

WARRIOR POSE

Written by

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INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - LONDON - EVENING

Silence. An older man spoons tandoori into his misshapen face and chews with his mouth closed. This is LIAM HOUGH (60s).

SLURP. Liam scowls. A spoon hits a plate. Liam freezes. Glasses clink. His eyes twitch. Chewing. Gulping. He shakes.

One table away, an adorable WIDOW gobbles her curry, licks her lips, and gulps down the rest of her wine before clinking her glass for another.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - EVENING - DREAM SEQUENCE

He pushes over his table, grabs a Sitar off the wall, and clobbers the woman to death.

LIAM
QUIEEEEETTTTT!

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - EVENING - END DREAM SEQUENCE

Liam stares at the Widow, blank faced.

She catches his gaze. Gives him a girlish grin. Liam shoots back a chilly glare. The widow shudders.

EXT. BUS STOP - SOUTH LONDON

A bag slung over his shoulder, Liam waits for the bus.

Jamaican teens play hip-hop, shouting and whooping nonsense. Liam puts in ear plugs.

The loudest of the gang is a skinny kid in a leg brace, DWAYNE DENTON (17). He shows off junky jewellery.

DWAYNE
Check these! I nicked em.

TEENAGER 01
You bad now? A crippled thug? Ha!

DWAYNE
Oi, I'm slick. Watch!

Dwayne puts his hand over Liam's trench coat pocket. Looks back at the others, wiggles his brows. Hesitates.

TEENAGER 02
Go on then!

Dwayne spreads a fake smile. He reaches into Liam's pocket.

SMACK. Liam takes Dwayne by the throat and to the ground.

LIAM
(whispering)
I've killed three younger than you.

The kids look at each other, too afraid to step in.

Liam squeezes Dwayne's neck harder as the bus pulls up.

Within an inch of his life, Dwayne is released from the choke hold. Liam stands and puts his fingers to his lips.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Sshhhhhhh! Noisy cunts.

Liam steps onto the bus and taps his card.

EXT. ROOFTOP - HACKNEY - NIGHT

Through the viewfinder of a sniper rifle, we see Liam's eyeball. He shoots into the open window of a flat across the road. A middle aged man is hit in the neck.

He sends a text: "SUCCESS" to his contact "SPRINKLES".

BEEP. A reply appears.

"SPRINKLES" TEXT
Cousin in the flat next door.

Liam looks into the next flat but can't find his target.

RICKY TICKY music blares out of a flat above. The window opens, hipsters pour onto the balcony. A party roars to life.

Liam adjusts his earplugs, but drops one down a drain. Grrr!

He spots the target in the flat below the party. But the target is not alone! He is sharing words with a visitor.

The party gets louder. A hipster starts singing.

The target's companion leaves. Liam aims. The party hipster sings louder, beating on bongos he does not know how to play.

The bongo sounds reverberate. Liam's concentration scatters.

LIAM SHOOTS THE HIPSTER PLAYING THE BONGOS.

Pandemonium engulfs the party. Liam freezes and finds the target, aims for the heart but gets the shoulder. LIAM RUNS.

The wounded target runs out to his balcony as the party above wails in terror. Sirens.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Dwayne stands in front of a posh London home carrying pizzas. He rings the door bell. A well dressed WOMAN answers.

WOMAN

Hello!

DWAYNE

17 pounds 50, please.
(she hands him cash)
May I use your toilet?

WOMAN

Ummm, well...

Dwayne bends down, adjusts his leg brace. He smiles at her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Of course you may. Up the stairs to the left.

Exacerbating his limp, Dwayne hobbles up the stairs. Once in the living room, Dwayne nicks change as he passes. In the bathroom he spots earrings and stuffs them into his pocket.

He hurries out the door as the couple eats.

DWAYNE

Enjoy your pizzas!

WOMAN

Just a moment! Stop, please!

Dwayne freezes. He reaches for the door.

Her HUSBAND runs over, a slice of pizza hanging out of his mouth, and grabs Dwayne by the shoulder.

Dwayne turns, flinching.

HUSBAND

Here you are.

The husband hands him a pound tip.

WOMAN

Darling give him two. It's raining!

INT. LUXURY FLAT - LATER

In a seedily swank locale, filled with new-money gadgets and tacky furniture, Dwayne swipes an iPhone off a table.

Across the room a giant man, SYD (40s) opens pizzas for three other blokes.

Dwayne pauses before putting the phone in his pocket as he spots A GIANT BOX OF COCAINE a foot away.

A smaller bloke, BILLY (40) sees the phone in Dwayne's hand.

BILLY

Oi!

Syd turns, chases Dwayne out. The adrenaline carries Dwayne half a block before Syd catches him, snatches the iPhone, and clocks Dwayne in the face.

As he winds back for another punch, Billy intervenes.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Take him to the shop.

Syd slings Dwayne over his shoulder. Dwayne screams in agony as his bad leg is twisted.

EXT. HACKNEY - ROOF - SAME TIME

Sirens continue outside the murder scene. Liam slips away from his location as people look to where the shot was fired.

