

NARCS.

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We start off with a guy face down on a bed, seen from high above him. This lasts for quite a while. He gets up, moving out of shot without us seeing his face.

MUSIC KICKS IN.

We see lots of close ups, all superbly edited to funky music: hands putting clothes into a bag, brushing teeth, putting on a watch, opening the latch on the front door, feet walking out the house down the path, hand opening the car door and getting in, shots of the road as we speed along, shots outside an airport, the car pulls to a stop, shot of the feet stepping out the car, pan up to see him pull the car keys out of his pocket and toss them to a bewildered valet, pan back as he walks out of shot, see the bag dumped on the conveyor belt, passport pulled out of his pocket, put on the desk, given tickets, walks out of shot, see him from behind walking through the waiting lounge, towards the desk, tickets change hands and are ripped, he walks through, keeps going until he leaves the building through a door which we do not follow him through. We see a plane take off and fly into the distance, we see the familiar feet walk through a door then out of shot, then into shot by the luggage belt, we see hands grab a bag then move out of shot, we see feet leave the airport, get in a car, car drives off, it pulls up at a house, feet get out, walk to a door, hands drop the bag and pull keys, which turn in the lock, the door is opened, he walks inside, slamming the door behind him!

MUSIC CUTS OUT ON THE SLAM.

We see the bag drop on the floor, and feet race up some stairs, into a room. He sits down, reaches to a bottle of pills, empties the entire contents into his hands and gulps them all down, as finally we see his face.

SOME STRINGS TYPE MUSIC COMES IN.

Stay close up on the face as he stares pointedly ahead.

CHRIS (V.O.)

They say your whole life flashes before your eyes when you die. As the pills slowly become absorbed, poisoning the blood that will eventually reach my brain, I'm sad to report that so far, that's not true. But these pills work slowly. I'll be in pain for a long while before I finally go numb. I've got a long time to wait before my final release. I get to thinking.

FOCUS OUT, THEN FOCUS IN TO: A CITYSCAPE ON A SUNNY DAY

TITLE.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - SUNNY DAY

CHRIS is sitting on a bench, reading. People are occasionally walking between him and the camera.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Thinking about how my life used to
be.

As someone walks in front of the camera, we...

HIDDEN CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - NEARLY CONTINUOUS.

CHRIS is swinging in and out of shot on a swing.

CHRIS (V.O.)
So simple. So easy.

He keeps swinging. Then the swing enters the shot without CHRIS on it. We stay on the swing as it makes its last trajectory.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Back then..

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDEN - ESTABLISHING SHOT.

CHRIS (V.O.)
..Life was beautiful.

MUSIC KICKS IN.

We pull back through the window, and crane over to CHRIS asleep in the bed. Slowly he sits up, rubs his eyes, etc, as we very slowly pull out. Then, he gets up and (all in the same shot) we follow him out the room and down a flight of stairs to the front door mat where he bends down and picks up the post. As he stands up to return to his room the camera moves on the other way, through the kitchen and out to two guys talking on the patio. NICK is smoking a joint.

NICK
How's the toast?

JACK
Good, yeah, yeah, great. Excellent
toast. Really very nice.

NICK
Mmmmmmmmmmm-hmm.

JACK
Good toast.

NICK
Go on toast!

We crane up to CHRIS as he leans out the window we originally pulled back from the EST. SHOT through, holding an opened package in one hand.

CHRIS
Hey, check out what someone sent!

CHRIS darts back inside his room, out of view of the guys below. Finally, the shot cuts. NICK and JACK look at each other, slightly confused. CHRIS runs through the door out onto the patio, package in hand. He tosses it down on the table.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Have a look.

JACK reaches inside, and pulls something out in a closed palm. We see a close up of his hand as he open it, revealing a dodgy bag filled with small round white pills. We see a close up of his face as he goes wide eyed. He looks up at CHRIS.

JACK
Where'd you get these?!

CHRIS
Someone sent them to us.

JACK
What?

CHRIS
I was opening the post and there they were. Addressed to me.

JACK
Who sent them?

CHRIS
How should I know?

NICK stops smoking and looks up.

NICK
Hey, man, what is it?

JACK
I think it's E.

NICK
What's E?

JACK
You know. E. Ecstasy.

NICK looks gormless for a second. He takes a long drag,
then looks up.

NICK
Cool.

JACK
We're not going to do anything
with it! We have to send it back.

