

# **JULIUS**

Act I

(pp01-35)

by

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SAMPLE SCRIPT FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY  
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**PAGE 1**

PANEL 1

Black title page. All text is centred, in a roman serif font.

DISPLAY LETT

ACT I

QUOTE

"WHEN CAESAR SAYS 'DO THIS,' IT IS PERFORM'D."  
- MARK ANTONY

**PAGE 2-3**

PANEL 1

SPLASH SPREAD.

OPEN ON a London market street; the East End. We're looking down the street from a corner junction. In the foreground is a pub, THE KING'S ARMS - the pub sign is a pair of crossed curved sabres. In the space between the two blades is a crown.

Beyond the pub, the street is lined with market stalls which spill out from the pavement onto the road; fruit, veg, cheap clothes, CDs. Behind the stalls the street is residential; standard two-story Victorian terraced houses.

In the distant background, crossing the other end of the street, is a hefty steel railway bridge.

What's odd about this scene, though, is that no-one is working. There are plenty of people around, sure, but they're all engaged in something else; a celebration. In fact, they're preparing for the procession of Julius' cavalcade - after two months, the turf wars with the South Bank mobs have ended, and Julius has been victorious. Which means these people can all get back to their normal lives - after all, Julius has been their 'ruler' for ten years, and they know where they stand.

And so the street is lined with pennants and bunting; the adults have brought their children out into the street to watch Julius go by, to wave and cheer. The market stalls have garlands and bunting strewn between them, bounding the area down which the cars will travel. The pub has flags and pennants hanging from its windows, and the benches outside are filled with families resting with a drink.

The pub landlord - a round, bald chap with a large beard - stands on one of the benches, securing one end of a bunting garland to the pub sign.

In the middle distance, two men walk up the street, approaching the pub, heading toward the reader; FRANK and MACKIE.

It's a bright, brisk day; the start of spring.

DISPLAY LETT

MARCH 1ST.

**PAGE 4**

PANEL 1

Wide panel, from same viewpoint; the pub landlord steps down from the bench, having secured the bunting. He smiles at the customers sat at the table. Frank and Mackie are nearer, almost alongside the pub.

FRANK

WHAT THE FUCK'S ALL THIS? NATIONAL "BOLLOCKS  
TO WORK" DAY?

PANEL 2

On the landlord; he has his back to us. A shadow falls over him, and he turns his head at the sound of Frank's shout:

FRANK (OFF)

OI!

PANEL 3

The landlord smiles at them, too, taking their hands and shaking them.

LANDLORD

HELLO, LADS! LONG TIME NO SEE. FRANK,  
MACKIE... GLAD TO SEE HER MAJESTY LOOKED AFTER  
YOU...

PANEL 4

Landlord's POV: Frank and Mackie loom over him, looking displeased. Frank jabs a finger out at the reader.

FRANK

SHUT UP, FISHER. WHAT'S GOING ON? MR CASSIDY  
DOESN'T PROTECT YOUR INTERESTS SO YOU CAN SWAN  
ABOUT HAVING STREET PARTIES, NOW DOES HE?

MACKIE

DOES HE?

**PAGE 5**

PANEL 1

The landlord holds up his hands, trying to placate them, and obviously a little scared. He's much smaller - and older - than them...

LANDLORD

LADS, LADS, YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG. SEE,  
WHILE YOU WERE AWAY--

FRANK

DON'T TRY TO TELL US MR CASSIDY DOESN'T RUN  
THIS STREET ANY MORE, FISHER.

MACKIE

DON'T TRY.

PANEL 2

Mr Fisher leans in closer to Frank.

LANDLORD

NO, NO... LADS, WHILE YOU WERE AWAY THERE WAS  
A... WELL, A BIT OF TROUBLE. WITH THE SOUTH  
BANK OFFICE.

(cont)

BUT MR JULIUS - AND MR CASSIDY, TO BE FAIR -  
TOOK CARE OF IT.

PANEL 3

Fisher spreads his arms, smiling and gesturing to the preparations going on around them. Some of the pub customers, and people near them on the street, smile and raise their glasses.

LANDLORD

AND NOW HE'S COMING HOME. WE'RE JUST SHOWING  
HIM THE PROPER RESPECT, THAT'S ALL... HE'S DUE  
BY ANY MINUTE, IN FACT.

**PAGE 6**

PANEL 1

Frank is a bit taken aback by this. He raises an eyebrow at the landlord.

FRANK  
JULIUS? FUCKING JULIUS?!

