

"CARRION"

BY

DARRIN NIGHTINGALE

MAY 2010

EMAIL: INFO@DARRINNIGHTINGALE.COM

FADE IN:

The RATTLE of insect wings.

CUTS TO:

SILENCE

INT. DERELICT ROOM — NIGHT

A woman slumps in the corner. Belt round her arm. Needle junked in her vein. She heaves. Coughs. An insect crawls from her mouth. Lingers on her breath. Flies away.

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

A corpse decomposes. Flies lay eggs. Maggots swarm over rotting flesh.

INT. RUNDOWN TENEMENT — EVENING

CHRISTINE follows STEPHEN past four, five, six doors. He stops outside...

TWO TEN

looks back along the empty landing.

CHRIS

Five minutes we're back in the shade?

STEPHEN

Cast iron piece of cake.

He RINGS the bell. An insect BUZZES above her head. She swipes it away. The door opens. He reaches for her hand.

INT. TWO TEN — EVENING

Stephen pulls Chris inside. DEALER locks the door.

STEPHEN

Nice day for it.

DEALER

Nice day for what?

STEPHEN

You know. Smelling the roses.

DEALER

Light's fading kid. What'll it be?

Stephen glances back at Chris.

STEPHEN
We're after half-a-dozen Bobby
Suntory. A dozen Lady Banks. A
score of Betty Harkness. And
another of Octavia Hills.

DEALER
That's the sun set at... four.

He pushes redial on his mobile. Backs along the hall.

DEALER
(into mobile)
Six Bobby Suntory. Twenty Betty
Harkness. Twenty Octavia Hills.
And twelve of Lady Banks.

KITCHEN

A small bag is lowered through a hole in the ceiling.

DOOR

Chris counts twenty-pound notes into Stephen's hand.

DEALER
Let's see your green.

STEPHEN
All we've got is purple. Twenty
purple.

He takes the bag. Inventories the contents. Dealer counts
his cash.

DEALER
We done?

He wakes up the computer. Checks his surveillance.

STEPHEN
Roll on another rose sunset.

Dealer pulls open the door.

INT. ILLICIT LAB — EVENING

WILLIAMS steps inside. JONES locks the door. Holsters his
Beretta 92FS 9mm pistol. Follows him.

JONES
We in business?

WILLIAMS
Didn't even blink.

Equipment is spread across three tables. SMITH wires positive and negative cathodes to a transformer. To his left an aquarium of insects. On his right a distillery.

SMITH
I need a gram.

WILLIAMS
You got a gram.

He drops a bag of Cocaine in front of Smith.

INT. CHRIS'S FLAT / KITCHEN – NIGHT

PING, the microwave stops. Stephen takes out a dish. Chris lays a mirror on the counter. Reties her towel.

STEPHEN
How much am I cutting?

CHRIS
Me and you. Makes two. Stephanie.
Not Oliver. Dawn. And Simon.

STEPHEN
Six. I'll cut six. Now. Do-us a
favour. Get dressed.

He scrapes crystallised Ketamine onto the mirror. An insect BUZZES above his head. He swipes it away.

INT. ILLICIT LAB – NIGHT

Smith dials the transformer off. Removes a cathode. Coated with white powder. He scrapes a dose onto a fold of paper.

SMITH
Gear up gentlemen.

Jones plugs a camera into the laptop.

CAMERA'S POV

as Williams dusts a pinch of Cocaine into a jar. Positions it at the door of the tank. Lets an insect at the powder.

BACK TO SCENE

as the LED on a USB adaptor flickers. Confirms the video feed saving to a micro-vault.

JONES
Proper little spun monkey.

WILLIAMS
Hells little roller-coaster.

He tightens the lid. Stands the jar on the counter.

SMITH
Carrion formula. Two zero one
five. Variation four.

WILLIAMS
The moment of truth.

He cracks open the lid. Lets Smith tip in the dose. The insect devours the Cocaine.

EXT. STREET — NIGHT

A delivery truck pulls over. The doors fling open. WEAVER and TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE well drilled men exit. Dressed in black fatigues. Armed with Heckler and Koch MP5 submachine guns. They cut through a wall of shrubs.

INT. CHRIS'S FLAT — NIGHT

STEPHANIE snorts a line of Ketamine.

SIMON
He's so pretty. I'd do him.

She offers SIMON the straw. DAWN takes it.

DAWN
We'd tag-team him.

STEPHANIE
Hands off. You hear. He's mine.

DAWN
He is sweet though.

STEPHANIE
Isn't he?

Chris sets a tray of six shot glasses on the table.

CHRIS
Stephen!

EXT. VICTORIAN WAREHOUSE — NIGHT

Two, Three, Four and Five skirt the edge of the building. To an entrance. Weaver brings up the rear.

INT. CHRIS'S FLAT / BEDROOM – NIGHT

Stephen hands OLIVER two vials.

STEPHEN
Bobby Suntory for the lady. And a
Betty Harkness for the gent.

He gives him a zip-lock bag; a single orange pill.

OLIVER
Shangri-la in a plastic bag.

STEPHEN
You bet your life.

CHRIS
(from Living Room)
Stephen!

Stephen takes fifty pounds from Oliver.

OLIVER
We should...

STEPHEN
...Go squeeze your peach.

He seals his stash in a container. Hides it in a wall vent.

INT. VICTORIAN WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

Two backs up the stairs. MP5 poised. He follows his aim
along the landing. Posts himself on the far side of...

ONE NINETEEN

as Four and Five take positions opposite. Three moves up.
Secures shape charges. At the hinges. At the lock. He backs
along the landing. Wires the detonator. Thumbs up "READY".

INT. CHRIS'S FLAT – NIGHT

Stephen enters from the bedroom. Chris hands him a glass.
Raises a toast.

