

TRANCE

Screenplay by

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BLACK SCREEN.

The voice of a young man.

SIMON

(v.o.)

It used to be, once upon a time:
anyone could steal a painting. And
d'you know what?

EXT. VARIOUS/ INT. VARIOUS.

MONTAGE:

- Mash up from classic sixties heist movies (even though they weren't art heists): *Gambit*, *Thomas Crown*, *It Takes a Thief*, *Topkapi*, *Perfect Friday*, *Jack of Diamonds* etc. Martinis, speedboats, divine dresses, and men in black sweaters hanging on ropes.

SIMON

(v.o.)

You didn't need high tensile wires
as thin as a human hair, or special
goggles to see the laser beams, you
didn't need a computer expert, a
cool guy, a girl, and a genius, you
didn't need a fast car, and you
certainly didn't need a speedboat.
You didn't need a stopwatch, six
sticks of dynamite, and a saint's
day parade. Of course, you could
use all those things, and you'd
probably get what you were after -

INT. DR NO'S LAIR.

From *Dr No*

Goya's Duke of Wellington hangs on a wall.

BOND

So that's where it went.

SIMON

(v.o.)

But if all you really wanted was a
painting -

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

A car pulls up outside a venerable London auction house.

THREE BEEFY MEN get out of the car. One remains at the wheel.

The men have short wooden or metal clubs.

SIMON

(v.o.)

All it took was a bit of muscle and
some nerve.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

Auction in progress. Expensive bit of art on a stand at the front.

Corpulent fifty-something auctioneer FRANCIS conducts the auction.

Novice young assistant, SIMON stands by his side.

SIMON

(v.o.)

If you had the balls for it, all
you had to do was turn up.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The THREE BEEFY MEN stroll towards the entrance. Brisk, but unhurried. Above all, brazen.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The THREE BEEFY MEN wade in, threatening and surprising.

SIMON

(v.o.)

There was no need for a gun, not
when a punch in the face works just
as well.

One unfit, unprotected SECURITY GUARD (looks more like a janitor) foolish enough to get in the way gets smacked in the face.

One MAN lifts the painting.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The car pulls away, BEEFY MEN plus painting inside.

Sirens approach, but the horse has bolted.

SIMON

(v.o.)

And that was that.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The shocked aftermath.

FRANCIS mops his brow. SIMON is just staring ahead, towards the exit - almost smiling, impressed.

SIMON

(v.o.)

But not any more. Those days are gone.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The same place, but it's changed, as SIMON describes.

SIMON

(v.o.)

A business can't function taking big hits like that. So now, we have procedures, precautions, security measures. Now we have a policy. We have bag searches, silent alarms, magnetic scanners, X-rays, and cameras. And all that stuff that no one had before - everyone's got it now. So we notify the cops about big ticket sales, and - though don't tell anyone this - we even keep half a dozen Ukrainian ex-naval commandoes in a van outside. In case it all kicks off. Or so they say.

We see people filing in through the searches and scanners.

Lots more SECURITY GUARDS now: Kevlar vests, helmets, Tasers etc.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

A windowless van is parked directly outside.

INT. VAN. DAY.

Inside the windowless van, SIX BIG GUYS - harder looking - armed with Tasers, mace, and illicit weapons - knuckle-dusters, coshes. Just waiting, waiting...

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The hall is empty apart from STAFF, all facing FRANCIS.

SIMON

(v.o.)

Also, we have drills. And the first thing they tell us is:

FRANCIS

Remember - do not be a hero.

An obviously mock robbery begins. There's a frame with a blank canvas to be stolen. A couple of SECURITY GUARDS walk in shouting "this is a robbery".

SIMON

(v.o.)

Do not be a hero.

FRANCIS

No piece of art is worth a human life.

FRANCIS nods to SIMON. His cue for a rehearsed action.

SIMON takes the framed blank canvas off the stand.

SIMON

(v.o.)

Sound advice that. So I try to remember it. See if you can. No piece of art is worth a human life.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE CORRIDOR. DAY.

SIMON escorted by TWO GUARDS (not the ones pretending to be robbers) hurries along a corridor with the dummy painting.

His route takes him around corners and up and down short flights of stairs. A narrow corridor, Regency wall paper, plush carpet, dado rail, but with modern fittings - air con vents in the ceiling, spot lighting, cctv cameras.

SIMON

(v.o.)

But, if circumstances allow, - if, remember, only if! - in the event of an "event" or a "situation", we are to remove, where possible, the most valuable item or items -

As he walks along, SIMON slides the dummy painting into a black padded zip-up bag,

SIMON (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

- and take them to a place of safety, i.e. the fast-drop slot in the time delay vault.

Around a corner, he reaches the black steel door to a vault with big handle and time delay lock. Beside that is a long thin slot - an elongated letterbox.

INT. LETTERBOX. DAY.

It is in through this that SIMON slides the zip-up bag containing the painting.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

A new day. PROSPECTIVE BUYERS are on their way in. An international crowd. Picking up catalogues etc.

The day's sale items are on display.

There's a poster "Spanish Art 1750 - 1850" with an image of a severed head on a plate underneath - a reproduction of the day's star attraction.

SIMON

(v.o.)

That's all you can do, really. I mean you have to let people in, if you want them to bid. And when the reserve price for the star of the show is going to be fifteen million pounds, you definitely want them to bid.

Ahead of these people, the auction is already in progress, and SIMON is conducting it.

It's one of the lesser items he is selling. The bids are going up in five thousand.

SIMON is slick and confident, keeps it moving.

SIMON (CONT'D)

...one thirty-five... one forty... one forty-five...one fifty... one fifty-five... one fifty-five... one fifty-five... sold to you, sir, one hundred and fifty-five thousand pounds. Ladies and gentlemen, there will now be a short interval. When we reconvene, our senior auctioneer, Mr Francis Lemaitre will conduct the auction of Goya's "John the Baptist".

A murmur of anticipation as SIMON steps down.

EXT. BACK OF AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

SIMON is smoking in a small yard outside the back door.

FRANCIS appears, annoyed.

FRANCIS
Are you coming? I am about to
start.

SIMON
Start what?

FRANCIS
The sale. The Goya.

SIMON
Oh yeah. The Goya.

FRANCIS
And this is a no-smoking area.

SIMON blatantly takes another draw.

SIMON
I'm not smoking.

FRANCIS won't rise to this right now. They stare at one another. FRANCIS goes back inside.

SIMON finishes the cigarette. Grinds it out under his foot.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

FRANCIS delivers his blurb about the Goya.

FRANCIS
This painting was originally
presented to us as being the work
of Villamil, who was of course a
student of Goya. However, on closer
inspection, we were not convinced
by this. We observed the hand of
another, rather greater painter at
work, and I am glad to say that
this has now been identified and
authenticated as being the creation
of Goya himself.

FRANCIS talks on, lauding the glories of the painting.

SIMON
(v.o.)
So what happens, of course, is that
just as we up our game, the
villains up theirs. That's life.
(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

They don't just turn up on spec any more. We have precautions, they have plans. They do a reccy. They do research. They find out about our cameras and our alarms and our hypothetical Ukrainian Naval Commandoes. But some things don't change. It still takes muscle, and a bit of nerve.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

A man passes through the security checks. Late thirties. Sharp suit. This is AIDAN.

He collects his keys from a tray that passed through the X-ray.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

A hard looking man, dressed up not to look so, passes through the security. This is DOMINIC.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

Another hard man, LEWIS passes through the security checks.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE, MAIN HALL. DAY.

FRANCIS begins the auction.

FRANCIS

We shall begin at the reserve price. Fifteen million pounds sterling. Do I have a bid?

AIDAN peels off. He slips towards a door marked "staff only". The door is secured with a swipe-card lock.

AIDAN produces a card and swipes his way through.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE, BASEMENT. DAY.

AIDAN descends the last few steps to the basement.

He walks past a line of crates and boxes of varying sizes until he finds the one he wants.

It's stamped: "Contents Fragile: Open Under Supervision"

He lifts out his keys. The keyring is a small penknife.

He slits the cardboard.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

Under FRANCIS's guidance, the bidding continues, escalating upwards.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The van full of tough guys is parked directly out front.

A medium sized truck pulls up just in front of the space next to it.

At the wheel is a young man, REECE, slight and watchful.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The box is open.

AIDAN hands a metal baseball bat to LEWIS.

A tear gas launcher and gas-mask to DOMINIC.

And a shotgun for himself.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The price continues to rise, reaching towards forty million.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE, BACKSTAGE. DAY.

AIDAN, LEWIS, and DOMINIC make their way along the corridors.

At a junction, they all peel off in separate directions, with AIDAN heading deeper into the building.

They all know exactly where they're going.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

REECE waits, with the hazard lights flashing, watching the back of the van in his wing mirror.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The auction reaches its crescendo.

FRANCIS

Sold! To the bidder on telephone
number three for forty-one million
five hundred thousand pounds!

When DOMINIC bursts in, announcing his presence by firing a canister.

Screams and panic. A crush for the door. DOMINIC fires another. The room starts to fill with gas.

A GUARD bellows into his walkie-talkie.

INT. VAN. DAY.

A crackle on the radio. The SIX TOUGH GUYS jump up and reach for the door just as -

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

REECE reverses the truck hard and fast into the back of the van.

INT. VAN. DAY.

The TOUGH GUYS are trapped. Furious. Helpless.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

REECE walks calmly away. Sirens approaching. BYSTANDERS streaming out of the building.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE, MODERN CORRIDOR. DAY.

A modern looking passageway, perhaps recently constructed.

LEWIS marches along it, metal bat in hand. There's a door at the end.

LEWIS smashes it open, barely breaking stride.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

DOMINIC fires another canister. And another. The room is rapidly filling with gas.

DOMINIC disappears into a thick cloud of gas

SIMON acts fast. Takes the painting from the stand.

He gestures to TWO GUARDS who follow him.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

This is the room LEWIS smashed his way in to. Multiple monitors and a big computer.

There's a GUARD lying curled up on the floor, smart enough to stay there.

LEWIS is swinging the bat with fury, smashing every single piece of hardware in the room. Nothing will be saved.

INT. CLOUD OF GAS.

DOMINIC is in the dense fog. No one else visible.

He dumps the canister gun, pulls off his coat and his gas mask. He is wearing a shirt and tie.

He bends down and picks up a hot gas canister, still spilling out its noxious fumes.

He takes a deep breath in.

SIMON

(v.o.)

So when it happens, as one day it must, it is imperative not to panic,

INT. AUCTION HOUSE, MODERN CORRIDOR. DAY.

LEWIS strolls out of the security room, tossing the metal bat away.

SIMON

(v.o.)

- to follow the drill, and let the training kick in.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The TWO GUARDS try to keep pace with SIMON who strides ahead of them around the corners.

All we can see of him is his back.

Catch a glimpse of something shiny falling to the floor, perhaps dropped by SIMON.

SIMON

(v.o.)

If circumstances allow, - if, remember, only if! - in the event of an "event" or a "situation", we are to remove, where possible, the most valuable item or items and take them to a place of safety-

CLOSE UP on the object on the floor as the two GUARDS tread obliviously past: it is a razor-blade.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

Intercut AIDAN making his way to the same destination.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

SIMON turns a corner, zip-up plastic bag in hand, its contours indicating the framed painting inside.

As he turns around he finds that he is facing AIDAN, holding a shot gun.

AIDAN
Stop right there.

SIMON and the GUARDS freeze.

AIDAN (CONT'D)
Put it down.

SIMON places the bag on the floor.

AIDAN (CONT'D)
Step back.

They do so.

SIMON and AIDAN stare at one another.

SIMON
(v.o.)
But: remember - don't be a hero. Do not be a hero. No piece of art is worth a human life.

AIDAN stoops slightly to pick it up.

SIMON (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
No piece of art is worth a human life.

As AIDAN stands upright again, SIMON snatches a Taser from the belt of one of the GUARDS and zaps AIDAN.

AIDAN is sent falling back by the brief high voltage shock. He curses in agony and pulls the twin barbs from his chest.

But as SIMON picks up the bag, Aidan rears up again and smacks him on the head, hard, with the butt of the shot-gun.

SIMON crumples to the floor.

The TWO GUARDS are terrified.