PANEL 2

Mackie climbs up on to a bench, knocking over people's drinks as he goes. He doesn't care. Frank stays where he is, scolding Fisher.

FRANK  
MACKIE, GET THOSE BLOODY BANNERS DOWN.  
(cont)  
NOW LISTEN, YOU WORKSHY SOD. I DON'T CARE IF  
THE FUCKING QUEEN MUM HAS RISEN FROM THE  
GRAVE. GET BACK TO WORK!

PANEL 3

Frank turns to the crowd of people, all looking rather shocked and annoyed, and shouts:

FRANK (LARGE)  
ALL OF YOU! NOW!

**PAGE 7**

PANEL 1

Mackie is trying to pull the banners down, but they're tied pretty tight. He looks down to Frank for help. Frustrated, Frank yells back at him. The people who were sat at the benches stand, moving away.

MACKIE

FRANK, THEY'RE TIED PRETTY TIGHT...

FRANK

SO USE YOUR FUCKING KNIFE! JESUS CHRIST...

PANEL 2

On Mackie, looking at Frank ruefully - he doesn't want to disappoint him - with one hand still stretched out to grab the banner.

MACKIE

BUT THEY WOULDN'T GIVE IT BACK TO ME, AND I  
HAVEN'T HAD CHANCE TO GET A NEW--

VOICE OFF (LARGE)

HERE HE COMES!

PANEL 3

Face-on shot of Frank, looking down the street. His shoulders sag in exasperation, realising it's too late.

FRANK

FUCKSTICKS.

(cont)

FORGET IT, MACKIE...

**PAGE 8**

PANEL 1

SPLASH PAGE: Julius' cavalcade rolls down the street. The crowd all stand, crowding on the pavement, cheering, holding their pints aloft, a few of them waving Union Jack flags, and generally applauding.

The lead car is Julius' - a gleaming white limousine (not a ridiculous stretch job, just long enough to fit two rows of seats in the back) with blacked-out windows. On either side of the car jog CLIVE and PAUL, keeping an eye out for any funny business. Behind Julius' car are four black Mercedes, also with blacked-out windows.

FRANK (OFF)

...HE'S ALREADY HERE.



**PAGE 9**

PANEL 1

CUT TO inside the car - CLOSE on JULIUS' mouth, puffing on a large cigar. Keep the whole of his face hidden for a while - we'll just focus on elements, building the parts into a man.

JULIUS

EVEN CASSIDY'S STREET? I AM SURPRISED. MY REGRET AT HIS ABSENCE GROWS.

PANEL 2

On the crowd - cheering and throwing flowers on the car as it passes.

FROM CAR

THIS LOT ARE PROBABLY THE REASON HE'S STAYING AWAY. HE'D CHOKE RATHER THAN GIVE YOU CREDIT.

PANEL 3

Back inside the car - CLOSE on Julius' Shades. The scar over his useless left eye runs behind it, from temple to cheek.

JULIUS

YET JULIUS DESIRES NONE MORE THAN IS DUE. IN THIS ENDEAVOUR WAS CASSIDY OUR MOST BRAVE AND WORTHY ALLY.

PANEL 4

CLOSE on Julius' right hand, holding the cigar. On his fourth finger he wears a large gold ring in the shape of the Union Jack.

MARK (OFF)

YEAH, BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE--

JULIUS

STOP THE CAR.

PANEL 5

Profile shot - Julius' head is silhouetted as we look past him, out the window, at the crowd. At the front of the throng, a young girl stands, her mother's hands on her shoulders, holding a large bouquet of flowers.

MARK sits opposite Julius (i.e., facing backwards from the direction of travel), looking at him quizzically.

JULIUS

BRING THE CHILD TO ME.

**PAGE 10**

PANEL 1

CUT TO outside the car - the car stopped, Mark opens the door and steps out. Clive, who was jogging on this side of the car, holds the door open for him.

MARK  
RIGHT YOU ARE.

PANEL 2

On the girl and Mark, as Mark crouches down to speak to her. He smiles. The girl smiles back, shyly.

MARK  
HELLO...?

GIRL (SMALL)  
KYLIE.

MARK  
HELLO, KYLIE. MY NAME'S MARK. ARE THOSE FOR MR JULIUS?

KYLIE (SMALL)  
YES.

PANEL 3

Bending over, Mark leads Kylie from the pavement to the car. Her mother beams with pride. Kylie is clearly a little shy and nervous, but smiles.

MARK  
COME ON, THEN. LET'S TAKE THEM TO HIM.

PANEL 4

Looking out from inside the car - Kylie offers up the bouquet, her mouth open as she sets eyes on Julius. All we can see is Julius' left hand, extending from within the car to take the flowers.