CHRIS
To code ten's.

They down their shots.

EVERYONE
(together)
FUCK'EM!

INT. ILLICIT LAB — NIGHT

BOOM, the door blows. Debris explodes in. Four sweeps left. Five sweeps right. Two sights Smith with his MP5.

TWO

Move! There! Over there!

Smith moves towards Jones.

FIVE

Clear!

Williams steps out from the shadows. Unloads a Remington 870 shotgun. The distillery explodes. Two goes down.

Four doesn't hesitate. Two in the chest. Williams is dead. One in the head makes sure.

Jones and Smith dive for cover. Heave the tank and table onto its side. Glass shatters across the floor.

Five drags Two away. Three starts shooting.

Jones returns fire. The bag of Cocaine explodes. Coats the room in white powder.

JONES

We got t'go.

SMITH

Wait one second.

He reaches for the USB-adaptor. Bullets whistle by. CRACK, the laptop kicks over his head. He has the adaptor.

JONES

You quite finished?

Smith picks at the micro-vault.

SMITH

Golden!

Jones runs. Smith keeps pace. A hail of bullets chases them to the window. Jones goes down. Smith is hit in the thigh.

The dust settles. Jones is dead. Smith sees Weaver stride towards him.

WEAVER

I want that vault.

Smith swallows the vault. Weaver has him by the throat.

SMITH

Go to hell.

WEAVER

Go to hell? Go to hell!

He whips out a knife. Slices Smith's trachea. Forces a finger into the oesophagus. Tries to retrieve the vault.

Police sirens WAIL in the distance. Three taps Weaver on the shoulder. He yanks his finger loose. Smears off the blood. Watches Smith choke.

He backs away. Notices the shotgun on the floor. Picks it up. Cocks it. Goes back to Smith. And aims.

WEAVER

It's for the-best.

He pulls the trigger.

RING

INT. CLUB TOILET CUBICAL - NIGHT

Chris hides a zip-lock in the gusset of her draws. Pulls up. Smooths down her dress. Stephanie snorts her line.

RING

INT. ILLICIT LAB - NIGHT

Three primes an incendiary device. Starts a countdown. "30". "29". "28".

RING

INT. CLUB DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Stephanie and Chris find Oliver and Stephen in the middle of the swarm. Chris kisses Stephen the pill.

RING

INT. ILLICIT LAB - NIGHT

Insects swarm over Williams, Jones and Smith.

RING

EXT. VICTORIAN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The first floor explodes. Glass and flames shoot from the windows.

RING

INT. ADAM 'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM – MORNING

ADAM LEIGH has his face buried in a pillow. He reaches for the floor. The RING stops.

ADAM
(into mobile)
Speak!

He rolls over. Sits up. Listens.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Cleared. Fit for duty.

INT. CHRIS'S FLAT – MORNING

The front door SLAMS.

CHRIS
She moved in with him.

STEPHEN
You're kidding? She's too wild for
someone that straight.

Chris flops down on the sofa. He disappears into the bedroom. Returns a moment later with his stash.

CHRIS
Opposites attract. That's the
first law of magnamism.

STEPHEN
Magnamism?

CHRIS
Yeah. Mag-ne-tism.

He opens the container. She looks inside.

EXT. VICTORIAN WAREHOUSE – MORNING

A watch of firemen pack equipment into three engines. A Ford Mondeo pulls in behind an ambulance.

INSIDE MONDEO

Adam takes out a prescription bottle of Vicodin. Taps a pill onto the lid. Tips it into his mouth.

INT. CHRIS'S FLAT / LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Chris snorts her line. Exhales. Then stands up.

CHRIS
You dancin'?

STEPHEN
You askin'?

She pulls him up. Leads him to the bedroom. Insects swarm over what's left of the Cocaine.

INT. ILLICIT LAB - MORNING

TECHNICIAN scrapes samples from the door frame.

TECHNICIAN
Detective.

Adam nods "HELLO". Finds CORONER hunkered over Williams.

CORONER
Long time no see.

ADAM
What've we got?

CORONER
Three dead.

ADAM
Arson?

CORONER
I'm thinking secondary to actual cause of death.

She points out the entry wound above Williams' eye. The two bullet holes in his sternum.

ADAM
Marksman. Shit. Okay.

He moves towards Smith. She follows.

CORONER
Looks like they were going for the window.

She points at Jones.

CORONER (CONT'D)
Dead before he hit the ground. One in the head made sure.

ADAM
And him?

CORONER

Someone really didn't like this
guy. That. Took malice.

She describes the trajectory of the knife with her hand.

ADAM

Okay. The door blows. Multiples
enter? Tweedledee and Tweedledum
take cover. Tweedle-what's-his-
name bites the bullet? And it's
gunfight at the O.K. Corral.

He studies the holes in the table. Backs towards the door.

ADAM (CONT'D)

They break for the window. Go
down.

CORONER

He's still breathing?

ADAM

Until someone takes the mile.

Glass CRACKS under his foot. He hunkers down. Turns the
shard with his pen. An insect flies out. BUZZES past.

CORONER

Why cut his throat?

Adam looks around the scene.

ADAM

Why do any of this? What were they
after?

He scoops a clutch of maggots into an evidence bag. Stands
up. An insect bites his neck.

INT. CHRIS'S FLAT / BEDROOM — MORNING

Chris tickles Stephen's ear with a stray pillow feather.

CHRIS

Please. I'm asking nice.

STEPHEN

Then you'll stop?

She watches him get up. Listens as he walks to the kitchen.
Run the tap. Swill out a glass. The glass SHATTERS. Objects
CRASH to the floor. She is on her feet, at the...

LIVING ROOM