Aging-ninja like, he scales down the building, heads for a back route, but TRIPS on the ground.

Liam pants, running. Clutches his side. Bit out of shape.

Two cops approach from behind. Liam speeds up, face down.

One policeman, BRIAN BADCOCKE (27), straight out of a sexy cop calendar, bumps into Liam.

Brian turns and takes out his baton. He retreats when he sees a bent over old geezer who can barely breathe.

BRIAN

Apologies, sir. There's been a shooting, get to safety at once!

The other cop, STEVE, somehow more handsome, runs past.

STEVE

Get a testimony!

BRIAN

Not this time! You get a testimony, I'm catching the baddie!

Brian runs ahead of Steve. Liam hobbles in the other direction, still hiding his face.

INT. DARK ROOM - SAME TIME

Syd throws Dwayne onto a hard surface. Lights are flicked on.

Barrels of ice cream line the walls. We can see their breaths. Billy holds the iPhone.

BILLY
After an upgrade?

DWAYNE
I was just admiring it, bruv.
You've got good taste!

Syd cracks Dwayne across the face. Billy opens Dwayne's bag and empties out the junk he's nicked. It's almost all junk.

BILLY
How long you been hitting my manor?

DWAYNE
First time I been round here. Only
had the job a week.

BILLY
Picked up quite a lot of junk.
(beat)
Is this a bloody DVD?

DWAYNE
I thought it was a tiny frisbee.

BILLY
I believe you ain't been thieving
long cause you sure are shit at it.

Billy and Syd laugh. Dwayne grabs his knee and weeps.

BILLY (CONT'D)
So you really are crippled? That
wasn't an act?

SYD
Want me to break the other leg?

BILLY
Might do.

DWAYNE
Please, no! I'm sorry. Me dad's in
prison in Ghana and me mum can't
work so I'm trying to help out.

BILLY
What kind of trouble Daddy get
into?

DWAYNE
Internet. He's real clever.

BILLY
Online fraud? If he was clever he
wouldn't have got caught.
(beat)
Where were you planning to get rid
of all this stuff?

DWAYNE
I don't know. eBay? Gift for me
mum? You can have it all!

BILLY
Oh I can keep this bent spoon?

DWAYNE
It's shiny. I don't got time to
look over everything. I'm sorry.
Please don't beat me up anymore.

BILLY
I saw you looking over my product.

Syd cracks his knuckles.

DWAYNE
What? I didn't notice any drugs!

BILLY
How do I know that when you leave
here you won't go running off to
the cops?

DWAYNE
I'd never say anything, I hate
coppers. You can trust me, bruv.
I'm criminal too!

BILLY
Bad boy, eh? Alright. How about you
make up what you done to me by
stealing something FOR me. Use
those sticky fingers.

DWAYNE
What do you want?

BILLY
Something big. If you succeed, not
only will I not have my mate here
break every other joint in your
body, I'll give you full time
employment. Mummy won't have to
worry about anything.

DWAYNE

Yeah, alright! Big like a car? My uncle drives a rubbish truck and I hate him. I don't know how to drive but maybe -

BILLY

Shut up. I have an assignment I'm putting you on. I'll be pairing you up with a mentor. Someone who can show you how professionals do it.

DWAYNE

An apprenticeship with a thug? Wow. When do I start?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

A bare bungalow emanating utter loneliness. On the walls hang press clippings and police sketches of young handsome Liam, middle aged crazy Liam, and the old out of shape hitman.

Empty beer bottles spill out of the bin. Liam chugs an energy drink and does press ups. The news plays on TV.

BBC NEWS CORRESPONDENT

A bizarre set of shootings in Hackney last night has the public in a panic. Scotland Yard has refused any insights, but we do have with us the police officer who was first on the scene.

News cuts to BRIAN, so happy to be on camera it's as if he doesn't realise he's reporting on multiple murders.

BRIAN

Hello! I'm Brian Badcocke, 18 months on the force now. I've arrested 7 people.

BBC NEW CORRESPONDENT

What else can you tell us?

BRIAN

My BMI is 18.5, aka perfect!

BBC NEWS CORRESPONDENT

Thank you, Constable. What did you see at the crime scene? Do you know from where the shots were fired?

BRIAN

It was chaos. My partner and I were on patrol nearby. I ran in soon as I heard the shots, Steve trailing me by about 7 paces.

BBC NEWS CORRESPONDENT
Do rumours of international
terrorism have any merit?

BRIAN
Not at all! The Home Office has
been doing a splendid job with new
anti-immigration measures, we
promise you these murders were
thoroughly British.

BBC NEWS CORRESPONDENT
This was a gun crime on the streets
of London. Is Britain turning into
America?

BILLY
An organised crime ring has been
operating on a most covert level in
this country for decades. They
employ several "master" hitmen,
criminals so skilled and elusive
almost nothing is known about them.

BBC NEWS CORRESPONDENT
So you have no idea who did it.

BRIAN
Clearly this was no master. This
was a bungler.

LIAM
(to TV)
I am a master! I've snuffed 47
people you poofteer.