JULIUS (OFF)  
JULIUS THANKS YOU, CHILD.

**PAGE 11**

PANEL 1

SPLASH PAGE: Julius steps out of the car, bouquet in his free hand. Mark and Clive stand back. Kylie just looks up in awe at this huge but soft-spoken man. Make this a full-length shot; it's our first good look at him, a portrait of restrained but stately power.

JULIUS

JULIUS THANKS YOU ALL.

**PAGE 12**

PANEL 1

From over Julius' shoulder; he stands by the car, addressing the crowd. They've stopped cheering, now listening intently.

JULIUS

YOU ARE JULIUS' STRENGTH, AND THE FOUNDATIONS  
OF OUR OFFICE. FOR YOU WE FIGHT, AND FOR YOU  
WE MAKE SACRIFICE.

(cont)

WE FIGHT FOR THE FUTURE: A FUTURE FOR YOU, AND  
FOR YOUR CHILDREN.

PANEL 2

Julius pats Kylie on the shoulder, motioning her back to her mother. She starts to walk away, obediently.

JULIUS

FOR WHAT ARE WE WITHOUT FAMILY? WITHOUT HEIRS,  
WITHOUT THOSE WHO WILL CARRY ON OUR GOOD WORK?

PANEL 3

He steps back into the car, looking back over his shoulder at the crowd. Mark steps up to get in after him.

JULIUS

NOW GO; GO, AND KNOW THAT YOU ARE SAFE IN YOUR  
HOMES AND BUSINESSES. KNOW THAT JULIUS HAS  
MADE IT SO.

(cont)

LET US ALL PROSPER.

**PAGE 13**

PANEL 1

Wide shot; front view of the car, as it moves away again; Clive and Paul resume their jogging. The crowd resume their cheering and waving with renewed vigour. To the side, Kylie's mother crouches down to hug her.

FROM CAR

DRIVE ON, KEITH. TO THE CLUB.

PANEL 2

CUT TO Another wide shot, this time in the car. Front shot of Mark, caught in an embarrassed expression as he realises he's just made a faux pas. Next to him is BRETT, who looks out the window as they drive.

MARK

BRETT, YOU ALRIGHT?

BRETT

HMM?

PANEL 3

Another wide front view, this time of Julius - puffing on the cigar again. Next to him sits CANDY, who has taken the bouquet. She looks at him and smiles sympathetically, resting a hand on his free arm.

JULIUS

YOUR Demeanour AT THIS HOUR TROUBLES US,  
BRETT. WE HAVE OBSERVED OF LATE A CLOUD UPON  
YOUR COUNTENANCE.

(cont)

BUT JULIUS IS FATHER TO ALL. THEREFORE SPEAK:  
WHAT AILS YOU?

**PAGE 14**

PANEL 1

Brett turns away from the window, dismissing Julius' concerns with a wave of his hand.

BRETT

AH, NOTHING. REALLY, I'M JUST GLAD IT'S ALL OVER--

SFX

BEEP BEEP

PANEL 2

The beeping is Candy's phone. She answers it.

CANDY

'SCUSE ME, GUYS... HELLO?  
(cont)  
OH! YEAH, SURE. HANG ON.

PANEL 3

She passes the phone to Julius. He raises an eyebrow - it's very unusual for a call on Candy's phone to be for him.

CANDY

IT'S FOR YOU.

JULIUS

THANK YOU, CANDY.

PANEL 4

CLOSE on Julius as he answers the call.

JULIUS

WHO IS IT ON THIS DAY THAT CALLS ON ME?

**PAGE 15**

PANEL 1

CUT TO Susan, the fortune teller. She sits at her kitchen table, a spread of Tarot cards laid out on it. As she speaks into the phone she leans back, smoking a very large joint.

SUSAN

HI, JULIUS... IT'S SUSAN. LISTEN, MAN, I'VE JUST DONE A READING FOR YOU AND IT'S COME OUT PRETTY HEAVY, YOU KNOW?

PANEL 2

CUT TO the car; Julius raises his eyebrows, looking to the ceiling in exasperation. He's never had much time for Susan, but he knows Candy visits her often.

JULIUS

VOICE YOUR CONCERN. JULIUS IS LISTENING.

PANEL 3

CUT TO Susan again; small panel, CLOSE on her face, a shadow falling across it as she says:

SUSAN

BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH.

PANEL 4

Repeat previous panel.

SUSAN (SMALL)

BEWARE, JULIUS.

