

'They're Coming'

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1 INTRO SEQUENCE - CCTV MONTAGE

Title cards.

Flickering CCTV shots, grainy. DAVID YORK going about his day. Getting ready for work. Met by AMANDA YORK, who waves him off. David at work. Coming home, greeted by Amanda.

She glances up at camera. Freeze on her.

End of title cards.

2 INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Water dripping. A glass of water is poured. The WAITER approaches. Chatter fades up.

DAVID sitting at a table, mobile to his ear. ROBERT WATTS enters.

DAVID
(standing)
Robert. It's been too long, my friend.

ROBERT
Six months. Haven't forgotten about me yet, David?

DAVID
I'm not so lucky. How've you been keeping?

ROBERT
Getting by. You know me; keeping an eye on the deals, and not on my bank balance.

DAVID
Good thing for your flexible friend.

ROBERT
(pats his pocket)
I keep my friends close. Actually, I've been easing off a bit. Got a career shaping up in events management, local firm. I'll be enjoying the perks of the job soon enough.

DAVID
That's the dream, huh?

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

How about you? Last I heard,
David York was head of some
project or three for Textile
Creative.

DAVID

Just some extra work. Amanda and
me are looking into mortgages,
so.

ROBERT

You're a lucky man, David.

The Waiter approaches.

WAITER

Is everything okay, gentlemen?

DAVID

Yes, thanks.

The Waiter stays at the table, lingering. An ENVELOPE held
in his hands. David and Robert exchange glances.

DAVID

I think we'll order a second
waiter.

WAITER

I'm sorry, which of you gentlemen
is David York?

DAVID

That's me.

WAITER

(handing over the ENVELOPE)
This is for you.

DAVID

Compliments of the chef? Dinner
for two?

WAITER

I found it in the letterbox this
morning. It had a time, and your
name and description.

DAVID

Oh yeah? It's a good one, Robert,
but not one of your best.

ROBERT

Much as I'd like to take credit
for every practical joke that
comes your way, this one's not my
idea.

(CONTINUED)

The Waiter is looking over David's shoulder.

DAVID
Excuse me?

WAITER
I'm sorry. Drinks, gentlemen?

DAVID
Better make it a strong coffee.
Robert?

ROBERT
Same with a small whiskey,
thanks.

The Waiter goes to make the drinks. Keeps an eye on the table.

David opens the envelope, pulls out a sheet of paper.
'THEY'RE COMING' written like a ransom note.

DAVID
'They're Coming'. Didn't know you
had an artistic side, Robert.

ROBERT
(uneasy)
Definitely a practical joke, and
a weird one at that.

DAVID
You alright?

ROBERT
I should be getting back. Lots to
do. Listen, there's a big meet-up
planned, so I'll keep you on the
radar, alright?

DAVID
What's the rush? Stay, have your
drinks first. There's plenty of
time to discuss business.

ROBERT
Everything's fine. Won't be long.

Gets up abruptly, collides with the Waiter. The drinks go everywhere.

WAITER
Sir! Excuse me!

ROBERT
Oh, hell! You didn't see me. We
never met. Trust no one.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Trust who? What? You're not making sense.

ROBERT

Trust no one!

WAITER

Someone's an early drinker -- trust no one?

Robert runs out of the café.

WAITER

Who's going to clear up this mess -- let alone pay for your drinks? Letters, drinks -- I knew it was going to be a funny day.

DAVID

Here. Keep the change.

David runs outside.

3 EXT. CAFÉ - DAY

David runs out into the street, looks all around -- Robert is nowhere in sight.

DAVID

Robert!

Looks back at the letter. 'THEY'RE COMING'.

4 TITLE SEQUENCE

Comic-book style intro.

5 EXT. STREETS OUTSIDE CLUB ELEVEN - DAY

Quiet, inner-city street. Two detectives, ADAM CHARLES and ALAN DAVIES, walking. THE TRAMP huddled in a doorway.

THE TRAMP

Excuse me, sirs--

Davies slaps the Tramp's hand away.

DAVIES

We're police officers.

They keep walking.

(CONTINUED)

DAVIES
Wasters. Town's lousy with them.

CHARLES
Hey, don't go off-script. Act professional.

They approach CLUB ELEVEN.

6 INT. CLUB ELEVEN - DAY

Dark interior, staff getting ready for the night. The detectives enter, approach a FIGURE (ROBERT, unseen) at the bar.

CHARLES
Good afternoon, sir. I'm Charles, he's Davies. Perhaps you can help us. We've been sent by a mutual acquaintance.

DAVIES
It's about a Mr. David York, sir.

CHARLES
We'd very much like to speak with him.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. SEAFRONT - DAY

DAVID wandering the promenade, shaken. MOBILE rings.