Calmly AIDAN picks up the bag. He looks down at SIMON.

AIDAN

Idiot.

He walks away.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

A few swirls of smoke. Deserted now. Cops making their way in.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

Chaos. Traffic blocked. CIVILIANS collapsed on the pavement and the road, gasping at oxygen from PARAMEDICS. COPS everywhere. The COMMANDOES have got out and are getting in the way.

Amongst the crowd, LEWIS and DOMINIC, like any two other men caught up in this, eyes streaming, coughing, make their way out on to the road.

DOMINIC accepts some oxygen then moves on.

They drift towards a white van and get in.

REECE is at the wheel.

The van pulls away.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE ROOF. DAY.

AIDAN looks down at the scene below.

He makes his way along adjacent rooftops.

He reaches one with a scaffold against its back. There is a plastic builders funnel attached.

AIDAN gets in. He lets go. Whoosh!

EXT. BACK OF AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

AIDAN emerges from a skip. He brushes the dust off. Tucks the bag inside his coat. Walks away.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

CLOSE UP: a weird object swims into focus, filling the screen. Grey metal square with parallel gaps and fins.

Then revealed: it is an air-con vent in the ceiling.

The POV is that of SIMON, consciousness just returning to his brain.

He lies on his back, on the floor, gazing up, trying to remember, trying to work it out.

Noise of sirens and shouting outside.

EXT. BACK OF AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

SIMON emerges. Still looks dazed.

He walks and stumbles straight out on to the road.

A couple of cars swerve to miss him by inches.

INT. CAR. DAY.

POV of unseen driver through windscreen:

Moving fast along road.

SIMON steps out in front - should cross in time but he does not. Instead he stops - right in the middle of the bloody road.

SIMON - standing motionless and expressionless as the brakes are slammed on and the car screeches to a halt with the front of the red bonnet only a hairsbreadth away from hitting him.

SIMON looks up.

A YOUNG WOMAN looks out at him from inside the red car, horrified at the near collision.

EXT. LONDON. DAY.

Not far away, AIDAN continues his walk away.

He climbs into the back of the white van.

INT. WHITE VAN. DAY.

The rest of the gang are waiting.

AIDAN brings the black bag out from under his coat with a flourish.

AIDAN
Forty-one million to the man in the
gas mask.

He unzips it, takes a hold of the frame and pulls it out.

And then - stunned silence.

The frame is all there is. The painting has been cut out.

EXT. LONDON. NIGHT.

SIMON sways and bumps his way through the crowds of young revellers late at night around Leicester Square or somewhere like that.

He looks dishevelled, drunk. Like a pissed office worker.

Then he collapses, flat on his back.

INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

SIMON is wheeled in fast on a gurney by paramedics.

INT. CT SCANNER.

SIMON lies, intubated and ventilated.

The scanner whirrs.

The pictures reveal a haemorrhage inside Simon's head.

A SURGEON looks at the pictures.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE.

The SURGEON drills a hole in SIMON's shaved head.

Blood is sucked out.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE.

SIMON still on ventilator.

Anxious MUM and DAD in attendance.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

Weeks later.

SIMON's hair has grown back. Bandages off. Feeding tube up his nose but no other tubes, drips, monitors etc.

He's lying flat on his back.

Get well cards all around pinned to the wall. Also a couple of newspaper headlines pinned up - SIMON is the have-a-go hero who tried to foil a robbery.

SIMON's eyes are open. There's life in them.

INT. CT SCANNER.

Another scan. All normal now.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

Another few days later.

SIMON is sat up. Eating lunch. Television on. MUM sitting nearby.

Enter SURGEON on his ward round. Checks the charts etc.

SURGEON
How you feeling?

SIMON
Fine.

SURGEON
Been up?

SIMON
Yes.

SURGEON
Walking?

SIMON
Yes.

SURGEON
(to Mum)
Does he know who he is?

SIMON
I'm all right.

SURGEON
How would you like to go home?

EXT. BIG LONDON HOUSE. DAY.

A mansion turned multiple occupancy, but not one of the nasty ones. Less than a dozen door bells.

SIMON is outside with his MUM and DAD, one of them carrying a big white plastic bag with all his stuff from the hospital.

SIMON
I'll be fine.

MUM

You really ought to be with us.

SIMON

If I have problems, I'll come and stay, OK. But honestly, I'd rather be here. I've got a telephone.

DAD

We can't force him.

MUM

I could.

SIMON

Mum - I'll be OK.

A kiss and a hug. He watches them go.

He turns towards the house. There are several cars parked in the yard out front.

SIMON stares in at one of them. It has been broken into. The seats have been slashed, fascia panels ripped off etc.

SIMON looks at it with detached indifference.

INT. BIG LONDON HOUSE. DAY.

SIMON climbs the stairs and up into...

INT. SIMON'S FLAT. DAY.

A one bedroom place. Top floor. Decent view.

But not so nice today. The apartment has been gutted. Systematically and utterly. Every single possible hiding place for a square of canvas has been exposed and turned out. Floorboards up. Furniture ripped open.

SIMON is not surprised.

He drops his bag and sits on a piece of broken furniture.

And then...

The door bell buzzes. As he knew it would. Still, he ignores it.

It buzzes once more.

Reluctantly, he hauls himself up and goes to the entryphone.

He picks it up and listens but says nothing.

AIDAN
Hello Simon -

EXT. BIG LONDON HOUSE. DAY.

AIDAN, DOMINIC, LEWIS, and REECE are standing on the steps.

AIDAN
It's us.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT. DAY.

SIMON stands for a beat. Does not reply. And then eventually...

He presses the buzzer.

EXT. BIG LONDON HOUSE. DAY.

AIDAN pushes the door and the rest follow him in.

The door swings shut.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT. DAY.

SIMON is on a chair.

The gang are arranged in around the room, with menacing intent. Barely suppressed violence.

AIDAN
So where is it?

SIMON
I don't know. I'm sorry. I can't remember.

AIDAN
You must have taken it. You must have put it somewhere.

SIMON
If you say so.

AIDAN
Well did you or didn't you?

SIMON
I can't remember. I got hit on the head.

AIDAN
Remember that all right.

SIMON

Yeah. Got this to remind me.

He indicates the scar.

AIDAN

Well what did you expect - using that bloody gizmo? What were you thinking?

SIMON

I was making it look realistic.

AIDAN

I had a shotgun. All you needed to do was hand it over. I mean including the actual painting.

SIMON

Yes. I see that now.

AIDAN

We will torture you. I mean you do realize that? We're not just going to take your word for it.

SIMON

I'm sorry. I don't know where it is.

AIDAN looks around at the gang. That's that then.

EXT. SCRAPYARD. DAY.

The jaws of a big tractor crush the roof of a car as they lift it.

The large yard, cars stacked and parked all around, is out by the Thames estuary and the river washes by along one edge.

INT. SCRAP YARD BUILDING. DAY.

At the grimy window on the third floor of a semi-derelect building, AIDAN looks out, captivated as any man by the power of destructive machines.

Behind him, there is screaming. Wearily, he turns to look.

DOMINIC and LEWIS are doing the business on SIMON. It's very unpleasant. Long pins are being slowly forced underneath his toenails.

REECE is watching too. He doesn't like it.

SIMON pleads desperately that he doesn't remember. The torture goes on.

A pause. AIDAN strolls across to look down at the pitiful sobbing form of SIMON.

SIMON
I don't know, please... please.

LEWIS
Amnesia is bollocks. Everyone knows
amnesia is bollocks.

AIDAN sighs, shakes his head.

INT. SCRAP YARD BUILDING. NIGHT.

Later.

SIMON is being restrained by LEWIS and an arm held straight by DOMINIC.

REECE is hunched over, injecting a drug into a vein in Simon's arm.

AIDAN isn't watching. He's already guessed this won't work either.

SIMON's eyes glaze over.

LEWIS
Done yet?

REECE nods. Gets out of the way and LEWIS steps around.

SLAP! He hits SIMON.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Where is it?

SLAP!

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Where is the painting?

SLAP!

LEWIS is about to speak. All three look at SIMON.

He's unconscious.

INT. SCRAP YARD BUILDING. NIGHT.

Later still. The gang are finishing takeaway noodles. No conversation.

SIMON is just awake, sitting slumped against a wall, blood oozing from his toes.

LEWIS and DOMINIC get up and approach.

DOMINIC

Get up.

SIMON

This won't work any better than it did before.

LEWIS

How d'you know? Maybe all we have to do is try harder. Hurt you more. Then you'll remember. Simple as that.

They haul him up and throw him on a table, reaching for their tools to resume the torture.

SIMON screams and whimpers.

AIDAN watches for a while.

Eventually he jumps up.

AIDAN

Stop that.

LEWIS

What?

AIDAN

It's not going to work.

LEWIS

You an expert are you?

AIDAN

It's bleeding obvious. He can't remember.

He turns on SIMON.

AIDAN (CONT'D)

You know something - I ought to kill you.

Weak and battered, SIMON finds some spirit.

SIMON

You nearly did! Why not finish the job? Put me out of my misery. Then you can find your own painting!

INT. HOSPITAL CLINIC ROOM. DAY.

The SURGEON is completing an examination of SIMON's eyes etc. The scans are on the display screen. The SURGEON returns to his desk.

SURGEON

It's all normal. You have made an excellent recovery, given the injury.

SIMON

But the memories -

SURGEON

Your brain is intact, on a gross level. On a smaller scale, who's to say. What I'm saying is we don't know: your memories may come back, or they may not. All you can do is wait.

SIMON

Isn't there something...?

SURGEON

For memory?

SIMON

Some sort of medicine?

SURGEON

Nothing except time.

SIMON

Yeah. Time. Thanks.

INT. HOSPITAL TEA ROOM. DAY.

Busy cafe. SIMON is sitting. AIDAN brings over two cups of tea.

AIDAN

So what are we going to do? They're straining at the leash, Simon. Don't get me wrong - it's not your welfare I'm concerned about.

SIMON

Honestly - I'd do anything.

AIDAN

Well think!

SIMON

It's in here. I know it is.

AIDAN
So get it out!

Other customers look around.

SIMON is thinking, lost in something. Staring straight through AIDAN.

AIDAN (CONT'D)
What? What?

SIMON stares at him. Then without a word, gets up and walks out.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY.

SIMON is walking away. AIDAN chases after him, grabs his arm.

Simon turns to face him.

SIMON
I won't do it.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT. DAY.

SIMON sits at the table.

AIDAN dumps a fat Yellow Pages in front of him.

AIDAN
Choose one. In between hydraulics and ice cream. I counted sixty.

SIMON
I'm not doing it.

AIDAN
It was your idea.

SIMON
It was a bad idea.

AIDAN
The only one we've got.

SIMON
I don't like it.

AIDAN
Then why d'you think of it?

SIMON
Don't know!

AIDAN

You said yourself - it's in there
This sort of bollocks can get it
out.

SIMON

Hypnotherapy. The clue is in the
title, Aidan. What am I supposed to
tell them? I've lost a stolen
painting?

AIDAN

You tell them you've lost something
else. You make something up.

SIMON

And what if it doesn't work?

AIDAN

D'you want to go back to the lock-
up?

SIMON gives in. He looks down the list.

SIMON

This one.

He hands the directory back to AIDAN.

AIDAN

Why her?

SIMON

Like the name, I suppose.

AIDAN

Right. Ms Elizabeth Lamb, it is.

EXT. HARLEY STREET. DAY.

REECE drives the van into Harley Street and parks.

INT. REAR OF VAN. DAY.

SIMON's in the back with AIDAN, LEWIS and DOMINIC.

AIDAN is adjusting a radio mic under SIMON's shirt. DOMINIC
listens on headphones. SIMON speaks mechanically.

SIMON

"My name is David Maxwell"

DOMINIC

Again.

SIMON
"I've lost my car keys."

DOMINIC twiddles the dials on the receiver.

DOMINIC
Set.

SIMON
What if I start blabbing.

LEWIS tucks a mobile phone in his pocket.

LEWIS
We wake you up.

He dials his own phone. The ringtone in Simon's pocket is loud and irritating.

AIDAN
You run out of excuses yet?

He opens the rear door.

EXT. HARLEY STREET. DAY.

SIMON walks past the black railings and turns into one of the buildings.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM BUILDING. DAY.