PANEL 5

CUT TO the car, long exterior shot as it heads down the street, Clive and Paul still jogging alongside and the four black Mercs following.

FROM CAR

SUSAN, YOU ARE A DREAMER.

(cont)

GOOD-BYE.

**PAGE 16**

PANEL 1

CUT TO Later at Julius' nightclub, interior establishing shot. A private evening party is being thrown, in honour of Julius' victorious return.

Julius sits at a side booth with Candy, Clive and Paul flanking him. A crowd of people, all East End gangsters, gather round to applaud and congratulate him. The rest of the room is also packed with gangsters, easily a couple of hundred. The bar staff are worked off their feet supplying drinks to this perpetually thirsty crowd.

Brett stands a little away from the crowd around Julius, watching them, at a mid-floor table on his own. He idly nurses a tall drink.

Mark is not present.

SFX (SMALL)

(on Brett's position)

BEEP BEEP

PANEL 2

CLOSE on Brett as he answers his mobile phone.

BRETT

BRETT.

(cont)

YEAH, SURE.

PANEL 3

Profile shot: His drink deposited on a table, Brett picks up his walking cane and walks toward the door to leave. Directly in background, Julius watches him.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 4

Same view; Brett is off-panel. Julius's head is turned further, indicating he's watched Brett leave.

NO DIALOGUE



**PAGE 17**

PANEL 1

CUT TO outside the club; Brett leaves the club, walking out into the night. Make this a view from the street to the side of the club, as Brett turns toward us, heading for the street corner. Two bouncers stand on the door, just as a precaution; several latecomer gangsters walk into the club, past Brett and the bouncers.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 2

Pull back; stood leaning against the wall is CASSIDY, waiting for Brett. Brett approaches from the club doors.

Cassidy lights a cigar with a match, only partly illuminating his face.

BRETT

CASS?

PANEL 3

CLOSE on Cassidy. He turns his head a little, smiling around the cigar. The cigar is lit, but he holds the match steady, the flame illuminating his face.

CASSIDY

GLAD YOU COULD ESCAPE.

**PAGE 18**

PANEL 1

Wide front shot from the other side of the road, as Brett and Cassidy stand talking.

This is a main street, lined by shopfronts and businesses, with the club standing out from the crowd - big, stately, expensive. The bright neon sign above the entrance reveals the club's name: QUO VADIS. BMWs and Mercs are parked right the way along the street; the party guests.

A couple of prostitutes walk the other side of the street. Cars kerbcrawl alongside them, checking out the goods. Some of the streetlights are out.

CASSIDY  
GOOD PARTY?

BRETT  
I SUPPOSE, YEAH.

CASSIDY  
THOUGHT YOU'D ENJOY WATCHING YOUR GUV'NOR LORD  
IT OVER THE REST OF US.

PANEL 2

Brett narrows his eyes, looking sidelong at Cassidy. Cassidy puffs away on the cigar, nonchalant.

BRETT  
I'D ENJOY IT MORE IF MY BROTHER HAD BOTHERED  
TO TURN UP.

CASSIDY  
SOME OF US HAVE COMPANIES TO RUN.

PANEL 3

Brett looks away, annoyed at his brother's lecturing. Cassidy leans forward to examine Brett's face.

CASSIDY  
NO BETTER, THEN.

PANEL 4

Brett turns to look at him, wondering what he means. Cassidy casually taps ash from the end of his cigar, smirking.

BRETT  
YOU WHAT?

CASSIDY

YOU'VE HAD A FACE LIKE A CAT'S ARSE FOR WEEKS.  
DON'T THINK I DON'T NOTICE THESE THINGS. I'VE  
KNOWN YOU TOO LONG.

(cont)

HEH. ALL YOUR LIFE, IN FACT.

**PAGE 19**

PANEL 1

Finally, Cassidy turns to look Brett in the face. His expression turns serious - not quite 'concerned,' but certainly 'interested.'

CASSIDY

SO COME ON. WHAT'S UP?

BRETT

AH, NOTHING...

CASSIDY

MY ARSE.

PANEL 2

Hearing something from inside the club, Brett turns at the sound. Cassidy ignores it, continues pressing for an answer.

BRETT

WHAT WAS THAT?

CASSIDY

SOUNDED LIKE A CHEER. THEY'VE PROBABLY CROWNED THE FUCKER, OR SOMETHING.

(cont)

NEVER MIND THAT. I'M NOT LEAVING TILL I GET AN ANSWER FROM YOU.

PANEL 3

Brett turns away from the club, running a hand through his hair. His expression is almost apologetic, knowing that what he's about to say could incriminate him.

