

(Deadlift)

by
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MUSIC. TITLES

INT. A DARK ROOM.

A small group of people huddled round a small battery powered SIDELIGHT. Huge stacks of STRAPPED BOXES nearby. Looks like they've been there a few days, SLEEPING BAGS and empty water/beer BOTTLES lie about.

One is HOLO, (40) a wise Haitian tribesman. He wears BEADED NECKLACES and wild, dreaded hair.

HOLO

There was a man, long, long ago he came to the village. He say...I bring the nectar from the *special* forest. And so, *all* the villagers gathered to listen. He give them the nectar. I have some to bring...

Holo points at the STRAPPED UP BOXES.

HOLO

And the villagers, they cook it up, they snort it up, suck it up and burn it up and in one day and one night, every anger, every witchery or wrongdoing was forgotten. Like a *beautiful* curse.

A YOUNG MAN (19) enters the conversation.

YOUNG MAN

Oi...you been listening to this shit?

His FRIEND answers.

FRIEND ONE

The nectar guy, yeah man, don't let him outta your sight till he tells you about that nectar.

Holo doesn't even recognise the mocking.

HOLO

This can enlighten you, smoothen your senses so you live on the higher plane, amongst the eagles. Where this takes you is beyond your wildest dreams. Believe, for when you believe you fly, when you fly you overcome the water buffalo, the lion quivers at your foot. You go beyond. To the eagles.

Friend one feels he has to say something to break Holo's routine or it could go on forever.

FRIEND ONE

With the birds. Talking my language now Holo.

HOLO

Nobody *never* leave the village, they stay to live. Villagers they dance, and they live long, dance, every night. Beatings of the drum and the music *change them* and bring them strength and happiness. *Forever.*

YOUNG MAN

Dunno if to laugh or cry.

FRIEND ONE

Stuck here now for two days listening to captain crazy-horse here. All I know is I wanna try some.

YOUNG MAN

Holo, oi, can we try some?

HOLO

Yes you try, everybody try.

Holo shines a TORCH onto one of the BOXES. They are ROSEWOOD BOXES, very nice wood. He cuts the plastic over one and reaches to retrieve the BOX.

A CLICK SOUND comes loud and intrusive from one side of the room.

Light EXPLODES into the huddle. It's DAYLIGHT.

One side of the room opens with a BANG.

Sounds of a road nearby. A CAR PARK emerges through the mess of sleeping bags and junk.

TWO CUSTOMS OFFICERS in uniform shine torches into the fray. One jumps inside.

The OTHER finishes his cigarette outside.

OTHER CUSTOMS GUY

Yo, be with you in a minute.

It's a SHIPPING FREIGHT CONTAINER and they've been stuck inside for 2 days, now they're BUSTED.

CUSTOMS ONE

Don't move, sir. There any others
in here?

YOUNG MAN

Us, me n him.
(pointing to friend)
Then those guys.

CUSTOMS ONE

Come on out. Where are you from?

Customs officer one helps two of the stowaways out onto
the tarmac outside.

YOUNG MAN

Calais, mate.

FRIEND ONE

Calais.

CUSTOMS ONE

Lads, you're not from Calais are
you. Trust me, I'm big enough and
ugly enough to know every trick
you wanna play.

Holo's still HOVERING about in the container. Customs
officer one points at Holo.

CUSTOMS ONE

Get in, son. Him.

Waves the other customs guy into the container.

CUSTOMS ONE

Check him up. Not seeing any
contraband, find out what he's
doing.

Holo is hovering around the boxes.

OTHER CUSTOMS GUY

Hey'up, you don't have any sharps
on you? Knives, weapons, no
nothing?

HOLO

Only my life.

Customs guy goes for one BOX. Holo gently grabs his arm.

HOLO

You do not want this.

The grab worked, the customs guy stands back.

OTHER CUSTOMS GUY
What's it crack or summat?

INT. SMALL FLAT. NIGHT

Our HEROES, OMAR and ASH. Two brothers sharing a flat. Together they run a fledgling, failing NUTRI-BAR company called OMASH.

Omar (23). Omar's smooth and quick witted with everyone especially the ladies. Shorter than his brother but just as muscle-bound. Reckless, self centred alpha male on the outside. Underneath he cares for anyone close to him.

Ash (25). Ash is massively intelligent. More introverted than his brother, socially awkward when he feels uncomfortable. If pushed to the edge Ash will flip, when this happens, be somewhere else. Well built and tall.

Orphaned at birth leaving them at the incompetent hands of the foster care system. Life's been hard. Only death would split them up.

In their flat. Ash is playing a shoot-em-up in his TINY BEDROOM. Each have a bedroom and share a tiny lounge/kitchen. Ash has PHOTOS of them growing up on his wall. Each new photo has them older and with a different pair of FOSTER PARENTS.

Omar looks at the photos, instantly gets angry.

OMAR

Why you obsessed with them? None of them's mum n dad, none of them treated us proper. Take 'em down, bruv. Forget em, delete them.

ASH

I like my photos.

Omar walks out.

Walks into his own room and stares at a framed PHOTO on his wall. Two adults, a baby in a COT, and a toddler. He's sprawled R.I.P into the frame.

He puts his finger on the baby in the photo, then on the adults, then turns away.

Omar walks into the lounge area. Goes to a couple of old looking cardboard boxes. Gives one a little KICK, the top-folds open.

It's full of flapjack-like NUTRI-BARS in cheaply made, badly wrapped see-through plastic. Each one has the brand name 'OMASH' written in a badly chosen computer font.

He slumps down into the SOFA.

Switches on a TV, SIGHS and runs his hands over his face and hair. It's not been a good day.

INT. KRUGER'S GYM - SAME

DESMOND KRUGER (38) stands in the GYM RECEPTION area. Kruger's a GOLIATH of African origin. He speaks strangely broken English. Alpha male testosterone machine, creates tension wherever he goes. Would make hippies at a cuddle party sweat and shake with anxiety.

The RECEPTIONIST, ELLA (22) is really good looking. Clearly chosen by Kruger entirely based on her looks. All she wanted was a job, now she's trapped in a daily cycle of intimidating wooing attempts and chatter. On Ella's desk is a box of Omar and Ash's BARS. It's full.

Kruger's leaning on the desk with his elbow holding his head, this tenses his massive biceps. The stance looks ridiculous from the waist down. Kruger knows Ella can't see that.

KRUGER

I'm contemplating adding a pool,
jacuzzi on side. For me, bigger is
better.

Omar enters through the main doors. KRUGER'S GYM is written in HUGE letters over the front doorway.

He goes straight up to the DESK, ignores Kruger. Greets Ella.

OMAR

Sugar, did you get me my present?

ELLA

Of course.

Ella leans over the desk and kisses Omar on the CHEEK. As she does this Omar has a cheeky look at her BUM. Then Omar looks straight at Kruger and NODS.

Kruger's gone from his smoothest act to wanting to punch walls in an instant.

Omar loves it. Can't help but twist the knife.

OMAR

What time you finish?

Ella answers to Omar. Doesn't want Kruger to know about her life outside work.

ELLA

Me and the girls are out tonight.
Usual place.

Omar plays it aloof.

OMAR

I'll see you if I see you.

Kruger SLIDES the full box of bars across the desk.

KRUGER

Profit is booming. One day, I
threw two to the pigeons. Fingers
in many, many pies and you only
take pastry. For me, gold.

INT. GYM - SAME

Ash sits alone at one of the PECTORAL FLY MACHINES. He's sweating and looks bored. Another gym user walks over and speaks to him all happy and hyper like he wants to make friends.

GYM USER

You wanna share?

Ash just stands up. Talks low, unlike his usual puppy-like joyous voice.

ASH

All yours, bruv. I'm finished.

Ash isn't feeling like talking to anyone. He just wants to work out and be alone.

Goes to another area to a different machine, upper body again. Just wants to stay in his own world not having to engage. Puts HEADPHONES in his ears, back to working out.

A woman, CAT (22) appears, nothing like the other gym girls, not everything's on show and she's by herself. She has DIED BLACK HAIR. She's a GOTH GIRL, a few TATOOS.

She looks round at the equipment. Seems like she's only there because she has to be, avoids eye contact with anyone. No posing from her.

Ash sees her. Suddenly slips out-of-time with his REPS, movements all over the place. Spellbound by Cat. So off with his movements that he strains a muscle. Has to pull away and stretch his ARMS OUT. Rolls his neck.

Still fixed on Cat. Cat's still in her own world.

Ash gets up and moves across with his eyes on equipment next to Cat, suddenly he chickens out, changes course, sits at something else.

Cat gets up. Moves to another piece of equipment. Ash sees she left a WATER BOTTLE. That's his ice-breaker, goes for it -

ASH
Your water is behind you.

CAT
What?

ASH
I mean, you left your water.
Sorry, yeah, you left this.

Holds out her water bottle, Cat takes it smiling.

CAT
Thanks. Do you always stare at
ladies in the gym?

ASH
Yes. Oh, no, I mean no. I thought
you said babies.

CAT
So you stare at babies?

ASH
No, no, I never stare, not ladies,
not babies. Babies?

Cat's quietly laughing at him. Ash is so nervous.

ASH
It's...I've never seen anybody
like you.

CAT
You're sweet. What's your name?

ASH
Ash.

CAT
Well, Ash. I'll see you later,
yeah.

Cat turns away towards the ladies CHANGING ROOM. Ash is frozen solid, just watches her disappear.

INT. GYM - SAME

Omar's in the gym as well. Intense look, he's come in to burn off some frustrations. Doing BENCH PRESSES, sweating, doesn't look like he's stopping anytime soon.

Someone approaches him. It's the Other Customs Guy who arrested the illegal immigrants, JIM (23), he doesn't look at home in a gym, he's scrawny.

Jim goes to Omar, they know each other.

JIM

Alright mate?

OMAR

Yeah.

JIM

You able to chat? Got something -

Omar interrupts. He hates people talking to him when he's working out.

OMAR

After, yeah, after.

Omar's frustrated with being disturbed, looks away, at anything other than Jim who's still hovering around. Spots Ash.

Ash sits at a TABLE by the main doors trying to look composed. Omar watches him from the corner of his eye trying to work out why he's sitting there.

Cat appears from the ladies. In full dress she's a true GOTH girl. Wears all black, jangles with JEWELRY. She sees Ash and SMILES. She goes to him.

Omar's watching all this with a smile. Reads his brother like a book, sees the nerves and the girl causing them.

CAT

Walk me to my bike if you want.

ASH

Yeah?

CAT

It's a free country.

Ash stands up and walks outside with Cat.

Immediately they are at a BIKE RACK just metres from the front door.

CAT

Thanks for that.

Ash smiles awkwardly, looks suddenly mute. Words fail him.

CAT

Hey Ash, it's Cat, what's your number?

Cat takes her mobile from her bag. Ash reads out a PHONE NUMBER, she dials it as he speaks. Cat rings it, Ash answers like it's a real call, still too spellbound to function properly. Cat laughs.

CAT

There you go mister Ash. No social media stuff okay? My sister's pretty protective. She always checks my stuff and she's a scary chick.

Cat cycles away. Ash finally gets a word out.

ASH

Bye.

Cat's long gone.

INT. GYMNASIUM SEATING AREA. SAME

Omar's relaxing after his workout. He's by himself.

Jim comes into the seating area drenched in sweat, haggard. Sits down with a bang next to Omar. Omar looks at him annoyed. Jim isn't exactly Omar's favourite company. Jim's loud and clumsy, gets into a lot of fights.

Jim treats Omar like a god simply because Omar is able to talk to a woman without exploding.

JIM

Man, so good to se ya. What'ya been sayin?

Omar chucks a TOWEL over his face and neck. Head in his hands.

OMAR

Just life, bro.

JIM

How's Ash? Big brother man? The man with the plan?

OMAR

Good, getting bigger mate, one way or another.

Omar chuckles to himself.

JIM

Cool. Can we talk?

Omar looks at him like he's a total idiot.

OMAR

If you're gonna be an idiot think I'd prefer you to squelch off, mate.

JIM

No, no, serious, man. We made a bust, like big lorry, big bust. I bossed it. Was like bang bang bang, freeze, all army frontline crazy.

Omar looks back at Jim and his spindly legs, doubtful.

JIM

Normal crims tryin to get outta somewhere without 'aving to peg it through Heathrow. Was an old guy tho with a bunch of boxes of summink. We 'ave it still in the lock up. Dunno what it is cus I ain't tried any. NIK tests came up nothing, not coke, not skag, not ket, straight up unknown but the old guy was chatting like it's gold dust. The boxes are some real sexy wood from Haiti.

Omar's takes the towel of his head.

JIM

Boss ain't done the itinerary markup yet, you want it? Four boxes.

Omar knows he can manipulate Jim.

OMAR

Bruv, gimme the lot for thirty and I'll not tell your boss.

JIM

You'd tell Nigel?

OMAR

Nah, course not. Four boxes, thirty quid, this conversation never happened.

INT. GYM - SAME

It's getting late and the gym is starting to clear out. Kruger's sitting in his OFFICE with the door open watching out at the gym. Not his usual cocky self. Concerned, depressed.

Under the visible surface of Kruger's office everything looks perfect.

Omar walks through the gym towards the exit. Kruger spots him.

KRUGER

Your brother has a nice taste in women.

OMAR

He has something.

KRUGER

But she was nice, the girl he left with. She can be a pleasant distraction for him, before the big show.

Kruger starts chuckling to himself.

OMAR

And you? What's it you know? They have tits and they smell nice? Man, the showers are filthy, where are your cleaners?

KRUGER

Possibly your brother could do it. A job for Ash.

OMAR

Nah, I've got him covered.

KRUGER

I wish him well in the competition. He cannot produce a product that sells, but he can lift, for sure he can lift.

OMAR

I'll give him your luck don't you worry. Bro get some cleaning done yeah, I'm off.

This makes Kruger mad. Shouts at Omar.

KRUGER

It is clean.

