

the come down

One Hour Pilot

Written by

Geoff Gedroyc

C/O: Kitson Press Associates
jean@kitsonpress.co.uk

FADE IN -

INT. SUPERMARKET - BOOZE AISLE. NIGHT

A HAND reaches at a high shelf and travels down a row of spirits, finally resting on a whisky bottle.

MAN'S VOICE O.S.
This one?

The whisky bottle's put back. The answer's clearly been a no. The hand keeps wandering. Reaches a new whisky.

MAN'S VOICE O.S.
How about this one?

That one's clearly a no too. The hand keeps going...

MAN'S VOICE O.S.
Ah. You mean this one?

A pause as the hand rests on a bottle of own-brand whisky.

MAN'S VOICE O.S.
Yeah? You sure.

The hand brings down the bottle and we PULL BACK to reveal MARCUS WILLIAMS (27). He sports a plain supermarket polo shirt that he's somehow made to look stylish. He swaggers over to MRS REUBEN (80s) and hands her the bottle.

MARCUS
You have a great day Mrs Reuben.

She ignores him and pushes her cart off. Marcus smiles as he watches her go. He has the restless bounce of a man who should have left this job years ago. Or at least been promoted.

He gets his phone out. Selects a Whatsapp contact - "Simon". Types:

"Really looking forward to seeing u tonight Xxx".

The reply comes immediately: "Me too"

Marcus replies: "Oi! No kisses robot boy? Xxxxxx"

The immediate reply: "001010101010".

Marcus giggles at this.

Watching him is his gormless boss, OLIVER (22).

OLIVER
You're not allowed to be on your phone Marcus.

MARCUS
Yeah I know. Sorry mate. It won't
happen again.

Marcus continues typing...

OLIVER
There's a spill on aisle eight.

MARCUS
Oh yeah?

Oliver purses his lips as Marcus still continues...

OLIVER
Yes. Could you umm. Could you...?

Finally Marcus hits send. He looks up and smiles disarmingly
at Oliver. Oliver just looks back jelly-like...

EXT. SUPERMARKET - CAR PARK. NIGHT

Now changed into a leather jacket, Marcus walks to the exit
with his phone pressed to his ear.

MARCUS
Why can't he just ask when he wants
something done? Why's he gotta be
such a little bitch about it?

INT. SIMON'S FLAT - SIMON'S ROOM. NIGHT

SIMON (25), handsome, with plenty of face piercings, splays
out in bed with an iPad shooter game on pause.

SIMON
Fuck him man. Forget about it.

INTERCUT - Phone Conversation.

MARCUS
God. I really need tonight.

SIMON
Yeah actually, about that, I was
wondering if maybe we could stay
in?

MARCUS
Stay in!?

SIMON
Yeah, just you and me. We could
cuddle up together. Watch a film.

MARCUS
Is this coz Daryl's away?

SIMON
Well yeah but-

MARCUS
-You've gotta move out man. That
guy gives me the creeps.

SIMON
Yeah. So... What do you say?

MARCUS
Oh, Si, can we just go out for a
bit? I'll spend all of tomorrow
Netflixing with you, I promise.

Simon rolls his eyes.

MARCUS
Please babe. Please. Pretty please.

Simon's sighs. *Marcus has his charms.*

SIMON
Alright. Fine.

MARCUS
Oh mate. Thank you thank you.
You've got that mate who's having a
chill out tonight right?

SIMON
Yeah.

MARCUS
Text me his address and I'll meet
you there.

SIMON
I'm not ready yet. I look like a
mess.

MARCUS
It's fine. It's fine. Just come
when you're ready.

SIMON
Do you want me to...?

MARCUS
No no, it's fine. The girls'll come
with me.

SIMON
What, you're meeting Derek now?

MARCUS
Yeah yeah. I get paid on Tuesday
anyway. It's fine.

SIMON
Well. OK then.

MARCUS
I love you.

Simon looks uncomfortable at this. Marcus just grins.

MARCUS
You'll say it eventually.

SIMON
Alright. Well. I've gotta get ready.

MARCUS
Love youuuuuuuu.

SIMON
Bye bye.

They hang up. Simon shakes his head and smiles at Marcus's silliness, then picks up his iPad and continues gaming away...

Marcus skips on with a spring in his step. A night of much needed relief from the drudgery of the week awaits.

EXT. HIGH STREET. NIGHT

Marcus puts his card in to a cashpoint. Types in his pin. His balance comes up on screen: "-£70.10".

Marcus bites his lip. Thinks on it.

Then he shrugs and types in "£150" to withdraw.

INT. MAZDA MX5 - PARKED IN A SIDE STREET. NIGHT

Marcus sits with DEREK, a Chinese man of indeterminate age and sobriety. He sports a cravat and hoop earrings.

