

PRICELESS

in Uxbridge

Screenplay by

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BLACK SCREEN

"Life imitates art far more than art imitates life."
Oscar Wilde

FADE IN:

EXT. PANORAMA OF LONDON CITY SKYLINE - SUNSET

London in early spring. City landmark buildings are bathed in yellow light. The skyline looks as if it were cast in solid gold. The exotic aura is enhanced by lilting Asian music.

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER (V.O.)
...eighty-five-thousand now
at eighty-five-thousand...

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S ART AUCTION

The AUCTIONEER rapidly scans the room. He skillfully reads the faces and acknowledges the gestures - a smile here, a nod there, given with an air of consummate command.

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER
...ninety-thousand, at ninety-
thousand now, ninety-five-thousand,
with you sir at ninety-five
thousand...

CUT TO:

INT. AUCTION OF PERSONALISED CAR NUMBER PLATES

The room is dark and packed. Behind the auctioneer, giant mirror-gold PERSPEX DIGITS - proclaim this is the 100th such event. Across the surface of the shiny metallic numerals, REFLECTED and distorted, are the FACES of the crowd.

CAR PLATE AUCTIONEER
...one-hundred-thousand, one-
hundred-and-five-thousand now, one-
hundred-and-ten, one-hundred-and-ten-
thousand, one-hundred-fifteen-
thousand.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S ART AUCTION (CONT'D)

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER

...ahead of you Jonathan now at one-hundred-and-fifteen-thousand, one-hundred-and-twenty, one-hundred-and-thirty, and now one-hundred-and-thirty-thousand-five-thousand. At one-hundred-and-thirty-five-thousand now, still against you at one-hundred-and-thirty-thousand-five...

CUT TO:

INT. AUCTION OF PERSONALISED CAR NUMBER PLATES

A man nods to bid. He (ASIF SINGH) is about fifty-five years old, well dressed in dark suit, white shirt and brightly coloured tie. Next to him is his twenty-two year old son (JAY SINGH) dressed in almost identical clothes. Their faces are in shadow. ASIF is calm, almost serene, as he bids again.

CAR PLATE AUCTIONEER (V.O.)

...looking for one-hundred-and-forty, one-hundred-and-forty-thousand, yes, thank you sir, one-hundred-and-forty, against you sir at one hundred and forty thousand. New bidder...

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S ART AUCTION (CONT'D)

C/U of the CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER.

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER

New bidder, one hundred and forty five thousand, against the two of you now at one-hundred-and-forty-five-thousand.

ECU: In his right hand he twirls a solid gold pen - this 'mini' baton betrays his pent-up energy and excitement...

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

At the back. With you sir at one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand, one-hundred-and-sixty-five-thousand, one-hundred-and-seventy-thousand, one hundred and eighty five, one hundred and eighty five thousand, are we all done, now at one hundred and ninety thousand.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - SUNSET

The setting sun has transformed the iconic bridge to gold. A white, sixty-foot LUXURY CRUISER slices under the bridge, forging upriver. Its wake vectors out to the river bank wall.

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER (V.O.)

Gentleman in the front row, one hundred and ninety? One hundred and ninety thousand, against you now at one hundred and ninety five thousand, now two hundred thousand...

The ELECTRONIC DISPLAY BOARD shows the current bid of \$170,000 in many different currencies. With each bid, the rows of digits blur - stop - focus - then blur again.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUXURY CRUISER ON THAMES (CONT'D)

The WATER sparkles gold and amber in the low sunlight.

A MAN sits at the flying bridge table. He (EDWARD GILCHRIST) is about fifty-five, immaculately groomed with a full head of silver hair. He fires commands into his wireless headset.

CAR PLATE AUCTIONEER (V.O.)

...now two-hundred-thousand, with you now sir at two hundred thousand, two hundred and ten thousand, two hundred and fifteen thousand...

CUT TO:

INT. AUCTION OF PERSONALISED CAR NUMBER PLATES

CAR PLATE AUCTIONEER
...two hundred and twenty thousand,
two twenty, two tewenty, two twenty
five, two hundred and thirty
thousand, two hundred and thirty
five thousand...

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION (CONT'D)

ECU: The AUCTIONEER'S EYES rapidly scan the room.

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER
...two hundred and thirty five
thousand now, two hundred and forty
thousand, two hundred and forty
five thousand, two hundred and
fifty thousand.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLENNIUM BRIDGE - SUNSET

The Millennium pedestrian bridge with St. Paul's in the background. The LUXURY CRUISER passes beneath.

An attractive WOMAN, thirty-something, ex-fashion model (ANGIE HARRISON) and her son (BEN) a boy of around eleven years of age, walk across the bridge from north to south.

The woman is beautiful, with cafe-au-lait skin and a shock of coal black hair. She is fashionably dressed in a figure hugging, two piece, designer business suit. A real babe.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUXURY CRUISER ON THAMES (CONT'D)

The LUXURY CRUISER grooves through the water.

EDWARD grasps the rail surveying the river bank. He strikes the attitude of a military commander storming a beachhead.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION (CONT'D)

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER
No? Okay. And for the third time,
two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand. And
selling. This striking painting...

CUT TO:

INT. AUCTION OF PERSONALISED CAR NUMBER PLATES

CAR PLATE AUCTIONEER (V.O.)
This very distinctive number plate
is selling now.

CUT TO:

INT. AUCTION OF PERSONALISED CAR NUMBER PLATES (CONT'D)

CAR PLATE AUCTIONEER
...but not yours. Fair
warning. Against you sir.
Selling now at two-hundred-
and-fifty-thousand.

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER (V.O.)
...but not yours. Fair
warning. Against you sir.
Selling now at two-hundred-
and=fifty-thousand.

CUT TO:

ECU: Crack! Goes the gavel. Applause of auction buyers.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION (CONT'D)

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER
Yours! Your painting sir, at two
hundred and fifty thousand pounds.
Congratulations!

CUT TO:

INT. AUCTION OF PERSONALISED CAR NUMBER PLATES (CONT'D)

CAR PLATE AUCTIONEER
Your number plate sir, at two
hundred and fifty thousand pounds.
Congratulations!

CUT TO:

The number plate - 'MR 51NGH' - fills the screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. INVESTMENT BANK OFFICES - THE CITY

Futuristic headquarters building in Threadneedle Street.

We see the REFLECTION in the glass of the building of a MAN striding confidently along the street. Meet DREW HARRISON, early forties, elegantly dishevelled, a modestly successful artist, with a relaxed disposition and designer glasses.

DREW spins through the revolving doors into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. INVESTMENT BANK OFFICES ENTRANCE LOBBY

It is a cool, clinical, minimalist and extremely spacious lobby. Its glowing white walls are adorned with high-profile contemporary artworks. Etiquette demands hushed tones.

Ignoring the the whispers of the RECEPTIONIST and the gaze of the TWO SECURITY GUARDS, DREW paces across the floor, past the semi-circle of leather chairs, directly to the paintings.

DREW's eyes are fixed on the CANVASES - deeply absorbed. He surveys one, then the next, then the next. His eyes feast on the form, the colours and the texture.

DREW's fingers tingle to touch the surface of the paint.

In the background the GOLD DOORS of the lift suck open to reveal a 'sharp-dressed' man. He's the bank's CEO, MARK CHAPMAN, a hard-nosed, forty-something, New Yorker.

DREW does not notice CHAPMAN's entrance.

CHAPMAN gets to the centre of the floor and declaims so loudly that even the SECURITY GUARDS are startled.

CHAPMAN

Great space isn't it? Hi, Mark
Chapman, Drew...

DREW is literally 'Yanked' back to reality.

CHAPMAN (CONT'D)

...your painting's gonna hang right
here.

DREW

Interesting position for me!
Between one artist who sacrificed
his art and another who sacrificed
his life.

CHAPMAN
Sorry, buddy, but both this
Fairhurst, and the Hirst will be
going back to Edward's gallery soon
- to be sold.

DREW plonks into a chair, unable to hide his disappointment.

DREW
Are things that tough?

CHAPMAN
In the current economic climate
it's all about controlling
liquidity and public perceptions...

CHAPMAN makes an expansive gesture around the lobby.

CHAPMAN (CONT'D)
...that's why all these valuable
paintings have to go. It could look
like extravagance. The "Canvas-Area-
to-Cost-Ratio" is far too high.

DREW
The what?

CHAPMAN
The "Canvas-Area-to-Cost-Ratio".
The bank judges an abstract canvas
on the cost per square centimetre.
Yours is about right...

DREW takes it on the chin with a 'yes, I see' nod.

CHAPMAN (CONT'D)
...and when these have been sold we
could be looking for two more of
your paintings to hang here, oh...

CHAPMAN is now standing and staring directly down on DREW.

CHAPMAN (CONT'D)
...and Drew, let Angie choose them -
then ask her to give me a call.

CHAPMAN marches away - he calls back over his shoulder.

CHAPMAN (CONT'D)
You're a fortunate man, I envy you -
she's beautiful and smart.

ECU: DREW sits and swivels his gold wedding band.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE DRIVE TO SAVOY HOTEL - SUNSET

ELEANOR GRAHAM a regal, fifty-year-old woman, is pacing a rut into the pavement, alongside a Rolls-Royce limousine. ELEANOR is American; from Virginia, rich, vital - and very nervous.

The CHAUFFEUR stands 'at ease' nearby patiently waiting.

EDWARD walks up, kisses her respectfully on both cheeks.

EDWARD
Eleanor, hi. It's cold, why aren't
you sitting in the car?

ELEANOR
(in a Southern drawl)
Edward, I've been thinking.

EDWARD
Thinking about what?

ELEANOR
I just can't go through with it.

EDWARD
You don't have that option.

ELEANOR
I can't, I just can't!

EDWARD
Look, if you don't do it now -
tonight - it will be too late.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLENNIUM BRIDGE (CONT'D)

DREW wcasually walks through city traffic, annoying drivers.

DREW
Sorry, take it easy.

ANGIE 'poses' at the top of the ramp to the exit walkway in the background is Tate Modern art gallery.

BEN'S eyes pop with excitement when he sees his father.

DREW spots them, waves, breaks into a jog, ducks and weaves through the people and skids to a halt in front of them. Hugs and kisses. DREW, ANGIE and BEN walk together off the bridge.

BEN produces a small digital camera from his pocket and starts to snap away happily at the boats and passers-by.

ANGIE

So, how did it go?

DREW

He likes my 'canvas area to cost ratio'. What a complete 'banker' - you could have warned me.

ANGIE

Then you wouldn't have gone.

DREW

Well you can handle it next time.

ANGIE

Do they want another painting?

DREW

Two. He wants you to pick them.

ANGIE

That's great - isn't it?

DREW

Yeah great. I'm just a cheap option to cover some gaps on their wall.

ANGIE

I think I can sell them the two big canvases you were going to paint over then.

DREW

You can't do that. They've got my name on them!

ANGIE

You'll never break into the 'big league' with your scruples hun.

DREW

I don't want to break into it with bad work!

On the riverside walkway DREW and ANGIE seat themselves on a bench. TATE MODERN towers in the background.

ANGIE

But maybe what you think is sub-standard is just what people want.

DREW

I - don't do what people want - I paint what I want.

ANGIE

Well, perhaps that's your problem.
Art is a commodity these days. You
take it all too seriously.

DREW

One of us has to.

BEN snaps a picture of his parents.

BEN

I take you seriously Dad.

DREW

Thank you Ben.

ANGIE

Oh honey, you know I do too. But
right now we need the money. Soon,
I hope, we'll be past all this.

DREW

Can't come soon enough for me.

ANGIE

I'm working on it. Now boys, off
you go and play. I've got a few
calls to make.

BEN

Please come with us Mum...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SAVOY HOTEL ENTRANCE DRIVE (CONT'D)

EDWARD

Look, you've got to be strong. I
promise, it'll all be over in a few
hours.

ELEANOR

It's.. I'm not... I'm...

EDWARD

Are you worried who gets them?

ELEANOR

No.

EDWARD

What people will think?

ELEANOR

No.

EDWARD

What? That they won't go?

ELEANOR

Oh my goodness. No! That didn't even occur to me!

EDWARD clasps his head in exasperation.

EDWARD

What then? Is it the money?

ELEANOR

It's not the money. It's will it be enough - you know - to put things right?

CUT TO:

INT. TATE MODERN ENTRANCE - TURBINE HALL

DREW, ANGIE and BEN enter the vastness of the TURBINE HALL.

ANGIE

Tell Dad about your school project.

BEN

We've got to do a presentation about our dads' job... and you work here sometimes, at this gallery don't you, giving lessons?

DREW

I've done a few seminars. But you know, my main job is making art.

BEN

I know Dad, but painting always get you in a bad mood.

DREW

That's because it's hard work - and it gets very lonely sometimes.

BEN

My friend Toby said that his dad got lonely with his work too and went on holiday with his secretary. Then his mum left home and took all his dad's money.

ANGIE laughs and puts her arms around DREW.

ANGIE

That won't happen to us. Your dad doesn't have a secretary - or any money - he's got me.

DREW

I could do with a holiday though.

ANGIE seductively places her beautiful hand on DREW's cheek.

ANGIE

I could do with a secretary to help me - relax!

DREW

I'm willing to do a bit of overtime tonight - if you are...

C/U of BEN's face, he smiles innocently at his parents - then is wide-eyed at the gigantic scale of the TURBINE HALL.

CUT TO:

INT. AUCTION OF PERSONALISED CAR NUMBER PLATES, BACK OFFICE

C/U ASIF signs a cheque for £250,000. ASIF passes it to the cashier and receives a document in return.

ASIF leaves the office and is met in the corridor by JAY.

JAY

You bought a number plate for a quarter of a million pound!

ASIF

Jay my son you don't understand.

JAY

Unbelievable! It cost more than the car!

ASIF

I saw an opportunity and took it. The car went down in value the day I bought it - the value of this will keep going up!

CUT TO:

INT. BACK OF LIMOUSINE

EDWARD and ELEANOR sit in silence peering out of the windows.

The LIMOUSINE moves gently through the evening traffic then slows almost to a snail's pace to negotiate a sharp turning.

ELEANOR suddenly leans forward - with her hand on the door handle - she taps on the glass partition.

ELEANOR
Stop the car!

EDWARD
Where are you going?

ELEANOR is already half out of the door.

ELEANOR
...be back in a second.

EDWARD slumps back in his seat - calm but exasperated.

ELEANOR approaches a TRAMP making up his bed in a doorway and discreetly hands him a few twenty-pound notes.

EDWARD watches intently. ELEANOR strolls back to the car.

The TRAMP leans back onto his shopping trolley and gives a gap-toothed smile - as the limousine drives away.

EDWARD
You gave a homeless man money.
He'll just drink it!

ELEANOR
What's wrong with that?

ELEANOR grabs a bottle and glass from the limo's bar. She pours a double and gulps it down. EDWARD declines a drink.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
Haven't you heard of Karma?

EDWARD
Calmer... that's what I would like
you to be. Much, much, much calmer.

ELEANOR
Who will have a harder time tonight
- him or me?

EDWARD
So far... me!

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION MAIN SALE ROOM (CONT'D)

C/U Cover of the sale catalogue 'THE GRAHAM COLLECTION'.

The AUCTIONEER's hand opens the catalogue and with his gold fountain PEN he makes a few notes.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK OF LIMOUSINE (CONT'D)

ELEANOR

You know Edward, my father always insisted on actually meeting the artist before buying any painting. He once said to me: "You need to get the measure of a man - before you can risk looking inside his soul".

EDWARD

And he met all the greats - before they were great!

ELEANOR

All except Jackson Pollock - apparently he got too drunk that day.

(beat)

When I was growing up I never realised how valuable the paintings around me were.

C/U ELEANOR nervously prods the ice cubes in her drink.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Back then, my father never spoke about the price of any of his pictures - but he knew their value.

EDWARD

Today's new breed of speculator buys art like lottery tickets - hoping to make a killing. Your father collected from the heart - he had a genuine passion.

ELEANOR

For art, or money?

EDWARD

Both! Or we wouldn't be here.

CUT TO

EXT. CHRISTIE'S ART AUCTION

EDWARD's limousine draws up outside Christie's. The CHAUFFEUR opens the door for ELEANOR, she steps out, then turns back.

ELEANOR
Wish me luck?

EDWARD
If we do well tonight - luck won't
have anything to do with it. Rachel
will meet you inside.

ELEANOR exits car and closes the door.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Paul, to the hospital as quickly as
possible please.

CHAUFFEUR PAUL
Yes sir.

