

The Wicked

Story

by

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Screenplay

by

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The Wicked

INT HOSPITAL - NIGHT.

An old woman close to death. Her son, Roger 'Regal' Williams, sits next to her holding her hand.

MOTHER

Do you remember Brighton?

REGAL

Yeah Ma.

MOTHER

13 years old and already a nasty bastard.

REGAL

The guy jumped the line. I was hungry, he was rude.

MOTHER

You put him in the fuckin' hospital.

REGAL

He's lucky I didn't put him in the fuckin' ground.

MOTHER

Morphine. Should've done more of this shit when I still had a fuckin' colon.

She laughs.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

You had to fuckin' come. You knew they'd be waiting. That's my Roger. A cunt from the moment I give birth to you.

The both laugh

MOTHER (CONT'D)

It's not going to end well.

REGAL

It never does.

MOTHER

You got to go now. I'm done. I love you.

REGAL

You always did Ma.

She suddenly clutches desperately onto his shirt and pulls him close to her.

MOTHER

Don't you go out like a cunt! You give them fuckin' hell, my lovely boy! You give them something to fuckin' smile about!

REGAL

I will, Ma.

She kisses him fiercely. Tears role down Regal's face as she drifts away into her Morphine haze.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE HOSPITAL. FIRST DAWN.

It is still dark, but the early streaks of morning light starts breaking up the shadows. He knows he is being followed. It was inevitable.

There is a man behind him and a man on the corner ahead. A green van pulls out from the kerb. Regal keeps walking. He is ready.

The van accelerates quickly and jumps the pavement narrowly missing Regal. He leaps back pulling out a gun and knife from his pockets. The van's side door slams open before it stops and men spring out to attack him.

The first two go down quickly with two fast POP, POPS from his gun. The man following him rushes to grab the gun, but Regal pivots and sticks him in the throat with his knife.

But as fast as he's killing, more are appearing. Somebody stabs him in the shoulder, and he returns the favour with a bullet to the head. As fast as he moves, he is still being struck. In the leg, the back and arms, but nothing lethal.

They grab a hold of him and start dragging him into the van. One of the guy's hands gets too close to his mouth and he bites.

The guy lets him go, with his free hand, Regal starts ripping out the eyes of the man holding him on the left, but before he can pop the guy's eye out he is tazed.

INT. BASEMENT. LATER THAT MORNING

Regal is tied to a gurney in the center of the room, his wounds bandaged. A single light hangs above him.

In the shadows, we see ominous "equipment". A few men stand guard.

A large man steps out of the shadows, LENNIE 'SHIT FACE' DOCKSY. One look at this mug tells you everything you need to know...

SHIT FACE

'ello Regal. What the fuck are you doing back in London?

REGAL

I came back for a kiss, Shit Face.

Shit Face punches Regal in the face.

SHIT FACE

Big Dick knew you'd have to see that cunt of a mother 'fore she died.

Regal rolls his tongue around his mouth and spits the blood on to Shit Face's nice clean white football shirt.

REGAL

Goal.

SHIT FACE

Cunt.

He gives Regal another punch square to the face.

SHIT FACE (CONT'D)

Billy Fists. Tell me and I'll make it clean.

REGAL

Does your mother still scream when she looks at you, Shit Face? Must wonder how she shat that out of her twat?

SHIT FACE

Naw, I ripped her tongue out years ago. Couldn't stand the noise.

REGAL

Bet no tongue hurt the blowjob  
business a bit? Cut of 'er tongue  
to spite your cock out, eh?

Shit Face grabs Regal's jaw and goes after his tongue.

SHIT FACE

Fuckin' comedian.

Regal is laughing, which makes Shit Face madder. One of his  
men, Marty, 'The Mouse' Phillips, steps forward.

MOUSE

No tongue, No information.

SHIT FACE

He can write.

MOUSE

True, but is that gonna satisfy Big  
Dick?

Shit Face stands down. Big Dick's the boss for good reason.

REGAL

Still the brains of the operations  
then Mouse?

MOUSE

Fuck off you cunt.

REGAL

Did the bed wetting stop?

MOUSE

We're going to hurt you Regal and  
we're going to keep on hurting you  
until you give us what we want.

REGAL

What's your point?

MOUSE

Someone go get BONKERS.