OMAR

Kruger man, come on yeah, this
 (Waving his fingers
 round the gym)
 like this yeah, you come back
 tomorrow and find pigeons peckin
 at the dumbbells, fuckin foxes
 falling asleep in the bins mate.

Omar leaves the gym. Kruger's still on edge.

INT. KRUGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Kruger takes his seat at his desk. Rifles through some FORMAL paperwork. Constantly muttering under his breath, slipping PAGES out of a stack and removing them from his sight.

To himself -

KRUGER

Where the hell's this? Where are
 you people? Writing me shit I
 can't pay. I supposed to be
 laughing? Fuckers don't know,
 Kruger. Bitches.

He takes another official looking document and stares at it.

KRUGER

Who's you then? Send me shit. I
 meant to laugh? Give me five
 minutes with your wife she'll be
 laughing at you forever. Stupid
 letter bitches.

Another letter.

KRUGER

Come, bring yourself. I wipe down
 my walls with your face then sign
 your dotted lines in blood. Debt
 management programme? I pay when I
 pay.

He swipes a load of papers onto the floor by his desk OUT OF SIGHT.

KRUGER

Schedule that.

Kruger's now laughing to himself. Looks out at the gym again. Still nothing to make him smile.

Back into his office.

Doesn't even close the door, goes over to a little TABLE in the corner, gets a folded wrap out of his wallet, opens it, COCAINE, empties the whole lot straight onto the table.

KRUGER

Bitches. Won't know what you got when it's gone.

Making lines with a CRUSTY SNAPPED BANKCARD. Sniffs one, draws back, shakes his head like a madman.

Does another. Powder just goes everywhere, the carpet, his clothes, everywhere. He doesn't care.

KRUGER

You sleep with the fishes tonight, bitches. Bananas don't touch Kruger's house, bitches. Piranhas in pyjamas for you.

EXT. OMAR AND ASH'S BUILDING, STAIRS - SAME

Omar is on his way into the block of flats they live in. Their LANDLORD (50) meets him outside the main doors. The landlord is a bit scruffy, looks like rent from tenants is all he has in the world.

LANDLORD

Hello, Omar. There are arrears on your rent still. I have liaised regularly with you but nothing has been resolved. You now owe me three months rent.

OMAR

Bruv, man, don't define me on a level with your tenants. I'm better. We got something in the pipeline.

Omar immediately changes the subject.

OMAR

How's your daughter?

The landlord gets caught off guard. Looks flustered and worried.

LANDLORD

Fine, she's fine. The doctor prescribed some antibiotics which will...should, help...

OMAR

Mate, I'll get that money to you as a p yeah. Transfer or cash?

LANDLORD

Okay, thank you, Omar, yes, wire transfer. The same account.

Omar has the door open, just enough time to say goodbye leaving the landlord perplexed and a bit sad.

OMAR

See you soon, bro.

INT. OMAR AND ASH'S FLAT - SAME

Omar enters looking angry and hectic. Slams the front door. Looks in on Ash who's in his room playing computer games.

Omar goes straight through to the lounge and grabs one of the BARS out of a box. Heads back to Ash. Stands at Ash's doorway itching for a confrontation.

OMAR

What are you doing?

ASH

Working.

OMAR

On what?

ASH

Our bars. The website.

Loud, sarcastic.

OMAR

The website.

Omar's fuming. Bites through the wrapper and crumbles the bar up in his hands all over Ash's floor.

ASH

Shit, man. Why? I hoovered in here.

OMAR

Fuck you, don't swear at me.

ASH

Man, I need to hoover again now. I've been monitoring something on the internet. It's plant but a stimulant thing, yeah. Something that makes you go for hours.

OMAR

It legal?

ASH

Legal's a problem for you is it?
What you put in your arms is not
legal, man. This is plant, so
yeah.

OMAR

Plant. You know nothing but
computers do you?

ASH

It's coming from Haiti.

Omar looks puzzled but happy.

OMAR

My connection has that covered.

ASH

What?

Omar changes the subject.

OMAR

Is the post room okay?

ASH

It's rubbish. You find me these
jobs, I do them for us, but
they're always rubbish.

OMAR

Don't mess it up. No money means
no gym and no food. If we're skint
we get skinny.

ASH

It's fine, I'm fine.

OMAR

Who's the girl? No distractions
before the competition, we need
that money even more.

ASH

Yeah? What are you doing?

OMAR

Gonna be selling our bars at the
competition.

INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY

The front of a big, half-empty warehouse. Ash sits at a
computer at the control end of an unmoving CONVEYER BELT.

A massive stack of boxes sits on a PALETTE next to his desk, he's labelled them up himself. It's the end of the working day.

The BOSS (40) approaches slowly on a MINI FORKLIFT TRUCK, stops by Ash, powers down the forklift and hangs up his hard-hat.

Talks to Ash about the stack.

BOSS

Those are for China, alright? Not Romania, not The Gambia, it's China.

ASH

Sure.

BOSS

They're exam papers. Completed exam papers.

ASH

Sure, sure.

The Boss leaves through the main entrance. Ash's engrossed in the shoot-em-up he's playing on his WORK COMPUTER. His MOBILE PHONE beeps.

Ash looks down at his phone. A text message reads -

Hello Mister Ash. Yeah that sounds nice, I'll see you tomorrow. Cat

Ash gets TWITCHY AND NERVOUS, reading the message over and over again. He jolts kicking over his heater. The toaster-like top of the heater sparks a flame in the exam papers.

ASH

Crap.

Ash sees a BIG CARTON of liquid in the back of the forklift. Goes to it.

Grabs it, spins off the lid. HURLS the liquid over the bottom of the papers at the sparks. It's PETROL -

The papers go up in FLAMES.

The Boss and Omar walk back into the warehouse together, talking.

OMAR

Ash been good today?

BOSS

Not too bad.

They enter, see the flaming exam papers. Ash panicking trying to put out the fire, trying to fan it out with his JACKET.

The Boss runs to a FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

Hurriedly unloads the FOAM over the papers but it's too late. The Boss grabs Ash by his SLEEVE and pushes him towards Omar.

BOSS

Go. You're fired.

Omar turns away, heads for the EXIT. Leaves the warehouse.

A sign above its door says 'POST ROOM'. Ash grabs his coat and runs to catch up. Omar's angry.

OMAR

What was that?

Ash looks innocently back at him. Omar SLAPS him round the ear.

OMAR

Idiot.

INT. STAIRWELL. MORNING

The bottom of some stairs in the council estate Omar and Ash live in. Omar and Jim stand over a pile of 4 BOXES each medium size. Jim has used a HANDLED ROLLER to get them here but now they must be carried up the STAIRS.

OMAR

These look heavy.

JIM

Ahh nah, they ain't. Easy man I got 'em here.

OMAR

On a roller.

JIM

Piece of piss, mate. Let's get cracking.

Omar gets his hands under the TOP BOX. Lifts it. It's very heavy, he can just do it. Struggles straight up one flight of stairs. Leaves it. Goes back down.

OMAR

Easy, yeah.

Omar gestures for Jim to have a go.

OMAR

It's easy. One, two, three, go.

Jim goes for the next box. Lifts it, struggles to get it to the bottom step then has to put it down. Nearly buckling under the weight.

OMAR

Yeah, you may aswell be off.

Omar takes his WALLET from his pocket. Counts out three TEN POUND NOTES and gives them to Jim.

JIM

Pleasure doing business with ya.
Sure mate? Don't mind helping.

OMAR

You got a helicopter?

Jim looks round him quickly, Omar watches the idiocy.

OMAR

You can go.

Jim heads off with his trolley.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FLAT - SAME

Omar struggles with the final box. He's covered in sweat. Sees a young woman SHEL (30) standing at the door to the flat. She's a hippy, wears beads and has multicoloured hair. She's wearing a bright uniform, say's SHEL'S BAKERY on it.

Omar smiles happily at her despite the sweat and heavy breathing.

OMAR

My angel.

Shel smiles. Omar chucks her his house key.

OMAR

Do the honours...

SHEL

Sweetie, you don't look well.

Shel opens the door and holds it for Omar. Omar limps his way in with the last box.

INT. FLAT - SAME

Omar's flopped out on the sofa staring at the wall trying to catch his breath. Shel's busy investigating the boxes. Takes off the wrapping.

SHEL

I travelled to Haiti on a walking holiday last year it was so good. Herbal remedies sold at the roadside.

Shel has a BOX OPEN. It's full a GINGER COLOURED THIN GRAIN. She looks excited.

SHEL

We can definitely use this.

Shell sets about layering a kitchen COUNTER TOP with cling-film. She runs a bakery, she knows what she's doing.

Omar lets her get on with it.

She has a PRINTING MACHINE, puts it down on the KITCHEN TABLE.

SHEL

I'll run one off for you, sweetie, just to be sure you like the design I made as much as me.

The PRINTER starts whirring.

Shel brings a PLASTIC print out WRAPPER over. It says OMASH on it.

EXT. BUSY ROAD - DAY

Ash is walking with Cat, quite close together. Along the pavement next to a BUSY ROAD.

Ash has a quick glance at her hand thinking about going for the hand-in-hand move, chickens out.

CAT

Do you always do crazy golf and bowling on dates?

ASH

A date? You move quickly, I just like scoring points.

CAT

Shut up mister Ash. So you're sticking with that wasn't a date?

ASH

No, no, now it's a date, you said it.

Cat BUDGES Ash in the SHOULDER, playful.

Ash fumbles a move but gets it right. Puts his ARM round her.

Now their walking like two people on a successful date. Ash is beaming with a big SMILE.

Together they pass a POSTER on a wall. It is advertising a weightlifting competition, a picture of a man clenching his giant biceps stands bold. In massive letters are the words 'TEN THOUSAND POUNDS TOP PRIZE'. Cat stops and stares at it -

CAT

You know what this is?

Ash sighs mockingly as if exhausted.

ASH

I know of it.

CAT

The bane of my life's what that is. The fifty pound note in a bin full of needles.

Ash is surprised, very intrigued to find out why.

ASH

Oh yeah, why's that? I'm in it you know. The comp, not the poster.

Cat's suddenly very happy.

CAT

You're joking me?

ASH

No. You saying I ain't got the guns?

CAT

No, you're a specimen. This thing's ruled my world for months. Tina's onto me every day, older sister thing, forcing me to chug protein shakes, diving through the bins checking what I've been eating etcetera.

ASH

Like Omar. Without the bins or the shakes. You're competing?

CAT

She's a high roller promotions chick. Her marketing squad's been prodding and weighing me for weeks. I'm her doll. Competing to make her look good.

Ash is familiar with the concept of being someone's slave.

ASH

Pretty sure I'm in it for the money.

CAT

Both forced to do something we don't want.

ASH

I kind of do now, I know you're in it now.

Cat takes Ash's hand and they start walking off. Cat's happy.

CAT

Yeah.

INT. THEIR FLAT - EVENING

Omar is sitting watching TV. He looks totally knackered.

Shel's left. She's made hundreds of BARS that look like flapjacks all wrapped in her new design. OMASH written on the wrapper.

She's piled a load up to be put into boxes. Omar hasn't moved, he's still slouched into the sofa. The TV is on.

Ash enters the flat. Comes into the lounge, sees Omar.

Omar mutes the TV and PERKS UP. Pretends to be a sports announcer -

OMAR

Kaboom, we have lift off. Stepping onto the stage is Ash. The orphan boy made good, here, five hours late, look at him go. Just look at those muscles, imagine the heavy lifting you could do with those beauties.

ASH

Crap, the delivery -

Omar interrupts quick -

OMAR

Shut your face. Write down your excuses and set them on fire. You know about fire.

ASH

Sorry bruv.

OMAR

Whatever, man, it's too late. Lugging up those boxes nearly finished me. Pulled so many nerves and tendons and shit I've still got pins'n'needles in my fuckin teeth mate.

Ash seems miles away.

OMAR

Where were you?

Ash just shrugs his shoulders still in another world.

OMAR

It's that girl innit? Only a female could make you look like such a plum.

Ash tries to adjust his facial expression to something less plum-like. Attempts a more serious face.

ASH

I like her, like, went down the river earlier, just stood looking at a swan for about ten minutes.

OMAR

It's called love, mate. Ignore it and it'll go away.

ASH

She's competing for the lifting competition. In the female section.

Omar chuckles sarcastically.

OMAR

Not the male section then, cheers for clearing that up.

ASH

Shut up, bruv.

OMAR

Eyes on the prize, yeah.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

An RECTANGULAR WAREHOUSE filled with promotions companies, agents, promotions girls, company executives.

STANDARD WEIGHTLIFTING COMPETITION set up.

A STAGE splits the warehouse down the middle.

All movement is in one half of the warehouse.

BIG WOODEN WALLS lay flat on the ground where the warehouse splits. These will be raised on competition day.

Standing behind one length of the stage is the MAIN WALL with company SPONSOR LOGOS on it.

Each competitor will stand in front of the wall on stage. The BIG WOODEN WALLS align with the MAIN WALL.

On competition day it will create one big central divide and a back stage area.

ON STAGE -

Two MASSIVE DUMBBELLS, one slightly smaller for the female competitors. A MICROPHONE STAND.

Round the stage TABLES lined with rows of ENERGY DRINKS, PROTEIN SHAKES and NUTRI-BARS like Omar and Ash's, direct competition.

Every company represents an area of the sport and gym industry.

Kruger's standing next to the stage in a RELAXED SUIT.

A promotions girl's leaning against the stage right next to Kruger, she's on her phone. He looks frustrated but pumped, smiling at everyone, trying to be alpha.

Cat's sitting on a chair surrounded by frantic marketing types and hair and make-up artists flocking over her.

Closest to Cat is TINA, Cat's older sister (26). Tina is a fireball of assertiveness. Men love her, woman are terrified by her. She's in a skimpy LEOPARD PRINT get-up.

Tina's ordering people about, make-up girls rushing wherever she points and getting things.

Tina stands behind Cat. Starts flipping and rustling her hair up into various ridiculous styles.

