I NVI NCI BLE

SHOOTI NG SCRI PT - 05/11/13

Written by

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We look down from high above on an inner city estate.

It's run down but not depressing. There's colour everywhere - inr lie T-shirts flappng. on awashig. olines, lie crisp packets

FLEA

I'm actually fifteen
But ain't no one told my body that.
This shorty is scrawny,
Five shy of a six-pack,

At the top of the stairs, FLEA meets FAT FUCK (35), overweight, alpha male - all pecs and tats.

FLEA (CONT'D)

And Fat Fuck my step dad Won't let me forget that.

FAT FUCK

(clocking FLEA's slippers)
You're a runt and a reject,
You need to accept that.
And this verse you converse in
Is worse than pathetic,

FLEA

(to us)

He don't know that in my show Even he speaks poetic!

FAT FUCK

Real men ain't expressive, They're aggressive, athletic, But yer old man was man So I guess it's genetic.

FLEA darts ahead of him into the bathroom and slams the door in his face.

CUT TO:

3 INT. BATHROOM DAY 1.

FLEA talks to us in the mirror.

FLEA

And yes I shouldn't care less But I confess it's upsettin', I am workin' on ways To aid me forgettin'.
Gettin' mighty like Mum, Cos she don't let it faze her, And words don't cut much, Which is why we have razors.

FLEA picks up FAT FUCK's razor, takes a pair of nail scissors and uses them to subtly bend the blades.

CUT TO:

4 <u>INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. DAY 1.</u>

4

3

FLEA arrives downstairs.

He finds his mum M GHTY playing with his LIL SIS. She's singing a song, being silly, making the little one giggle. When she sees FLEA she drags him into a massive hug.

FLEA continues to talk to us mid hug.

FLEA

Now M ghty's amazin', Which I don't mind sayin'. Her hugs are like muggin's But I ain't complainin'.

As MICHTY releases him, FLEA clocks the bruise on her face. His smile falls away.

FLEA (CONT'D)
But her choice in blokes
Is a joke that needs changin'.

MIGHTY clocks FLEA's face.

M CHTY

I started it Flea, So it's me that wants blamin'.

FLEA sits down at the table next to LIL SIS.

FLEA

I love my lil sis, But they say she's autistic. I think she's a thinker And the docs have just missed it.

But I'm scared that he scares her, I'm worried it's worry.
She only chats three words
And one of them's sorry.

LIL SIS babbles away:

LIL SIS

Sorry sorry sorry.

FAT FUCK arrives downstairs. His face is covered in bits of tissue that he's used to blot his shaving cuts - FLEA's DIY fuck-job on the razor has worked.

FLEA and MICHTY exchange a secret smirk at the sight of his face. But FAT FUCK's presence still kills the atmosphere dead.

FLEA

If it was just me,
Then I could ignore it,
But I'm sick to the pit
Watchin' these two endure it.
(MORE)

FLEA (CONT'D)

The pushin' and shovin' The put downs and -

FAT FUCK

(at LIL SIS)

Shut up!

MIGHTY goes to FAT FUCK, rubs his neck, tries to placate him (CONT'D)

FLEA

The roarin' and bawlin' And callin' her -

FAT FUCK

(to M GHTY, batting her attention away)

Suck up!

FLEA

Her flinchin' and tearin' And fearin' her fuck-ups. He's wise to her lies,

M GHTY

(unconvincing, to FAT FUCK)

Can I help that I'm

up?

M GHTY goes to kiss FAT FUCK and spills some juice. It oceans across the table and into FAT FUCK's lap. He jumps up, roaring and shoves M GHTY away violently.

LIL SIS Sorry sorry sorry.

FLEA can barely contain his anger. He exits to stop himself saying something he'll regret.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. TOWER BLOCK WALKWAY. DAY 1.

. . . .

5

FLEA stands on the walkway, looking out over the estate. He's seething.

Down below he sees a couple of COPPERS patrolling. We see FLEA struggle with his conscience before finally.

FLEA

(calling to the COPPERS)

α!

CUT TO:

6 INT. HALLWAY. DAY 1.

1 0.

The COPPERS stand in the living room, listening to MIGHTY's explanation. FAT FUCK is next to her, playing the supportive partner to perfection.

FLEA listens from the hallway.

M GHTY He makes up these stories.

FAT FUCK He's been doin' it forever.

M GHTY
Wants me and his real dad
To get back together.
But no one's been hittin' me,
Not now and not ever.
I walked into the door,

FAT FUCK Which was not very clever.

The COPPERS don't look convinced but allow M GHTY to lead them into the hall way and to the door.

FLEA glares at FAT FUCK as he follows them FAT FUCK smiles back.

FAT FUCK Not. Very. Clever.

FLEA exits angrily, passing MIGHTY at the front door.

CUT TO.

W SECRACK

... She says it's a secret And I said I'd keep it.

WOOD

Your hands in her pants?

W SECRACK

You cannot repeat it! Took a pic of her tits But I swore I'd delete it. If I don't shout my mouth Then I might get to keep it.

