TROUBLE WITH CHARLIE

by

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EXT. NIGHTCLUB 'THE KITCHEN' - NIGHT - RAIN

'THE KITCHEN' neon light flickers in the rain, emitting a harsh, eye-straining, blue. Steam rises from the wet cobbled streets. We hear the thump of techno music from inside the club.

MARK is standing outside of the club. He is smoking a cigarette with his right hand, and holding his left hand over his head, protecting his hair from the rain.

In one swift motion, Mark drops the cigarette, steps on it, and makes his way into the entrance of the club.

INT. NIGHTCLUB 'THE KITCHEN' - NIGHT

Mark is standing behind a queue of young women (18-22), all waiting to get inside. Mark catches one of the women looking at him. He smiles at her, but she has already turned away.

The woman, ELLE, passes through the heavy metal door, held open by a gas canister. The queue moves along until it is his turn. Mark puts a fiver down on the table and gets his hand stamped. He then makes his way into the main room.

INT. NIGHTCLUB 'THE KITCHEN' DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

The DJ plays high octance dance punk, booming through the crowd, as they thrash their bodies to the rhythm.

Mark makes his way to the bar. The barmaid gives him a big ol' tired smile, and nods at Mark, waiting for his order.

MARK
Two Jaegerbombs!

The music drowns out his voice, but she can read his lips. The barmaid nods her head and begins to pour the drinks.

A young man, JOE, rushes up to Mark, drenched in sweat, and grabs Mark hard by the shoulders, shaking him in excitement.

JOE
Mark, lad!

Mark jumps and grabs his chest in fear. He then looks to see who it is.

MARK
Fuck, Joe. I thought you were Will for a sec then.

Joe laughs, definitely not understanding a word Mark just said.

JOE
Yeah man, defo.

The barmaid serves the two drinks on the bar behind Mark. Joe leans past Mark and grabs himself one of Mark's Jaegerbombs. Mark grabs the other drink and stares in

disbelief as Joe downs the stolen drink. Mark downs his, almost in contest.

Joe slaps Mark on the chest with the back of his hand. Mark finishes his drink and looks at Joe, wondering 'now what do you want?'.

Joe nods his head towards the toilets. Mark can't hold back his grin. No matter how annoying Joe is, he's always down for a good time. Mark nods back in agreement. We follow them to the toilets.

INT. NIGHTCLUB 'THE KITCHEN' TOILETS - NIGHT

The toilets here are filthy. Some might call it character, but that's a funny way of saying there's shit on the walls. Crude words, phone numbers, band stickers, and the rest.

There's a man, DAN, receiving a blow job from another man, WILL, in an open stall. Mark tries not to stare, but he can't help but feel he knows Will. Before he can finish searching his mind, Joe grabs and pulls him into a free stall.

JOE
(whispering)
What you lookin at that for, lad? Ya want Will to fuckin see you doin' that shit? None of our business, lad, nah.

Joe takes out a small plastic bag of cocaine.

JOE
(regular volume)
This is our business, lad.

He wipes the top of the toilet tank clean with his hands, like that's going to make much difference. Joe then dabs some coke onto it, forming two lines. Joe sniffs a line and pulls his head up, screaming at the top of his lungs.

JOE
Thank you Jesus for this blessed day!

Mark laughs and sniffs the second line. Mark pulls his head back and leans against the wall as the intense sensation hits him.

JOE
Let it out, lad! It doesn't work if you don't let it out.

Mark isn't sure what to say, so he let's out a quick and loud 'woo!'.

JOE
That's it, lad! That's it! That's how it works!

Joe is jumping and grabbing Mark in excitement. Mark begins to leave the stall, Joe follows.

JOE
It's all about the blood vessels and the oxygen, lad. It's mad science, ya'know, proper mad. Got to proper scream to make it work.

As Mark is walking through the toilets, a man, GREG, pushes past him, towards Dan and Will in the stall. Mark follows Greg with his eyes for a second.