TINA

Look like you care, you know, perk
it up, tits out, smile, pay
attention.

Cat looks like she would rather be anywhere else but
here.

CAT

Yeah.

TINA

No men will look and want to
touch. We want sassy not limp.

An EXECUTIVE MALE in a sharp suit is watching over the
sisters looking concerned.

EXECUTIVE MALE

Tina, can I borrow you?

Tina stops attacking Cat's hair. Walks swiftly to him.

EXECUTIVE MALE

Has she been briefed? Sad doesn't
sell. Fix her. I know it's a dry
run...should the real day come and
we turn up with that...sponsors
demand a product that sells.
That's your responsibility.

TINA

Apologies. Maybe she's having an
off day. Sorry.

He nods and crosses his arms. Still looking at Cat. Tina
walks back to Cat.

TINA

That's my boss, my arse's on the
line here. Put on a show for
fuck's sake.

Cat looks up with a small semblance of a smile now on her
face.

CAT

Your arse is everywhere.

TINA

Gobby bitch.

CAT

Slut.

Tina looks up at her boss and fakes a SMILE. Cat has a
REAL smile on her face. Trading insults has perked her
right up, the Executive looks HAPPY.

Kruger approaches the sisters.

Tina doesn't like Kruger because he is a sex pest.

KRUGER

Your sister is her? I know this girl.

TINA

We're busy. Why are you even here?

KRUGER

I am a judge. Your sister she is hot. Big Ash wants her for his princess.

Kruger disengages with the sisters, thinking out loud -

KRUGER

Love at Kruger's gymnasium.
Kruger's love gym. The gym of
love, with Kruger...

Kruger turns away, suddenly all he cares about is his own mumbling. Walks away.

An awkward silence. Cat can sense a lightning round of questions is about to be unleashed.

They watch Kruger as he saunters off looking big.

TINA

No men, I said no men. Who is Ash?
Ash? Omar's brother Ash. Omar is
trouble.

Tina angrily barks orders at a make-up girl -

TINA

(to make up girl)
Black, get me black. Move.

CAT

(to make up girl)
Sorry.

TINA

Cut from the same cloth. Stay away
from him.

CAT

Ash's sweet.

TINA

No. Not before the competition.
Single, sexy, and sassy. Tits and
arse.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

You have followers and they want you single so that's what you are.

CAT

Pervy guys on social media.

TINA

Followers. Money. Tits and arse.

INT. GYM - DAY

Ash and Cat are sitting together round a table taking a break. Cat is eating a BANANA. Ash is just sitting staring at her.

CAT

Cardio next? You need to do cardio, the heart's the strongest, most important muscle we have.

Ash fakes interest and continues to stare at Cat who's unaware.

ASH

Really?

CAT

If you don't work your heart you may as well pack it all in, eat pizza and stare at the TV till you croak.

ASH

You with that banana's giving me all the cardio I need.

Cat looks down at what she's doing and what it looks like. Then looks up at Ash who has a dirty smile on his face.

CAT

Dirty sod.

Cat jokingly viscously bites off a big chunk of banana.

Kruger is lurking around the reception area.

Ella sits behind the front desk unaware that Kruger is on his way round to talk to her.

Kruger swings round the corner, Ella sees him and quietly sighs. She knows the daily chat-up is about to begin.

KRUGER

Ella. Ella. Ella. Your name is beautiful. What can I do to make your day's more amazing?

ELLA

Honestly there's no need.

Ella starts staring at the main doors desperately trying to will a customer to arrive to deal with.

Nobody comes.

KRUGER

Something to bring more play to your day, no?

ELLA

Thanks very much but it's pretty much what I expect as a receptionist.

KRUGER

You could clean?

ELLA

I guess I'd like the extra money.

Kruger starts uncontrollably laughing like a mad-man.

KRUGER

No I joke, you are too glorious to become muddy. Isn't laughter special, it brings people together.

ELLA

Yes, sir. Of course.

Ella continues to smile falsely.

KRUGER

No not, sir, never am I sir, not to you. You know the saying they say? There is no I in team? You know that?

Ella smiles and nods awkwardly. Kruger starts doing HAND SIGNALS, waving from him to her to him again -

KRUGER

We are a team. You, you are part of my team. I say, there is an I in *win*, and I *win*. Always I win.

Ella's now so uncomfortable she's looking everywhere round her desk for something to fix but sees nothing.

Kruger spots Ash and Cat sitting together.

Suddenly he loses interest in Ella, he taps playfully on her desk -

KRUGER

My Ella, we will talk later.

Kruger walks away. Ella sighs like she was seconds away from a full blown panic attack.

Kruger goes into his OFFICE.

INT. KRUGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Kruger goes to a set of DRAWS near his desk.

Opens one and takes out a huge set of KEYS. Looks through them and finds a small one, the only one of its type in the bunch.

He leaves and walks through the gym towards the CHANGING ROOMS.

He JINGLES the KEYS and deliberately walks right past the table Cat and Ash are sharing, ensuring they see him and the keys.

Cat grimaces as Kruger passes them -

CAT

(quiet, to Ash)

That guy's such a creep.

ASH

Creep, maniac, psycho ticking time-bomb. Take your pick.

Again Kruger looks over at Ash and Cat, sees Cat laughing and the pair enjoying themselves.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - SAME

Kruger goes straight to Omar's locker.

Regular customers have their own lockers.

Ash's locker is next to Omar's.

Their names are in slips on the front of each locker.

He uses THAT KEY. Opens Omar's locker and dives his hands straight in knowing exactly where to look.

Grabs a small SPORTS BAG from the very back of the locker and pulls it out.

Unzips the bag.

Takes out two VIALS filled with clear liquid.

Grabs two unopened HYPODERMIC NEEDLES stashed neatly into a fold of the bag.

Puts it all into his POCKET.

Closes the bag, puts it back into Omar's locker.

Locks the locker up again.

Then Kruger walks out back into the gym.

INT. GYMNASIUM SEATING AREA. SAME

Kruger walks towards Ash and Cat.

Pulls the VIALS and NEEDLES from his POCKET. Gets to the table and CONFRONTS Ash.

Stands over Ash pushing his chest out. Raises his voice -

KRUGER

What have I said?

Kruger drops the vials and needles onto the table in front of Ash.

KRUGER

Your family is a problem, you crook, you must listen or leave.

Kruger slams his fists down onto the table -

KRUGER

It is not tolerable. Kruger's gym, Kruger's rules. Drugs, no. Steroids, no. All no.

ASH

It's not mine. That's not mine.

KRUGER

Your locker had these inside. I do not allow third warnings, three is a red light for you. Lucky this time.

Kruger snatches the needles and vials off the table and walks to his office. A big devious smile on his face.

CAT

What the fuck is this? You take steroids?

Cat stands up and starts gathering her gear from round the table.

ASH

I've never touched them. Look at my arms.

Ash shows his arms, there are no track marks from any needles.

ASH

Look in my eyes.

Cat looks at Ash but she's made up her mind.

ASH

Never. He's...the bastard is messing with me to get at Omar. They never liked each other. Omar won a competition, Kruger didn't win, they both cheated, they both used this stuff.

CAT

It's your stuff, Kruger took it from your locker.

ASH

He's insane. I have no stuff. Omar cheated better or Kruger had more to lose, I don't know, I don't care, they have been at war ever since.

Cat walks away, furious. Turns back.

CAT

My sister was right about you two. Nothing but trouble. It's guilty by association, Kruger hates me too now, thanks. You think I want this, it's only been a few days already I have an enemy with arms as big as me. Great.

Cat leaves, pissed off.

Ash flips. Goes to Kruger's office wild eyed ready for a fight. The door is ajar -

Ash boots it open, the door swings open and crashes against the wall. Kruger stands up from his chair. He's a monster compared to Ash.

ASH

Why?

Kruger's staring at his scratched wall.

KRUGER

You pay for the damage.

ASH

Dick, fuckin gibberish spitting
meathead.

Kruger edges forward at Ash willing him to move into a
fight.

KRUGER

What you do, huh? Punch, go. I
will fracture you. You will not
even see the spinning stars. A one-
way ticket to the blackness.

ASH

Cannot talk to a woman except your
own mother so you ruin it for me.

KRUGER

What you say about my mother? I
can take any woman.

Round the corner Ella's listening in looking concerned.

Ash leaves Kruger's office. Kicks over a BIN full of
rubbish, it goes everywhere. Kruger looks mad, follows
Ash.

Kruger looks over and sees Ella staring at all the
mayhem, she looks terrified. He immediately switches to
smooth.

KRUGER

(to Ella)

We always play, you don't worry my
Ella. These are boys games.

Kruger starts haphazardly ramming the rubbish back into
the bin.

ELLA

Do you need me to help?

KRUGER

No, no. I like to clean. My friend
Ash he is funny. It is a circle. I
will get him back.

Kruger jams as much rubbish into the bin as he can be
bothered with. Kicks some bits of RUBBISH out of sight
then leaves it. Goes back to his office and slams the
door.

INT. KRUGER'S OFFICE -

Kruger's still fuming. Goes to his stash of paper wraps
and takes one. Muttering to himself -

KRUGER

Where you run when I catch you,
Ash, I will catch you like a dog.

Empties it out onto his small table, COCAINE again.

KRUGER

My gym is a gym not a sex place.
You want to have fun you go to the
fair.

Starts madly scraping it into lines.

KRUGER

See you win a competition now. The
woman has taken your heart, now I
have taken your woman.

Putting line after line up his nose.

Laughing to himself.

KRUGER

No woman wants a man with drugs.
She will never be home for you.

Ash appears from the CHANGING ROOMS, his backpack over
his shoulder. Walks through the gym staring at the closed
DOOR to Kruger's office.

Goes straight to Ella at her DESK. Ella's chewing her
FINGER NAILS looking constantly on edge like she's
thinking about ditching the job right now.

ASH

That man's gonna get you killed.
Or worse. My advice, run, now.

Ash heads to the main doors. He's still angry, this isn't
over.

A YOUNG MALE (18), quite skinny, looks like he's done
some working out enters as Ash leaves, he catches a
glimpse of Ash looking mad like he's about to go on a
killing spree.

The young male goes to Ella at the desk.

YOUNG MALE

(very polite, upbeat)

Hi.

ELLA

Hello, what? Oh shit. Yes hi.

He's too polite to react to being sworn at.

YOUNG MALE

Yes, my friend recommended you, I heard you do some classes and membership is relatively inexpensive. How do I sign up?

Ella seems so panicked like she's totally forgotten where she's working.

ELLA

What?

YOUNG MALE

I want to join the Gym.

From nowhere the booming voice of Kruger rumbles round the corner.

KRUGER

I crush you.

Ella leans over her table trying to look round the corner to see if she can see Kruger's office from her desk.

ELLA

Fill this out.

She hands him a CLIPBOARD with a form attached. Her hands are shaking like leaves in a hurricane. He looks into the Gym, sees bits of rubbish and stains in the carpet.

He takes the CLIPBOARD. Ella's still looking round the corner. He takes a SEAT, stares at Ella who's fumbling around panicking, she knocks over her COMPUTER MOUSE.

He looks at the form. Checks his POCKETS for a pen, finds nothing. Sees a POT with ONE PEN in it, takes it, tries to write, no ink, scribbles, still nothing.

Looks up at Ella, she's got her head rested in her hands.

He pauses for a second, stands up, puts down the clipboard and leaves the gym.

Ella doesn't even notice him go.

INT. THEIR FLAT - EVENING

Omar's playing a shoot-em-up LOUD in the lounge. He's playing online fully involved like he's actually in a WARZONE. Rolling around on the sofa, gunfire booming from the TV.

The front door opens. Ash enters the flat quietly because he knows Omar's too involved to notice him.

Ash stands in the doorway watching Omar then -

FLIPS. Unplugs the TV -

KICKS the Playstation so hard it hits the kitchen wall.

OMAR

What the...

Ash just goes RED MIST. Bulldozers Omar straight into the back WALL.

Ash pushes his hand against Omar's face as Omar tries to get up.

ASH

You stay down...

Ash is now all adrenaline.

Pacing round the room looking at things. The WIDESCREEN TV -

He lifts it straight off its table. Turns it horizontal and DROPS it -

SMASH right over the COFFEE TABLE.

OMAR

Man...

ASH

Shut the fuck up.

Ash SWINGS a PUNCH and gets Omar right in the side of his face. It's not the hardest Ash could punch, it is his brother, but pretty hard.

Omar's dazed. Sits gently down onto the sofa holding his JAW.

ASH

Why?....

OMAR

Why what, man? Why don't I fight back? I'm gonna, you just didn't leave any spaces.

ASH

See that's you, you're reckless. You don't think you just *do*.

Omar's starting to realise this isn't a fight he can win.

Ash stands over Omar, BIG.

ASH

If you fight back, I will kill you.

OMAR

What's up man? You're not on the level.

ASH

I want out of this.

Ash is pacing around.

OMAR

What?

ASH

You, I want out of you and this shit. I don't wanna be a hustler, gangster, whatever, none of it.

OMAR

You can't just get up and desert your family, man.

ASH

Look around. My photos, everything we own, every place we've lived. Leaving family's all my life's ever been. The only part that's stayed the same is you and we ain't the same, never been the same, what you want ain't what I want.

OMAR

We want success, we are the same.

ASH

Comfort in your own skin's success, you ain't got that. Jamming yourself with toxins every weekend...changing yourself to be happy. Millions of miles from success, bruv. Millions.

OMAR

Everybody drinks one or two or whatever at the weekend mate. You're going crackers.

Ash's still circling he's not finishing anytime soon. Keeps pointing at Omar.

ASH

Or whatever. Yeah, there. You go too far, cocaine, maybe a hooker, steroids bruv, fuckin steroids. Nobody needs that shit, have a banana. But you need 'em, then you know what you do, you go buy some more cocaine.

OMAR

Sniff, what's wrong with a sniff,
man. Nothing, bruv.

Ash sits down. His brain still twisting.

