

The logo features the letters 'MZIP' in a large, bold, black sans-serif font. A thick black arrow curves from the top left, pointing down towards the 'M'. A smaller, thinner black arrow curves from the bottom right, pointing towards the 'P'. The letters 'tv' are written in a smaller, white, lowercase sans-serif font, positioned to the right of the 'P' and overlapping its bottom edge. Below the 'MZIP' text, the words 'MOVIES & MINIS' are written in a bold, black, uppercase sans-serif font. The ampersand is stylized with a small loop.

**MZIP** tv  
**MOVIES & MINIS**

[www.mzp-tv.co.uk](http://www.mzp-tv.co.uk)

**EXT. VENOM NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

Pounding techno music contained within the modest sized, isolated building. Illuminated under the club's neon sign - "VENOM" - BOUNCER mans the entrance.

Music floods the night air as ERIC THOMAS exits the club; disorientated, staggering, happy.

Navigating to his Ferrari, Eric fishes his keys from his Corduroy jacket. He tries to unlock the car, but just scratches the bodywork around the keyhole.

He leans against the car -- ALARM BLURTS OUT!

Eric leaps out of his skin. Startled, he darts his head in different directions. Realises the source of the noise.

He switches the alarm off, grinning. Looks up.

An UNKNOWN MAN stands in the distance, his features bleached out by the murky sodium streetlight.

Eric panics. He tries to unlock the car again, but shakes so much that the keys fall away from him...

Down a drain.

Unknown Man walks forward. Eric runs away, with a drunken stagger. Man chases.

Bouncer shrugs, nonchalant.

**EXT. BACK STREET - CONTINUOUS**

TWO DRUNK MEN hold each other up to avoid a meeting with gravity. Eric barges past --

DRUNK MAN 1  
Watch it.

DRUNK MAN 2  
Hey, it's--

Unknown Man shoots past them like a blur. Both drunks become excited, star-struck even.

DRUNK MAN 1  
Isn't that...?

DRUNK MAN 2  
It is!  
(calls out)  
Kill him!

DRUNK MAN 1  
United are scum!

The two men laugh.

Further up the street, Eric comes across a building wrapped in scaffolding that sports the logo of "THE DAILY STANDARD". He diverts down the alleyway next to it.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Eric confronts a wall too high to climb. Turns back.

In the shadows, Unknown Man blocks the only way out. Man approaches Eric carefully.

ERIC

Please...

UNKNOWN MAN

I don't want to hurt you. Just a picture.

Man shows a SLR camera around his neck. The attachable lens dimly reflects Eric.

ERIC

It's a trick.

UNKNOWN MAN

I swear, nothing bad will happen.

THREE WOODEN PLANKS TUMBLE onto Eric from the sky - a DEAFENING CLATTER.

End result: Eric buried underneath the wood. His body sprawled out in several unnatural angles. Involuntary twitches soon cease.

Unknown Man steps into the light, revealing a raccoon-eyed, pale man in his late 20s. Introducing: TIM GLINTON.

Tim hurls the wood off Eric's body. Strains, using all his might, to lift away the final plank. Checks for a pulse.

Silence. He stands up, mournful.

ERIC THOMAS IS DEAD.

Tim grows agitated.

He holds up the camera. Analyses the LED display, ensuring the upper third of the golden mean guideline runs across Eric's lifeless eyes.

FLASH!

A POLICE SIREN. Blue light bounces against the walls.

**EXT. BACK STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Two police cars surround the alleyway. CONSTABLE MAYNARD and THREE POLICE OFFICERS get out of their vehicles.

Tim exits the alleyway. Maynard grabs him by the shoulder.

MAYNARD  
Who was it this time?

TIM  
Eric Thomas.

MAYNARD  
The footballer?

Tim nods. They exchange an intense stare.

Then, Maynard LAUGHS.

MAYNARD  
Nice one! We'll clear up.

As Maynard and his officers go do just that, Tim slogs away, plagued with self-disgust.

**GO-AWFUL  
PRESENTS**

***THE  
RED TOP***

**WRITTEN BY  
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GO-AWFUL PRODUCTIONS**

**INT. HOME (HALLWAY) - DAY**

Subtitle: SOME TIME AGO

A pile of letters fall through the letterbox. Beyond the junk mail and Cash4Gold adverts: bills, "OVERDUE" and "FINAL NOTICE" stamped in red.

**INT. HOME (LIVING ROOM) - DAY**

Claustrophobic room full of hand-me-down furniture. MICHELLE GLINTON (mid 20s, unkempt, edgy) sits on a beige settee blackened from use.

Tim enters. Carrying a Manila envelope, he adjusts his hair in the mirror.

MICHELLE

We need to talk.

He stares in the mirror at the bills next to Michelle.

TIM

More of them?

MICHELLE

More of them.

TIM

They'll be paid. Promise.

MICHELLE

That's what you said about the council tax.

TIM

I had problems with those photos. Apparently Angie What's-her-face's not famous enough anymore.

MICHELLE

I thought she was paying the rent?

TIM

Kengelia's wedding was. But it turns out marriage is exclusive in the eyes of God and readers of Gossip Magazine.

MICHELLE

(holds up letters)

We're drowning in water bills.

TIM

And the electric bill's shocking.

Tim sniggers. Michelle folds her arms.

MICHELLE

Any more thoughts on a real job?

TIM

I have one.

MICHELLE

You've got to do something, Tim.  
This house may be a hellhole, but  
it's our hellhole.

TIM

I have 'done something'. Check this  
out...

Tim slips open the contents of the envelope, a photograph  
only he and Michelle can see the front of.

MICHELLE

Classy.

TIM

Thanks to this, we'll be fine  
dining for weeks.

**EXT. THE DAILY STANDARD - DAY**

No scaffold present. The painted walls are crumbling away.

KARL (PRE-LAP)

This is shit.

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (KARL'S OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS**

Outside: the skyline of modern London. Inside: a room that  
lives for the 1980s. Tim shrivels in front of KARL WARRINGTON  
(40s, slicked hair and British teeth).

TIM

What's wrong with it?

Karl holds the photo up.

KARL

Look...

It is of DESTINY - a model, zany dress sense and love of  
Botox. She is climbing out of a limousine sans underwear.  
Modesty filter: ON.

KARL

It's Destiny. Everyone's seen her  
holy grail more than... Who's she  
married to?

TIM

She's not.

KARL

You see?

Karl slumps into his chair.

TIM

About payment...

KARL

I'll be generous. A fiver for your watch, final offer.

TIM

You know what I mean, Karl. Don't lowball me.

KARL

Lowballing? I ain't lowballing anybody. You can see this crap for free on the Interspace.

TIM

But it's an exclusive.

KARL

Not if you use Goggle Images or whatever it's called.

TIM

True. However--

KARL

Tim, I'm in the newspaper selling business and I ain't selling papers, not even for chip paper as it's against health and pissing safety. My bosses are breathing down my neck about falling sales and your picture won't charge a damn thing.

TIM

So I'm not getting paid?

Karl flings the photo, which hits Tim edge-first on the bridge of his nose.

KARL

Don't come back 'til you bag something edgy. Paul McCartney sacrificing a chicken or something, I don't know.



**EXT. CROWDED LONDON STREET - NIGHT**

Every building is a pub or club. PUNTERS loiter outside, queuing and/or smoking.

Tim is alone inside a nearby Vauxhall Corsa. He caresses the camera around his neck, deep in thought.

**INT. TIM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

A WOMAN in full hen-party mode trips over the car bonnet. TWO FRIENDS pick her up, clucking in merriment. Tim ignores them, staring into space.

DAVE (O.S.)  
Got anything good?

Tim jumps out of fright.

DAVE CONNOR (30s, unironed smart clothes, self-regarding grin) now sits in the passenger seat.

TIM  
Where did you come from?

Dave demonstrates the car door's ability to open and close.

DAVE  
You all right?

TIM  
No, Karl didn't buy the Destiny picture. Neither did the agencies.

DAVE  
You went straight to Karl Warrington?

TIM  
You have to go direct. He thinks photo houses are a tool of the PR industry. He's so paranoid about falling for a publicity stunt.

The latest Daily Standard folded on the dashboard. Headline: "PEPSI CAUSES CANCER, SAYS TOP SCIENTIST DR PEPPER".

TIM  
I'm quitting.

DAVE  
Seriously?

TIM  
Michelle's right, I need a proper job. We're living off her admin assistant wage and it's not fair.

DAVE

Your fault for being enslaved. I'm free to do whatever.

Tim laughs.

TIM

You live on Fat Ted's floor.

DAVE

And it's great! I pay for his fags and booze, that's it. The high life; literally, I pay his weed too. Point is, nothing's stopping me from fame and fortune.

TIM

How is this going to get you that?

DAVE

Well, I already rub shoulders with the stars.

TIM

They push you away with their shoulders.

Through the windscreen: at the adjacent nightclub, BODYGUARD herds compliant revellers to make a gangway.

DAVE

Besides, what else could you do?

TIM

Don't know. Call centre maybe?

DAVE

After ten years of this? With your CV, you're fit for nothing else, unless you prove that pictures of stars spewing everywhere is a good example of teamwork.

TIM

Thanks for that.

DAVE

No problem.  
(glances up)  
Hold the phone...

Dave looks closer into the rearview mirror.

DAVE

It's Mary Sheen. You know, from that show. The one with the goat.

In the mirror: MARY SHEEN struggles in her high heels and tight dress. Something seems off though, perhaps it is the blonde wig, or the hairy legs.

TIM  
It's a man in drag.

DAVE  
The hell it is.

TIM  
I see a bulge.

DAVE  
Your loss.

Dave gets out of the car. He dashes away, FLASHES from his camera become distant.

Raised commotion.

TIM  
Bingo.

JOEY LAWN (35, Motley Crue attire) appears from the adjacent nightclub, flanked by Bodyguard. Punters take photos of him on their phones and digital cameras.

Tim opens the car door.

TIM  
Crap!

A swarm of PAPARAZZO have appeared out of nowhere, all darting towards Joey.

#### **EXT. CROWDED LONDON STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Tim gets out of the Corsa and joins the fray. Tim stands three rows back in the scrum of paparazzo circling Joey. He holds up his camera -- FLASH!

Jumps up -- FLASH! -- Can't clear the back of the Paparazzo's head in front. Tim now finds himself five rows back.

Joey shields his eyes from the barrage of flash photography.

PAPARAZZO  
Joey! / Over here! / Give us a  
smile! / Joey!

FLASH!

INSERT - Photograph of an unintentionally bleary-eyed Joey.

FLASH!

INSERT - Photograph of Joey and Bodyguard as they aggressively shield flashes using their outstretched hands.

PAPARAZZI 1

One for the cameras, Joey.

JOEY

(sighs)

Fine.

Joey poses, arm on hip.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

Joey beams. He struts like a supermodel, then he breaks out the peace sign, and a pair of devil horns. Joey twirls one-eighty degrees...

And turns sour.

JOEY

Son-of-a--

A Paparazzo perched on the roof of Joey's waiting Lamborghini, taking pictures. They sink into the soft top. They lower the camera, their identity revealed as...

Tim.

Joey storms over, Bodyguard in tow.

Bodyguard drags Tim off the car by the scruff of the neck. He transfers grip over to Joey.

JOEY

What the hell are you doing?

TIM

I was trying to get the perfect shot.

JOEY

I'll give you the perfect shot...

Joey pushes him backwards.

BODYGUARD

You want me to handle this?

JOEY

He's mine.

TIM

I'm sorry.

Joey pushes again. Limbs flailing, Tim rests his hand against the car bonnet. Joey seethes even more.

JOEY

Smudge my paint work, huh? Come on you coward. Fight back!

TIM

No.

JOEY

You're vermin, like the rest of these rats with cameras, trying to steal a scrap of my talent.

TIM

Then why pose for us?  
(then)  
I didn't mean it like--

JOEY

Don't ever question me.

Joey scrunches his fist into a tight ball. He swings --  
Target: between Tim's eyes --

Tim cranes his neck back -- The punch misses by inches --

The swing's momentum makes Joey hurtle forward -- He lands in a heap on the road.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

The paparazzo collectively snap pictures of Joey on the ground. He stands up, furious -- Stomps towards Tim --

TIM

Oh, you cu--

A JEEP RUNS HIM OVER.

Everybody freezes. Stares. Speechless.

Tim, horrified.

Bodyguard leaps beside an unseen Joey.

BODYGUARD

Everybody back!

Stunned paparazzi let their cameras dangle around their necks. Some call for an ambulance on their phones. Some murmur 'oh my God'. Some too shocked to do anything.

Tim remains stood where the fight ended. He gazes down at...

Joey.

He lies on the road Swastika-shaped, skin pallid, missing a shoe. Joey looks up at Tim, glassy-eyed.

An out-of-body vacancy to Tim's gaze. He raises his camera. Index finger rests against the trigger button.

Tim's eyes well up.

FLASH!

INSERT - A spinning newspaper. The Daily Standard's front page shows a spread of Joey Lawn at his moment of death.

Headline: "LAWN MOWED DOWN".

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (NEWSROOM) - DAY**

Pale and withdrawn, Tim weaves around JOURNALISTS on computers typing up copy. He heads to a door at the end bearing a metal plaque: "KARL WARRINGTON - EDITOR".

Tim barges inside.

KARL (O.S.)

Tim.

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (KARL'S OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS**

Tim closes the door.

TIM

Can we talk somewhere more private?

Karl stands in a huff. He walks to the blinds and yanks them half-shut, slanted.

KARL

(booms)

There. What do you want?

TIM

Why did you run the picture?

Karl returns to his chair.

KARL

Why did you take it? And send it for that matter?

TIM

I was, am, in shock.

KARL

Shock... Shock is what the lefties invented to get out of fighting the Germans.

TIM

Well, so you know, I'm out of the  
paparazzo business.

KARL

And?

A KNOCK on the door. Enter CHARLIE (generic lackey), carrying  
an uncoordinated heap of paper.

CHARLIE

Pardon for interrupting the  
retirement speech but the figures  
from yesterday's paper are in.

(pause)

Two.

KARL

Hundred-thousand?

CHARLIE

Million.

KARL

We quadrupled circulation  
overnight?!

Charlie nods.

With a dirty laugh, Karl throws his arms up in the air. He  
then scavenges through the bottom drawer of his desk and  
retrieves a bottle of scotch plus three glasses.

KARL

This calls for a toast.

(to Tim)

How do you take it?

TIM

A man died.

KARL

(grumbles)

Such a miserable...

