



**SOMETHING
ANYTHING
PLEASE**

...FIN

INT. ROB & MAXINE'S FLAT - LOUNGE - EVENING

ROB, 28, classically handsome, with piercing, honest eyes, sits bound and gagged by gaffer tape to a dining room chair. He's not happy. But, his angered expression carries a surprisingly focused, dead-space stare.

ROB (V.O.)
Consequences are only consequences
if you get caught. They are also
only consequences if you stick
around to face them.

A figure crosses in front of Rob, but he continues, disregarding their presence.

ROB (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Which makes this whole thing on
some level my fault... It isn't
pessimism when everything actually
is shit.

Realising the figure is staring over him, Rob matches their gaze. His expression remains unchanged. Defiant. Resolute.

INT. SUTTON PUBLISHING LTD. - OPEN PLAN OFFICE - NIGHT

Rob sits at his mess of a desk, surrounded by piles of the same book; 'All Men are Potential Rapists'. His stubbled face looks shattered, drained of energy and life, his bloodshot eyes staring down a blank Word page on his computer screen.

Behind him rows of the same desk branch off a long corridor with a number of glass fronted offices and meeting rooms facing the workstations.

A Nigerian CLEANER hovers away in the background, chatting away incoherently into his phone. Suddenly, Rob comes to life typing a sentence. He sits back, studying it.

Still unhappy, he gives up in one well-practised move as he shuts down his PC, grabs his bag and puts on his coat already homebound down the long corridor behind him.

The Cleaner stops hovering as Rob approaches to nonchalantly smack down a low-five goodbye to Rob's passing hand.

Just before Rob's screen turns black we see his parting line;

INSERT - WORD DOC ON-SCREEN

WORD DOC
..... something?

INT. TUBE TRAIN - CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Rob sits on a packed Thursday night train, stuck in the middle of 6 boisterous, drunk MATES. They joke and mess about amongst each other, while Rob watches them, though desperate not to draw any attention to himself.

EXT. OLD STREET - STREETS - NIGHT

Rob manoeuvres at speed between the drunken Thursday night bodies stumbling in and out of the bars on his street. Rob remains oblivious to it all as he aims for his front door.

As he crosses the last street in his path, he stops dead in the middle of the road. He stares in disbelief at the picture of a girl in one of the fly-posters on the wall opposite; the title reads 'Milli Robinson's Debut Album'.

The shock in his face mellows before a car turns the corner blaring it's horn to move out the way. He runs across the street and hurries the last metres home.

INT. ROB & MAXINE'S FLAT - LOBBY - NIGHT

Rob strolls down the bare, brick lobby corridor. He shuts the old warehouse-style, gated lift door on himself and heads up.

INT. ROB & MAXINE'S FLAT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

The warehouse flat has a small bathroom by the front door but the rest of the space is open plan.

A basic kitchen leads on to a leather chaired lounge and separate dining area, hemmed in by two huge, filled, floor to ceiling bookcases, which hide the bedroom and windows to the street beyond.

Below the flat a packed, night-club sends a constant bass thud up through the flat. Rob sits in near darkness on the floor of his bedroom pulling out boxes of memorabilia from a wardrobe packed with clothes.

He rifles through his past; loads of manuscripts and notes, a couple of young writing awards and finally his photos.

He smiles as he flicks through pictures of himself and his mates in their teens. Eventually he finds the one he wants; a picture of him at 15 alongside his best mate (also 15) and a young girl of 12 years in the background, who bares a uncanny resemblance to the girl in the 'Milli Robinson poster'.

Rob's warm smile sours as his attentions focus on his old best mate. He sits back lost in thought, his emotions quickly slipping back to vacancy.

INT. ROB & MAXINE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rob sits at his desk, smoking, staring at his laptop screen with the same dead look he had at work. Behind him his old manuscripts are spread out across the lounge.

His desk is tiny but is mostly used to pile up the over-spill from the wardrobe next to it. But, Rob's writing notes still cling defiantly to the small space on the wall in front of him. He glances up at the biggest one;

INSERT - LARGE, WORN, HANDWRITTEN NOTE ON THE WALL

NOTE

It's a story about a man...
(who?)...

His eyes stare down the letters... But still nothing. Nothing worth writing anyway. He gets up and leans out of the window to watch the drunken, late-night exploits of the people waiting at the bus stop below.

INT. TRANSIT VAN, INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - MORNING

JIMI, 28, has striking, rough, good looks, with the manner of a cocky, confident loner. He is clearly Rob's mate from the photo, just older.