REGAL

Oh God no! Not BONKERS. Anything,  
but him.

MOUSE

You laugh now fuck face.

THERE FOLLOWS TIME LAPSE SEQUENCE OF REGAL GETTING TORTURED.

OLD FASHIONED BEATING.

BONKERS, a skinny man wearing a leather speedo and leather mask with zips at the eyes and mouth, closely supervises two thugs administering a vicious beating. Bonkers body is covered in tattoos and metal piercings.

SHIT FACE and MOUSE look on and chat.

MOUSE

Two big ones on Arsenal to do Man  
U. this Saturday.

SHIT FACE

Not going to happen. They've got  
Rooney back.

One of the guys does a right hook to Regal's cheek splitting the skin. BONKERS carefully sprinkles liquid into the wound from a dropper. Regal screams in pain. One of his torturers chimes into the conversation.

MAN

Arsenal's got the defence to handle  
Rooney.

SHIT FACE

Shut your yap and focus on your  
job.

Bonkers picks up a small kitchen knife and approaches the man who talked.

SHIT FACE (CONT'D)

Bonkers! None of that now! He  
promises to focus. Don't you?

MAN

Yeah, sorry Lennie...Bonkers.

He turns and gives Regal another wallop. Bonkers puts away his knife and picks up the dropper again.

DRUGGING.

Bonkers is injecting a semi-conscious Regal. He checks Regal's eyelids.

BONKERS

He's ready.

SHIT FACE  
Where's Fists?

REGAL  
Who?

SHIT FACE  
Billy 'The Fists' Morgan.

REGAL  
Don't know him.

SHIT FACE  
16 years ago you fucked with  
something that you shouldn't have.  
It was you, Billy, Collin, Robbie,  
...

REGAL  
I fucked many things back then.

SHIT FACE  
You'd remember this one, you knew  
it was bad, because you disappeared  
for 16 years.

REGAL  
Oh. That one. How's the singing  
cripple?

SHIT FACE  
He's still singing.

REGAL  
Is Big Dick still pissed about  
that?

SHIT FACE  
Considering the cripple is his son -  
yeah he's still pissed.

REGAL  
Long time to hold a grudge.

SHIT FACE  
Long time to stay away.

REGAL  
Had some living to do.

SHIT FACE  
And now?

REGAL

Not a care in the world.

SHIT FACE

Billy's information and I make it quick.

REGAL

Not yet.

SHIT FACE

What's the fuckin' hold up?

REGAL

I have a message.

SHIT FACE

For who?

REGAL

You.

SHIT FACE

Well fuckin' deliver it. I'm right here.

REGAL

You won't believe me now.

SHIT FACE

What the fuck are you talking about?

REGAL

Soon. Soon.

SHIT FACE

Bonkers, this stuff is shit. Let's get practical. I'm fed up of fuckin' around with this cunt.

ELECTROCUTION.

Regal is singing 'Molly Malone' as he is being electrocuted.

REGAL

In Dublin's fair city, where the  
girls are so pretty,  
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly  
Malone,

Bonkers Electrocutes Regal.



REGAL (CONT'D)

Cunt. Fucker.  
 As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,  
 Through streets broad and narrow,  
 Crying, "Cockles and mussels,  
 alive, alive, oh!"  
 "Alive, alive, oh, Alive, alive,  
 oh",

Bonkers Electrocutes Regal.

REGAL (CONT'D)

I'm so gonna fuck you fuckin' fuck.  
 Fucker.  
 Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive,  
 alive, oh".

DROWNING.

Regal resurfaces and spouts water from his mouth like an elegant fountain sculpture.

MUTILATION.

Bonkers has a pair of wire cutters in his hand. A thug forces Regal's hand open. He notices a tattoo 'W' in the webbed skin between the thumb and finger.

MEN

Fuck is that? 'W' for wanker?

Bonkers' hits the man with the cutters.

BONKERS

Focus.

MEN

Sorry.

BONKERS

Billy's address?

REGAL

Are you still a virgin Bonkers? And remember your mother doesn't count.

Bonkers cuts off Regal's finger. Regal screams in agony.

REGAL (CONT'D)

You can tell your Ma, she can have that for a vibrator. Must be fed up of your little dick.

Bonkers ignores Regal's comments and goes to his next finger.

BONKERS  
Billy's address?