MARCUS
How much tina and mariah can I get
for hundred and fifty?

DEREK
No Gina G? I've got a special deal
on her this week.

MARCUS
Nah man. I'm good.

Derek reaches under his seat.

DEREK
Poor Gina. She's got so much to offer.

Derek gets out a few baggies.

DEREK
What about Madonna? You like her ah?

MARCUS
Nah man. Sorry.

DEREK
Aw. Sad face. Well tina's eighty. Mariah's thirty. I give you tina and three grams of mariah. You save twenty pounds.

MARCUS
Great. Thanks dude.

Derek pops four baggies of crystalline powders into an envelope and Marcus passes him his £150 wad of cash.

INT. THE UNION WORKING MAN'S CLUB. NIGHT

A £10 note being collected by a BARMAID (20s). She opens up the till and gives back change to PAUL MOLLOY (50s), buzz cut. He picks up three pints of ale from the bar and carefully walks them to a table in the corner.

There, two men (both 50s) are sat: IAN - wispy and thin and TOM - large and bearded. Paul takes a seat next to them and passes out the pints. His posture is measured and still.

PAUL
Two fourty a pint now.

TOM
Sweet Jesus.

PAUL
I don't think the Lord our saviour has owt to do with prices going up.

IAN
That is a lot though. I mean if you can't depend on the Union these days then where can you depend on eh?

Paul nods in agreement.

TOM
Fuck, would you look at that over there.

Paul and Ian follow his eye and land on a 40ish TRANS WOMAN in the opposite corner, catching up with a few girlfriends.

TOM
I remember when Brian worked at the Ainsley's farm. It were only about five year back.

Paul stares at Trans Woman for a beat. Considers.

TOM
Hey, I tell you what, you still got that twelve gauge?

PAUL
No. I sold it.

TOM
Ah, that's a right shame that. If you still had it we coulda gone over there. Given him a right little fucking scare.

Paul frowns. Ian anxiously reaches for a topic change.

IAN
Hey mate, finish that story you were telling us the other night.

PAUL
Which one?

IAN
The one in Africa.

PAUL
Where in Africa?

IAN
You know? S... something. Starts with an S.

TOM
Ian, why don't you try reading a book once in while eh?
(to Paul)
Sierra Leone. He's talking about Operation Barras. The part where you stabilised Magbeni after the boys from the twenty second extracted.

Paul smiles as he remembers the good old days.

TOM
 (to Ian)
 All gloryseekers, them paras. It's
 the engineers who you should be
 listening to.

PAUL
 Hey hey. The man wants to hear a
 story from a real lad who were
 there. He doesn't want to hear from
 a wedgehead sat at a desk in
 Tidworth does he?

Tom smiles and shakes his head. *What a prick.*

PAUL
 Alright.
 (theatrically)
 It was a cool and clear night-

TOM
 -Jesus Christ.

PAUL
 Hey. You keep our Lord out of this.
 I told you once already.

All three cackle with laughter...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL APARTMENT COMPLEX. NIGHT

Marcus stands in the atrium of a trendy converted factory
 complex. Absorbs the re-purposed architecture, impressed.

He gets out his phone. Checks a message from Simon:

"Flat 18, Vernon Court, E2 4NY xxxx"

He looks at a sign above which reads "Vernon Court". He walks
 to the front doors. Hits "18" on the panel. It BUZZES...

INT. INDUSTRIAL APARTMENT - LOUNGE. NIGHT

Electronic music reverbs off exposed brick walls as a gaggle of
 thirty or so BLOKES congregate in groups, chatting animatedly.

Marcus shifts about awkwardly on a designer leather sofa. Men
 are on both sides, their backs turned away from him. Everyone
 has bottles of water and orange juices.

Marcus takes his phone out. Messages Simon:

"Im here now. I dont know anyone. Xxx"

As he stares at his phone, waiting for the reply. The other blokes continue to not acknowledge him.

INT. INDUSTRIAL APARTMENT - KITCHEN. NIGHT

Marcus breezes through the busy kitchen and opens the fridge. No booze. Just waters, orange juice and Coca Cola. Marcus rolls his eyes and takes a water out. When he looks up he sees ANTHONY, 40s, bear-ish, smiling at him.

ANTHONY
Sorry honey. No alcohol at this one.

MARCUS
That's cool.

ANTHONY
Who are you here with?

MARCUS
I'm Simon's boyfriend.

Anthony smiles ambiguously.

MARCUS
He should be here soon I think.

Anthony nods in understanding and checks Marcus out unsubtly.

ANTHONY
I'm Anthony.

MARCUS
Marcus.

They shake. Anthony looks into Marcus's eyes.

ANTHONY
What are you on?

MARCUS
Nothing.

ANTHONY
Why?