BRETT

CASS... IF I'VE BEEN A BIT OFF, I'M SORRY. REALLY.

(cont)

BUT IT'S NOT YOU I'M PISSED OFF WITH. IT'S ME.

CASSIDY

OH, REALLY?

PANEL 4

Close on Cassidy, smiling around his cigar as he takes a drag.

CASSIDY

SEE, THAT'S A SHAME. BECAUSE FOR A MOMENT THERE, I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU AND I HAD BEEN HAVING THE SAME THOUGHTS FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS.

**PAGE 20**

PANEL 1

CUT TO inside the club. Almost everyone in the place is gathered round Julius' table, glasses of wine held high, smiling. At their head stands Mark, also smiling. Everyone in the room is looking at Julius.

Julius is stood up behind his table, facing them. His right hand is raised in the air, palm out - a gesture of refusal, of asking them to stop.

CAPTION

"THOUGHTS? ABOUT WHAT?"

CAPTION

"ABOUT HOW YOU DESERVE TO BE MORE THAN JUST JULIUS' RIGHT-HAND MAN. AND I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE."

PANEL 2

Mark turns to the crowd, egging them on to cheer Julius...

CAPTION

"OH, COME-- WAS THAT ANOTHER CHEER?"

CAPTION

"WHY YES, I FEAR IT WAS. AND FEAR'S THE OPERATIVE WORD HERE, ISN'T IT?"

PANEL 3

Mark holds his hands up to silence the crowd, still smiling broadly.

CAPTION

"I HAVE BEEN A BIT WORRIED ABOUT HIM LATELY, I SUPPOSE..."

CAPTION

"GO ON."

**PAGE 21**

PANEL 1

Mark faces Julius (who is still standing), raising his wine glass in one hand, holding the other out to signal the crowd behind him. The smile is gone; he's now deadly serious.

CAPTION

"IT'S JUST THAT EVERYONE ADORES HIM SO MUCH... SURE, HE'S THE BEST THING TO HAPPEN TO THIS OFFICE IN A LONG TIME. HE LED ALL THE COMPANIES THROUGH AGAINST THE SOUTH BANK. YOU SAW HOW GOOD HE WAS OUT THERE."

PANEL 2

On the crowd; all raising their glasses to Julius, their faces also now very serious.

CAPTION

"BUT?"

CAPTION

"BUT I THINK IT'S GOING TO HIS HEAD."

PANEL 3

On Julius, shouting, clearly annoyed; he waves a hand to signal for all this to stop.

CAPTION

"SEE, THAT'S THE BRETT PEOPLE LOVE. YOU CUT RIGHT THROUGH THE SMOKESCREEN."

CAPTION

"CASS... WHAT'S YOUR POINT?"

PANEL 4

With a shout, Julius storms off toward the back of the club, and his private room, leaving the crowd stunned and silent. Candy and Clive trot after him.

CAPTION

"THE POINT, MY DEAR BROTHER, IS THAT THE GUV'NORS ARE ALL PLANNING TO STEP DOWN."

CAPTION

"THEY WANT JULIUS TO BE PERMANENT GUV'NOR. OF EVERYONE."

**PAGE 22**

PANEL 1

CUT TO Back outside. Brett looks at Cassidy in shock.

BRETT

NOBODY TOLD ME ABOUT THIS!

CASSIDY

WHY SHOULD THEY? WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO YOU.

PANEL 2

Brett taps his walking cane into his free hand as he turns this over in his mind - a nervous habit.

BRETT

WON'T MAKE...! THIS IS NOT GOOD. NO, NO.

(cont)

HE'S ALREADY STARTED TALKING ABOUT HIMSELF IN THE THIRD PERSON, FOR FUCK'S SAKE... NO, THIS IS BAD. BAD FOR THE OFFICE.

PANEL 3

Cassidy drops his finished cigar on the street.

CASSIDY

JULIUS IS THE MAN. MAN OF THE PEOPLE, MAN OF THE HOUR, CALL IT WHAT YOU WANT.

(cont)

HE'S THE COLOSSUS OF THE EAST END. LITTLE PEOPLE LIKE US JUST WALK UNDER HIS LEGS, DOING WHAT HE SAYS.

PANEL 4

Worm's eye view; on Cassidy's foot as he crushes the cigar out on the pavement.

BRETT

IT SHOULDN'T BE LIKE THAT...

CASSIDY

NO, IT SHOULDN'T. HE'S JUST A MAN, LIKE YOU AND ME. CHRIST, I SAVED HIS LIFE OVER THE RIVER LAST WEEK.