ASH

Love is success. A woman. A man. A
fuckin dog.
Table...fuckin...tennis, walking
in the rain, whatever makes you
happy. Not platinum rings,
Mercedes benz, diamonds in your
ear. When death comes for you what
you want? The memories or the
fuckin rings?

Omar's perplexed by that. He has no answer.

OMAR

Don't know, bro. So deep.

ASH

Think...something brings a smile.
A memory and you're happy, yeah.
That's me that's what I want.
Boom.

OMAR

Okay so what's the problem?

ASH

Kruger, fuckin meatheaded robot
with the money and the keys.

OMAR

Kruger ain't loaded, man. He's got
more vice's than the devil, mate.

ASH

Fuck him. Planting steroids on me
in front of Cat. Guilty by
association's what she said. She
thinks I'm like you.

OMAR

So it's the woman.

Ash HATES the insinuation that it could ALL be because of
Cat.

ASH

Shut up, man. Go your way I'll go
mine. I'll take the fuckin
memories on my death bed, mate.

(MORE)

ASH (CONT'D)

You have your lawyer, fuckin
henchman, bodyguard, whatever
standing over your final moments
staring at your jewels, all your
lines beeping out and he's
watching the Benz outside double
hard cus he knows it's his in
about ten minutes time, whoooosh.
Bollocks to the Benz, and bollocks
to you.

Ash JUMPS up quick and brushes himself off.

Goes through the flat to the FRONT DOOR, takes the
biggest heaviest JACKET he can see on the PEGS.

LEAVES.

Omar's left to pick up the pieces. The flat's been
annihilated, total destruction -

He has a look round. Sees the busted WIDESCREEN TV,
doesn't care. He's worried about his brother.

INT. THEIR FLAT - MORNING

Omar wakes up bright and early.

Still dozy he goes straight to the DOOR to Ash's room.
It's slightly ajar.

He pushes it open not sure what to expect.

Ash is sprawled out diagonally face down and messed up.
He's snoring heavily into his duvet.

Omar walks over to the mess to see if Ash can be woken
up.

He kicks something, Omar's shocked, the floor's always
tidy. A half eaten KEBAB in a greasy plastic BOX.

Omar takes a step back for an overview of the
devastation. He's worried as Ash has never let his room
look like this.

There's a couple of beer cans on Ash's SHELF. Omar lifts
one -

Still half full. Then tries the other, still half full.
One of them has cigarette ASH all round the rim. It's
rancid, he puts it down and GRIMACES. This is all new
behaviour for Ash.

Omar backs out.

Slowly closes the door to it's original AJAR position so he doesn't wake the beast.

He grabs his GYM BAG. Chucks on a HOODIE.

Quick look at himself in the MIRROR then leaves the flat.

INT. GYM - SAME

Omar enters the front door.

Ella sees him come in and perks up. Shuffles a bit, puffs her hair up.

Underneath the facade Ella is getting haggard by the job, has bags under her eyes like she's been missing every second of sleep for weeks.

ELLA

Hey, come talk to me. Please.

OMAR

Not now little lady. Got something to sort out.

Even in the circumstances Omar's cool with the ladies.

ELLA

You have to. I'll take a break.

OMAR

That bad then, yeah?

ELLA

I'm working for a nutter. I've started eating Toblerone again.

Omar can't help but laugh -

OMAR

So?

ELLA

I can't go back there it's been ten years.

Omar walks over to Ella at her desk smiling at her. Looks over her desk and grabs two bars of TOBLERONE CHOCOLATE.

OMAR

We'll chat later, innit.

Omar walks away. Dumps both bars of TOBLERONE in the bin.

Ella watches him walk into the gym, she's now fixated on the top of the BIN where her chocolate is.

Omar has a little scope round the place to see who is about. Has a look over at Kruger's office -

The DOOR is shut and there's none of the usual erratic loud noises coming from inside. He sees Cat working out. She's on the LEG CURL machine deeply into a full-blown workout.

Omar stops looking round and heads for the changing room.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - SAME

Omar opens up his LOCKER. Sees that the little stash of STEROIDS he had left has gone. Realises Kruger must have been able to open his locker.

FUMBLES with the PADLOCK.

Looks round the changing room noticing that all the lockers have the same standard PADLOCK. Dips his hand into his coat pocket, pulls out -

A DIFFERENT PADLOCK, brand new one with cogs and numbers so he can set his own password.

Thinks about a specific code, then -

Looks at the CLOCK. Three minutes past eleven. Omar sets it -

1103

Slams his locker shut, locks it, and gives the number dial a triumphant SPIN.

OMAR

Sorted. The big man can't even
count with numbers.

Omar leaves the changing room.

INT. GYM - SAME

Omar seeks out a spot near Cat and starts working out.

Cat spots him, she doesn't look too happy about it. Omar tries to make eye contact but Cat's having none of it.

She goes straight up to him and confronts him to end the edgy stand off on her terms.

CAT

You going to follow me round? This
gym's too small to play cat and
mouse.

OMAR

I'm not.

He obviously is.

CAT

Think I might try another gym.

OMAR

Gimme a minute to clear up with you. My bro's gone crazy.

Cat's concerned, she's prepared to listen if Ash is in trouble.

CAT

Why do you give a shit what I want or what I do, huh?

OMAR

I care about Ash, he cares about you. Kruger's little stunt was fired at me, he hates me, we've had beef for years.

Cat seems annoyed with herself for caring about Ash.

CAT

Ash said that.

OMAR

He's always been the good one. I'd be dead by now if he hadn't been there. Look at my arms...

Omar shows Cat some healed NEEDLE MARKS on his arms.

OMAR

And I ain't ever been on any tropical holiday. But I haven't used in six months. Your body never lets you forget. They're like whistles in my head trying to call me back, without Ash, I would have listened, you know, he is good, the best.

Cat realises that's probably true.

CAT

Ash doesn't have any marks...

OMAR

He never will. Ain't no guilty by association, Ash's guilty of nothing -

Cat recognises Ash has adopted some of her own phrases. Smiles. He clearly listens to her and cares what she says.

CAT
What did you say?

OMAR
Some crap he was chatting. With the mates I have I hope it's not a real thing.

Omar chuckles, some of his friends are really dodgy.

CAT
He's really never touched anything?

Cat is starting to believe Omar, she's happier.

OMAR
Really.

CAT
Kruger must seriously hate you.

OMAR
Yeah. As much as the taxman.

They have a laugh together. Everything seems more relaxed now.

Cat is happy.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Back at the competition stage. The final touches have been put onto the stage. Sport equipment companies have TRIMMINGS AND BANNERS up all round the stage.

The BIG WOODEN WALLS are now standing creating the barrier between spectators and BACKSTAGE. It all looks ready for the big show.

Sound technicians are busy huddling around SPEAKERS. A couple up ladders fixing equipment up around the stage.

The area around the stage now has STALLS set up selling various products. Performers aren't there, everyone around is setting up small stalls and checking equipment.

Omar's there, he's got a big LANYARD PASS round his neck - He fixes up a FOLD UP table and stands it straight.

Swoops out a big red COVER and lays it out across the table. It says 'OMASH' on it in big letters. Looks like he's put the effort in.

Has THREE MASSIVE HOLDALL bags with him. Brings one out, unzips it.

Starts unloading -

The NUTRI-BARS Shel made, all of them from the flat.

Gets some branded stands and boxes ready, starts carefully filling them with the BARS.

Eyes up some of the competition. Sees a stand that's layered with another nutri-bar brands products. Nobody's looking after it but Omar can see competition's going to be stiff.

Tina struts out from a changing room like she runs the place. Puffing up her HAIR, POUTING, looking round at the others working like they're below her.

She's in her everyday clothes, equally as revealing as the leopard print. Attention grabbing at any opportunity.

Omar looks up and spots her. He knows her from previous events, he can't stand her. Tries to keep his head down so he can avoid speaking to her.

She's seen him. She mingles a bit with other people who look a mixture of scared and annoyed by her.

She briefly checks over another couple of BRAND STALLS set-up but empty from staff.

She heads for Omar -

TINA

Oi, ratbag, keep your brother on a leash.

Omar's so ready for this confrontation. He knows he's the only person with the skills to ruffle her feathers.

OMAR

Nice to see you too.

TINA

You're funny.

OMAR

You should chill before all your bits start popping out.

Tina looks over Omar's stall.

TINA
 (Condescending)
 What are we selling today, huh?

OMAR
 Nutri-bars. You wanna be the first
 to taste one?

Omar offers her one, he knows she will refuse, she never eats.

TINA
 My diet's crap free.

OMAR
 Diets just make me hungry.

She has a cynical look over Omar's stall and smurks.
 Starts with the sarcasm.

TINA
 Clever packaging.

Tina's ready to leave, doesn't give Omar a chance to reply.

TINA
 Whatever. Stay away from Cat, all
 of you. I'll ruin you in this
 business.

She's already strutting away.

OMAR
 (under his breath)
 Good luck with that.

As Tina walks off she CLICKS her fingers. A timid, scared looking make-up girl RUSHES out from the array of stalls. She looks psychologically battered.

Catches up to Tina.

A SET DESIGNER by the stage drops a PIECE OF METALLIC STRUCTURE, it CLATTERS on the hard floor. The make-up girl JUMPS, Tina HISSES, there's no shaking her nerves. Takes it out of the make-up girl.

TINA
 What's your problem? Move your
 arse...silly bitch.

A YOUNG MALE in a WHEELCHAIR, Leon, (24) sees Omar. Leon is a man-mountain from the waist up. He's running a stall for his own company that sells MARTIAL ARTS equipment. His stall's decked out with an array of fiendishly dangerous gadgets.

Leon wheels to Omar. His LANYARD has his name on it. He can move as quick as any able bodied human. A set of NUNCHUCKS slung over his SHOULDER.

LEON

Omar.

OMAR

Yes mate. You're rocking that wheelchair, bruv.

LEON

Cheers.

OMAR

Ash told me about the accident.

LEON

The world keeps on spinning, man, it just keeps spinning. I see you're still selling.

Omar joking puts on his ENERGETIC SALES ATTITUDE

OMAR

We will be. Turbo-charged with herbs fresh from the jungle. Stimulants and protein, boss, you know.

LEON

Ash is lifting now? He said he's in the line-up tomorrow, impressive. So you're the brains and he's the brawn now? A serious management reshuffle.

Omar attempts to sound executive.

OMAR

We both operate in each aspect of the working environment.

Both start laughing and shake hands.

LEON

See you tomorrow. No cheating this time.

Omar points to himself, they laugh again.

Leon heads out of the warehouse.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

Omar's on his way to the flat. He's had a busy but very productive day so far. Looks like he's up for anything. Some bounce in his step. At the foot of the stairs.

Rifling through his pockets for his flat keys.

The Landlord shows up like he's been watching the place waiting for Omar to show his face.

LANDLORD

Omar, hi, we need to have a chat.

Omar's face drops.

OMAR

Alan.

LANDLORD

I haven't received any rent payments as per our last discussion. I regret that we've come to a situation like this. I've already offered you more leeway than my tenants usually get; yet, you still haven't paid any rent.

OMAR

Yeah, we're so tight right now but there's an event tomorrow in fact. One that's gonna earn a lot.

Alan the landlord believes and likes Omar. Reluctantly has to explain the bad news -

LANDLORD

Perhaps that will make this easier then. I'm imposing an ultimatum on you and Ash. It's last resort time. That time is the end of the month, eight days, if I still have received nothing, actions will be taken leading eventually to your removal from the property. Sorry, I do regret that it's come to this.

Omar is astounded by how astute and formal the landlord can be. There is a real problem.

OMAR

Okay.

Omar offers his hand to the landlord for a shake, he accepts. They shake hands.

OMAR

We'll get our act together, yeah.
And meet that deadline for sure.

Omar goes into the flat.

INT. THEIR FLAT - SAME

Omar enters the flat. It still smells like a brewery near Ash's DOOR. Omar goes into the LOUNGE and puts down the bags.

Ash stirs in his room. Listening to Omar come in. Ash gets up and goes into the LOUNGE.

ASH

Alright?

OMAR

Yeah, mate, you?

Ash clearly has a stinking hangover.

He's brushing his eyes with his SLEEVE. COUGHING. But he looks HAPPY. No deep depression. No looking at the floor, just a hangover.

Omar's grinning at him.

OMAR

Did you smoke?

Ash comes back quick sharp.

ASH

No.

Omar knows he's lying.

ASH

Sort of, yeah.

Omar's starting to enjoy winding Ash up.

OMAR

Building's no smoking, bruv. You know that.

ASH

What did I just say? Sort of. One puff was enough. Never again, bruv. How do people do that shit so regular?

OMAR

Dunno man, not nice, not nice one bit.

ASH

Inhaled one lot and my head felt
like I was in deep space.

Omar's cracking up laughing.

ASH

I built a house with the rest.
Fuckin rank.

Omar's just laughing. He has a look into Ash's BEDROOM
and sees the attempt at making a CIGARETTE HOUSE.

ASH

Why do you do it?

OMAR

I don't.

ASH

I've seen you smoke.

OMAR

Yeah, bruv, that's, that's
something different, bruv, I don't
do that anymore.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

It's KICKING OFF inside the warehouse. Bustling with
people of all sorts.

The central WALL splitting the warehouse is up creating
the BACKSTAGE area.

ROWS of seats have been arranged around the centre stage
for punters to sit and watch the competition. The
competition itself hasn't started yet. Some people have
taken their seats.

Lots of those sitting and the others wondering carry a
PROGRAMME describing the line up for the event.

It's a MISHMASH of people. More men than women but the
numbers are fairly equal.

Looking round the hustle and bustle it's obvious MUSCLE
is the only GUARANTEE. Everyone has muscles. The only
people without muscles are EVENT STAFF, SOUND ENGINEERS,
MAKE-UP ARTISTS, SALESPEOPLE etc. ALL staff members have
a LANYARD with their first name written on it.

This includes Kruger. He's milling about the crowd
puffing out his chest and looking at the females that
pass him.