BBC NEWS CORRESPONDENT
You assume organised crime. But
what of Alfie Ashmore, son of
Islington MP Philip Ashmore, who
was killed at the adjacent party
while playing the bongos?

Footage of a distraught MP, PHILIP ASHMORE, walking into his
home as the press follows him.

BRIAN
We've not yet deduced what the
political motives might be. Could
be anyone, really!

BBC NEWS CORRESPONDENT
What DO you know?

BRIAN
That if I want something badly
enough, I will get it. That's The
Secret.

Brian closes his eyes. He moves like a dog dreaming of chasing a rabbit, visualising himself catching the criminal.

BEEP. Liam looks down at his phone.

TEXT FROM "SPRINKLES"
The office, 1 hour. You know better
than to run.

INT. CRIME BOSS OFFICE - LATER

A cupcake shop in North London. Liam sneers at pastry munchers as he shoves his way past the counter.

Dark hallways lead him to a hidden room, the air filled with e-cig vapour and danger. Tubs of white powder line two sides of the back wall. Between them, a handwritten sign shows two arrows, one points to "SUGAR", the other "COCAINE". Below both: "ALWAYS TREBLE CHECK."

Billy sits at a desk reviewing flavours. Syd is behind him along with TWO LACKEYS.

BILLY
Two more barrels of "Unicorn Poop".

LACKEY 01
The ecstasy or the frosting?

BILLY
Both.
(to Liam)
Sit. So what are we going to do about this?

LIAM
We find a way to tie it to the kid upstairs, one of his dad's political enemies.

BILLY
That's a very clever idea, Liam.
Ain't he clever, boys?
(beat)
27 years in the business. Never once a mistake. Thought maybe you had a death wish.

LIAM
I don't wish to be dead. Not yet.

BILLY
Best way to make this disappear though, isn't it?
(silence, eats a cupcake)
Stop sweating.
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)

I figured something out, seeing as you've been so useful to me. I'm putting you on an assignment out of town.

LIAM

I'll be spot-on. I've got a new system for helping me focus.

BILLY

No, I've got a new system for helping you focus. A partner.

LIAM

I work alone.

(beat)

Billy. I can't be around another person a whole day.

BILLY

You'll have to learn to like this one. Won't be allowed to kill him.

DWAYNE storms in shoving two cupcakes in his mouth.

DWAYNE

If you mix the red frosted with the peaches and cream it's like, MMMM!
Is that what fanny tastes like?

Liam and Dwayne meet eyes. Dwayne drops his cupcakes.

BILLY

Meet your new partner.

DWAYNE

OMG! I'm gonna be THUG AS FU -

LIAM

Are you mental? This kid can't pick a fucking pocket.

BILLY

How do you know?

LIAM

He tried to pickpocket me!

BILLY

Then show him how.

DWAYNE

You're gonna teach me to be scary like you, yeah bruv?

LIAM

I'm not a bloody school teacher.

BILLY

You are now. You messed up.

LIAM

I'll make it right.

BILLY

Yes you will, by training some new blood. Time to pass on your skills.

LIAM

To a cripple? You can't be serious.

DWAYNE

Crime is in my blood, mate! So what we doin? We gonna pop some geezers?

BILLY

No. There's some product I need you to secure.

DWAYNE

Frosting or biscuits?

BILLY

Drugs.

DWAYNE

Brilliant!

Dwayne hi-fives Liam, but Liam doesn't return so Dwayne hits the air. He dances, hypomania and ADHD in full force.

BILLY

You're going after a large supply of mescaline and LSD.

LIAM

I can do this alone.

DWAYNE

Where are these drugs? Burning Man? We going to California?!?

BILLY

Cornwall.

LIAM

Easy. I'll have it done tomorrow.

BILLY

On a yoga retreat.

Silence. Billy plugs his phone into a projector and starts scrolling through Instagram yoga shots.

BILLY (CONT'D)

An old colleague of mine disappeared 5 years ago. Stole my business contacts, bought up all my supplies. Goes by "Swami" now. He teaches yoga to middle class ladies in the country. What he doesn't post online is that he gets them high on hallucinogenics at these "meditation" sessions.

A photo comes up of a group of blissed out yogis meditating.

LIAM

So steal his drugs then hit Swami, dump him in the sea.

BILLY

No! Don't kill him, he's too visible. Too many followers.

Zoom in on Swami's 50,000 Instagram followers.

DWAYNE

Whoa.

LIAM

I'll hide out in the fields and steal the product while they've all got their eyes closed. Easy. I don't need the boy.

BILLY

It won't be easy and you do need the boy, because you're going undercover. He's your decoy. I've signed you both up for the retreat.

LIAM AND DWAYNE

To do yoga?

BILLY

You've put on some weight, old man.

LIAM

I'll cut back on the pints.

BILLY

You're getting detoxed.

(to Dwayne)

And you, boy. Did you know people recover from life long injuries with a steady yoga practice? Might fix up this leg of yours.

DWAYNE
Am I in a dream? I wanna cry!
(beat, breath)
Bruvs don't cry.

LIAM
You're sending us to fat camp?