REGAL IS DEAD.

Bonkers is shocking Regal with cardiac paddles to bring him back to life. They have removed Regal's restraining straps.

Shit Face comes in eating a sandwich.

SHIT FACE  
I thought you tried electrocuting him.

MAN  
He's dead.

SHIT FACE  
What?!

He throws the sandwich away and grabs Regal by the face.

SHIT FACE (CONT'D)  
Don't you fuckin' die on me you bastard.

BONKERS  
Clear.

Bonkers shocks him and Regal draws a breath. He looks up at Shit Face.

REGAL  
Hell it is then.

Shit Face grabs Bonkers off of Regal and starts shaking him.

SHIT FACE  
What the fuck are you doing, you queer little cunt. You nearly lost him.

BONKERS  
It won't happen again.

SHIT FACE  
It's been three fuckin' days.

REGAL  
He's crap. I could torture myself better.

Bonkers snaps and lunges at Regal. Regal snatches up the electric paddles and hits Bonkers with a full charge.

REGAL (CONT'D)

Clear!

Bonkers with all his metal piercings lights up like a fuckin' Christmas tree as the electric current runs through all the metal in his body. He drops to the ground dead.

REGAL (CONT'D)

Never really liked him.

SHIT FACE

Fuck. Fuck. Do you know how hard it is to find a good torturer? It's not like I can place an ad. in the local fuckin' paper.

REGAL

No need. I'm ready.

SHIT FACE

Ready?

REGAL

To tell you where you can find Fists.

SHIT FACE

OK.

REGAL

He's at 74 Endymion Road just by Finsbury Park. Better hurry.

SHIT FACE

What's the flat number?

REGAL

25A.

SHIT FACE

Just like that?

REGAL

Just like that.

SHIT FACE

I don't believe you.

REGAL

I been dying to tell you this all along. All I could do to keep me big mouth shut.

SHIT FACE

Why?

REGAL

Look at me Shit Face.

SHIT FACE

I'm looking cunt.

REGAL

I'm death, I'm your death. And this is my gift to you.

SHIT FACE

Gift? Fuck you talking about

REGAL

My gift is Fists address. It ends with your death. Don't say I never give you nothin' you ugly cunt.

Shit Face pulls out his gun and puts a bullet through Regal's forehead. He pulls out his mobile phone and speed dials a number.

SHIT FACE

We've got Fists.

BIG DICK

Good. What about that fat fuckin' squealer?

SHIT FACE

We've made arrangements.

BIG DICK

Be with you shortly.

Shit Face hangs up.

SHIT FACE

Get rid of this piece of shit and get this place fuckin' cleaned up. Big Dick's coming.

INT. JAIL.

Fast Larry, who is a big fuckin' fat blob, is walking down the corridor with two guards walking behind him.

PRISONERS

Squirler. Cunt, fuckin' grass! Fat rat bastard! Deadman walking!

INT. INSIDE JAIL CELL.

A prisoner takes a nasty looking metal spike from under his bed. He puts it behind his back and stands by his cell door as Fast Larry approaches.

He shares a look with one of the guards escorting Fast Larry who stumbles, bumping Fast Larry toward the prisoner.

Grabbing Larry firmly by his shirt, the prisoner pulls him against the cell door and begins jamming the shiv viciously into Larry's stomach.

LARRY

Help! Help! Someone please fuckin' help me!! He's fuckin' killin' me!!

The guards try to break Larry away from the prisoner, but there is something half-arsed about their efforts.

The prisoner keeps sticking Larry. Blood is gushing from Larry's huge stomach. Finally his legs buckle, and his formidable frame lurches backwards, knocking the guards aside like skittles and breaks the prisoners grip.

GUARD

(on radio)

Code six. Prisoner down. We need medical help immediately to Block C Row 15.

Larry rolls on his back like a beached whale unable to right itself.

LARRY

Fuck! Fuck! Right before fuckin' dinnertime! You fuckin' bastards!!

EXT. COURTHOUSE.

BILLY 'THE FISTS' MORGAN - his face showing some of the wreckage of a prize fight too many, leans against the wall, his head buried in a newspaper. The headline reads:

EYE WITNESS IN GANGLAND SLAYING - MOSES TWIST TO PROSECUTE.