CUT TO

INT. CHRISTIE'S ART AUCTION

RACHEL NOWICKI, a tall, attractive and well-dressed young woman approaches ELEANOR with hand outstretched. She speaks perfect English with a cultured East European accent.

RACHEL
Good evening Eleanor.

ELEANOR
Rachel.

RACHEL
It's very good to see you here. It
is going to be a very exciting sale
I think. We have prepared a private
viewing box for you.

ELEANOR
I want them to see I'm here.

RACHEL
Very well. Are you ready for this?

ELEANOR
I'm ready.

RACHEL, impressed, hands ELEANOR the sale catalogue and gestures towards the doorway to the main auction room.

The room is HEAVING WITH PEOPLE getting to their seats and gossiping with each other. The sound in the room swells and MUSIC evokes the FEELING OF A DREAM.

AUCTION GUEST - FEMALE - POLISH
Look, there's Eleanor Graham

ELEANOR

Hello.

AUCTION GUEST - MALE - FRENCH

Bonjour Eleanor, very nice to see you.

ELEANOR

Good to see you too. Hi, hi,

AUCTION GUEST - FEMALE - RUSSIAN

Eleanor! What a great surprise.

ELEANOR

Thank you. Hi, hello,

AUCTION GUEST - MALE - ITALIAN

Bonjorno.

ELEANOR

Hello.

AUCTION GUEST - MALE - SPANISH

Buenas noches.

ELEANOR

Hi, hello.

AUCTION GUEST - MALE - GREEK

Good evening Eleanor.

ELEANOR

Hello.

AUCTION GUEST - MALE&FEMALE - SWEDISH

Hello Ms. Graham.

ELEANOR

Hi, hi, hello, hi...

ELEANOR moves through people, making nods of acknowledgement, shaking a few hands. People's mouths move in silent speech.

The WOMEN are adorned in jewellery; many have been determined to appear a great deal younger than their true age.

The MEN, well-dressed and tanned, ooze a carefully practised air of relaxed confidence and casual interest.

The AUCTIONEER steps onto the podium. He twirls his GOLD PEN.

The PEOPLE MANNING THE PHONES are either speaking or purposefully organising their papers.

ELEANOR turns and walks directly out of the room - out of sight of the crowd - a solitary tear escapes her eye.

CUT TO:

INT. TATE MODERN GALLERY SPACE (CONT'D)

DREW, ANGIE and BEN tour an exhibition of contemporary art. A FUTURISTIC BRONZE SCULPTURE catches BEN'S eye.

BEN
Wow! I really like this sculpture.

DREW
No, no son don't touch.

BEN
Sorry Dad, it looks so great.

DREW
Sir Jacob Epstein made that - nearly 100 years ago.

BEN
But it looks new, like the robot army in Star Wars.
(beat)
Are all great artists dead?

ANGIE
That's a good question, Ben.

DREW
Some living artists might be great. That's what I'm talking to students about here tonight.

BEN
Will you be a great artist dad?

DREW
I don't think my ego is big enough for that.

BEN
Is that why we're moving?

ANGIE
Yes, darling. So your dad can have a bigger ego.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S PRIVATE VIEWING BOX

The room has a large internal ONE-WAY WINDOW over the main auction room. There are four large armchairs, a bookshelf of art books and sale catalogues. Beneath it a small drinks bar.

ELEANOR pours a quadruple BOURBON and takes a large gulp.

View of the auction room from the private viewing box.

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER

Good evening ladies and gentlemen.
Welcome to this evening's sale, of
this important collection, of
British contemporary works from the
estate of the late Mr Rothwell
Graham. Lot 1... let's start the
bidding at six-hundred-thousand...
thank you, six-hundred and fifty-
thousand...

CUT TO

C/U ELEANOR sips her Bourbon and studies the AUCTIONEER.

ELEANOR

The high priest addresses his
devoted congregation?

RACHEL

I have never thought of it quite
like that. You should do well
tonight.

ELEANOR

Rachel, you know I'm not selling,
I'm buying.

RACHEL, bemused, stares at ELEANOR.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Tonight, I'm buying my freedom.

CUT TO

INT. TATE MODERN CAFE

ANGIE paces up and down in front of the window over the Millennium bridge and St Paul's.

ANGIE

(into phone)

Hi Asif,. Yes it's Angie. Where
exactly are we on the budget?

(beat)

Including all the overtime?

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

OK, good, see you tomorrow.

DREW and BEN enter the cafe ANGIE walks over to meet them.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Asif says the office will be finished tonight.

DREW

Good.

ANGIE

First, complete on the sale of the flat - get us into a great new house - and you into a new studio.

DREW

I'm proud of you doing all this on your own. With a bigger studio - I'm going to do my best collection yet.

ANGIE

You better. Sell at ridiculously high prices - and then you can support me - in the style to which I wish to become accustomed.

DREW kisses ANGIE on the cheek, hugs BEN and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION MAIN SALE ROOM (CONT'D)

C/U of AUCTIONEER in action.

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER

Lot two.

ECU: Crack! Gavel strike. Applause of auction buyers.
Lot three.

ECU: Crack! Gavel strike. Applause of auction buyers.
Lot four.

ECU: Crack! Gavel strike. Applause of auction buyers.
Lot five is next... starting at three-hundred-thousand... four-hundred-thousand, five-hundred-thousand, six-hundred-thousand, seven-hundred-thousand...

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S PRIVATE VIEWING BOX (CONT'D)

ELEANOR

I'm hoping that by letting all the collection go - I will keep my father's reputation intact.

(beat)

When my father started collecting, the pictures he bought cost very little - now prices have rocketed beyond all reason.

RACHEL

That is what is so fantastic!

ELEANOR

Fantastic: sensational, unbelievable, ludicrous; both the art and the prices.

ECU: Eleanor pours a very large Jack Daniels

(beat)

Drink? Fantastic? It's farcical. A picture is still just a few bucks worth of paint, wood and fabric!

(beat)

My father's whole collection is valued at half a billion dollars!

RACHEL

Wow! Three-hundred million pounds!

ELEANOR

Trust me - it's just a burden - in any currency.

CUT TO:

TATE MODERN GALLERY SPACE (CONT'D)

DREW and BEN walk past a few contemporary art pieces.

ELEANOR (V.O.)

I'll miss the older pictures, I grew up with them. Sometimes they even feel like a part of me. But I'm not convinced by any of these later works. To you that must sound shockingly conservative.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION MAIN SALE ROOM (CONT'D)

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER (V.O.)
Lot 20, Lot 23, Lot 29, Lot 34, Lot
37, Lot 39...

MONTAGE: A crescendo of sale board prices, the auctioneer, bidders faces, the gold twirling pen, the phone staff.

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER
Lot 40. Two-million to start, thank
you. Two-and-a-half-million. Three-
million. Three-and-a-half...

Then suddenly - THE GAVEL cracks and echoes like a GUNSHOT!

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S PRIVATE VIEWING BOX (CONT'D)

RACHEL
Forty lots have gone. There will be
a short break now.

ELEANOR
How have we done?

RACHEL
Quite well. Some went for less than
we had hoped. The total is around -
thirty-seven-million...
(beat)
...and the twenty most important
pieces are still to go.

CUT TO:

INT. EDWARD'S LIMOUSINE - OUTSIDE PRIVATE HOSPITAL

The limousine glides to repose by the curb.

EDWARD
Paul, go grab a bit now, pick me up
in an hour.

CHAUFFEUR PAUL
Thank you sir. My best wishes to
Mister Charles.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLES' PRIVATE HOSPITAL

EDWARD bounds up the entrance steps two at a time.

EDWARD walks briskly along the corridors, loosening his tie.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S PRIVATE VIEWING BOX (CONT'D)

ELEANOR

My mother used to say: "Every silver lining has a cloud", and this collection is an ugly cloud hanging over me. After she died my father changed.

ELEANOR looks down at the the PEOPLE in the auction.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

He turned into an addict. Hooked on this. He didn't care where the cash came from - he just kept buying.

ELEANOR stares deeply into the amber spirit and swirls it around the glass, as if searching for an answer. She places the drink on the bar and picks up the sale catalogue.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Dealers, advisers, bankers, consultants and then finally a tax 'mitigation' scheme with his foundation. I think the pressure of the investigation killed him.

ELEANOR 'thumb-flicks' the pages of the sale catalogue.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

That 'foundation' was more important than anything and anyone - including me.

(beat)

This sale catalogue contains works worth five-hundred million dollars. I am glad to see it all...

ELEANOR drops the sale catalogue into the waste basket.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Gone!

CUT TO:

INT. TATE MODERN GALLERY - SEMINAR ROOM

DREW stands at a podium addressing an audience of students, art fans, academics, collectors and artists.

DREW's presentation starts with a MONTAGE of 'outraged' newspaper headlines reporting the work of the YBAs - Hirst's Shark, Emin's bed, etc.

ELEANOR and RACHEL's conversation continues over.

RACHEL (V.O.)
...I love the recent pieces -
they're already icons.

ELEANOR (V.O.)
Icons? Symbolising what, exactly?

RACHEL (V.O.)
The very best contemporary art.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIES PRIVATE VIEWING BOX (CONT'D)

ELEANOR
I con, you con, we con, they con -
who's conning who these days?

ELEANOR takes an artbook from the shelf and opens it at random, what she sees prompts her to complain:

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
Celebrity artists, more con-
artists, aren't they?

CUT TO:

INT. TATE MODERN GALLERY - SEMINAR ROOM

DREW runs through the ART SLIDES of his presentation.

ELEANOR and RACHEL continue in conversation over the images.

RACHEL (V.O.)
But you need a shock to break free
of people's preconceptions. I know
it offends some people but new
types of art have always done that.

ELEANOR (V.O.)
The shock is what people will pay!

RACHEL (V.O.)
It has attracted lots of new money.

ELEANOR (V.O.)
For the chance to make big profits!

RACHEL (V.O.)

Why not? It is an old-fashioned idea that an artist has to be poor and struggle all their life, only to be recognised after they are dead. Why should artists struggle to make a decent living from their art?

ELEANOR (V.O.)

Art should be about struggle! But today, it's just like any other business, supply, demand, distribution. It's a market. But the multi-billion dollar art market, is unregulated. Just like drug-dealing.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Maybe the market needs controls but you cannot regulate art itself. It must be rooted in free expression. That is what makes it thought-provoking - the viewer creates the art in their own mind...

ELEANOR (V.O.)

...I know: they aren't being told what to think or what to see?

RACHEL (V.O.)

That's right! They can make up their own interpretation - and it proves that art exists in everything and everyone. The role of the artist is to show us where to look. So anything can be art!

CUT TO

INT. CHRISTIES PRIVATE VIEWING BOX (CONT'D)

ELEANOR

Cigarette butts in gold frames?
Dead animals? An unmade bed? A
diamond encrusted skull? Art was hi-
jacked by an advertising man and
the super-rich paid the ransom.
They're spending art to death!

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLES' PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM

EDWARD knocks lightly on a door, pauses for a reply, enters.

An elderly man (CHARLES GILCHRIST) sits in bed engrossed in his laptop - his face is lit by the screen. EDWARD enters.

CHARLES

Edward, Oh thank goodness it's you.
I thought it was that pesky nurse
again. Come in my boy, come in.
It's about to start!

EDWARD

Already? How are we doing?

CHARLES

Not as well as I'd like. A few only
just above reserve.

EDWARD

Are you up to this?

CHARLES

Up to it? I'm doing better than
you, rushing in here all sweaty and
late.

EDWARD

I'm not late!

CHARLES

Don't worry, I'll get them stirred
up with the next six lots.

A NURSE enters the room and is about to approach the bed.

NURSE

Hello. Mr Gilchrist...

CHARLES

Not now. Most definitely not now!

NURSE

...you are not supposed to work.
And I have to take your blood
pressure.

CHARLES

My blood pressure will be fine if
you'd kindly leave the room.

NURSE

I'll be back later. With Dr Rose!

CHARLES

Get out woman! Now!

The shocked NURSE looks to EDWARD but receives no support.

NURSE

Oh! You're a terrible rude man!

CHARLES waves her away with a gestures of bored contempt.

The NURSE makes a haughty exit.

CHARLES looks up from the laptop and winks at EDWARD.

EDWARD

Are you properly warmed up now?

CHARLES

Yes, I've got my motor running. Put the live feed on the table, here.

C/U: The LAPTOP has a four screen video feed of the auction.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Tell Henry we're on stand-by - and pass me the phone.

EDWARD picks up an A4 sheet of paper which contains a long list of names, he absorbs it while speaking into the phone.

EDWARD

Henry, we're ready. Yes I'm looking at the list now - here's Charles.

EDWARD passes the phone to CHARLES.

CHARLES

We need to stay on top of it tonight Henry. We're going to be into some big numbers...

(eyes on the laptop)

...I guessed right, they are all in tonight - I've marked which pieces I think each will go for.

EDWARD

Let's hope they've come to buy.

CHARLES

They have - but we might need to nudge them a bit. What's the worst that could happen?

EDWARD

The worst? We pick up a piece we don't want at over twenty-million!

CHARLES

That's always the risk.

EDWARD

Believe me I know. And if this goes wrong we'll lose the New York sale.

CHARLES

Edward, her father was one of my closest friends. Promise me you'll look after Eleanor.

EDWARD

I will uncle.

CHARLES

Here we go...

(into the phone)

Harry, the estimate is low at eight. It should hit eleven, be ready to bid at twelve, we need to get it to sixteen.

EDWARD

Sixteen-million? Have you taken leave of your senses?

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S ART AUCTION MAIN SALE ROOM (CONT'D)

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER

Lot 41, starting at ten-million, thank you, eleven-million, eleven-million-five-hundred-thousand. With you now Jonathan at eleven-and-half-million; thank you, twelve-million. twelve-million. Are we all done at twelve-million? Fair warning, against you now at twelve-million.

The AUCTIONEER stops twirling his GOLD PEN, places it on the desk and picks up the GAVEL, looks at HENRY on the telephone.

CUT TO:

C/U: CHARLES bids over the phone.

CHARLES

Bid thirteen.

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER

New bidder, on the telephone now at thirteen-million. Against you now Jonathan, against you Giovanni at thirteen-million. Thirteen million, five-hundred thousand. Fourteen-million, fourteen-million. With you now Giovanni at fourteen-million.

(MORE)

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

On the telephone at fourteen and a half-million, against you Jonathan, against you Giovanni at fourteen-million five hundred thousand... thank you back in the room at fifteen-million.

CUT TO:

CHARLES

Harry, bid fifteen-and-a-half.

EDWARD

Come on...

CUT TO:

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER

On the telephone now at fifteen-and-a-half-million, fifteen-and-a-half-million, are we all done at fifteen-and-a-half? Fifteen-million-five-hundred-thousand. Looking for sixteen. Are we all done at fifteen-and-a-half-million? On the telephone at fifteen-and-a-half-million. Looking for sixteen...

C/U - The GAVEL hovers agonisingly in the air. The AUCTIONEER surveys the faces, one BIDDER shakes his head, then another.

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Fair warning... Are we all done?

EDWARD

Come on. Pleeeeease! Come on...

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER

Giovanni, sixteen-million. In the room now at sixteen-million. selling at sixteen-million. Sixteen-million. Are we all done at sixteen-million? Fair warning.

ECU: (Crack! Goes the gavel).

Sold at sixteen-million. Congratulations, Giovanni.

CHARLES

Told you.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTIE'S PRIVATE VIEWING BOX

ELEANOR and RACHEL look down into the auction in amazement.

ELEANOR

That piece just went for double the estimate. Who was bidding on the phone?

RACHEL

Honestly, I couldn't say.

CUT TO:

INT. DREW & ANGIE'S DOCKLANDS FLAT - NEXT MORNING

The bedroom is massive, ultra-modern, stylish, understated. A flat screen TV shows the morning news - the sound is muted. On the wall are FRAMED MAGAZINE COVERS of Angie modelling.

ANGIE is dressed and putting on mascara in the mirror.

DREW is sitting up in bed doing a sketch of ANGIE.

INSERT: DRAWING - DREW'S HAND adds in some finishing detail.

BEN wanders in wearing his private school uniform.

BEN

Got to go to school now Dad.

DREW

OK, gimme a hug then.

BEN

Bye.

ANGIE checks the sketch, blows DREW a kiss, exits with BEN.

ANGIE enters a high-tech, open plan kitchen with views through to the sprawling lounge and out over the docks.

ANGIE

Coffee's on the table - be back in ten minutes, can you get ready hun.