Jimi sings along to the radio, without a care in the world as he drives his white van into an industrial estate. He turns the corner heading for a huge warehouse, but it's loading bays are already filled with vans.

JIMI

For fuck's sake.

Jimi drives round the corner and parks down the road alongside a bunch of other white vans. He picks up the taped blue and white plastic bag from the seat next to him and tucks it under the drivers seat before he leaves.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - MORNING

Jimi strolls back round the corner to the warehouse and the loading bays. TERRY, 35, with a miserable, coarse manner and looking much older than his years, drives a forklift truck, loading one of the vans with palettes of white boxes.

JIMI

Morning Terry.

Terry nods indifferently at Jimi as he passes the first van to find MICKEY, 39, standing beside the next van. Mickey's clean, shaved appearance isn't enough to distract from his leathery face and intolerant attitude. Jimi stops dead, realising who it is. Mickey turns momentarily to see him but looks straight back to his phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMI (CONT'D)
Mickey? How come -you've...?

MICKEY
(Brummie accent)
Did you get that paperwork, Jimi?

JIMI
Yeah, it's in the van.

Mickey stops typing and glares up at Jimi with a very serious 'what the fuck' look.

JIMI (CONT'D)
It's fine, what's gonna -happen...

Mickey's look only intensifies making Jimi turn straight back round, headed for his van.

JIMI (CONT'D)
Alright, alright.

Terry drives another palette into the van.

MICKEY
(to Terry)
Fucking monkey.

Terry laughs loudly. Jimi looks back over his shoulder at them only to see 3 unmarked cars, with flashing blue lights in their front grills, enter the estate at speed.

Without hesitation, he turns and runs, flat out, up and into the warehouse. Terry sees Jimi jump up onto the gangway, before spotting the cars coming at them.

TERRY
Fuck, filth!

Terry runs as the cars screech to a halt right in front of Mickey, who has nowhere to escape. Mickey's expression instantly turns to that of bewildered innocence.

INT. WAREHOUSE, INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - MORNING

Jimi clears crates of white boxes which are yet to be packed with the hundreds of cartons of cigarettes that sit alongside them. He barges through the back door at full speed, turning mid-motion to see an OFFICER jumping up into the warehouse.

JIMI
Fuck!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, BACK ROAD - MORNING

Jimi sprints in-between the cars parked behind the warehouse his eyes searching for the quickest exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMI

Fuck!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, ALLEYWAY - MORNING

he cuts down an alleyway that winds narrower and narrower down the backside of the next warehouse.

JIMI

Fuck! Fuck!

Jimi's path becomes blocked. He strips his jumper off and dumps it before clambering over the fence into a side road.

EXT. SIDE STREET, OFF A MARKET HIGH STREET - MORNING

He jumps into the side street and paces toward the busy High Street. He walks with confidence and calm into the crowds and is lost among the market's shoppers in seconds.

INT. SUTTON PUBLISHING LTD. - OPEN PLAN OFFICE - DAY

ROB'S BOSS, 53, a red wine cheeked, public school type, stands over Rob at his desk, flicking through a copy of 'All Men are Potential Rapists'.

ROB'S BOSS

You seem to labour under the misapprehension that we pay you to do things you enjoy.

ROB

-But...

ROB'S BOSS

No, I don't care if you like it, I don't care if you don't like it. I only care that you summarise it.

The Boss throws the book at him.

ROB

But, it's utter shit.

ROB'S BOSS

Shall we put that on the back of the book then?

ROB

It'd be honest.

ROB'S BOSS

To be honest, I'm getting a little tired of this, Rob.

(no response)

Client presentation, Monday week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His Boss clips him on the back of his head as he walks away. Rob looks round his office at his dull-faced COLLEAGUES. He watches them with the same enthusiasm he did the Thursday night crowds on the underground.

ROB
(to himself)
Fuck.

INT. ROB & MAXINE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Friday night. Back in the same place; his desk, his laptop, him still staring at his 'note' on the wall... Still nothing. Rob sinks in his chair listening to the club's bass and the clubbers smoking and enjoying themselves below his window.

EXT. ROB & MAXINE'S FLAT - STREETS - NIGHT

Jimi stands opposite Rob's building adjusting the weight of his rucksack on his tired shoulders. He runs through options in his head, an angle.

Spying the newsagent across the road, he smiles at his sudden inventiveness and crosses the road to head inside.

INT. ROB & MAXINE'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door buzzer rings. The sound doesn't even register in Rob's ears. It rings again. And again. Rob just ignores it. The fourth ring stays pressed. Eventually he gets up and opens the front door to find Jimi holding out a pint of milk for him.