(normal)

Here's what I'll do, Tim.

Karl retrieves a cheque book from his trouser pocket. While  
he writes:

KARL (CONT'D)

Here's payment for my favourite  
paparazzo. Have I ever told you  
you're my favourite? Anyway, take a  
few weeks off.

Karl rips the cheque from the spine and hands it to Tim.

KARL  
Notice the amount of zeroes?

TIM  
Uh-huh.

Tim stuffs it into his coat pocket without a further glance.

KARL  
Get better, then come talk to me.  
What do you say?

Tim just screws his face and leaves.

When the door SLAMS SHUT, Karl grabs the Filofax on his desk.  
He rifles through the pages.

KARL  
I have an idea: which political  
party is in charge at the moment?

CHARLIE  
The Br--

KARL  
Without the jargon...

CHARLIE  
The brown one.

Karl points at a certain page.

KARL  
Ah, here we go.

FLASH TO:

### **MONTAGE**

*(NOTE: THE MONTAGE IS A RAPID SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS PILED ON TOP OF EACH OTHER, MOVEMENT LIKE STOP-FRAME ANIMATION.)*

-- Black tie event. When POLITICIAN 1 finishes a speech, they climb down the stairs at the side of the stage. The first person waiting at the bottom: Karl. They shake hands.

-- Board room. POLITICIAN 2 and Karl in a meeting. Politician shows little interest in what Karl says. But when Karl writes something on a piece of paper and passes it over, they react with vigour.

-- Smoke filled room. Karl stands over sobbing POLITICIAN 3. He presents an unseen photograph, which Politician buries his face in his hands over, ashamed. Karl darkly pats him on the shoulder.



-- Church. A Christening for POLITICIAN 4's baby. The godfather is Karl.

SUBTITLE: TWO MONTHS LATER

-- Parliament. A secret ballot taking place. Votes in their grasp, POLITICIAN 1, 2, 3, and 4 stand in line together.

-- A copy of The Daily Standard on a news stand. The headline: "JOEY'S LAW PASSED", accompanied by that picture of Joey dying.

**INT. HOME (HALLWAY) - DAY**

Michelle enters, copy of The Daily Standard under her arm. Tim meets her at the foot of the stairs.

TIM

What time's your Mum here to help?

MICHELLE

About five.

TIM

And you're sure the bailiffs are coming tomorrow?

Every wall is blanketed by cardboard boxes, furniture, and heirlooms in bubble wrap. Michelle picks up a box, putting it on top of a stack next to her.

MICHELLE

According to Uncle Steve.

TIM

It's his law firm. Can't he do something?

MICHELLE

He put out the order.

Tim puts his coat on.

The cheque falls out, gliding to the ground unnoticed.

MICHELLE

Where are you going?

TIM

I'm getting back on the saddle.

MICHELLE

Good. I know it's been tough to get over... Well...

Michelle opens The Daily Standard. Tim turns away from the sight of Joey.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

But you've got to be selfless and get some work before we wind up with no roof over our heads.

TIM

You're right. That's why I'm off to talk to Karl.

MICHELLE

That's not what I meant.

Tim kisses her on the forehead and exits.

As Michelle clutches another box, she notices and picks up the cheque. When she unfolds it, the revelation is staggering; a mix of shock and elation.

An orgasmic exhale of air.

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (RECEPTION) - DAY**

A calm, spacious environment compared to the newsroom. The RECEPTIONIST has all the time in the world to chew gum and goggle at the television opposite.

On the TV: the standard twenty-four hour news station, a NEWSREADER propped up by never-ending scrolling text beneath.

NEWSREADER

In other news, the controversial 'Joey's Law' - which allows legally registered paparazzo to murder celebrities - came into effect at midnight with many newspapers and magazines this morning full of morbid pictures. There has been criticism of the law, with the leader of the opposition Robert Yeomans calling it 'a crowd-pleasing policy at a time of economic doubt'. I spoke earlier with Karl Warrington, editor of The Daily Standard.

A jarring cut to Karl in front of a roughly chroma-keyed picture of Big Ben.

KARL

The simple fact is, some might say it's inhumane to kill celebrities. However, it's overwhelmingly in the public interest to see them at the time of their death.

Intercut with Newsreader in the news studio.

NEWSREADER

Mister Warrington, it is inhumane.

KARL

Nonsense! Unlike your state funded dinosaur of an organisation, The Daily Standard is in the twenty-first century, where people want to know more and see more. This is just a logical progression.

NEWSREADER

How is it?

KARL

Look, my paper provides the important facts about the world to our readers. If that involves a bullet ridden pop star, so be it.

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (KARL'S OFFICE) - DAY**

KARL

No one cares about that.

Karl is stood next to another lackey (call him PAUL).

PAUL

But it's a cyclone. Three-hundred people are dead.

KARL

It's in India.

PAUL

Indonesia.

KARL

Whatever. Any British deaths?

PAUL

No.

KARL

Then who cares? If Sylvia's interview about her damn cook book runs short, just run it under that.

Rolling his eyes, Paul leaves just as Tim enters.

KARL

Tim, welcome back. You are back, right?

TIM

I am.

KARL  
Brilliant!

Karl pulls out an official looking document. He slides it towards Tim, who frowns.

TIM  
What's this?

KARL  
A contract. I only want to see your photos in The Daily Standard's print edition, not in any rival paper, and definitely not on the Interspace.

TIM  
Most people go on the website...

KARL  
I redesigned the site.

Karl shows Tim a printout of The Daily Standard's website, a blank page that simply says: "GO AND BUY THE NEWSPAPER".

TIM  
So you are signing up every freelancer?

KARL  
Just you. It's obvious from this morning's papers that no one has the finesse you had in killing Joey.

TIM  
I didn't kill him.

KARL  
Sure you didn't. I mean, check out this one...

Karl opens today's edition of the paper to an unseen picture.

KARL  
Their face is so messed up. I personally can't tell which Nitro Girl it is.

Tim looks as though he is about to throw up.

KARL  
The closest anyone came to your level was some guy called Dave Connor, and we couldn't use his. Damn impersonators...

TIM  
It's pointless talking about this.  
I'm not a 'legally registered'  
paparazzo.

KARL  
Taken care of.

TIM  
Well, if it's all the same to you,  
I'll stick to photos of the living.

KARL  
And I won't pay you.

TIM  
Maybe you will when I find  
something juicy.

KARL  
Failure to do that was what drove  
you to kill in the first place.

TIM  
I didn't--

KARL  
Just take the contract home and  
think about it.

Tim snatches the contract from the desk.

**INT. HOME (LIVING ROOM) - DAY**

O.S., the door opens and shuts. Footsteps grow louder until  
Tim stands in the doorway.

Michelle stretches out on a red leather settee.

TIM  
(re: settee)  
Wasn't that beige?

MICHELLE  
I found the cheque.

Tim frowns.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Inside his Vauxhall Corsa, Tim gazes in disbelief...

**INT. TIM'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Various PAPARAZZO walk around with cameras in one hand, weapons in the other. A few of them carry knives, others have hammers and wrenches. One has a chainsaw.

DAVE (O.S.)

Hi Tim!

Dave strolls past the car, double-barrelled shotgun leaning over his shoulder.

Tim ignites the engine.

**EXT. DARK SECRETS NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT**

An area consisting of apartment blocks and one solitary nightclub: "DARK SECRETS". Tim sits across the street on his car bonnet.

Out comes CHAZ (32, scarlet red hair). He acts subdued until the sight of Tim's camera results in flamboyant behaviour.

CHAZ

For me? You're not armed are you?

TIM

You're...?

CHAZ

Famous. Yes. Duh. Don't you, like, watch Late Night Bingo Call?

Chaz gets on all fours as Tim takes position. He crawls around like a dog and dry heaves. He rolls over, arms out, 'acting' drunk.

VOICE (O.S.)

Look out mate!

In an apartment to the right, a man (call him ALAN) has his head stuck out of the window.

ALAN

That's Tim Ginton. He killed Joey Lawn!

TIM

No, I didn't.

CHAZ

Get away from me!

On his feet, Chaz cowers backwards.

CHAZ

Help! Help!!!

ALAN

In here.

Chaz charges to the apartment building door. Tugs the handle - locked. Mashes the buttons on the call system - no response. He squirms, jumping up and down on the spot.

CHAZ

It's locked!

TIM

Look...

Tim takes a step forward.

CHAZ

He's gaining on me!

ALAN

Quick, up the ladder.

Next to the apartment block is a rusted metal ladder that comprises the fire exit. Chaz climbs upwards. The ladder shakes and trembles.

After every step, the ladder GROANS. Each rung bends.

Alan extends his arm out to Chaz.

TIM

That doesn't look saf--

SNAP! A rung breaks --

Chaz slips -- Falls backwards from fifteen feet in the air -- Just enough time to SHRIEK before his skull COLLIDES against the concrete.

CHAZ IS DEAD.

ALAN

Oh my God, you killed him!

Tim reacts stunned.

His camera blinks on. The lens extends. The whir echoes.

A look of contemplation...

**INT. HOME (LIVING ROOM) - FLASHBACK**

Continue from the last scene here. Michelle rubs her body against the settee like a cat lolling about.

TIM

What cheque?

MICHELLE

Why on earth didn't you tell me about it? The money cleared our debts, and then some.

TIM

The one from Joey Lawn's death?

Michelle flops to the floor.

MICHELLE

Ewww.

They stare at the settee.

MICHELLE

(re: settee)

Maybe the bailiffs should come pick this up anyway?

TIM

How much did Karl pay me?

MICHELLE

You don't know?

TIM

Michelle...

MICHELLE

Fifty K.

Tim's mouth gapes open.

TIM

Wow.

**INT. DARK SECRETS NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS**

Tim thinks about...

**INT. HOME (LIVING ROOM) - FLASHBACK**

TIM

Imagine how much I could make doing more of the same.

MICHELLE

Tim, you can't.

TIM

I know, I know...



**INT. HOME (HALLWAY) - FLASHBACK**

Tim checks to see whether the coast is clear.

Satisfied, he removes the folded up contract from his coat pocket and grabs a marker pen located on top of one of the cardboard boxes.

He unfolds the paper. After taking a deep breath, he signs the dotted line.

**EXT. DARK SECRETS NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS**

A look of disgust but, crucially, resolve. Tim holds the camera up to eye level.

FLASH!

INSERT - The Daily Standard's front page of Chaz's corpse. Headline: "BINGO! - TIM GLINTON RETURNS".

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (PHOTO STUDIO) - DAY**

STUDIO PHOTOGRAPHER stands with BARBARA (19, busty blonde model wearing a small Union Jack bikini, barefoot). Photographer cops an eyeful.

BARBARA

I'm thinking for my 'In Quotes' caption, maybe something by Blake? "To generalise is to be an idiot. To particularise is the alone distinction of merit." Or how about some Nietzsche?

STUDIO PHOTOGRAPHER

(dazed)

Yeah, I love his new single.

BARBARA

So how do you want me positioned? Like a rhomboid?

Photographer snaps out of his trance.

STUDIO PHOTOGRAPHER

A bit slanty would be great.

Tim enters, discreet. He spots and heads over to the coffee machine. Presses a button, the liquid pours. Tim then picks the cup up and nurses it.

STUDIO PHOTOGRAPHER

Where has that gone? One moment...

He exits.

Barbara minds her own business until she SCREAMS upon seeing Tim. He spills his coffee out of fright.

BARBARA

You!

TIM

What?

BARBARA

You can't kill me. I've read the legislation, the term 'celebrity' is defined as anyone who regularly appears on film and/or television.

(then)

Oh crap, Question Time.

TIM

But I don't...

Barbara grabs her belongings.

BARBARA

I'm leaving. If you try anything...

She shows off a bottle of mace.

Tim holds his hands up in innocence. He paces as far away from Barbara and the sole exit as possible.

Barbara dashes to the door, eyes remain fixed on Tim.

TIM

Watch out--

She treads on the spilt coffee -- Slips forward --

STRAIGHT OUT OF A WINDOW.

SQUEAL and a THUD -- Tim stampedes over. His face sinks at the sight below him.

Glum, he holds the camera up from around his neck.

FLASH!

INSERT - The Daily Standard front page: a prominent profile picture of Tim beneath Barbara's crooked corpse. "BOMBSHELL DROPPED - OUR TIM DOES IT AGAIN."

**EXT. VENOM NIGHTCLUB - FLASHBACK**

Partial repeat of the first sequence:

*Eric leans against the car -- ALARM BLURTS OUT!*

*Eric leaps out of his skin. Startled, he darts his head in different directions. Realises the source of the noise.*

*He switches the alarm off, grinning. Looks up.*

Tim stands in the distance under the streetlight, his features much clearer than last time.

Tim walks forward. Eric runs away, with a drunken stagger. Tim chases.

ERIC'S PERSONAL ASSISTANT charges out of the club as Eric is chased by Tim. He panics; turns to Bouncer.

ERIC'S P.A.

Oh God. Please don't tell me that's  
Tim Ginton.

*Bouncer shrugs, nonchalant.*

**EXT. BACK STREET - CONTINUOUS**

*Eric comes across a building that sports the logo of "THE DAILY STANDARD". He diverts down the alleyway next to it.*

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS**

*Eric confronts a wall too high to climb. Turns back.*

*Tim blocks the only way out. He approaches Eric carefully.*

ERIC

*Please...*

UNKNOWN MAN

*I don't want to hurt you. Just a  
picture.*

High up on the scaffold, a PIGEON flies next to three stray wooden planks. The pigeon loiters, pecking random spots. It shuffles forward.

Its foot touches the planks. They CREAK.

ERIC

*It's a trick.*

UNKNOWN MAN

*I swear, nothing bad will happen.*

THREE WOODEN PLANKS TUMBLE onto Eric from the sky - a DEAFENING CLATTER.

*Tim hurls the wood off Eric's body. Strains, using all his  
might, to lift away the final plank. Checks for a pulse.*

*Silence. He stands up, mournful.*

*ERIC THOMAS IS DEAD.*

*Analyses the LED display, ensuring the upper third of the golden mean guideline runs across Eric's lifeless eyes.*

*FLASH!*

INSERT - The Daily Standard's front page spread dominated by a photograph of Tim: "TIM-BER!" Sub-headline: "ENGLAND FOOTBALL CAPTAIN DEAD".

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (KARL'S OFFICE) - DAY**

Karl holds the 'Timber' edition of the Standard. Tim stands the other side of the desk, miserable.

KARL

You read this?

(reads)

"Traitor Eric Thomas left England's hopes of World Cup glory in tatters last night after he signed a multi-million pound deal with Death."