DREW (O.S.)

Ten minutes, fine, no problem...

DREW climbs out of the bed and turns up the volume on the TV. Hearing bad news, DREW sneers at the screen and walks into the bathroom and steps into the SHOWER.

C/U - TV - TELEVISION NEWS REPORT

NEWSREADER

In other business news today:
Government initiatives to cut
unemployment were again dashed this
week when US business software
giant Triage Corporation, announced
they are pulling out of the U.K.
Six UK offices will close and two-
thousand-three-hundred Triage staff
will lose their jobs. It is
rumoured that a deal has been
struck with a company in India to
take over support for all one-
hundred-and-fifty-thousand UK
business customers.

DREW emerges from the bathroom, disinterested, he turns off
the television.

CUT TO:

INT. ALDGATE TUBE STATION PLATFORM

C/U DREW'S finger tracing the route across the TUBE MAP.

DREW (V.O.)
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7...

INSERT: An 'Indiana Jones' style animated map graphic,
depicting the route as an 'epic' journey.

DREW
...8, 9, 10, 11 - it's a lot of
stops - 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21 -
Uxbridge.
(beat)
Listen, you go. I'm sure you can
handle it on your own. I'm going to
work on my new painting.

ANGIE
Paint later. You want a bigger
studio. Right? Well this is what
will pay for it.

The TUBE pulls in - ANGIE and DREW get onboard.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLES PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM

INSERT: Headline: 'GRAHAM COLLECTION EXCEEDS ESTIMATES'

CHARLES is sitting up in bed, listening to Radio 2 and
reading the newspaper article about the Christie's sale.

The song playing on the radio is by Del Amitri:
*"And computer terminals report some gains on the values of copper and tin...
While American businessmen snap up Van Goghs for the price of a hospital wing"*

EDWARD and ELEANOR walk in.

CHARLES
We did well, didn't we?

ELEANOR
I can only guess at how.

CHARLES
Just like poker. Know the players,
read the signs, a little bluff...

EDWARD
...a little bluff!

ELEANOR silently claps her hands in tribute.

ELEANOR
Bravo gentlemen. I was so nervous
last night, I wanted to pull out...

ELEANOR notices that EDWARD is smiling at her confession.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
...I don't know how you do it.

CHARLES
I can take it, but I don't think
the nurses here can.

ELEANOR
I've asked Edward if you would both
advise on the New York sale.

CHARLES
Good. When are you thinking?

EDWARD
In about four months.

CHARLES
That sounds about right - time for
last night to ripple through the
system.

CHARLES takes ELEANOR's hand in his.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Eleanor my dear, I know how
traumatic the last few months have
been for you, but it was necessary.

EDWARD

Who knows where the market might go over the next year.

CHARLES

We took over ninety-six-million pounds last night - enough to head off any risk of an investigation into your father's dealings.

EDWARD

After the New York sale you'll be able to settle with the IRS and the rest of the creditors in full.

CHARLES

And still have enough to be secure.

ELEANOR

All I want is to be free of it, completely.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE BUILDING IN UXBRIDGE

The office is a large, simple open-plan space. ASIF and JAY are inspecting the refurbishment work. JAY ticks off items on a clipboard, as his father ASIF calls them out. JAY keeps looking out of the window.

ASIF

Please try to pay attention.

JAY

I am. When are you going to ask about the new tenants?

ASIF

Leave that to me. We need the office signed-off first. They'll be here in...

(checking his gold Rolex)

...thirteen minutes.

JAY

They're bound to be late.

ASIF

It doesn't matter - they're the customer. We must be ready on time.

JAY

OK, if you say so.

ASIF

I do say so.

JAY

It could really use some pictures
in here - it looks so boring.

ASIF

Over my dead body! I agreed to one
in reception and one in the
boardroom - no more - understand?
(gesturing upwards)
Please go up to the roof and check
all that rubbish has been removed.

JAY bounds up the stairway to the roof. Once there he forgets
what he is supposed to check and stops to enjoy the view. He
takes in a dull grey PANORAMA of the canal, town and station.

CUT TO:

EXT. UXBRIDGE TUBE STATION FORECOURT

DREW and ANGIE walk out of Uxbridge tube station onto the
forecourt. FOUR YOUTHS IN HOODIES jostle by them noisily.

ANGIE

Welcome to suburbia sweetie...

DREW walks up to a BRONZE STATUE of a woman holding a baby.

DREW

A Madonna and child. Did Mary have
a toddler and a dog as well?

ANGIE

Don't start. And don't be mean.

As DREW turns, a TRAMP seated sleeping peacefully on a bench,
catches his eye. A RED HEADED WOMAN, holding a professional
camera, taps on Drew's shoulder.

CAT

Excuse me.

DREW

Sorry.

DREW smiles. The WOMAN clicks a few shots of the TRAMP.

DREW (CONT'D)

I hope he's not a local artist.

ANGIE

Listen smart-arse - you'll be sleeping on a bench soon if you don't help me get this office deal sorted. Come on we're late.

ANGIE and DREW pass THREE SMALL CHILDREN - walking in a row - each one is speaking on a mobile phone. Their MOTHER - like a duck herding ducklings - follows behind. She is also speaking on her mobile, pushing a baby in a pram.

ANGIE and DREW walk down a period lane, past a few character shops to a main road opposite a large office building.

CARS whiz past on four lanes of road. They cross with difficulty to the churchyard and WAR MEMORIAL.

An ELDERLY MAN, wearing an assortment of medals, turns from a war memorial that's defaced by graffiti. He shrugs sadly.

ANGIE and DREW pass a large circular car park and take the foot bridge across to the opposite side of the road. They stop on the middle of the bridge to survey the town.

DREW

Lots of big offices... and a Guggenheim Museum style car park!

ANGIE

Stop making fun. It's a good location - close to the M4, M40, the M25 and the airport.

DREW

Is that good?

ANGIE

Idiot! It's what businesses want.

As ANGIE and DREW continue walking along the road, DREW stops and pulls back foliage from an old cast iron sign:

INSERT: GRAND UNION CANAL SIGN.

DREW

The Grand Union Canal?

ANGIE

It's just a spur - but it runs right beside the office.

ANGIE and DREW walk down a flight of steps to the canal.

TWO LADS are fishing under the bridge. A CANAL BOAT is moored nearby. An OLD HIPPIE COUPLE sip drinks on the tiny deck.

ASIF SINGH appears from across the bridge.

ANGIE looks up at the building and spots JAY leaning over the roof railings. Spotting her he quickly disappears from view.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OFFICE BUILDING UXBRIDGE

ASIF walks down the steps and approaches ANGIE and DREW.

ANGIE
It looks good. Clean and smart.

ASIF
Let me talk you through everything.
All the external surfaces have been
given an advanced coating which
actually repels the dirt...

ANGIE, listening intently, follows ASIF along the canal path inspecting the exterior of the building.

DREW wanders under the bridge to a street art mosaic, then studies the graffiti - he spots the word 'PAX'. JAY enters.

JAY
What do you think?

DREW
Great building. I love the curved
walls.

ANGIE and ASIF approach to join them.

ASIF
My son Jay. He handled the interior
design. He's very artistic.

ANGIE
Drew's an artist - a painter.

ASIF
Do you make much from your
paintings?

DREW is taken aback at Asif's directness.

DREW
I do OK.

ASIF
How much is one of your paintings?

DREW
Around fifteen-thousand.

ASIF

How long to paint?

DREW

A month, maybe two. Sometimes a lot longer.

ASIF

Perhaps you could give my son some pointers? His brothers all work with me - but the youngest son - always wants to be different!

DREW

(to Jay)

Who's your favourite painter?

JAY

Francis Bacon I guess. I rate Lucian Freud too...

DREW

...your son has very good taste, Mr Singh.

ASIF

Yes, he's very talented but I think he also needs something to fall back on - like property. People always need property...

JAY

I think they always need art.

DREW

I think they do too.

ASIF

Jay will show you inside. Jay, take care of these good people.

DREW and JAY walk ahead in animated conversation.

ASIF (CONT'D)

Angie, before you go, can I ask about your tenant?

ANGIE

I expect to sign the lease papers with Triage next week.

ASIF

Triage? It was on the news this morning. Triage are closing all their offices in the UK.

ANGIE
What? No way! It must be a mistake!

ASIF
I am certain. I thought that was
why you wanted to meet today.

ANGIE
No. I haven't heard anything.

ANGIE and ASIF start walking towards his BENTLEY.

ASIF
Is this going to be a problem?

ANGIE
Yes. I mean, no, no problem.

ASIF
They paid you up front for all the
refurbishment work, didn't they?

ASIF climbs into the car and closes the door.

ANGIE
No, no, no, no!

As the car reverses out of the parking space we see the
number plate 'MR 51NGH'.

The BENTLEY majestically passes JAY and DREW on the bridge.

DREW
Nice car... shame about...

DREW (CONT'D)
...the number plate!

JAY
...the number plate?

DREW and JAY are still laughing as ANGIE catches up. Their
LAUGHTER rings in her ears, unintentionally mocking her.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND PLATFORM

DREW and ANGIE stand on a dark, deserted tube platform. They
are buffeted by the blast from a fast through-train.

DREW
Tell me what's going on - you
couldn't wait to get out of there.
That kid thinks we're nuts.

ANGIE
I am going nuts - our tenant has
pulled out.

DREW
I thought it was all finalised.

ANGIE
(in a scream)
Well now it's UN-FINALISED!

ANGIE's runs to the edge of the PLATFORM and throws up.

DREW grabs ANGIE and pulls her from the edge as a FAST TRAIN rushes past her head and hurtles into the BLACK tube tunnel.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
I've really screwed things up.

DREW
Now that is crazy. You've done an amazing job. I'm sure you'll find another tenant in no time.

ANGIE
Drew, honey - have you any idea what's going on up there, in the real world?

DREW
I'll sell some more paintings...

ANGIE
It won't be enough.

DREW
How much do we need?

ANGIE
Around three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand pounds.

DREW
How much?

Another FAST TRAIN hurtles past and blasts their clothes.

ANGIE
I just wanted to get us into the new house - get you into a better studio. Now all our money is tied up in the office. Drew I'm so sorry.

DREW
(super calm)
We'll figure it out, together, OK?

DREW is still completely calm, but inside his mind he is screaming in despair.

DREW (CONT'D)
How much? Aaaaarrrrrrrhhhhhhh!

INSERT: DREW in his studio - going berserk - he violently assaults a giant abstract canvas with a CAN of RED PAINT.

Arms around each other DREW and ANGIE wander stunned through dark tunnels, escalators, passageways. Then outside, they step into a booming thunder storm. The couple walk home slowly along deserted streets. They cling to one another and are soaked to the skin from the pouring rain.

They pass a HOMELESS WOMAN begging for money in a doorway.

DREW drops a few coins into her PLASTIC CUP.

CUT TO:

EXT: PICCADILY CIRCUS - MIDNIGHT - THREE MONTHS LATER

C/U: COINS drop into a PLASTIC CUP - a customer leaves a tip.

CUSTOMER (V/O)
Nice picture, thanks.

PULL BACK to reveal a number of STREET ARTISTS at busy stalls. A gaggle of happy tourists look on.

C/U: An artist's easel holds an accomplished hand drawn portrait of an oriental man.

C/U: An unsteady hand takes a large soft brush and washes bright green paint over the face in the picture.

V/O A man and woman start ranting angrily in Chinese.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL LONDON POLICE STATION

C/U hold on police constable's face.

POLICE CONSTABLE
Is there anything you wish to say?

SUSPECT (O.S.)
No.

POLICE CONSTABLE
I'm told that you are quite a successful painter. Would you like to explain why you were doing tourist portraits, at midnight, outside Piccadilly tube station?

SUSPECT (O.S.)

No.

POLICE CONSTABLE
Do you have a licence?

SUSPECT (O.S.)

No. No. No.

The constable holds up a STREET TRADERS' LICENCE/ID card.

POLICE CONSTABLE
How did you come by this one?

SUSPECT (O.S.)
Are you going to charge me with
'drawing without a licence'?

POLICE CONSTABLE
Why is it you arty types never
think the law applies to them?
(beat)
We're considering a charge of
causing 'Actual Bodily Harm'.

The CONSTABLE flicks through the PAPERS in front of him.

POLICE CONSTABLE (CONT'D)
The woman has given us a full
statement. We can probably let you
go on bail this afternoon - if you
give us your full statement now.

SUSPECT (O.S.)

No.

POLICE CONSTABLE
OK. You can go back to the cells.

The CONSTABLE rises from his seat.

SUSPECT (O.S.)
'Gleen-like-flog'.

POLICE CONSTABLE
What?

SUSPECT (O.S.)
'Gleen-like-flog'.

POLICE CONSTABLE
What?

We see the suspect's face for the first time - it's not DREW.
The suspect is (ELLIOT ARMSTRONG) a man of about sixty. He's
dressed in ALL BLACK designer casual clothes.

His face is both rugged and refined, with deep creases. His eyes have a quality that war veterans would call a 'thousand yard stare'.

ELLIOT

Exaclty. I did the drawing in charcoal pencil. But he wanted colour. I said 'No'. He insisted.

There's a knock on the door and a second officer shows in ELLIOT's solicitor and hands over a computer disk and a business card.

POLICEWOMAN

Excuse me guv. This disk just arrived for you

POLICE CONSTABLE

Good. The CCTV footage.

C/U The CONSTABLE glances at the SOLICITOR'S BUSINESS CARD.

POLICE CONSTABLE (CONT'D)

And then?

ELLIOT

I painted colour in just like he wanted. That's what he said: 'Gleen-like-flog!'

SOLICITOR

Officer, you are aware that my client suffers from achromatopsia?

POLICE CONSTABLE

Achroma-tope what?

SOLICITOR

Achrom - a - tope - sia. He can't see colours...

ELLIOT

...I had painted the face green.

POLICE CONSTABLE

Green? Why?

ELLIOT

I didn't mean to. She made a big fuss, he wanted his money back. I refused. Then he lost his rag.

POLICE CONSTABLE

He lost his temper?

ELLIOT

He screwed up the picture and threw it at me! He screwed up my drawing. I just couldn't make them understand. They got so angry.

POLICE CONSTABLE

What happened then?

SOLICITOR

Officer, please could I have a few moments with my client in private?

POLICE CONSTABLE

(rising)

I need a full statement.

The CONSTABLE exits the room.

SOLICITOR

Sorry Elliot, you need to see this.

The SOLICITOR places a copy of the INDEPENDENT newspaper on the table, on the front page is a picture of ELLIOT being restrained by a group of people under the headline:

INSERT: 'ART ATTACK'

ELLIOT

ART ATTACK. What a terrible headline. This is better... 'Art Stunt or Assault? Armstrong arrested.'

INSERT: ART STUNT OR ASSAULT? ARMSTRONG ARRESTED'

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT

DREW is stretched out, fully dressed, on an unmade bed watching television. It's the same TV from their old bedroom at the docklands flat - now hugely oversized for the space.

ANGIE walks through the cabin trying to tidy up - the galley, the living quarters - are incredibly cramped and there's stuff on every surface. She walks through to the bedroom.

ANGIE picks up a coffee mug from the floor and carefully places it on a tiny area of clear space on the bedside table.

ANGIE

I have nightmares we'll never ever get off this boat.

DREW
Me too. Did Ben sleep OK?

ANGIE
He woke up once. I think he's
worried about us.

DREW
He doesn't need to be. Does he?

ANGIE shakes her head and peers out of the cabin window,
across the canal to the office and a large TO LET sign.

ANGIE
I have a viewing today.

DREW
I'm showing Edward the new stuff.

ANGIE
That's good. Sorry about the bank.

DREW
Why don't you at least call and ask
if they might be interested?

ANGIE
I don't want to.

DREW
We could use another big cheque...

ANGIE
I can't go through all that again.

DREW
All what? Just email the pictures!

ANGIE
Will you stop pushing and trust me?

DREW
You sold two paintings last time.

ANGIE glares at DREW furiously.

ANGIE
Drew!

DREW
OK, OK - I didn't like that Chapman
guy anyway - so screw him! Turn it
up, I know this guys work.

INSERT: TELEVISION NEWS REPORT

NEWSREADER

The artist ELLIOT Armstrong was arrested last night after allegedly assaulting a tourist in Piccadilly.

DREW

Turn it up. I know that guy's work.

NEWSREADER

Was this an art stunt that went too far?

Video clip - shows ELLIOT push away the Chinese customer.

ANGIE (V.O.)

It must be a publicity stunt.

DREW (V.O.)