DAVID
Amanda, darling! It's turning out to be one of those days -- I just met up with Robert, and he's acting awfully--

AMANDA (OS)
David, who are you?

DAVID
...Your husband--

AMANDA (OS)
I don't understand.

DAVID
What don't you understand?

AMANDA (OS)
How could you do this... to us?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
What have I done?

AMANDA (OS)
Goodbye, David. I'm leaving.
Please don't try to find me.

DAVID
Amanda? Amanda!

She hangs up. David walks, his pace quickening, distracted -- almost trips over a TRAMP sitting on the pavement.

DAVID
Sorry--

THE TRAMP
Watch yourself, Mr. York.

DAVID
What--?

He stumbles off, spooked.

8 EXT. STREET - DAY

POLICE SIRENS in the distance. David walking, dazed.

SARAH
Dave--!

He turns -- SARAH CHARTER standing, worried, draws him into a hug.

DAVID
Sarah. Am I glad to see you. I don't know -- I don't know what the hell's going on.

SARAH
Haven't you seen Amanda today?

DAVID
She's leaving me.

SARAH
What do you mean, leaving you? That's crazy, you two are strong as anything. Thick as thieves, Amanda and David! Everything else is second-best.

DAVID
Doesn't feel like it right now.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

She phoned me the other night -- I was Agony Aunt again. Said she was planning something special for you two -- tonight.

DAVID

Well, she changed her tune on the phone. She said I shouldn't try to find her.

SARAH

That makes no sense. I know you've had your arguments, but nothing like this. She's probably just having a bad day. Are you heading home? I'll come with.

DAVID

It's probably best if you don't. Sorry.

SARAH

David, I'm coming with you. She's my best friend -- you both are.

DAVID

Well, alright. I've no idea what to expect, though.

They head off together.

9 EXT. CITY - DAY

Shots across the Torquay cityscape. People bustling to and fro.

10 INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

David and Sarah enter.

DAVID

Amanda?

SARAH

Amanda, darling, it's Sarah -- what's all this silly talk--?

They halt: The living room has been trashed; smashed frames, scattered papers. The hallway is in a similar state of disarray.

The phrase 'THEY'RE COMING' has been scrawled on the walls. Quick camera flashes, like a crime scene.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH
Is this some kind of joke...?

DAVID
I wish it was.

He shows her the note: 'THEY'RE COMING'.

SARAH
David, I've always said, whenever you and Sarah have any kind of difficulties, you should come straight to me. I've always been waiting.

DAVID
We were fine -- everything was fine. Up till now I thought it was one of Robert's jokes... but even he wouldn't go this far.

SARAH
(snatches the note)
Give me that. 'They're Coming'.

DAVID
Whoever they are.

SARAH
Someone with a vivid imagination. Looks like they've got scissor-happy with the local paper.

DAVID
Someone with a sick mind.

SARAH
Look, I think we should take it easy, and think about this rationally. First of all we need to get you somewhere to stay -- I know people at the modelling agency, they'll have a room or two spare. Now, how about I fix you something to eat--?

They pause; the sound of footsteps on the smashed glass in the hall.

Two plain-clothes POLICEMEN enter the lounge: Detectives ADAM CHARLES and ALAN DAVIES. Sarah frowns at them throughout, as if half-recognising their faces.

CHARLES
Good afternoon. We're looking for a Mr. David York.

DAVID

That's me, unfortunately.

CHARLES

David York, I am placing you under arrest for the disappearance of Amanda York. You do not have to say anything, unless relied upon for evidence in court.

SARAH

On what evidence? This is ridiculous! David and I have just got here, and I've known him and Amanda for years!

DAVIES

That part of the inquiry is confidential, Madam.

DAVID

Confidential! You're placing me under arrest and you won't tell me the reason!

CHARLES

All will become clear once we get you back to the station.

DAVIES

Anyway, sir, we just told you.

David's phone buzzes. He checks it as Amanda talks:

SARAH

You haven't told him anything. He's got nothing to do with Amanda going missing. Do you even have any evidence? And where's your warrant?

David reads a TEXT from AMANDA:

'DON'T TRUST THEM'.

He's shaken.

CHARLES

We need you to come with us, sir.

DAVID

This is crap! Some sick joke. I'm getting out of here. You should be looking for my wife!

SARAH

David would never do anything like this.

CHARLES

Calm down, Mr. York.

DAVID

Calm down?! I leave this morning -- happy wife, life -- then the world decides to turn upside-down on me. I'm going to find Amanda!

Charles blocks his way. Davies takes a pair of handcuffs from his belt.

DAVID

Get out of my way!

CHARLES

Don't do anything foolish!

DAVID

The only foolish thing I'm doing is standing here!

He pushes past -- they grab him, struggling.

CHARLES

You're not going anywhere!

DAVID

To hell with this!