He releases a phlegmy laugh, followed by coughing and spluttering. Tim stares at the carpet.

The office phone rings. Karl answers.

KARL

(on phone)

Yeah?

(long pause)

Yeah.

He slams the receiver down.

Karl squirms. Skin turns pink. He restrains his voice, before expelling an overdramatic, agonising GROAN.

TIM

I'm off...

KARL

Stay. That was Charlie. The Gazette's got within two percent of our market share by combining sex and death.

He grabs The Gazette from the pile of national newspapers on his desk. On the front page is a nameless woman dressed as Vampira: "MY CELEB THREE IN A COFFIN SHAME".

KARL

Genius. Wish I'd thought of it.

TIM

So the death gimmick's worn off.  
Can we return to normal now?

KARL

No, Tim. Why else do I put dead  
Z-Listers on the front page?  
Because research shows you're the  
reason people buy my paper.

TIM

This is madness.

KARL

Quit killing then.

TIM

For the last time--

KARL

I don't care, it's time for plan B.  
We need someone we can run pictures  
of for weeks.

TIM

Like red carpet and holiday photos?

Karl stares bullets at him.

KARL

I mean, someone so fresh, they're  
not a proper celebrity until  
tonight.

#### **INT. HUMAN ZOO STUDIO - NIGHT**

A zoo cordoned off by cage bars. Cells with hay for bedding,  
troughs for food, and corners that have just been hosed down.  
A giant play pen in the middle with rubber tyres swinging  
from an artificial tree.

Said zoo is in a television studio. Spotlights whizz around  
the audience. On the two big screens, it exclaims in a tacky  
jungle font: "HUMAN ZOO 7".

In the audience, a CHILD tugs their MUMMY's arm.

CHILD

Mummy, can I feed the contestants?

MUMMY

If you must.

Child takes a slice of bread from Mummy's handbag. They go  
over to an opening in the cage.

AMBER CHARLTON (23, blonde, tender-faced, malnourished) approaches Child.

AMBER  
Awww, thank you so much.

Shannon Adams (better known as SHANIQUE, 26, trendy, also malnourished) unmaliciously snatches the bread away. She tears it in half.

SHANIQUE  
Thanks kid.

She hands half of the bread to Amber as Child looks bemused.

Human Zoo's camp host PETER TRUMAN appears on stage. STAGEHAND gives a countdown before a red light appears on top of camera three.

PETER  
Ladies and gentlemen, this is it.  
Are you ready to find out who has  
won Human Zoo Seven?

The audience ROARS in enthusiasm.

PETER  
Ladies, can you please return to  
the play pen?

Amber and Shanique do so, crouching beneath the tree.

Eye to eye, their limbs shake. They hold each other's hands as the obligatory ominous music plays.

SHANIQUE  
Good luck.

AMBER  
Thanks. You deserve to win, you  
really do.

SHANIQUE  
I know, but don't forget you're  
awesome too.

AMBER  
What will you do if you win?

SHANIQUE  
First, I'll visit my Mum and give  
her the best cancer treatment money  
can buy and... Is this thing on?

Shanique taps the microphone three times. It neither rustles or feedbacks.

SHANIQUE

Well actually, I'll go to Disneyland first. Get one of those micropigs second.

PETER

Amber. Shannon.

SHANIQUE

It's Shanique, idiot.  
(to herself)  
Thirteen weeks for nothing.

PETER

The winner of Human Zoo Seven is...

And now the obligatory tense reality TV pause. The audience CHEER and SHOUT. Amber and Shanique shut their eyes tight.

PETER

Amber!

Shanique leaps up, arms in the air.

SHANIQUE

Yes! Wait, what?

A sobering moment before she addresses Amber. They embrace in a hug as the audience celebrates.

SHANIQUE

Well done Amber.

AMBER

Thanks.

Tears stream down Shanique's face.

Over her shoulder, Amber looks relieved; quite sombre considering the scenario.

The cage door opens by itself, just in time for it to drown in a pitch of studio lighting.

PETER

Amber, please step into the light.

Amber wanders towards the bright lights and thunderous audience. Grand victory music blasts out as ticker tape rains down on her.

From Amber's point of view: she steps through the lights, towards Peter and his enthusiastic waving.

FADE TO:

**INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

Same point of view: Peter waves halfheartedly as he exits. CREW MEMBERS walk past, not really acknowledging...

Amber and Shanique.

They share an underwhelmed look before heading down the corridor. In silence, neither notice Stagehand until he gets in front of them.

STAGEHAND

Guys, the after show party's about to start.

SHANIQUE

Tell me there's booze.

STAGEHAND

There's booze.

SHANIQUE

Thank God! Lead the way.

Stagehand does as instructed.

**EXT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**

Stagehand lets Amber and Shanique through first like a gentleman. Then when the ladies realise they are in an alleyway, he slips back inside and SLAMS the door shut.

STAGEHAND (O.S.)

Channel Six would like to thank you for taking part in Human Zoo. Bye!

Amber tries the door. Locked.

AMBER

What's going on?

SHANIQUE

Maybe they're quickly taking down the "Congratulations Shanique" banners in light of the shock result. Smoke?

AMBER

No, thanks.

Shanique exhibits a cigarette. She puts it in her mouth and lights up, its innards glow orange.

SHANIQUE

I've been gagging for one since... Hang on...



She blows a satisfactory cloud of smoke.

SHANIQUE

I never did ask what you'd do with  
the winnings...

(mumbles)

Which are not mine.

AMBER

Don't know. Never thought I'd get  
this far, to be honest. I thought  
everything on TV was rigged.

SHANIQUE

Nope, just pro wrestling and the  
lottery.

Out of nowhere, a van with blackened bodywork and windows  
SCREECHES beside them --

TWO MASKED MAN, clad in black, balaclavas over their heads  
charge out of the side door -- Towards the women -- First man  
grabs Amber -- Second Man grabs Shanique --

Both struggle -- Arms restrained by the unknown figures twice  
their size --

Shanique goes to scream -- Mouth covered by Second Masked Man  
-- SCREAMS LOUD anyway -- They push her forward --

The men lead Amber and Shanique into the van -- Climb in --  
Slide the door shut --

The van speeds away.

**INT. VAN (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS**

Second Masked Man is also the driver. This leaves First Man  
to restrain Shanique while Amber remains motionless, scared  
out of her wits.

SHANIQUE

Get away from me!

MASKED MAN

Calm down.

SHANIQUE

You calm down!

MASKED MAN

Let me explain.

He unmask to unveil himself as CLIFF RICHARDSON (35, fake  
tan, troll doll hairdo, feminine).

AMBER  
Cliff Richardson? Winner of Human  
Zoo Three?

                  CLIFF  
You're the first person to  
recognise me in four years.

                  AMBER  
Why have you kidnapped us?

                  CLIFF  
Because...

                  SHANIQUE  
Quit stalling!

Shanique WHACKS Cliff in the upper arm region.

                  CLIFF  
Ow! Because a lot has changed since  
you entered the zoo.

Silence.

                  SHANIQUE  
That's stalling!

PUNCH to Cliff's stomach.

**EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

The van drives down the motorway, to the O.S. symphony of  
Cliff struggling against Shanique's assault.

**EXT. RUSTIC HOUSE - NIGHT**

The van parks next to a shed that has a plank of wood  
sticking upwards through the roof.

                  CLIFF (O.S.)  
...And that's why the paparazzi can  
now murder you in cold blood.

                  AMBER (O.S.)  
That's awful.

                  SHANIQUE (O.S.)  
Speaking of awful...

Cliff, Amber, and Shanique climb out of the side door. As the  
other masked man drives away...

Shanique stares at the house: rotting windows that RUMBLE  
against the howling wind, mud embedded against the crumbling  
stone structure. A mouse runs past the doorstep.

SHANIQUE

You expect me to stay here? Don't  
you know who I am?

CLIFF

For now.

Cliff and Amber head inside. Shanique stands there, unsure  
whether she should be offended by his response.

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Cliff and Amber enter.

CLIFF

Introducing: Celebrity Rescue.

A lantern lights the archaic living room containing moldering  
chairs, a chipped round dining table in the corner, and an  
unlit coal fireplace.

Shanique barges past them.

SHANIQUE

It's not much, is it?

AMBER

There's something I don't get: why  
hasn't anyone objected to these  
killings?

CLIFF

A few broadsheets did until their  
pay masters reminded them of their  
distant red-topped cousins. Since  
then, nada.

Shanique inspects a white object nearby.

SHANIQUE

Is that a chicken?

CLIFF

Worse, your feather duster.

SHANIQUE

You expect us to do our own  
cleaning?!

CLIFF

No, every counterculture movement  
comes with a maid.

Shanique stomps away.

AMBER

Don't mind her. Thank you so much for your help.

CLIFF

That's what Celebrity Rescue is all about. Shame we can't get our name out there, due to the whole giving our location away and all.

AMBER

It's an honourable thing you're doing. So where are the others?

CLIFF

Others?

AMBER

Celebrities.

CLIFF

Ah. Well, see, you're kind of the first ones to make it here alive.

AMBER

Oh.

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE (BEDROOM) - DAY**

Stomach-first on her bed, Amber reads a folder containing newspaper clippings of celebrity murders, Tim's picture prominent throughout.

SHANIQUE (O.S.)

Why won't you work?

Shanique fiddles with an aerial, trying to make the old square TV produce something other than static.

AMBER

They switched the analogue signal off last year.

SHANIQUE

Ana-what? Long as I pick up the movie channels, I don't care.

Cliff enters.

CLIFF

Ladies...

SHANIQUE

Up yours!

CLIFF

And good afternoon to you too.

SHANIQUE

Good? I'm stuck here fixing a TV  
when I should be on it.

CLIFF

(eyes TV)

Do you need a ladder to climb on  
top of it or something?

She throws the aerial at Cliff's head. He just avoids it, the  
hole in the wall showing what might have been.

CLIFF

Restless much?

AMBER

Well, there is nothing to do here  
to be honest.

CLIFF

No, but I've just discovered a pub  
a half mile away.

SHANIQUE

Does it have a shooting gallery  
short of three targets?

CLIFF

It's secluded, and the regulars  
still think Ted Heath is Prime  
Minister. We'll be safe.

Shanique heads for the door.

SHANIQUE

Come on then, let's go.

CLIFF

Not without disguises.

This makes her freeze.

**INT. PUB - DAY**

Cliff enters, Shanique and Amber right behind. The two ladies  
are wearing bug-eyed sunglasses and a patchwork of clothes  
worn in the hippy, romantics, and Thelma & Louise era.

Shanique shields her face with her hands in embarrassment.

SHANIQUE

If someone sees me dressed like  
this, I'll die.

CLIFF

My round. Shanique?

SHANIQUE  
Vodka. Pint.

CLIFF  
Amber?

AMBER  
Just a coke please.

Cliff goes to the bar.

AMBER  
(to Shanique)  
Back in a moment.

She walks towards the toilets.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)  
Check out the arse on her.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)  
Whose?

VOICE 1 (V.O.)  
Amber Charlton's...

Amber pauses, eyes widen.

By her side: two regulars (BILL and TONY, 50s, pub dwellers).  
They read The Daily Standard, which comes free with a "16  
PAGE NEWS SUPPLEMENT".

BILL (CONT'D)  
(reads)  
..."Age twenty-three, winner of  
Human Zoo Seven." Apparently.

Amber continues to behind the nearest door frame. She looks  
back at the two men.

TONY  
Don't tell me you watch that crap.

BILL  
The missus does.  
(reads)  
"Amber has been praised by fellow  
contestants and fans as the 'nicest  
girl' in reality TV history."

TONY  
Rubbish.

BILL  
Yeah, bet she's a cow in real life.  
Looks the sort.

TONY

Doubt it.

BILL

Look at her.

TONY

Exactly. I'd say she's more a  
Slagasauras Rex.

Bill laughs. Amber looks crushed.

BILL

What does that even mean?

TONY

Don't know really, but I bet she  
spreads them every time she gets a  
whiff of money. A bit like your  
wife.

BILL

Watch it!

The proceeding laughter suggests friendly banter.

Amber composes herself. She walks back and, like before, Bill  
and Tony do not acknowledge her existence.

She joins Shanique at a table. Exhales a deep breath.

SHANIQUE

You okay?

AMBER

Fine. Why?

A gentle BUZZ takes Amber by surprise. She grabs her pink  
mobile phone from her pocket: "WARNING 20% BATTERY".

Shanique gets the same idea, retrieving her phone. On screen  
is a text message from "MUM". She ignores it; taps the  
Internet icon instead.

Cliff returns carrying drinks.

AMBER

(re: phone)

That's so sad. You guys heard about  
the typhoon in Indonesia?

CLIFF

Indo-knees-her?

SHANIQUE

Ty-food?

AMBER  
Never mind.

Shanique logs onto Twitter. She clicks on the "WHAT'S HAPPENING" box and types away.

**INT. MANSION - DAY**

Tim, Michelle, and an ESTATE AGENT look downwards.

MICHELLE  
Is that really necessary?

They refer to a miniature marble fountain of a cherub urinating. It stands in the middle of a gigantic, chessboard-floored hallway.

ESTATE AGENT  
Of course. It gives the house a certain... *'âne triste'*.

MICHELLE  
'Sad donkey'?

Estate Agent awkwardly wanders away.

TIM  
What do you think?

MICHELLE  
Of the house? Fine, perfectly fine.  
Out of our price range--

TIM  
Fifteen front pages.

MICHELLE  
Tim...

TIM  
That's all I need to pay this mortgage off.

MICHELLE  
Let's wait then.

Tim looks away.

TIM  
I already paid the deposit. Happy half-anniversary!

MICHELLE  
How? Your credit rating can't be good with just a debit card...  
(frowns)  
You used my card, didn't you?



He nods.

TIM  
So what colour should we paint the  
living room?

MICHELLE  
Crimson.

Generic Nokia ringtone cues Tim to answer his phone to -  
according to the screen - "ARSEHOLE".

TIM  
(on phone)  
Karl, what's wrong?

KARL (O.S.)  
We've found Amber. Shannon Adams  
put up a tweet...

TIM  
Who?

KARL (O.S.)  
Calls herself Shanique.

Tim shrugs.

KARL (O.S.)  
She left the location tracker on,  
whatever that means. It points to  
the Dog and Handgun on the  
outskirts of Essex.

TIM  
I'll go now.

KARL (O.S.)  
Kill her good.

TIM  
I'll give all the kindness I can.

