR AREA - LATER

The bartender pours himself another huge glass of whiskey and sets it down on the bar. He strains to hear the noise of footsteps descending the uncarpeted wooden stairs in the back.

A door behind the bar flings open and Julie walks through, reaches over and downs the glass of whiskey.

JULIE

I thought you said there wasn't any stairs.

BARTENDER

He told me to tell you that. Wanted to see how eager you were.

JULIE

Bastards!

BARTENDER
Welcome to the Red Lion!

She sweeps past him and makes her way to the front door. The bartender yells-

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Hey, three quid for the whiskey!

JULIE
Put it on my fucking tab.

INT. LOCK-UP

Dark and dusty.

Oil drums stand in the corner; rags soak up the black blood.

A single door is on the far wall. It swings open and CHALKY walks through.

He is mid twenties, pale white skin and scruffy looking. He throws the clown outfit into one of the drums and exits.

INT. LOCK-UP - OFFICE

Cleaner and brighter. A table and telephone. Files stand on shelves and naked ladies adorn the posters.

A large fluorescent strip light flickers on the ceiling causing Chalky's movements to look strange as he enters. He sits on an old thread bare sofa and snatches a beer can from the floor. He stares at his reflection in the small television.

Muffled shouting is heard. Then silence.

A door on the opposite wall opens and Rezner enters. He slams it closed.

REZNER
Move!

Chalky shuffles to one side of the sofa.

Rezner stands and glares at Chalky.

Chalky sighs and stands.

Rezner sits and grabs another beer can. He snaps the ring pull and takes a large gulp.

Chalky sits on the table and fidgets with his can.

Rezner stretches his legs and looks to the ceiling.

REZNER (CONT'D)
I thought I told you to sort this
fucking light out?

Chalky puts his can down and stands.

REZNER (CONT'D)
Not fucking now, you're not doing
it now. Go get us some food or
something.

Chalky exits.

Rezner watches the door slowly swing shut. He immediately
stands and exits through the opposite door.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

Stuart sits at the table. His hands cup a mug of coffee.

A door is heard closing.

He jumps up and nervously eyes the kitchen door.

Julie enters. She stares at the floor.

STUART
What did he say?

Julie nods.

JULIE
He's going to borrow me the money.

She slowly sits at the table.

Stuart brushes her hair with his hand.

STUART
Are you okay, baby?

Julie looks up at him.

JULIE
My daughters been kidnapped and
I've just borrowed two hundred
thousand pounds from a criminal,
no, I'm not okay.

STUART
Sorry, that was a stupid thing to
say.

Julie takes a gulp from the coffee mug.

JULIE

Looks like I've got a job out of it too.

She lets out an unconvincing giggle.

Stuart's eyes search for an explanation.

JULIE (CONT'D)

To pay your man back.

Stuart nods.

STUART

I'm sorry, Ju. I...

Julie grips his hand.

JULIE

I love you.

INT. LOCK-UP - OFFICE

The light no-longer flickers.

Chalky sits at the table; his beer can fights for space amongst the empty Take-away boxes.

Rezner sits on the sofa; a beer can in his grasp.

Both men watch the television.

Chalky scratches the fluff on his chin and moistens his lips.

REZNER

What?

Chalky looks to Rezner.

REZNER (CONT'D)

What is it? You've itching to say somet for ages. Just get it off your chest, will ya.

CHALKY

I was just wondering how long we are suppose to keep her here?

Rezner's eyes stay on the TV.

REZNER

Until we're told otherwise.

Chalky looks into his beer can.

CHALKY

Doesn't seem right.

REZNER

I'm sorry.

Rezner turns and glares at Chalky.

REZNER (CONT'D)

You were quite happy to snatch the kid, but you suddenly grow a fucking conscience when it comes to baby sitting her.

CHALKY

I didn't know she'd be kept here, I thought...

REZNER

What, we'd put her up in the fucking Hilton. Get real dipshit. She stays here till they pay up and if they don't...