MOSES TWIST, the barrister who's been wigged photo we just saw in the paper, is exiting the courthouse. He takes off his wig and stuffs it into his pocket, as he bounds down the steps to his waiting chauffeur-driven Bentley.

His daughter, a 5 year old cherub in prep school uniform, jumps from the car and dashes up the steps to meet him.

FIONA

Did you win Papa? Did you?

MOSES

Fifi sweetpea! What are you doing out of school?

TARA FARRINGATE-TWIST, a stunning rose, stands by the Bentley as to the manner born.

TARA

Fee has a half day and father invited us to dinner. I said yes.

MOSES

That's fine.

Billy watches this family scene play out. Moses spins Fiona in his arms, he catches a glimpse of Billy disappearing into the crowd. He frowns and puts Fiona abruptly down.

TARA

What is it dear?

BULLET/MOSES

I thought I saw somebody.

TARA

Who?

BULLET/MOSES

It doesn't matter. They're gone now.

EXT 74 ENDYMION ROAD.

Billy is walking up the steps to the house. He opens the front door.

Shit Face and Mouse are sitting in an Audi across the street watching him enter the house.

SHIT FACE

(into mobile)

Go get him lads. No fuck ups. 'less you want to be wearing your balls for earrings.

MOUSE

You're a good motivator.

SHIT FACE

Thought about going into public speaking, but I never had the face for it.

MOUSE

What about radio?

SHIT FACE

Not a big enough audience.

MOUSE

Fair enough.

FLAT HALLWAY.

Fist's landlady is waiting for him.

LANDLADY

You owing me two weeks. One time again and you fuck out.

FISTS

A'right, A'right, I'll have the money for you on Friday.

He edges past her and opens the door to 25A.

REBECCA, 16 HOT!!, is on the couch getting down to business.

FISTS (CONT'D)

fuckin' hell.

Fists picks the boy up off his niece by his hair.

FISTS (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you?

BOYFRIEND

Jerry. I'm Rebecca's boyfriend.

REBECCA

Not so fast Romeo. This is only our second date.

FISTS

Second date...

REBECCA

What can I say? A woman has her needs.

FISTS

I'll deal with you later. You! Next time you get a stiffy, I want you to think of this face, and I want you to ask yourself one question. "Do I want my cock and balls attached to my body tomorrow?" Cos trust me, I even imagine you thinkin' of my niece, I will find you, snap your little Jerry off and feed it to you in snack size portions.

JERRY

Yes sir.

Leading him to the door.

FISTS

Now fuck off.

REBECCA

I was only having a bit of fun.

FISTS

Fun. How many times have I told you - no visitors when I'm not here.

REBECCA

We never have any visitors. We are ghosts.

FISTS

I've told you there are reasons.

REBECCA

...and when I'm older you'll tell me them.

FISTS

I promised my sister, your mother that I'd take care of you.

REBECCA

Did you promise to make sure I died of boredom?



FISTS

There are worse things young lady.

There is a knock at the door.

FISTS (CONT'D)

I told you I'll pay the rent on  
Friday Mrs. Parisha.

There is another knock on the door in response. Fists is instantly suspicious.

FISTS (CONT'D)

One minute.

He mimes to her to get up and head to the window. Rebecca does reluctantly.

Just as she reaches the window, the door bursts open. Fists reaction is fast and immediate - he ATTACKS.

FISTS (CONT'D)

Run.

There's a reason why Billy is called Fists - it's because he's good with them. These goons start falling as soon as he gets into them.

They try to circle him and come at him from all directions, but Fists is too fast and when he hits you, you stay hit.

Rebecca has got the window open and has gotten down the fire escape. She's running down the alleyway, when Mouse steps out and grabs her. She screams, but she's not Fists' niece for nothing.

Pivoting she slams her elbow into Mouse's face, follows through with a kick to his knee and as he is going down, she kicks him in the face.

Unfortunately, as she turns, Shit Face is standing there. She screams again. He really is that fuckin' ugly.

SHIT FACE

Nice work, but then again he's  
called Mouse for a reason.

Their attention is drawn back to the flat as a goon comes flying through the window. He lands in the alleyway hard.

Seconds later, Fists comes climbing out of the window. Rebecca recovers first and gives Shit Face a vicious kick to the balls.