Looking down the Georgian stairwell to an empty hall.

The sound of a loud buzzer. The sound of the front door being opened.

SIMON appears in view. He ascends the stair towards the first floor landing.

INT. WAITING ROOM. DAY.

Upmarket but clinical. Armchairs. Table with magazines.

SIMON waits. Coughs.

INT. REAR OF VAN. DAY.

AIDAN and co wait and listen via the headphones.

They hear the cough. Then silence. They wait.

Then the sudden jolt of a woman's voice. Her voice is soft, cultured, sexy. We stay in the van, on the men's faces.

ELIZABETH

(o.s.)
Mr Maxwell?

SIMON

(o.s.)
That's me.

There is a long silence. AIDAN is momentarily concerned.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(o.s.)
Is everything all right?

ELIZABETH

(o.s.)
Of course. I'm Elizabeth Lamb.
Please - this way.

The sound of walking. Another door opened.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(o.s.)
You've come to find your car keys?
Well they're just in here.

SIMON laughs and there's the sound of footsteps as they proceed into her office.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(o.s.)
Please sit down.

DOMINIC

I'd remember if she was asking.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

An expensive Harley Street consulting room.

Now we see her for the first time, as she takes her seat facing him. ELIZABETH LAMB. Thirty-something, elegant and beautiful.

She watches him for a moment.

ELIZABETH

Have you ever been hypnotized
before?

SIMON

No. Well, I was going to be, once.
But I missed the appointment.

ELIZABETH

I see.

SIMON

I was trying to give up smoking.
Maybe I didn't really want to.

ELIZABETH

Well after we've found your car
keys, perhaps you'll want to
revisit that.

SIMON

I don't think I can give up.

ELIZABETH

It's much easier to stop.

SIMON

Sorry?

ELIZABETH

It's very hard to give up smoking.
It's much easier to stop.

INT. REAR OF VAN. DAY.

AIDAN

She's good.

DOMINIC

Yeah, I've got a hard-on too.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

ELIZABETH

Now I suppose you've spent some
time trying to remember where you
put them.

SIMON

Yeah, been over it again and again.
Just come against a brick wall
every time.

ELIZABETH

Of course. But the fact is that,
sometimes, in these situations, the
biggest obstacle to remembering is
ourselves. So I don't want you to
do the work today. I want you to
think about someone else, someone
who could do it for you. That
someone else is going to be
hypnotized, that someone else is
going to the remembering. Let's
say... another man. Like you. But
not you.

INT. REAR OF VAN. DAY.

AIDAN is becoming alarmed. He can see where this is heading. SIMON's flat response indicates that he is already in trance.

ELIZABETH

(o.s.)

I want you to think of him, David,
I want you to focus on him, let him
take over... is he there?

SIMON

(o.s.)

Yes.

DOMINIC

Is he under already?

AIDAN

Shut-up.

ELIZABETH

(o.s.)

Do you want to give him a name? A
name that I can call him?

A long pause. The gang hardly dare breathe.

SIMON

(o.s.)

Simon. Simon Newton.

DOMINIC

Get him out of there!

LEWIS is about to dial.

AIDAN

No!

LEWIS freezes. AIDAN's gesture indicates let it run.

ELIZABETH

(o.s.)

Right, Simon, welcome to this
session.

SIMON

(o.s.)

Thank you. It's a pleasure to be
here.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

ELIZABETH

Simon, I'd like you to do something
for your friend.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Can you remember the object he's lost? Can you do that for him.

SIMON

Yes.

ELIZABETH

Can you do it better than he can?

SIMON

Yes.

ELIZABETH

You can remember everything, can't you Simon?

SIMON

Yes, I can!

SIMON, in close up. Eyes closed. Sweat trickling down his brow.

ELIZABETH

Now I want you to relax, Simon... I want you to let your mind drift... let your mind go free let it go where it wants, and now your mind is starting to think, to think about those keys...

SIMON sits in the chair, head bowed, eyes closed. He's dripping with sweat. Close in towards him.

He sits back, eyes still closed, his damp shirt momentarily pulled taut across his chest.

The black shape of the radio mic is visible.

ELIZABETH can see it too. She leans forward.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

....About how heavy or light they are. The shape. The metal. And you now can feel them in your hand. And you can look at them, and you see the colour.

She stands up and approaches for a closer look. She runs a finger carefully along the covered lead to the mic - confirms for herself, that's what it is.

SIMON is becoming tense, excited in trance.

SIMON

Blue. On a blue keyring.

ELIZABETH

And your mind starts to think about
the last time you remember them.

SIMON

I'm walking. They're in my pocket.

ELIZABETH

I want you to feel them in your
pocket. Exactly as they were before
you lifted them out and you placed
them somewhere. And as you do that,
you're going to tell me whether
it's day or night?

SIMON

Night.

INT. REAR OF VAN. DAY.

The gang listen.

ELIZABETH

(o.s.)

And I want you to think about the
keys that night, with those keys
safe in your pocket, waiting for
you to place them exactly where you
want, a safe place, a place that
you will always know and never
forget, because it is no accident
that you have placed them here,
rather it is so that when the time
is right you will be able to reach
for them and they will be there,
waiting for you...

A pause.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

Where did you say they were?

SIMON

(o.s.)

In my wardrobe.

ELIZABETH

(o.s.)

What's in the wardrobe?

A hesitation.

AIDAN stiffens. A LONG silence.

Eventually, almost whispering...

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

What's in the wardrobe, Simon?

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

SIMON's face: wide eyed sweat on his brow, rigid expression, facing some unseen horror. Still not answering the question.

His lips form a word - his is about to speak.

Suddenly - the ring tone. Loud and insistent, it jolts him from trance.

INT. REAR OF VAN. DAY.

LEWIS has dialled. He cancels the call. AIDAN nods in approval - close thing.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

SIMON looks around. Remembers where he is.

SIMON

Was I hypnotized?

ELIZABETH

No, you were just finding your car keys.

EXT. HARLEY STREET. DAY.

SIMON crosses the road towards the white van.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

ELIZABETH watches SIMON get into the white van.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT. DAY.

The flat is still a mess from the original search.

The wardrobe is emptied again.

No sign of the painting.

SIMON reaches into a jacket - the one he was wearing on the day of the robbery (it's dirty and crumpled) and pulls out a set of car keys on a blue key-ring.

He looks at them in his hand.

SIMON

I was trying to think about the painting, but she kept saying car keys.

DOMINIC

Well that's it then, isn't it? Garbage in, garbage out. Can't be done.

AIDAN

Yes, it can. She can do the business. Let's stop giving her garbage. Not the whole truth. Just enough to get something back.

SIMON

What do I say: sorry, I lost them again.

AIDAN

No. You be honest.

SIMON

I get arrested.

AIDAN

You say you're sorry about the keys. It really wasn't them. It's something else, something you can't talk about.

SIMON

Christ. She's not stupid.

DOMINIC

It's not beneath you is it, this? You're not expecting to see her socially.

SIMON

If I say too much and you fumble the speed dial -

AIDAN

It's going to work. It's going to be fine. We're with you. We're all in that room with you, Simon.

INT. CLOSE UP OF COMPUTER SCREEN.

The Google search page:

Letters are typed in: SIMON NEWTON.

A couple of clicks later leads us to:

News paper archive (Evening Standard)

Headlines: "Auction Heist Hero Critical"

Click

A link to the story - with a stock photograph of the smiling young hero some vague time pre-injury: SIMON.

A few more clicks:

The stolen Goya.

And then four photofits/e-fits: variably poor likenesses of the suspects we know.

Draw back to -

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH lit by the screen in her apartment, which we can see is modern and desirable.

She contemplates what she has read.

EXT. HARLEY STREET. DAY.

The white van is parked again.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

SIMON faces ELIZABETH again.

SIMON

You must think I'm a complete nutter.

ELIZABETH

I think perhaps you've put yourself under a lot of pressure.

INT. REAR OF VAN. DAY.

The gang are listening as before.

SIMON

(o.s.)

But I don't have to say what it is? That won't hold you back?

ELIZABETH

(o.s.)

Absolutely not. I'm not interested in content or context.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 You've come with a very specific
 goal. Hypnosis is the perfect tool
 for the job.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

SIMON
 I just need to remember where this
 thing is, that's all.

ELIZABETH
 Good.

As she steps forward, there is an iPod plus speakers on the desk behind her and she picks up a small pile of white cards.

ELIZABETH presses play with the iPod remote. SIMON is surprised as her pre-recorded voice fills the room.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 (recorded)
 So I'd like you to close your eyes
 and imagine you're in an elevator.

INT. REAR OF VAN. DAY.

ELIZABETH's voice sounds "live" to the gang.

ELIZABETH
 (o.s.)
 A wide elevator with velvet walls
 and thick carpets and as the doors
 close your eyelids become
 heavier...

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

A pause in the recorded voice.

ELIZABETH's looking at him steadily. She lifts a white card. Written on it: ARE THEY LISTENING?

SIMON almost gasps.

She maintains her gaze and points at his chest where the mic must be.

SIMON nods.

ELIZABETH
 (recorded)
 ... and as your eyes become heavier
 and the elevator begins to go down
 and you realize that this is the
 elevator of relaxation...

ELIZABETH holds up the next card: ARE THEY IN THE VAN?

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 (recorded)
 And now you're on the third floor,
 going down and you could get out,
 but you want to go on, deeper,
 deeper, into relaxation...

SIMON nods, confirming. He's practically hyperventilating.

ELIZABETH holds up the next card, a post-card sized reprint of the Goya.

SIMON nods again.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 (recorded)
 And you feel that perhaps you'll
 never want to get out, it's so safe
 here, so comfortable, so relaxed...

ELIZABETH lifts the final card: HOW MANY?

SIMON hesitates, then lifts four fingers.

ELIZABETH mouths "well done" and stands up. She stops the iPod.

She walks towards SIMON and before he can react, she leans down towards his chest, lifts his jumper and takes a hold of the small microphone, pulling it towards herself.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 I don't want to talk to Simon
 anymore, I want to talk to the men
 who are listening, the men in the
 van.

INT. WHITE VAN. DAY.

DOMINIC jumps up, hitting his head on the roof.

DOMINIC
 Damn!

ELIZABETH
 (o.s.)
 If there's five of you attending
 this session, we need to re-
 negotiate my fee. From what I
 understand, there's more than
 enough to go around

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

ELIZABETH hands the mic back to SIMON who stares at her in awe.

INT. PUB. NIGHT.

AIDAN sits in a quiet booth. Bottle of wine and two glasses.

Opposite him is ELIZABETH.

AIDAN is calmly inspecting the contents of a smartphone. Files about clients, emails, address book, images of friends and relatives, flicking fast through them, pausing at something of possible interest, then flicking on.

ELIZABETH watches him. Eventually, seen enough, he slides it back across the table to her.

He glares at her. Eventually he speaks.

AIDAN
Do you feel safe?

ELIZABETH
Safe? Yes.

AIDAN
In here, right now: yeah. But I mean later. I mean when you go home.

ELIZABETH thinks it through.

ELIZABETH
I don't think you'll hurt me.

AIDAN
Why not?

ELIZABETH
Well - you seem to have got away with a certain action in the centre of London.

AIDAN nods.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Now you want to find the object. That's nice and simple. Why would you want to complicate it?

AIDAN

You're right. Absolutely. It would be irrational: I mean if you'd already told someone, it'd be too late, and if you hadn't - why bother? Be a stupid thing to do. And yet... we're like that, aren't we? All of us. Sometimes. Stupid. Irrational. It's fear, I think. Fear of the unknown. There's four of us, but we are frightened of you.

ELIZABETH

You don't need to be.

AIDAN

I'm glad to hear that.

A beat. He pours. They drink.

AIDAN (CONT'D)

Can you get it out of him?

ELIZABETH

I stand a better chance if I'm given all the facts.

AIDAN

I thought you didn't need context.

ELIZABETH

Not if someone's mislaid their car keys. When they've been struck on the head in the middle of an armed raid, it does help to know. Were you the one who clubbed him?

AIDAN

We're over that.

ELIZABETH

He hasn't forgotten. He's repressing it.

AIDAN

So what do you suggest?

ELIZABETH

Therapy will work. But only if we're all in this together.