Chalky waits for Rezner to finish.

Rezner shrugs.

REZNER (CONT'D)

Well, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it, won't we.

INT. IVAN'S OFFICE

Ivan sits at his desk. The leather chair creaks as he leans back. His eyes stare forward and his grin grows.

IVAN

That's it, keep going.

His hands are palms down on the desk. They twitch and disappear under the tabletop.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Slower, do it slower. The longer they watch the more they pay.

He licks his lips.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Rub yourself.

A woman's groan is heard.

The phone rings.

Ivan answers it; his stare remains constant.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Hello? Send the bitch up.

He drops the receiver and his hand vanishes beneath the table again.

IVAN (CONT'D)
Flick your bean. Good, that's
good. Good girl.

Ivan breathes heavy with excitement.

A tap on the door.

IVAN (CONT'D)
Come in.

The door swings open and Julie enters.

Ivan gestures with his head toward a number of boxes beside his desk.

IVAN (CONT'D)
Sit. Nearly finished here, and you
might want to take some notes.

He chuckles.

Julie is visibly shocked as she looks toward the corner of the room.

She covers her eyes with her hand and makes her way to boxes. She sits and looks to the floor.

Ivan smiles at her awkwardness and then looks to his entertainment.

IVAN (CONT'D)
I didn't say stop did I?

Ivan sighs and shakes his head.

IVAN (CONT'D)
I've lost it now, you might as well
fucking stop. No fuckers gonna put
their dick in you if you don't look
fucking interested.

Ivan puts his hands on the table.

IVAN (CONT'D)
Put your clothes on and get out.
No punters means no money, love.
No money for you means no money for
me and we both know that's not
good, don't we?

The door opens and closes (O.S.)

Ivan looks to Julie.

IVAN (CONT'D)

You bring the chair over.

Julie wheels the chair from the corner of the room and parks it in front of Ivan's desk. She sits.

IVAN (CONT'D)

So you've come for your money?

Julie nods.

JULIE

Yes.

Ivan reaches under the desk and brings up a suitcase. He places it on the table and flicks the catches, opens it and spins it for Julie to look inside.

She glances down at the contents.

Ivan closes the case and taps his fingers on the leather exterior.

IVAN

Just one more thing to do first,
love.

He opens a draw and brings out a piece of paper.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Just need you to sign this
contract. Don't want you fucking
off with my money and denying our
little deal do we?

Julie cocks her head.

JULIE

No we don't, do we.

IVAN

Don't get smart bitch or I'll fuck
that tone right out of you.

Ivan slides the contract toward Julie.

She takes a pen from the desk and signs it.

Ivan pushes the suitcase toward her. She stands and picks up the case.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Conclude of your business and I'll
see you back here for work then.

JULIE

I'm still waiting for further
instructions.

IVAN

They haven't contacted you again?

Julie shakes her head.

JULIE

No, not yet but I have a number.

IVAN

Then ring it and you can start paying me back. Now fuck off.

Julie heads for the door.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Oh, and mow the lawn before you come back. Hair's a turn off for most punters.

Julie exits.

Ivan grins.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Stupid bitch.

He picks up the telephone receiver and dials.

IVAN (CONT'D)

As soon as she's out the door get that fucking prick up here pronto.

He slams down the phone.

INT. BAR AREA

The room is crowded with publicans.

The bartender pulls a pint and cats with a man at the bar. The mans jacket is pulled high and his head is down.

Julie exits the bustle; the suitcase pressed hard against her chest.

The bartender watches her leave and then nods to the man.

The patron downs the remains of his pint and exits through the bar.

INT. IVAN'S OFFICE

The man sits opposite Ivan. His face is still concealed.

IVAN

Ring the fucking bitch will you.

The man nods.

IVAN (CONT'D)

And I said look inconspicuous not
like a fucking pedophile.

The man lowers his jacket and reveals himself as...