He groans, cracks his neck, but does not go down. She goes to kick him again, but this time he grabs her foot. Pulling her off her feet, he dangles her in front of him, so they are face to face.

SHIT FACE (CONT'D)

That hurt little girl.

REBECCA

Wait 'til my uncle gets a fuckin' hold of you.

FISTS

Hey Shit Face still fighting little girls? Why don't you try something a little bigger.

SHIT FACE

As much as I'd like to oblige you Fists, Big Dick wants a word and you know how he hates to wait.

FISTS

He's had to wait 16 years.

Shit Face grabs Rebecca by the throat and starts choking her.

SHIT FACE

I really must insist Fists.

Fists starts to react, but the other goons have recovered and are gathering around him. Rebecca's gasps and kicks for air as her face turns bright red.

FISTS

Why not? It'll be nice to catch up.

SHIT FACE

That's the spirit Fists.

Two of the men step up and taze Fists. He goes down hard.

REBECCA

No!

EXT/INT TARA'S FAMILY ESTATE.

Moses, Tara, are all in a Land Rover, with Henry, Tara's father who is driving. They are driving from the family stately home, which is amazing.

EXT/INT. LAND ROVER

They drive through the estate and out the gates.

HENRY

How is the law treating you these days Moses?

BULLET/MOSES

Good. Vincent just approached me to take another case.

HENRY

I know. That is partly why I've asked you here today.

BULLET/MOSES

What's bothering you sir?

HENRY

The family estate is getting too much for him.

BULLET/MOSES

Anything I can do to help?

HENRY

Yes, there is. I'm planning to step aside.

BULLET/MOSES

Really?

TARA

You must have known that this day would come?

BULLET/MOSES

I hadn't really thought about it.

EXT. PUB.

They pull up outside the pub. There is a children's play area by the side of the pub.

FIONA

Can I go play?

TARA

Yes dear.

She runs off and instantly makes friends with another young girl.

HENRY

She's a fine girl. Her eyes remind me of you and your mother Tara.

TARA

I miss mother too.

HENRY

Moses, I need somebody to take over the reins.

BULLET/MOSES

Why not Tara? It is after all the 21st century sir.

TARA

We prefer to have men in charge.

HENRY

Tara and I have talked about this already. She wishes you to take on the title and the responsibilities.

BULLET/MOSES

Why?

TARA

It's much more fun to tell you what to do, rather than having to do it myself.

HENRY

I had my reservations. A man with no family or memory of his childhood, but now you are the son I never had.

At that moment a few local lads start making a problem for the old landlord. He gets pushed and he falls to the ground.

Moses instantly gets up to intervene.

BULLET/MOSES

I think it's time you lads left.

LAD

Who the fuck are you?

The families in the pub eating look shocked and worried.

BULLET/MOSES

This pub belongs to my family and I'm asking you to leave.

LAD

Posh cunt.

He goes to push Moses, but he grabs the lad's hand.

LAD (CONT'D)

Ah.

While holding the Lad's hand in a painful position he escorts the lad outside. His mates follow. There is something about Moses that make them decide not to test him.

They go off cursing. Moses reenters the pub.

BULLET/MOSES

Are you OK?

LANDLORD

Yes, Mr. Twist. Thanks for the help.

He rejoins Henry and his wife.

BULLET/MOSES

Sorry about that.

HENRY

Times aren't what they were.  
People aren't what they were. We  
need somebody here to help.

BULLET/MOSES

You want me to run the pub?

HENRY

Good heavens no. The Farringate  
estate has financial interests in  
the most surprizing places.

BULLET/MOSES

I see.

HENRY

I've done well, but it is time for  
new blood.

BULLET/MOSES

I'll tell Vincent... that I'm  
resigning.

TARA

Good. It will be nice for Fiona and  
I to have you around more.

INT. WAREHOUSE NEXT TO THE THAMES.

Shit Face has his men dragging in Fists and Rebecca. Big Dick is already there with his son, Johnnie who is in a electric wheel chair.

Fists is thrown down in front of Big Dick. They have a dog collar around his neck, which is connected to a chain, which Shit Face is holding. Fists' hands are also tied behind his back.

Big Dick is giving his son a drink, which Johnnie proceeds to dribble down his front. Unperturbed, Big Dick wipes his son clean. Throughout this conversation Big Dick is continuously fussing over his son.