FLEA grins at us - some useful info!

WOOD

You heard 'bout these pills? Give you more than just thrills. Invincible tablets For actual skills.

Back in his vantage point, we see that FLEA's interest has been pi qued.

WOOD (CONT'D)

Confidence capsules For fightin' less fright ened, For beefin' with belief That yer built like a titan. Like yer skin's made of tin And yer reflex's lightenin'

W SECRACK

Who's the seller?

WOOD

Can't tell yer Unless you'll be buyin'

We see FLEA's frustration not to have got the info - then we see his brain tick tick ticking.

WOOD and WISECRACK head over to where some other kids are hangi ng out.

CUT TO:

12 INT. COMMUNAL/ REC AREA. DAY 1.

12

FLEA emerges from his hiding place, addressing us.

FLEA

Information ain't power, That's knowin' how to use it. A bomb won't go bang If you can't get the fuse lit. He approaches a group of GIRLS and speaks to one of them

FLEA (CONT'D)

So, I've just seen Wisecrack, (miming breasts on himself)

And that is a nice snap!

The GIRL is horrified! FLEA moves to a new vantage point and watches as an unsuspecting WISECRACK approaches her, only to get a slug on the nose.

FLEA

Somebody get that poor kid an icepack!

WISECRACK Looks at WOOD imploringly.

W SECRACK

Her brother's a boxer, So that won't be my last slap. I'll be needin' those pills,

WOOD nods.

WOOD

Then you'd better tell Naz that.

FLEA smiles at us knowingly - it's panned out just as he int ended.

ал та

13 EXT. NAZ'S CORNER. DAY 1.

13

In the roughest, darkest corner of the estate, FLEA keeps out of sight as he watches NAZ, female, 16, and not someone you'd want to meet in a dark alley, holding court with her BAD GIRL followers.

FLEA

(to us)

Now Naz is the type Who'll end up doin' life, Kicked out of her last school, Or so goes the hype. She hung some year eights From the gates by their legs, Then allegedly wedgied The deput y head.

FLEA marches over, exuding confidence. He offers NAZ a five pound not e.

FLEA

If I could just grab a tab In a bag, it's for later.

NAZ smiles.

NAZ

Nice try, little guy, But that's the wrong colour paper.

FLEA's confidence falls away.

CUT TO:

14 OM TTED 14

15 <u>INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. DAY 1.</u>

15

9.

FLEA is at the kitchen sink washing up in pink marigolds.

M GHTY is playing with LIL SIS on the sofa. FLEA watches them, laughing.

FLEA

Now when it's like this I reckon it's bliss, Just M ghty and I And my lil sis.

The front door opens and FAT FUCK enters.

FLEA (CONT'D)

But the clouds always come To smother the sun, Weighed down with water To slaughter our fun.

FAT FUCK notices FLEA at the sink. He gets out his mobile and films him

FAT FUCK

Don't you look pretty
And shitty in pink.
A skivvyin' divvy
And chained to the sink.
Don't you care? Ain't you scared?
What your friends would all think.

M GHTY

He's makin' some spends.

FAT FUCK

They'd respect him more skint.

CUT TO:

16 <u>EXT. NAZ'S CORNER. DAY 2.</u>

16

NAZ hands a baggy with a pill in it to FLEA.

CUT TO:

17 I NT. FLEA'S BEDROOM NI GHT 2.

17

FLEA lies on his bed.

From below he hears an argument between FAT FUCK and MICHTY becoming louder and more aggressive. Suddenly it becomes clear that FAT FUCK's just got physical.

FLEA opens his bedside draw, takes out the baggy. Then he removes the pill and swallows it.

FLEA

(to us)
Now I'm not so gullible
To think the unthinkable,
That one little pill
Has made me invincible.
I'll settle for some mettle
A better kind of batterin'
Which is one where you don't
Really feel that it's happenin'.

He gets up and exits.

CUT TO:

18 <u>INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. NIGHT 2.</u>

18

FLEA stops about halfway down the stairs. He watches as FAT FUCK holds M GHTY by the throat against the wall.

FLEA runs at FAT FUCK and tries to punch him FAT FUCK stops the blow by grabbing FLEA's wrist. Hard enough that the pressure of his finger cracks the screen of FLEA's watch.

FAT FUCK shoves FLEA to the floor, then heads towards him with menace. FLEA is terrified.

CUT TO:

19 INT. BATHROOM NIGHT 2,

19

FLEA is throwing up.

M GHTY enters. FLEA says nothing. M GHTY notices his broken watch.

M GHTY I'll go shoppin' tomorrow And my first buy will be, The finest designer New timer for Flea.

FLEA fingers the broken screen of his watch.

FLEA

I'm happy with this one, My dad got it me.

M CHTY

You know you can't fix it,

FLEA

We'll just have to see.

MGHTY exits.

FLEA thinks as he fiddles with the watch. Then something occurs to him and he turns to us.