CHRIS
Back to who?

JACK
I dunno. Who ever sent it. The
post office?

CHRIS
Yeah, and get arrested for
dealing?

JACK
That's stupid.

CHRIS looks at him, as if to say, "Is it?".

JACK (CONT'D)
So what do we do with it?

NICK
I dunno man, why don't we just
take it?

Close-ups: CHRIS looks at NICK. NICK smiles. CHRIS looks
at JACK, smiles and shrugs. JACK thinks for a moment,
then relents:

JACK
Okay, *fine*.

NICK
Go on Jack!

JACK
..but we wait til Matt gets here.

THE MUSIC FROM EARLIER KICKS BACK IN.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON.

MATT is cycling along the road, head-on facing the camera, listening to music. At the end of the second bar, he turns into the driveway, chucks his bike down and knocks on the door (in time with the last two beats of the third bar).

We see NICK open the door (facing him), as he smiles and holds up the dodgy bag. We see MATT go from smiling to confused. He pulls out his earphones, the music getting quieter as each one comes out.

MATT
What's that?!

NICK
It's E.

MATT
What's E?

NICK
You know.. ecstasy.

MATT goes from confusion to smiling. He nods, and comes in. As he's shutting the door behind him, we hear:

NICK (CONT'D)
Go on drugs!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

It is fairly dark. Candles are lit. Music is quiet in the background. All four friends sit in a circle on the floor. NICK is smoking. CHRIS holds the package. He shoots a glance at MATT, who shrugs. He pulls out the dodgy bag, and distributes the pills - one for each of them. They all put their hands out, and count to three. On three, they all chow down, and the music kicks in loudly.

We now see a scene where they are on the ecstasy, to loads of trippy effects. Perhaps some of this can be shot on the green screen, as long as it looks perfect. Other effects can be done in Premiere, plus anything else we think of.

At the end of this scene, CHRIS sacks out on the floor, the music cutting out as his head hits the ground. In the

same shot, after a little while, we see the sunlight rise across his face, signifying that the morning has come. We pull out, to reveal a wide shot of all four of them unconscious on the floor in various states of undress, in various shaped positions.

CHRIS (V.O.)
That first night was fun. But it didn't stay that way. That morning, there was another package waiting for me.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - MORNING.

NICK, JACK and MATT are worse for wear and having breakfast. CHRIS walks out of the kitchen holding another package. He sits down, and slings it onto the table.

JACK
What's this?

CHRIS
They sent more.

JACK
More E?

CHRIS
That and more.

MATT
What else?

CHRIS
Take a look.

MATT picks up the package and delves inside. He pulls out a fat wad of cash, and boggles wide-eyed at CHRIS.

MATT
What the fuck is this?!

CHRIS
That'd be one thousand English pounds.

NICK looks up, suddenly alert. (Perhaps he does a spit-take?)

NICK
Go on Chris!

CHRIS
Yup.

MATT
Who sent it?

CHRIS
No clue.

MATT
Okay, the drugs was one thing, but
this is just ridiculous. You do
know we have to tell the police
now, right?

CHRIS
Take another look in the package.

MATT
What is it?

He pulls out a note, and opens it out.

MATT (CONT'D)
It's a note.

He starts to read.

CHRIS (V.O.)
The note was clear. They were
pleased we'd enjoyed the last
package, and told us there was
more to come. But first we had to
do something in return.

MATT passes the note to JACK.

CHRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There was an address. We had to
deliver today's supply there. If
we did that, the money was ours.

JACK passes the note to CHRIS, who passes it to NICK.

CHRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But if we didn't .. well, the
outlook wasn't good.

NICK reads slowly from the note.

NICK
P.S. You fuck with us, you die.

CHRIS clears his throat.

MATT
Look, I don't care what it says.
We have to call the police.

CHRIS

We can't.

MATT

Oh yeah, great argument.

CHRIS

What are you, stupid?

MATT

Yeah, I'm the stupid one for wanting to tell the police we're being set up, blackmailed and dragged into a world of illegality.

They are momentarily silenced. Glances are shot. NICK looks up.

NICK

Go on, increasing your reputation by self-deprecation!

They all turn in to look at him, entirely dumbfounded, then begin to chuckle.

THE MUSIC KICKS IN, AS WE...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

CHRIS is cycling along a road. He swerves off into a driveway, leaving his bike on the pavement as he walks out of shot up to the door. We hear faintly the sound of knocking, then some muffled conversation under the music. Presently, he's back out and on his bike, riding it out of shot.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - NEARLY CONTINUOUS.