Doesn't look like it.

ANGIE (V.O.)

Didn't he have a car accident?

DREW (V.O.)

Yeah - caused by a stroke.

NEWSREADER

We have exclusive footage...

Video clip - shows the crumpled 'green faced' portrait.

CUT TO:

Black-and-white CCTV footage. ELLIOT punches and headbutts the Chinese tourist before being restrained by the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL LONDON POLICE STATION (CONT'D)

POLICE CONSTABLE

We can clearly see your client strike the victim.

SOLICITOR

What these images show is how my client sees the world - in shades of grey. And only grey.

POLICE CONSTABLE

It hardly excuses his actions.

SOLICITOR

He's lost his career!

POLICE CONSTABLE
You will be informed if we wish to
proceed with a prosecution.
(beat)
We'd like that picture as evidence.

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S LOCK-UP.

STUART HUDSON (the face on the Street Traders' Licence) sits with hot iron and water spray, carefully smoothing flat the crumpled 'green-faced' portrait. STU, as he likes to be called, is a youthful forty, long-haired, bohemian.

STU'S ramshackle office is a Portakabin inside a large railway arch. He's surrounded by all manner of cheesy pictures, vintage film posters - including one for JAWS.

STU smiles at a PHOTO of his four small boys, he is speaking on a novelty 'Salvador Dali lobster' telephone to his wife.

JULIE
(With strong French accent
'ello

STU
Hi. It's me.

JULIE
'ello Stuart darling.

STU
Listen. I've decided. I will
auction the picture online.

JULIE
Okay.

STU
Please, don't worry.

JULIE
I try.

STU
All the news coverage makes it
valuable. I'm hoping that a good
bid could cover the mortgage and
the rent here for the next few
months.

JULIE
Bon. Very good. Your licence?

STU
I'm sorry I loaned it to him.
I had no idea he was going to start
attacking the customers.
(beat)
It will probably get suspended
again, so we need this money.

STU sits on the steps to the Portakabin and resumes his call.

JULIE
I understand...

STU
Well no good turn goes unpunished!

JULIE
I know, darling.

STU
Kiss the boys for me. Tell them
I'll be back on Monday.

JULIE
Buy, darling. Big kiss.

STU
If the weather holds out this
weekend, there should be lots of
tourists on the Bayswater Road.

JULIE
Bon chance. Bye, bye.

STU hangs up the phone and walks to the rear of the cavernous interior of the railway arch and through a concealed doorway.

STU opens the office door and shouts back to his van driver.

STU
Bye Dave, good luck in court. call
me and let me know what happens.
Don't worry, I can drop those
pictures to Uxbridge.

CUT TO:

INT: STU'S COUNTERFEIT ART PRODUCTION STUDIO

The studio is a clinically white space with computers, scanner, a large format printer and a screen-printer.

A WORKER at a computer takes a SCREEN GRAB from a DVD.

The IMAGE is manipulated/posterised on the screen and turns into an 'instant' Warhol portrait style SCREENPRINT.

The giant PRINTER spews out a similar large format PRINT.
STU flicks through a HANGING RACK of several POSTERS.
All around are T-shirts, bags, caps, framed posters...
STU surveys his ILLEGAL PRODUCTION OPERATION with pride.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GILCHRIST GALLERY IN MAYFAIR, THE SHOWROOM, LATER
On the wall are the bank's HIRST and FAIRHURST PAINTINGS.

RACHEL
Welcome to the Gilchrist Gallery.

CLIENT
(In strong Russian accent)
Hello.

RACHEL
The painting you wished to see is
through here madame. At auction
these have consistently performed
well.

CLIENT
How recently?

RACHEL
Christie's here in London - two
months ago. At three-hundred-and-
fifty-thousand dollars - it's
a very good investment.

CLIENT
Three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand
dollars? Humph, how do you say?
Cheap.

In the background, DREW enters to a warm welcome from EDWARD.

RACHEL
Now is really a very, very good
time to buy - as long as you stick
with the primary artists.

CLIENT
I was thinking perhaps of something
a little more important. I admit it
is a very good piece. So, perhaps.

EDWARD takes DREW to a private viewing room.

EDWARD
Your canvases arrived a couple of
hours ago. I had them put in here.

CUT BACK TO:

THE GILCHRIST GALLERY PRIVATE VIEWING ROOM

EDWARD and DREW are seated in front of DREW's new paintings -
our view is of their faces and the backs of the canvases.

DREW
...these are just the first three.

EDWARD
You're missing the point, I can't
get higher prices for your work.

DREW
But you know how much I need this.

EDWARD
You can't fight the market, Drew.

CUT BACK TO:

THE GILCHRIST GALLERY SHOWROOM

RACHEL shows the client and his wife out of the front door as
EDWARD and DREW appear from the rear private gallery.

RACHEL
I think they'll make an offer.

DREW
These are still selling then?

EDWARD
Angie did well to sell those last
two pieces to the bank, maybe she..

DREW
...no, I've already asked.

EDWARD
Shame. I don't know how she got
that sale - I couldn't.

C/U of the HIRST painting

CUT TO:

INT. INVESTMENT BANK LOBBY - THREE MONTHS EARLIER

...C/U of the HIRST painting - pull back to reveal it hanging on the wall in the bank.

ANGIE is sitting in the lobby with MARK CHAPMAN.

ANGIE
I thought that Drew's picture would be hanging by now.

CHAPMAN
It will be in a couple of days, when these two are taken down.

ANGIE
I have some recommendations to replace them...

ANGIE starts to open her LAPTOP.

CHAPMAN
Before we do that... I just want to say how sorry I am about Triage.

ANGIE
It is bad. I need to find a new tenant as quickly as possible.

CHAPMAN
I feel responsible having put you in touch with them. I jonly wanted to help.

CHAPMAN places his hand on ANGIE'S.

ANGIE
You really can help Mark, by making a decision on these two paintings.

CHAPMAN
Let's discuss that over dinner?
(waits for her to nod)

ANGIE
Yeah, sure.

CHAPMAN
At my new place in Hampstead.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPMAN'S HOUSE

Late that night Angie quietly closes the front door behind her and descends the steps of CHAPMAN'S house.

C/U A CHEQUE for £30,000 which she slips into her handbag.

C/U ANGIE'S watch shows midnight. She leaps into her CAR and guns it down the road. A SPEED CAMERA flashes.

CUT TO:

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT - EARLIER THAT MORNING

ANGIE glares at DREW furiously.

DREW

OK, OK - I didn't like that Chapman guy anyway - so screw him!

ANGIE

Screw him, yeah, sure. I definitely don't think it's worth talking to him again Drew, sorry.

ASIF (V/OFF)

Hello, is anybody home?

ANGIE

Here's Asif for his money.

DREW

Sorry to leave you with him.

ANGIE

He'll be fine as long as I give him his cheque today.

(she kisses him)

I'm sure it will go well with Edward.

DREW leaves the houseboat as ASIF enters. There's nothing more than a cold nod of acknowledgement between them.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GILCHRIST GALLERY SHOWROOM

EDWARD

I'm sorry Drew. I can't get the prices you want for them. Sorry.

(long beat)

Listen, if you have time, there's someone I'd like you to meet...

DREW

I was going to see Uncle Charles.

EDWARD

...Eleanor Graham is here today to discuss a number of pictures - it's a very rare chance to see them.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GILCHRIST GALLERY OFFICE

ELEANOR and RACHEL are chatting as EDWARD and DREW enter.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Eleanor. Drew Harrison.

ELEANOR

Hi Drew. I've heard a lot about you. How's your practice going?

DREW

Huh! Through a long blue period.

ELEANOR

I read somewhere that Picasso's 'Blue Period' was brought on by the suicide of his best friend.

DREW

More likely it was a lack of money and a lot of blue paint.

ELEANOR

Death and money - they surely do expose a person's true colours.

DREW

Selling your father's collection must break your heart.

ELEANOR

My heart was already broken.

(beat)

I wanted to give the collection to a museum, but found out I couldn't.

(beat)

Anyway, it's these pieces that mean the most to me.

ELEANOR throws open the doors revealing the gallery room.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

These are much too important to be stashed away in a bank vault. I want them to be seen!

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT - EARLIER THAT MORNING (CONT'D)

ASIF and ANGIE sit in the ultra-cramped living quarters.

ANGIE

Here you are Asif. Fifteen-thousand pounds - which brings us right up to date.

ASIF

How is your house-hunting going?

ANGIE

Three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand refurbishment costs - plus forty-five-thousand in rent - has left us a bit short! So no, there's nothing we like we can afford.

ASIF

Well you've made it very cosy here.

ANGIE

(heavy sarcasm)

Cosy. That's one word for it.

(beat)

Sorry Asif, I've got to go and do another viewing.

ANGIE rises to leave.

ASIF

There's something I wish to tell you about. Can I walk with you?

ANGIE

Yeah, sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OFFICE ENTRANCE and RECEPTION

ANGIE and ASIF enter the office building.

ASIF

...I have a cousin in India. Mumbai actually. He works for a tele-communications company. He has been fitting out a very big new office complex there. Very high specif...

ANGIE

...no way are we buying a new telephone system...

ASIF

No, no, no you are misunderstanding me.

(MORE)

ASIF (CONT'D)

My cousin heard that the office he was working on was for a big American software company.

ANGIE

So?

ASIF

Called Triage.

ANGIE

Yes, I know Triage decided to move their UK support business to India.

ASIF

But according to my cousin they decided to do that early last year.

ANGIE

Last year! You mean they never had any intention of taking our office?

ASIF

It would certainly seem so.

ANGIE

That slimy banker. Can you get me any proof of that?

ANGIE unintentionally leads ASIF into the basement where DREW has created a make-shift studio. A mountain of expensive furniture from their flat is stacked under plastic.

The STUDIO space is covered, from floor to ceiling, in paint-spattered PLASTIC SHEETS, except for three large clean GHOST SPACES from where three big canvases have been removed.

ASIF

Jay has told me nothing about this.

ANGIE

My husband has to earn a living.

ASIF

But why does it have to be here?

ANGIE

Well, we're paying for this place - we may as well use it.

ASIF

This looks so very unprofessional, it's very off-putting.

ANGIE

I'm sorry Asif, but it's the best we can do at the moment.

ASIF
And when your money runs out?

ANGIE
Something must turn up soon.

ASIF
I admire your faith young lady.

ANGIE
What else is there?

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE, RECEPTION & STUDIO SPACE

ANGIE shows two uninterested businessmen out of the office.

ANGIE storms into the studio and hurls her bulging RING-BINDER at the wall. The PAPERS explode across the floor. She drops to her knees sobbing. A full TISSUE BOX later she is all cried out, when DREW enters.

DREW
Bad day?

ANGIE
Take a wild guess. Yours?

DREW
Edward's not interested.

ANGIE
But your new paintings are as good as anything you've done.

DREW
That's the problem - they're no better. How was your viewing?

ANGIE
No luck. The office is too big and expensive for them.

DREW
I know what they mean. Hi son.

BEN enters, wearing football kit.

ANGIE
Did you get into the team?

BEN
Just as goalie. I saved two penalties. I think they hate me a bit less now.

ANGIE

Sweetie, they don't hate you at all. They just don't know you yet.

BEN

I miss my old school and all my friends. They're so different here.

ANGIE

You've got to be brave darling.

(looking at Drew)

It'll get better. It really must.

DREW

It took a lot of guts to try out for the team. You're a very brave boy.

BEN

Thanks Dad. Where are your paintings?

DREW

They're at the gallery.

BEN

Did Uncle Edward like them?

DREW

Not that much.

BEN

You can hang them here then. This could be your studio and gallery.

DREW

I doubt anyone round here would be interested in seeing them.

BEN

Then you should do pictures the people here would want to see.

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S LOCK-UP IN QUEENSWAY - LATER THAT DAY

STU is wearing a SUPERMAN fancy dress costume. ELLIOT, still dressed all in black, wearing dark glasses and baseball cap, bundles in and throws himself onto the sofa.

STU

Why did you punch him?

ELLIOT

He screwed up my drawing!

STU
You painted his face yellowy-green.

ELLIOT
I just couldn't make them understand.

STU
He's Chinese. He thought you were making a racist insult.

ELLIOT
They got so angry.

STU
Trust you to pick a fight with an oriental Bruce Banner.

ELLIOT
Who the hell is Bruce Banner?

STU
The Hulk. Bad temper. He turns green. Not my favourite character.

ELLIOT
You still read comics?

STU
Not comoics. They're graphic novels. There are classics like the Hulk and Batman. And new ones like Largo Winch and Road To Perdition.
(beat)
Here, have a look, they are beautifully drawn, the stories are really imtelligent and make great films.

ELLIOT
I don't go to the cinema.

STU carefully lifts and blows dust off two small figurines. Then he grabs a handful of GRAPHIC NOVELS from the shelf and thumbs through the pages, showing ELLIOT the drawings.

STU
I think that movies are the art form of our time - cinema makes art galleries seem dead to me! So I buy the books for the kids. We watch the films together. They read the books. It gives them a proper education.
(beat)
They can read Shakespeare when they are older!

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

A good graphic novel can make a fortune in movie rights. And the merchandising is a licence to print money.

ELLIOT

Licence! Sorry, the police kept your street traders licence.

STU

I could do without another visit from our boys in blue. Sorry I will have to say you took it without my permission.

ELLIOT

They want the drawing as evidence. Do you know what happened to it?

STU

No idea.

(beat)

Listen, can't talk now. My driver's been banned for speeding - so I've got to take the van out now - and swap over a couple of rental pictures.

ELLIOT

Can I come with you?

STU

Sure, OK. But please. Don't hit anyone.

STU has forgotten he's dressed as SUPERMAN. He grabs his keys and steps out of the office door. ELLIOT stares at him.

STU (CONT'D)

What? Oh yeah. It's for my boy's birthday party. I'll take it off...

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S VAN.

STU is putting the van through a car wash. ELLIOT sits next to him thumbing through a graphic novel.

ELLIOT

They still won't give me a driving licence.

STU

I suppose it's because you can't see traffic lights.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

I just imagined you saw the world like an old black-and-white movie; Casablanca, The Third Man, Citizen Kane... the world looks clean in black and white...

ELLIOT

Honestly Stu! Do you imagine that's what it's really like for me?

STU

And the women: Monroe, Kelly, Berman, Bacall - they all looked gorgeous. Women don't have faces like that anymore.

ELLIOT

I don't see all those sexy, soft grey tones.

(beat)

Have you ever seen a dead body? That's what it was like with my wife. She looked like a cadaver. So I couldn't bear to touch her.

STU

Is that why you split up? Because you couldn't, you know...

ELLIOT

No, it wasn't that. It was food.

STU

Couldn't she cook?

ELLIOT

She loved to cook. And I loved to cook as well. But when all the food is a few dirty shades of grey it looks too disgusting to eat.

INSERT: VAN EXTERIOR. The BRUSHES of the car wash...

STU (V.O.)

What about the smell and the taste? Couldn't you just close your eyes?

ELLIOT (V.O.)

I'm an artist - I'm visual! Can you imagine, jet-black ketchup, a charcoal strawberry, a stone grey curry? I couldn't stand to put food in my mouth - it looked all wrong!

...cut through the grime to reveal the logo: 'OFFICE KUNST'.

STU

That's a survival reflex. You know, Darwin, natural selection, all that stuff. The cavemen who couldn't tell which berries were poisonous all died. Like the guy in that movie 'Into The Wild' - out in the middle of nowhere, ate the wrong thing and accidentally killed himself.

ELLIOT

I tried that too. Not accidentally.

STU

You're serious. Why?

ELLIOT

I couldn't paint.

INSERT: The van runs along West London streets.

STU

There's more to life than painting.

ELLIOT

Not for me.

STU

Even for you. Like with food, your instincts said carry on living.

ELLIOT

Huh, maybe you're right. I started to eat only black and white foods: rice, fish, potatoes, black olives. Anyway, it became a big deal with my wife - until she just couldn't stand it - or me - anymore...

(suddenly)

Slow down Stu! Stu, slow down. There's another speed camera.

STU

Where?

ELLIOT

Up there! I can see much further now. Much further than before the accident.

STU

Amazing. I can only just see that camera - now! Thanks.

(braking hard)

So, she really left you over food?

ELLIOT
Well, she didn't appreciate the way
I re-decorated the living room...

CUT TO:

THREE YEARS EARLIER: ELLIOT'S STORY, INT. OF ELLIOT'S HOME

As ELLIOT opens his front door we see the interior of a beautiful home in full warm colour. ELLIOT's wife comes to the door to greet him with an intense kiss.