BILLY
I'm sending you on a job.

The two armed LACKEYS each throw Liam and Dwayne a yoga mat.

INT. CAR - DAY

Liam drives a compact car down country roads, always looking to see who's following. Dwayne fidgets in the passenger seat.

DWAYNE
So I say you bust in to this Swami
geezer's cabin and I'll come in
behind with a gun -

LIAM
You're not getting a gun.

DWAYNE
How'm I gonna pop people? BAM BA
BAMM BAMM BAM

Dwayne is shooting invisible people that are apparently flying around the car. Liam smacks his hand away.

Ringtone: TINKY TINKY TINKY. Dwayne answers his mobile.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)
Oi?
(beat)
I can't, on my way to Corn -

Liam snatches the phone and covers the mic.

LIAM
(whispers)
Fuck's sake! You can't tell your
mates where we're going.

DWAYNE
Obviously!

Dwayne grabs the phone back.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)
Calm down, Mum. I'll be back in a
week. I don't know which village, I
forgot! It's fine, school holiday,
in'it? Ok. Love you too.

He hangs up. Liam's discomfort deepens.

Dwayne turns on the radio. Liam turns it off. Dwayne tries another station. Liam turns it off.

Dwayne gets the hint. For a nice beat, he remains quiet.

He then takes out a packet of crisps. CRUNCH.

Dwayne starts humming. Liam sighs in existential pain.

INT. LONDON - SCOTLAND YARD OFFICE

Brian Badcocke is doing a handstand in the middle of the police room, cops around him jeer. His Chief Superintendent, JEREMY WILKES, walks in with MP PHILIP ASHMORE.

CHIEF WILKES

Who gave you permission to go on the tele, Badcocke?

(beat)

You looking for our shooter on the floor?

BRIAN

Working on my shoulder strength.

FAT COP

Yeah, crush him in your armpit since you don't carry a firearm.

The other cops laugh. Brian pops back up.

BRIAN

I was keeping the public informed.

CHIEF WILKES

You were showing off. And discussing secure information! Thanks to you, the crime ring we're after knows we're on to them. I should fire you!

PHILIP

Sirs, I've lost my son. Please tell me that the farce I just saw on the news is not an accurate reflection of this investigation. What is currently being done?

BRIAN

I've been meditating on it, trying to get my head into the mind of the shooter.

PHILIP

Excuse me?

CHIEF WILKES
Right honourable gentleman,
Badcocke is new to the force.

BRIAN
I have caught two elusive criminals
thus far. By focusing my inner eye.

PHILIP
Are your outer eyes not sufficient?

BRIAN
In seeing the truth? No.

PHILIP
I cannot think of anyone less
qualified to enforce the law.

CHIEF WILKES
Constable! Only because you were on
the scene of the crime, I'm keeping
you on the assignment in tandem
with our more experienced
workforce.

PHILIP
I'd like to know what the more
experienced workforce is doing.

CHIEF WILKES
We've just had intelligence come in
that our shooter is on the run.

PHILIP
To where? Is he still in the
country?

CHIEF WILKES
Our tip is that he is in Cornwall.
I'd like to send Badcocke down to
work with local authorities.

BADCOCKE
Brilliant!

PHILIP
Who sent this tip? How do we know
we can trust them?

CHIEF WILKES
We can't. But it's also a way to
keep Badcocke off the tele.

BADCOCKE
And onto a surfboard!

CHIEF WILKES

You will be working every moment to find our man!

PHILIP

Who I seriously doubt is a fish!

BADCOCKE

Let's not cross anything off the list just yet.

PHILIP

I'm launching a private investigation of my own.

CHIEF WILKES

Please don't. We're doing everything we can. You're on the next train to Cornwall, Constable.

EXT. YOGA RETREAT - LATE AFTERNOON

A picturesque Cornish campsite, the sea glistens behind.

In chavy workout gear, two sizes too tight on Liam, the thugs clutch their yoga mats. Dwayne takes photos of the scenery.

STUART (23), hunched and effeminate, approaches with a clipboard.

STUART

You must be Stan and Justin.

DWAYNE

(to Liam)

Who's who?

LIAM

That's us. Stan here.

STUART

Welcome, gents!

SWAMI descends, hands outstretched. Suntanned and ginger, serene yet intense. He doesn't look like a drug lord.

SWAMI

Our last arrivals. So happy you have joined us.

Dwayne fist-bumps, Swami goes in for the hug. Dwayne softens, he loves a cuddle.

Liam freezes. Swami starts to hug him, but feels the tension. Swami stares deep into Liam's eyes, then smiles.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
Let's loosen you up!

EXT. CLIFF SIDE - LATER

Yoga class. A bunch of middle class ladies in active wear. Dwayne does everything double-speed and constantly falls on his bad leg. Liam can't get his arms above his head.

SWAMI
Inhale danyadurasana, exhale
ardvashandrasana. Let me hear you
breathing!

Students inhale and exhale audibly. One woman goes "MMMMM" between each pose. Liam quivers at the noises.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
Stick out your tongue and open your
eyes wide. Lions breath!