JOE
I used to proper love science in school, ya'know. But me chem teacher was a bad nonce, would always rest his balls on the girls' tables. Once lad, yeah, I just snapped and lost it, told Mr. Granger to pack it in and that was it, went from top set to bottom. Got a blowy off one of them girls after that, proper gratitude n that. School was so sick ya'know.

As Joe rambles on, Greg grabs Will off of Dan's dick.

GREG
I fuckin' knew you'd be in here. Do you like being a fucking faggot?

Mark and Will make eye contact.

GREG
What the fuck you looking over there for? Get the fuck up off the floor, stand up like a fucking man.

Joe grabs Mark's shoulders.

JOE
Come ed, lad, we don't need this noise, nothin' to do with us, let's bounce. There's some proper sweet girls out there, lad.

MARK
Sorry lad, yeah, let's fuckin' do it.

Mark and Joe begin to leave the toilets.

Dan tries to leave the stall, having been trapped behind Will.

GREG
Where the fuck you goin, lad? Comin' home to meet the parents are ya?(to Will) get the fuck up, faggot, gotta meet your consequences. I told dad you'd be here with your boyfriends.

Dan lunges for Greg.

INT. NIGHTCLUB 'THE KITCHEN' DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Mark and Joe make their way to the dance floor. Mark is holding back bewildered laughter.

MARK
Fuckin' hell, Joe. Didn't know Will was gay.

JOE
He isn't, lad.

Joe gets right into the crowd and starts dancing his tits off. Mark jumps in after him and dances like a maniac alongside Joe. Grabbing and pushing each other, having too much fun doing so. Mark sets his eyes on the woman from the queue, Elle, sitting on a bench by herself. She isn't looking at anything in particular.

Mark approaches Elle and offers his hand. She looks up at him and smiles, she takes his hand and Mark pulls her up.

Elle and Mark dance together, looking deep into each other's eyes, trying to communicate without saying a word.

Joe then jumps over to them and joins in, getting close to Elle. Elle smiles at Joe awkwardly and carries on to dance, glancing at Mark.

Mark grabs Joe and pulls him back. Mark smiles and wags his finger at Joe. Joe, feeling insulted, begins to walk off. He then pushes Mark in the back. Mark turns around to face Joe, but Joe is already walking away. Mark and Elle continue to dance.

Elle is trying to signal something to Mark, but Mark doesn't understand what she's saying. She mouths something, but Mark isn't getting it. Elle then guides her index finger in the space between her nose and top lip.

ELLE
Drugs!

She gives Mark a huge toothy grin. Mark laughs, he then bites his lip, staring at her. He leaves his daze and looks around the room. He spots Joe back in the crowd, with a woman grinding on him. Mark grabs Elle's hand and walks over to Joe. Mark taps Joe on the shoulder. Joe turns around and pushes Mark away.

Mark grabs Joe and talks into his ear. Joe pushes Mark back again and shrugs. Mark looks around and spots a man leaning against a wall near the toilets, looking around nervously.

Mark and Elle approach him.

MARK
Charlie?

The dealer looks around and signals 5 with his hand, at his waist. Trying to make it look as casual as possible.

MARK
Fifty?!

The dealer stares at Mark, wide eyes, and nods. Mark looks at Elle, she grabs onto his arm and give him a big smile. Mark takes out his wallet, but the dealer grabs Mark's hand, forcing it down, and stares at him with intense paranoia.

The dealer nods his head towards the toilets. Mark nods. The dealer begins to walk to the toilets. Mark starts to follow, but the dealer quickly turns around.

DEALER
Wait.

The dealer continues to the toilets. Mark looks at Elle nervously. She pulls a face that says 'what's his problem?'. Mark laughs with her.

INT. NIGHTCLUB 'THE KITCHEN' TOILETS - NIGHT

Elle and Mark enter to find the dealer waiting for them. Mark notices Will on the floor of the stall, beaten to a pulp - breathing heavily, tears and snot down his face. Dan is sitting on the toilet, unconscious. No one is helping.

DEALER
Fifty.

Mark sighs and takes out the money. Will manages to pull himself up and pushes his way through the exit in a panic.