ELLIOT and his wife sip red wine in a luxury kitchen. They kiss passionately. ELLIOT slips the straps of her silk dress off her shoulders. It slithers down her body to the ground. Naked, she walks up the stairs and beckons him to join her.

ELLIOT and his wife in bed together. He strokes his hand down long beautiful legs - as he does so - the picture turns to black and white. Her body turns to a corpse beside him.

The room is GREY. ELLIOT leaps from bed and runs downstairs.

ELLIOT frantically hurls and brushes black and white paint over everything in the room. Paint is splashed everywhere. ELLIOT is spattered and streaked from head to foot in paint.

ELLIOT looks up from his hands to see his naked wife walk out of the front door - the door slams - ELLIOT wakes.

ELLIOT sits slumped in a big, black leather chair in the middle of his studio floor. The studio is now an immaculate, high-tech space - every single object in the room is either jet black or brilliant white.

Beside his chair is a half finished bottle of VODKA, a beautiful sculpted SPIRIT GLASS and a half-eaten meal of WHITE RICE on a BLACK PLATE.
END FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE ENTRANCE

STU
Ok. This is the place.

STU and ELLIOT pull up in the 'OFFICE KUNST' van.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE ENTRANCE AND RECEPTION

STU and ANGIE remove the PAINTING from the reception wall.

ANGIE
Can we talk about this?

STU
Talk about what?

DREW enters.

DREW
How we're going to pay for these.

STU
Hi there... it's all on contract.

DREW
Look, I'm sorry, but we can't
afford it, until the office is let.

ELLIOT enters carrying the large boardroom picture.

STU
I can't take them back.

DREW
Why not?

ELLIOT
At least look at them.

DREW
There's no point.

ELLIOT
I'll get the new pictures.

ELLIOT turns and DREW puts his hand on his shoulder.

DREW
We can't pay for them.

ELLIOT spins, fists clenched. STU steps between them.

STU
Take it easy ELLIOT.

DREW
ELLIOT? You're ELLIOT Armstrong,
aren't you?

STU
Damn.

ELLIOT removes his baseball cap and dark glasses.

DREW
Cool. I really like your work.

ELLIOT

Thanks.

DREW

I'm an artist too.

STU

Terrific! How many artists does it take - not - to change a painting?

DREW

Let's discuss that over a beer.

CUT TO:

INT. EDWARD'S LIMOUSINE - LATER THAT EVENING

EDWARD and ELEANOR take an urgent call from the hospital.

EDWARD

Yes doctor. I understand. Thank you. Goodbye.

(beat)

That was the consultant. Charles is worse.

ELEANOR

Edward, should we postpone the New York sale?

EDWARD

I'll ask Charles.

ELEANOR

I won't let you do that. It's up to you now.

CUT TO:

INT. ASIF'S CAR

ASIF and JAY roll along a tree lined avenue of luxury detached houses in Gerrards Cross, the car pulls up onto an expansive gravel driveway.

Asif holds Jay's arm to indicate he wishes him to stay in the car to talk and rolls down the window.

ASIF

I'm very disappointed.

JAY

It's their place Dad, they can do what they like with it.

ASIF

But everyone assumes I arranged that Triage tenant for them! It's compromising my reputation.

JAY

All you ever think of is yourself. They're just trying to get by.

ASIF

Things need to be 'just so'.

JAY

Why can't you cut them a little slack?

ASIF

Cut? Slack? These are not words I want to hear from you.

JAY

You never want to hear anything I have to say.

ASIF

You have a job to do - stick to it.

JAY

He's an artist - I'm interested!

ASIF

Always this art nonsense with you. And when their money runs out!

JAY

Money, money. Always money. With the profit from the office - you bought a number plate!

ASIF

It's my car. It's my business. It's my money.

JAY gets out of the car.

JAY

It's my life!

JAY slams the car door shut.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PUB

DREW, STU and ELLIOT are sitting in the pub at a table close to the quiet end of the bar. A four man blues rock band is playing 'Born Under A Bad Sign' - by Albert King.

Born under a bad sign, I've been down since I begin to crawl.

If it wasn't for bad luck, I wouldn't have no luck at all.

Hard luck and trouble have been my only friend, I been on my own ever since I was ten.

Born under a bad sign baby, I've been down, since I begin to crawl

If it wasn't for bad luck, I wouldn't have no luck at all

C/U - Expressions of different FACES in the AUDIENCE.

The band plays on as the singer, TIM GRANT, clambers off the stage and through the crowd. TIM is in his early thirties, he's tall, slim, dishevelled and has spiky hair, tattoos and a face which is world-worn beyond his years.

TIM walks - with a pronounced limp - to the bar.

TIM

Vodka, double.

TIM downs the shot in one - and eavesdrops...

ELLIOT

Warhol once said: 'Being good in business is the most fascinating kind of art'. Rubbish. He just got lucky.

DREW

I don't believe luck exists.

STU

Of course luck exists - how else can you explain the success of work you hate? Gore Vidal was right.

TIM leans forward and belts out the line of the song...

TIM

'If it weren't for bad luck - I wouldn't have no luck at all' - Albert King - he knew about real life.

ELLIOT

(to Tim)

You want to join us, 'Blues Brother'?

STU

(spotting Tim's tattoos)

More 'Brothers In Arms' aren't you?

TIM

No. But I did do two years playing
with the Taliban. Had one big hit!
(banging prosthetic leg)

There's an awkward silence whilst the macabre joke sinks in.

ELLIOT

You did what?

TIM

I was a war correspondent - with
our brothers in arms.

STU

We're all in 'dire straits' here.

DREW

I've got no talent.

STU

I've got no money.

ELLIOT

I've got no life.

TIM

And I've got no prospects.

DREW

You should fit right in here then.

STU

ELLIOT is an established artist.

ELLIOT

Was an artist. Now I couldn't even
'paint by numbers'.

DREW

How do you two know each other?

STU

I studied with him. Then he made
cured me of making art. Then he
made paintings, and I made kids.
Boys, four.

STU holds up four fingers.

ELLIOT

No kids. Divorced. I wasn't too
easy to live with when I couldn't
paint anymore. It's stupid, I got
the studio - she kept the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAFFITI WALL - NIGHT

The sound of spray paint cans being used. THREE young men in HOODIES wearing painters' white FACE MASKS are on the roof of a service building close to the underground railway lines.

HOODIE ONE holds a box full of paint spray cans - he trips and the box flies making a loud rattle. HOODIE TWO catches it before it hits the deck.

HOODIE THREE removes his mask. We see it's JAY.

JAY

You're gonna get us busted! I'm almost done, let's split.

Pull back to reveal an exquisite graffiti tag: "PAX".

HOODIE ONE (V.O.)

What does 'pax' mean?

JAY (V.O.)

Peace bro. Peace.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PUB

DREW

Why were you doing tourist portraits in Piccadilly?

STU

It was meant to be a bit of fun.

ELLIOT

But those tourists couldn't understand English.

TIM

What are you guys talking about?

STU

We're all artists.

DREW

Struggling artists.

ELLIOT

Ex-artists.

DREW

Well I'm still working at it. My studio is in that office block.

STU

So that's why you don't want my pictures?

DREW

No way. You must be joking! I'd never hang my paintings in there. Seriously, we can't afford them. I'm paying for that whole damn office until it's rented out.

STU

How did that happen?

DREW

Long story. Do you guys want to chill at my studio?

JAY approaches just as the four men rise from the table.

DREW (CONT'D)

Jay hi son, come and join us.

TIM

Me too?

DREW

If you like.

ELLIOT puts his arm around STU'S shoulder.

ELLIOT

(referring to Stu)

Between one artist who sacrificed his art...

STU

(referring to ELLIOT)

...and another who tried to sacrifice his life.

JAY

How do you feel about that Drew?

DREW

I'll risk it if they will.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUB CAR PARK/TOW PATH/THE CANAL BRIDGE

As JAY, ELLIOT, STU, TIM and DREW walk across the car park, they hear the towpath light being smashed.

Under the low road bridge over the canal a WOMAN is being viciously set upon by four YOUTHS IN HOODIES

She, CAT BAILEY has a head of fiery RED HAIR and a pretty face. Her appearance is scruffy and she has muddy hands.

HOODIE ONE has hold of CAT's camera with the strap caught around her neck. CAT swings her small tripod.

CAT

Oww!

HOODIE-TWO

Shut her up!

CAT

Get off me. That's my camera! let go...

The TRIPOD leg catches HOODIE-ONE across the face. He wipes the blood from his cheek, licks it off his hand and then pulls a knife. He twists CAT's arm till she's on her knees.

HOODIE-ONE

Think you're tough? You're useless.
Try that again and I'll gut you.

He puts the knife to CAT'S face - then cuts the camera strap. CAT flies back into the graffiti covered wall of the bridge.

CAT

Get off me

HOODIE-TWO

He warned you.

CAT

(screaming)
Little bastard!

HOODIE-ONE

Shut it! Bitch!

HOODIE-TWO punches CAT in the face. She drops to the ground.

HOODIE-THREE kicks her in the chest.

HOODIE-FOUR steps on CAT'S legs and spits at her.

HOODIE-TWO

Bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PUB CAR PARK/THE CANAL BRIDGE

DREW, STU, ELLIOT, JAY and TIM rush down to the canal towpath and peer into the darkness. At the sound of breaking glass!

HOODIE-TWO

Bitch.

ELLIOT

Under the bridge.

STU

I can't see anyone.

From the darkness CAT cries out again.

TIM

Cat? Is that you?

The FOUUR HOODIES look up to see who is coming.

INSERT: ELLIOT's view in mono, as he 'snaps' the FOUR FACES.

DREW, JAY, STU and ELLIOT arrive as the FOUR HOODIES jump on their bikes and ride into darkness.

CAT

They took my camera. Can't you go after them!

STU

I can't see anyone.

From the darkness CAT cries out again.

TIM

Cat? Is that you? Cat?

STU

They're gone, sorry luv.

TIM grabs CAT in his arms. The group walk towards the pub.

TIM

Easy Cat, let's get you inside.

DREW

I'll call the police.

At the mention of police - STU and ELLIOT make a swift exit.

STU

Listen, we'd best go now.

ELLIOT

We'll come out to see you again.

ANGIE appears from the boat wearing a coat and not much else.

ANGIE

Drew, what's going on?

DREW
Someone's been assaulted and robbed
- call the police.

CAT
No, please don't call the police.

TIM
I think you may have a broken rib.

JAY
I'll call an ambulance.

CAT
No, I can't handle hospitals, just
get me home to bed.

TIM
You need to rest here.

CAT
Can I sleep in the van?

DREW
Don't worry, you can stay with us.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLES PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM

NURSE and DOCTOR check the readings on the equipment. They
make for the door as ELEANOR and EDWARD walk in.

EDWARD
We're going to get you through this
uncle.

The DOCTOR takes EDWARD'S arm and discreetly gestures him out
to talk.

ELEANOR
Hello Charles.

CHARLES
My dear. I think I will get to see
your father again soon. Any
message?

ELEANOR
Tell him I never stopped loving
him.

CHARLES
He knows. I never heard him talk
about a work of art the way he
talked about you.

ELEANOR
Charles, rest now, we'll come back tomorrow...

CHARLES
I don't think I can plan that far ahead my dear. I've bid for all the extra days I can afford - and been paying for them in pain.

ELEANOR
Shall I call the nurse?

CHARLES
No, I don't think she likes me very much. Where's Edward?

ELEANOR
He's just outside with the doctor. Please rest.

CHARLES
Why, he's not ill is he? I've lived enough.

ELEANOR
Charles, rest now.

CHARLES
Fair warning... I think we're all done now...

ELEANOR
Charles!

CHARLES
Fair warning...

ELEANOR
Charles?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE - THE BOARDROOM

TIM and DREW help CAT walk through the boardroom doors. JAY flicks on all the lights.

TIM
Wow. Such luxury.

DREW
You'll be fine in here. There's a shower-room and a small kitchen.

TIM

I can't thank you enough Drew.

CAT settles onto a sofa. ANGIE arrives laden with duvets and bedding. ANGIE is holding out a mobile phone.

ANGIE

Drew - it's Edward - about your Uncle Charles.

DREW takes the phone, listens for a few moments then slumps into the seat at the head of the boardroom table.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSEBOAT

DREW, sits on deck gazing at the stars. ANGIE wraps a blanket around his shoulders, hugs him and disappears into the boat.

CUT TO:

ANGIE (V/O)

Looking back now. I think this is the night it began to change, for all of us.

But, at that moment, I have to admit, the future really didn't look very promising.

(beat)

Losing Uncle Charlie really shook Drew. That night he sank into the seat on the deck of our house boat, in silence, just gazing up at the stars. I wrapped a blanket around his shoulders. I knew, he needed to be alone.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOARDROOM

TIM helps CAT remove her clothes and tends to her injuries.

ANGIE (V/O)

Up in the boardroom, Tim carefully tended to Cat's injuries. he made sure she was comfortable and warm, on one of the large leather sofas. Tim was used to seeing loss and grief. He looked down on Drew from the office window, and knew the feelings he was suffering.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASIF'S HOUSE

JAY creeps back into his father's large new-build house

ANGIE (V/O)
Jay carefully conceals, several
cans of paint, beneath a hedge.
Then tip-toes into his father's
mansion.

CUT TO:

EXT. STU'S LOCK-UP

STU sits and stares at the pile of unpaid bills on his desk.
He shuffles across the office to his computer. The screen
boots-up on his eBay page.

C/U - The highest bid for the green portrait is £4,750.

Then with modelling clay continues sculpting a small figure.

ANGIE (V/O)
At his lock-up in Notting Hill,
Stewart stares at the pile of
unpaid bills on his desk.
(beat)
The computer screen shows that
bids, in the online auction for
Elliot's drawing, have reached
£4,750.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDWARD'S MEWS HOUSE

EDWARD and ELEANOR step into the house together.

ANGIE (V/O)
In Edward's Mayfair mews house, he
and Eleanor find themselves
together, alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIOT'S STUDIO

ELLIOT sits on his black leather chair. He watches the sun
rise through the windows - illuminating the room - which
turns from cold monochrome to warm shades of gold.

ANGIE (V/O)
In Chelsea, Elliot sits in his big
black leather chair.
(MORE)

ANGIE (V/O) (CONT'D)

In the centre of his all black painted studio. Staring at the blacked out windows.

THE NEXT MORNING, SUNDAY

Then it was the next morning. And the start of the rest of our story.
(beat)

For the first time, in a long time, Elliot folds open the shutters. He watches the sun rise and flood his studio with light.

CUT TO:

INT. EDWARD'S MEWS HOUSE

The sun shines through the bedroom window. EDWARD is in bed with ELEANOR beside him.

ANGIE (V/O)

Sun shines through the bedroom window into Edward's eyes. He wakes momentarily to find Eleanor asleep beside him.

CUT TO:

INT. STU'S LOCK-UP

STU wakes up on the sofa.

C/U - STU's finger hovers over the delete button.

INSERT: With a 'click' the auction entry disappears.

ANGIE (V/O)

Stew rolls off his office sofa and presses the return button, to withdraw the 'green faced' portrait from the auction.

CUT TO:

INT. ASIF'S HOUSE IN GERRARDS CROSS

JAY and ASIF are sitting in silence across the large kitchen table. Newspapers are spread out in front of ASIF.

JAY and ASIF look at one another coldly. JAY grabs the Culture section and walks through the luxurious house.

ANGIE (V/O)
Jay and Asif sit in silence, across
a massive granite slab, of kitchen
table.

CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S ROOM/OFFICE

...into his own room. JAY sits down at his computer. The walls are a collage of JAY's character, tastes and interests; a picture of Hirst's shark in a tank, various graffiti tags and a poster of a Franciscan Bacon triptych.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE

TIM is looking out of the window. His PROSTHETIC LEG is lying on the floor.

ANGIE (V/O)
Tim stares at the artificial leg
and harness that lies on the carpet
in front of him and thinks of the
soldier that died saving his life.

CAT is in the shower; through the steam we see an old scar that slices right across her back and several stab wounds.

ANGIE (V/O) (CONT'D)
Cat emerges from the shower,
wrapped in huge towel. She's badly
bruised. But beneath these fresh
injuries, are old scars across her
neck and shoulders.

CUT TO:

EXT: STU'S OFFICE

ELLIOT rings the bell and then bangs on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT

ANGIE wakes alone in bed. ANGIE finds BEN making coffee in the galley for his dad.

ANGIE (V/O)

I wake up, to find Ben had made coffee for his dad, who was still up on deck.