(cont)

BUT DOES IT MAKE A DIFFERENCE? DOES IT BOLLOCKS. I STILL HAVE TO BOW AND GROVEL LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

**PAGE 23**

PANEL 1

Cassidy starts walking toward the club entrance, Brett following.

CASSIDY

"JULIUS." "BRETT." "CASSIDY."

(cont)

THEY'RE JUST NAMES. NONE BETTER THAN THE  
OTHER.

PANEL 2

Brett lowers his head, obviously worried.

BRETT

REMEMBER GRANDDAD?

CASSIDY

DON'T BE DAFT. GOOD OLD BRETT SENIOR, EH? NOW  
HE WAS A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

PANEL 3

They enter the club. The bouncers hold the door open for them, as a mark of respect.

BRETT

SALT OF THE EARTH...

CASSIDY

AND HIS NAME WAS AS GOOD AS ANY OTHER.



**PAGE 24**

PANEL 1

CUT TO view from inside the club; Cassidy and Brett descend the stairs to the main room. KOSTAS walks over to greet them, drink in hand, cigarette in mouth.

KOSTAS

THERE YOU ARE! I WAS STARTING TO WORRY.

BRETT

THE EXCITEMENT WAS ALL TOO MUCH FOR ME.

KOSTAS

YEAH, RIGHT. CASS! LONG TIME NO SEE...

CASSIDY

KOSTAS. HOW ARE YOU?

PANEL 2

Kostas leads them to the bar, signalling to the barman for drinks.

KOSTAS

FINE, THANKS. YOU MISSED THE BIG BLOW-UP.

BRETT

THE CHEERS? WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT?

PANEL 3

Kostas turns to them, smiling.

KOSTAS

YOU DIDN'T KNOW EITHER, THEN? PRETTY FUCKING WEIRD, I TELL YOU.

(cont)

BASICALLY, THE GUV'NORS ALL OFFERED TO STEP DOWN, INTEGRATE EVERYONE INTO OUR COMPANY. ONE COMPANY, ONE GUV'NOR.

**PAGE 25**

PANEL 1

Brett looks at Kostas, wide-eyed. Behind him, Cassidy lights another cigar.

BRETT

AND...?!

KOSTAS

NAH, JULIUS WOULDN'T HAVE IT. WENT FUCKING SPARE, ACTUALLY. HE'S IN THE BACK.

PANEL 2

The barman arrives with drinks; Brett takes his, raises it to his lips. Kostas drags on his cigarette, smiling.

BRETT

WELL, THAT'S A BLOODY RELIEF.

KOSTAS

TRUTH BE TOLD, IT WAS QUITE FUNNY. NEVER SEEN MARK LOOK SO SCARED IN HIS LIFE. DON'T THINK HE'LL TRY THAT AGAIN.

PANEL 3

Small panel, on Cassidy. He looks up, over Brett and Kostas' heads, puffing on his cigar.

CASSIDY

REALLY?

PANEL 4

Reverse the angle; looking over Cassidy's head, following his line of sight to the window of Julius' private room, which looks down on the floor from the balcony level. Even at this distance, Julius can clearly be seen standing at the window, watching the floor.

CASSIDY

WISH I SHARED YOUR CONFIDENCE.

**PAGE 26**

PANEL 1

CLOSE on Julius at his window; we look in from the outside, through the glass. Julius is grim-faced, looking directly out at the reader. His sunglasses are off, giving us our first good look at the scar over his left eye.

JULIUS

THIS OFFICE WAS BUILT ON DIVERSITY.

PANEL 2

CUT TO inside the room; Julius turns from the window to face Mark, who sits on a couch in the private room, smoking a cigarette. Candy sits on the arm of the couch, reading a magazine.

FYI: This room is low-lighted (so that Julius can see the brighter club floor through the glass), cosy and comfortable, with minimal but expensive furniture. There is an oak desk, on which is a single desk phone and two In/Out trays, and the desk chair is old and wooden. Light comes from a couple of freestanding upright lamps. The carpet is thick and soft, the couch is large and sumptuous. Clive stands guarding the door, impassive and silent.

JULIUS

MANY GREAT COMPANIES SOWED THE SEEDS WHICH WE  
NOW REAP. AND WE ARE GRATEFUL.

(cont)

WE ARE EACH OF US LIONS, STRONG THROUGH CO-  
OPERATION. NOT LAMBS FOLLOWING A SHEPHERD. DO  
YOU UNDERSTAND?

PANEL 3

Mark leans forward on the couch, spreading his hands in apology.