AIDAN

Finder's fee is ten percent. Take it or leave it.

ELIZABETH

You don't understand. It's not the money. I have to have equal status in the group otherwise Simon won't respect me. If you want to progress, Aidan, you really do have to move beyond getting one over on people.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM. DAY.

ELIZABETH, AIDAN, SIMON, DOMINIC, LEWIS and REECE are arranged in a circle of chairs in a large, bare rehearsal space. Big windows, bright sunlight on wooden boards.

ELIZABETH

Hypnotherapy is a means of altering unwanted or dysfunctional behavior. The unwanted behavior in Simon's case is forgetting.

DOMINIC

You mean he's doing it deliberately?

ELIZABETH

Of course not. We keep secrets from lots of people, but most of all we keep them from ourselves. And we call that forgetting. So Simon is choosing to forget. He knows what he did between being hit and being taken to hospital, but he is refusing to allow himself to remember. That is not a permanent state. It is a behavioral choice. Our challenge is to alter that behavior.

She turns her attention to SIMON. He nods: he's ready.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Now, Simon, I'd like you to close your eyes. I'd like you to think about being at home.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT. DAY.

SIMON's flat like it was before it was trashed. Neatly furnished. SIMON is alone, sitting. Anything we see of the world beyond (e.g. through a window or door) is literally sketched, unreal. Only in here is real.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

Home is a place where you feel secure, in control, and so, you're at home. It's a day like any other. You are feeling refreshed, and positive, and when the doorbell rings... you feel a rush of enthusiasm, because you've been expecting a delivery...

INT. BIG LONDON HOUSE. DAY.

Under Elizabeth's v.o., SIMON descends the stairs, opens the door to a semi-real/sketched POSTMAN etc.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

You hurry down stairs and you open the door, and there's the postman, and he has a parcel for you, and it is the parcel you have been expecting, and you sign for the parcel and you bring it inside.

SIMON holds the bulky parcel in his hands. Brown paper, string, parcel tape. He contemplates it, as evoked by Elizabeth's voice.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

You are excited but you stay calm, because you know that this is no ordinary parcel, inside this parcel is the memory, the memory that you have been waiting for, and you know that when you open it up, you will find what you did that day, what you did with the painting. It's in there, Simon, the memory is in there.

He looks around.

ELIZABETH is now there, sitting on the stairs behind him.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

But you're not going to rush. Because it's a big step even to have got this far, even to have signed for the parcel and to be holding it in your hands.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Even to have got this far is good, to accept that what is inside belongs to you, and can be opened by you, *whenever you want*, that's all you need for now: the confidence to come as far as this. So you take the parcel upstairs with you, back up to your apartment.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT. DAY.

The parcel sits on the table. SIMON is seated to one side of it, ELIZABETH to the other.

ELIZABETH

And now, taking your time, you open it. Carefully, slowly, so as not upset the contents, you open the parcel...

She watches. He cuts the string. He slits the parcel tape. He folds back the thick crisp sheets of brown wrapping paper. Inside, more soft white tissue wrapping. He pulls out various layers of this. He looks in... he's almost there... but he's hesitating, starting to hyperventilate. ELIZABETH can tell.

She stands up. A hand on his arm.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

And there you leave it, and that's fine. Nothing's going to happen to it. It's not going anywhere. The memory will be there, waiting, waiting to be fully opened, to be brought out whenever you are ready, but not before...

SIMON looks at the almost opened parcel, and then beyond it, where his eyes meet ELIZABETH's.

EXT. ROOFTOP. NIGHT.

The rooftop of the rehearsal room building. SIMON leans on the rail, drawing on a cigarette.

ELIZABETH

How did you meet them?

SIMON

Reece sells drugs. I used to buy from him. Just a bit of dope now and again. Something more on special occasions. That's all... This painting came in at work.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

It was attributed to Villamil - a student of Goya - but it was me, you see, I identified it, as one of his, as a Goya. Put two more zeroes on the price. But no one thanked me, so... I thought why not? Why don't I have some of that. I earned it. Well, I don't know any criminals, but I thought Reece might. He introduced me, to Aidan.

He turns to her.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What am I going to do?

INT. ANTE-ROOM. NIGHT.

A room just off the rehearsal room. Armchairs and a coffee table. The GANG are sprawled around it. ELIZABETH faces them.

ELIZABETH

He's afraid that once he's remembered, you'll kill him.

AIDAN

Ridiculous.

ELIZABETH

That's why he won't open up. His behavior isn't dysfunctional, it's entirely logical. It's straightforward self-preservation.

LEWIS

More likely to kill him if he doesn't remember.

ELIZABETH

That's helpful. Don't you get it, don't you understand? Why do you think he cheated you in the first place? It was because he was afraid. The painting was the only security he could put against his own life.

AIDAN

Completely uncalled for.

ELIZABETH

Was it? Have you ever killed anyone?

He just looks at her. Won't even dignify the question.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Reece?

REECE

Me? No!

ELIZABETH

Dominic?

DOMINIC

No! Well, I mean, yeah. In Iraq. Loads, probably. I was in artillery, you see. You never know exactly... what it is you've, you know, hit.

ELIZABETH

And Lewis, how about you? Ever killed anyone?

LEWIS

Define killed.

AIDAN

So what do you suggest? How do we make him feel more secure?

ELIZABETH

In an ideal world, he'd kill you all.

AIDAN

That'd sort it, would it?

ELIZABETH

Most likely.

AIDAN

All right. But supposing for the sake of argument we don't go for that. Then what?

ELIZABETH

Vulnerability. A quality that women live with all the time, that most men experience to greater or lesser degrees, but which is probably alien to all of you. He needs to see you weak and exposed to whatever it is you fear the most.

DOMINIC

Aidan - I'm not sure about this.

ELIZABETH

It will be in confidence. I'm a professional. I'm not going to put you on the stage.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

The only people who will know will be you, me, and Simon.

REECE

Couldn't you just make something up, when he's hypnotized.

LEWIS

Yeah, like I'm afraid of spiders. Just tell him that.

ELIZABETH

Are you afraid of spiders?

LEWIS

No!

ELIZABETH

It's just that you mentioned them.

LEWIS

I'm not afraid of nothing.

ELIZABETH

Good. Then you won't be afraid of this.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM. DAY.

Just ELIZABETH, SIMON, and REECE.

REECE is in trance. SIMON is watching, listening.

ELIZABETH

Reece, I want you to think about what it is you are most afraid of, and I want you to think of that becoming real, and I want you to tell us how you feel, tell us how it is when you cannot escape from that fear and no matter which way you turn, the fear is there.

Close in on REECE. He's not having a pleasant experience.

REECE

In the ground... there's a hole...
in the ground...

CUT TO:

EXT. PIT. DAY.

REECE is being buried alive. He is in a freshly dug pit, several metres deep, struggling to get out, but the sides are far too high and the weight of earth being shovelled down is too much, and gradually he is overcome. The soil piles up around his legs, his body, his flailing arms, his face and finally his mouth.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM. DAY.

LEWIS in the chair. ELIZABETH and SIMON watching. LEWIS is deep in trance, eyeballs roving back and forth under the lids. Just muttering to himself. Phrases and words barely heard.

LEWIS

No... no, no, stopitstopitstop
it... didn't didn't didn't...

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM. DAY.

An anonymous bedroom.

LEWIS is getting dressed. He turns, reluctant, dragged around by an unwanted compulsion.

There's a GIRL sitting bolt upright on the bed, bruised face, dress torn. Her skin is ghostly white. Her lips are blue. She's staring at him with clear unblinking eyes.

LEWIS cannot hide from her gaze.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM. DAY.

DOMINIC in the chair. Sweating and trembling.

DOMINIC

I'll get there in time... I'll get
there... I'll get them out, I'll
get them all out, it'll all be OK,
before it gets there, you see, I'll
get them all out. Be fine. Be all
fine...

INT. SCHOOLROOM. DAY.

Joining it at the exact moment of an explosion, a roomful of smoke and flame.

As the smoke clears, DOMINIC is standing there in the centre, screaming. He is unhurt, unmarked, in military fatigues.

Around him is a room full of the bodies of CHILDREN, all killed by the blast. Broken desks and the remnants of paintings on the wall.

He screams and screams.

INT. ANTE-ROOM. DAY.

REECE, LEWIS, and DOMINIC, traumatized, hunched over, each alone with the after-effects of their unpleasant experience.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM. DAY.

AIDAN in the chair. Gulping. Hyperventilating.

AIDAN

I'm in a plane... I can hear what's wrong... but no one's listening... no one does anything... we're falling... falling... Jesus Christ no one's doing anything! Why don't they do something!

SIMON watches him carefully.

SIMON

How do you know when someone's faking?

ELIZABETH

Why do you think he's faking?

SIMON

I'm not saying he is. I'm just asking.

ELIZABETH

Well, one reason I know he isn't faking is because he knows how important confidence is. If he was faking, it would mean he didn't trust you.

AIDAN doesn't flinch.

SIMON

Apart from that how do you know?

ELIZABETH looks to AIDAN. Considers.

CUT TO:

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM. DAY.

AIDAN standing at one end of the rehearsal room. Eyes open. ELIZABETH and the rest at the opposite end. A single chair is situated between them.

ELIZABETH

Aidan, I want you to know that this is an empty room. No people, no furniture. Just you, me and four walls. When you're ready, I'd like you to walk towards me in a straight line.

AIDAN walks towards them. He collides with the chair, knocking it over and falling over it quite spectacularly. He wakes up, wincing.

ELIZABETH looks to SIMON: convinced? He is.

EXT. PARK. NIGHT.

Dark sky. Bright moon.

ELIZABETH's walking through the trees in the moonlight. Peaceful. At first it seems as though she is just strolling. But where she stops, a man is waiting for her.

ELIZABETH

Would you like to know what you should have done?

The man leans in to the moonlight. He is AIDAN.

ELIZABETH walks away until there's a tree between them and he can't see her. The geography is the same as in the rehearsal room except the obstacle instead of a chair is a tree.

AIDAN is irritated that he can't resist.

AIDAN

We're on a football pitch. Just you and me. Opposite goals. Walk towards me.

He watches the tree. The night breeze. There are no footsteps as she approaches. No traffic.

Eventually she appears, taking a detour around the tree and arriving in front of him. Nose to nose.

AIDAN (CONT'D)

I thought I said we're on a pitch.

ELIZABETH

We are.

AIDAN
Then why'd you walk around that
tree.

ELIZABETH
What tree?

AIDAN hesitates. Then smiles slowly. She smiles with him.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
It's beautiful, isn't it? The logic
of trance. No contradictions. Like
being in love.

AIDAN
Got enough have you? To make him
feel secure?

ELIZABETH
We may have a problem. Simon's
jealous of you.

AIDAN just looks at her. Giving nothing away.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Why do you think he accused you of
faking?

AIDAN
What's he jealous about.

ELIZABETH
Simon thinks he's attracted to me.
It's very common.

AIDAN
Is it?

AIDAN takes a step closer to her, very intimate. Like he's
going to kiss her.

He walks away. She smiles. She likes him.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM. DAY.

ELIZABETH and SIMON. There's a camera on a tripod with a
cable snaking out and into...

INT. ANTE-ROOM. DAY.

The GANG are watching the session on a screen in here.

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM. DAY.

ELIZABETH

Now, Simon, you are at home. It's just a normal day, like any other.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT. DAY.

SIMON is eating his breakfast. He glances round -

REECE, AIDAN, DOMINIC and LEWIS are present, all seated on chairs in a semi-circle, all of them in trance, repeating the torment and distress of their personal traumas.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

And although the others are with you, you know now that they won't hurt you, because when you look at them, you can see that they are just frail human beings like any others, frightened of the dark, like all of us, frightened of the fears that haunt them, that never let them rest.

SIMON gets up and walks to the door. He takes a jacket from a hook and pulls it on.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

Look at them, and you see them as they are: weak and helpless. You know they can never harm you.

SIMON looks back once more at the gang. He sneers at them.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

And then you hear the doorbell.

INT. BIG LONDON HOUSE. DAY.

SIMON's descends the stairs to the main door.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

And so you set off with a spring in your step, because today isn't a day for sitting around and waiting for parcels. Today is a day for putting all that behind you, for getting away from it all, for going somewhere pleasant, somewhere peaceful, somewhere beautiful.