Mark just about holds out the money before the dealer snatches it from him.

DEALER
Go take a piss.

The dealer walks out. Mark looks concerned, he looks at Elle. She looks at him, smiling.

Elle nods her head at the free stall. They both head in and lock the door.

Confused, they look around. Elle lifts up the toilet seat to see a bag of coke floating in the water. They both burst out laughing. Still laughing, close to tears, Mark grabs the

coke.

ELLE
Oh wow, really get your money's worth, ay?

Mark is taken a back for a second.

MARK
Proper wasn't expecting you to be Australian, ya know.

They both burst out laughing again. Mark's hands are shaking, trying to pour some of the coke out onto the toilet tank and make two lines.

Mark searches for his wallet. He pulls it out and sees he's out of cash. Elle gets out her purse.

ELLE
My treat!

Elle pulls out a fiver and rolls it up. She then puts her head down and does a line. She shoots her head up.

MARK
You've got to scream for it to work!

ELLE
Wooooo! Like that?

MARK
Haha, exactly like that.

Elle laughs and bites her lip. She grabs Mark and kisses him. They begin to kiss a lot, both getting very carried away.

They stop for a moment.

MARK
(laughing)
I'm Mark, by the way.

Mark's laughter dies down as he realises she isn't responding and she's staring at the ground.

MARK
You alright?

Mark grabs her face and pulls her head up. Blood is dripping out of her nose. Elle becomes very pale and wipes her nose. She looks up at Mark, her eyes fading. Her body collapses. Mark just about catches her. He starts to panic.

MARK
Shit, okay, fuck. Shit.

Mark struggles to carry Elle out of the stall. He awkwardly unlocks it and boots it open.

MARK
Help!

Everyone in the bathroom just glares at them and continue their conversations. ODing is clearly nothing new here. Mark stares at them, afraid, wondering why they're not helping.

Mark struggles to get Elle over to the sink. He tries to get her to prop herself up on it, but she collapses to the floor. He turns on the tap, makes a cup with his hands, and splashes water on Elle's face. Nothing. Mark leans down and holds Elle's limp head in his hands.

MARK
Hey, please wake up.

Mark gives her little taps on the cheek as a pathetic attempt to slap her awake.

Mark stands back up and picks Elle up with him. Elle is just barely able to walk.

INT. NIGHTCLUB 'THE KITCHEN' DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Mark carries her into the dance room, and makes his way towards Joe. Joe is kissing a woman on the dance floor. Mark goes up to Joe, carrying Elle, and taps him on the shoulder. Joe waves his hand in the air, indicating for Mark to go away. Joe turns around, annoyed. He then notices Elle.

JOE
What the fuck, lad?!

Mark passes her to Joe.

MARK
Call an ambulance.

Joe grabs her, confused and worried. The woman Joe was kissing wonders off. Joe starts taking Elle to the exit.

Mark walks over to the drug dealer. The drug dealer notices Mark walking right at him, staring at him from the corner of his eye. Not a happy customer. Mark pushes the dealer against the wall.

MARK
What the fuck did you give us?!

The dealer pushes Mark back and swings his fist dead into Mark's nose. Mark falls down to the floor. Mark looks up at the dealer, frightened, and bloody nosed. The dealer looks down at Mark, like he's shit on his shoe.

BANG! The sharp sound of a gunshot breaks through the room. We turn to see a man wearing a gimp mask holding a pistol,

at the entrance.

Joe is dead on the floor near the entrance. Elle is lying next to him. Everyone screams and scatters. The music continues to play. Three more men wearing gimp masks walk in, one other with a pistol and the other two with knives. Four in total.

They close the door behind them, securing it with the gas canister. They then begin to open fire on everybody.

The dealer sprints to the toilets. Mark scrambles to get up and follows.

INT. NIGHTCLUB 'THE KITCHEN' TOILETS - NIGHT

There are four other people already in there, panicking and screaming, holding each other. Mark looks over to the stall to see Dan is still sat on the toilet. He notices a pool of blood below Dan, starting to dry.