David breaks free -- PUNCHES Charles and bolts out of the door.

11 EXT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - DAY

David runs down a narrow street. The Detectives burst out in pursuit. They run down the hill to the High Street.

12 INT. INDOOR MARKET - DAY

DAVID dashes through the stalls, throwing things at the Detectives, slowing them. He rounds a corner, out of sight.

13 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

THE TRAMP (OS)

Dave, David York.

David skids to a halt, approaches the Tramp, warily.

(CONTINUED)

THE TRAMP

Yer in danger, sir. I be a messenger.

DAVID

Of what?

THE TRAMP

Amanda, Amanda....

DAVID

What do you know about her? Where is she?

THE TRAMP

Far from here, but close....

DAVID

Where?

The Tramp takes a bottle from his jacket and swigs from it.

THE TRAMP

Me, sir, I was like you. High hopes for future -- happy home -- then Mr. Webber....

DAVID

Webber...?

THE TRAMP

(laughs)

Webber! That's him! Builds yer trust then takes you apart, bit by bit by bit!

DAVID

Ian Webber?

THE TRAMP

He took my w...ife. Life. I worked for him. Bright future. Happy life. Then the letters started appearing.

DAVID

The letters? Who's sending them? And how do you know Amanda's name? Who are you?

THE TRAMP

A messenger, sir. Trust no one.
(drinks)
Devil man, takes your life.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Ian Webber is a good friend, and
my boss. He'd never do anything.
(walking away)

THE TRAMP

Sir, spare some money for me
trouble. Information was
useful...

DAVID

Useful? Riddles from a drunk,
talking in circles.

THE TRAMP

Trust no one....

David walks away.

14 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

David walks towards the offices of TEXTILE CREATIVE.

15 INT. TEXTILE CREATIVE - LOBBY - DAY

He's met with a SECURITY GUARD, talking into a radio.

David backs away, making for the BASEMENT DOOR -- tries
it, LOCKED.

Spots a stairwell, sneaks for it -- GUARD still has his
back turned -- reaches the door--

ALARM sounds. The GUARD whirls around--

David runs up the stairs. Sound of radio and voices below.

Keeps running.

16 INT. TEXTILE CREATIVE - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

David opens the door.

SECURITY GUARD

You, stop there!

David glances down the stairs; the GUARD is running up.
David runs through the fire exit, shuts it behind him.
Grabs a chair and props it against the door.

David straightens his jacket and walks towards the
RECEPTIONIST.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Hello, David. Aren't you supposed to be on annual leave?

DAVID

Something cropped up. Claire, is Ian about?

CLAIRE

Yes -- but he gave me instructions for no one to disturb him.

DAVID

I bet he did! Have you seen Amanda today?

CLAIRE

Is something wrong? You look worried -- look at the state of you.

DAVID

(walking past)
I need to see him.

CLAIRE

David!

DAVID

It's a private matter, Claire.

He stops at the door to MR. WEBBER'S office. IAN'S voice heard on the phone.

17 INT. TEXTILE CREATIVE - WEBBER'S OFFICE - DAY

IAN

(on phone)
Look, it isn't that I don't want to help -- far from it -- but my hands are tied. [...] You must be joking! A person is worth more than that--!

David flings the door open.

DAVID

What the hell is going on, Webber -- where's Amanda? Are you on the phone to them?

IAN

(on phone)
No, I definitely asked Claire to keep anyone away from the office for the next hour.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Ian.

IAN

(to David)

David, now's not a good time. Ask Claire.

DAVID

I'm asking you.

He pulls the phone from its socket and throws it across the room.

IAN

David, do you know what you've cost me?

DAVID

Cost you?! Where's Amanda?

IAN

You've just cost me the deal to save this company.

DAVID

So you were going to sell out? Who to?

IAN

I'm not about to put you out of a job, David, you're important to the company. But what makes you think I know where Amanda is? Where's your evidence?

DAVID

I... it was a tramp on the street.

IAN

A tramp. David, I know you better -- unless...

DAVID

What?

IAN

Sam Burnes. That drunkard! He's been pestering the staff, hanging around outside every day. Only worked here for a month, turned up late every day. Ended up smashing the office to bits. You were on your honeymoon with Amanda, of course.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
How convenient.

IAN
He always said I ruined his
career. He ruined it himself.
David, don't make his mistakes.

DAVID
I just want answers.

Ian stands, goes to a cabinet on the far side. Takes a
bottle.

IAN
You look about as tired as I
feel. Have a drink. Take it easy.

DAVID
Not in the mood. You're gonna
help me find Amanda, one way or
the other.

IAN
I'm afraid I don't have time for
this. Call the police or
something.

DAVID
'They're Coming', Ian.

IAN
Who are?

DAVID
'They're Coming'.

Long pause. Music rises.

IAN
David, leave now. It's not safe.