MARCUS
Well no, I brought. But I... I dunno, I kinda thought I'd wait till Simon gets here. Felt like bad manners not to wait.

ANTHONY
Oh, I think he'll get over it.

MARCUS
You think?

ANTHONY
Yeah. Fo sho...

INT. INDUSTRIAL APARTMENT - ANTHONY'S ROOM. NIGHT

Anthony sits with a hardback book on his lap, staring at a meth pipe and Marcus's bag of crystal. Marcus comes over with a pad of wet tissue paper. Lays it down on the book.

ANTHONY
What's that for?

Marcus takes out a small crystal and drops it into the pipe, warms the bottom of the bowl with his lighter, then presses the bowl onto the wet tissue paper. He moves the bowl around and shows Anthony how the crystals now stick to the inside.

ANTHONY
I'm in the presence of an artist.

Marcus hands him the pipe.

ANTHONY
And a gentleman.

As Anthony takes it off him, Marcus shoots a quick look at his phone.

ANTHONY
Any word from our boy?

Marcus shakes his head.

ANTHONY
Well. I'm sure he'll turn up.

Anthony puts the pipe to his lips. Marcus reaches underneath the bowl with his lighter and FLICKS...

EXT. TOWN CENTRE. NIGHT

Paul LIGHTS a cigarette as he, Tom and Ian stumble down the high street of an old market town...

PAUL
(singing)
*All you lads wanna join the mob, just
come along with me!
Here's some chalky biscuits and a
lovely cup of tea.*
(to Tom)
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)
Come on fella. You know the words.
Don't pretend you don't.

TOM
You're a dickhead.

PAUL
*Forget the raft of Royal Marines or
the Navyyyyyyyy.
We think you're big and tough to be
in the Airbourne Infantry*

TOM
Alright, alright. You've made your
point.

PAUL
*Got off the bus in Aldershot in 1964.
They marched us on a parade where me
father stood before.
(to Tom)
Come on mate. Join in.
Old Drumming Williams, he drilled us
for what seemed like half a dayyy.
I've never seen such a mot-el-ey crew
of men I heard him say.*

Eventually Tom gives in to the drunken spirit.

PAUL/TOM
*And, Dream on. We're airbourne. We
know we are the best.
Oh when you put that beret on, you
know you passed the test.
We'll go anywhere. We'll fight
anyone. We're always in the mud.
They'll always send the paras in coz
we don't give a toss...*

INT. INDUSTRIAL APARTMENT - ANTHONY'S ROOM. NIGHT

Techno music plays as Marcus lights the bowl of the pipe and
watches as the vapour dances and swirls...

Then he sucks it all up...

The music intensifies as he absorbs the hit.

Anthony grabs his hand. Smiles at him as the high rises.

Marcus looks back at him. Considers...

Then they start KISSING.

EXT. COUNTRY LANES. NIGHT

Paul shambles alone, humming "Green On!" (the song he and Tom were singing). To his right side is an old stone wall, which shields him from a sheer drop into a green valley below. On his left side is a long row of modest cottages..

When he finally gets to his door, he walks up and fumbles as he gets out his keys...

He rolls his eyes in frustration and stoops down to look at all of them. He can't tell which is which. It's too dark. He turns and gazes at the bright full moon above. It's created a pool of blue light on the road and stone wall...

He shifts into the middle of the road and stands for a beat. Soaking in the air as the night stays serenely silent and calm. No cars.

Eventually he resumes looking for his keys, finally finding the one he's looking for.

Then he realises he's stepped on something. He frowns and looks down.

He's stepped on a dead squirrel. A tyre mark runs through its squashed stomach and its guts lie strewn in the road.

After a moment of sobering up, Paul shrugs and walks back to his front door. Opens up and walks inside.

INT. PAUL'S COTTAGE - HALLWAY. NIGHT

Paul closes the door and bends down to take his walking boots off. As he finishes, an alsatian, ELLIE, bounds up to him and licks his face. Paul kisses her and walks into the

KITCHEN

Which is small, impersonal and spotless. He opens the fridge. Nothing there apart from a row of wrapped up steaks and some beers in the back. Ellie watches him carefully as Paul unwraps a steak and plates it up. He sets it on the floor and Ellie tears into it without a second thought.

Paul smiles as he watches her.

INT. INDUSTRIAL APARTMENT - ANTHONY'S ROOM. NIGHT

Anthony, now naked, lies back in peaceful repose on his bed.

ANTHONY
Simon really doesn't know what he's
missing.

Marcus, sits in his pants, with his phone pressed to his ear. The phone just rings and rings before finally ringing out.

Marcus starts typing a message but is then hit with one from Simon before he can finish typing:

"Sorry. Not feeling well. I'm just gonna go to bed xxx".

Marcus frowns. Calls again. Ring after ring after ring, till it eventually rings out...