KARL (O.S.)  
You know what I--

Tim hangs up.

TIM  
Got to go. Love you.

He kisses Michelle on the forehead and exits. This leaves her  
to stare, disgruntled, at the cherub.

Estate Agent pops his head back into view.

ESTATE AGENT  
Would you like the keys?

MICHELLE  
Va te faire foutre, trouduc.

**INT. PUB - NIGHT**

Amber, Shanique and Cliff at the table now populated by empty drink glasses. The pub is vacant apart from the LANDLORD at the bar. Cliff is in the middle of a story:

CLIFF  
...So I show up at Butlins; turns out a change in management caused some rock band to pull out. I was now the headline act. The organiser asks: "Well what the hell can you do? You just laid in your own filth for thirteen weeks, and you weren't particularly good at that."

AMBER  
What happened next?

CLIFF  
Three-hundred people watched in awe as I sang Tina Turner songs while dressed in lingerie. Everyone filed out until I was doing an encore in front of two sleeping drunks. Best fifty quid earned ever.

AMBER  
And that's our future? Butlins?

CLIFF  
Once you win Human Zoo and fulfil the contractual obligations, you're on your own. Some manage themselves better than others. Sadly, being in hiding like this, your star's already fading fast.

SHANIQUE  
What?!

CLIFF  
Oh relax, you didn't even win.

Shanique blows a raspberry at Cliff. Amber swaps a melancholic expression for a forced smile.

AMBER  
Least the water slides will be fun.

SHANIQUE  
I better get my own slide.

**INT. PUB TOILETS - NIGHT**

A line of urinals one side, cubicles the other. Framed newspaper clippings of times past does not help to cheer up the dank tiles and moist floor.

The door opens ajar. Tim peeks inside, taking a look around. Checks behind him before he fully enters.

Tim treads to a cubicle. He closes the door but, not locking it, it gently swings open again.

Tim configures the light setting on his camera. He screws on the lens. Points downwards and takes a picture of his feet. A coy smile shows satisfaction.

About to exit, he hears a SPRINKLING noise.

Cliff stands at a urinal.

Finishing his business, Cliff zips up. He whistles as he washes his hands at the sink.

Tim takes a deep breath. He steps back, and carefully closes the cubicle door enough so he can still look out. He waits a few moments.

Cliff plays with his hair in the mirror...

Until he notices a pair of eyes staring at him in the reflection. Cliff swivels towards the cubicle.

CLIFF

Who's there?

Tim opens the door.

Cliff GASPS. He runs towards the exit --

And TRIPS over his own legs, landing flat on his face. No movement after.

Tim rushes over to him. He shakes Cliff's body.

TIM

Are you okay?

Cliff groans, rolls over. No injuries sustained.

A sigh of relief. Tim starts heading to the door when something springs to mind. He turns back, frowning.

TIM

Don't I know you from...?  
(then, shakes head)  
Never mind.

He exits.



TIM

Huh?

SHANIQUE

A bullet to the head? Or maybe a  
knife to the gut? When I'm dying,  
do you want me to cross my arms in  
a way where my boobs push up?

Awkward silence.

Tim brushes past her. Shanique expels a 'huh'.

SHANIQUE

Aren't I good enough for you?

She looks offended until Cliff GROANS O.S.

SHANIQUE

Cliff?

AMBER

Shanique! Don't... Go.

Shanique has already left.

TIM

Amber, you don't understand.

AMBER

Get away from me.

Landlord grabs Tim's arm.

LANDLORD

Oi! I don't want no trouble. Ten  
grand for my side of the story when  
you're done. Take it or leave it.

Tim removes the hand away.

TIM

Everyone's got this wrong.

Tim re-addresses Amber, who now stands behind the pool table  
at the far end of the room.

Tim reaches the opposite side of the table. Amber dummies her  
body left and right, attempting to escape. Her 'attacker'  
holds his hands up in innocence.

Amber grabs a pool cue from the holder. She wields it like a  
weapon in an unconvincing way.

TIM

I don't kill celebrities. They just  
won't stop dying in front of me.

AMBER

All twenty-five of them?

TIM

Twenty-six. On my way here, Destiny forgot to look both ways...

AMBER

You're awfully blase for a serial killer.

TIM

London's a death trap. You get used to it after a while. All I want is a picture of you, I swear. A smiling face to show the nation you're safe and well.

AMBER

Why?

TIM

When it sells more than a front page of a stand-up comedian's corpse, the tabloids will surely rethink their strategy.

Amber thinks.

AMBER

Okay.

TIM

Great!

AMBER

Where do you want me?

Tim points to a few feet away from where Amber stands. She takes her position. Weakly smiles.

Tim sizes Amber up in the camera's LED display but, not satisfied, he turns his back to toggle the in-built settings.

Amber clutches the snooker cue. Smile becomes regret --

She SWINGS the cue at Tim's back -- Loses grip --

The cue flies upwards -- Punctures the ceiling. Asbestos rains down on Amber's hair.

Tim swivels around, alert. He looks up.

Amber pulls the cue out of the ceiling. A guilty look towards him. The roof surface cracks. Droops. Amber, mesmerised as a hole forms and widens --

CRUNCH! -- Rubble and planks of wood fall through the roof --

Tim DIVES at Amber -- Tackles her away before the material plummets on her -- They land against the nearest wall.

Tim grips Amber tight. She struggles, wanting to break free from him when...

A PIANO CRASHES through the ceiling -- Tim and Amber protect themselves from flying shards of wood, string, and ivory.

Silence. Amber's eyes connect with Tim's, both astounded.

Then she wrestles him away. Tim makes no effort to stop her.

Amber dashes over to Shanique and a hurt Cliff at the front of the pub.

AMBER

Did he hurt you?

CLIFF

No, I tripped.

Amber frowns.

Meanwhile, as a horrified Landlord comes in to survey the damage, Tim climbs to his feet and dusts himself down. He looks outside.

Tim opens the window. Positions his camera. Zooms the lens.

FLASH!

INSERT - Daily Standard front page: Amber and Shanique lift Cliff across a field, their backs turned away. "AMBER ALERT - I'M COMING TO GET YOU, WARNS OUR TIM".

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (KARL'S OFFICE) - DAY**

Tim enters. Eyes widen.

TIM

Oh God...

Karl is surrounded by Tim Glinton merchandise. Items include branded keyrings, mugs, snuggies, T-Shirts, the official board game, condoms bearing his face...

KARL

The Tim Glinton merchandise line.  
What do you think?

Tim looks at a snowglobe with a small figurine inside it. He shakes it, the figurine becomes engulfed in red snowflakes.

TIM

That I should've read the  
smallprint.

KARL

There was no smallprint. You just didn't read the contract.

TIM

Is that a harpoon?

The Tim Glington action figure has a plastic harpoon accessory. Karl presses the trigger on its back; the harpoon shoots across the room and knocks a picture of a celebrity off the wall -- SMASH!

KARL

I'm thinking it should be your trademark weapon. It matches the superhero outfit.

TIM

What?

Karl shows a sketch, an artist's impression of Tim in a silver spandex suit. Posed like a victorious superhero, his foot rests on top of an unconscious bearded liberal.

TIM

No way.

KARL

You're a hero; like King George, except you slay dragons with fake tan on. Come on Tim, think of all the money we haven't made yet.

TIM

This is insane.

KARL

Not as insane as your upcoming cartoon series. We'll claim that under eight demographic yet.

TIM

Can you hear yourself?

KARL

It's the sound of the man riding The Daily Standard to its highest sales since we made up the road rage endemic. We murdered The Gazette's threat just by teasing the death of Amber Charlton. When are you doing that, by the way?

TIM

You seriously want me to kill her?



KARL

I want her corpse on my desk by Monday morning.

Tim heads to the door.

KARL

Oh, and make sure you're at the Channel Eight studio tonight.

TIM

Why?

KARL

You've got a ten minute slot on The Diamond Show to publicise your autobiography.

TIM

But I didn't wri-- Never mind.

Tim exits.

Karl picks up a toy camera, Tim's face stuck over the lens. He presses the trigger button to produce TINNY GUNSHOT SOUND FX. Karl laughs in childish delight.

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Cliff stares at his mobile phone.

CLIFF

"Hey my lil' Shaniques, am doin' gud - cant wait to cum outta hidin' LOL." Posted twenty-two hours ago by at-Shanique-XXX. And, oh look, there's the location underneath.

Cliff scowls at Shanique. Amber watches on from the scratched round table in the corner.

SHANIQUE

My fans were concerned.

CLIFF

Your fans...  
(to Amber)  
Aren't you mad?

AMBER

It was an honest mistake.

CLIFF

How can you say that? You were almost killed thanks to Diamondeque here and her damn phone.

Shanique's phone rings. Cliff grumbles as Shanique answers.

SHANIQUE  
(on phone)  
Not now Mum.

She disconnects the call.

AMBER  
Something doesn't add up.

CLIFF  
Shanique's brain cells?

SHANIQUE  
Hey, screw you. You're just jealous  
I have more followers than you.

AMBER  
No, I mean about Tim Ginton. He  
doesn't look like a man who could  
kill twenty-six people. He claims  
they just happen to die in front of  
him.

CLIFF  
And you believe him?

AMBER  
I don't know. He did rescue me.

SHANIQUE  
Awww, Amber has a crush. Is Tim  
your boyfriend?

AMBER  
No.

SHANIQUE  
(sings)  
Amber has a boyfriend... Amber has  
a boyfriend...

AMBER  
Do not!

CLIFF  
(re: phone)  
Well your 'boyfriend' is on The  
Diamond Show shortly, a last minute  
replacement for... Someone he  
killed. Of course he is.

Cliff switches the television on.

On screen: "THE DIAMOND SHOW", a bastardisation of the  
American late night talk show format.

The young-ish audience claps as the studio camera pans across to MICK DIAMOND (40s, BBC light entertainer complexion).

**INT. TV STUDIO (GREEN ROOM) - DAY**

Faint hums of Mick's opening monologue and the audience laughing in the background. An ASSISTANT shows Tim - wearing a casual suit and make up - inside.

ASSISTANT

Wait here. Your interview is in five minutes.

TIM

Thanks.

Assistant exits. Tim sits. He gives a backwards nod to...

An upper class ACTRESS, a VENTRILOQUIST and his macaw hand puppet CHARLES, and FOUR ROCK BAND MEMBERS holding guitars or drumsticks. They stare back, apprehensive.

Tim stares at the floor. A wire between his feet.

Follow the wire. It leads to a socket, three cube plug adapters attached to each other, connected to the room's electrical appliances through suspect wiring.

A droplet of water falls from the ceiling. It falls into a plastic bucket almost full, at the other side of the room.

TIM

(to Actress)

So...

She shuffles behind the Ventriloquist, who shields both of them with the macaw.

Assistant re-enters.

ASSISTANT

Mister Ginton, you're up.

Tim stands. He attempts one last greeting at the other guests to no reaction. He tugs his suit and leaves.

When the door closes, a collective sigh of relief. The Ventriloquist stands and stretches his limbs.

ACTRESS

Thank heavens.

VENTRILOQUIST

You're telling me...

(then)

Anyone else want a drink?

Ventriloquist steps forward --

He KICKS the bucket -- It travels through the air -- Water spilling -- Towards the plugs --

**INT. TV STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER**

On the prop settee to the side of Mick, his sidekick MISTER ED is in mid-joke:

ED

...So I told them: "Come back from where you came from!"

Laughter and applause from the audience. After they die down, Mick addresses the camera.

MICK DIAMOND

It's time for my first guest. He is a paparazzi superstar who's about to release his debut autobiography "Black, White and Red All Over". Please welcome: Tim Glington!

Tim walks through the entrance curtains, accompanied by an upbeat big band number. He tries a couple of cool and calm hand gestures, but this just increases his edginess.

He shakes Ed and Mick's hand before he perches on a prop chair next to the host's desk.

MICK DIAMOND

Tim, welcome to the show.

TIM

Glad to be here.

MICK DIAMOND

Before we begin, how many celebrities have you killed now?

TIM

To set the record straight, I haven't actually kil--

MICK DIAMOND

Well if you want to add me to the list, you'll have to go through Ed first!

ED

And I have a sword.

Ed pulls out a sword made of tin foil, and pulls a goofy face. The audience laps it up.

**INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

Michelle watches the show alone, glass of wine in hand.  
Curtains drawn. The only illumination comes from the TV.

MICK DIAMOND (O.S.)  
(on TV)  
So be careful, buster...

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Cliff, Shanique, and Amber also watch.

MICK DIAMOND (O.S.)  
(on TV)  
Okay Tim, onto serious business.  
First question...

**INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**

MICK DIAMOND  
How on Earth did you do that?!

Mick points to the screen, which shows...

The green room: Actress, three of the rock stars,  
ventriloquist, his macaw - all slumped over furniture, fried  
to a crisp. DEAD.

Tim is taken aback while the audience laughs and applauds.

MICK DIAMOND  
Looks like KFC now stands for  
Kentucky Fried Celebrity.

ED  
Hey Mick, I haven't seen as many  
people look dead since the audience  
of your last stand-up tour.

MICK DIAMOND  
Wait a minute, wait a minute... Is  
the bird dead too?

ED  
Well, that's dinner sorted.

Tim shifts his eyes back and forth - at Mick and Ed, at the  
audience yucking it up, at the dead bodies in the green room  
as steam comes off their corpses. Sadness and slipping sanity  
in Tim's eyes.

BANG! BANG!

Tim looks down.

An unfamiliar sight: BLOOD. A geyser of scarlet seeps through his suit jacket side. SCREAMS from the audience as Mick and Ed move back in surprise.

MICK DIAMOND  
What the hell is that?

BANG!

PING! -- A studio light above falls, crashing just inches behind Mick and Tim.

A smoking double-barrel shotgun, held by Dave Connor!

Near the studio exit, he steps forward. COCKS the gun. Points. Aims in-between Tim's confused eyes.

TIM  
Dave. Why?

DAVE  
You're the biggest celebrity going.

Dave rests a finger on the trigger.

**INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

Michelle reacts how you would expect someone witnessing their husband bloodied and at gunpoint on live TV to.

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Cliff and Shanique are stunned. Amber covers her mouth.

**INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**

BANG!

Tim dodges at the last moment -- The chair he sat on blasted to smithereens --

Tim charges to the backstage area, favouring his wound --

Dave loads two more shells into the shotgun. With a deep sneer on his face, he gives chase.

Mick, somewhat shocked, addresses the camera.

MICK DIAMOND  
Ladies and gentlemen, what you just witnessed was... Something huge... The birth of a new superstar!