BIG DICK

Hello Fists. You're looking well.

Fists picks himself up.

BIG DICK (CONT'D)

You remember my son Johnnie?

FISTS

Yeah. How you doing Johnnie?

JOHNNIE

(Singing the words)

Fuck you Fists.

FISTS

Interesting.

BIG DICK

A by product of the brain damage.

FISTS

It makes him sing?

BIG DICK

He can't talk, but singing is controlled by another part of the brain.

FISTS

Life's a funny bitch.

Shit Face gives him a hard yank on the chain.

BIG DICK

Johnnie and I just flew in from New York for you.

FISTS

How are the Yankee's doing?

BIG DICK

You know why you're here Fists?

FISTS

I told you...it's just not going to work between us.

BIG DICK

Apologize to my son, I make it short. Don't and I'll hurt you bad.

FISTS

Let my niece go and I apologize.

BIG DICK

No.

FISTS

She can't hurt you.

BIG DICK

Do you love her Fists?

JOHNNIE

Do you love her?

BIG DICK

Do you care about her?

JOHNNIE

Do you care about her?

FISTS

Don't do this?

BIG DICK

What? Rip your heart out, because someone you love gets hurt?

JOHNNIE

Rip your heart out.

He goes after Big Dick, but Shit Face yanks him back by the chain.

FISTS

Look I'll apologize. I'll do whatever you want, but don't hurt her.

BIG DICK  
Maybe Shit Face can break her in.

JOHNNIE  
I'd like that. I won't to watch

BIG DICK  
Once he's done, I've got a nice  
little whore house to send her to.

REBECCA  
Billy.

BIG DICK  
Is she a virgin, Fists?

JOHNNIE  
Virgin, virgin...

FISTS  
I'll fuckin' have you, you cunt.

BIG DICK  
No Fists you're going to die. Die  
for making my beautiful fuckin' son  
a gimp. My beautiful son!

JOHNNIE  
Gimp! Gimp!

In his rage Big Dick attacks Fists.

BIG DICK  
Get them out of here. (To his son)  
I promised you I'd get him.

JOHNNIE  
Love you, love you.

BIG DICK  
Love you.

As they are dragging Fists out.

FISTS  
It's not over.

BIG DICK  
Stop talking to me dead man.

FISTS  
Bullet is alive.



BIG DICK

What?

JOHNNIE

(high rockers scream)

No!

FISTS

I said Bullet's alive.

SHIT FACE

I shot him myself the night Johnnie got his. Two in the body and one in the face. He's dead.

FISTS

I can prove it.

BIG DICK

How?

FISTS

Not until you let Rebecca go.

BIG DICK

If you don't tell me right now, I'll have every man in this room fuck her.

FISTS

Do that and I'll take it to the grave.

BIG DICK

That's a big risk.

FISTS

Bullet is the one who turned Johnnie into a jellyfish.

JOHNNIE

Fucker, fucker.

BIG DICK

Fine. The girl for Bullet, but you still die.

FISTS

Deal.

REBECCA

No.

FISTS

Quiet girl.

BIG DICK

So how do we do this?

FISTS

Let the girl go and I'll tell you.

BIG DICK

That's insulting. Why don't you tell me and then I'll let her go?

FISTS

How about I go get him and we do a swap?

BIG DICK

What stops you from disappearing?

FISTS

For the last ten years, I've raised her myself, since her mother died.

BIG DICK

Fair enough. Make it quick. Shit Face might get bored.

A goon comes up and unlocks Fists' dog collar.

FISTS

She's my blood. If she's hurt there will be a price.

SHIT FACE

Whoo. That's so fuckin' scary.

FISTS

I believe Regal gave you a gift?

SHIT FACE

Fuck you talking about?

Fists smiles.

BIG DICK

Give him a phone and a car.

A goon steps forward and gives him a phone and car keys.

BIG DICK (CONT'D)

I call, you answer or your girl gets hurt.

FISTS

Got it.

BIG DICK

Good. I hate explaining myself  
twice.

MOSES OFFICE - MORNING.

We see him leave after giving some notes to his assistant. He  
heads to the car park.

UNDER GROUND PARKING GARAGE.

Fists is waiting in the shadows. Moses is on his mobile  
phone.

BULLET/MOSES

...yes, Vincent I'm certain. I'll  
be taking my place in the Lords  
after the next session...