Marcus messages:

"Why wont you pick up? Xxx"

Anthony grabs the meth pipe and lights himself another hit.

Then a reply from Simon:

"Sorry. I've got to get some sleep. Have a great night xxx".

Marcus frowns with concern.

INT. PAUL'S COTTAGE - SITTING ROOM. NIGHT

Paul sits on a leather sofa with Ellie splayed across him awkwardly. She's hardly a lapdog. The TV blares live footage of England playing cricket in Australia...

COMMENTATOR (V.O. FROM TV)
And that's fifty for Joe Root. What a commanding way to bring up his thirty fifth half century in test cricket...

CROWDS (V.O. FROM TV)
Roooooooooooooot....

PAUL
He's a good lad in't he Ellie? And he's Yorkshire. Proper Yorkshire.

Paul takes a long swig of beer.

INT. INDUSTRIAL APARTMENT - LOUNGE. NIGHT

Marcus snorts a giant line of mephedrone, laid out with multiple others on a marble slab on the table. He grimaces as it stings his nose on the way up. Anthony's FRIEND, 50s, does one straight after and lies back down, jazzed and super up.

Marcus stares forward, high but also nervous and spacey. Anthony sits on the other side of the sofa, pipetteing drops from a vial into a glass of orange juice.

FRIEND
Save one for me Ant.

ANTHONY
Of course darling.
(to Marcus)
Er...
(tries to remember his name)
Mark?

Marcus looks up and Anthony motions a "You want?".

MARCUS
No. Thanks.

ANTHONY
You don't like it?

MARCUS
Nah. It's just... We don't really
do G.

ANTHONY
I hope we're not offending you?

MARCUS
No of course not. Sorry I didn't
mean to... I just don't really like
it is all.

Anthony hands a juice to Friend and scooches close to Marcus.

ANTHONY
You're not worried about...
(nods to the bedroom)

MARCUS
Nah nah. It's not that. We're open.

ANTHONY
Well, what is it then?

Marcus taps his phone up and down anxiously, looks back at Anthony as Anthony wills him to smile...

Eventually Marcus smiles back. Puts his phone away.

MARCUS
It's nothing. It's all good.

Anthony smiles with relief shoots him an air kiss.

INT. PAUL'S COTTAGE. DAY

Paul lies back on his sofa, SNORING loudly, his arms clutched around Ellie, who's also asleep. Birds CHIRP from outside...

RING RING...

The landline starts off. Paul keeps snoring...

RING RING...

Paul half opens an eye. Immediately clutches his head.

PAUL

Urghhh.

Ellie jumps off him as the RINGS pierce the air like knives.

PAUL

Urrgh. Fuck.

Ellie trots to an old rotary phone by the TV. BARKS loudly at him to get up.

PAUL

Ellie stop it. Go away.

Ellie just BARKS again.

PAUL

Oh for... Alright, alright.

Paul crumbles off the sofa, crawls and picks up the phone.

PAUL

Hello.

EXT. MARSHLAND - BY A SIDE ROAD. DAY

DS RIYA CHOPRA (30s), six months pregnant, perches against the bonnet of an unmarked BMW 3 Series. Her mobile's pressed to her ear.

INTERCUT - phone conversation.

RIYA

Hello, could I speak with a Mr Paul Molloy please?

PAUL

Speaking.

RIYA

Good morning Mr Molloy. My name is Detective Sergeant Riya Chopra. I'm calling from the London Metropolitan police.

Paul sobers up immediately. Stiffens his posture.

PAUL
Er. Right. OK.

RIYA
We have you down as the father and
next of kin for a Simon Molloy?

Paul's eyes widen in horror. He reaches for a silver cross
under his shirt. Holds it and prays silently to himself...

RIYA (V.O. PHONE FILTERED)
Mr Molloy are you still there?

PAUL
What's happened?

RIYA
Mr Molloy, I'm afraid that a young
man, who appears to be Simon,
holding Simon's driving licence,
was found dead this morning.

Paul's grip on the cross tightens. He DIGS it into his skin.

PAUL
How... I mean how did he...?

RIYA
I'm afraid we still don't know. He
was only found about three hours ago.

Paul gulps.

RIYA
Now Mr Molloy, we would need to
interview you and do a formal
identification at The Royal
Infirmary in Mile End. Do you think
you'd be able to meet us there at
two o'clock this afternoon? I'm
hoping that that should allow you
time enough to travel down.

Paul looks at his watch. 8.55am.

RIYA
Mr Molloy, is that OK you think?

Ellie wanders to Paul and licks his hand. He looks down at
her as he processes it all...

EXT. MARSHLAND - BY THE GAS HOLDERS. DAY

Multiple derelict gas holders tower over a large expanse of
overgrown grass and rubbish.