The audience gives a THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

**INT. TV STUDIO (BACKSTAGE AREA) - CONTINUOUS**

STAGEHANDS, MAKE-UP ARTISTS, RUNNERS run like hell away as Tim stumbles into the backstage area.

Dave, several steps behind -- Holds up the shotgun --

BANG! -- Tim dives behind a steel production box -- PING!

Tim scurries to his feet -- Around the corner -- Dave heads in the same direction - a big grin on his face, savouring every moment.

**INT. TV STUDIO (PROP DEPARTMENT) - CONTINUOUS**

Dave enters.

No one there. Many hiding places though in rows of clothes and comical props. He stands beside a giant sunflower dressed like Spiderman for some reason.

He scans around, eyes intense. Steps forward.

Notices a road of pitter-patter blood.

He gingerly follows the trail. Goes down the other side of the room. Then down an aisle full of fluorescent wigs and sparkling catsuits.

CRASH!

Sound of shuffling. Dave gains speed -- Down one row -- Turns left -- Turns another left -- Another aisle -- Another left.

Stops. Sees the flower next to him. He's gone in a circle.

DAVE

Come--

A BLUR flashes behind -- Dave swivels --

BANG!

A massive gunshot wound through the chest...

Of a MANNEQUIN.

**EXT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**

Tim runs across the car park, blood pouring behind him.

Dave charges through the doors, at the top of the stairs with a great vantage point -- Aims gun --

Dave's POV: eyesight against the double barrels, Tim framed perfectly between them.

He squeezes the trigger -- CLICK!

Dave stares at the unloaded shotgun. He FUMES. Throws the gun to the ground in frustration as Tim goes out of sight into the darkness.

**INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**

Mick twiddles his fingers. Ed shrugs his shoulders.

MICK DIAMOND  
Well, looks like we have a problem:  
fifty minutes to fill and all the  
guests are dead. Typical!

Audience laughs.

MICK DIAMOND  
Oh wait a minute, the drummer  
survived. Hello drummer!

On screen in the green room: the drummer cradles himself. He cannot turn away from the death surrounding him.

ED  
We can't interview him. Drummers  
aren't real people.

As the audience laughs, Drummer SOBS.

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Shanique and Amber are fixated on the television.

AMBER  
Cliff, isn't this awful?

Amber turns to address Cliff, but he has vanished.

AMBER  
Cliff?

**EXT. MANSION - DAY**

Dawn breaks.

Tim staggers down the street. His jacket is off, wrapped and tied around his wound. He heads down the drive.

Michelle is heading to their Vauxhall Corsa, hauling a suitcase. She drops it upon seeing Tim.

TIM  
Hi.



She gives him a big hug.

Michelle then lets go. Corrects herself. Picks her case back up and puts it into the car boot. She slams the boot shut.

TIM

Where are you going?

MICHELLE

My mother's.

TIM

Why?

She closes her eyes in disbelief.

MICHELLE

Because I'm leaving you.

TIM

Michelle?!

MICHELLE

Didn't you think, while you were getting blood on your hands, that the tables would turn? And who do you think is the first one they'll target to get to you? Huh? Here's a clue since you can't see past your ego: me.

TIM

Don't go. I need you.

MICHELLE

You need me. To you, I'm just an object of self-approval. Someone to witness, through dead celebs, through this half-a-million piece of shit mansion, that you're in control. You're the man, Tim!

Michelle ends her speech with her back turned to Tim. She turns around to see Tim's back turned to her.

MICHELLE

Are you listening?

(then)

Hey, I'm talking to you.

She storms over and taps him on the shoulder. He addresses her, but it is actually the POSTMAN - a dead ringer for Tim.

POSTMAN

Can I help you?

TIM

Michelle, I'm over here.

Tim waves a couple of yards down the drive.

MICHELLE

See, I don't even know who you are anymore.

Michelle climbs into the car. Tim gets a glance of the Doppelganger Postman. Wow, he does look a lot like him.

In despair, Tim wanders to the front porch. He sits on the welcome mat, today's Daily Standard next to him.

He unfolds it. The front page, a screenshot of Dave pointing his gun at Tim on the talk show: "A NEW CHALLENGER EMERGES". Tim slumps his head into his hands.

**EXT. MANSION - LATER**

Dawn fades into glassy morning sunlight. Tim sits in the same position, the bags under his eyes ever-increasing.

A hum of an engine. Tim looks up.

Down at the entrance twenty yards away: nothing. This makes Tim frown. He stands up.

WHISTLE!

Tim feels a pain in his neck. He pulls away the cause of it: a BLOWDART.

He becomes woozy, and slowly falls in a pile on the welcome mat. Eyes glaze over.

From Tim's perspective: a man dressed in black, balaclava hiding their appearance, stands over him. They reach down.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

**INT. VAN (MOVING) - DAY**

Same perspective: Masked Man kneels over Tim. As Tim's eyes focus, Man unmask to reveal it is Cliff.

The same set-up as the last kidnapping, with the unmasked Driver up front doing his job. Tim points at Cliff.

TIM

I know you, from the pub... Wait, you're from something else.

(clicks fingers)

Human Zoo! You're Steve Burbank.

CLIFF

The post-op transsexual? Please.  
I'm Cliff Richardson.

TIM

From season 3, I remember now.  
(to Driver)  
And you won season 5.

Driver nods in acknowledgement.

CLIFF

Yes, yes, everything's always about  
Nigel. Do you know why you're here?

TIM

I do. Look, before you kidnap me,  
could I make a quick phone call?

CLIFF

You're not kidnapped often are you?  
Besides, this isn't a kidnapping.

TIM

It's not? Then why did you take me  
like that?

CLIFF

Because people are taught a bit too  
well at school not to get into a  
stranger's van. Public education  
fails again...

TIM

So, the phone call?

CLIFF

Hmmmm? Ah yes.  
(to Driver)  
Nigel, could you stop somewhere  
quiet?

NIGEL

Sure thing, boss.

CLIFF

Quiet!  
(rolls eyes)  
Such a chatterbox...

**EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY**

The van pulls up in a mile-long stretch of countryside, a road that intersects sowed fields either side. The door slides open and Tim steps out.

Tim goes through his contact list. Clicks on "ARSEHOLE". He presses the green phone. Waits for an answer.

TIM  
Karl, it's me.

KARL (O.S.)  
Glad to see you've come around,  
Mister Prime Minister.

TIM  
No, it's Tim. Tim Ginton.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (KARL'S OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS**

Karl at his desk, surrounded by the Tim Ginton merchandise. Brick-shaped cell phone between his shoulder and face, he uses his free hands to cut out a piece of paper.

KARL  
Tim! I was just thinking about you.  
What can I do you for?

TIM  
What the hell was that at The  
Diamond Show?

KARL  
I knew nothing about Dave Connor  
attacking you but, soon as I saw  
it, I had to sign him to a  
contract.

TIM  
You can call him off then?

Karl finishes cutting out a picture of Dave Connor's face. He uses a Pritt Stick to paste it over Tim's face on the packet of condoms.

KARL  
I'm not doing that.

TIM  
After everything I've done for you?

KARL  
You did it all for yourself.

TIM  
Why does everyone keep saying that?

KARL  
The fact is, the incident showed  
why Joey's Law doesn't apply to TV.  
(MORE)

KARL (CONT'D)

Twenty-one thousand complaints, all to a body that's - get this - not self-regulated! There's already talk of reviewing the law.

TIM

About time too.

KARL

It's only a matter of time before the bubble bursts. We need a big bang before they change the law, and your death will do that. A fitting ending if I may say so.

TIM

What?!

KARL

Nothing personal.

TIM

So what am I supposed to do?

KARL

If you could liaise with Dave before the government holds an emergency cabinet meeting on Friday, that'd be great--

**EXT. SIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Tim throws the mobile phone to the ground. The SMASH isn't spectacular, so he stamps on it over and over again.

One last STAMP makes the phone CRACK and SHATTER. He then recollects himself before he reenters the van.

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE - DAY**

Amber and Shanique are playing Scrabble. They look at their letters: Amber has "GFEIOUW", Shanique has "JUKEBOX".

SHANIQUE

Whose go is it?

AMBER

Yours.

SHANIQUE

Okay...

(thinks)

Is there an 'X' in 'box'?

The door opens. Cliff enters, Tim cautiously follows.

SHANIQUE  
What's he doing here?

CLIFF  
He's--

SHANIQUE  
No! I refuse to live under the same  
roof as someone who--

TIM  
I didn't try to kill you.

SHANIQUE  
Who doesn't recognise me. I bet you  
can't even tell me what my name is.

TIM  
It's... Shannon?

Shanique PUNCHES Tim in the arm. She stomps upstairs, every  
step a heavy THUMP. She SLAMS the bedroom door shut.

Tim rubs his arm.

TIM  
Isn't it?

CLIFF  
Only to her mother.  
(then)  
Tea anyone?

TIM / AMBER  
That'll be great. / Please.

Cliff exits.

TIM  
Amber...

AMBER  
I understand completely.

Amber stares at Tim's side - a puddle of dried blood stains  
his white shirt.

AMBER  
Your side...

TIM  
It's okay. Just a graze. Could do  
with a stitch-up.

Their eyes meet. Everything goes still. An instant glint.  
They gaze at each other, pupils like Hollywood soft focus.

BANG!

Amber and Tim dart their heads around -- They look for the source of the bang --

Cliff then comes through, facing the stairway.

CLIFF  
Shanique, is that you again? Change your message tone.

SHANIQUE (O.S.)  
Kiss my arse.

Amber and Tim look relieved.

**EXT. LONDON THEATRE - NIGHT**

Red carpet and chains of velvet rope part the sea of JOURNALISTS, CAMERAMEN, PHOTOGRAPHERS, and SCREAMING FANS. Several spotlights beam into the sky.

At the end of the carpet: PRESENTER does a piece to camera.

PRESENTER  
We're here at London Theatre, where Dave Connor - who literally blasted onto the scene last week - is launching his new line of cologne: *murdre*, for men.

A limousine pulls up behind them.

PRESENTER  
And here he comes now.

CHAUFFEUR walks from the driver's position to let out Dave. The camera flashes and fans' screams intensifies.

He waves proudly.

Dave makes his way down the red carpet. He comes across the screaming fans, and signs autographs on their placards bearing his image.

A female fan lifts her top up. He signs it.

He then heads towards the paparazzo pit.

PAPARAZZO  
Dave, over here!

Dave poses.

Behind the photo pit, a SECURITY GUARD scans the waiting queue of paparazzo with a metal detector. When nothing beeps, they are free to go through.

Dave gets to the stairs and waves one last time.

As he does so, an UNIDENTIFIED MAN brushes past into the building, keeping his face hidden.

Concealed within the man's coat: a HANDGUN.

**INT. LONDON THEATRE - NIGHT**

Dave is sitting at a table overloaded with microphones. The stage has enlarged cologne bottles either side, the backdrop shows blown-up images of the dead celebrities he has been responsible for (so far).

DAVE

I'll now take some questions.

(points)

You, with the beard.

JOURNALIST 1

Jack Thomas of hot-celeb-biz dot com. How does it feel to have the support of the entire nation?

DAVE

I am utterly humbled that millions of people are bowing at my feet like they should.

(points)

You.

JOURNALIST 2

Peter Mann, London Evening News. So who's your next target?

DAVE

Good question.

Silence.

JOURNALIST 2

Can you--

DAVE

Oh you want an answer? I hadn't realised you'd missed the dozen articles where I threatened Tim Ginton. Read them back, there's your answer.

Hearty laughs from the press pit.

JOURNALIST 2

But what about Amber Charlton?

DAVE

The one he failed to kill? That'd be a great trophy, sure. Last question from the front here.



JOURNALIST 3  
Chris Latham, The Daily Standard.  
What's the key difference between  
you and Tim?

DAVE  
Simple--

BANG!

Bullet through a microphone equals feedback --

Unidentified Man charges through the crowd -- SCREAMS -- Gun  
in the air -- Aims --

The crowd reacts -- BANG!

The shot was fired by Dave's smoking double-barrel shotgun.  
He coolly slumps back to his seat, leaning his head towards  
the microphone.

DAVE  
Killer instinct.

Everyone applauds.

Unidentified Man DEAD on the floor. Blood EVERYWHERE.

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT**

Amber and Shanique at different sides of the room, bored.

Amber plays on her mobile phone. Shanique goes through the  
newspaper case file using a black marker pen, drawing comical  
moustaches on the pictures of Tim.

Then something stops Shanique. She sniffs.

SHANIQUE  
What smells like it's on fire?

Amber looks out of the window. Smoke and sudden licks of  
flame can be seen.

AMBER  
Fire.

**EXT. RUSTIC HOUSE (BACK FIELD) - MOMENTS LATER**

Tim throws a couple of logs onto a large bonfire, giving the  
surrounding area an orange glow. He holds his hands out,  
taking in the heat.

Cliff, Amber, and Shanique appear from the house.

CLIFF  
What are you doing?

TIM  
I thought it'd be fun to have a  
bonfire, a few beers and all that.

He shows the picnic table, assorted drinks on top.

CLIFF  
But someone might find us.

TIM  
It's the middle of the countryside.  
Anyone passing will just think a  
caveman discovered fire.

CLIFF  
I'm not sure.

SHANIQUE  
Come on, it'll be fine.

CLIFF  
Okay...

SHANIQUE  
Great! Let's get wasted!

CLIFF  
I'll drink you under the table.

**EXT. RUSTIC HOUSE (BACK FIELD) - LATER**

Cliff and Shanique asleep under the picnic table, cans of  
cheap cider gripped in their hands.

At a makeshift tree trunk/bench, Tim is sitting next to  
Amber. Silence as they gaze at the fire, which CRACKLES away.  
Tim takes a swig of beer.

TIM  
So why did you do it?

AMBER  
Do what?

TIM  
Become a celebrity. Take it from  
someone on the front line, it's the  
most depressing thing to be.  
Besides being a writer.

AMBER  
You know what? I have no idea.

Tim hands Amber a drink.

AMBER

A few months ago, I was a hairdresser from Leeds. I thought I was happy. Then one day I woke up and thought: 'is this it?' Cutting hair, making cups of tea, sweeping the floors; someday finding a husband and having kids so I can die fulfilled. Is that what my life is? Later that day, I came across an audition booth at the shopping centre, and the rest is history.

TIM

When did you start regretting it?

AMBER

How can you tell?

TIM

I watched Human Zoo. You were the one not playing to the cameras.