DAVID
Oh, not you as well. I've had
enough of riddles. Tell me --

IAN
Leave, David. They're probably
already coming for you.

DAVID
Let them come -- I want to meet
them.

IAN
If you do, it might cost me my--

Knock at the door.

(CONTINUED)

SECURITY GUARD

Everything alright, Mr. Webber?
Caught a disturbance downstairs,
someone set off the alarms. Tall
feller, couldn't get a good look
at him.

IAN

I said I wasn't to be disturbed.
Alarms are your responsibility --
that's what I pay you for.

SECURITY GUARD

There are also two detectives
downstairs insisting that they
speak with you. A matter of some
urgency, as they told me.

IAN

You can tell them -- Hm. On
second thoughts: David, you can
come out, now.

(to GUARD)

Ryan, can you escort Mr. York
downstairs? I believe he's the
reason the detectives wish to
speak to me.

SECURITY GUARD

Mr. York?

IAN

He's hiding behind my desk.

David stands up.

DAVID

You bastard. You're behind all
this, I swear.

IAN

Ryan.

SECURITY GUARD

Come with me, Mr. York.

DAVID

I haven't done anything. I just
want to know who's taken my wife.
I thought I could trust you, Ian.

IAN

It's nothing personal, David,
believe me. Purely business.

The Guard manhandles him towards the door.

18 INT. TEXTILE CREATIVE - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

CLAIRE
What's going on, David?

DAVID
Ask Ian to fill you in. On second thoughts, take the rest of the day off, and don't speak to anyone. Especially Ian.

CLAIRE
What's happened?

SECURITY GUARD
Keep moving and shut up.

19 INT. TEXTILE CREATIVE - CORRIDOR - DAY

David is marched down a long corridor. He pauses, stoops to tie his shoelace.

SECURITY GUARD
I said keep moving.

DAVID
I don't want to fall on my face, do I?

SECURITY GUARD
Hurry up.

DAVID
How much is he paying you?

The Guard tries to hoist David to his feet -- David swings for his legs, knocking him over.

David runs, a sprint for the door, Guard in pursuit.

20 INT. TEXTILE CREATIVE - LOBBY - DAY

David bursts in. CHARLES and DAVIS are waiting, spot him.

CHARLES
David. David York...

David runs outside.

21 EXT. TEXTILE CREATIVES - DAY

David collides with a lady carrying shopping -- bags spill everywhere. He runs on, into:

22 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

David mingles with the crowd, blending in. The DETECTIVES and SECURITY GUARD pursuing -- spot him. He runs:

23 EXT. SEA FRONT - DAY

David runs down the steps to the beach. Detectives shouting in distance.

PASSER BY
You entering the marathon, son?

DAVID
Bad day --

Keeps running. Security Guard on his tail --

PASSER BY
What's this then, Dress-Up Beach
Run 2012?

SECURITY GUARD
Shut up!

PASSER BY
Nice -- my bet's on the other
guy.

Keeps running.

David runs up the stairs. Slows, sees no pursuers in sight. Takes deep breaths.

A tap on his shoulder.

CHARLES
Mr. York. There's no use in
running.

DAVID
Ah, damn.

DAVIS socks him in the stomach. He doubles over.

DAVIS
You just make yourself more
guilty. Now, how about those
questions at the station?

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

If you were doing your jobs,
you'd be out looking for Amanda.

DAVIES

You'd know where she is, sir.

Charles is struck by a HANDBAG, full in the face.

SARAH

He doesn't know where she is!
Call yourselves detectives?

DAVIES

You're both under arrest!

CHARLES

Grievous bodily harm on a police
officer, as well. Twice!

SARAH

Oh, please! You're a grown man.
It might knock some sense into
you! David, get in the car.

DAVID

You don't have to do this, Sarah.

SARAH

In!

CHARLES

Stay where you are!

They run for the car, Sarah at the wheel. Charles gets his
foot in the door -- David pushes him out. Engine starts.

They drive off, the detectives banging on the windows.

The Security Guard catches up.

DAVIES

Bit late, aren't we?

SECURITY GUARD

Oh, shut up.

CHARLES

Do you know who I am?

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah, you look like you're
playing dress-up as a policeman.

CHARLES

Watch it!

CROSS-DISSOLVE INTO:

24 INT. CAR - DAY

David and Sarah in travel.

DAVID
Thanks for -- back there.

SARAH
I'm always here, you know that.

DAVID
(using his phone)
You're the first bright light of
the day.
(hangs up)
Her phone's off. Amanda warned me
about the policemen. She told me
not to trust them. She was never
a fan of Webber's, either.

SARAH
What do you think? She can't be
involved.

DAVID
It's all riddles.

The car pulls up outside Sarah's house.

25 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Sarah and David entering.