(beat)

Drew tries to phone Edward.

(beat)

After breakfast at the Grosvenor Hotel on Park Lane, Edward and Eleanor head off across Hyde Park. Then, they stroll hand-in-hand, looking at the artworks on display all along the Bayswater Road. From the the Ritz to Kensington Palace.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAYSWATER ROAD

EDWARD and ELEANOR amble hand-in-hand through Hyde Park and past SPEAKER'S CORNER. We catch snatches of a speaker's rant.

EDWARD and ELEANOR stroll along the Bayswater Road past the commercial art for sale on the railings of Hyde Park.

ELEANOR

There's nothing much to say - my father died deeply unhappy.

EDWARD

In those last moments I felt Charles was at peace.

ELEANOR

He was fearless...

EDWARD

...even about death. I can't get my head around it - he's really gone.

ELEANOR

What was the title Hirst gave that shark in a tank?

EDWARD

'The Physical Impossibility of Death in the Mind of Someone Living.' I guess that's true...

ELEANOR

But is that Art? For me, there was more art in Jaws, the movie? That made swimming in the sea an impossibility in my mind, at least for a while anyway.

EDWARD

I can't speak from experience - but I would suppose that - nothing makes you feel life more intensely than mortal fear.

ELEANOR

My father used to say 'true art is immortal.'

EDWARD

Immortality? Some collectors seem obsessed with trying to buy it.

ELEANOR

Like the Pharaohs, filling their tombs with treasure as their passport to eternity. The Aztecs, Incas, the popes all did the same. Even my own father!

(beat)

The pyramids are still standing - so I guess they bought a kind of immortality - on earth.

EDWARD

What about divine inspiration?

ELEANOR

For me, art is truly divine when it touches the mind and the soul. That is the hand of God at work. Today it seems that all it takes is a big price tag for someone to claim that a work is 'immortal'.

EDWARD

I can't complain - it's made me a lot of money. Buying art is like a religion to some collectors.

ELEANOR

Not for me.

EDWARD

Spending vast amounts of money acquiring it is a form of worship.

ELEANOR

Not for me.

ELEANOR points to a kitsch screenprint of Elvis Presley.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

What's the difference between this and my Warhol?

EDWARD
Nothing but time and place.

ELEANOR stops, turns and looks directly into EDWARD'S eyes.

ELEANOR
Was last night just 'time and
place' for us too?

EDWARD
Not for me.

ELEANOR
Not for me either.

ELEANOR and EDWARD kiss as STU and ELLIOT drive past.

CUT TO:

INT: STU'S DELIVERY VAN

ELLIOT
Stuart, thank you for giving back
my drawing. It might help my
solicitor - I could go to prison.
Why didn't you tell me sooner

STU
I needed the money. My street
traders licence has been suspended.
I can't do my stall here.
(beat)
The bids got to nearly five-
thousand pounds. I bet all your
pictures start rising in value now.

ELLIOT
Why? Because I can't paint anymore?
(beat)
That's what happens when an artist
dies. Too bad I'm still be alive.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE BOADROOM

CAT is huddled on the sofa. TIM is peering out of the window.

TIM
I don't think Cat can move today.

DREW
It's OK. Stay as long as you need.

CAT

Don't worry about me.

DREW exits. TIM walks over to CAT.

TIM

Don't talk. Just rest.

C/U TIM returns to keeping watch out of the window. In his mind he hears an old news report that transports him back in time to Afghanistan...

NEWSREADER

A British soldier shot dead in Afghanistan has been named as Lance Corporal Goraknah by the Ministry of Defence. The soldier, a Ghurka, serving with 1st Battalion The Yorkshire Regiment, was "fatally wounded in an insurgent attack while on a foot patrol to disrupt insurgent activity". on Friday in the Khar Nikah area of Helmand.

(beat)

British military deaths in Afghanistan since 2001 now stand at three-hundred-and-ninety-seven.

(beat)

An Australian correspondent named as Timothy Grant was also seriously wounded. Suffering the loss of a leg, Mr Leary still managed to raise the alarm, and ensure that the small garrison in which he had been embedded, had time to defend their position.

PRE-LAP: Bursts of automatic gunfire ricochet off walls.

CUT TO:

TWO YEARS EARLIER: TIM'S STORY - EXT. AFGHANISTAN.

Pull back to reveal TIM is at a window in a HOUSE in Helmand Province, Afghanistan - he's wearing full battle dress.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHOT-UP HOUSE

A BADLY WOUNDED SOLDIER is lying on the floor in a pool of blood. TIM kneels, checks his pulse, he's barely conscious. TIM inspects his own leg wound, jabs in a shot of morphine, presses on a dressing. The teenage soldier's eyes open.

WOUNDED SOLDIER
Here, take my gun.

TIM
I've never fired one before.

Outside the rattle of machine gun fire intensifies.

WOUNDED SOLDIER
When they come, you have to use it.

TIM points the pistol toward the door. The soldier grasps the barrel and pulls it back to point directly at his own head.

WOUNDED SOLDIER (CONT'D)
...on both of us. You understand?
Don't let them take me alive.

The gabble of Afghan voices nearby. A burst of automatic fire silences them.

CUT TO:

EXT. C/U TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS approach the doorway - too late - a single pistol shot rings out from inside the house!

SOLDIER (V.O.)
Tim, we've come to get you.

STU (V/O)
Tim! I've come to get you.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE, BOARDROOM

TIM crashes back to the present.

STU
Tim! I've come to get you!

TIM
Oh, hi. Sssh, she's asleep.

STU
ELLIOT did this drawing. He thought it might help find the kids that did that to her.

INSERT: Detailed drawing of the faces of the FOUR HOODIES.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT

DREW is wearing white protective coveralls, rubber gloves and a handkerchief around his mouth. He's lying on the floor beside the brown water-filled toilet bowl, tugging a wrench.

ELLIOT (O.S.)
Permission to come on board.

DREW
Stay back! It stinks in here.
(muttering to himself)
Just like my life - backed up and
full of crap.

ELLIOT ignores the warning and sticks his head into the toilet cubicle - a whiff - forces a hand over his mouth.

ELLIOT
(spotting the mask)
I came to see your work, cowboy.

DREW
Now's not the best time.

ELLIOT steps back and picks up a length of scrap wire from Drew's tool box. Bends it to the require shape and rolls up his sleeve and plunges the hook and then his whole arm into the toilet bowl. He tugs and twists it a few time. The toilet gurgles and bubbles and then the filthy water drains away.

DREW removes his 'cowboy' mask and smiles.

ELLIOT
Got time now?

EXT. THE HOUSEBOAT

ELLIOT sits on the small deck. DREW removes his coveralls.

DREW
I need to rent out the office.
Carry on painting. Find a new
gallery. Put on a show of my own.

ELLIOT
You'll need at least twenty good
pieces to do that.

DREW
I'll be bankrupt long before I can
do twenty canvases.

ELLIOT
You better learn how to paint
faster then.

DREW

I can't think how to do that?

ELLIOT

Stop painting with your hand and start painting with your heart.

DREW

My heart is consumed by how much I hate it here. I can't get over how bad it is.

ELLIOT

You say that like it's an obstacle. To me it sounds like inspiration - if that's what's in your heart - then use it! Paint the truth.

DREW

It's pretty ugly.

ELLIOT

Pretty ugly - now you're talking like an artist. Creating art is a compulsion, an obsession, so just give in to it! Use what you really feel - because without truth - your paintings are just expensive wallpaper.

CUT TO:

EXT. CREMATORIUM CHAPEL, A FEW DAYS LATER

DREW and EDWARD sit with an urn containing CHARLES' ashes.

EDWARD

Do you need money?

DREW

Yes! But no thanks. You could do me a small favour though. My three canvases...

EDWARD

I'll get them shipped back to you.

DREW

I don't want them back. Just sell them for what you can get.

EDWARD

OK, I'll do my best.

(beat)

Listen Drew.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I didn't call you sooner.
It happened so suddenly that night.

DREW

It's fine. I saw Charles the day he
died. Typical Uncle Charlie, he
made telling me I'm a failure
actually sound like a compliment.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLES PRIVATE HOSPITAL ROOM, TWO WEEKS EARLIER

CHARLES

Drew, come in my boy.

DREW

How are you?

CHARLES

I feel good today. The doctors have
got me doing more drugs now than I
did in the '60s!

DREW

You're priceless Uncle!

CHARLES

Drew. I've been concerned for a
long time that you don't have what
it takes to attract the collectors -
or the prices - that you want.

DREW

What's wrong with me Uncle?

CHARLES

You aren't selfish. You're not at
all egotistical. You're reasonable,
honourable, honest and hardworking.

DREW

But those are all strengths.

CHARLES

As a man they are strengths. As a
successful artist - these days -
they're probably all weaknesses.

DREW

Are you saying I don't have any
talent?

CHARLES

Of course you have talent. But you don't need much talent to be an artist today. It seems that skills and talent just get in the way. To succeed - you need unshakable and unfaltering belief - in yourself.

DREW

So what have I been doing for the last fifteen years?

CHARLES

You've been learning, and getting paid well for it. It's my fault - I made it too easy, too comfortable.

DREW

Comfortable? The flat and my studio have gone, I'm living on a tiny houseboat. Money's going out, nothing's coming in. I need to do something - but what?

CUT TO:

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. THE OFFICE BOARDROOM, A FEW DAYS LATER

JAY, STU, ELLIOT, TIM, CAT, ANGIE and BEN, are all seated around the boardroom table. DREW enters.

ANGIE

Did you get some good news from Edward?

DREW

From Uncle Charles actually.

ANGIE

Drew, are you feeling OK?

DREW

I feel great!

JAY

Did you sell your paintings?

DREW

No.

ELLIOT

Does that mean we can see them?

DREW

No.

ANGIE

Why not Drew, they're good.

DREW

Maybe. Maybe not. The one thing I know for sure is that they're just not, not, not 'relevant!'

STU

If you want to do a new collection you've got to start somewhere.

ELLIOT

You need ten, fifteen, twenty good pieces to do a show.

DREW

I want at least fifty!

ANGIE

That's crazy hun. You've barely finished three in three months.

DREW

Together. And I really mean - working together as a creative team - I want us to do fifty!

ELLIOT

I said I was willing to help - but fifty pieces. Of what?

DREW

A portrait..

ANGIE

...celebrity portraits?

DREW

Not celebrity portraits hun. But a portrait.

TIM

Of who?

DREW

Not who Tim. I want a portrait of this time - and this place.

ELLIOT

What Uxbridge?

DREW

It was something Ben said "Do work that they would want to see".

ANGIE

Who?

DREW

The people around here.

STU

Would want to see what?

DREW

Definitely not what I've been doing.

ANGIE

You're not making sense Drew.

TIM

You want to do art that people around here would be interested in?

DREW

That's right.

STU

OK. Let's say we get them interested - they don't spend tens of thousands of pounds on art.

JAY

Some might. If they liked it.

DREW

I don't care about the money!

ANGIE

Really! How - exactly - are we going to live?

ANGIE storms to the door in frustration and rage when the office front door rings. JAY answers the entry phone.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(to Jay)

It's not your father is it?

JAY

(viewing entry phone)

No, it's two policemen. I'll see what they want.

ANGIE

I'll come with you Jay.

JAY and ANGIE leave the boardroom. STU and ELLIOT pace around nervously until JAY and ANGIE come back into the room.

JAY
They've found Cat's camera.

JAY hands CAT her camera, a bundle of 'ten by eight' black and white prints and a copy of ELLIOT's drawing.

JAY (CONT'D)
They identified the four youths
from Elliot's drawing.

ELLIOT rummages in a folder and then places his original drawing on the table.

CAT
How did you do this?

ELLIOT
From memory. I hoped it might help
catch them.

JAY
It did!
(beat)
Cat, the officers would like to
speak to you.

CAT exits the room with TIM.

C/U CAT'S CAMERA sits on the PRINTS spread across the table.

CUT TO:

THREE YEARS EARLIER: CAT'S STORY - INT. LARGE SUBURBAN HOUSE.

C/U A hand picks up the camera and hurls it against the wall.

CAT'S HUSBAND
This, this is what you've been
doing all day?

CAT
I'm still learning.

CAT'S HUSBAND
Why can't you learn to clean up and
cook? Look at this place? You're
useless!

CAT
I'm sorry, I lost track of time.
I'm not useless!

CAT'S HUSBAND

You want to argue with me again?
I've warned you - don't push me.

CAT

I'm tired - I'm going to bed.

CAT'S HUSBAND

You're tired? I'm tired! I've been
working all day.

Out of sight, we hear sounds of the kitchen and its contents
being smashed up and destroyed.

CAT'S HUSBAND (CONT'D)

I'm going out to eat. Clear up this
mess you useless bitch!

CAT

I'm not useless... I'm not useless.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE BOARDROOM (CONT'D)

The group are still looking at CAT's pictures when she
re-enters the room with TIM.

STU

They're not commercial.

DREW

You don't think work like this
would sell?

STU

No, sorry I don't.

ELLIOT

I do.

JAY

Maybe. But not for the kind of
money you need.

DREW

Forget about money. That's what
I've been doing wrong. I've been
trying to do art for rich people.

ANGIE

Well they're the only ones who can
afford it.

DREW

Look, I don't have all the answers yet but I believe this is a good direction to look in. We can't rule anything out. I don't want hidden messages, obscure meanings, I want the work to speak directly to people - about things that concern them.

JAY

I'd like to do something my dad would pay for.

ANGIE

I have no idea what that could be.

DREW

That's a challenge; how do we appeal to 'Mister five-one-en-gee-aitch'?

STU

I know what sells - escapism - pictures of famous faces - and decorative, novelty stuff.

DREW

Not in this lifetime!

JAY

How about urban stuff, graffiti? Sort of Banksy's streetwise humour meets Bacon's surreal drama.

DREW

Could be... I'm thinking of a collection that really captures what it means to live in this place and this time? Look at what Cat's done, it's compelling and real.

ELLIOT

They're good pictures, you're pretty 'useful' with a camera.

DREW

Do you have any more?

CAT

(almost in tears)
Lots.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE STUDIO SPACE, THE NEXT DAY

CAT, TIM and ELLIOT are getting themselves set up in the studio. JAY is at his computer work station scanning images, while STU is running test prints on a large format printer.

DREW

Stu brought all his equipment.

DREW looks at ANGIE for a response.

ANGIE

If this is what you really want to do Drew...

ANGIE puts her arm around BEN who smiles at his parents.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I'll do anything I can to help.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: INT. MARK CHAPMAN'S FLAT, THREE MONTHS EARLIER

ANGIE and CHAPMAN are seated at the dining table.

CHAPMAN

What is gorgeous you, doing with Drew? He's a loser.

ANGIE

I love him.

CHAPMAN grabs ANGIE aggressively and tries to kiss her.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Just give me the cheque for the paintings Mark and let me go.

CHAPMAN

Thirty-thousand is nothing. It won't last long, you will be back.

ANGIE

I don't think so Mark.

CHAPMAN

Here's your cheque. If you want it...

CHAPMAN holds up the cheque as if to tear it in half.

CHAPMAN (CONT'D)

...I want something from you first.

CUT TO:

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. ANGIE IN BED

ANGIE lays in bed restless. DREW is asleep beside her. She very quietly takes her mobile phone out of her bag and writes a text message, 'IT'S OVER!', and then presses 'Send'.

ANGIE rolls over and wraps her arms tightly around DREW.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: INT. THE HOUSEBOAT - DAY - TWO MONTHS EARLIER

ANGIE is at her computer. She takes a page off the printer and slips it into a slim file. She puts the file inside an envelope. She takes out her mobile phone and presses 'Call'.

ANGIE

Hello, yes, could I have the chairman's office please? No, I'm sorry I can't give you my name - it's extremely confidential.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT - DAY - PRESENT

ANGIE is at her computer. BEN enters.

BEN

Mum, when is Dad coming back?

ANGIE

Later tonight.
(beat)
You miss him don't you?

BEN

He's always in his studio.

ANGIE

I know darling. But he has so much to do if we're going to get off this boat.

BEN

Will we be able to go home then?
Can I go back to my old school?

ANGIE

This is our home for now Ben. Your dad's happy.

BEN
Happy without us.

ANGIE
That's just not true sweetie. I
told you, he's got a lot to do.

BEN
Is that why he's taken all his
things to the studio?

ANGIE
He's done what?

BEN
He took all his stuff when you went
to London today.