DWAYNE
ROAAAARRRR!

Montage of class continues. Dwayne gets adjustments for his knee. Students huff, sigh, & whoop in exhaustion.

Someone farts in down dog. Liam stands up and walks off.

Swami touches Liam's shoulder. Liam turns and DRAWS HIS FIST.

Standing his guard, Swami stares back. Liam drops his fist.

LIAM
Don't like being touched.

SWAMI
Noted. Now return to the mat where
we will begin our balancing series.

Liam stands on his mat.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
Lift your right knee into the air
and take tree pose.

After Swami demonstrates, Liam attempts tree pose and topples onto the next woman.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
Falling is beautiful. Let me
assist.

As Liam gets back up, Swami adjusts his shoulders, back, legs. Liam quivers with each touch, angry.

Swami stands back and stares at him, then PULLS A KNIFE out of his yoga trousers.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
The neck on this shirt is
restraining you.

Swami cuts an incision in the fabric right by Liam's neck. The two men stare at each other as Swami puts his knife back in his trousers.

EXT. YOGA CLASS - MOMENTS LATER

The class lie on their backs, breathing.

SWAMI
Savasana. Allow the muscles to
relax. Unwanted thoughts may pass
through one's mind. Discard these
by turning your attention to your
breath.

Liam's breath quickens uncontrollably.

INT. ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

In the sepia-toned 1970s, a clock buzzes on the wall. A boy is whacked across the face by an OLDER MAN. The man takes out a paddle and hits it over a table, menacingly, repeatedly.

End flashback.

INT. CABIN - LATER

Dwayne and Liam, aching, unpack their things into a tiny cabin furnished with bunk beds.

DWAYNE
That felt great! We get to be here
a whole week?

LIAM
We're going to find the drugs
tonight and be out in the morning.

DWAYNE
Oh yeah, that quick? Who'm I gonna
pop? Start teaching me! Man, I'm
learning so much today!

LIAM
All you have to do is be quiet.
This Swami character is dangerous.

DWAYNE

What do you mean? He's a hippie?

LIAM

There's more to him than I wish to find out.

DWAYNE

Oi, boss man says you have to impart your skills. I'm gonna be the next legend!

LIAM

Keep quiet or you're going to be the next dead black kid.

DWAYNE

Not if I kill you first.

(awkward beat)

You can't go back anyway. Every copper in London's looking for you. You've got to hang out with me.

LIAM

We're not hanging out.

DWAYNE

Look, I'm real good at nicking stuff, I just need to learn how to find the good stuff. Give me a chance. Where you reckon these drugs are?

LIAM

I have no idea. We have to start scaling the place. Lesson one: Look for safes, locks, and any area this Swami character seems protective of. Look where his eyes go. That's where his secrets are.

DWAYNE

Wicked. Then when he turns around, just shoot the safe open? I told you, I need a weapon, bruv!

Stuart pokes his head in.

STUART

Time for tea!

INT. DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

A wooded dining area so adorable it looks like Etsy had diarrhoea. The yoga class assembles around the table.

Dwayne clinks his porcelain tea mug, delighted.

DWAYNE
 Why we gotta bust out so quick?
 Real mugs, mate!

Liam grabs the spoon from him.

STUART
 Welcome, everyone! I bet you're all
 feeling peckish after that vigorous
 yoga practice.

CLASS
 Indeed! / Mmmmmmmmm! / I wanna puke.

STUART
 Vegan sandwiches will be out
 shortly.

EVERYONE BUT LIAM
 Hooray!

Swami walks in with an ornate pot and serves tea.

One of the girls, ALLISON (27), American, giggles and claps.

DWAYNE
 You like tea that much, eh?

ALLISON
 OMG I do! Hot tea! Mmmmmmmmm....

Everyone is handed a small cup of greenish tea. Dwayne takes
 a giant gulp and chokes.

LIAM
 (to Dwayne, whispering)
 Watch Swami, see where he hovers.

The rooms starts twisting. Colours pop and wiggle. The boys
 look at Swami, who's wide smile takes on a cartoonish twist.

The entire class is hallucinating. Liam looks over to the
 ornate teapot. Dwayne points to it and whispers.

DWAYNE
 The drugs are in the teapot, mate!

Liam puts his hand over Dwayne's mouth. The two thugs start
 rocking back and forth, tripping.

GONG. Stuart hits a large yogi drum, the gong reverberates in
 Liam's skull. The room swells and wiggles with the sound.

A pigeon flies into the window. The yogis coo at it. DWAYNE
 PICKS UP AN AVOCADO AND THROWS IT AT THE BIRD'S HEAD.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)
 I just caught a pokemon!

CLASS

Wow! / Well done! / How dare you?

The pigeon poops in Liam's tea and flies out.

Liam opens his eyes and drinks the tea. Wretches.

From Liam's POV, the room goes sepia coloured and he sees the young version of himself and the older man across the table.

SWAMI

What do you see?

LIAM

Nowt.

SWAMI

(whispering)

Let those visions go. They'll take
your aggression with them.

Liam looks up. The visions are still there. He doubles over.