SARAH
Make yourself at home. Feel free
to freshen up -- I won't peek.

David smiles, takes off his jacket, sits on the bed. Sarah
goes into the other room to change, occasionally leaning
into view.

SARAH
Does this Webber know where
Amanda is?

DAVID
If he does, he didn't say. I
think we've hit a dead end.

SARAH
Something will turn up. You know,
I always thought you two could
find each other in a snowstorm.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

That's how it started, that hiking trip. I can't help thinking if I just wait, she'll come find me again.

Sarah enters, hair down, looking relaxed.

SARAH

What about what she said to you? About leaving?

DAVID

I have no idea.

She sits next to him, close.

SARAH

What if -- and I'm not saying it is -- but what if it were true?

DAVID

I don't know why it would be. She had no reason to leave. We were doing fine. Ups and downs, but fine. Maybe it was something she wasn't telling me.

SARAH

(rests a hand on his shoulder)

I'm sure she wouldn't hide anything from you.

DAVID

...Yeah.

SARAH

It's been a long day. I could whip something up.

DAVID

I'm not hungry. I think I'm running on adrenalin. I just don't know which way to go.

SARAH

You know someone is playing a game with you, don't you?

DAVID

Do you think I should stop?

SARAH

If they're expecting you to keep chasing them... maybe you should be doing something unexpected.

DAVID
(turns to her, close)
I feel... blind.

SARAH
Let me help.

Getting closer, tender. She KISSES him. He responds at first, but pulls away.

SARAH
David...

DAVID
I should go.

SARAH
Wait...

DAVID
Is this why I'm here? Is this
what you've wanted the whole
time?

SARAH
Of course not!

DAVID
You're trying to get me to give
up.

SARAH
You said it yourself, you've hit
a dead end.

DAVID
They were right. Robert was
right. I argued with him about it
-- I didn't believe it of you.
Cos you've always been there.
Well, I think you might have
finally got what you wanted: I'm
all on my own.

He storms out. Sarah is stunned, upset.

26 EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

DAVID walking away.

27 INT. LIBRARY - DAY

DAVID at a computer, looking lost, distant. A search engine on screen.

Types 'IAN WEBBER'. The Textile Creative website comes up -- under construction.

Pauses. Types 'THEY'RE COMING', but sees nothing unusual.

Types 'SARAH CHARTER', brings up a page for her modelling work. Scrolls through photos idly, lost in thought, upset. Notices something, looks closer: A link at the bottom of the screen, reading 'FEARLIGHT GROUP'.

Types 'FEARLIGHT'. Clicks through to an amateur-dramatics group website, full of phrases like 'FEARLIGHT IS COMING', 'WE'RE COMING', etc.

He scrolls down to a group photo: Recognises CHARLES and DAVIES at the back of the crowd -- as well as ROBERT --

And AMANDA and SARAH, right at the front. All grinning happily.

David stands, exits with determination.

28 EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

DAVID approaching with haste. His phone rings -- it's SARAH. He ignores it, keeps walking.

Knocks on the door. SARAH answers, looking dishevelled, shocked.

SARAH / DAVID
David! / Sarah.

DAVID / SARAH
You know the detectives! / I know
the detective!

Beat.

DAVID / SARAH
What...?

29 INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

SARAH leads DAVID inside. DC DAVIES is tied up on the floor, unconscious. A smashed vase next to him.

SARAH
The little pig came to the door,
started making demands. Told me
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SARAH (cont'd)
I'd be facing ten years if I didn't help them find you. I told him I had no idea where you were....

DAVID
He's with the theatre group. I saw a photo of you all.

SARAH
That's what I was phoning you for. I knew I recognised his face. But me and Amanda only went there once, Robert's idea, part of a big night out, I knew hardly anyone there. I'm sorry I didn't realize sooner.

DAVID
No, it's all right. At least we know.

Sarah gives Davies a kick.

SARAH
Cheating bastard!

DAVID
Listen....

SARAH
David, I'm sorry. It's my fault. I'm the guilty one. I shouldn't have done anything, especially not with Amanda gone....

DAVID
It's all right. I appreciate your help. I'd do a pretty shoddy job of it on my own. So. Thank you.

SARAH
Thank you.

DAVID
So how did you stop this guy?

SARAH
Vase. Only a cheap one.

DAVID
Good. That's one down. Still, it's only a matter of time before the real police get involved. And Amanda's still missing....

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

If they're involved, it can only mean a better chance of finding her, right?

DAVID

All I know is I need to find her. She's right in the middle of it all. I can't do anything else until I see her again.

Sarah embraces him.

SARAH

Okay. What do you want to do? Because this guy hasn't given me anything, and for all we know, he'd walk us straight into a trap.

DAVID

I don't think he's up for talking right now anyway.

SARAH

Do you want to pay Robert a visit?