Two GIRLS chatting together walk past him, he turns to watch them walk away and nearly bumps straight into A MASSIVE MALE WEIGHTLIFTER. They eye each other awkwardly then pass.

For most men in the building it's a show of who's biggest. The more veins popping out the better. The more MUSCLE on show the better. The amount of TIGHT VESTS on show would be disturbing at any other event.

Omar's busy. Of about 15 stalls his 'OMASH' stall is the SMALLEST and one of only FOUR that's got only one staff member. Other stalls have either a busy, worried looking TEMPORARY AGENCY WORKER or a company partner working the TILL. Omar's ALONE, rushed of his feet. SWEATING.

The front of the STALL has a PRICE SCHEME typed onto a piece of LAMINATED A4 -

One - £2.50
Two - £5.00
Five - £10.00
Ten - £17.00

WIPES his forehead with a TOWEL as two punters approach.

OMAR

Roll up, roll up, welcome to the new you. Eat 'em before a run or at the gym. Gain big muscle and keep in trim.

Both punters already have smiles on their faces as Omar sucks them in.

PUNTER ONE

Alright. So what are they?

OMAR

Nothing but goodness. Beyond what you've come to expect from any nutrition product. Offering you energy for your workout and genuine muscle growth.

PUNTER ONE

Yeah. How?

OMAR

Keep it hush or they'll all be doing it. Nature not chemicals is the answer and, as you'll see, we've found a herb so powerful you'll be jumping for hours, bruv.

Punter two has a big smile on his face, Omar put on a good show.

PUNTER TWO

Definitely worked out your banter
ain't you?

Omar smiles but keeps his game face on strong.

PUNTER TWO

What is it then, this thing from
nature?

OMAR

Haitian herbs. Grow only in Haiti
blended with every other
ingredient you'd expect in a nutri-
bar. Haitian natives use it like
coffee, bruv, it's a stimulant.

PUNTER TWO

Yeah. Sold, mate. I dunno. I'll
take two for now -

Punter two's been sold as well.

PUNTER ONE

Same. You got a website? or
something in case I want more?

Omar sorts out the small order. Puts TWO BARS in a SMALL
PLASTIC BAG, gives it to punter two. Then the same for
punter one.

OMAR

Website's on the wrapper, mate.

The punters walk off. One of them puts his BAG into his
BACKPACK. The other walks off holding his.

Omar watches them leave, he's a bit frustrated as he
knows the day's going to continue like this, nothing but
small orders.

INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME

Looks like the make-up area of a low budget porn movie.
It is HECTIC.

Everywhere you look someone's on the move. Male and
Female BODYBUILDERS everywhere. Some LOGISTICS STAFF come
and go through the GATE that separates backstage from the
MAIN ARENA.

Rows of PORTABLE MAKE-UP STANDS have been moved into
backstage each with its own FULL LENGTH MIRRORS, nearly
each one has a GOLIATH SIZED person staring at
themselves.

One man's tensing hard in the DOUBLE BICEP pose. Twisting and turning looking for his best looking angle.

A couple of FEMALE BODYBUILDERS sit in seats in front of mirrors. Make-up workers hover over them playing with their HAIR desperate to impose their style on the contestants and get noticed.

It's not working. The women aren't interested in the process, both look BORED. One's playing with her PHONE. The other's getting impatient. She starts to totally UNRAVEL her HAIR pulling it back down to straight. The GUY doing her make-up looks HURT and CONFUSED, moves on to another bodybuilder -

The next one simply WAVES him away.

Ash and Cat are TOGETHER. Cat's sitting in a chair being pampered. Ash is standing staring into a MIRROR doing poses. He's wearing nothing but a pair of SHORTS. Most other men are either in nothing but Y-FRONTs, or Y-FRONTs and a VEST. The women are in THONGS and SPORT BRAS, including Cat.

Cat's watching Ash and CHUCKLING, constantly trying to keep it in so he doesn't notice and get self conscious.

CAT

You look great, hunny. A specimen.

Ash turns, stares at her. He sees the smirk hidden behind the pretence of honesty.

ASH

Shut up.

CAT

Oi, I'm trying to be nice.

ASH

Don't get it twisted. I can see your face in the mirror.

Cat slaps Ash on the BACKSIDE. He jumps, she bursts out LAUGHING.

Ash retreats into a ball self conscious anxiety. Has to sit down. Cat's back to trying to be serious.

CAT

You do look great.

Ash looks at her face in the mirror, Cat sees his eyes and just starts cracking up again.

ASH

I'm going for a walk.

Cat's guilty but can't help herself.

CAT

The swimming pool's miles away.

Ash chuckles sarcastically. Stands up and continues to preen and pose in the same mirror still slightly on edge from being mocked.

A make-up guy comes over and starts SPRAYING Ash with LOTION to grease him up and make him SHINE.

ASH

What the pissing hell do you think you're doing, bruv. I'm not a car, mate.

He stops spraying and starts to back off. Ash turns round and GRABS the spray off him. The make-up guy timidly retreats. Cat's back to desperately trying to maintain a straight face.

A FEMALE STAGE MANAGER with a CLIPBOARD is rushing around checking on things.

She goes to one PREENING FEMALE.

STAGE MANAGER

You will be on first. The format as you know, one male one female per round.

The female has an OMASH bar on the TABLE in front of her. Takes it, unwraps it and bites off half.

STAGE MANAGER

The required lifts were listed in the guidelines so I know you're well versed. Exit stage, where you will stand aside as the remaining contenders do their lifts. Good luck.

She finishes the OMASH BAR. Doesn't say a word just nods in the MIRROR.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

The MAIN DOOR now has a small QUEUE forming outside as spectators try to get in. BEHEMOTH SIZED monstrosities of bouncers work the doors checking TICKETS. Two male one female.

SPEAKERS dotted round the place have started to pump out DANCE HITS. Nothing too fast, nothing too slow.

The music's just loud enough for everyone to hear it everywhere inside but no louder. Background noise.

Lots more SEATS are now occupied. Tension is beginning to build.

People who have taken their seats are fidgeting, watching the stage and chatting amongst themselves. Some are fiddling with their MOBILE PHONES. Many are TURNING OFF their phones and stashing them in HANDBAGS/BACKPACKS or POCKETS.

The background music begins to FADE OUT to silence. A few stragglers speed up.

People hustle through the seated crowd and take up SPARE SEATS.

Another channel on the SOUND SYSTEM CRACKLES into noise.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen get ready for the biiiiiiig show. Let battle commence. Those of you still standing kindly take your seats, settle down and be ready to get loud. Today we have a ten round extravaganza for your viewing pleasure. One male contestant, one female contestant per round. The judges decision is final. Competition regulars know, it's no secret, the louder the cheers the bigger the scores. So my beefcake buddies, if you like a contestant, whatever the reason, don't be shy, get your lungs out and make some noise.

Introduce the judges.

ANNOUNCER

Those in the audience who aren't mad for muscles please gather your belongings and take yourselves home, you will not be reimbursed, a taxi home is not included and the bus stop is broken.

The LIGHTS DIM around the room to near darkness.

The AUDIENCE goes silent.

BANG - spotlights begin to circle over and around the STAGE.

ANNOUNCER

Our judges ladies and gentlemen.

One BIG SPOTLIGHT shines onto the row of THREE judges. One is Kruger. He stands up, CLAPS and throws up a MASSIVE AIR FIST. The other two judges remain seated.

WITH Omar -

He's sitting behind his stall watching. Half the Bars have been sold.

He looks happy.

He GRABS a bar himself from the remaining STACKS. Holds it still watching the stage. Deep in thought.

Gives the bar a rub inside the wrapping still deep in thought. STARES into the wrapper at FLAKES coming off the Bar.

DROPS it back onto the STACK. Looks at all the Bars that remain. Looks a bit confused. SHRUGS his shoulders -

SITS back down to watch.

BACKSTAGE -

All CONTENDERS including Ash and Cat are standing around by the GATE waiting to enter the main arena.

Cat sees an OMASH bar sitting at a make-up DESK. She grabs it.

ASH

No, no.

CAT

They're yours, everyone's been at 'em.

ASH

Yeah, well you're not.

Ash is too sceptical about Omar's connections.

ASH

Just don't alright? Omar's gone rogue and added some shit.

CAT

(sarcastic)

Okay.

The STAGE DIRECTOR -

OPENS THE GATE -

The Contenders enter the main arena, the crowd begin to CLAP.

The SPOTLIGHTS go on them -

They walk the LIT AISLE toward the stage.

CAMERAS FLASH from the crowd -

They ALL start flaunting themselves getting into their stage personas.

MORE CAMERA FLASHES -

Ash PUMPS his ARMS UP like a BOXER.

CAT goes all BOUNCY moving her hips in her walk. Nothing but sexy, tits and teeth.

The other contenders step up onto the stage, WAVE -

Some THROW out a POSE -

Once each contender has appeared on stage they take a seat next to it awaiting their turn to LIFT -

Cat and Ash climb the STAIRS together.

Cat leaps into action. Clearly the two have designed a bit of a ROUTINE.

She starts circling round on stage. Bouncing BOOBS and hands in the AIR riling up the CROWD.

Ash STOMPS oozing confidence right to the centre of the stage. Stamps down his feet, stares out into the CROWD then throws the DOUBLE BICEP pose.

The crowd go WILD.

Loudest noise so far. As it dies down Omar's voice comes through.

OMAR
(Loudest shout)
Go on, bruv, get in.

Both Cat and Ash get off STAGE -

They take their SEATS alongside the other contenders

CAMERAS STILL FLASHING everywhere.

One MALE takes to the STAGE -

BENDS and GRIPS the MASSIVE DUMBBELL in a wide grip -

HE does the SNATCH lift -

In ONE movement lifts the weight above his head. STANDS PROUD, the Dumbbell still and steady above him. A perfect lift -

THE CROWD GO WILD.

All the JUDGES make notes on their CLIPBOARDS.

A FEMALE weightlifter takes the stage -

BENDS to the slightly smaller dumbbell -

Positions herself in the same wide grip.

LIFTS -

She just about makes it above her head, it's HEAVY. She has to ADJUST her LEG STANCE slightly to complete the movement.

SHAKES slightly as she stands with the weight above her head -

THE JUDGES again make their notes. Any adjustments, shaking, irregular movement in the lift leads to a slight deduction in the score.

She DROPS the weight with a BANG in front of her.

Looks extremely disappointed in herself. Puffs out her CHEEKS and STRUTS off the stage.

NEXT UP -

Ash takes the stage. Strolls to the MALE DUMBBELL -

OMAR

(loud)

'Ave it my brother.

Into the WIDE GRIP. Manoeuvring his HANDS for the perfect grip. Three, two, one -

LIFT. Straight up ABOVE his HEAD, Ash completes the manoeuvre perfectly. The judges make their SCORES -

Kruger looks ANNOYED. Has to mark Ash a good score. Ash drops the weight looking SMUG. Looks at Cat who's BEAMING with PRIDE, she's up next -

Cat takes the stage.

Tina is STARING HARD at her sister from the LINE OF PROMOTIONS GIRLS standing near the stage looking sexy for the crowd.

Cat MAKES THE LIFT -

PERFECT. Again Kruger looks annoyed. Exhales loudly. Looks LEFT and RIGHT at what his TWO FELLOW JUDGES are marking into their clipboards.

Kruger SIGHS again and marks his score. Then he begins to look impatient. Gets distracted by the PROMOTIONS GIRLS -

The FEMALE CONTENDER who ate the 'OMASH' bar backstage takes her place at the DUMBBELL. She takes her stance -

Three, two, one -

LIFT, then -

Like a HEART ATTACK she BUCKLES and slams into the CANVAS making the whole stage RATTLE.

The engineers quickly turn the lights off to near PITCH BLACK.

Sounds of people jumping onto the stage. It's the team of MEDICS. THREE of them -

MEDIC ONE

Stand well back everyone.

Sounds of shock echo through the crowd. People 'SHHHH' others genuinely sound worried.

Some think it's a JOKE, part of the show -

Start to CLAP in unison like a ROCK SHOW.

A MICROPHONE picks up some CHATTER from the medics -

MEDIC ONE

Time of death, seven thirty PM.

SILENCE -

DIM LIGHTS come back on around the stage. The medics are huddled round the DEAD CONTENDER. They have her on a STRETCHER preparing to take her out away from the public.

One medic LOOKS UP at the CEILING, tries to signal to turn the lights OFF.

The LIGHTS go back to black.

The whole warehouse interior is now in NEAR BLACKOUT. The FAINTEST SHRED of light so dim it's almost unnoticeable remains, -

This very minimal LIGHT seeps through tiny holes in the roof or minute pinhole sized holes in walls. It's not enough to find your way around.

Just the TORCHLIGHT of a medic held on the CONTENDER as the other two carry her away -

BANG -

She WAKES UP. RED EYES. SPITS BLOOD into the face of a medic, LUNGES -

BITES him right in the THROAT then RIPS one of his EARS clean off. The medic lets out a gruesome deafening shout of PAIN. The TORCHLIGHT goes out -

FLASHES of light burst out from EVERYWHERE as crowd members, judges, everyone inside with a MOBILE PHONE, LIGHTER, anything, tries to work out what's happening -

REBORN, the CONTENDER's up on her feet, sturdy and strong. Looks unstoppable.

Everyone on stage PANICS, SPRINTS for any exit they can see.

SCREAMS begin to burst out from the crowd -

TORCH FLASHES amongst the crowd round the stage show audience members DROPPING LIKE FLIES all around. SMACKING to the floor like the first contender -

One DEAD VIEWER deep in a row of the audience gets LIT UP by a nearby PHONE LIGHT, LIGHT holds steady on them -

BANG - RED EYES and BLOOD spurting from their mouth they SPRING back to life -

TEETH FIRST straight at the phone light. BITING into the hand that holds the phone, ripping it CLEAN OFF -

That VIEWER screams, stares at where his hand used to be, sees the RABID CREATURE spit the hand out in a trail of blood -

THAT VIEWER collapses face first into the floor.