Swami moves around the table, caressing the craniums of the yogis, who are all in heaven but Liam.

INT. CORNWALL POLICE STATION - DAY

Brian Badcocke swaggers into the humble county police office.

SGT WATTS, a rotund sunburned man, like Santa on summer holiday, greets him.

SGT WATTS

How do? You must be Constable
Badcocke!

BRIAN

Call me Brian.

SGT WATTS

We are very excited to be assisting
you, Brian. London tells us there's
a baddie come down this way?

BRIAN

A murderer.

SGT WATTS

He will not last long in Cornwall!
We've got sharp eyes and lots of
sunshine. The naughty boy will not
escape! You'll be helped by PCSO
Plummer.

Sgt Watts leads Brian to the desk of SUSAN PLUMMER, 36, tiny woman with sharp features and short shaggy hair. She gives a quick smile, then looks down at Brian's hand and shakes it.

BRIAN
Hello, I'm...

SUSAN
Brian Badcocke. Raised in
Hertfordshire. Son of Joan and
William Badcocke.

BRIAN
You've done your research!

SUSAN
You joined the force two years ago
after failing to become a presenter
on CrimeWatch. You made it through
three rounds of auditions but -

BRIAN
(wincing)
Don't -

SUSAN
(eyeing his torso)
You're fit enough.

BRIAN
I work out a bit.

SUSAN
You do... Yoga twice a week and
spin class on Fridays. Weights
thrice per week but you've been
skipping leg day, which you think
is fine since the weather is now
conducive to weekly runs though St
James Park where you do at least
six burpees in the grass. That plus
the occasional Rave gives you three
times the recommended cardio.

BRIAN
How long have you had me on
surveillance?

SUSAN
You've got an tulip petal on your
left trainer, spin shoes sticking
out of your rucksack, an abnormally
flexible upper body seeing how your
arm bent back when you opened the
door. And your hand is still
stamped with the club logo.

Brian nods his head, she's good. He's better -

BRIAN

You... are probably a lesbian! And have... NO children.

SUSAN

You're right about the 2nd one. My husband died while we were trying to conceive.

Brian spots Susan's giant wedding photo on her desk.

BRIAN

Oh.

SGT WATTS

Susan is an impeccable police person. Show him your work, Sue.

On the wall by Susan's desk is a photo collage of various Cornish miscreants. She points to her captures -

SUSAN

Meet Andy Timbrell, notorious boat thief. This is John Haversham, arsonist.

SGT WATTS

A piemaker from up north. Came all the way down here to set fire to our shops after Best British Pie was won by a pasty.

SUSAN

We've got con artists, a couple of beach prostitutes, two bed n breakfast embezzlers, and a man who was sex trafficking sheep.

SGT WATTS

To the Midlands!

SUSAN

The French were involved.

SGT WATTS

She uncovered the whole ring!

SUSAN

Unfortunately the French didn't care.

SGT WATTS

So who's this baddie who's made the mistake of hiding out in our village?

BRIAN

A murderer. Perhaps a professional
hitman? We have no idea really.
Just got a tip that he's here.

SUSAN

Let's hit the footpaths and find
out.

INT. CABIN - LATER

After-tea come down. Dwayne vomits. Liam regains his
composure.

LIAM

I'll break into the kitchen
tonight.

DWAYNE

I'll come with you.

LIAM

No. You keep out of my way.

DWAYNE

Stop pushing me out! How'm I gonna
learn anything?

LIAM

Be a deterrent. Stay here and be
noisy, you're good at that, and
draw attention away from the
kitchen. That's important work.

Stuart pokes his head in.

STUART

Everyone recover your fluids!

He tosses them each a water bottle and leaves.

LIAM

I wish I could pop that numpty.

DWAYNE

I'll do it.

LIAM

You haven't got the bottle.

Dwayne drops to the ground, rolls over to Liam's gun, tries
to steal it. Liam grabs it first and hits Dwayne over the
head. Dwayne chokes back sobs.

LIAM (CONT'D)
 You watch too many movies. Your
 mistake right there was a big
 movement, anyone would have seen
 you coming. Stand up.

Liam unloads his gun.

LIAM (CONT'D)
 Here. Hold it up in front of you
 and look through this.

Shaking, Dwayne aims.

LIAM (CONT'D)
 Be still. Take a deep breath.

DWAYNE
 Just like in the yoga.

LIAM
 But keep your bloody eyes open.

DWAYNE
 Right.

CLICK. Dwayne shoots.

LIAM
 That's it.

DWAYNE
 Great! Let's try it with bullets.

LIAM
 I've got blanks. We'll shoot a
 target one night on our way back.

Dwayne starts fake shooting and pretends to kill Liam.

Liam kicks Dwayne in the knees and recovers his weapon before
 it hits the ground.

LIAM (CONT'D)
 This is pointless. You're a child.

DWAYNE
 Bet I steal the drugs before you.

Liam LAUGHS!

DWAYNE (CONT'D)
 You know, you think you're real
 good at everything, but you messed
 up, didn't you old man? Who's to
 say I can't do it better on my own?
 I'm younger and bendy and I stole
 lots of stuff before.