DAVID

I'd love to. He's always on the move, and I haven't seen him in six months. I don't even have his current number -- and e-mail's hardly immediate.

SARAH

Well, then, we'd better head to the theatre.

DAVID

You think we'll find anything sneaking around backstage?

SARAH

I was thinking the direct approach. Just walk in like you own the place, it works for me.

DAVID

Well, then. Miss Charter, would you care to accompany me?

Holding out his arm. She takes it.

SARAH

Let's give them a bad review.

They exit.

30 INT. THEATRE - DAY

A dress rehearsal in progress, a couple of actors on the stage.

DAVID and SARAH enter. The DIRECTOR spots them.

DIRECTOR
Hello, were you looking for something?

SARAH
Yes, actually, we're putting on a performance and we're in need of a couple of actors. Local theatre.

DIRECTOR
Oh, we do like to help out where we can.

DAVID
We're looking for a very specific type of actor. One sort of this height--

SARAH
More this height.

DAVID
--and the other one around this height.

They reel off more physical descriptions of Charles and Davies.

SARAH
Bad breath, too--

DAVID
--That's not important, though.

DIRECTOR
Well, you sound like you have a vision. Perhaps you'd better take a look at our roster; you might be able to pick out a couple of interesting faces.

He leads them to a notice board, containing headshots of the theatre members -- CHARLES and DAVIES are among them.

DAVID
Those two look interesting, don't you think?

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

They'd be perfect. Could you help us get our hands on them?

DIRECTOR

I'm afraid we haven't seen those two for some time -- they missed our last rehearsal. And I can't really give out home addresses without their say-so....

SARAH

Not even a street name?

DIRECTOR

I suppose it's no secret that they're usually found at Club Eleven. Regular patrons -- and it is a Friday, so you could probably bump into them.

SARAH

Thank you very much. Sounds like a plan.

DIRECTOR

No problem. Oh, our opening night is next Thursday, don't forget to pop in!

DAVID

We'll try.

They depart, walking towards the door.

DAVID

To the club, then.

SARAH

Hold on, I've been to Club Eleven before -- there's a pretty strict dress code. Don't worry; I've seen you in a tux, you can scrub up pretty well for a club.

DAVID

I'd say my wardrobe's probably been trashed by now.

SARAH

We'll stop off at mine -- think I've still got some of my ex's stuff should fit you.

They exit.

31 EXT. CLUB ELEVEN - EVENING

DAVID and SARAH, arm-in-arm, wearing thick winter gear, head for the door.

BOUNCER

You two are a bit wrapped up for clubbing, aren't you?

SARAH

It's a cold night. Isn't it, dear?

DAVID

Terribly cold.

BOUNCER

It's the middle of summer. Whatever, go inside. Place is dead anyway.

They go inside.

32 INT. CLUB ELEVEN - EVENING

They walk upstairs. Music playing.

DAVID

I said this looks like winter gear. Didn't your ex have anything without a tog rating?

SARAH

Shush, look who it is.

ROBERT stands at the bar, talking to CHARLES. David approaches, dead calm.

DAVID

Evening all. Fancy seeing you here, Robert. Hope you aren't spending too much of Ian's money.

ROBERT

David, wait. Stop. I arranged a meeting with the police to clear your name.

SARAH

You should be on stage, Robert. I always knew you were rotten.

(to Charles)

Hi. Remember me, "officer"?

Charles looks sour, rubs his head.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT

Sarah, Sarah. Always the helpful friend. Lucky you that Amanda's suddenly out of the picture.

SARAH

Careful--

ROBERT

You "always thought I was rotten". Huh. Makes sense, seeing as you wanted David all for yourself.

DAVID

Stop avoiding the question, Robert. Where is she?

ROBERT

Oh, yes, the one you married. Let's take a walk.

SARAH

I don't think you should go anywhere.

DAVID

I know. But it's okay. Just keep an eye on our blue-and-white friend here.

SARAH

He'll be as black-and-blue as his friend if he moves.

CHARLES

Actually, I think I need to use the bathroom...

SARAH

Ha, fat chance. You're staying put.

CHARLES

No, I really need to go!

SARAH

Hold it.

David follows Robert out.

33 EXT. CLUB ELEVEN - ROOFTOP - EVENING

They emerge onto the roof, the city lights all around.

DAVID

So, friend -- are we talking?
Where's Amanda?

ROBERT

Amanda, Amanda. She's in a safe
place.

DAVID

No riddles. Where is she?

ROBERT

As I said. Safe.

DAVID

Don't play coy. I've got you
figured out, Robert. An "events
organizer". You're running
errands for Ian Webber -- getting
Sam Burnes involved, leaving a
trail for me to follow.

ROBERT

You're wrong. Ian's been good to
me. You're not his only project,
David.