MARK

JULIUS... I'M SORRY. THE OTHER GUV'NORS ASKED  
ME TO SPEAK FOR THEM. IT'S WHAT THEY WANTED.

(cont)

IT'S WHAT WE ALL WANT.

PANEL 4

CLOSE on Julius. View from behind as he looks back out the window again.

JULIUS

ALL?

(cont)

I THINK NOT.

**PAGE 27**

PANEL 1

Wide panel; from over Julius' shoulder, through the window, we see the crowd. Cassidy is still at the bar, now alone, smoking his cigar.

JULIUS

THERE IS ONE WHO WEARS A LEAN AND HUNGRY LOOK.

PANEL 2

Profile full-length shot of Julius, standing at the window, hands clasped behind his back.

JULIUS

JULIUS HAS NO FEARS... YET, WERE I LIABLE, I CAN THINK OF NONE I WOULD AVOID SO SOON AS OUR OLD ALLY CASSIDY.

(cont)

HE READS MUCH, AND IS A GREAT OBSERVER. HE LOOKS RIGHT THROUGH MEN'S HEARTS. YET HE LOVES NO ART AS YOU DO, MARK. HE HEARS NO MUSIC AS YOU DO, CANDY.

(cont)

SUCH MEN ARE NEVER AT EASE WHILE THEY LOOK ON ONE GREATER THAN THEMSELVES.

PANEL 3

Mark appears at Julius' side, smiling. Julius continues to gaze out the window.

MARK

HE'S NO DANGER TO YOU, JULIUS.

(cont)

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM.

**PAGE 28**

PANEL 1

CUT TO the floor of the club; Cassidy finishes his drink.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 2

He takes his mobile phone out of his pocket, glancing up at the window.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 3

Reverse angle, looking up over Cassidy's shoulder at the window. Julius is still standing there, watching. Cassidy has the phone to his ear.

CASSIDY

STEVE? CASSIDY.

PANEL 4

Cassidy begins walking out the club, through the crowd.

CASSIDY

HOW ARE YOU WITH PHONE NETWORKS...?

**PAGE 29**

PANEL 1

CUT TO later that night; exterior establishing shot of Kostas' apartment flat, on the top floor of an old four-floor townhouse. The light in the flat is on, but the blinds are drawn. In the sky, the moon is full.

FROM WINDOW

HELLO, TREVOR? IT'S KOSTAS. HOW YOU DOING?

PANEL 2

CUT TO inside Kostas' flat. Kostas sits on his couch in front of the TV, relaxing after the party, talking on his mobile phone. He lights a cigarette as he talks.

KOSTAS

YEAH, BEEN A WHILE. LISTEN--

(cont)

--MMPH--

(cont)

--I'VE JUST COME BACK FROM THE PARTY AT JULIUS' PLACE. AND, WELL, DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, BUT YOU'RE A WISE OLD GOAT.

(cont)

THERE'S SOME WEIRD SHIT GOING ON TONIGHT.

PANEL 3

CLOSE on Kostas, clearly a little nervous, as he recounts what he's seen.

KOSTAS

WELL, THE THAMES HAD WAVES LIKE FUCKING BRIGHTON...

(cont)

AND I THINK I SAW A GHOST. A DOZEN OF 'EM, IN FACT. OLD SOLDIERS.

(cont)

AND I DIDN'T KNOW WHO ELSE TO CALL.

**PAGE 30**

PANEL 1

CUT TO Trevor, in a seedy late-opening bar; a young bimbo sits on his lap as he talks, dwarfed by Trevor's bulk. Trevor laughs as he talks.

TREVOR

YEAH, I'VE HEARD SOME FUNNY SHIT GOING ON  
TONIGHT. BLOKE I KNOW OVER WEST SAID HE SAW  
ONE OF NELSON'S LIONS GO WALKABOUT.

PANEL 2

On Kostas. Not finding any of this very funny. Nervously pulling on his cigarette.

PHONE

CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?

KOSTAS

RIGHT NOW? ACTUALLY, YEAH.

PANEL 3

On Trevor, who's stopped laughing. The bimbo plays with his goatee, giggling.

TREVOR

MATE, PEOPLE WILL INTERPRET THINGS HOWEVER  
THEY WANT. AND YOU'RE CLEARLY WORRIED.

(cont)

BUT TODAY WAS A GOOD DAY FOR ALL OF US. KNOW  
WHAT I MEAN?

**PAGE 31**

PANEL 1

Long shot, looking at Kostas on the couch.