ANGIE rushes to the bedroom to find DREW'S wardrobe is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE, STUDIO SPACE

The studio has now expanded and looks like an art factory. In
the corner is a pile of Drew's clothes and bags.

JAY has a full multi-screen workstation.

CAT is sorting through a selection of images.

ELLIOT is doing a large drawing.

DREW and TIM are going through a work list.

STU and JAY have set up the wide format printer - they are
looking at a number of cheesy prints like 'Ullswater'.

STU
(referring to 'Ullswater')
...and this image has sold over a
million copies worldwide.

ANGIE storms in.

ANGIE
What's going on? Why have you taken
all your things?

STU, CAT, TIM and JAY all bury themselves in their work.

ELLIOT
We'll get out of here for a bit -
give you guys some privacy.

TIM and CAT start to rise.

DREW

No, it's OK, there's too much to do. I'll be back in a minute.

ANGIE

A minute? Is that all I'm worth now?

DREW

OK. You want to talk, let's talk...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE, ROOF

DREW

While I've been busy for the last month you've been disappearing up to London every few days. Why?

ANGIE

Stuff! For the show.

DREW

I read the text Angie. 'IT'S OVER!'. Why would you write that if you hadn't been seeing him?

ANGIE

Look hun, it's not what you think.

DREW

Then what were you doing in Hampstead at midnight? And before you say anything...

(producing a letter)

...you got caught on camera. This penalty arrived in the post.

(pause)

I'm busting a gut trying to get us out of the mess - that you got us into.

ANGIE

I did it - for us.

DREW

Did what exactly?

ANGIE

The office! And you're doing so well now - I didn't want to upset you - and spoil your work.

DREW

Well I am upset - so just tell me.

ANGIE

Mark Chapman knew about Triage leaving the UK. They were never going to rent the office. It wasn't real. It was a trick, a scam.

DREW

Why would he do that?

ANGIE

To make people think Triage was doing well - until he could dump their shares at the best price.

DREW

So why have you been seeing him?

ANGIE

I only saw him that once. To get the cheque for your pictures.

DREW

What did you do to get the money?

ANGIE

You think I slept with him?

DREW

Thirty-grand is a lot of money!

ANGIE

Your paintings aren't worth that?

DREW

No. Yes. The point is, what did you do 'to close the deal'?

ANGIE

If I had slept with him it would have been to help you!

DREW

I don't want that kind of help.

ANGIE

Well you banked the cheque.

DREW

I thought the money was for the pictures.

ANGIE

It was for the pictures, hun. And we really needed the money.

DREW

And who's fault is that?

ANGIE

It's my fault. All right! It's all my fault; this damn office, that floating pencil box down there, us being broke - it's all my fault. I was trying to help your career.

DREW

What are you going to do, shag everyone into buying one of my pictures?

ANGIE

Well if that's what it takes to sell them I suppose I will have to do it. Won't I?

(beat)

Unless they're gay - then you will have to do it.

DREW

(trying not to laugh)

Witch!

ANGIE

Wally!

DREW

Bitch!

ANGIE

Idiot!

DREW

Model!

ANGIE

Artist!

DREW grabs ANGIE by the shoulders and shakes her gently.

DREW

Tell me. Did you sleep with him?

ANGIE

No! Of course not. Remember, when you got angry I wouldn't talk to Chapman about buying more pictures?

DREW

Yeah, I said "screw him". But I didn't mean literally.

ANGIE

For what he did to us, I am going to screw him - screw him over!

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Through Asif's contacts in India I got proof that Chapman was doing illegal stock trades. I sent the documents to his bank. He's been suspended pending an investigation. 'It's over' for him, not us. OK?

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER OFFICE BUILDING UNDER REFURBISHMENT

ASIF and JAY are overseeing an extensive refit of another office development. ASIF is speaking on his mobile:

ASIF

Yes, it's been fully refurbished from top to bottom by my people. Absolutely. Thank you very much.

(to Jay)

They're very interested. But I don't want to tell Angie and Drew until it's definite.

JAY

I think you should tell them now?

ASIF

Don't think - just do as I say. I need you to email all the specifications and the floor plans first thing in the morning.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE, STUDIO SPACE, NEXT MORNING

JAY is seated at his computer when TIM and CAT walk in.

TIM

What are you doing here so early?

JAY

I just needed to send some stuff off by email for my dad.

CAT

He doesn't like you being with us, does he?

JAY

He doesn't know. If he finds out what's going on he'll disown me!

CAT
Why doesn't he let you do what you
want to do?

JAY
He wants me to be like my brothers.

TIM
What do you want?

JAY
I want to do this...

ELLIOT wanders in wearing a dressing gown - sipping coffee.

ELLIOT
Good morning.

TIM
Hi, what time did you finish last
night?

ELLIOT
I didn't - I just went to get a
shower. I've got some ideas to show
you, then I'll get some sleep.

STU walks in looking like he's just woken up.

STU
How's it going?

CAT
Didn't you sleep either?

STU
I slept fine. In the big office at
the end.

JAY
Are you all living here now?

TIM
Pretty much.

ELLIOT
Yeah. I suppose so. At least until
this collection is finished.

The phone rings. STU answers.

STU
Hi Angie. That's great, we're all
starving.
(to everyone)
Breakfast is served.

JAY puts his head in his hands in despair.

ELLIOT
Are you OK son?

TIM
Come and have some breakfast. Angie
puts on a great spread.

JAY
How long has this been going on?

CAT
Every morning. You're usually never
here early enough.

The GROUP exit the studio. As they pass through reception JAY
sees ASIF's car approaching and rushes out of the building.

CUT TO:

INT. ASIF'S CAR

ASIF is speaking on his mobile.

ASIF
The pictures were taken a few
months ago. Of course. Yes, the
place is empty, absolutely perfect.

ASIF puts down the phone just as JAY approaches and gets in.

JAY
All done.

ASIF
I know. They just called me. It's
good to know I can rely on you.

JAY
Thanks Dad.

ASIF
How is the office?

JAY
Fine.

ASIF
Just so. It needs to be perfect for
the viewing next week.

JAY
Next week?

ASIF
They're flying over to view at the
end of next week.

JAY
Can I tell Drew and Angie now?

ASIF
Not until it's confirmed.

JAY
(sarcastically)
Great.

ASIF
It is, isn't it?

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE, BOARDROOM

It's a mess, plates, food, cups, clothes, papers everywhere.

DREW
We need to get all these ideas onto
Jay's computer.

ELLIOT
Let's go through everything we've
got - and get things organised.

INSERT: Slide show of concepts and work in progress.

STU
About twenty images are retouched
and ready for printing.

CAT holds up a picture of a speed camera.

STU (CONT'D)
What are we doing with that?

TIM
Just an idea we've been working on.

ELLIOT
Those pictures of graffiti make
good backgrounds - but what's going
to be in the foreground?

DREW
I've been working on some ideas for
that. Will you draw them up?

ELLIOT
Sure. Today?

DREW
Yeah, please.

TIM
What can I do?

DREW
What can you do?

CAT
He's got some ideas for some
military stuff.

TIM
Uxbridge has a long military
history.

DREW
OK, sounds good. Work them up.

TIM
Really?

DREW
We need all the fresh ideas we can
get. I want fifty great pieces!

ANGIE
No more than that Drew. I won't
find anywhere big enough to show
the collection.

ELLIOT
Any luck with that yet?

ANGIE
I'm waiting for a call back.

STU
We need to come up with one idea
every single day - for seven weeks -
and then we've got to produce them!

TIM
That's possible.

ELLIOT
How on earth would you know?

TIM
Before I worked as a correspondent
I spent time in the London office.
We managed to get a new edition out
every day, half advertising, half
editorial; never missed a deadline.

ANGIE

That's not really the same is it?

TIM

I had to come up with ideas, do layouts, write stories and ads - it's a job - you get it done.

CAT

That's how I met Tim. Doing shots for his paper. Then I got married and he went overseas.

TIM

Seriously. I think we can do it.

CAT

If we all work together.

STU

We haven't finished one piece yet.

DREW

Do we need to call in some extra hands? Get a production line going?

ELLIOT

We're not setting up a factory! Creating art isn't like knocking out a newspaper or advertising.

DREW

Isn't it? You said 'paint faster' - that's what I'm doing.

(beat)

Look, Elliot, if Warhol and Hirst can get away with it - then why not us?

(beat)

We need ideas - lots of them - ideas that sell what the seven of us are doing here; to collectors, to the critics and most of all to the local people. We need a lot of work and a good name too.

STU

'The Magnificent Seven'! You know, in the movie, they rescued that village of peasants.

DREW

Have some respect for our audience. The people around here aren't peasants.

ELLIOT
We're not a bunch of cowboys.

STU
They weren't cowboys. They were
mercenaries!

CUT TO:

INT. EDWARD'S LUXURY CRUISER

The LUXURY CRUISER passes by CANARY WHARF.

On board, a WEALTHY ARAB considers a painting in the cabin.

EDWARD and RACHEL are on deck. EDWARD is on the phone.

EDWARD
Yes, of course I'll make some calls
for you. OK, Angie. Bye.

RACHEL
I hope she's found somewhere for
the show - invitations need to be
sent out soon.

EDWARD
Do they have any work?

RACHEL
They have a few pieces.

EDWARD
You've seen something then?

RACHEL
A few bits. Nothing finished. Don't
ask - I'm sworn to secrecy.

EDWARD
How am I ever going to persuade
anyone to attend?

RACHEL
You make it sound hopeless.

EDWARD
Getting people there won't be easy.
(thoughtfully)
For Drew to really find himself as
an artist - this could be the
challenge he needs.

RACHEL

Edward - it's only a challenge if
he has a chance to succeed.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE, ROOF

DREW and ANGIE sit on the railings looking out over the town.

DREW

Stu needs money but that's not why
I am doing this. It's the work
that's important to me... and we've
finished four good pieces this
week. I have to believe that I can
say something meaningful...

ANGIE

They are good Drew ...and the next
pieces look very exciting.

DREW

Nothing can stop us now.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE, FRONT ENTRANCE, STAIRS, ROOF

JAY rushes into the building - he sees ELLIOT working in the
studio - which is now one huge sprawling mess of artwork.

JAY

Where's Drew and Angie?

STU

On the roof.

JAY

Can you go up there - I'll meet
you in a minute - where's Stu?

ELLIOT

Still asleep I think.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE, UPSTAIRS OFFICE

JAY runs to where STU is sleeping. It looks like a campsite.

JAY

Stu, wake up.

STU
What is it?

JAY
I need you to come upstairs.

STU
What now? I need a coffee first.

STU knocks over the remains of a meal making a nasty mess.

JAY
Leave it Stu. Please, come now. Tim
and Cat?

STU
I don't know.

JAY sprints across the office again in search of TIM and CAT. Everywhere he goes looks a mess. He bumps into CAT on the landing. She's brushing her teeth - looking cute in pyjamas.

JAY
Cat, can you go up to the roof?

CAT
Yeah, OK. In a minute.

JAY
Now please Cat. Have you seen Tim?

CAT
He went upstairs. Don't pull at me!

JAY
Come on then. Please!

JAY and CAT run up the stairs and burst out onto the roof.

JAY (CONT'D)
My father wants to do an office
viewing tomorrow.

DREW
That's impossible Jay.

ANGIE
Hun, we have to do it.

DREW
I don't see how.

JAY
My father says this company are
serious about taking the whole
place. You all need to move out.

ANGIE
Where are we going to put everyone?

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT, NEXT MORNING

It's the next morning. ANGIE adjusts her clothes in a long mirror. She's immaculately dressed in a business suit.

ANGIE walks through the houseboat. STU, ELLIOT, DREW, BEN, CAT, TIM and JAY are all crammed into the living quarters. Their belongings are piled up everywhere around them.

ANGIE elegantly tip-toes her way through the scene...

ANGIE
Thanks guys. Wish me luck.

DREW & GROUP
(in tired unison)
Good luck Angie.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE IN UXBRIDGE

ASIF is with a group of six business people. ANGIE enters.

ANGIE
Good morning Mr Singh.

ASIF
Good morning. Everyone, this is Angela Harrison. This is her development.

ANGIE
Good morning. Please eveyone,
follow me and I will take you
around the entire building starting
with reception...

ANGIE and ASIF take the business delegation on a tour of the office - everything is immaculate. Finally they arrive at the basement studio. ASIF tugs at the doors, but they won't open.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
...and last of all the basement
storage area which is very large...

ASIF
They're stuck.

ANGIE
I think they're locked. I'm so
sorry I'll find the key.

ASIF
We must see inside.

ANGIE pretends to struggle with the keys.

SENIOR BUSINESSMAN
(in a distinctly German accent)
No, no it's fine really. I think we
have seen enough to make a firm
decision.

The GROUP all nod approvingly then make their way out of the
building and climb into a stretched limousine.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSEBOAT

ANGIE climbs back onto the houseboat. She slumps on the steps
by the main hatch and announces...

ANGIE
They're going to take it!

The announcement is met with silence.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
It's fantastic, isn't it? They're
going to take the office. They want
all of it!

Still silence for an awkward few moments.

BEN
What about Dad's collection?

DREW
It's fine son. When do they want to
move in?

ANGIE
In eight to ten weeks.

ELLIOT
Can we get back in there now?

ANGIE
I don't see why not.

DREW
We worked all night - don't you
want to rest?

STU
No rest for the wicked...

ELLIOT
...they're having too much fun!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CANAL BANK, EIGHT WEEKS LATER

CAT and ANGIE are sitting on the steps by the canal near where CAT was mugged.

CAT
Summer's over - we've been so busy
I didn't even notice.

ANGIE
You guys have worked really hard.

STU and BEN walk down the steps to join them carrying a box containing a set of small sculpted figures.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
What have you got there Ben?

BEN
Stu makes them for his boys. Look
he's made figures of each of us,
they're really cool.

CAT and ANGIE look at the figures in turn and stand them in a row on the ground. Each little sculpture captures the character of the person. This amuses CAT and ANGIE.

ANGIE
These are so great. Maybe I can use
them on the invitations.

STU
Do you think people will come.

ANGIE
I honestly don't know.

BEN
I think they will.

ANGIE
I hope you're right darling.

CAT
We can't finish anything until we
have a name for the show.

BEN
What about the canal?

CAT
What about the canal?

BEN
It has a good name.

ANGIE and CAT are happily stunned. They both hug BEN.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STUDIO

ANGIE, CAT, STU and BEN excitedly bundle into the studio.

ELLIOT, JAY, TIM and DREW are all sprawled out on the floor - obviously exhausted.

CAT
We've got a name.

ANGIE
Tell them Ben.

BEN
Grand Union.

After a few seconds they all smile with approval and shake hands with each other repeating 'THE GRAND UNION GALLERY'.

DREW gets up from the floor and grabs BEN in his arms.

DREW
Did you think of that?

BEN
Yes.

DREW
It's perfect. The Grand Union
Gallery!

ANGIE
It is perfect, isn't it?

JAY
We've have an idea too.

JAY and DREW shift nervously.

DREW
Hun, promise me you'll stay calm.
We've found a place for the show.

ANGIE

Where?

DREW

We're in it.

ANGIE

You don't mean here?

DREW

Yes, here. We're going to convert the office into a gallery.

ANGIE

Are you nuts?

DREW

I'm going to tell Asif tomorrow that the office isn't available.

JAY

No, it's OK. Let me tell him.

ANGIE

But what about the tenant?

The group sit in silence.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Oh that's priceless!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OFFICE BUILDING IN UXBRIDGE, TWO MONTHS LATER

It's a cold DECEMBER morning. Two lads are fishing in the canal - the FLOATS bob in the water. Just visible in the water is the REFLECTION of a line of upside down lettering.

A wisp of smoke rises from the houseboat chimney, we follow this as it swirls upward. The sun is rising on the office in Uxbridge - the building glows golden in the morning rays. Right at the top of the wall of the building - in large relief letters - we see the words 'The Grand Union Gallery'.

JAY is leaning over the roof railings.

ASIF

Have you had enough of this art nonsense yet?

JAY

I'm fine Dad. Just needed a breath of air. Thank you, and thank your team too, for all their hard work. It really works doesn't it?

ASIF

I am proud of what you have done. I think I am beginning to understand why this means so much to you.

JAY

It really is all I want to do.

ASIF

I can see that. I'm bringing all your brothers tonight.

JAY

I hope you are not the only ones who turn up!

JAY looks over the roof and waves. A crew of WORKMEN finish loading a LARGE VAN, climb in and drive off.

The door to the roof opens and a hot looking WOMAN with blazing RED HAIR appears.