DAVID

You're his go-fer. You both seem
to have the same trust issues.
That's what you told me, right:
"Trust no one"? I've taken it to
heart.

(grabs him)

Now, tell me where she is.

ROBERT

I can't tell you -- really I
can't. There's too much at stake
-- my job, Ian's; money--

DAVID

Always the money! I never knew
friendship could be brought.

ROBERT

You never had to! You've been
living in the lap of luxury. How
does it feel to be scrabbling
around on the streets, huh?

David pushes Robert towards the edge of the roof, still
clutching his jacket.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID
Tell me -- or I swear, I'll....

ROBERT
You'll what--?

Robert slips, falls -- David grabs his arm.

DAVID
Where's Amanda?!

ROBERT
Christ, David, I'm gonna fall!

DAVID
Amanda!

ROBERT
Alright, alright! Textile
Creative -- basement! Pull me up,
you psycho!

David holds for a moment, staring him out -- then pulls him up. Robert falls to the rooftop, gasping. David stands over him.

DAVID
Thanks, Robert. Now our
friendship is over.

He walks off, slams the door.

Robert takes out his MOBILE, dials.

ROBERT
He's on his way. [...] No, she's
with him. Be warned, you'll need
a leash to control that one.

34 INT. CLUB ELEVEN - EVENING

David enters, crosses to Sarah and Charles.

DAVID
I know where she is, let's go.

SARAH
Right. Goodbye, squealer.

CHARLES
I'm not a squealer--!

Sarah walks up to him, kicks him in the groin.

SARAH

And that's for putting us through
hell today.

Charles collapses to his knees.

CHARLES

That'd never have happened on
stage....

35 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

The CAR drives through the night. Lights gliding past,
music rising, intense.

36 EXT. TEXTILE CREATIVES - NIGHT

The car pulls up. DAVID moves to get out.

SARAH

Whoa, hold your horses. What's
the plan?

DAVID

Find my wife.

SARAH

What about security?

Nods towards the window; the SECURITY GUARD visible
inside.

DAVID

I got past him easy enough last
time.

SARAH

They'll know you're coming.
Robert won't sit still.

DAVID

Still playing the game.

SARAH

I might try a game of my own.
It's all been theatrics today.
I'll give you your cue.

She exits.

37 INT. TEXTILE CREATIVE - LOBBY - NIGHT

She enters, knocks on the window of the guard station. The SECURITY GUARD has his feet up, reading a newspaper. Glances up, frowns at her. She keeps knocking, mimes: "Car broken down. It's late, I'm tired. Phone dead. Can I use yours?"

Guard sighs, gets up, goes to the desk, walking with a limp.

SARAH

Thank you so much. Are you alright?

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah. Too much running, you know. I'm in training for a marathon.

SARAH

Oh, really? Me too.

She waves David in behind her back. He sneaks in under the conversation:

SECURITY GUARD

Which one are you in for?

SARAH

The Devon one.

SECURITY GUARD

That's the one I'm training for. Oh, sorry, you wanted the phone.

SARAH

Thanks. You know, you've restored my trust in this place.

SECURITY GUARD

Glad to be of service. I've been feeling a bit under-appreciated lately, actually.

SARAH

Really...?

David reaches the BASEMENT DOOR, now unlocked. He enters.

38 INT. TEXTILE CREATIVE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

David walks down the steps.

The music stops.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Amanda?

AMANDA (O.S.)

David? Darling! Thank God you've found me! He made me say those things to you, I couldn't stop him!

DAVID

It's okay, it's all okay. Where are you?

He walks in further. Halts.

IAN WEBBER is tied to a chair, duct tape over his mouth.

AMANDA comes out of the shadows.

AMANDA

I've been waiting for you.

She's holding a GUN.

Pointed at David.

DAVID

A-Amanda? What's going on....?

AMANDA

I'm sorry, my love, but you're just about to shoot Ian Webber.

DAVID

It's you? You're behind all this?

AMANDA

You've only got yourself to blame, really. You've signed poor Ian's death warrant.

DAVID

What do you mean?

AMANDA

I should have known Sarah would run over hell and high water to play your accomplice. What did she promise you, David? Did she offer a shoulder to cry on?

DAVID

She's not the one pointing a gun at me.

AMANDA

You should have listened, David. Trust no one. Now, the respectable David York has turned on his mentor, and his poor slip of a receptionist. She was the key, of course. There had to be a witness to see you threaten Ian. The motive of revenge is so easy to understand... when your wife has gone missing.

DAVID

So our marriage? What was that? All part of the plan as well?

AMANDA

Don't be so crass, David. But it was useful. With you serving time, I pick up the keys to Textile Creative -- and Ian's fortune.

DAVID

Money. You sound like Robert.

AMANDA

Oh, yes. About Robert....

DAVID

What?