CROWD surrounding that poor wretch start to PANIC.

CHAIRS fly everywhere, people STAMPEDE.

SCREAMS. Sounds of attacks and ripping flesh.

Ash has Cat by the hand RUNNING so fast she's nearly dragged to the floor. Desperately searching for a way out.

Sees Omar at the stall -

Omar's shining his own phone into the crowd looking for Ash. They see each other -

Ash gets himself and Cat tot the stall -

ASH
Can we get out?

OMAR
Out is that way -

Omar points his PHONE roughly in the direction of the exit.

Nothing but RAMPAGING ZOMBIES. One SNARLS as it sees them through the LIGHT BEAM.

ASH
Get that off.

Ash brushes away Omar's hand. Omar switches the light off.

Omar looks over at Leon who's ducking behind his stall looking back at them.

Omar gives Leon the SIGNAL to join them.

Leon wheels over in one motion. He's nimble and fast.

OMAR
Come.

Omar waves them to follow.

They quietly head away from the MAIN WALL of the stage towards one end of the warehouse. The mayhem directly behind them but now a safer distance.

Get to the far wall.

Omar leading they start to shuffle to their RIGHT CLINGING to the wall. There is almost no light.

In front is a DIM RED light of a button, that's where they are heading.

They make it to the RED LIGHT it's the call button for a PORTERS LIFT.

OMAR
Hope this thing still works.

Omar presses the button, old COGS AND CHAINS start to whir from above. SOUNDS of the lift dropping down to the ground floor.

The lift stops and SHUDDERS open in front of them. Inside it's a normal looking lift. RUSTY and OLD but it works.

It's LIT INSIDE the lift. They have suddenly become the brightest thing in this whole corner of the warehouse -

SNARLS of ZOMBIES in the centre, then

ZOMBIES rush towards the light like MOTHS -

EVERYONE gets in the lift, they only just fit, the doors are still OPEN, Omar bangs the UP BUTTON as THREE RABID ZOMBIES become visible only metres from them -

The doors close just in time. It begins to shudder awkwardly UP -

Cat's thinking rationally, trying to work out what triggers them -

CAT

Light?

OMAR

Could 'ave been sound.

They get to the SECOND FLOOR, which is the TOP FLOOR.

LEON

Zombies?

Everyone's sceptical about admitting to themselves it's zombies.

OMAR

Probably, mate.

LEON

So they're all dead.

Outside the lift they look RIGHT. Nothing but a RAILING and a DROP back down to the MAYHEM. Supporting them is nothing but RICKETY old FLOORBOARDS. It's a perimeter walkway about SIX FOOT WIDE.

OMAR

Bruv, I wasn't going round checking pulses.

ASH

What's up here?

OMAR

I don't fucking know do I?

CAT

Alright, alright at least we're safe. Safer. Not dead.

They start to walk round LEFT from the lift.

Now they are on the LONGEST EDGE of the warehouse. Only about FIFTEEN FEET BELOW is the ground floor. They can hear everything -

DEEP GUTTURAL GROANING sounds of different pitches, some male sounding, some female -

A SCREAM from somewhere as another innocent viewer is savaged. Cat WINCES at the sound -

CAT

How the hell did this happen?

She looks SCARED TO DEATH. Ash puts his arm round her, tries to comfort her but he has no answers.

Ash is suspicious of one thing. Omar's SECRET ADDITIVE. Ash looks at Omar, studies him for signs of guilt. Omar simply looks focused on the way forward.

Slowly and QUIETLY they walk along the PERIMETER WALKWAY. Nothing but BLACKNESS and ZOMBIES to their left.

They come to small room that PROTRUDES out over some of the ground floor.

The door's AJAR -

ASH

Must be the boss's room.

Omar holds the door open. Leon WHEELS in first, then the rest.

TINY LIGHTS on SWITCHES and a DIM BACKLIGHT from a computer light the room up enough to see what it is -

THE CONTROL ROOM. A couple of CHAIRS at DESKS. The walls round have been replaced by MASSIVE WINDOWS.

They have a PANORAMIC VIEW of the whole warehouse from here. But all they see is BLACK.

Cat's looking at the deserted CHAIRS -

CAT

Do they know something we don't?

LEON

Made it through a divorce, a car crash, this stupid wheelchair. Now I'm gonna be eaten alive by a bloody zombie.

Leon's starting to BREAKDOWN, mainly anger. PUNCHES HIMSELF in the chest to relieve some of the stress, doesn't work, just gives him chest pain.

ASH
Calm down and help us think.

OMAR
Let's call the coppers. Gotta be good for something.

Omar dials 999 into his MOBILE

ASH
What're you gonna say, bruv?

Omar hushes Ash.

OPERATOR
999 what's your emergency?

OMAR
We're screwed, proper screwed.
Listen -

Omar holds his phone up to the WINDOW. GROANS of zombies below can be heard.

OPERATOR
Do you need fire, ambulance or police?

OMAR
All that, bruv. Everyone.

OPERATOR
Connecting your request for multiple services.

OMAR
Right, whatever, it's a warehouse on Nightingale Close, biggest one.

A SECOND OPERATOR enters the call. A HIGH PITCHED NASAL FEMALE voice -

SECOND OPERATOR
Police. What's the address?

OMAR
What? Who am I talking to now?

SECOND OPERATOR
Police. What's the address?

OMAR
Fucking warehouse Nightingale Close, bruv.

The original operator takes back control of the phone conversation.

OPERATOR

Calm down, calm down. And what's the problem? Tell me exactly what's happened.

OMAR

Can I stay with you, bruv? I don't wanna die talking to a goat. Just you, yeah?

OPERATOR

That's fine, stay calm. I'm highly trained to deal with your situation. Please explain the situation to me.

Omar looks CONFUSED with what to say again.

Ash has had enough of watching Omar fail, takes control.

ASH

Get off the phone, man.

Ash SNATCHES Omar's mobile.

ASH

We got fire, we got dead guys, live guys and loads of blood.

The operator calls out to colleagues, everyone hears what's said down the line.

OPERATOR

(to office members)
Major incident warehouse
nightingale close. Request all
units. Full back up.

OPERATOR

(back to Ash)
Fire service is on its way. Is
anyone hurt?

ASH

Yeah.

OPERATOR

How are they hurt?

Ash SHRUGS at the others. Not sure how to explain without sounding like a lunatic.

ASH

Wounds, quite a lot of wounds.
Cuts.

OPERATOR

Thank you for staying calm. Where possible raise the wounded area to stop the flow of blood.

Omar SNATCHES his phone back. Glares at Ash like he's a total idiot.

OMAR

Yeah...okay, bruv. We had a couple on their knees cus their legs got chopped off.

Cat finds a BIG SWITCH on a wall panel ABOVE the CONTROL DESK.

She PRESSES IT -

The warehouse LIGHTS UP -

MADNESS kicks off downstairs.

All the Zombies SCREECH and SCREAM. The operator hears it all down the phone line -

OPERATOR

We'll be with you immediately.

Everyone looks out through the WINDOW, downstairs -

CHAOS. All the creatures have reacted to the light. Now rushing around slamming into each other.

TRIPPING over limbless bloodsoaked Zombies that still move. Bits of mangled human now snarling zombie CRAWLING gruesomely towards the centre of the room where THE HUGE LIGHT shines down.

Cat sees something. Sprints RIGHT, looks out over the RIGHT of downstairs.

BACKSTAGE a small crew has congregated. They aren't infected.

She sees Tina down there and Kruger, a few others. They are panicking, running back further into the opposite side of the warehouse away from the centre.

The SCREAMS are deafening and terrifying.

ASH

Turn it off, turn it off.

Cat FLICKS the SWITCH.

CAT

Yeah. Light works.

ASH

We're safe. We should try working them out. Know what makes 'em tick, man. Every little helps, bruv.

Ash thinks. An idea -

ASH

Sound? What about sound?

There's a SOUND MIXER in a CONTROL PANEL. It's levels. They are DOWN. He turns them up.

The GENERIC DANCE music starts to play out into the warehouse again. Omar points his phone light down at the MAYHEM.

The zombies move differently. Not head first into each other. Now PACING back and forward. They are stepping TO THE DRUMBEAT.

CAT

Weird.

LEON

Tone deaf zombies. Try another genre.

Leon goes to a COMPUTER by the SOUND MIXER. Normal MOUSE controlled computer screen. He finds a section, it says -

DRUM N BASS. He clicks it. Hectic DRUM N BASS booms out around the warehouse.

LEON

I love this tune.

Downstairs the zombies are running around frantically to the beat like a RAVE FROM HELL.

OMAR

Switch that off, man. Wow. Cat'll be playing love songs in a minute, bruv.

Cat slaps Omar on the ARM -

CAT

Love songs my tits. Drum n Bass any day. My sister's down there, like, normal her.

Ash CUDDLES Cat. Cat rests her head into his chest.

OMAR

(sarcastic)
Great, Tina made it.

ASH

Shut up, man, be real, that's her sister. Where?

CAT

Over the other side of the wall. She'll like you mister Ash.

OMAR

You don't know her, bruv.

Leon looks angrily at Ash and Cat together.

LEON

Enough. No more. No luvvie duvvie hero cobblers. Rational thoughts only.

Cat ignores Leon.

CAT

Was others. Kruger.

Omar looks slightly annoyed that Kruger made it.

LEON

I took precautions and liberated some of my own merchandise.

OMAR

Genius.

Leon takes a BACKPACK off his back, drops it. Omar opens it up.

OMAR

Proper genius. You all seen the films yeah? How do you kill a zombie? You go for the head.

Omar takes a BRUTAL SERRATED KNIFE from the bag.

OMAR

With knives and shit.

Ash looks unnerved by the sight of Omar with such a horrific weapon.

ASH

Bro can you holster that thing?

OMAR

Holster?

ASH

Sheath? I don't fuckin know, bruv. Whatever you do with one of them.

OMAR

It's cool, bro.

Ash is not convinced. Omar POKETS the knife.

OMAR

Let's go join them.

Omar leads the way, heading out the control room.

Turns left continuing along the WALKWAY.

Screams of living victims have stopped downstairs. Down to the left with the zombies now sounds like a BUSY TRAIN STATION. Shuffling footsteps on hard floor.

The only other noise is the occasionally bloodcurdling GROAN.

The group are now in the SAFE HALF of the warehouse. They have passed the central walls.

A LONG SET OF STAIRS leads directly down to the ground floor.

CAT

Down?

OMAR

You saw people, normal ones, yeah?
We join 'em and join up. There's got to be other brain cells down there.

ASH

You know this place best, bruv.

They begin to descend the stairs. Ash and Cat decide to CARRY Leon in his wheelchair. They just do it, no asking.

OMAR

It's an old car yard. Council got pissed with it getting used for raves, they blocked the main doors. There's one way out.

LEON

Cheers for the lift.

He holds tight to his ARMREST, not used to being helped.

ASH

What do I say to Tina?

CAT

Don't start, she'll start for you.
She's all mouth and she's just jealous.

INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME

The safe side of the WALLS. A group of other survivors managed to find their way out of the MAYHEM.

One end of the wall is the BIG GATE to backstage. They have LOCKED and BLOCKED it with a CROWBAR.

Kruger, Tina, and Tina's make-up girl, are there. Nobody else made it out alive.

Kruger goes straight to Omar to assert his alpha dominance.

KRUGER

You are talking?

OMAR

Try to be straight man.

KRUGER

A voice from your pocket.

Kruger goes straight for Omar's pocket. Omar grabs his HAND. Omar hears it too. Takes his PHONE out.

The emergency operator is still on the LINE. Kruger TAKES the phone.

KRUGER

Kruger does not die tonight.

OPERATOR

Who's this? Kruger? Is that your name?

KRUGER

Desmond Kruger. Fire of hell comes for us. I kill all.

OPERATOR

Fire service is on its way.

KRUGER

Come, face death. Never survive here. Nothing stops the wolves. They will eat you alive.

The operator's thrown off track by this comment

OPERATOR

...sir...

The operator sounds nervous. There's no standard script or reaction for cannibals or wolves.

OPERATOR

Multiple well trained officials
are coming to your location.
Anything you do now affects you in
the future, please stay calm.

TINA

Gimme that.

Tina SNATCHES the mobile.

TINA

Get a move on. What do I pay my
taxes for?

Tina presses END CALL hanging up on the operator. Tina
looks Ash up and down faking disgust.

TINA

You're Ash?

ASH

Hi.

Ash offers Tina his hand to shake. She ignores him. Tina
points toward the other side of the wall -

TINA

(to Ash)

Do you know these people?

Ash looks confused. Omar's not getting involved.

OMAR

Fuck this. Anyone looked round?

Nobody answers, he can't believe how useless they all
are. Turns from the group, looks deep into the back of
the BACKSTAGE SIDE. All DARKNESS.

Omar sets off by himself into the back in the DARK -

LEON

We need a plan. Everyone needs to
have a plan. Freedom is the other
side of this wall, that gate, then
it's right there -

Points at the gate between backstage and the MAYHEM.

LEON

We know that. We also know what
else is through that gate. What
else do we know?

ASH

Nothing, bruv. People died then
came back to life, zombies.

TINA

Zip it. Who are you kidding?
Zombies.

TINA'S HELPER

They must be zombies -

Tina reacts furiously to her helper contradicting her,
YANKS the back of her HAIR down so she FLOORS her.

SMACK, she hits her head, looks pretty dazed -

TINA

Gobby bitch.

WITH OMAR -

He's right at the FAR WALL, as far as possible away from
the zombies. Turns his PHONE LIGHT on. Shines it onto the
FLOOR.

Lights himself up.

Looks round. Nothing anywhere except scraps of RUBBISH.
EMPTY BEER BOTTLES, he grabs THREE BOTTLES, stuffs them
in his POCKETS -

On the wall, a SWITCH. FLICKS it, the MAIN LIGHTS go on -

SCREAMS, zombies burst into life rushing everywhere the
other side of the wall.