The other three are sitting around waiting for him. MATT is making some really annoying tapping/clicking sounds to fill the silence, yet unaware that he is doing so.

JACK

You know, to some people, that could get annoying.

NICK

Go on, pointing out the weaknesses of others in order to

forgo admittance of your own
shortcomings both sexually and
socially!

JACK
And it turns out, that's not much
better.

NICK chuckles. CHRIS walks out onto the patio.

CHRIS
Job done.

JACK
Nice one.

MATT
So what now?

CHRIS
Nick?

NICK smiles a cheeky smile.

NICK
Party time.

MUSIC KICKS IN.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

With the shot on a tripod stationary, we cut between shots of each of them looking in the mirror, trying on outfits, etc. Eventually, after many hilarious outfits, they each settle on suits. CHRIS, in the last shot of this section of the montage, shoots a pointer-finger gun into the mirror and gives a cheesy smile, before turning on his heel and walking out the shot.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A big-ass party is going down (courtesy of the delightful Rosie Owen). A montage of shots of fun and madness are set to the music.

CHRIS (V.O.)
No doubt about it. They were good
times. But we got cocky.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Some post drops through the letterbox. CHRIS wanders into shot, picks it up and walks out the door.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Each day, more of it arrived. And
each day, we delivered.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

We see CHRIS cycling, then peel off.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING.

CHRIS (V.O.)
But day by day, more and more
came.

Package after package drops through the letterbox,
landing in a huge pile on the doormat.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

All four of them are cycling in single file.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Our operation grew larger.

One by one, they peel off until just CHRIS is left. We follow him as he turns in to a drive, knocks on the door, and trades a package for some cash, before walking out of shot.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

More scenes of partying. They are still in suits.

CHRIS (V.O.)
And each night we partied harder.

The party montage continues, until the song comes to a natural close.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Post-partying, the four musketeers are wandering the streets in a drunken stupor. JACK and CHRIS support a highly inebriated NICK between them, whilst MATT sings down a traffic cone.

MATT

*Ohhh, we got drugs and we ain't
afraid to use 'em,*

*We done partied so hard, well gosh
darn we deserve a museum. Each.*

*And a nice long retirement on a
sunny, golden beach,*

*And a girl, with a smile, and a
love in her heart (just for me)*

NICK

Go on, drawing attention to y -

Mid-sentence, he doubles over and throws up, gloriously.

JACK

Woah! I think that hit my shoe..

CHRIS

I think he hit pretty much
everything.

They laugh a little at their poor amigo. We hear a mobile phone ring. CHRIS pulls it out of his pocket, and answers.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Helllllllllllllllllllo?

DEEP VOICE

Do not speak. Just listen. Come to
the town hall immediately. Don't
even think of running.

The line goes dead. CHRIS is momentarily silent.

CHRIS

Guys.. wait.

MATT

What is it?

CHRIS cocks his head to motion for them to follow him, and walks out of shot.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

In a very wide establishing shot of the town hall, we see the four guys walk cautiously into sight.

CHRIS (V.O.)
We all knew what would be waiting
for us.

We are now in a closer shot, as they walk into view then stop, cautious. We see a pair of hands grab CHRIS, thrusting him against the front of the town hall. We do not see his assailant's face.

DEEP VOICE
We warned you, Mr. Spencer.

CHRIS
Look, I'm sorry, okay? Whatever we
have or haven't done, we can work
it out.

DEEP VOICE
It's too late, Mr. Spencer.

CHRIS
Come on, please, we haven't done
anything! We did everything you
asked! We'll give you back all the
money! Please, just don't hurt us!

The owner of the DEEP VOICE lets go of him.

DEEP VOICE
You have 24 hours, Mr. Spencer, to
leave and never come back. But you
better watch out, because if I
ever find out where you are,
you'll wish I'd killed you
tonight.

He turns and begins to walk away. CHRIS stumbles towards him a little.

CHRIS
Oh god, thank you, I won't let you
down. You'll never see me again.
I'll --

The DEEP VOICE turns round and punches him square in the face. He falls out of shot, and when we cut he lands face down on his bed, and the camera pulls up into the original high shot the film opens with. It stays there for a long while, before he moves out of shot, as he first did at the start. END.