FLEA

The tablet didn't make me brave, They didn't take away the pain, Which means that somethin' needs to If I'm gonna feel his rage again.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. NAZ'S CORNER. DAY 3.

20

FLEA hands some money to NAZ.

NAZ

Back so soon little dude? Guess the party's with you. (to WISECRACK) Get him a tab.

FLEA

Nah, this time it's two.

ал та

21 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. NIGHT 3.

21

FAT FUCK has MIGHTY in a corner.

FLEA taps him on the shoulder. FAT FUCK turns around.

FLEA takes a swing at FAT FUCK, who blocks the shot by grabbing FLEA's wrist.

FAT FUCK smiles, then moves with menace towards FLEA

CUT TO:

The following scenes are short and quick, allowing the dialogue to rhyme and to give the impression of many days passi ng:

22 **CM TTED** 22

23	OM TTED		23
24	EXT. NAZ'S CORNER. DAY 4.		24
	FLEA buys a baggy of three tabs off NAZ.		
FLEA Isn't it strange, How all days play the same.		сит та	
25	INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. NIGHT 4.		25
	FLEA is held flailing at arms length by FAT FUCK.		
	FLEA You do it, Run through it,		
		CUT TO:	
	EXT. NAZ'S CORNER. DAY 5.		

FLEA looks up and sees Lil' Sis and FAT FUCK on the walkway on their way out. FAT FUCK putting her coat on her roughly

FAT FUCK That's a bit more like it.

FLEA nods and exits with the stuff.

CUT TO:

34 <u>EXT. TOWER BLOCK. DAY 7.</u>

34

FLEA exits the stairwell with his bucket and products. He doesn't look at us or speak to us.

He heads to the car and starts to scrub it.

FAT FUCK (O.S.) Start with the inside.

FLEA looks up at the walkway outside the flat where FAT FUCK is watching him

FLEA nods. Then he unlocks the car. He gets in and starts to polish the inside of the windscreen.

FAT FUCK, satisfied with what he sees, heads back inside.

FLEA watches himleave with a steely glare.

CUT TO:

35 <u>I NT. FLEA' S BEDROOM NI GHT 7.</u>

35

FLEA lies on his bed in the dark.

From downstairs drifts the racket of a noisy argument between M GHTY and FAT FUCK.

We can't make out what they're saying, but he sounds aggressive and it's becoming physical.

FLEA takes his phone from under his pillow and dials 999.

FLEA

Police.

36

OM TTED

CUT TO:

37

36

37

FLEA arrives downstairs. He finds M GHTY picking up broken crockery, nursing another bruise.

She sees FLEA and puts a finger on her lips to silence him LIL SIS sits at the table babbling.

LIL SIS Sorry sorry sorry.

FAT FUCK arrives downstairs and the tension in the room thickens.

Suddenly the doorbell rings. FAT FUCK answers it and finds two COPPERS there.

FAT FUCK

What d'you want?

COPPER

Is that your car out front, Sir?

FAT FUCK

Yeah. And?

COPPER

Would you mind letting us have a look inside it?

FAT FUCK

Why?

COPPER

If you wouldn't mind, Sir.

FAT FUCK follows the COPPERS out.

FLEA and M GHTY follow.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. TOWER BLOCK WALKWAY. DAY 8.

38

FLEA and MICHTY watch from the walkway as FAT FUCK leads the COPPERS to his car.

He opens it and one of the COPPERS goes straight for the glove box - s/he knows what s/he's looking for.

The COPPER pulls out the baggy we saw FLEA with the day before. It has a score of pills in it - the ones that FLEA has been painstakingly collecting, when we thought he was taking them

An almost indiscernible smile registers on FLEA's face.

FAT FUCK resists and a struggle follows, with FAT FUCK shouting the odds as he's pinned to the floor and cuffed.

FLEA is suddenly aware of someone tugging at the leg of his trousers. He looks down to find LIL SIS looking up at him

NOTE: verse resumes.

LIL SIS Is he coming back?

FLEA

The chances are fat,
He'll be gettin' a stretch
For possession like that.
Time to test his aggression
On types that swipe back.
(to M GHTY)
He'll be sendin' you letters,

FLEA looks at MIGHTY pointedly.

M CHTY

And I'll send them back.

MIGHTY nods then leads LIL SIS inside.

FLEA Looks at us.

FLEA

You thought I was takin' 'em, So little faith in me. Like I'd lend that hand To the man that was breakin' me.

FLEA looks out over the estate, silent for a minute.

FLEA (CONT'D)

The view's down to you,
If you don't rate it, change it.
If it all feels too small,
Knock the walls, rearrange it.
But no shrinkin' yer thinkin'
An inch for a place in it.
Bend it, extend it,
But don't be a slave to it.

FLEA I ooks at us.

FLEA

If humans could fly
As well as a flea,
The sights that we'd see,
The giants we'd be.
But we can't jump for shit
And it's cool with me,
Cos my mind is the muscle
That's makin' me free.

FLEA heads off down the walkway - ten feet tall and growing.

CUT TO BLACK.