SIMON opens the door. Directly ahead, semi-sketched/semi-real, is a YOUNG WOMAN in an open-top sports car. She is the same woman who nearly drove into Simon in a red car when he emerged from the auction house on the day of the robbery. She looks passably like Elizabeth (same age, general physique) but is definitely not her.

She smiles at SIMON.

SIMON walks towards the car and vaults confidently into the passenger seat. As he lands in it -

CUT TO:

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

The picture is all real now. A winding minor road through Provence.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

And there you are, in the passenger seat of an open top car, driving through the French countryside with a beautiful young woman. And the radio plays some forgotten song and the sun burns the back of your heads in the warm wind, and with every mile that you travel, all your problems seem so far away and so long ago.

They drive through the lush landscape, on a road past fields of lavender and sunflowers.

The drive continues. ELIZABETH's voice starts to overlap with that of the YOUNG WOMAN

ELIZABETH / YOUNG WOMAN

(v.o.)

And soon a field of sunflowers gives way to a low building of glass and tile. It's cool and dark inside like a church.

Magically, they are standing outside exactly that building.

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE. DAY./ INT. SPECIAL BUILDING. DAY.

SIMON's POV follows the WOMAN into the building, all as described.

ELIZABETH / YOUNG WOMAN

(v.o.)

The girl's dress, her calves, her sandals, lead you through a corridor to a vast room of paintings. You can hear her, her voice is much closer than she is:

The YOUNG WOMAN's voice is disembodied, like a tour guide.

YOUNG WOMAN

Caravaggio's Adoration, Vermeer's Concert, Cezanne, Degas, Renoir and here Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Rembrandt himself, "The Storm on the Sea of Galilee"

The tour continues past the paintings towards an inner chamber.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

And as you listen to her, your own personal audio-guide, she takes your hand and leads you through the paintings...

YOUNG WOMAN

These are the lost paintings, all the stolen and destroyed, but now together, authenticated, safe, secure...

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

...into a final room.

INT. INNER CHAMBER. DAY.

A circular domed, windowless room.

YOUNG WOMAN

That has been specially constructed for our most recent addition.

There are no paintings in here. Instead, on a stone plinth in the centre, is the parcel, in exactly the same state of unwrapping as SIMON left it in the previous session.

SIMON stands before the plinth.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

And it's in here, in this magical, safe place, with all your troubles so far away and so long ago, that you feel ready, and relaxed, and you reach into the parcel and you lift out your memory.

SIMON does just that. And from the heart of the parcel, inside the brown paper, the tissue and the bubble wrap, he lifts out a tablet computer, already switched on.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

At last, you hold it in your hands - the memory of what happened that day, the memory of what you did.

On the tablet screen, SIMON sees the image of himself standing in the inner chamber looking at a tablet screen upon which is himself in the inner chamber holding a tablet upon which etc.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

- and now, safe and relaxed and free from harm, you decide to watch, you decide to remember.

SIMON lowers his gaze to the screen.

CLOSE IN on the tablet screen as the picture CUTS TO:

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

Like fast-forwarding - an abbreviated version of the auction of the Goya and the subsequent robbery, as seen at the start.

- FRANCIS reprimanding SIMON out in the back yard
- AIDAN, LEWIS, and DOMINIC getting in, tooling up etc.
- the auction itself
- the tear gas attack etc,
- SIMON takes the painting from its stand

INT. AUCTION HOUSE CORRIDOR. DAY.

SIMON sets off for the fast-drop vault.

As he walks in front of the SECURITY GUARDS, we see him slit the edge of the canvas with a razor blade and remove it, gently stuffing it inside his jacket.

He discards the razor blade and we see it fall.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE, CORRIDOR. DAY.

SIMON arrives with the TWO GUARDS. He is talking to himself.

SIMON

Don't be a hero. Do not be a hero.
No piece of art is worth a human
life. Sound advice that. So I try
to remember it. See if you can. No
piece of art is worth a human life.
But, if circumstances allow, - if,
remember, only if! - in the event
of an "event" or a "situation", we
are to remove, where possible, the
most valuable item or items and
take them to a place of - Aidan!

There is AIDAN, just as he was that day, shotgun raised.

AIDAN

Stop right there.

SIMON and the GUARDS freeze.

AIDAN (CONT'D)

Put it down.

SIMON places the bag on the floor.

AIDAN (CONT'D)

Step back.

They do so.

AIDAN stoops slightly to pick it up.

SIMON

No piece of art is worth a human
life.

SIMON snatches the Taser and zaps AIDAN.

Same effect as the first time.

AIDAN grunts in suppressed agony. Climbs to his feet.
Controlling his anger. Pulls out the two barbs. Does not
strike SIMON immediately.

Instead, he addresses the two SECURITY GUARDS.

AIDAN

Could you excuse us?

He watches as the GUARDS waddle away and exit.

AIDAN raises the butt of the gun.

AIDAN and SIMON eye to eye for a moment.

AIDAN hits SIMON hard.

SIMON collapses.

AIDAN (CONT'D)

Idiot.

AIDAN picks up the package and exits.

SIMON is alone.

SIMON returns to consciousness. He sits up. Touches his head.
Finds the blood.

He reaches inside his jacket.

He finds the Goya: he stares at it, bemused, surprised,
gradually remembering bits and pieces.

EXT. BACK OF AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

SIMON emerges from the back of the auction house. Sounds of
sirens and shouting.

He has his jacket held tightly closed. Hair matted with blood
on one side.

He walks out into the road. Cars swerve past. SIMON Stops.
Looks up.

The front of a red car screeches to a halt stopping only
centimetres from him.

Inside the car is the YOUNG WOMAN. She gasps in horror at
having nearly killed someone.

She opens the car door and gets out. As she does so, she
becomes ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH

My God - are you all right?

SIMON

Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

I'm not Elizabeth. Shall I call for
an ambulance.

SIMON

It's come back to me. Everything.

ELIZABETH
Look, why don't I take you to
hospital?

SIMON looks into the car.

SIMON
Sure. Thanks.

He gets in.

INT. RED CAR. DAY.

ELIZABETH
Shall I help you with the seatbelt?

She reaches across for it.

SIMON
Why did you lie to me?

ELIZABETH
What?

SIMON
You made me forget.

ELIZABETH
OK - maybe I ought to just call for
that ambulance.

Maintaining a confident smile, she reaches for her phone with
one hand and the door handle with the other.

SIMON grabs her wrist.

SIMON
Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH
Will you let me go, please.

SIMON
I don't want you to leave.

ELIZABETH
I'm sorry, whoever this "Elizabeth"
is - she's not me.

SIMON suddenly grabs her throat with his other hand, slamming
her head back hard against the head rest.

He's going to strangle her.

The image recedes fast as we zoom out into -

INT. INNER CHAMBER. DAY.

The screen of the tablet computer and then straight on through into SIMON's eye and out into...

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM. DAY.

The GANG are in fast, but SIMON already has ELIZABETH flat on the floor, a hand around her throat.

SIMON's face, straining, as he is held back, cursing and swearing, from ELIZABETH, whom he is struggling to reach.

He's shouting at her: bitch etc.

LEWIS and DOMINIC are haul him off and shove him away.

AIDAN

It's all right, it's all right,
Simon! You are all right.

ELIZABETH is terrified but holding it together.

Eventually SIMON relaxes, looks around in horror to see where he is and what he has been doing.

Released, he turns away. The others watch as he walks to the corner of the room, slumps down to the floor, sobbing.

AIDAN sees the fear in ELIZABETH and turns to look at SIMON, puzzled.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH is there with AIDAN. The same table they first sat at.

ELIZABETH

He's become obsessed with me.

AIDAN

Yeah. I got that much.

ELIZABETH

It's good. We can use that. Or at least, I can.

AIDAN works it out.

AIDAN

No.

ELIZABETH

Yes.

LEWIS

You're going to fuck him for it?

ELIZABETH

Are you offering? His obsession is blocking us, but that's fine, because I can unblock him. What exactly is the problem, Aidan, what do you not like about this?

Long silence.

AIDAN

OK. You want to be alone with him, fine, but you guarantee the goods. I'm not having you tell me you did your best, see you around. If you fuck him - he remembers. You got that?

ELIZABETH

Done.

She leaves.

LEWIS

She's trying it on with you.

AIDAN

Don't play her game, Lewis. She doesn't fancy any of us.

He drinks up. Digests what he has just said.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT. DAY.

SIMON is alone. A knock at the door. He opens it. Surprised and ashamed to see ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH

The door was open.

She follows him. He looks away, unable to face her.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

It's all right.

SIMON

Is it?

ELIZABETH

To have feelings.

SIMON

So what should I do?

ELIZABETH
What would you normally do?

He won't reply.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Oh come on, Simon. I'm over it. You should be too.

She makes him face her. Smiles at him.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
If in doubt, try something traditional.

She cajoles him.

SIMON
How would you like to go out somewhere?

ELIZABETH
That's better.

SIMON
You're probably doing something later.

ELIZABETH
Nothing.

A beat.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Pick me up at eight.

SIMON
Where shall we go?

ELIZABETH
You choose. I don't mind.

EXT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

AIDAN sits in his car, parked outside a restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Some cosy trattoria. SIMON and ELIZABETH are settling in.

ELIZABETH
Nice place.

SIMON
Yeah, I haven't been here in ages.

A HANDSOME WAITER approaches. Hands them menus. For a moment, though we barely notice it, he frowns. Walks away.

SIMON looks up. He pauses. Shakes his head. Laughs.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Actually, I've never been here.

ELIZABETH
Simon!

She laughs too.

SIMON
Sorry! I get mixed up! I just imagine I've been here before. All right, I'll say it... it's the sort of place I imagine I'd like to come with someone like you.

ELIZABETH
Like me?

SIMON
You know what I mean.

As he reaches out to take her hand across the table. They smile at one another.

EXT. SIMON'S FLAT. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH parks by SIMON's house. SIMON beside her.

Parked some distance back, AIDAN watches from his car.

ELIZABETH and SIMON exchange a kiss on the cheek.

SIMON gets out, ELIZABETH drives on.

INT. BURGER BAR. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH is not eating.

AIDAN is tucking in.

AIDAN
Why didn't you go in?

ELIZABETH
He didn't ask me.

AIDAN
D'you think he's gay?

ELIZABETH shakes her head.

AIDAN (CONT'D)

So what's he afraid of?

ELIZABETH

You lot, more than ever.

AIDAN

I thought you'd got him over that?

ELIZABETH

Being followed every waking moment by violent thugs does not create a serene emotional landscape within which I can work.

AIDAN

Shouldn't have stolen our painting then, should he?

ELIZABETH

Every day, you make it worse. He phoned me last night - at 3 a.m. - to tell me he couldn't sleep. Do you know why he couldn't sleep? Because you were in his apartment. He could see you there, hear you, smell you, he could even feel your fist in his face. Of course, I talk him down, he becomes rational, and in the cold light of day he can describe it as simply a nightmare - but that is what his life has become.

AIDAN

He'll get over it.

ELIZABETH

I need time to work on him. He has to confront his fears in order to overcome them. Then, perhaps, he'll invite me in.

AIDAN sits back, decidedly unimpressed.

AIDAN

And I thought you did this for a living.

She's had enough. She gets up and walks out.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH is walking away from the burger bar.

AIDAN catches up with her, calls from behind.

AIDAN

Is this a real tantrum or just a
come-on?

She stops. Turns to him.

ELIZABETH

I'm beginning to think you don't
want me to sleep with him.

AIDAN is caught off guard. She approaches. Conciliatory, not
sexy.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Aidan. I'm big enough to admit
there's sexual tension between us.
We're both generating it. It
doesn't demean either of us, but it
is complicating our relationship.
So why don't we just get rid of it?

She looks into his eyes.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Would you like to take me home and
fuck me?

AIDAN's holding on by his fingernails.

AIDAN

I'm not interested.

ELIZABETH

Then get out of my way and let me
finish this.

They're face to face. Electric.

AIDAN grabs her and kisses her.

INT. AIDAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

AIDAN fucking ELIZABETH. He's on top. Rough, passionate; his
sweat falls on her. She pulls him into her.

AIDAN

Can you have sex in a trance?