The dealer pulls out a knife. A gunned gimp man forces his way into the bathroom. The dealer begins to violently stab him in the stomach, everyone screams in terror. Mark falls to the floor in shock. The dealer takes the mask off the gimped man, and throws it towards Mark.

Mark looks at the gimped man. It's Will.

The dealer grabs the gun and removes the magazine. He then cocks the gun and let's the bullet jump out, he catches it.

The dealer passes the gun to Mark. Mark is shaking his head. He doesn't want it. The dealer forces the gun in to Mark's hand.

DEALER
Now put the mask on, go out there and tell them you killed us and there's no one left in here.

Mark shakes his head. The dealer grabs Mark by the collar and holds the knife up to him.

DEALER
You do it now, or I'll slit your fucking throat.

Mark grabs the mask and puts it on. He then leaves the bathroom.

WOMAN
(to dealer)
Thank you, thank you so much! You're a hero!

INT. NIGHTCLUB 'THE KITCHEN' DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

A knifed gimpman approaches Mark.

GIMPMAN 1
Did you get that faggot?

Mark pauses and gulps. He then nods.

GIMPMAN 1
Then let's fucking go.

Everyone in the club is dead. The music continues to play. All the gimpmen make their way to the exit. Mark keeps his head down. He looks down at Elle, probably dead, and Joe, definitely dead.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB 'THE KITCHEN' - NIGHT - RAIN

They all leave out into the open. There are sirens heard in the distance, getting closer. There's a van on the street, running it's engine.

One of the gimpmen slides open the side door and gestures for Mark to get in. The other 3 follow behind. They all settle in the back as the van takes off.

GIMPMAN 1
Did ya see Joe's face when ya shot him, Will?

GIMPMAN 2
Lad, the look on his face was fucking priceless.

GIMPMAN 3
Long time coming, that one. Did you get Mark, yeah?

Mark nods his head.

GIMPMAN 2
What you bein' dead quiet for lad? This was your idea.

GIMPMAN 3
Yeah man, that Mark kid was proper sound ya know, but if ya said he had to go, he had to go.

GIMPMAN 1
What youse on about that was fucking class lads. Who's got the coke?

GIMPMAN 2
Nah not me, mine's back at the gaff.

GIMPMAN 3
(to Mark)you've got some haven't ya lad, you've always got some on ya.

GIMPMAN 1
Yeah lad, what ya holdin out for, spill it out der fella.

They all start laughing.

GIMPMAN 2
Or we'll set Greg on ya.

Everyone laughs even harder.

GIMPMAN 1
Lad you don't need to be so stone faced, ya know we love ya. Greg's next init.

Gimpman 3 grabs Mark and starts searching his pockets, play wrestling with him.

GIMPMAN 3
Nah I know there's some sniff there, lad. Where you hidin' it?

GIMPMAN 2
Check his asshole, lad. Can store major things up there.

Gimpman 3 pulls out the bag of coke from Mark's pocket.

GIMPMAN 3
I fuckin' knew you had some, lad. You'll get some back don't worry.

Gimpman 3 starts to pour out the coke and arrange it into lines. All three of them take off their masks.

GIMPMAN 1
Can finally fuckin' breathe, felt like I was sucking in Ste's crusty wank sock.

GIMPMAN 2
Wah, ya nan's a baghead. You know I'm all about the toilet paper. Flush that shit away, hide me sins.

Gimpman 2 snorts the coke. Gimpman 3 follows after. Gimpman 1 picks up Mark's gun.

GIMPMAN 1
Lad ya haven't even got a mag in 'ere. Fuckin' 'ell, you empty it
(MORE)

GIMPMAN 1 (cont'd)
into Mark's face or somethin'?
Fuckin' heavy you, lad.

Gimpman 1 snorts his line. Gimpman 2 hangs his head low. Mark clocks Gimpman 3's nose bleeding. Mark sits in silence with them as the van carries on. Gimpman 1 leans his head back against the van. Mark takes his mask off. His face is still. Clueless on what to do next.

END.