AMBER

When I stepped into the cage, more or less. I quickly realised life isn't a series of crescendos like they show in the papers or on TV. Shanique...

Shanique rolls over and spoons Cliff. Face against his back, she SNORES loudly.

AMBER

Bless her, there's a nice girl inside that diva exterior--

TIM

She's nice?!

AMBER

Celebrities are people too, but they make these massive gestures as they're afraid their life is as futile as everyone else's. That's how their lives quickly spiral out of control.

(then)

I was once a mouthy, take no crap kind of woman. But in the past few months, I've become passive; floating along, no control of myself. I wish I could return to how things were. But the best I can do now is to run away from it all.

TIM

You can, can't you? You won a hundred thousand on Human Zoo.

AMBER

You're obliged to do promotional work before they hand over the money. You know, like, "hi, I'm Amber Charlton and you're watching Desperate Pornstars." I'm not in the position to do that right now. Not without endangering all of us.

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (MAIN OFFICE) - NIGHT**

The office is quiet. A JANITOR cleans in the background. He acknowledges Dave, who is sitting at the only switched on computer in the room.

Search engine open, he types in "TIM GLINTON". Up comes a document of private details, including a phone number.

Dave dials the number. No dial tone. He grumbles.

Then, a stray thought. He starts typing "AMBER CHARL" when he stops. Backspaces, deleting the text.

Dave brings out a notebook. In the midst of random notes, he comes across a name: "SHANNON ADAMS".

He types the name into the engine. Enter.

A series of articles - centrefold reviews of Human Zoo throughout the series. When he clicks through, a contestant ranking always has her dead last. The prevailing comment: "STILL IN DUE TO THE IRONIC VOTING CROWD."

Dave clicks on a text document that displays personal details. He reveals his mobile phone.

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE (BEDROOM) - CONTINUOUS**

The mobile phone on Shanique's bed, screen lit with "2 NEW VOICEMAIL MESSAGES". The notification suddenly disappears.

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (MAIN OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS**

Dave listens to his phone.

PHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)

You have two new messages. First message...

SHANIQUE'S MUM (O.S.)  
 Shannon, it's Mum. I'm concerned  
 about your wellbeing. First the  
 Daily Standard photo, and now your  
 Auntie May says this 'Hansel  
 Farmhouse' doesn't come up on  
 Google. Ring me when you get this.

BLEEP!

PHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)  
 Second message...

SHANIQUE'S MUM (O.S.)  
 Shannon, it's me again. I've got  
 some great news about my cancer  
 treatment, so please call me.

BLEEP!

PHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)  
 To hear these messages again, press  
 one. To call--

Dave disconnects the call with a wry grin. He writes HANSEL  
 FARMHOUSE!' in his notebook.

Then, a COUGH.

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (KARL'S OFFICE) - CONTINUOUS**

Karl sleeps face down on his desk. A half-bottle of scotch  
 and an empty shot glass at his side. He rolls over, COUGHS  
 again.

The door opens. Dave creeps in and surveys the scene.

Karl snorts. Sways his arm around, this time knocking the  
 bottle of scotch to the floor. He barely stirs.

Dave gazes dreamily towards the ceiling.

INSERT - The Daily Standard front page of Karl's corpse  
 surrounded by blood and alcohol. Headline: "LAST ORDER  
 KARLED." Sub-headline: "DAVE CONNOR ANNOUNCED NEW EDITOR."

Insert disappears. Dave smiles.

He approaches Karl...

**EXT. RUSTIC HOUSE - NIGHT**

Shanique and Cliff stumble towards the house - their groans,  
 bleary eyes and stilted walk zombie-like.

AMBER

Night.

SHANIQUE

My head...

They enter the house. Tim meanwhile rubs his hands and puts them towards the fire.

TIM

Think it's almost time to call it a night ourselves.

AMBER

Before we do, I've got to know... Why did you take those photos?

TIM

Shock.

AMBER

I thought you'd 'got used to it'?

TIM

No. Yes. Well, I'm in... What's the word I'm looking for?

AMBER

Denial?

Tim laughs to himself, distraught.

TIM

I've been a screw-up all my life. Didn't do well at school. Never had ambition. I only fell into this paparazzi gig when, on a night out, I took a picture of some boy band member stumbling out of a Soho nightclub with a disposable camera. I made five-hundred quid from that. When you're eighteen, that's career-making money. So I married my school sweetheart and we were sorted... Until camera phones came along, and everyone fancied themselves as an Internet journalist. The last several years have been a struggle. After the Joey Lawn thing, I made the same amount I'd made the past four years combined. By continuing doing it, I could give my wife Michelle the life she deserved.

AMBER

Where is she now?

TIM

Gone. All she wanted was a comfortable life with her husband, yet I gave her danger and misery. I should've seen from the beginning Michelle was disgusted by my actions. She'd have rather gone poor than handle blood money.

AMBER

You didn't kill anyone though.

TIM

Didn't I? In some cultures, they say a photograph can steal a person's soul. I did much worse: I stole their dying moments and put them on sale for thirty-five pence.

(wells up)

I'm a monster.

Tim cries, somewhat muted. Amber puts an arm around his shoulder as he lets it all out.

Then their eyes meet. Like before, it's that instant glint, the Hollywood soft focus. They gaze at each other for the longest time with hued pupils.

Tim swoops in. For a hug.

TIM

I miss her so much.

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY**

Amber's bed empty, Shanique sleeps in her own. A beam of light shines through the curtains.

Her phone RINGS. Shanique comes to, shielding her eyes from the light. With a groan, she reaches over to her phone. Sits up and answers.

SHANIQUE

Hello?

VOICE (O.S.)

Is that Shannon Adams?

SHANIQUE

How dare you call me by--

VOICE (O.S.)

I'm from the hospital.

Shanique's face drops.

SHANIQUE  
Speaking...

**INT. DAVE'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS**

Dave drives his car one-handed, the other hand used to hold his mobile phone against his ear.

DAVE  
I'm afraid I have some bad news  
about your mother...

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE - DAY**

Amber and Tim sat at the table, Cliff cooking in the kitchen next door. All three have the worst hangover in the world. When Tim SCRAPES his chair, everyone cringes.

TIM  
How's your head this morning?

AMBER  
Don't even ask...

Amber's attention is diverted by Shanique coming down the stairs, last night's mascara streaming down her face.

AMBER  
Shanique, what's wrong?

SHANIQUE  
I just heard from the hospital. My  
Mum's... De...

She breaks into tears.

As a concerned Cliff enters the living room, Amber stands and hugs Shanique.

Shanique's face distorts. Then she fights away a smile and the urge to jump up and down. Now she looks like she has just won Human Zoo.

CLIFF  
Are those tears of joy?

SHANIQUE  
No. Just... I can sell my story.

CLIFF  
Oh, that's cold-hearted.

SHANIQUE  
It's what Mum would've wanted.



AMBER

Can I get you anything?

SHANIQUE

A lift to the city? I want to shop around the glossy magazines.

CLIFF

That's a stupid idea.

TIM

I agree.

SHANIQUE

How dare you take away my chance to grieve in public?

CLIFF

Look, you're clearly not...  
(sighs)  
I'll call Nigel.

**EXT. RUSTIC HOUSE FRONT - DAY**

Amber, Cliff and Tim stand in formation. Shanique parades two black hats which have complex designs.

SHANIQUE

Which hat should I swear? The jet one or the onyx one?

TIM

The black one.

The Celebrity Rescue van pulls up, rolled-down window shows Nigel driving. He exchanges a bewildered glance with Cliff.

SHANIQUE

I'll see you soon. Drinks are on me tonight!

Shanique hugs Amber, genuine warmth between the two. Then Shanique does the same to Cliff, who squirms but gives in.

She moves onto Tim. After some caution, she lunges in for a big bearhug. Tim gasps for air.

SHANIQUE

Thank you for letting me live for this moment.

**BANG!**

CLIFF

What have I told you about changing your message tone?

TIM

Shanique?

A patch of red seeps through Shanique's back, the epicentre of a GIANT BULLET HOLE below her shoulder blade. She stumbles backwards, mouth open in shock.

She falls to the ground.

SHANIQUE ADAMS DIES.

AMBER

No no no no no...

Amber dives down to Shanique's position.

She shakes her, but her tears show futility. She WEEPS as Tim and Cliff join her at ground level.

Amber goes to hug Tim...

BANG! -- They look up.

Dave Connor appears from over the hill opposite, digital camera slung over his neck, trademark smoking double-barrel shotgun leading the way.

DAVE

Tim! Fancy seeing you here. I was just trying to draw out blondie, but two birds, one stone...

Aims --

BANG! -- Bullet penetrates the wall behind Tim's head --

Tim picks up the closest object nearby, a stone --

TIM

Bastard!

He throws it high in the air, on target --

Dave raises his gun and gives the stone the clay pigeon treatment. Pieces of rock break everywhere.

DAVE

Pull!

Dave's concentration back towards the house. Tim, Amber, Cliff and Nigel are just running into the house -- Door SLAMS behind them.

Dave walks by Shanique. A quick admiration of his own marksmanship, before he tries the door -- Locked.

He directs the shotgun at the door knob --

BA--

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

--NG! The door EXPLODES OPEN.

Dave reaches his arm around the new hole and unlocks the chain device. He steps inside.

Nobody is in the living room, it seems.

A muddy shoe sticks out behind the settee.

Dave steps precisely. Creeps over. Gun slides back from his shoulder to a firing position.

Shoe moves -- BANG!

Turns out the shoe was attached to a shoe rack, now blown to bits. Dave grimaces.

Dave addresses the stairs.

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE (BEDROOM) - MOMENTS LATER**

Dave pushes the door open using the shotgun. A playful look on his face as he sneaks in.

A body shape inside a duvet on (what was) Shanique's bed.

Dave smiles. Steps forward. Twice. Three times. Gun darts towards the bed.

Dave squeezes the trigger.

Swings -- FIRES at the closet -- Chipboard smashed to pieces, fragments hang by a thread. But no humans inside. Dave grumbles to himself.

Prods the duvet to confirm nobody was inside it.

He walks tow the window. The floorboards CREAK --

Right beside the bed Amber, Cliff, Tim, and Nigel are hiding under. They clench themselves until Dave's foot eluviates pressure and the floorboard's noise shrinks to quietness.

Dave looks outside. No sign of life.

DAVE

(calls)

Haven't got all day, guys. Got a gala at six.

Heads back.

CREAK! Amber, Cliff, Tim, and Nigel on the brink of panic.

They wait a moment. Cliff tries to speak, so Tim and Nigel cover his mouth. Tim makes the 'sshhh' gesture.

Tim slowly pops his head out from under the bed.

Dave has gone.

**INT. RUSTIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Dave retraces his steps.

DAVE  
(to himself)  
Where are you?

Outside the window stands the shed, plank of wood sticking out of the roof and all.

He heads to the door -- THUNK! The noise came from upstairs.

Gun at the ready, he skulks up them. Silent as a fox. Frown of incomprehensible evil.

Reaches the top of the stairs. Turns his head --

Tim WHACKS him with the TV aerial!

Dave tumbles down the stairs, taking each jagged edge at a bad angle. He falls to the bottom, dazed, grabbing the shotgun for dear life.

From Dave's point of view: A blur flashes past. Then another. And another.

Dave points the gun, aimless -- BANG! -- A blood curdling scream --

Fresh blood splattered against the wall. A lone bloody handprint, smearing down to the floor where...

NIGEL IS DEAD.

Dave gets to his feet -- Charges towards the door --

**EXT. RUSTIC HOUSE FRONT - CONTINUOUS**

Tim and Cliff dash towards the van, Amber lagging behind. Cliff jumps into the driver's seat and ignites the engine. Tim gets the side door open.

CLIFF  
Where's Nigel?

TIM  
He's dead.

Tim holds out his hand.

TIM  
Amber, come on!

Amber tries to pick up Shanique but the weight is too much. Tears streaming, she resorts to dragging her.

Dave storms out of the house --

Tim reaches from the van, pulls Amber inside, and slides the door shut -- BANG! -- Bullet dents the van --

Van SCREECHES away.

Dave targets again -- BANG! -- Nowhere near on target.

Dave runs past Shanique, beyond the front of the rustic house, back up the hill where his car is not so scarcely hidden behind a bush.

**INT. VAN (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS**

Amber painfully watches Shanique in the side mirror as her corpse grows smaller in the distance into nothingness.

AMBER  
Shanique...

All three individuals are out-of-breath, sodden, mud and sweat smeared everywhere.

CLIFF  
Well, we're screwed.

AMBER  
We need somewhere else to hide from Dave.

TIM  
It's worse than that. We need to hide from everyone; we're too well known. Virtually anybody could be a have-a-go celebrity killer.

CLIFF  
What do you suggest?

AMBER  
Find another country house?

CLIFF  
It took me weeks to find that one.

TIM  
Find another country?

AMBER  
You mean, go aboard?

TIM  
Why not?

CLIFF  
Sure, I'll use the money from my unicorns and rainbows account. I haven't had a pay day in months. Are you paying for all of us?

TIM  
Depends. How far can we get on a maxed-out overdraft?

Silence.

AMBER  
Go to Channel Six.

TIM  
To do...? No, you can't. It's across the road from The Daily Standard.

AMBER  
Please. It's the only way.

Cliff reluctantly takes a sharp left.

CLIFF  
Does anyone know the nearest costume shop?

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (RECEPTION) - DAY**

The receptionist (name: TRACY) directs an UNSEEN MAN in blue overalls...

TRACY  
Top floor, on the left.

As Man departs, Amber, Cliff and Tim enter also wearing blue overalls. Cliff and Tim sport absurd wizard beards, while Amber has chic sunglasses and her hair tied back. They approach Tracy.

AMBER  
I'd like to see Brian Endemol.

TRACY  
Name?

AMBER  
I'd rather not say.

CLIFF  
Tracy, it's me.

Cliff pulls his beard down.

TRACY  
Cliff?

TIM  
You know her?

CLIFF  
We had a fling once.

TIM  
But aren't you--

CLIFF  
Sticking with one gender? How  
twentieth century.  
(then)  
Tracy, I'm with...  
(whisper)  
Amber Charlton.

TRACY  
(to Tim; bit too loud)  
And aren't you Tim Glington?

TIM  
Not after the name change.

CLIFF  
Can you get us to Brian's office?  
For old time's sake?

TRACY  
He's free anyway. Third floor,  
second on the right.

They look grateful as they head to the lift. Doors already open, they step inside. Tracy watches their every step.

She then looks wistfully at...