Omar knew this would happen, keeps his FINGER on the
switch. Looks round everywhere near him. Tiny window of
opportunity to look for anything useful, he sees -

NOTHING.

Loud THUDS as brainless zombies smash into the WOODEN
WALL.

The wall WOBBLER. Ash and Cat push HARD against it as
zombies continue to THUD into the other side -

ASH

Turn it off.

Omar flicks the switch off, it all goes black. Just his
phone light. He heads back to the GROUP.

Ash leaves the WALL. Goes to the make-up girl who's
struggling to get to her feet.

He's forgotten making a good impression. LIFTS her to her
feet. SCOWLS at Tina -

ASH

Why did you do that?

Omar arrives from out of the GLOOM.

Tina turns quick at Omar, starts barking orders at her -

TINA
(points at Ash)
Put a muzzle on it. That can be
your job.

OMAR
Finally used up your mascara now
your brain's on the edge.

Tina ignores Omar.

OMAR
I wanna try something -

LEON
Ideas. Good thinking.

Omar goes close to the WALL at the centre. Takes the BOTTLES from his pocket. Throws one over into the MAYHEM, hears it SMASH -

NOTHING from the zombies. He takes the other two one in each hand and THROWS them over, -

NOTHING.

LEON
Wow -

OMAR
Exactly, bruv. It ain't about
sound. It's rhythm innit. Drums in
a beat, maybe like a heartbeat.

LEON
Step one. Enemies are defeated by
uncovering their weaknesses. I've
trained with the best, become the
best, I have skills -

Kruger interrupts. He's in denial about the situation and still only cares about who's the Alpha.

KRUGER
What you train for? You are a car.

OMAR
You're going turbo-stupid, bruv.
That guy'd have destroyed you but
he was in a car smash. Shit
happens, bruv.

Ash is getting equally frustrated with Kruger's attitude -

ASH

Yeah, you're a scratched disc,
bruv. A glitchy shooter. Nobody
has you on their Christmas list.

KRUGER

Why bro? Why always bruv? Kruger
is not family to you.

OMAR

Big man, I only wanna say this
once yeah, please, for fuck's sake
stop talking in the third person.

Cat starts LAUGHING WILDLY at Omar's comment. Laughing
like a person on the edge of losing her mind, letting it
all out. Hysterical laughter almost becoming tears.

Kruger's sent to the RED MIST, can't handle being the
butt of the joke.

Shoves Omar nearly pushing him over.

KRUGER

You talk too much, bitch.

OMAR

Yeah, you giant shit -

Interrupted, Kruger GRABS Omar by his NECKLINE and lifts
him up above his head -

KRUGER

What can you do? I will throw you
for the wolves.

LEON

If we channel this hatred towards
each other into one focussed
onslaught we will make it.

Kruger throws Omar into one of the MAKE-UP STANDS
knocking it over, SMASH -

KRUGER

I take no orders -

Kruger goes like a madman to the GATE. GRIPS the CROWBAR
then RIPS it out through its slots.

PULLS the GATE towards him tearing open the LOCK -

Everyone rushes to stop him. Kruger crosses to the other
side. Not thinking he takes his own MOBILE PHONE from his
POCKET. SWITCHES on the LIGHT. Sees the EXIT DOOR. Goes
for it -

GRIPS the HANDLE. PULLS, it nearly BUCKLES OPEN.

ZOMBIES RUSH to the LIGHT. Omar and Ash slam the GATE shut.

Tina's make-up girl gets on her HANDS and KNEES helping to hold the GATE SHUT. A ROGUE ZOMBIE following the PACK SCRATCHES a GASH in her ARM.

She back off, stays quiet.

Everyone watches as Zombies SWAMP Kruger.

Kruger won't go easy. ONE PUNCH breaks one Zombie's skull open. It's dead, then -

ANOTHER.

KRUGER

The blackness -

SWINGING HEAD HEIGHT PUNCHES, two more down, but -

Kruger's overrun. Last deafening BOOM as Kruger releases a THUNDEROUS DEATH RATTLE only he could muster. It echoes round the entire building -

Cat stares accusingly at Omar and Ash -

CAT

Great work, fuckin' fan-fuckin-tastic. A super zombie. That's what you've built. A super zombie. Superman as a fuckin zombie.

Tina's watching it all from a safe distance. Sees her Make-up girl sheepishly retreat from the fray -

TINA

Chicken shit, bitch.

Tina YANKS her hair again and floors her. Nobody sees it happen. Tina doesn't care about helping. She looks nervous, finally some emotion. Leans back against a make-up bench watching the gate. Grabs an EYELINER BRUSH from the desk, starts tapping it on the DESK as the nerves set in -

Tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap

The make-up girl crawls jaggedly behind a make-up BENCH out of sight. STARES at her BITTEN HAND. Like a FIRE through a building the infection travels through her bloodstream. Her hand NECROTIZES to BLACKENED rotten flesh. Feels every nerve tingle. FLOPS her head back, shivering -

Loses consciousness, her EYES close. She's dead, -

Ash looks round recognising someone's missing. Unable to see anything hiding amongst the feet of the make-up stands.

Tina's still standing, TAPPING -

Tap-tap-tap-tap. A perfect quick BEAT -

The make-up girl awakens. BLOOD RED EYES -

Her NECK twists jagged and quick towards her PREY, -

Tina, still tapping. The SCREAM, straight to the source of the BEAT. Everyone turns.

The make-up girl RISES UP fast like lightning. POUNCES on Tina. BITES deep into her THROAT -

RIPS a huge piece of flesh from Tina's neck and SHOULDER. Tina SCREAMS in human pain. STARES for a second at the onlooking group. Then STRAIGHT into Cat's eyes.

Holds her bloodied NECK then BUCKLES to the ground in a HEAP.

OMAR

Oh shit...

Leon acts first. DRAWS a THROWING KNIFE from a STASH in his WHEELCHAIR, takes AIM -

RELEASES. Ringing sound of METAL flying through the AIR then the RIP of flesh, HEADSHOT. The KNIFE imbeds into the make-up girls forehead deep into her BRAIN -

She CRASHES to hard floor cracking the back of her head. DEAD.

Cat tries to RUN to her sister who's lying unconscious on the floor -

Ash GRABS her round the waist -

ASH

You can't, you know you can't.

She stops pulling away, then -

Bursts again trying to swipe Ash's arms off her. He holds strong and pulls her back. Spinning her round into his CHEST shielding her from the sight.

Ash beckons Leon to go do the DEED -

ASH

Do it nice. Nicely yeah, this shit stays with a person, bruv.

Leon WHEELS over to Tina two rows of make-up desks deep into the Backstage. He draws a GIANT SWORD from a HOLSTER by his shoulder.

Hovers over Tina holding the sword HORIZONTAL ready to swing if she comes back to life -

CAT

That's my sister you twisted
bastard.

ASH

It's not.

Leon stares into Tina's closed eyes. The DEEP ROTTING hole in her neck, then -

BANG. Eyes open BLOOD RED. Tina's head shakes violently SIDE to SIDE in a fit of RAGE then she RISES, quick as a flash -

Leon's ready. Takes the SWING cutting straight through Tina's neck cutting right through her SPINAL COLUMN sweeping her head CLEAN OFF.

The head spins through the air as the headless body SLUMPS to the floor in a mess of BLOOD. Then, -

The THUD. The head hits the floor. Cat knows what's happened, tenses every muscle in her body. Bursts into tears into Ash's clothes.

Omar PATS Ash on the shoulder then approaches Leon -

OMAR

You call that nice, man?

Leon doesn't look happy with what he's done -

LEON

We need to get out of here.

From OUTSIDE. POLICE SIRENS. DIFFERENT TONES, Police, Ambulance and Fire service congregating outside -

Omar's Phone RINGS. His RINGTONE sounds loud on top volume. It's a FAST DANCE tune with a heavy quick drum SNARE -

SCREAMS come again from the other side.

ASH

Turn it off...

Omar fumbles around in his pocket -

TOO LATE. MASSES of zombies begin to CRASH into the wall. This time there's more force. It WOBBLER, back and forth, then -

CRASH. It CRASHES over. BOOM

Ash and Cat run to escape being flattened.

HOARDS of SNARLING, SCREAMING zombies flood backstage.

RUNNING AT THE NOISE, the source of the noise is Omar.

Leading the line -

Kruger. Full GORED MEGA-ZOMBIE, half his insides have been shredded to scraps, INTESTINES spewing from his GUT. LAGGING in CORDS behind him but he's UNSTOPPABLE. Omar sees Kruger. Kruger's VACANT BRAIN follows the beat. No recognition of Omar, -

THEN, crunching booming bangs of POLICE at the EXIT DOOR. Swinging a BATTERING RAM to get in.

Omar TUGS Ash's clothes, nods towards the EXIT -

OMAR

Go.

Omar points at the EXIT while drawing the KNIFE from his pocket -

ASH

No, bruv.

OMAR

GO.

The EXIT door's beginning to CRUNCH in on itself as the POLICE make progress -

Ash and Cat see the door's about to bust. Tiny glimmers of light find their way through cracks at the HINGES -

They have to go. Get to the door before the outside lights unleashes more madness.

Leon won't leave Omar. They all SPLIT.

Cat and Ash run to the EXIT.

Leon WHEELS away into the darkness. Grabs a FLASHLIGHT from his gadget collection.

Omar DASHES to the stairs to the CONTROL ROOM.

A SCREAMING zombie SWIPES its TORN up hands at him. All shredded tendons, BONES poking through like a CLAW -

Omar ducks. Turns, buries his KNIFE deep into its brain. A SQUELCH of skull as the brain's penetrated -

He pulls back retrieving the knife. Drenched with BRAIN MATTER and blood.

Leon turns his LIGHTS on. A TRAIL of zombies TURN SCREAMING at him. He flashes it UP at Omar.

Omar sees Leon's plan, uses the second of light to adjust his line so he's heading directly to the stairs.

Leon provides COVER FIRE for Omar. GRIPS a BAG over his SHOULDER, swings it to himself. THROWING STARS -

Leon begins taking zombies CLEAN out with BRUTAL headshots.

THROWING STAR after throwing star he starts taking them down as OMAR runs to the stairs -

Kruger stands in Omar's way SNARLING -

Omar's phone still BLARING out his QUICK DANCE RINGTONE -

Kruger goes at Omar. Omar's SMARTER. Takes a SWING, -

MISSES the HEADSHOT. The knife buries into Kruger's fleshy chest -

Kruger BITES deep into Omar's left HAND. He SHOUTS in pain.

He drags the knife back. DRILLS it DEEP into Kruger's BRAIN killing him instantly.

Kruger's massive frame CRASHES to the ground.

Omar's knife comes straight out in his RIGHT hand as KRUGER falls away.

Omar knows he only has seconds. THROWS his MOBILE deep into the MASS of ZOMBIES chasing him.

Some are quick. Some with broken, buckled or missing limbs slowing them down.

Omar slams into the BOTTOM step.

Turns to see his HAND as it NECROTISES. Going BLACK he only has once choice -

LAYS his hand on the next STEP. Takes the KNIFE -

SAWS HIS HAND OFF -

It's TOUGH. Takes two or three SLICES to remove the HAND. The infection STOPS in its tracks. Won't get to his brain but -

He's going to BLEED OUT -

Starts to crawl up the stairs in POOLS of BLOOD. Consciousness beginning to FADE OUT. He's ALONE.

Omar's final act before he passes out is RAISING the amputated arm to the step above slowing the flow of blood.

OMAR

(fading)

I love you GCSE science.

Blood stops spurting from his hand. Omar goes unconscious.

The zombies have forgotten him. Now CONGREGATED like a DEAD RAVE over his PHONE still BLARING from its new home on the floor.

Ash and Cat are at the EXIT.

ASH

(to the Police)

Stop...

Ash PULLS the crippled HANDLE inwards. The door finally BUCKLES.

LIGHT FLOODS in. TWO POLICE outside see the HELLISH MAYHEM as all the BLOODIED zombies turn in unison at the NEW LIGHT -

Leon joins. He's left his post as cover fire. All hope was lost he was becoming overrun.

ASH

I can't leave him, I can't...

LEON

The stairs.

Leon gives Ash a BIG KNIFE. Ash takes it -

ASH

Keep it closed...

Leon and Cat get out the door Zombies in hot pursuit, they slam it shut. The light's gone -

The zombies stop. Ash is left in the DARKNESS. He's blind and surrounded by shuffling Zombie feet.

Sounds of mangled dead bodies bumping into each other -

GROANS everywhere and Ash in the midst of it frozen solid with no idea how to get to Omar.

All he knows is the general direction. He has his LIGHT -

ASH
(under his breath)
Just you and me now, brother.

Omar's phone's stopped ringing. The zombies are now roaming around aimlessly in the dark.

Ash takes a TIMID step. His foot lands on something crunchy like plastic. He picks it up and rolls it in his fingers -

It's an OMASH BAR wrapper, he can feel the dodgy corners and uneven edges.

Ash decides to keep going despite his suspicions.

ASH
Family.

Takes another step. Feels the MANGLED ENTRAILS of a zombie brush past his feet. Turns his PHONE LIGHT on for a second -

LOOKS up at one snarling female zombie opened up and half eaten still very much alive. It turns on Ash and SCREAMS -

He JABS the knife straight into its open mouth and through its SKULL in one movement.

It crashes to the ground.

Others run at him following light -

He turns it off.

ASH
Plan B?

Groans everywhere. Some very close.

From BEHIND -

The DOOR opens. Light floods the room. Two policeman enter, they begin flanking formation. They truly believe they have a chance.

One brandishes a BATON. The other a TINY HANDGUN -

POLICEMAN ONE
*Stop what you're doing and get
down on the ground. We will open
fire on you.*

Every zombie runs at them. Ash sees exactly where Omar is lying using the light -

POLICEMAN ONE

Jesus Christ go back, go back.

A zombie runs straight at Ash heading for the light.

Ash holds his knife head height. Thrusts it forward TEARING the zombie's head clean off.