ELIZABETH

Do you want to try? It's very
boring. I have to tell you what to
do - that's not very exciting for
me. I like you telling me what you
want.

AIDAN

Turn over.

CUT TO:

INT. AIDAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Later.

They're done. She smiles lazily at him. He recovers.

AIDAN

Don't get any ideas.

She reaches for his cigarettes and looks for a light. In one of the drawers by the bedside is a gun. She looks at him.

ELIZABETH

I must remember never to forget
that you're a criminal.

He smiles, closes the drawer and lights a cigarette they share.

As ELIZABETH passes the cigarette, he notices the scar on her right forearm.

AIDAN

Where d'you get that?

She looks at him, deciding whether to confide. Eventually:

ELIZABETH

I was in a relationship.

AIDAN

I see. Sorry.

ELIZABETH

It's all right. I can talk about
it. He stubbed a cigarette out on
my arm.

AIDAN

That's bad.

ELIZABETH

Yes. He pinned me down. Held my
arm. Ground the cigarette out. Then
he lit another. Did it again in
exactly the same place. And so on.
Twenty cigarettes in a packet.

AIDAN

Got his address?

ELIZABETH
That's kind of you, but no thanks.

AIDAN
Why aren't you angry?

ELIZABETH
To be angry is to be a victim. I've moved on. That's the only real victory you can have.

He's looking at her, concerned.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I'm all right.

AIDAN
Are you? So why are you doing this, then? You're a professional. Got a career. We might get nothing in the end, you know.

ELIZABETH
What does it matter?

AIDAN
Why?

ELIZABETH
Because it makes a change.

She gets out of bed.

EXT. AIDAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

LEWIS is leaning on the roof of a car, watching, looking up to the bedroom window. He sees ELIZABETH pass it. He is not pleased.

EXT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

SIMON enters the auction house.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The STAFF welcome him back with handshakes, claps on the back.

Even FRANCIS gives him a courteous handshake.

EXT. PARK. DAY.

ELIZABETH and SIMON are walking in the park.

SIMON

Everyone was great. It was like I'd never been away...

ELIZABETH

Good.

SIMON

What's wrong?

ELIZABETH

Simon - it hasn't worked yet.

SIMON

I know. But it will, won't it? You said so yourself, it's in there. All I have to do is allow myself to remember.

He looks at her expression.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You still believe that, don't you?

Her silence speaks volumes. The ground opens up beneath Simon.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What if it's not there?

ELIZABETH

I don't know.

SIMON

It can't not be there can it?

ELIZABETH

I thought therapy would work - I believed that - honestly -

SIMON

All we need is more time! We can work on it. Every day. As often as it takes. I will do anything -

ELIZABETH

They've run out of patience. Aidan phoned me - they don't trust you, they don't trust me. They're following us, right now. I don't know what's going to happen. And it hasn't worked.

SIMON looks around. Can't see anyone watching them but that just makes it worse.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 I told Aidan you were having
 nightmares about being attacked by
 them - that that was why -

SIMON
 What -

ELIZABETH
 I had to tell him something, I had
 to buy us some more time -

SIMON
 Us?

He grows determined. Takes a fierce grip of her hand.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 You know, Elizabeth, whatever
 happens, I won't let them touch
 you.

He looks around once more for the invisible spies.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 I won't let anyone hurt you.

She smiles, all grateful and reassured.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

SIMON awakes from sleep. He can hear someone moving around
 his flat in the dark.

He fumbles for the light by the bed. It's not working.

He squints in the darkness. He sees FOUR FIGURES silhouetted,
 coming towards him.

He protests.

But they pin him down. And now he can make out their faces:
 AIDAN, LEWIS, DOMINIC, and REECE, as they hold him down and
 smash him with their fists.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

SIMON startles awake, a stifled scream. He switches on the
 bedside light. Drenched in sweat, he is alone.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT. NIGHT.

Minutes later. SIMON is listening to ELIZABETH on the phone.

ELIZABETH

(o.s.)

It's all right, it's all right.
It's my fault, I should never...
I'm so sorry - that won't happen.
We can make it work. I'm sure we
can. It's just time, that's all.

SIMON says nothing. Silence. He listens to her breathing on the line.

Eventually, it is she who speaks again.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

Simon - why don't you come over?

SIMON

Come over? Now?

ELIZABETH

(o.s.)

Yes. Please. I'd like that.

INT. BIG LONDON HOUSE. NIGHT.

SIMON descends to the front door.

As he opens it, he jumps back.

LEWIS is standing right there.

LEWIS strolls into the hallway, looking around for nothing in particular.

SIMON watches him in terror.

LEWIS pushes the door slowly closed.

LEWIS

Got a light?

INT. ELEVATOR.

SIMON ascends, face like thunder.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH rushes towards the door while the buzzer is repeatedly and angrily pressed.

As she opens the door, SIMON brushes past and stalks in. She follows him into the living room where he turns to face her.

She moves to embrace him and he withdraws.

SIMON

So how long have you been screwing Aidan?

ELIZABETH doesn't miss a beat.

ELIZABETH

Where has this come from?

SIMON

It's true, though.

ELIZABETH

You know it isn't.

SIMON

Lewis saw you last night. Why would he lie about it?

ELIZABETH

Because he wants you?

A long pause. SIMON's floored. ELIZABETH's sardonic.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You didn't know?

SIMON

He's married.

ELIZABETH

I know. At eighteen. Why do you think he's always so keen to beat you up?

SIMON

He's not after me.

ELIZABETH

And I suppose your boss wasn't after you either I don't think you realize how flirtatious you are with men. No wonder you drive them insane.

SIMON

I don't flirt.

ELIZABETH

For the past month you've made every kind of excuse to explain why you can't touch me and I thought it was about me... but now the moment's come... you resort to some insane fantasy about me screwing Aidan.

SIMON stares at her.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

SIMON and ELIZABETH kissing. He pulls at her clothes. She withdraws.

ELIZABETH
There's something I have to do.

He begins to say something and she puts a finger on his lips to silence him.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I know what you want.

EXT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

AIDAN's in his car, listening on headphones to every word ELIZABETH's saying.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

SIMON watches her go into the bathroom, intrigued. The door shuts.

An electric hum.

SIMON freezes, his face a mixture of excitement and shock. As the hum fills the room, he looks set to explode. The hum stops and he turns to look at the bathroom door. The door knob turns slowly.

The door swings back slowly to reveal ELIZABETH, naked, shaved nude, one hand behind her back.

The room seems to distort around her as she advances. She steps up to him and his fingers trail over her body and down to her smooth lips.

And from behind her back, she reveals the instruments of his satisfaction: leather bindings for wrists and ankles.

SIMON
Who told you?

ELIZABETH
You did.

SIMON takes one of the leather straps, slips it over his wrist. They kiss.

Track down to reveal a concealed electronic bug.

INT. CAR. NIGHT. / EXT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

AIDAN is listening to ELIZABETH and SIMON. He can hear the sounds of passion and the whispers of desire.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

SIMON is gagged and bound.

ELIZABETH sits astride him. She lowers her face to his.

They are eye to eye, an intense communion.

EXT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT. DAWN.

SIMON leaves the building in the grey morning light. The streets are silent and empty.

Ahead of him, a car door opens. AIDAN steps out.

He stands facing SIMON who walks up and stops a few paces short.

AIDAN
So how was it?

SIMON
You've got some nerve.

AIDAN
I have, haven't I? Now how was it?

SIMON
Pretty good. As a matter of fact.
She knew what I liked. Listening,
were you?

AIDAN
Yeah. Heard it all. She was lying
to you, by the way - I mean she and
I, we did - you know.

SIMON
I guessed that.

A pause.

AIDAN
You want to talk?

SIMON
Yeah. It's about time, isn't it?

INT. AIDAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY.

SIMON is sitting at AIDAN's kitchen table. He looks anxious. AIDAN is calmly watching him.

DOMINIC is cooking up some breakfast.

REECE goes out to answer the door and returns with LEWIS. Muted greetings among the gang.

AIDAN
All right, Simon, we're all here:
d'you want to talk us through it?

SIMON
Yes, I do... Sorry - I'm nervous.

AIDAN
S'all right.

SIMON
Can I just -

AIDAN
Yeah, off you go.

SIMON gets up and walks out.

INT. AIDAN'S HOUSE, CLOAKROOM AND KITCHEN. DAY.

SIMON washes his face with cold water. As he returns to the hall, outside the kitchen room door, he hears the voices from within.

LEWIS
(o.s.)
He hasn't told you yet?

AIDAN
(o.s.)
I told him to wait.

LEWIS
(o.s.)
Bet he's lying. Bet you anything
he's lying.

DOMINIC
(o.s.)
Better not be.

AIDAN
(o.s.)
If it turns out he's lying, we'll
kill him.

LEWIS

(o.s.)
Going to kill him anyway, aren't
we?

Some chuckles.

AIDAN

(o.s.)
Yeah, there is that.

REECE

(o.s.)
Ssh.

Silence from within.

SIMON recoils in horror from the door.

He heads for the front door. It's locked.

He pats his pockets. No phone.

He sees the cordless phone on a shelf by the door. He picks
it up and dials.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM. DAY.

ELIZABETH awakes on her bed to the sound of the phone
ringing. She looks around, surprised to see the bed half
empty.

She snatches up the phone.

INT. AIDAN'S HOUSE. DAY.

INTERCUT as necessary.

SIMON

It's me -

ELIZABETH

Simon? Where are you?

SIMON

I'm at Aidan's -

ELIZABETH

Jesus - what are you doing there?

SIMON

Elizabeth - they're going to kill
me!

ELIZABETH

No!

SIMON

Don't you see - I was right -
that's what they always planned to
do. That's why I had to hide the
painting.

ELIZABETH

Simon - calm down - where are you
now?

SIMON

In the hall. The door's locked. All
the doors are locked.

ELIZABETH

Go upstairs - to Aidan's bedroom.

SIMON ascends and enters the bedroom.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Do you see the bedside table?

SIMON

Yes.

ELIZABETH

Open the drawer.

Then, before SIMON has even opened the upper drawer.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

No - the lower one.

SIMON is perturbed for a moment. Her voice drives him on.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Simon?

He opens the lower drawer. Inside: Aidan's handgun.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Is there a gun?

SIMON

Yes.

SIMON lifts it out.

He looks back towards the stair.

SIMON begins to steal down the stair and into the hall.

ELIZABETH

Do you think you can use it?

SIMON

I don't know. I've never fired one
before.

ELIZABETH

Do you want me to call the police?

SIMON

No. It's better this way.
Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

Yes?

SIMON

I have to tell you something. I
remember. I remember where I put
it.

ELIZABETH

You don't need to tell me.

SIMON

No. Please. I might never see you
again. I want to tell you where it
is.

He's poised outside the living room door.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM

ELIZABETH pauses. She reaches out with one hand and presses
the back of a bedside table.

CLOSE UP: her fingers are covering the electronic listening
device.

ELIZABETH

Tell me.

We hear the sounds of SIMON's voice but not the words
themselves.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I love you, Simon.

INT. AIDAN'S HOUSE, HALL. DAY.

SIMON

I love you too.

He ends the call and places the phone back down on a shelf.

One more breath. He holds the gun in both hands. He kicks
open the door.

INT. AIDAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY.

Inside, the gang are taken by surprise.

SIMON fires quickly and calmly.

In three shots, LEWIS, DOMINIC, and REECE are dead.

He turns the gun towards AIDAN.

AIDAN
No, please, Simon - you've got it
all wrong -

SIMON shoots him in the chest.

AIDAN stumbles and falls to his knees, but looks up, still pleading.

AIDAN (CONT'D)
She's using you, Simon, she's using
you, like she's used us.

SIMON fires again, catching Aidan's face side on, blowing away both of Aidan's eyes and his nose.

AIDAN turns his bloody pulp of a face towards SIMON. A mouth speaking, nothing more.

AIDAN (CONT'D)
She has been using you from the
start, Simon.

SIMON steps up close. Puts the gun to Aidan's head.

He pulls the trigger.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

SIMON jolts out of trance.

He is seated on the side of the bed. Naked. Confused. Alone. There are red weals on his back and on his chest.

INT. FIRE STAIR. NIGHT.

