

EXT. NIGHT - FOREST LAYBY

In a battered leather jacket, ancient shoes and a grubby white shirt, VLAD stands freezing in an empty forest car-park/layby, fighting to roll a cigarette in the open wind. He periodically glances up, apparently waiting for someone. The wind catches his half-rolled cigarette, scattering the tobacco into the night.

STEVE enters the car park in a shiny mid-range saloon car. He stops a few metres away facing VLAD and flashes his headlights.

VLAD slowly walks up to the car.

STEVE leans across to open up the front passenger door.

VLAD doesn't move.

VLAD  
How did you get my number?

STEVE  
Russell.

VLAD gets in.

Silence.

Neither knows how to make the first move...

VLAD  
I've- I've never done this before.

STEVE  
That's okay.

VLAD  
Why me?

STEVE  
I know how it sounds, but... that one time we spoke, I just knew this would happen.

STEVE looks to VLAD for a reaction but he just stares back and starts to roll another cigarette.

STEVE (CONTD)  
(steady, restrained)  
I'm losing my mind. Really. I won't go into it but I need this.

(CONTINUED)

VLAD  
When?

STEVE  
What?

VLAD  
*When?*

STEVE  
Tonight. Now.

Silence.

STEVE (CONTD)  
I intend to pay you.

STEVE pulls the car keys from the ignition.

STEVE (CONTD)  
It's due a service but otherwise in good nick. There are CDs in the glove box. Mainly opera. Also some rock.

He places the keys on the dashboard.

VLAD  
What rock?

STEVE  
Um, Cozy Powell?

VLAD nods to himself, satisfied.

STEVE continues, taking a couple of cards out of his inner jacket pocket along with a post-it note.

STEVE (CONTD)  
(clinical)  
Debit card. PIN's 1124. My mother's maiden name is 'Tindall'. My birthday is 21st October, 1965. It's all on there.

He places them on the dash along with the car keys.

VLAD surveys the items in front of him and turns to look at STEVE.

STEVE pulls a set of house keys from his pocket with a small photo key chain bearing a smiling woman and two small children.

(CONTINUED)

A beat as both of them acknowledge the photo.

STEVE

The address is 15a Mckenzie Road,  
N5 3RD. You're welcome to whatever  
you find.

Steve takes an envelope out of his pocket.

STEVE

My last statement.

VLAD finishes rolling his cigarette and places it in his  
breast pocket.

VLAD

What should I do with... your body?

STEVE

(eyes glazed, half to himself)  
Burn it, chuck it off a bridge. I  
don't particularly care.

Beat.

STEVE is broken from his sad reverie by the sight of VLAD  
eyeing his watch. He unbuckles it and places it on the dash  
with the other items.

VLAD's gaze lingers on the items on the dashboard.

Finally...

VLAD

(turning to STEVE)  
Okay. How do you want to do it?

STEVE's mouth is hanging open a little. This is actually  
happening.

STEVE

(flustered)  
I- I don't kow, Vlad, that's  
supposed to be your end.

Beat.

STEVE (CONTD)

Quick. I'd like it to be quick.

VLAD nods thoughtfully.

With an explosive movement VLAD lunges across the car for STEVE grabbing hold of his neck, a stone-cold gaze in his eyes. STEVE gurgles and protests weakly but VLAD overpowers him. After a prolonged, agonising moment STEVE is dead and slumps forward in his seat.

Shaking, with eyes wide from adrenaline, VLAD slowly brings his hands down. He straightens up, fumbling for a light and sparks his cigarette. He takes a long drag, leaning back in the comfy leather seat of STEVE's car. He exhales slowly coming to terms with the act he's just committed.

VLAD looks out the windows to make sure no one has seen. He takes another drag, this time more freely, as the possibilities that lie ahead slowly come into focus. He fishes STEVE's watch off the dashboard and slides it onto his wrist, playing with the dial around the bezel.

VLAD nearly jumps out of his seat as a small, high-pitched giggle comes from STEVE. VLAD watches with morbid curiosity as the laugh continues and continues, building to a hysterical pitch and then slowly ebbing away until STEVE settles back into stillness.

After a short moment STEVE emits a groan, gradually regaining consciousness. VLAD watches him as he blinks groggily.

STEVE  
(groaning, holding face in his  
hands)  
...ohh...oh god...oh my god...

STEVE slowly lifts his face to stare out in front of him.

STEVE (CONTD)  
Vlad. I think...I think I've made a  
terrible mistake.

VLAD  
What?

STEVE carries on staring straight ahead with a thousand-yard gaze, pensive. He's is shaking his head slightly.

STEVE  
This is all wrong.

He turns to look at VLAD as if this is the first time he's ever seen him. He notices his watch on VLAD's wrist. Then looks down at his own bare wrist. He sees all the items on the dashboard.

STEVE (CONTD)  
(looking away from VLAD)  
I'm really sorry about this Vlad.  
Really. But...I need my things  
back.

STEVE looks up to VLAD for a response.

VLAD just stares back.

STEVE  
(distracted)  
What time is it?

VLAD  
No.

STEVE  
Sorry?

VLAD shakes his head.

STEVE (CONTD)  
I...apologise for wasting your time  
like this. I'll make it up to you.  
Keep the watch.

Beat.

STEVE reaches for his personal effects on the dashboard.

With a ferocious expression VLAD grabs STEVE by the face and pushes him down against the car door, his eyes inches away from STEVE's.

STEVE's eyes are wide with terror. He stops wriggling and becomes docile.

Silence.

STEVE  
(VLAD's hand still on his  
face)  
I understand. You can have it.  
Everything. Please let me out.

VLAD  
You'll call the police.

STEVE  
I swear I won't.

VLAD slowly removes his hand from STEVE's face and sits back in his seat.

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