The Daily Standard. A full page spread on Dave Connor, hand drawn love hearts struck with arrows surrounding him. At the bottom: "GOT A JUICY CELEBRITY? CALL 09090909090".

She picks up the phone. Dials. Waits for an answer.

TRACY  
(on phone)  
You'll never believe who I just saw  
together...

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (PHOTO STUDIO) - DAY**

Amber stands against a green screen.

AMBER

Is this appropriate?

BRIAN ENDEMOL (50s, artist type) uses his thumb and index finger to frame Amber. Tim and Cliff are next to him.

BRIAN

It will be.

At a wider angle, Amber's wardrobe is drenched in fake blood. A MAKE-UP ARTIST dabs dried red on her cheeks. Amber stands to her side, revealing a toy knife sticking out of her.

TIM

Sickening.

BRIAN

I know. It fits really well with our Halloween programming.

FLASH!

**MONTAGE**

-- Amber in a coffin, her 'intestines' on display.

-- Amber made up like a zombie, carrying a prop-head sporting an exposed 'brain'. She pretends to eat the brain.

-- Amber tied to a stretching device, MAN IN GOBLIN COSTUME 'pulls' on a lever at the side. The excess 'gore' and 'skeletons' decorated around her makes it look like a Cannibal Corpse album cover.

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (RECORDING BOOTH) - DAY**

Amber leans towards the hanging microphone. Brian, Tim and Cliff are on the other side of the Plexiglas.

BRIAN

Ready, and action!

AMBER

This is Amber Charlton, speak--

BRIAN

In the voice we agreed on, Amber.

Amber sighs. She stretches out her arms.



AMBER  
 (zombie-like)  
 This is Amber Charlton, speaking  
 from the grave. Up next: Hilda's  
 Hilarious Home Videos.

Brian eggs her on to say...

AMBER  
 (zombie-like)  
 Brains.

BRIAN  
 Perfect!

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (PHOTO STUDIO) - DAY**

Amber poses for one last photo against the green screen,  
 holding a gravestone that says: "AMBER CHARLTON R.I.P."

TIM  
 Are we done?

BRIAN  
 We're done.

She breathes a sigh of relief.

CLIFF  
 Now about the money?

BRIAN  
 I knew I forgot something. Amber,  
 you were supposed to do this stuff  
 the moment you left the zoo. You  
 breached your contract.

AMBER  
 What?!

CLIFF  
 Wait a minute, I didn't have to do  
 my promotional crap straight away.

BRIAN  
 Times have changed, you should know  
 that better than anyone.

AMBER  
 So what did I do all that for?

BRIAN  
 Free labour. Comparatively. You'll  
 still get Actor's Guild rates.

AMBER  
 Actor's Guild?

Brian smiles.

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (RECEPTION) - DAY**

The lift doors barely open when Amber storms out. Tim and Cliff struggle to keep up.

CLIFF  
Hundred quid. Damn it.

TIM  
Sorry you went through all that for nothing, Amber. Amber?

Amber clenches her gums as though she is sucking a sour gobstopper, trying to refrain her emotions.

TIM  
You okay?

AMBER  
I'm sort of angry right now.

TIM  
We all are.

CLIFF  
So what now?

Tim glimpses at the exit...

TIM  
Duck!

BANG! BANG! -- Tim drags Amber and Cliff to the floor --

Two bullets just miss, ravaging a plastic plant behind them.

Dave stands at the exit, double-barrelled shotgun smoking. He folds the gun and inserts two new shells.

Amber, Tim and Cliff crawl behind a settee. Gun COCKS -- They spasm out of fright.

Dave targets the settee --

BANG! -- Bullet punctures clean through the leather. No sign of anyone behind it.

TRACY (O.S.)  
Don't touch me!

Dave swings the shotgun towards Tracy's desk.

Hidden behind the desk: Cliff rolls his eyes, having covered Tracy's mouth too late. Amber panics.

Despite objections, Tim cautiously peers upwards. In one of the cracks in the desk, Dave's face concealed behind the two endless holes of the shotgun.

DAVE  
Come on, Tim. Pass the touch with  
dignity.

Dave's finger cradles the trigger. As he squeezes --

Amber, Tim and Cliff scuttle behind another settee -- Dave changes aim -- BANG! --

A SCREAM.

Cliff holds his bloody calf, exerting pressure. He tries to stay quiet but his sharp breaths cut through the atmosphere.

**EXT. CHANNEL SIX - CONTINUOUS**

Cliff's back presses against the window. Tim and Amber's back turned the same way. Dave plus shotgun in clear view. The PUBLIC walk past, not noticing/caring.

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (RECEPTION) - CONTINUOUS**

Amber rips a sleeve off her blue uniform and ties it around Cliff's wound.

Tim GASPS.

Dave appears over them, gun pointing blank range at Tim's head. Frozen in fear, Tim doesn't object as Dave presses the shotgun against his forehead.

DAVE  
Sorry. Nothing personal.

SMASH! -- The window behind has SHATTERED --

**EXT. CHANNEL SIX - CONTINUOUS**

TWO PAPARAZZO squeeze handgun rounds at Dave, cameras slung over their shoulders.

Dave dives out of view.

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (RECEPTION) - CONTINUOUS**

Tim grabs Amber's head before she can turn to the two paparazzo. Presses against his own head, faces unseen.

TIM  
They don't know who we are.

They grab Cliff by the arms, making sure they stay obscured.  
 Dave points the shotgun at the paparazzo -- BANG! --

**EXT. CHANNEL SIX - CONTINUOUS**

The two paparazzo retreat behind a car.

FIRING PAPARAZZO 1  
 You can't do that.

FIRING PAPARAZZO 2  
 We're not famous!

DAVE (O.S.)  
 Eat me!

BANG! -- The tyre next to them DEFLATES.  
 Synchronised, they take aim --

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (RECEPTION) - CONTINUOUS**

Amber and Tim move Cliff behind a new settee in the corner.

BANG! -- PING! --

A wire hanging a framed picture above snaps. The picture falls onto Tim's head. He sways about woozily.

AMBER  
 Tim?

TIM  
 Yes, Mum?

He slumps against the wall.

The GUNFIRE INTENSIFIES.

Amber covers her eyes.

From Amber's perspective: the Saving Private Ryan scenario. Intense warfare. LOUD BANGS! Tim, delirious. Cliff, bleeding profusely. Noise caves into TINNITUS.

**EXT. CHANNEL SIX - CONTINUOUS**

The paparazzo fire into the building, bullets RINGING.

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (RECEPTION) - CONTINUOUS**

Amber's eyes shut tight, drowning everything out.

Then they slam open. Pupils shrink. Eyebrows and cheekbones tighten. Teeth gnash. Nose flares.

AMBER

Fuck!

CLIFF

Holy shit, you just swore.

AMBER

Shut the fuck up! We're getting the hell out of here. Cliff, stay here and hide. No fucker cares enough to kill you.

CLIFF

Fair enough.

AMBER

Tim?

TIM

What smells like Guy Fawkes?

Amber SLAPS Tim in the face! He snaps back into reality, except for the shock of being decked by...

TIM

Amber?

AMBER

Grow a pair. Let's go.

Sheltered behind a chair, Dave reloads the shotgun. Stands back up --

**EXT. CHANNEL SIX - CONTINUOUS**

One of the paparazzo aims his gun -- Clutches the trigger.

FIRING PAPARAZZO 1

You're too exposed--

BANG! -- Dave's shot on target -- As Paparazzo falls, his gun lands on the concrete, upwards --

BANG! SPLAT!

The first Paparazzo dies from a gunshot to the chest. He lays on top of the other, dead from a fatal head wound.

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (RECEPTION) - CONTINUOUS**

Cliff moans, which grabs Dave's attention.

The room now resembles Swiss cheese. Electrical sparks. Pictures and plaster fall off the walls. Tracy cowers behind her desk.

Dave walks to Cliff, gun leading the way.

DAVE  
Who are you?

CLIFF  
(in pain)  
No one.

DAVE  
Where are they?

TRACY (O.S.)  
They went up the lift.

Dave looks at the lift. The display above blinks: first floor, creeping up to second floor...

DAVE  
(to Tracy)  
Thanks.

He runs up the stairs, out of sight.

Tracy SCREAMS like a Beatles fan.

TRACY  
The Dave Connor spoke to me!

CLIFF  
Oh be quiet. Way to sell out my friends, by the way.

TRACY  
That's what you get for shagging my brother.

Cliff cannot help but smile to himself.

CLIFF  
Yeah I did...

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (LIFT) - MOMENTS LATER**

Tim and Amber stand in silence.

AMBER  
Sorry about that then.

TIM  
You were mouthy and took no crap.  
Isn't that what you wanted?

AMBER  
 (thinks)  
 You know, you're fucking right.

TIM  
 Don't overdo the swearing. It loses  
 its effectiveness.

AMBER  
 Oh, sorry.

Amber notices how the third floor button is lit up. She presses the top floor button.

TIM  
 What are you doing?

AMBER  
 Quick, to the side.

Tim grips the right side next to the lift door, mirroring Amber on the left.

DING!

The doors open -- SHOTGUN BLAST! -- Lift's mirror SHATTERS.

Dave is standing outside the lift --

Amber TAPS the close button urgently. The doors start closing, not before --

Dave sticks a foot inside --

Tim swings his forearm -- SMACK right into Dave's face.

Dave flinches back, SHOOTING THE CEILING ABOVE by mistake. EXECUTIVES from the fourth floor look down at the hole just created --

The lift door closes. Tim and Amber step back into the middle, their feet crunching the glass below.

TIM  
 (re: lift buttons)  
 Top floor?

AMBER  
 He'll chase us up there. Then we'll give him the slip, return back to the lobby, and be long gone before he climbs down the stairs.

She eyes him, steely. Tim looks at her, more stunned than anything over her sudden attentiveness.

TIM  
 Good plan.

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (TOP FLOOR CORRIDOR) - MOMENTS LATER**

The lift doors open. Tim peeps his head into the corridor. Checks the coast is clear, before he and Amber fully enter.

Behind a set of doors to the side, flights of stairs in view.

AMBER

When we see him, go back down.

Tense silence.

Tim sweats. Amber's breathing echoes. All natural ambience sucked out of the atmosphere.

Then, loudening steps.

On the stairs, although his face is unseen, the recognisable shape of Dave and his gun a couple of flights down.

Tim urges Amber to head back inside the lift. She presses out her palm: not yet.

Dave now only a rotation away from facing the doors.

Amber signals --

When the lift doors close!

Amber mashes the lift buttons desperately -- Darts her head to the display above.

The light display counts downwards.

She thumbs the callback button over and over and over...

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (RECEPTION) - CONTINUOUS**

While Cliff struggles to his feet, a MORBIDLY OBESE MAN - uncaring of his destroyed surroundings - waits for the lift.

The doors open.

**INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS**

Morbidly Obese Man enters. He presses the button to go up to the first floor.

**INT. TOP FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

...and over and over and over.

AMBER

No!



TIM

This way...

Tim drags Amber away from the lift controls. They charge down the corridor.

Dave takes his final steps, coming face to face with the other side of the door. He opens --

Tim and Amber realise this and dodge into the nearest room.

Dave enters. Scans around.

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (EXECUTIVE ROOM) - CONTINUOUS**

Massive, wide, open room. In the middle: a varnished table housing twenty chairs around it. Large rectangular windows from the floor up. Fifty-five inch HDTV on the wall.

Hidden behind the table, at the furthest point away from the door, Amber and Tim crouch.

A slight glance at each other as footsteps CLUNK outside the room. Louder and louder until a door creaks open O.S. Couple of thumps, then...

DAVE (O.S.)

I know you're in here.

His voice is off-centre. Tim checks...

Nobody's at the door.

DAVE (O.S.)

Tim... Amber...

Both of them turn to the wall behind. Dave is in the room next door!

An opening. What to do? An urgent swap of hand signals: Amber wants caution, Tim wants to move.

Tim climbs to his feet -- And trips over a chair.

SCRAPE.

An agonising wince.

Dave's footsteps quieten, then become louder again. Amber jerks Tim back into a crouching position as this room's door unmistakably opens.

Dave stands at the entrance.

With a knowing look, he points the shotgun outwards. Starts shifting anti-clockwise around the table.

Amber and Tim sneak around in the same direction.

Dave reaches two o'clock. He LEAPS in the air, gun aimed downwards, to twelve o'clock.

DAVE

Gotcha!

No one is there.

He looks at the right side of the table.

Tim and Amber continue crawling. So close to the door... The light beyond the door... Almost angelic...

Wide-eyed optimism forms on Tim's eyes. They're going to make it... They're going to make--

BANG!

A piece of table EXPLODES in front of them. Amber SCREAMS; covers her mouth up too late.

Dave dashes in the direction of the door.

Amber and Tim scurry, mirroring Dave's movements, avoiding detection. Almost back where they started.

Dave SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

Tim and Amber close their eyes in hopelessness.

DAVE

It's no good. You can't escape me.  
You've had your time in the  
spotlight. It's my turn.

No response.

DAVE

I've got a proposition, Tim. Give  
yourself up and I'll let your  
mistress go. You've got 'til the  
count of three... One...

Tim and Amber frown at the statement.

DAVE (O.S.)

Two...

Amber's frown fades into contemplation. Amber and Tim argue in hand gestures, but it is unclear what over.

Dave aims the shotgun.

DAVE

Three...

Amber pops her body up, hands in the air.

                  AMBER  
Don't shoot!

                  DAVE  
Why not?

In the next dialogue exchange, Amber nervously wanders to the point where she is in close proximity of Dave:

                  AMBER  
Because you have one bullet left,  
and I'm not the one you want.

                  DAVE  
What makes you so sure?

                  AMBER  
Imagine the holiday you can afford  
if you just kill one of us. Tim's a  
Mauritius, I'm more a Cleethorpes.  
Think about it.

                  DAVE  
Okay.

Dave folds his shotgun. Amber's skin drains of colour when he reveals more ammunition. He loads and COCKS the gun. Points it straight at her.

                  DAVE  
I'll go to both.

                  AMBER  
(stutters)  
Go to Cleethorpes? Now don't be  
stupid...

She gulps.

The door flies open, a blur of blue uniform halfway through -- Dave switches target -- BANG!

                  AMBER  
Tim!

Bullet penetrates, a fountain of BLOOD flies out of his chest. He flops to the floor with a dull thud.

DEAD.

In a fit of TEARS, Amber falls to his side. Her tears absorb into his sleeve.

She looks at him, only to be taken aback.

Dave's devilish grin fades.