KOSTAS

YEAH, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT.  
(cont)  
ALRIGHT, CHEERS TREV. 'BYE.

PANEL 2

Same view; he sits on the couch, holding the mobile phone in his lap, staring into space.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 3

Same view; no movement.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 4

Same view; he punches a number into the phone.

NO DIALOGUE

PANEL 5

Same view; he holds the phone to his ear, speaks.

KOSTAS

HELLO, CASS? IT'S KOSTAS...



**PAGE 32**

PANEL 1

CUT TO Cassidy. Not in his own place, but sat on a desk chair in the living room of STEVE'S flat. He's on the phone to Kostas. Behind him, Steve sits on another desk chair at a computer, peering at the screen through a haze of cigarette smoke.

Around him, the place is a real mess - filled with bits of computers, old circuit boards, wires, hard drives, broken monitors, Zip disks, CD spindles, ashtrays, magazines, old pizza boxes, six-packs of beer, the works.

CASSIDY

YEAH, I'VE BEEN HEARING THE SAME THINGS.

(cont)

AND ON THE NIGHT OF OUR BELOVED LEADER'S GLORIOUS RETURN, TOO. INTERESTING, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

PANEL 2

Still gazing at the screen, Steve grins and clenches a fist in triumph. Behind him, Cassidy looks over and raises an eyebrow.

STEVE (LARGE)

YES!

CASSIDY

YEAH, AND--

(cont)

--NO, STEVE'S PLACE--

(cont)

--AND GUESS WHAT ELSE I HEARD?

PANEL 3

Cassidy stands to look over Steve's shoulder at the screen. Steve leans back, satisfied, smiling as he drags on his cigarette.

CASSIDY

THE OTHER GUV'NORS ARE GOING TO STEP DOWN ANYWAY.

(cont)

EVERYONE'S TERRIFIED OF ANOTHER WAR. SO FIVE COMPANIES WILL BECOME ONE COMPANY. AND YOUR GUV'NOR WILL BE EVERYONE'S GUV'NOR.

**PAGE 33**

PANEL 1

Cassidy stands, looking at the calendar girl posters on Steve's wall as he speaks.

CASSIDY

WELL, I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT. BECAUSE  
AS IT HAPPENS, I HAVE A PLAN.

(cont)

IT IS INDEED.

PANEL 2

Steve pulls a can of beer out of a nearby pile of pizza boxes.

CASSIDY

HELP MIGHT BE NEEDED AT SOME STAGE, YEAH.

(cont)

WELL, I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT AS WELL.

(cont)

'NIGHT, KOSTAS.

PANEL 3

Putting the phone away in his coat, Cassidy drags the chair he was sitting on over to the computer. Steve opens the can.

CASSIDY

RIGHT, THEN.

(cont)

YOU SURE THIS'LL WORK? CAN'T BE TRACED?

STEVE

ABSOLUTELY.

**PAGE 34**

PANEL 1

Steve points to the screen as he drinks from the can. We don't need to see the screen clearly yet, just a load of programming-type windows.

STEVE

IT'S ALL RANDOMISED. NUMBERS, FREQUENCY...  
ANYTHING FROM ONE TO TEN AN HOUR, EVERY HOUR,  
FROM A DIFFERENT NUMBER EACH TIME.

(cont)

AND NO, THEY'RE NOT REAL NUMBERS.

PANEL 2

Cassidy leans in for a closer look, even though he knows he won't understand a word of what's on screen. Steve turns his head to look up at Cassidy, smiling.

CASSIDY

WHAT ABOUT THE TEXT ITSELF?

STEVE

CAME UP WITH SEVERAL TYPES, THEN RAN IT  
THROUGH A THESAURUS. GOT ABOUT FIFTY DIFFERENT  
VERSIONS. THEY'LL BE RANDOMISED AS WELL.

(cont)

I THINK HE'LL GET THE MESSAGE.

PANEL 3

Cassidy stands up, allowing himself a confident smile.

CASSIDY

OH, HE'LL GET IT ALRIGHT.

**PAGE 35**

PANEL 1

SPLASH page; on the computer screen. There are several windows, but on top of them all is one large text window...

ON SCREEN

BRETT WAKE UP!!! DONT SLP WHEN THE OFFICE NDS  
U MOST, & YR PPL

BRETT - SPEAK, STRIKE, SATISFY!

BRETT YR PPL R BEHIND U

CASSIDY (V.O.)

KEEP IT RUNNING TWENTY-FOUR-SEVEN UNTIL I CALL  
YOU.

/END OF ACT I

Antony Johnston  
28/03/03  
England