CAT

Jay, we need you now - we've only got eight hours to hang everything.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GILCHRIST GALLERY

A television news crew is interviewing EDWARD and ELEANOR. C/U of the camera monitor image - then dissolve to real life.

REPORTER

Finally, do you expect to attract the same level of interest - and bids - that you achieved at the Christie's London sale?

EDWARD

We're hoping to do even better in New York.

REPORTER

Thank you Edward Gilchrist and Eleanor Graham.

CAMERAMAN

That looked good.

The CAMERAMAN is called away and leaves the camera running.

REPORTER

That's it - we're all done. Mr Gilchrist, I just wanted to say how sorry I was to hear of your loss.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Your Uncle Charles made a huge contribution to London's standing in the art community.

EDWARD

Thank you.

RACHEL enters the gallery and walks over.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

This is Rachel. She handled the Christie's London sale.

RACHEL

When will your report go out?

REPORTER

Later this week - it's a segment in our arts and culture programme. I did want to talk to you about Drew Harrison and ELLIOT Armstrong too.

RACHEL

Great, I've been helping promote their show.

REPORTER

Have you had a preview of the work?

EDWARD

No, I would have liked that, but there wasn't one. My relationship with Drew Harrison goes back fifteen years. I'm confident that this will prove to be an important new direction for his work.

RACHEL

Drew is an accomplished artist. I think the work will be significant and exciting.

EDWARD

I was very pleased to hear ELLIOT Armstrong is working again. He's an important talent.

ELEANOR

I'm sure you can appreciate with the importance of the New York sale - it's just not possible for us to attend. It's bad timing.

REPORTER

So you won't attend tonight?

EDWARD
No, we can't.

ELEANOR
It's impossible.

RACHEL
It would be a great boost if you
could give their show a mention in
the news today.

EDWARD
Rachel will be there tonight
representing us.

RACHEL
Please give us a mention on the
news to help get people there -
it's called: 'GRAND UNION'.

REPORTER
I'll try my best.

RACHEL smiles and exits - the camera is still running.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Will the show attract other
galleries and the London critics?

EDWARD
I genuinely hope so - they really
should go. For us it's just bad
timing. To be honest, I think the
location could be a problem too.

REPORTER
You mean Uxbridge?

EDWARD
Well it's a long way out of town -
right at the end of the tube line!

CUT TO:

EXT. UXBRIDGE TUBE STATION FORECOURT

CAT and ANGIE hand out flyers announcing the gallery opening.
The shoppers and commuters just aren't interested. Many
glance at the flyer briefly and then throw it away.

ANGIE
Everyone is busy and preoccupied.

CAT
This feels like a waste of time.

ANGIE
They're just not interested.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GILCHRIST GALLERY (CONT'D)

EDWARD is still chatting to the REPORTER.

REPORTER
So you don't think the gallery opening will succeed?

EDWARD
Not if its success depends upon local people - in and around Uxbridge. Can't you get something onto the London News at least?

REPORTER
As I said, I'll try my best but unfortunately, our producer doesn't think it's a big enough story.

EDWARD
They really need the London dealers and critics to attend. If they don't, I'm sorry to say, I think their show will close just as fast as it opens. Without selling a single piece.

ELEANOR
I hope you're wrong, Edward.

EDWARD
I do too.

REPORTER walks away and whispers to his crew.

REPORTER
Are you getting all this?

CAMERAMAN
Yeah. The tape's still running.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GRAND UNION GALLERY

DREW, ANGIE, JAY, ELLIOT, STU and TIM are standing against a blank white wall posing for a portrait photo. CAT sets the timer on her camera and joins the group.

RACHEL, BEN sit opposite.

STU
'The Unusual Suspects'?

ANGIE
Rachel has something to tell us.

RACHEL
A television news crew came to
Mayfair yesterday.

DREW
Good for Edward.

RACHEL
It's good for all of you too.
Edward said lots of positive things
about the importance of your
exhibition. They should mention it
on the London News later today.

CUT TO:

EXT. UXBRIDGE TUBE STATION FORECOURT

RACHEL, CAT and ANGIE flop, exhausted onto the bench.

ANGIE
Phew! We handed them all out.

RACHEL
(looking at the sculpture)
The Madonna of Uxbridge?

ANGIE
Funny. That's what Drew calls her.

CAT
Better ask for her blessing then.

CUT TO:

EDWARD'S MEWS HOUSE, BEDROOM, LATER THAT DAY

The sun sinks outside the window. Two fully packed suitcases
lay open on the bed. ELEANOR closes the lid of her suitcase.

EDWARD
Time to find out if Uncle Charles
was right.

ELEANOR
About the timing of the sale?

EDWARD
No. Right about me. I hope I'm a
good investment.

ELEANOR
As a dealer or a husband?

EDWARD
Both?

ELEANOR
Yes both...

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
..or we wouldn't be here.

EDWARD
..or we wouldn't be here.

The door bell rings. EDWARD looks out of the window, PAUL the
chauffeur, opens the boot of the limousine.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDWARD'S LIMOUSINE

We follow the car as it takes the same route along PARK LANE,
and along the BAYSWATER ROAD - now all the railings are bare.

CHAUFFEUR PAUL
It should take about forty minutes
to the airport at this time sir.

EDWARD
We can't miss this flight, Paul.

ELEANOR
Relax. Stop worrying about the
sale.

EDWARD
Actually, I'm thinking about Drew.

ELEANOR
Edward, you've really done all you
can to make the show a success.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GRAND UNION GALLERY, ENTRANCE

ANGIE
I just heard from the bank. The
police are going to arrest Chapman.

DREW
Couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

ANGIE

They think he might be trying to get out of the country.

DREW

Is revenge sweet?

ANGIE

Not unless you believe nothing happened.

DREW

I do hun. If this office couldn't come between us, nothing ever will.

ANGIE

It's not an office anymore. It's a gallery now.

DREW

One thing's certain. All the money's gone now.

ANGIE

I know. But the boat's quite cosy.

DREW

Maybe we should cast off and just see where it takes us.

ANGIE

Maybe? Listen, I didn't want to tell you earlier, Edward isn't coming tonight. I am hoping some of the critics and collectors make it.

DREW

And if we don't sell anything?

ANGIE

Don't worry, we'll get some money back when Asif's tenants move in.

DREW

It was good of him to persuade them to wait three more months.

ANGIE

You can thank Jay for that.

DREW

I will. Listen hun, I know I've got a lot of faults...

ANGIE

..it's their faults that make an
artist unique - and appealing.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE M4 MOTORWAY, EDWARD'S LIMOUSINE

The limousine is stationery in traffic on the M4 motorway.

CHAUFFEUR PAUL

It's two more junctions but the
traffic is at a standstill.

ELEANOR

Call and cancel the sale.

EDWARD

Not again - we can't do that.

ELEANOR

What if we miss our plane? What
happens if we don't get to the
sale?

EDWARD

Then we'll just have to leave it up
to Uncle Charlie.

EDWARD turns on the television.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

They should have some traffic news
on about now.

INSERT: TELEVISION NEWS

NEWSREADER

...following an armed robbery in
The City, a manhunt is now underway
in the Heathrow area. If you see
this man call this number
immediately. Do not approach - he
is believed to be armed and
dangerous. Police have set up road
blocks in and out of the airport -
causing long delays - avoid the
area if possible...

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE BOARDROOM

ELLIOT, TIM, CAT and STU sit around looking despondent.

INSERT: 'It's a Wonderful Life' is showing on the TV.

STU
(referring to the movie)
Look, it's great, the whole town
turn up to help.

CAT
The guy in the movie - he has the
help of a guardian angel.

STU
That's right. George jumps off a
bridge into a freezing river, and
an angel fishes him out...

ELLIOT
(looking at Stu)
..and then talks him out of
committing suicide.

TIM
Real life isn't like the movies.

DREW, ANGIE and BEN rush in.

DREW
Quick, turn over to the news!

CUT TO:

INSERT: TELEVISION SCREEN - NEWS REPORT

NEWSREADER
And finally on local news - a new
art gallery 'The Grand Union' -
opens tonight in Uxbridge. If you
live in or near the area you might
want to cover your ears now.

EDWARD
It's just like any other little
suburban town. A shopping mall and
a few car parks - sandwiched
between three motorways - somewhere
near Heathrow airport. Contemporary
art means nothing to the people of
Uxbridge.

REPORTER
You mean they're not rich and
sophisticated?

EDWARD

Well they're not - are they? We've got galleries in London showing everything from the old masters to the most influential contemporary works. Galleries are enjoying record attendance - growing every year. I doubt many of those visitors come from Uxbridge or towns like it.

REPORTER

Well the people who do attend art galleries can't all be tourists and intellectuals.

EDWARD

All I'm saying is that of the locals don't go to see some of the greatest art in the world at the London galleries - what would persuade them to go and see work by a group of unknown of artists?

REPORTER

So you don't think the Grand Union Gallery will be a success?

EDWARD

If its success depends upon local people - in and around Uxbridge - I'm sorry to say, I think it will close just as fast as it opens. Without selling a single piece.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE BOARDROOM

DREW

Edward's really screwed us now!

TIM

If it weren't for bad luck?

ELLIOT

There's a mouth that needs punching.

STU

If it would help - I'd happily jump in the canal now.

CAT

Do it - we need a miracle.

ANGIE

(whispering to Drew)

Hun, you have to say something.

Drew composes himself.

DREW

A miracle? It's been a miracle creating a collection and then a gallery. I'm not saying that what we've created downstairs is great art. That's not what we set out to do - we just wanted to find a way to pay the rent on this place. But what we have done together proves to me that art really matters. Art doesn't have any practical purpose. But it does have the power to help us express or understand what can't be revealed in any other way - it talks directly to the soul. I managed to pass myself off as an artist - for fifteen years - without believing that simple truth. I guess that's why I failed.

C/U: Reaction shots of STU, ELLIOT, CAT, TIM and ANGIE.

I don't know if contemporary art is good art or not, or if it can ever mean anything to the people around here. We live in a world which is obsessed with designer brands, celebrities, cars, mobile phones, television and shopping. What you have created is more important than that - whether people come and see it or not - or whether it has any financial value or not. The most important thing is that it exists. Because as long as we have art there's hope.

(long beat)

Time to open the doors. Where's Jay?

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOCAL RADIO STATION, STUDIO

DJ

This evening we have with us local artist Jay Singh. We'll be talking to him - and taking calls - later in the show. First, some music.

Upbeat Asian music plays. The DJ removes his headphones.

DJ (CONT'D)
Sorry Jay, the phones are dead.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GRAND UNION GALLERY

STU, ELLIOT, JAY, TIM, CAT, BEN and ANGIE watch DREW open the gallery - it's empty when ASIF arrives with his large FAMILY.

ASIF
Where are all the people?

ANGIE
It's early yet Asif. Please, come in, look around.

ASIF and FAMILY head off to tour the gallery.

STU
(to Drew)
We're all ready to start the auction. Just tell me when.

ELLIOT
Don't you think we'd better wait until some people arrive?

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOCAL RADIO STATION, STUDIO

JAY phones ANGIE.

ANGIE
No Jay. No people yet. It's empty. But your family is here.

JAY
They'll all know I'm a failure now.

ANGIE
Just get back here as soon as you can. Have you seen the TV news?

JAY
I'm at a radio station!

ANGIE
Drew's dealer said some stuff that has really damaged our chances.

JAY
I'll be there soon Angie. OK, bye.

Two excited production staff rush in with a note for the DJ.

DJ
The phones are going crazy now?

CUT TO:

INT. EDWARD'S LIMOUSINE

EDWARD and ELEANOR are watching the TV news.

INSERT: EDWARD speaking on the television screen.

EDWARD
(on television screen)
"I'm sorry to say, I think it will
close just as fast as it opens.
Without selling a single piece."

EDWARD shakes his head in despair.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Please, turn it off.

ELEANOR clicks the remote - EDWARD slumps back in his seat.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
What must Drew be thinking?

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOARDROOM

DREW
What was Edward thinking?

ANGIE
He's not your dealer anymore.

DREW
He is family.

BEN
Dad, Mum look, there's a lot of
people coming.

ANGIE
Look Drew. They're coming here.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDWARD'S LIMOUSINE

123.

EDWARD
We've only moved twenty yards in
twenty minutes.

ELEANOR
Can't you get us out of here Paul?

CHAUFFEUR PAUL
It looks like the motorway is at a
standstill right into the airport.

CUT TO:

EXT. M4 MOTORWAY EMBANKMENTS

POLICE OFFICERS manhandle a handcuffed MARK CHAPMAN into the
back of a squad car.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDWARD'S LIMOUSINE (CONT'D)

We see the BLUE MOTORWAY SIGN indicating the lanes to the
airport - and the right turn to Uxbridge.

CHAUFFEUR PAUL
I can get us out of here if I turn
right.

ELEANOR reads the road sign.

ELEANOR
Turn right then.

EDWARD
We can't risk missing our plane.

The car turns off the motorway.

CUT TO:

EXT. UXBRIDGE TOWN

MONTAGE: LOCAL PEOPLE in homes watching the TV news.
PEOPLE in pubs, shops, restaurants see the gallery leaflets.
PEOPLE speaking on mobile phones, sending text messages.

CUT TO:

EXT. EDWARD'S LIMOUSINE (CONT'D)

ELEANOR
We've worked and planned for this
New York sale for over four months.

EDWARD

I know.

ELEANOR

And we've flown back and forth I
don't know how many times.

EDWARD

I know.

ELEANOR

You planned everything meticulously
with the auction house.

EDWARD

Yes.

ELEANOR

Then let Uncle Charlie handle New
York! Paul, take us to Uxbridge.

EDWARD

Eleanor darling, you're priceless.

CUT TO:

THE GRAND UNION GALLERY

A large crowd of local people entering the gallery.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RADIO STATION

DJ

Now's your chance to prove him
wrong. To get to the gallery...

CUT TO:

THE GRAND UNION GALLERY, ENTRANCE

EDWARD'S LIMOUSINE arrives at the entrance to the gallery
amidst a large crowd of people.

PAUL steps out and opens the door for EDWARD and ELEANOR.

ELEANOR and EDWARD stare wide-eyed at the throng.

DREW sees the limousine arrive and goes to meet it.

DREW shakes hands with ELEANOR and EDWARD.

EDWARD

I'm so sorry about that interview
Drew. I didn't mean to...

DREW

Yeah, I know.

ELEANOR

So what's happened?

DREW

This! This is all EDWARD'S fault!
The whole town has turned out to
prove him wrong.

ELEANOR

It's about time art was taken back -
by the people - for the people.

CUT TO:

THE GRAND UNION GALLERY

EDWARD and ELEANOR walk past a row of smiling ARTISTS and
then tour the gallery and see many artworks including:

A series examining surveillance and technology, SPEED
CAMERAS, CCTV, MOBILE PHONES, THE INTERNET.

A series examining juvenile crime: HOODIES, VIOLENCE,
weapons, drugs and alcohol abuse.

A series about POVERTY and the plight of the HOMELESS.

A series examining multi-cultural issues and ALIENATION.

A series examining WAR, death, honour and heritage.

A series on the phenomena of PERSONALISED NUMBER PLATES.

CUT TO:

EXT: THE OFFICE ROOF

TIM and CAT are looking at the crowds of people arrive.

CUT TO:

THE GRAND UNION GALLERY, AUCTION ROOM

The room is packed with local people.

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER

Ladies and gentlemen. Please take your seats. Welcome to this sale of limited edition prints of the artworks on display in the 'GRAND UNION GALLERY'.

At the back of the room we see ASIF and JAY with all his brothers. STU, ELLIOT, DREW and ANGIE join them.

ASIF

Congratulations. All of you. So what happens now?

JAY

I persuaded the new tenant to sponsor a tour of the exhibition - we're taking it all around the UK. Thirty towns starting next month.

STU

These signed limited edition prints should do well.

JAY

And there's a lot of other products to go on sale too; mugs, bags, caps, T-shirts...

ANGIE

Jay and I are negotiating a deal to licence the artworks to a fashion label.

DREW

I think your son has a great future as a business man...

ELLIOT

...and an artist.

BEN eagerly squeezes his way through the people in the room to DREW's side. He looks up at his father and smiles proudly.

C/U - The AUCTIONEER twirls his gold pen.

CHRISTIE'S AUCTIONEER

Lot One. This piece titled: 'The Four Hoodies of the Apocalypse'. Can we start the bidding at ten pounds? Ten, thank you sir, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty... don't be shy ladies and gentlemen. The bid is at thirty pounds, thirty-five pounds now, forty pounds...

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