DAVE  
What the...?

It's the body of the DOPPELGANGER POSTMAN!

DAVE  
God damn impersonators!

Out of nowhere, Tim grabs Dave by the head and RAMS him against the HDTV -- Knocks Dave silly -- The TV unhinges, drops to the floor --

Tim wrestles for the shotgun but Dave won't let go -- They tussle -- Writhe about, just avoiding Amber --

Tim pushes Dave back -- Picks a chair up with all his might and, just as Dave aims the gun, THROWS IT.

Dave ducks -- The CHAIR SHATTERS through the window to an unseen plummet below.

An intense stare down. Tim grabs another chair, positioning it as though he is a liontamer. Looks intimidating enough for Dave to take a few steps back.

Tim DIVES at Dave -- Tackles him to the ground --

AMBER  
The gun!

Tim and Dave roll about, gun wedged between the two -- Dave pushes the gun forward --

Tim literally stares down the barrel of a gun --

He pushes the gun back into a neutral position -- Resorts to a few stray punches, nothing effective.

Dave grabs the heavy SLR camera around his neck and SLAMS it in between Tim's eyes. SICKENING CRACK!

Tim falls back -- Cut open, blood seeps down his forehead -- Dave clutches the trigger --

BANG!!!

A moment of clarity.

Dave clenches his teeth, the gun vibrates backwards.

Amber gasps, the noise distilled and echoed.

And Tim looks down...

A hole through his chest. Blood oozes out. Drenches his blue uniform.

Eyes rolling to the back of his head, Tim flops to the floor. Iris glazing over, he coughs up more of the red stuff.

Amber runs to him.

AMBER

No!

DAVE

Get back!

Dave pushes Amber backwards. She lands buttocks-first.

Standing over Tim's body, Dave drops the gun.

Dave positions his SLR camera. Switches the device on. Tim's desecrated body out of focus on the display screen until a button automatically corrects this.

Awash with unreality, Tim gapes at Amber. He then subtly cranes his head up.

Amber stares at Dave, determined.

Dave rests his finger on the trigger button. Presses down --

Amber snatches the camera off him! She removes it from over his head, turns to the broken window...

DAVE

No--

And throws it out of the window.

Dave PANICS.

DAVE

No. Camera. Need a camera. Ah!

Dave retrieves a flip-camera era mobile phone out of his pocket. Takes a photo of Tim...

DAVE

Fucking blurry.

Lo and behold, the picture of Tim is unintelligible. Dave aligns the phone once again.

Tim nods towards Amber, then towards Dave's leg.

CLICK! The picture finally takes. Dave dirtily laughs, a clear picture of Tim dying in his possession.

Tim feebly grabs Dave's leg.

DAVE

Get off--

Amber PUSHES Dave -- Dave trips over Tim's hand -- Jolts backwards --

OUT OF THE WINDOW!

He SCREAMS --

CRASH! A CACOPHONY OF CAR ALARMS.

Amber rushes to the window, and gravely looks down...

**EXT. CHANNEL SIX - CONTINUOUS**

DAVE CONNOR IS DEAD, having landed through a car roof. No blood can be seen.

PASSERS-BY gather around, like vultures, taking pictures of Dave's corpse. When they get a good enough photo, they individually run towards The Daily Standard building.

**INT. CHANNEL SIX (EXECUTIVE ROOM) - CONTINUOUS**

TIM

Amber...

Amber goes down to Tim's side. She strokes his blood splattered face.

AMBER

You'll be fine. I'll get help.

TIM

Don't. I'm running out of time.

AMBER

No...

TIM

I need you to do something.

AMBER

Tim?

TIM

Come closer...

Tim whispers into her ear.

After a wider view of the room: Tim's body goes limp. Amber covers her mouth and CRIES.

TIM GLINTON IS DEAD.

FADE TO:

**INT. VAN - DAY**

Amber gazes in the wing mirror, The Daily Standard building in sight. She wipes away a tear.

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (RECEPTION) - DAY**

The large crowd of passers-by from before, all holding up mobile phone and camera screens showing Dave's corpse to an overwhelmed LACKEY.

LACKEY

Look, one of our guys took a photo from the roof. We're not interested in any more.

The crowd moans.

Cliff limps into the building. He goes to the desk where Receptionist is stationed. She chews gum again, ignoring the commotion in the room.

CLIFF

Excuse me...

RECEPTIONIST

Join the queue.

CLIFF

No. This one's more newsworthy.

Cliff reveals Amber's pink mobile phone.

On screen: Tim's dead body. He is laid straight. Arms crossed. Eyes closed. The violence of his state removed. A dignified death.

Receptionist sighs.

RECEPTIONIST

Fine.

She picks up the phone receiver. A press of the auto-dial button followed by an engaged tone.

RECEPTIONIST

Wait here.

She stands, grumbling.

**INT. THE DAILY STANDARD (KARL'S OFFICE) - DAY**

The blinds are closed, external light barely penetrating through. Receptionist barges the door open.

At his desk, KARL WARRINGTON IS DEAD. Blood masks his body. Incision at the throat. Bottle of scotch emptied onto the carpet. Phone swinging off the hook.

Receptionist rolls her eyes, and leaves.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
(calls out)  
Karl's dead. I'm off to lunch.

**INT. VAN - DAY**

Amber is a million miles away when Cliff climbs into the driver's seat.

CLIFF  
Done.

AMBER  
How did the editor--

CLIFF  
Sub editor.  
(then)  
Where to?

She looks forward, knowing. Cliff ignites the engine.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY**

Amber hesitatingly hovers her fist next to the front door. A deep breath later, she knocks. A blur in the decorative glass grows larger before the door opens.

MICHELLE  
(looks back)  
I got it.

Michelle turns to Amber. Silence as her face flushes and demeanour slumps.

AMBER  
Michelle?

MICHELLE  
Amber Charlton?

Amber nods; eyes well up as much as Michelle's.

MICHELLE  
I've been waiting for this moment since Tim and the... I've already cried myself dry but I... Can't help...

Michelle sobs. Amber hugs her.



MICHELLE

The fool. The stupid, stupid fool.  
Wish I'd never met him.

AMBER

You don't mean that.

MICHELLE

Don't I? Making reckless gestures  
to prove himself. Mum warned me  
about him from the start.

AMBER

I only knew him for a short time  
but it's clear he adored you. He  
wasn't out to prove himself, he  
just didn't know how to show his  
devotion to you.

MICHELLE

God... How can I move on from this?

AMBER

Well, you know what you said about  
reckless gestures?

Amber reveals a cheque made out to "MICHELLE GLINTON", the  
total cash amount has at least four zeroes at the end. She  
hands it to Michelle.

MICHELLE

I don't understand.

AMBER

Tim told me to call it 'life  
insurance'.

MICHELLE

But this is everything I didn't  
want. The idiot.

AMBER

I think it's his way of saying  
sorry. I hear you said all you  
wanted was a husband. All he wanted  
was eternal happiness for his wife,  
with or without him.

Pausing for thought, Michelle then folds the cheque and slots  
it in her pocket. She hugs Amber again.

MICHELLE

Thank you.

Michelle looks up, misty-eyed, towards the heavens.

Amber heads for the van where Cliff waits.

MICHELLE

What are you going to do now?

AMBER

Oh, you know... Self-righteous  
celebrity stuff.

**INT. BUSY ROOM - DAY**

A room where DOZENS OF PEOPLE in the background dash to various destinations. Cliff holds Amber's hand.

CLIFF

I guess this is it.

AMBER

You sure you don't want to come  
with? There's plenty of room left.

CLIFF

I'm safe here. Besides, I can't  
leave now. I'm back with Tracy.

AMBER

The Channel Six receptionist?

CLIFF

Yeah. Got a date this weekend. Just  
me, Tracy, her brother...

(then)

Don't go. The celebrity killfest is  
ending, I sense it.

AMBER

I have to escape celebrity full  
stop. There's more important things  
the world should care about than  
photos of me in an ill-fitted  
bikini.

CLIFF

But why Ind-iana Jones?

AMBER

Indonesia. They're in bad shape. I  
just want to help.

CLIFF

Can't you just do a fundraiser?

Cliff hugs Amber, upset.

AMBER

I'll miss you.

CLIFF

Missing you already.

Amber breaks the hug and departs. She waves back at a sad Cliff as she walks down what is revealed to be...

The AIRPORT.

A half-dozen VOLUNTEERS stand at check-in, most fitting the bearded student on a gap-year archetype. They gather around a REGISTRAR holding a clipboard.

REGISTRAR

Amber, glad you could make it.

She shyly gestures.

REGISTRAR

Where is your cameraman, manager and assistants?

AMBER

Pardon?

REGISTRAR

When celebrities do these publicity stunts, their people usually ride on the same plane.

AMBER

It's just me.

REGISTRAR

Really? First time for everything, I guess.

Registrar crosses something off on his clipboard.

REGISTRAR

Looks like we've got enough leg room after all. Let's go.

The volunteers file out one by one. At the back, a warm smile forms on Amber's face as she exits.

Against the window where the runway is visible, a creased copy of The Daily Standard.

Tim's corpse on the front page.

"TIM GLINTON, 1983-2012. SPECIAL PULL OUT TRIBUTE INSIDE."

## **AFTERMATH**

INSERT - Spinning newspaper. The Daily Standard front page spread of a silhouetted dead body: "CELEBRITY DEAD, BUT WE CAN'T SAY WHO".

### **INT. PARLIAMENT - DAY**

A debate is taking place, most of the benches empty. ROGER BOW MP rises to his feet.

ROGER BOW MP  
Mister Speaker, this latest pre-emptive super injunction disallowing the press to reveal the identity of a dead celebrity is simply nonsense.

Murmurs from OTHER POLITICIANS.

ROGER BOW MP  
Twitter is rife with talk of who it is. It's unreasonable to keep up this charade, considering this person hasn't showed up to his own chat show for three weeks.

More murmurs.

SPEAKER  
Order, please.

ROGER BOW MP  
The public already know I speak of Mick Diamond.

SPEAKER  
Mister Bow, just because you have parliamentary rights, it doesn't mean you should use them.

ROGER BOW MP  
So I shouldn't also mention how Mary Sheen is hanging in a barn in Dorset as we speak?

SPEAKER  
Mister Bow, I won't tell you again.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INSERT - Spinning newspaper. The Daily Standard front page, a montage of dead celebrities with Tim as the centrepiece: "BENTON CENSOR TRIAL ONGOING".

**INT. BENTON INQUIRY - DAY**

Doughy faced BEN DRAKE MP in the witness box. In front of seemingly a DOZEN MINUTE TAKERS, a LAWYER questions him.

LAWYER

Could you please confirm you are Mister Ben Michael Drake, MP for Ayr and Secretary of Media, Culture and Sport?

BEN DRAKE MP

Not for much longer if you don't go easy on me.

A cold response to Ben's nervous laughs. He awkwardly coughs.

BEN DRAKE MP

That is correct.

JUMP CUT TO:

Later in the questioning:

BEN DRAKE

It's what the people wanted, simple as that. We're not going to deny them that right.

LAWYER

But what about the rights of the hundred and fifty-two celebrities that were murdered?

BEN DRAKE

Our lawyers at the time assured us it was all perfectly legal.

LAWYER

You mean the ones, who you were warned by e-mail, had been paid off by the newspaper industry?

BEN DRAKE

I don't recall seeing that.

JUMP CUT TO:

Later:

LAWYER

So Joey's Law is now on the brink of abolishment. Why is that?

BEN DRAKE  
Cost issues.

LAWYER  
And not for anything else?

BEN DRAKE  
The taxpayers are angry at how much money it's wasting. For example, our pilot study to add radio to the scheme went nowhere.

LAWYER  
Why?

BEN DRAKE  
Well, no one can see corpses on radio. Cost us half a million quid to realise that.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INSERT - Spinning newspaper. The Daily Standard front page, an unflattering drunken photo of Cliff: "SCUM".

**EXT. CELEBRITY RESCUE REFUGE - DAY**

Cliff is standing alongside TWO TRUSTEES, the three of them holding a pair of novelty-sized scissors between a red ribbon. A SMALL CROWD has assembled.

CLIFF  
Three... Two... One...

They cut the ribbon. As the crowd claps, balloons fly poetically into the sky. Cliff waltzes over to a covered plaque on the nearby wall.

CLIFF  
I now pronounce the Shanique Adams  
Celebrity Rescue Refuge: open!

He unveils the plaque - the Celebrity Rescue logo is Shanique's face.

**INT. CELEBRITY RESCUE REFUGE - DAY**

A queue of Z-LISTERS and REALITY TV STARS wait to be served soup and bread in the catering area.

Cliff stands next to a LOCAL NEWS JOURNALIST. Journalist adjusts their stance as the CAMERAMAN counts them down.

LOCAL JOURNALIST

Thanks Ted. I am here at the Shanique Adams Celebrity Rescue Refuge; named - of course - after Human Zoo's most loved contestant, who was sadly gunned down during Joey's Law. Cliff Richardson...

CLIFF

Hello there.

LOCAL JOURNALIST

It's been months since the law ended. Why open this now?

CLIFF

While it's great celebrities are now only gunned down by madmen trying to steal their talent, our work's not done. There are many out there who still need food, shelter, and work on a semi-reputable TV channel.

LOCAL JOURNALIST

So, basic human needs.

CLIFF

That's right. And with the public's help, they can make these people's dreams reality. So give us your effin' money.

LOCAL JOURNALIST

Cliff, thank you for talking to us.

CLIFF

No problem.

(then)

One more thing: Amber, we're still thinking of you. Love you, hun.

**INT. HUT - CONTINUOUS**

Somewhere in the middle of Indonesia, Amber watches Cliff through a glitch-riddled connection on her mobile phone.

As Amber switches the broadcast off, she smiles.

But when she looks out of the glassless window, at the senseless destruction and sheer hopelessness in the aftermath of the typhoon, the smile soon fades.

THE END.

The logo features the letters 'MZIP' in a large, bold, black sans-serif font. A thick black arrow curves from the top left, pointing down towards the 'M'. A smaller, thinner black arrow curves from the bottom right, pointing towards the 'P'. The letters 'tv' are written in a smaller, white, lowercase sans-serif font, positioned to the right of the 'P' and overlapping its bottom edge. Below the 'MZIP' text, the words 'MOVIES & MINIS' are written in a bold, black, uppercase sans-serif font. The ampersand is stylized.

**MZIP** tv  
**MOVIES & MINIS**

[www.mzp-tv.co.uk](http://www.mzp-tv.co.uk)