As Moses reaches his car, Fists steps out.

FISTS

Bullet.

Moses turns startled.

BULLET/MOSES

Excuse me?

FISTS

It's me Fists.

BULLET/MOSES

Who? (To Vincent) I'll call you  
back.

FISTS

Billy 'Fists' Morgan.

BULLET/MOSES

I'm sorry, should I know you?

FISTS

Yes.

BULLET/MOSES

I'm sorry...

FISTS

We were raised on the same breast milk, after your mother died in labour.

BULLET/MOSES

Who the hell are you?

FISTS

Billy 'Fists' Morgan. You gave me the nick name.

BULLET/MOSES

I have no memory...

FISTS

You lying cunt.

Fists is right in Moses' face. He pushes him.

BULLET/MOSES

Do you know who I am?

FISTS

Yes.

BULLET/MOSES

I know the Police Commissioner, I could have you in jail...

FISTS

Don't be such a pussy.

Fists gives him an open handed smack across his face.

FISTS (CONT'D)

Did the suit and accent turn you soft Bullet?

BULLET/MOSES

I am not this Bullet person you keep talking about.

FISTS

It was me who dragged you dying out of the Thames and left you at the Convent.

BULLET/MOSES

What?

FISTS

I thought they'd give you a proper burial.

Fists gives Moses another slap. He doesn't defend himself.

BULLET/MOSES  
Stop doing that.

FISTS  
Stop me.

BULLET/MOSES  
I will not fight with you.

Fists slaps him again.

FISTS  
Then I'm going to keep hitting you.

Moses goes to use his phone. Fists slaps it out of his hand.

BULLET/MOSES  
You bastard.

FISTS  
O nasty language.

Fists goes to hit Moses again, but this time he blocks him. Fists throws a few more punches, but Moses blocks them all, and then lands a hit that pushes Fists backwards.

FISTS (CONT'D)  
That's more like it.

They start moving back and forth across the parking garage.

BULLET/MOSES  
Even if all this is true. Why now?

FISTS  
They killed Regal. Found me.

If this news affects Moses he doesn't show it as they really start beating the shit out of each other.

FISTS (CONT'D)  
I see you've learned some new moves. What's that Karate?

BULLET/MOSES  
Tai Kwan Do.

FISTS  
Nice.

Fists lands a combination of punches.

BULLET/MOSES  
They found you, but you've escaped.

FISTS  
They let me go.

BULLET/MOSES  
Why?

Moses has pinned Fists to the ground. He has his legs wrapped around his neck chocking him.

FISTS  
So I could bring you back.

BULLET/MOSES  
Why would you betray me?

FISTS  
Because they have Rebecca.

BULLET/MOSES  
Am I supposed to know her as well?

FISTS  
She's Rosie's daughter, my niece.

BULLET/MOSES  
Rosie?

Rosie's name seems to break through Moses' fog. Fists breaks Moses hold on him by biting his leg.

BULLET/MOSES (CONT'D)  
Ah.

FISTS  
I made a deal. You for her.

BULLET/MOSES  
Nice. I die you live.

FISTS  
No. I still die.

BULLET/MOSES  
Wait. Wait.

Fists hits him.

BULLET/MOSES (CONT'D)  
What part of fucking wait don't you understand?

FISTS

You remember?

BULLET/MOSES

No, but I can help you. Who's holding your niece?

FISTS

Big Dick - I mean Richard Halford and his boys.

BULLET/MOSES

The American. Lennie Docksy runs his operations here in the UK.

FISTS

That's them.

BULLET/MOSES

We need help.

FISTS

Who?

BULLET/MOSES

I can pull a few strings.

FISTS

Why?

BULLET/MOSES

Your niece is in danger.

FISTS

You don't remember me?

BULLET/MOSES

No.

Fists sees something behind Moses' eyes.

FISTS

Let's go.

Moses picks up his phone before getting into his car. Its' broken.

BULLET/MOSES

Damn.

FISTS

Take the battery out and reboot it.

BULLET/MOSES

You're a communications expert now?

FISTS

Yeah. You drive I'll fix. It's the  
least I can do.

As Fists works on Moses' phone. Moses takes the chance to  
push the car's hidden emergency button.

BULLET/MOSES

Thanks.