The sound of brisk footsteps as ELIZABETH descends the concrete stairwell.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

As SIMON looks around the room, he sees a gun - Aidan's gun, lying as if waiting for him.

There's a crash as the front door is kicked open.

SIMON grabs the gun.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

SIMON steps into the dark living room, gun raised.

He faces AIDAN, unable to believe whom he is seeing.

AIDAN steps forward, grabs Simon's arm. Twists it and SIMON drops the gun.

AIDAN punches SIMON aside, reaches the gun, grabs and turns to face.

AIDAN
Don't move!

AIDAN frowns. Glances at the gun. Can't believe it.

EXT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH exits the block and hurries across to her car.

She gets in.

INT. ELIZABETH'S CAR. NIGHT.

She puts the key in the ignition.

Suddenly LEWIS sits up behind her and grabs her around the throat.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

AIDAN has the gun still levelled at SIMON.

AIDAN
Where's she gone?

SIMON is unafraid.

AIDAN (CONT'D)
Don't let her get away with this,
Simon. Not after all this.

SIMON
I know what you were going to do.

AIDAN
She put that there. It's not real.

SIMON's not listening.

AIDAN (CONT'D)
She's not coming back, Simon. Once
she gets it, she's gone.

SIMON shakes his head, tries to think.

AIDAN (CONT'D)
Don't think back! Think about now!
If I wanted to kill you, why aren't
you dead?

SIMON
She loves me. And I love her.

AIDAN brings the gun up to SIMON's head.

He pulls the trigger.

CLICK!

AIDAN
That's what she thinks of you. This
is mine. She took it from my
bedroom.

SIMON looks stubborn. AIDAN puts away the empty gun in
disgust. They both turn at the scuffling from the hall.

LEWIS shoves ELIZABETH back into the living room.

LEWIS
I think you lost this.

DOMINIC and REECE follow.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
So: who knows?

AIDAN
She does.

All the men, in varying attitudes, are facing ELIZABETH. A
very threatening situation.

LEWIS
And you're the one without amnesia.
So you won't need a therapist. I
Wouldn't rule it out when we're
finished, though.

SIMON steps forward.

SIMON
Leave her -

Hardly looking round, LEWIS launches an arm and - SMACK! - he
catches SIMON across the face with a back-hander.

LEWIS stares at ELIZABETH. There's no need to explain.

ELIZABETH

He found it the first time. The first time he came to see me. Remember - you thought you'd just found your car keys. But you were right - it's in there - in the car.

DOMINIC

No, it's not. I took that car to pieces. It's not in there.

ELIZABETH

No, not in his car. In the other one. The red one.

SIMON's eyes widen at the mention of the red car. A flood of half-memories filling his mind.

ELIZABETH momentarily buries her face in her hand, then sits, head slightly bowed.

LEWIS

Where is it?

SIMON

I can show you.

LEWIS turns to AIDAN.

LEWIS

Go and get it. You can take him with you.

AIDAN

What is this?

DOMINIC

You're lucky you're still in, Aidan.

LEWIS

Go and get it. Bring it back here. And the sooner you come back, the sooner we'll stop.

AIDAN

What are you going to do?

LEWIS and DOMINIC look at ELIZABETH, exchange a smile. It's pretty obvious what they're going to do.

LEWIS

What do you think?

REECE throws SIMON a shirt and jacket.

A beat. SIMON puts them on.

AIDAN
That's pathetic, Lewis.

LEWIS
How d'you work that out?

AIDAN
I just think it's unnecessary.

LEWIS
You carrying a torch? After she's shafted us?

AIDAN
It's nothing to do with that -

DOMINIC
If it was a bloke, he'd kick the shit out of him.

LEWIS
I know. It's political correctness gone mad.

A beat.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Go and get it, boss. Like he says, you're lucky you're still in.

AIDAN looks at ELIZABETH. No pleading in her face. Tense but under control. She looks at SIMON instead. SIMON looks back, haunted.

SIMON
Say something.

ELIZABETH steps forward to SIMON. She kisses him passionately. He allows it. A deep and lingering kiss. They part.

LEWIS
Doesn't give up, does she?

SIMON tastes the kiss. AIDAN's at the door.

ELIZABETH gives one last look over her shoulder as LEWIS propels her into the bedroom. The door closes on them.

DOMINIC switches on the TV and turns it up.

REECE hovers uncertainly. Goes to the kitchen.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH retreats but there is nowhere to go.

LEWIS unbuckles his belt.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK LANDING. NIGHT.

SIMON and AIDAN wait for the lift. Both are unhappy.

AIDAN looks back towards the door of the apartment.

SIMON's mouth is still moving, as though he is tasting something, or trying to work something free from between his teeth. He looks straight ahead.

They get into the lift.

INT. LIFT. NIGHT.

They descend.

SIMON appears calm, but AIDAN is increasingly agitated as the numbers light up on the way to the ground floor.

The doors open.

Neither man moves.

AIDAN

Sod this.

He presses the button for Elizabeth's floor.

As the doors close, SIMON punches him hard in the gut, knees him in the balls and smashes his head against the steel wall of the lift. AIDAN collapses. SIMON leans over him and searches to retrieve the empty gun.

SIMON spits out three bullets, passed by Elizabeth in the kiss. They lie in his palm, glistening with saliva.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK LANDING. NIGHT.

SIMON steps from the lift, AIDAN lying crumpled on its floor as he walks calmly back towards ELIZABETH's apartment.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

SIMON walks down the passageway towards the living room.

He enters. DOMINIC turns towards him.

SIMON shoots and the bullet passes through DOMINIC, killing him and hitting the television.

LEWIS runs out of the bedroom, dragging ELIZABETH. SIMON shoots him dead.

REECE steps out of the kitchen, holding a bottle of wine. He drops it and raises his hands.

REECE
I didn't touch her.

SIMON aims point blank.

ELIZABETH
Don't!

SIMON shoots REECE dead.

ELIZABETH is shocked - seriously traumatised. She looks around at the carnage in mute horror.

SIMON, still calm, dips into her coat pocket to find the rest of the bullets.

He loads them into the gun. Then he stands and looks at her.

SIMON
You knew.

She is momentarily puzzled.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You knew what I'd like. In bed.

INT. LIFT. NIGHT.

SIMON pulls ELIZABETH into the lift. She almost trips over AIDAN, groaning as he recovers consciousness. She drops down to check on him, looking up in terror at the figure of SIMON towering over them. SIMON presses the button for the ground floor.

INT. ELIZABETH'S CAR. NIGHT.

AIDAN is thrust into the driving seat.

SIMON, still openly holding the gun, pulls ELIZABETH into the back with him.

SIMON flicks through a road atlas and shoves it in front of AIDAN, pointing to a place.

SIMON
There. Now drive.

AIDAN pauses. No options. He starts the car.

EXT. SIMON'S FLAT. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH's car arrives and stops outside.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT. NIGHT.

The door opens and lights are switched on.

SIMON ushers ELIZABETH in, gun in his hand.

He scoops up the car keys, on the blue keyring, and throws them to ELIZABETH.

EXT. LONG STAY CAR PARK. NIGHT.

One of the huge long stay places that occupies vacant land out near Heathrow.

Row upon row of cars.

Mostly darkness. A small pool of light from a fortified booth at the entrance.

ELIZABETH is outside the booth.

Not far away, SIMON is out of her car, watching. AIDAN still bound in the back.

At the booth, ELIZABETH is being scatty charming.

ELIZABETH

It's really silly of me. Been out of the country, you see. I'm such an idiot. Everything's a mess and I can't find the ticket, you see, but I really need the car -

The almost invisible ATTENDANT on the other side of the re-enforced mesh/glass isn't really interested. He passes across a sheet of paper.

ATTENDANT

One thousand eight hundred and forty-eight pounds.

ELIZABETH signs the sheet and passes a credit card through.

ELIZABETH

Not a mistake I'll make again.

EXT. LONG STAY CAR PARK. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH walks along the long line of cars.

She stops in front of a red car, *the* red car. She looks around. Cameras on stalks. She gets in.

EXT. LONG STAY CAR PARK. NIGHT.

The red car approaches the big steel gate which slides open in front of it.

As ELIZABETH drives through, SIMON is directly ahead of her, one hand (with gun) hidden under his jacket.

ELIZABETH stops. On SIMON's gesture, she gets out.

SIMON

Not here.

SIMON pulls AIDAN up close.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Aidan knows a good place, don't you?

And he shoves AIDAN into the driver's seat.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Get in.

ELIZABETH and SIMON get into the back of the car.

EXT. LONDON. NIGHT. / INT. RED CAR. NIGHT.

AIDAN drives the car through London, heading east.

INT. RED CAR. NIGHT.

A long silence in the back. Eventually SIMON turns to ELIZABETH.

SIMON

When?

ELIZABETH

About eighteen months ago.

SIMON says nothing. AIDAN listens, astonished.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You... You wanted to stop smoking. You picked my name out of the Yellow Pages.

SIMON

Twice.

ELIZABETH

That's how I knew what you liked.

SIMON

What happened?

ELIZABETH

Simon, maybe there are some things
it's better never to remember.

SIMON

I want to know what happened.

ELIZABETH

I don't know what happened.

SIMON

But I do. Don't I? It's all in
here, isn't it?

ELIZABETH

No... no... I can't do that.

SIMON

Put me under.

ELIZABETH

Not like this. Please.

He aims the gun at her head.

SIMON

Do it.

She starts, hesitant at first, but gradually slipping into a rough approximation of her professional style, more tense than usual but effective enough. As SIMON goes into trance, the gun lowers, but is still pointing at her. She glances at it, appropriately terrified of what SIMON might do at any time.

As the trance begins and continues, INTERCUT with - the journey through London and out to Essex. The West End, the City, Whitechapel, Mile End, and the estates beyond. Buildings, cars, lights, people, go by in a blur or loom up close to the oblivious SIMON, deep in trance, finger on the trigger.

The world going by outside the car - the real world - is distorted and hallucinogenic in appearance, while the memories in Simon's trance are realistic.

ELIZABETH

I... I want you to go back... back
to that day, back to the feelings
you had then...

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

SIMON conducting the early sales on the day of the robbery.

Slowly close in on him.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

Good feelings. It's a warm, pleasant morning. You feel confident, you feel excited, and so you should, after all it's a big day. But there's something Simon doesn't know, something inside him, waiting... to be released, a memory suppressed, a memory that will resurface...

EXT. HARLEY STREET. DAY.

SIMON stands looking up at the outside of the consulting room building, arriving here for the first time.

He takes the final draw on a cigarette and stubs it out.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

So it's a year and half earlier. All of that is yet to come. You want to stop smoking. That's all. You select a hypnotherapist, at random.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

SIMON continues the sale. Confident, smiling. Tapping the gavel, pointing to the "gentleman in the hat" etc

INT. CONSULTING ROOM FOYER. DAY.

SIMON meeting ELIZABETH for the first time. Handshakes. Smiles and eye contact.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

So you go to meet her. You get on well. There is an immediate... rapport, and so treatment begins. But your addiction is hard to crack

-

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

SIMON in trance with ELIZABETH sitting opposite.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

- and repeated sessions are required. You grow close to the therapist. Too close.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM FOYER. NIGHT.

SIMON leaves after a session. They are just that bit too close, that bit too touchy, for a purely professional farewell.

SIMON leaves: ELIZABETH thinking about him.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM. DAY.

SIMON and ELIZABETH have sex.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

And so you begin an affair. A strongly... sexual affair. She knows... she knows that it's wrong. She shouldn't do this, not with a patient, but she does.

SIMON touches ELIZABETH, shaved to the skin.

She unfurls the black cotton strips for him to bind her.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The GOYA auction is underway. FRANCIS on the podium.

SIMON calmly watches the room.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM. DAY.

SIMON removes the blindfold after sex. He's staring at ELIZABETH, intense, too intense.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

But then you become possessive, suspicious, jealous. Night and day, you fear that you will lose her. It torments you.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The robbery has started. Tear gas spreads.

SIMON reaches for the painting on the easel.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT. NIGHT.

SIMON lying awake as ELIZABETH sleeps by his side.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

You start to believe that you depend upon her. That without her you will die.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE, CORRIDOR. DAY.

SIMON winds his way along the corridor followed by the GUARDS.