JIMI
'Ere you go.

ROB
... You've lost me.

Jimi gives Rob the milk... The penny drops.

ROB (CONT'D)
You went out for that three years ago.

JIMI
Yeah, I thought if you got desperate you'd ring.

ROB
Where have you been?

JIMI
Na, I never reveal where I get my milk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rob looks at the milk, back up at Jimi and shuts the door, but Jimi stops it closing with his foot.

JIMI (CONT'D)
I came to say goodbye.

ROB
You should have done that back then.

JIMI
Okay. Can I have my milk back then?

Rob opens the door again staring back at Jimi. An uncomfortable moment, which Rob controls.

ROB
... Do you have any idea how much you fucked everything?

JIMI
Oh, come on, you could have had it black.

ROB
Fuck off.

Rob can't help but let a smile loose.

ROB (CONT'D)
I hate black tea.

Rob walks back into the flat, leaving the door open. Jimi follows him in and puts down his rucksack.

ROB (CONT'D)
Don't suppose you brought any bread back?

JIMI
That's not funny. A lot of my mate's lost money on that.

ROB
(with irony)
No, really?

Rob grabs beers from the fridge.

JIMI
Where's Max?

ROB
Away. Still.

JIMI
Ah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rob stops opening the beers, knowing what's next.

ROB
For how long?

JIMI
Just 'til my passport arrives.

Rob turns round to see Jimi standing meekly in the lounge, one of his old manuscripts in hand. Rob nods 'okay'. Rob takes him a beer and they sit down on the couch amid the mess of manuscripts still spread across the coffee table.

JIMI (CONT'D)
You're still writing, then.

ROB
No... Reminiscing.

His answer surprises Jimi. Rob quickly changes the subject.

ROB (CONT'D)
So, you'll be here for the christening?

JIMI
What christening?
(in shock)
You've had a baby?!

ROB
No. Jules.

JIMI
Charlie's a dad? That kid's fucked!

ROB
Jules' is clean now.

JIMI
Huh?

ROB
They were going to get -married...

JIMI
Married?!

ROB
Yeah, but a week before the wedding, Max popped round to drop some stuff off.

Rob starts skinning up from the weed box on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROB (CONT'D)

The front door was open, so she goes in and there's Charlie stood in the middle of the lounge in Jules' wedding dress, gurning and swaying like he's having some confused gender fit.

Jimi's mouth drops in complete astonishment.

JIMI

What?!

ROB

Wait. Max's transfixed, staring at this sweating lunatic trying to force the eyes out of his head using his brain, before the front of the dress comes up and there's two random girls crouched in front of Charlie's wedding tackle.

Jimi bursts out laughing.

ROB (CONT'D)

Max just stands there speechless as one of the girls nonchalantly whips his condom off and without thinking throws it over her shoulder, straight at her. Max just instinctively put out her hand

JIMI

And caught Charlie's bouquet?!

Rob smiles as he nods. Jimi cracks up again.

ROB

It weren't funny, man. You should have seen her when she got home. Her hands were raw from scrubbing.

JIMI

Un-fucking-believable!

ROB

She wouldn't talk about it for two days. I still can't even mention his name in the house.

JIMI

What happened?

ROB

Jules' ended up checking into rehab and Charlie? Not good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Rob taps his nose signalling 'cocaine'.

JIMI

Two things I thought would never happen; Jules stopped taking drugs and Charlie got worse. Where is he?

ROB

Elephant and Castle.

JIMI

They sold the flat?

ROB

No, he gave it to Jules'. Least he could do, given the circumstances.

JIMI

I've gotta see him.

Rob seems reluctant, sizing up Jimi's manner.

ROB

Fine, but don't be mentioning any of this. It only makes him worse.

EXT. BUS STOP, ELEPHANT & CASTLE - NIGHT

Rob has changed into casual clothes and checks his watch as he waits with Jimi who hides away under his hoodie. Up the road, CHARLIE, 36, turns the corner, heading for them.

Charlie wears a haggard face on a worryingly emaciated figure. His eyes have an unhinged, nervous dart to them that undermine his energetic, exuberant attitude. But, he is surprisingly composed for such a wasted mess.

JIMI

(to Rob)

Here comes the bride.

ROB

Don't.

Charlie spots Jimi first.

CHARLIE

(to Jimi)

Ah ha, the Baker returns!

Jimi and Charlie hug hello. Jimi pulls away first.

JIMI

So, you're a father then, Charlie.

Rob gives Jimi a 'don't do this' as he heads across the road to the newsagent.

(CONTINUED)