

"DUST BEFORE THE WIND"

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FADE IN:

EXT. DUSK. TOP OF A BLOCK OF FLATS

BEALE stands surveying the horizon. He's a tough, young guy. About Twenty Five. Long coat. Trying to look hard. With him are a couple of other men, ALLY and PUTTER. We look from his face, to his men, to a distant set of lights, the Westgarden Estate, about a mile away. There's a bundle at Beale's feet.

BEALE

Thing that always surprises me
is how you people expect to
come here and screw me around.
I don't give the impression
that I can be messed about
with, do I?

He pauses, and cocks his ear as if listening. He smiles. Then kicks the bundle at his feet. There's a groan.

ALLY

Don't think he heard, boss.

PUTTER

Damn right.

(kicking the
bundle)

Hey! Shithead! Wake up!
Don't they teach you manners
on Westgarden?

The bundle groans and rolls over. This is GRAHAM, a scrawny youth.

GRAHAM

. . Oh . . . Look, just let me
go home. I wasn't doing any
harm. . .

Beale kneels down, close to Graham and produces a couple of sheets of blotting paper covered in pictures of a mouse.

BEALE

Oh but you were. See these?
You were trying to sell these.
That's not good. I do all the
selling over here. You don't.
Get it?

GRAHAM

It won't happen again, honest.

BEALE

They used to say that people
thought they could fly on this
stuff. You know that?

GRAHAM

Yes. . .

Beale starts to stuff the sheets of paper in to Graham's mouth. He holds his mouth shut and holds his nose until Graham swallows. Beale and his men giggle.

BEALE

Well, here's where you get the
chance to see if you can

Beale nods at Ally and Putter. They grab Graham, who start struggling, realising what's to come. Graham is hauled to his feet, and shoved towards the edge. The three men are framed in the setting sun.

Beale looks at his watch. There's a scream off camera.

CUT TO : THE PEN

A fenced off sports court. Looks untidy, scruffy. A couple of youths kicking a ball in the half darkness. The scream makes them look up briefly.

CUT TO : THE ROAD

A straight, wide road. Deserted. The odd parked car. Some houses, mostly wasteland. Seen in a long shot, the scream still audible. The sound of a police helicopter passing over head, a sweep of spotlight across the ground.

CUT TO : THE ROOF

The scream stops. There's a squeal from below.

BEALE

(laughing)
Fucking hell, lads, he didn't
land on somebody, did he?

PUTTER

No boss, just missed some old
dear with a dog.

BEALE

Good. Come on. Time for a
few beers down at the club.
With this.

Beale fans a pile of notes.

Thought I may as well take it.
Do him no good down there.

He peels off a couple of notes and hands them to Ally.

Here. On the way out stuff
this in his pocket. Might pay
for some of his funeral. Come
on.

The three men laugh and walk towards an open door on the top of the building. They disappear down the steps as the sun sets.

INT. MORNING. YOUTH CLUB

A noticeboard reveals the name 'Westgarden Centre'.
Leaning by the wall is THEO. On the other side of the
corridor facing him is BLUESMAN. Similar age, build, but
Bluesman just looks, well, organised.

BLUESMAN

Graham had an accident last
night. . .

THEO

Yeah. I heard. Had the
police round at seven o'clock
this morning turning the flat
over. Looking for drugs.
Dozy bastard ate a whole sheet
of acid and tried to fly.

BLUESMAN

Sure he wasn't pushed?

There's silence for a second as a young mother walks
between them dragging a child.

THEO

Look where he was. And what
he had. Swanning around
Eastbrooke with two hundred
quid's worth of acid blotters.
Plod reckons he fell but. . .

BLUESMAN

But given where he was chances
are Beale pushed him. The
dozy fuckwit. He should have
known better than to try
undercutting Beale.

THEO

(sighing)

He was short of cash. Lenny
was after him for two grand.

BLUESMAN

He should have asked. We could have got him something to keep Lenny off his back. Most of the time he's reasonable, and he's not mad enough to go round chucking people off buildings. Dead men pay no bills.

THEO

I know, I know. He did ask. I told him I couldn't afford it straight away. Told him to come back later this week. Got some deals going down. Could have helped him then.

BLUESMAN

Guess he just couldn't wait. Come on. Let's go.

The pair start to walk off but are stopped by an older man, maybe in his sixties. This is ALBERT. He's harrassed by something. He carries his tabloid newspaper and a little bag of groceries.

THEO

Hiya Bert, what's up?

ALBERT

(showing a
rather gap
toothed grin)

Call me Albert, or do I have to call you Theodore?

THEO

(smiling back)

Ok Albert. Hey, Wotcha Albert
. . What d'ya want?

ALBERT

Can you have a word with the
kids who play outside my flat?
My missus can't sleep at night
. . they're playing ball
against the wall. Without
this -

He taps his hearing aid.

I'm deaf as a post so I just
turn it off, but Ethel can
hear a pin drop. Can you. . ?

THEO

Bloody hell, Albert, I'm not a
social worker, you know? What
makes you think they'll listen
to me?

ALBERT

Well . . Ethel's seen you
selling 'em . . . stuff. That
grass stuff. Can't you just
refuse to sell 'em any more?

THEO

(putting an arm
around Albert's
shoulder)

Albert, if you were anyone
else you'd have shopped me to
the coppers and reported the
kids to the council. Look,
I'll see what I can do, OK?

There's a pause. Albert turns to leave but Theo stops
him. He looks slightly puzzled.

Albert? Can I ask you
something?

ALBERT

I suppose so. What?

THEO

Why do you stay here? On Westgarden?

ALBERT

You know where the sports ground is?

BLUESMAN

You mean the Pen? Yeah. . .

ALBERT

I was born there, when there were houses there. When I were two they were bombed. After the war they built some prefabs and I moved in. I worked at the yard until they shut it and then took early retirement. Then they knocked down the prefabs and built this lot and the other place. I'd lived here all my life, so I just stayed. And now there's nowhere else to go. I'll probably die here.

He looks at Theo and Bluesman, then turns away.

You don't want to be standing listening to me. Lad, if you can, quieten them kids down.

THEO

Alright Albert, we'll see what we can do.

(sighing, to Bluesman)

Blue, we'd all be better off
if they just blew this fucking
place up and moved us on.

Theo kicks the wall.

BLUESMAN
Like the dust on the wind.

THEO
What?

BLUESMAN
It's a quote. My brother's in
to all that Japanese crap.
Manga videos or whatever it's
called. And samurais. It's a
quote from some dead Jap.

THEO
(smiling)
Hmph. Guess so. Like the
dust on the wind. We could
all just be blown away from
here.
(pause)

Food. Drink. I need both.
Let's go to the Kitchen.

They walk towards the doors, silhouetted against the
light pouring in.

EXT. THE KITCHEN. MID - MORNING

The Kitchen is a greasy spoon by the side of the road.
We probably saw it briefly the previous night. It's not
terribly clean outside but it's busy inside, as we can
see through the glass. Theo and Bluesman approach the
door and pause as they see MIKEY coming towards them.

Mikey is about nineteen. A little dozey looking but he's
alright.

MIKEY

Hiya. How's it going? Hear
about Graham last night?
Beale got him.