AMANDA

I'm afraid I've been burning my candle at both ends.

DAVID

You're a sick woman, Amanda.

AMANDA

Actually, I'm in the pink. You see, after your little altercation this afternoon, Ian Webber handed the company over to me. He thought his little jackpot was in financial difficulty. I cooked the books. It's worth millions.

DAVID

Amanda, give me the gun.

She holds up a drink.

AMANDA

Take this instead. I insist.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

No.

AMANDA

You're going to drink it, David.

DAVID

Oh yeah? What makes you so s--

She fires, wide. David yells in shock.

AMANDA

Drink it.

DAVID

What is it?

AMANDA

It's perfectly harmless, David. You'll get some much-needed rest, and when you wake up, Ian will be dead, and you'll be off to a nice, safe place.

DAVID

I'm not drinking this. What are you gonna do, shoot me? Won't that blow a hole in this ridiculous plan of yours?

AMANDA

Don't worry, my love, I've studied up. I know exactly where to shoot you to make it look like a suicide gone wrong. And even if you die, it's not a total loss. I can play the grieving widow just as well. After all, our marriage has been dead for years. Let's toast.

She hands over the drink. David considers it--

Footsteps are heard, behind him.

SARAH

I never liked to say, but personally I always thought you were a heartless bitch.

AMANDA

Sarah. Your leash has come loose, darling.

SARAH

Give me the gun.

AMANDA

To you? Never. I think I'll break your fingers, though -- you have a tendency to make grabs for married men.

She lowers the gun -- Sarah closes in, almost circling each other. They tussle, vicious, pulling hair and throwing punches and kicks.

David keeps back, circling towards Ian. They trade desperate glances.

The women are struggling, fiercely. Amanda drops the gun; it skitters across the room. David lunges for it, levels it at her.

DAVID

Alright, that's enough. Game's over.

AMANDA

But David... I loved you.

DAVID

Sarah, untie Ian, please. And Amanda. Darling. Don't move a muscle.

Sarah unties Ian, who stands, rubbing his wrists.

IAN

David, thank you. I owe you so much. About earlier today --

DAVID

Don't worry about it. First things first.

He approaches Amanda, still pointing the gun.

AMANDA

I wasn't bad, was I?

DAVID

You fooled me. But you should have known I'd be coming for you.

IAN

What do we do with her?

DAVID

Police. The real police. She's got a story to tell.

AMANDA

Not today, my love.

DAVID

Amanda. You gambled and lost. We beat you.

AMANDA

In a scrap with your puppy dog? Think bigger, David.

DAVID

What do you mean?

Amanda simply presses a finger to her lips, shaking her head. David frowns, but doesn't rise to it.

DAVID

Come on.

Waves her forward with the gun. They troop for the stairs, Sarah and Ian following.

FADE.

39

EXT. TEXTILE CREATIVES - NIGHT

Everyone outside, watching as Amanda is taken away. David and Sarah stand together -- Amanda shoots them an evil look. David crosses to her.

DAVID

Amanda. One more thing: 'They're Coming'. That's what I was told. Who are they?

She stays silent, staring at him slyly, almost triumphantly.

DAVID

Come on, no more secrets now. Who's coming?

She only smiles, and is led away. David shakes his head, returns to Sarah as Ian approaches.

IAN

David, now I owe you my life and my company.

DAVID

I wouldn't have made it past the actors if it wasn't for Sarah.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Well, thank you, Sarah.

SARAH

I knew David was innocent. I didn't suspect Amanda. A friend of five years....

IAN

That's why I'd like to give you this. Call it a reward for your loyal service.

He hands David a white envelope. He opens it; the top of the letter reads "TH".

DAVID

Tickets to America? Amanda was right about one thing -- you must be sitting on a fortune, Ian.

IAN

I was planning on giving them to you as compensation for the workload I've been putting on your shoulders. From now on, I'd be happy to share the load. I'm making you a full partner.

David and Sarah share a grin.

SARAH

Congratulations! Um. There are two tickets, right?

DAVID

Looks like it.

SARAH

I take it this isn't a works outing. Who are you going to take with you?

DAVID

Who do you think?

Gazing at her, hopeful. She grins hugely, plants a big kiss on his lips!

Beat.

Staring at each other. Realizing. They lean in, kiss properly. Stay in the embrace.

SARAH

Why?

DAVID
You came back for me. You've
always been there.

SARAH
We make quite a team.

David nods.

DAVID
Come on. America. Ian, thanks.

They walk off, arm in arm.

40 INT. TEXTILE CREATIVE - LOBBY - NIGHT

The SECURITY GUARD is at the desk, speaking into the
PHONE.

SECURITY GUARD
Yes, they've left the building.
[...] That's right. The plan has
changed.

41 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

David and Sarah drive off into the distance.

42 END TITLES