At the DOOR -

Cat looks in at the MAYHEM. She only has a matter of seconds. Scours the horizon for a glimpse of Ash or Omar.

Sees Ash in the middle. Sees Omar unconscious on the stairs.

Cat slams the door.

One zombie got so close to the light its arm got through the door -

The door slams severing the arm clean off. Everyone looks down as the blood soaked ARM necrotises and rots.

CAT

What the fuck did I tell you? Not in the manual, huh?

Ash gets to the STAIRS.

Feels his way to Omar. His eyes now becoming accustomed to the dim light around the place.

Leans over Omar. Checks his neck for a PULSE. Slaps his FACE hard -

ASH

Bruv, bruv, wake up.

Omar's delusional.

OMAR

Am I dead? I can see a light at the end -

Ash knows what Omar's going to say, interrupts.

ASH

Fucking well hope not, bruv. We're gonna get out.

Ash looks sceptical himself but has to give Omar hope.

Grabs Omar. One final ounce of strength lifts Omar like a DUMBBELL -

Slings him over his shoulder.

On pure adrenaline. Steadies himself for the final push. He knows he needs light to find the exit.

Gives his PHONE LIGHT a quick tap and lights the whole place up -

Zombies turn SCREAMING and rush straight at them.

Ash sees the EXIT, adjusts his direction accordingly -

FUMBLES with his MOBILE looking for the flashlight off switch. HE DROPS IT -

ASH

Shit, shit.

Has to DROP Omar who's out cold.

All the zombies are nearly UPON them -

ASH FLIPS his MOBILE the right way up. Scrambles, hands shaking in terror -

Finds the BUTTON. Switches the light off.

Zombies stop everywhere. Back to shuffling.

Some so close Ash hears them breathing. Heavy, scratchy lungs that like someone with a serious lung condition.

SQUELCH sounds of twisted human bodies, some opened up like cadavers.

Ash walks THROUGH. He knows he's safe unless anything else goes wrong.

Gets to the EXIT door. KNOCKS ONCE loud as he can nearly breaking his fist on the metal door.

OUTSIDE -

Cat's at the door waiting, hoping for the knock to come. There it is -

CAT

It's them.

POLICEMAN ONE

Madam, do not open that door.

CAT

Try and stop me.

Cat YANKS open the door.

POLICEMAN ONE

Madam.

Policeman One tries to restrain Cat. Cat has the door
OPEN -

BANG -

The Zombies REACT. Rush once more at the light flooding
in.

Ash falls through sending Omar crashing forward landing
at Leon's feet. Leon looks down at his lifeless body.

Leon grabs Omar's MANGLED hand, ripped tendons and all.
Raises it above his heart stopping any further blood
loss.

Policeman One has Cat's arms in a flimsy arm lock as she
disobeyed his order. She TWISTS out the lock -

SPINS, knocks him CLEAN OUT with one punch.

POLICEMAN TWO

Right, your under arrest for
assaulting a police officer.

Policeman two goes for his HANDCUFFS. Grabs Cat about to
lock her arms up. Then come the SCREAMS.

Policeman two sees the open door. Sees the hoard of death
machines SCREAMING their way straight for them. Drops
Cat's arms, runs and slams the door -

THUD, THUD, THUD -

Zombies slam full throttle into the wall and door. No
sense of self preservation, just following the light.

Then it all STOPS.

TWO PARAMEDICS get to Omar. One looks around at everyone,
it's a mess. Tries to get details -

PARAMEDIC

(to police two)

What happened?

POLICEMAN TWO

I dunno. Just don't know. Is only
my second day -

The policeman puts his head in his hands. Starts
HYPERVENTILATING. The other policeman's still out cold.
The paramedic looks round again a bit suspicious of
everyone.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Omar's received treatment. Has come back to consciousness.

Stares up and down himself confused by the baffling amount of seemingly endless tubes running through him.

Omar's lifted on a STRETCHER, then -

Slid into the back of a QUICK RESPONSE AMBULANCE. Just a big fast car with flashing lights.

Ash stands over him -

OMAR

You came back for me. Nutter.

Omar's still hazy. His words a bit slurred.

ASH

Never desert family.

Omar stares into Ash's eyes in a moment of honesty and clarity.

OMAR

You worked it out yet?

ASH

Doesn't matter what I think, bro.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

Omar and Ash sit side by side at a single TABLE in the centre of a small, hostile, intensely imposing room. Their clothes have been changed overnight. Identical WHITE T-SHIRT, BLACK SWEATER for both.

Still messy. DIRT and BLOOD spots on their bodies.

A GIANT BLACK WINDOW on one wall. A one way mirror. Ash and Omar both know that's what it is.

They keep staring into it. Omar sticks out his TONGUE to the mirror, then -

Omar STANDS up. Heads for the mirror -

CLICK -

The door opens.

A SUITED MAN in the sharpest most expensive suit money can buy enters. He's wearing BLACK TINTED SUNGLASSES.

There's a seat opposite Omar and Ash but the man doesn't take it.

He starts to roam slowly around the room.

He looks up at the brothers about to engage -

SUITED MAN

This pays for complete silence.

He slips TWO CHEQUES onto the table. One in front of each brother.

SUITED MAN

This is not an interview. *Your* concerns, worries or nightmares are just that, yours. I do not wish to hear your side of any story.

Omar grabs his cheque. Stares at the NUMBERS.

CHEQUE - £300,000

ASH

Woah.

OMAR

Yes, bruv. *Yes, Bruv.* You serious?

The man says nothing. Looks again at Omar.

ASH

What's happened to Cat?

The man looks aggravated. Cat must have been a difficult interviewer.

SUITED MAN

The girl. Despite viciously assaulting a defender of the law she has been discharged and her crime exonerated.

Ash looks happier about that than the money.

SUITED MAN

The sum creates a pact between you and us. It's devised in accordance with the now highly classified, compromising severity of the incident. If the pact is broken measures will be acted upon you.

OMAR

Prison?

The man GRINDS his teeth, CLICKS his knuckles then leans calmly against the wall -

SUITED MAN

Not prison, no. Prison has an ultimatum. There are other ways.

Omar looks down at his cheque then up at the man who's still slowly roaming.

OMAR

You clearly ain't no regular rough 'em up pocket rustler. I gotta know, what have you done with the massive room full of zombies?

SUITED MAN

The hostiles were eliminated.

ASH

Yeah...so, we forget about this which believe me I'm trying to do. But youths man, there were people in there. Old, young, what the fuck?

SUITED MAN

Sir, from time to time things happen that modern science cannot comprehend. Occurrences outside of the norm. This unfortunate incident for example. Science provides our only weapon against these anomalies.

Omar's looking really nervous. He knows it could have been the additive.

OMAR

Yeah so you killed 'em all and took samples? Right? Do you know what caused all that, bruv? Come on, you've paid us innit we ain't gonna talk. No level mind's gonna believe that shit anyway.

Ash looks alarmed at Omar. Jabs him in the side. The suited man is content. These two aren't a threat to intelligence security.

ASH

We don't need to know how or why, idiot.

EXT. ROAD - SAME

They have just left the building they were interviewed in.

They are bouncing. Omar JUMPS on Ash's back claiming a piggyback ride. Despite the lack of a LEFT HAND Omar can still grip.

He FLASHES his CHEQUE in front of Ash's face.

ASH

Get off me, man. I ain't your Camel, bruv.

OMAR

Who's gonna believe that shit anyway. Weird innit. I wanna know what else gets covered up.

ASH

Really, man? After that? All of it, everything in your head and more. Bollocks to aliens or fuckin nessie. I don't wanna know.

OMAR

Imagine that on the ten o'clock news.

Ash laughs.

ASH

It's too newsworthy. Zombie apocalypse, that's the king of news. Stick that on at 10 o'clock the country goes mad to hell. I've seen hell, bruv.

Ash quickly goes from joyous to deadly serious. Turns to Omar -

ASH

You know what I think?

Omar hears the serious tone in his voice. Looks down at the ground.

OMAR

I know exactly what you think, bruv. I've been over that one in my head. But we'll never know for sure.

ASH

Those bars. Your bars.

OMAR

Our bars.

ASH

Do me a favour, bruv. Get 'em out
of circulation.

From behind them a loud female voice chasing after them,
its -

Cat. Running up the street to catch up.

Omar and Ash stop and turn round to wait. Watching Cat
she's BEAMING. A big smile across her face.

Catches up to them and JUMPS into Ash's arms.

ASH

You're happy. Can I put you down
yet or you wanna stay here?

CAT

Both.

Cat jumps down. Looks at Omar.

CAT

Alright stumpy?

OMAR

Shut up. Gonna get me a prosthetic
or something then we'll see about
stumpy.

CAT

Seriously though. How is the hand?

Omar's not that impressed with the bullying.

OMAR

You ain't funny.

Ash and Cat start chuckling at Omar. Omar's too happy to
take the bait and react.

OMAR

I gotta go do something. I'll
leave you two love birds alone. Go
piss about in an art gallery or
whatever it is you do. I can't
stand all this luvvie duvvie
cobblers.

ASH

Did you hear from Leon, bruv?

OMAR

Same as us, bro. Happy days.

Omar leaves Ash and Cat and walks away across the street.
Ash and Cat continue walking. Slowly hand in hand.

INT. SHEL'S BAKERY - DAY

Shel's Bakery cafe is small with cosy seating surrounding spotlessly clean tables.

A couple of CORNER SOFAS for customers to relax with one of Shel's coffees and a homemade cake, biscuit, sandwich, whatever you want Shel's Bakery sells it.

The menu for the day plus various HIPPIE style special SOUP OF THE DAY options are written in hand writing on the WALL -

The place is EMPTY apart from one YOUNG MALE. He's finishing a COFFEE, gathering up and packing stuff into a BACKPACK ready to leave.

He STANDS and heads to the COUNTER holding money.

YOUNG MALE

Hello...

At the shop front is a COUNTER TOP. See-through plastic allows customers to look in and choose what they want from rows inside.

Behind the counter a doorway. Guarded by jangling hanging beads.

Shel appears from the stock room. The beads jingle as she passes through to the till.

YOUNG MALE

Hi, thanks for the coffee, it's good.

SHEL

Glad you like it.

YOUNG MALE

Lucky I found this place, I'll definitely come back. I'm going to a new gym, looking for something nutritious. Any ideas?

SHEL

Oh yeah. Don't ever try the supplement, Creatinny weird stuff. Natural is so much healthier.

YOUNG MALE

I'm not stupid.

SHEL

These are my personal recipe and
it's all natural. Haitian herbs
and protein.

YOUNG MALE

Haitian?

SHEL

Yeah, from Haiti.

He pulls a note out from his POCKET to pay with.

YOUNG MALE

Oh right. I get ya. Go on then.

Shel passes an OMASH BAR across the counter to the
customer. He takes it, stuffs it into a POCKET in his
backpack for later.

SHEL

Enjoy.

YOUNG MALE

Thanks.

The young male turns and leaves the shop. A BELL RINGS as
he opens the front door. He disappears into the busy
street outside.

Shel disappears into the stock room.

Around the cafe bits of the decor suggest influences of a
vast selection of far-flung corners of the world.

Again the light PING sound of the door being opened by a
customer.

Omar enters SHEL'S BAKERY. His RIGHT ARM in a SLING -

Well patched up by the HOSPITAL so it looks less like a
JAGGED SELF-AMPUTATION and more like a a slight bone
injury -

In a SLING. No blood. Omar walks through the cafe -

He looks worriedly at the ROWS of food and sandwiches.
The usual staple of a sandwich shop. BLT's, Ploughmans,
Ham and Cheese etc.

One corner of the array is dedicated to FLAPJACKS, CAKES
and BISCUIT bars of all sorts.

He spots a stack of OMASH BARS amongst the sweet
selection -

Omar GRIMACES -

OMAR
 (under his breath)
 Oh Shel...

As he's saying this Shel emerges through the beaded doorway. The BEADS JINGLE and RING as she brushes through

SHEL
 Yes...

Omar JOLTS a bit. Shel scared him. He seems to be in a permanent state of unease.

Shel doesn't notice. She only recognises positive energy.

OMAR
 You scared me.

Shel looks straight at Omar's ARM.

SHEL
 What happened to your hand,
 sweetie?

OMAR
 Too much partying.

SHEL
 Tut tut. Be careful with yourself,
 it's a big and scary world out
 there. We're only here once.

OMAR
 Listen. You sold any of these?

Omar points to the OMASH BARS.

Shel's playing around with her DISPLAY, rearranging a few things. Omar's staring at her desperate for an answer.

OMAR
 Have you?

SHEL
 Well...as you can see I've not
 exactly been rushed off my feet.

She looks up at Omar who's getting impatient.

SHEL
 Saved one for my snack.

OMAR
 Don't. Do me a favour, yeah. Bin
 the lot.

Shel looks upset.

SHEL

Oh?

OMAR

They're off.

Shel GRABS half the stack of OMASH bars and BINS them.

SHEL

Crumbs, I did sell one.

Then she bins the rest.

Omar stares at her, he's even more impatient now.

OMAR

Who to? Come on, Shel. Who?

Shel looks offended. Can't cope with anyone throwing her of her ZEN like breeze through life.

SHEL

Sorry. A guy came in, had a coffee, asked me for something to take to the gym. I wanted to get the ball rolling on the venture -

OMAR

There's no venture. No balls. No Omash.

SHEL

Okay, okay. He only put it in his knapsack and took it away with him.

Omar EXHALES in horror. His head flops down to face the floor.

He turns round away from Shel and looks out the window.

SHEL

Only like, a minute ago or something.

Omar RUNS like mad to the front door. Outside into the busy street. Public pass by. Busy HECTIC TRAFFIC of a main road.

He looks left, right, everywhere. Normal people on daily missions. It could be anyone.

No young men with backpacks in sight. Omar looks round desperately for someone matching the description. Ready to run but sees nobody. Normal people oblivious to what might be in their midst. Standing among the picture of normality is -

Omar, his face a picture of pure TERROR, REGRET and GUILT.

THE END