LIAM

You're crippled and loud and probably haven't figured out how to transport them back to Billy.

DWAYNE

Yeah so I got a bad leg. Means people think I'm innocent. You can't fool nobody, you look like a baddie.

LIAM

Do it your way, I'll do it mine. Let's see who gets the drugs first.

DWAYNE

You're on!

INT. FLASHBACK

Back in the sepia-toned 1970s, young Liam and his mother are tied up in the back of a car. The man who hit him is in the front seat, chomping a burger, chewing noises at peak nasty.

The man starts knocking his palm against the steering wheel, rhythmically angry. The sound gets louder.

End flashback.

INT. CABIN - PRE DAWN

Liam tosses in bed, sweating.

He wakes up. The knocking noise continues outside his wall. He punches the wall. The sound continues. He grabs a handgun, points it outside his window, spots a woodland bird knocking against the side of the house.

Liam puts down the gun and lifts the bird. He brings it into his room, gives it a stroke, then lets it go.

He amasses his tools. The bird flies the fuck out of there.

INT. DINING HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Dead quiet in the dark dining cabin. Dawn peeks in under the window.

Liam slips in with his toolkit. A master at work, he searches each drawer, safe, and hidden box for hallucinogenics.

Nothing. He looks up and notices an antique tea pot. He climbs to the cupboard and finds a tiny dose of a pale green substance.

He takes a sniff and looks around. This can't be all. As he steps off the counter, HE SEES SWAMI STANDING IN THE DOORWAY.

SWAMI
Delicious, isn't it? My own recipe.
I promise there will be more.

LIAM
I don't sleep much.

SWAMI
We'll work on that.

Liam steps towards the door. Swami stands before him.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
If I see you in here again -

LIAM
Yeah?

SWAMI
I'll do exactly what you would do
to an intruder.

LIAM
You don't like me, I'll leave.

SWAMI
No. You aren't going anywhere. I
don't know who you are, but I'm
going to change why you are here.

LIAM
I'm just an old bloke, looking to
do some yoga.

EXT. YOGA CLASS - 7AM

Swami leads the yogis through an invigorating sunrise yoga practice. The class luxuriates in each uplifting posture.

Agony engulfs Liam's face.

SWAMI
Reach your shoulders down away from
your ears, your head lifts towards
the heavens.

CRACK. Liam's neck. Swami places his hands on either side of Liam's head.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
Inhale.

LIAM
(as he breathes in)
Don't like being touched.

SWAMI
Exhale and release.

Swami squeezes his head REALLY HARD. Liam goes red.

LIAM
(breathing out)
Aaaaaarse!

Swami cracks Liam's neck. Liam swings around, provoked.

SWAMI
We need to elongate your spine.
(beat, to the class)
Now we begin our Warrior Series.
Remember, yoga is a non-violent,
non-competitive martial art. But it
is in fact -
(beat, looks to Liam)
- a martial art.

The men stare at each other.

Time lapse through the warrior series takes us to the final meditation. Everyone lies on their backs, eyes closed.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
Focus your energy on each part of
your body. I can feel my hair.
(beat) I can feel my head. (beat)
My neck. (beat) My back.

DWAYNE
Lick my pussy and my crack!

Laughter erupts. One of the yogi women, RAMONA (37), a cougar with crazed kitten eyes, smiles at Dwayne.

INT. DINING HALL - 9AM

Breakfast time! Liam stares at the quinoa contraption while the rest of the yogis Instagram their plates.

Chipper American Allison chimes in.

ALLISON
Nom nom, am I right?

YOGIS
Mmmmmmm! / Delish! / *slurp*

Liam's gives the murder look.

SWAMI

Hope you all enjoy your nourishing meal! Now that we've all been here a day, it's time to get to know each other better. I want each of you to tell the group something unique about yourselves.

ALLISON

How fun!

SWAMI

Something you don't want other people to know.

Beat. Solemnity descends.

RAMONA

I lost my job a month ago.

SWAMI

It's an unstable economy, that's not in your control.

RAMONA

I was fired. And I'm a sex addict.

SWAMI

Now that's what we're here to hear.

RAMONA

I was the CFO of an oil company. Earned half a million at the end but spent most of it. I got caught using petty cash to hire hookers for threesomes in the south of France with one of my employees.

ALLISON

Oh, dear.

DWAYNE

Wow. A nympho.

RAMONA

No. Nymphomaniacs don't get emotionally attached. I... sent a few drunk facebook messages to my employees fiancé, broke up their engagement, then he blew the whistle. Invoked an investigation which revealed my work browsing history. I think you can figure out the rest. Now unemployed and unemployable. So here I am! On a yoga retreat, figuring out what to do next with my life.

SWAMI

What a fabulous start! Who's next?

A shout from CLAIRE (20s), pale skin that sags at the joints.

CLAIRE

I used to be morbidly obese, that means fat as fuck.