The razor blade is discarded.

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

The cosy trattoria we saw earlier. SIMON is shouting abuse at ELIZABETH. Accusing her of flirting with the HANDSOME WAITER. A real scene. DINERS look on, shocked.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

You become jealous. You grow to hate her as much as you love her.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

SIMON faces AIDAN with his shotgun.

AIDAN pulls the Taser barbs from his chest.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

And then one evening, after you have accused her of looking at another man... you become violent.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT. NIGHT.

SIMON hits ELIZABETH. A slap across the face.

A stillness after that, both shocked at the line he has crossed.

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

SIMON is alone now.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

She knows she has to get out.

EXT. SIMON'S FLAT. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH walking away, make-up streaked with tears.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

She has to break it off. But you won't let her go. You persist. You apologise. You weep. You call. You write long letters vowing never to do it again. And of course, when that doesn't work, you threaten.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT. DAY.

SIMON has a hand at ELIZABETH's throat. Terror in her eyes. Murder in his.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

She is frightened. Really frightened, now.

Holding her throat, SIMON forces ELIZABETH down on to the floor on her back. He straddles her chest, pinning her down with his knees. From his jacket, he calmly lights a cigarette. He takes a hold of one of her arms...

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

And she knows that if this goes on, there can be only one outcome. In the end, she knows, you will kill her.

SIMON grinds out the first cigarette on her arm.

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH wraps a bandage around her arm. Deep in thought about what she can do.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

The police are not interested. Lawyers advise her to change her name and leave the country. But she will not do this, she will not be a victim twice over. Instead, she will take control. And so she perverts the therapy. Never mind the smoking, she tells you -

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

ELIZABETH sits with SIMON. He is deep in trance.

ELIZABETH
It's not cigarettes you want to
forget, Simon. It is me.

She continues speaking under the v.o.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
She can't make you forget. But she
makes you want to forget. And
gradually, day by day, week by
week, you do. You call less often.
The passions subside. You're late
for therapy, and one day, you don't
come at all.

INT. CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

The day he didn't come. The burn on her arm has healed. Only
the scar remains.

ELIZABETH
(v.o.)
At last, you have suppressed the
memory of me.

ELIZABETH sighs with relief. It has worked. She is free.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
(v.o.)
But the memory is not destroyed. It
is locked in a cage, and with
enough force, enough violence, the
lock can be broken.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE CORRIDOR. DAY.

THWACK!

AIDAN hits SIMON on the head with the shotgun.

INT. AUCTION HOUSE CORRIDOR. DAY.

SIMON lies unconscious.

His eyes flicker and open.

ELIZABETH
(v.o.)
It comes back.
(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 Maybe not completely, not entirely,
 but enough, to drive you, to make
 you feel you have been cheated,
 enough to make you angry.

EXT. BACK OF AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

SIMON steps out on to the road.

The red car screeches to a halt centimetres from him.

The car door opens. A woman gets out, not yet fully seen.

SIMON stares at her.

ELIZABETH
 (v.o.)
 What did she look like?

SIMON
 (v.o.)
 She looked like you.

EXT. BACK OF AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

We see the woman now as she rushes to SIMON with concern. She is the YOUNG WOMAN WITH DARK hair who appeared at moments in SIMON's jumbled trance memories.

INT. RED CAR. NIGHT.

ELIZABETH
 Did she? Was that it?

SIMON answers from his trance.

SIMON
 Yes. She looked like you.

EXT. BACK OF AUCTION HOUSE. DAY.

The YOUNG WOMAN tends to SIMON.

YOUNG WOMAN
 My God - are you all right?

SIMON
 Elizabeth?

YOUNG WOMAN
 I'm not Elizabeth. Shall I call for
 an ambulance.

SIMON
It's come back to me. Everything.

YOUNG WOMAN
Look, why don't I take you to
hospital?

SIMON looks into the car.

SIMON
Sure. Thanks.

He gets in.

ELIZABETH
(v.o.)
As the memory comes back, she takes
you in...

INT. RED CAR. DAY.

YOUNG WOMAN
Shall I help you with the seatbelt?

She reaches across for it.

SIMON
Why did you lie to me?

The YOUNG WOMAN is unsettled.

YOUNG WOMAN
What?

SIMON
You made me forget.

YOUNG WOMAN
OK - maybe I ought to just call for
that ambulance.

Maintaining a confident smile, she reaches for her phone with
one hand and the door handle with the other.

SIMON grabs her wrist.

SIMON
Elizabeth.

YOUNG WOMAN
Will you let me go, please.

SIMON
I don't want you to leave.

YOUNG WOMAN
I'm sorry, whoever this "Elizabeth"
is - she's not me.

ELIZABETH
(v.o.)
And then...

INT. RED CAR. DAWN.

In the present, as they drive through the industrial hinterland alongside the Thames, daylight is creeping up on them now.

ELIZABETH
And then... you...

INT. RED CAR. DAY. (PAST)

SIMON suddenly grabs the YOUNG WOMAN's throat with his other hand, slamming her head back hard against the head rest.

EXT. SCRAPYARD. DAWN.

Finally, they arrive, as the sun rises.

The breakers yard by the Thames estuary.

Elizabeth's car crawls across it, dwarfed by the crane and the stacks of cars. Others are parked, awaiting stripping or crushing.

INT. RED CAR. DAWN.

ELIZABETH, remembering for herself now.

ELIZABETH
A few months later, you came back.

INT. HARLEY STREET, WAITING ROOM. DAY.

The scene we only overheard the first time. ELIZABETH says his (false) name just as she sees him.

ELIZABETH
Mr Maxwell?

SIMON
That's me.

She stands, shocked for a beat, her mind flicking through the memories we know now. SIMON smiles, innocent and friendly.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Is everything all right?

INT. RED CAR. DAWN.

AIDAN stops the car.

All three sit in silence. SIMON emerges from trance with sigh.

SIMON
It's in the trunk.

ELIZABETH
What is?

SIMON
You are.

EXT. SCRAPYARD. DAWN.

ELIZABETH gets out of the car.

She walks around to the trunk.

She pulls at the handle. Nothing. She pulls harder and the sticky seal separates. The trunk opens. The smell knocks her back.

She's looking at a corpse, six months dead. Curled up in the trunk. A decayed woman. Maggots, flies. She stifles a scream.

SIMON speaks from inside the car.

SIMON
Is it there?

ELIZABETH looks down at the corpse in the trunk. There's a rolled up canvas beside it.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Is it there or not?

ELIZABETH pulls out the canvas and slams the boot shut. Shaking.

INT. RED CAR. DAWN.

SIMON leans forward. He smacks AIDAN hard with the gun on the back of his head.

AIDAN slumps, woozy and confused.

SIMON gets out.

EXT. SCRAPYARD. DAWN.

SIMON takes the roll from her, unravels the canvas and looks at John the Baptist. Then hands it back to her as though it is of no interest.

SIMON
Thank Christ it's over.

SIMON goes to the trunk and opens it. ELIZABETH can't avoid putting her hand to her mouth against the smell. SIMON doesn't seem to smell anything. He doesn't react to the body at all, as if it's invisible.

He lifts out a can of petrol.

SIMON (CONT'D)
The good news is, I think this time
I really am over you.

Then he begins to douse the car with petrol. Slops a good load in trunk. A bit over the roof. A load in the front seat.

INT. RED CAR. DAWN.

AIDAN's eyes are open but his brain is not functioning. He slowly realizes what is happening. Too slowly...

EXT. SCRAPYARD. DAWN.

SIMON pours the last of the petrol over the tyres and side of the car.

ELIZABETH tries to pull the can from SIMON. He pushes her away. Tosses the can away. It's empty anyway.

He pulls out a packet of cigarettes.

ELIZABETH
No - no, please don't.

SIMON
Just one more, I promise. Then I am
definitely going to stop.

SIMON finds his matches.

ELIZABETH
You can't do this. Please - let him
out!

SIMON lights his cigarette. Blows out the match. Take a draw. Exhales.

Inside the car, the petrol-soaked AIDAN comes to as SIMON takes the glowing cigarette from his mouth.

ELIZABETH tackles SIMON. He's far too strong for her but she only needs to hold him back for a few seconds to give AIDAN time to escape. She struggles valiantly to get the cigarette but he forces her hand down to the petrol trail and it ignites. The flames race towards the car. AIDAN starts to open the door just as the flames arrive and engulf the outside of the car. He slams the door shut. The car's in the centre of a burning lake. The inside starts to fill with smoke.

SIMON straddles ELIZABETH, takes out his gun. Pushes it against her.

SIMON

I'm going to try and forget you did that.

AIDAN turns the key in the ignition. The engine kicks into life.

SIMON hears the engine and turns back to the inferno. AIDAN struggles to find the gear stick in the smoke. Then the windscreen shatters. SIMON's shooting at him.

ELIZABETH scrambles free. She has an idea. She runs to one of the scrapyards cars and gets in.

INT. SCRAPYARD CAR. DAWN.

ELIZABETH's luck is in. The keys are there. She starts the car.

INT. RED CAR. DAWN.

AIDAN has SIMON in his sights now and revs the engine grimly, ready to knock him down. He puts the car into gear. The car doesn't move. The tyres are melted.

He's well and truly stuck. He sees ELIZABETH reverse in the scrapyards car, escaping. Flames start to enter the car.

Steering wheel on fire. Clutch pedal. His feet. The driver's window shatters.

EXT. SCRAPYARD. DAWN.

SIMON advances towards the burning wreck, laughing, firing.

A click. The gun is empty. He tosses it away.

He turns and sees ELIZABETH ready to drive towards him. It's obvious what she intends.

He stands calm and still for a moment. He looks at her. Their eyes meet for the last time, just like they did once for the first time. SIMON mutters to himself.

SIMON
Hurt me. Please.

ELIZABETH slams her foot to the floor.

ELIZABETH's car hits SIMON square on and crushes him between cars as she drives on to ram the burning car, driving it and SIMON across the bank, over the edge of the river wall.

Burning in the air the car finally plunges hissing into the water. The car sinks. ELIZABETH gets out and runs to the edge.

AIDAN smashes upside down as the car hits the water. Water rushes in through the windows SIMON has shot out. As the waterfall gushes into the car it sucks SIMON's body inside the car. AIDAN panics, not knowing if he's alive or not - or even if *he's* alive or not. He grapples with the corpse in what seems like a washing machine of turbulence. Goya-esque.

Eventually he gets out and to the surface, spluttering, hyper-ventilating.

As he surfaces, he sees ELIZABETH looking down at him.

A small wave briefly covers him again, and when AIDAN comes up this time, ELIZABETH is gone.

AIDAN swims to some steps and climbs wearily out. Trudges up the stone staircase.

The wasteland is empty. No sign of ELIZABETH or her car. Silence.

He sits on the edge, looking out over the murky Thames.

ELIZABETH
(v.o.)
Dear Aidan...

INT. AIDAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. DAY.

AIDAN lies on his bed, drink in hand, gazing ahead. The letter lies on the bed.

ELIZABETH
(v.o.)
Why, you might ask. Why did I not just turn him away that day he came back?

EXT. MANHATTAN. DAY.

The metropolis. Towers and taxis. Track towards a tall building.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

Closure - is what my therapist would tell me. But I don't believe in that.

INT. NEW YORK CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

The opposite of Harley St. Minimalist and modern. A view on to the park below.

ELIZABETH sits, cool as ever, in her new office, speaking words unheard to some unseen client.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

I think that life is messy and incomplete around the edges, because that's how it's supposed to be. So it wasn't for revenge -

INT. AIDAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. DAY.

AIDAN still gazes ahead.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

- and it wasn't to get rich, and as you can see, I never really cared about the painting.

Utterly out of place, Goya's *John the Baptist* is pinned to the wall of Aidan's bedroom with thumb tacks.

INT. NEW YORK CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

The CLIENT is gesticulating, making some point. ELIZABETH's mind wanders elsewhere. She swivels away, gazing out of the window.

ELIZABETH

(v.o.)

I think, perhaps, it was love. All over again. Isn't that why people do the stupid things they do? A kind of love that hurts. I can't explain, and if I could it wouldn't be true. But there it is.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'll treasure the memory, while it
lasts. And when the memory is gone,
why then, I will forget.