(beat)

10 months ago my boyfriend dumped me for an anorexic American. Told me, TO MY FACE, he finally found the confidence to date hot girls. I went on a cocaine diet for a few months. I lost weight, but I also caught a coke habit I couldn't afford so I went straight edge vegan. I tried therapy but then I punched my therapist. I was told by another shrink that yoga would get me fit and calm my mind. It does.

(beat, off a look)

Yes I'm still chubby but I'm thinner than I used to be so everyone can fuck off.

SWAMI

We still have lots of anger to work through. Glad you're with us! Let's keep going.

ALLISON

Gosh, I don't know. I'm an open book. Uh... I've done no less than 20 yoga retreats in the past two years. I'm addicted! A yoga addict! That's pretty embarrassing I guess.

STUART

When do you work?

ALLISON

Never! I just bounce around the planet doing yoga.

STUART

You lucky duck. My dark secret isn't so dark. I have scoliosis. I'm also a homosexual.

LIAM

Not so secret either.

SWAMI

Stan, you have something to add?

Silence.

DWAYNE

My go! What do I not want you lot to know about me... hmmm. I mean there's like a lot of bad but really cool stuff about me I'm not supposed to say -

He catches Liam's glare.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

Like that my willy is too big.

Dwayne smiles at Ramona. Swami gives him a look.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

Right. I have a disease which caused my joints to not grow properly which is why I've got a brace. But it didn't affect my willy! That grew just fine.

SWAMI

Fantastic. Yoga has cured many physical ailments and I have great hopes for you. Stan? I believe you are the last guest. Let's hear what you have to share.

LIAM

Nothing about me that I'm ashamed of. So I got nothing to share.

SWAMI

I find that very hard to believe. Those tense muscles are storing some secrets.

(beat, glare)

But I guess we'll find out all about that in due course. My go! I was once a career criminal.

(beat, students shocked)

I sold illegal substances, stole valuable items, and once took a life, simply for profit. Then I began to breathe.

Swami breathes, eyes closed. All the yogis join in.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

It changed my life. It can change yours.

Swami breathes with the group. Dwayne seizes the opportunity, swipes the tea pot that contained the drugs.

He opens it, IT'S EMPTY. Dwayne holds his breath, then tries to lift the keys out of Swami's pocket.

Swami opens his eyes and instinctively takes Dwayne down.
Dwayne clutches his leg.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I can help you heal your leg. Or I
can break every limb in your body.

Swami grabs Dwayne's leg and bends it over his head.

The rest of the yogis open their eyes, catching Dwayne and Swami in an advanced yogi posture. They APPLAUD as Dwayne holds back tears.

EXT. CORNISH STREET CORNER - SAME TIME

With Brian trailing, Susan approaches SANTO (50s), a weathered man wrangling shiny objects.

SUSAN
Ha, Santo!

SANTO
Sue! Nothing to see here!

SUSAN
I know you've been stealing cutlery
from tea shops but I haven't
figured out why so we'll get to
that another time.

SANTO
I'm off the heroin I just like
stirring things.

SUSAN
I need to know if anyone suspicious
has been knocking about.

BRIAN
We're seeking a murderer.

SUSAN
One who made a professional hit on
a drug dealer. Anyone involved in
the trade that you know down here?
Seen anything odd?

Long beat as Santo squirms.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Santo, we have a relationship -

SANTO
There's a bunch of tourists up on
the campsite.

SUSAN

It's July.

SANTO

But not just campers, like a cult
or something. They twist like
snakes and chant nonsense.

Santo does Eagle Pose and chants. Brian brightens.

BRIAN

A yoga retreat! We should
investigate.

SUSAN

Do you think our murderer needed to
meditate before his next move?

BRIAN

Of course not. He'd never be hiding
there. But it was a long journey
and my torso is rather stiff.

Susan glances at his bulging chest, looks away.

SANTO

They look like they're trippin, all
loopy eyed. Everyone but the thug
who runs it.

SUSAN

The retreat is run by a thug?

SANTO

Scary fucker. He stabbed my mate
Lester in the face in 2003 after
Les dropped a bag of coke on the
beach and a seagull picked it up
and flew off! I threw a rock at the
bird but it had swallowed it.

BRIAN

Probably smuggled the bag to Spain.

SANTO

Bird would made 400 euros!

SUSAN

Santo, you're telling me the yoga
retreat is run by a criminal you
did deals with 20 years ago?

SANTO

Sue, I wouldn't go near that culty
harem thing he's got going.

(MORE)

SANTO (CONT'D)

He commands a bunch of ladies and puffs to flex the area behind their bits! And they do! Maybe he's training prostitutes?

SUSAN

Thank you, Santo.

BRIAN

Do we get to attend one of his workshops?

SUSAN

Yes. I'll get the budget approved. We're going on a retreat.

SANTO

Hope you've loaded up on wind.

INT. MEDITATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

The yogis sit in a meditation posture. Stuart plays bongos, badly, during Swami's speech.

SWAMI

By changing our brainwaves we can change our choices, thereby changing our lives. Several of us arrived here riddled with negative thought patterns. Today we will drift into an alpha pattern, the brain waves that bring us joy. To begin, visualise a place that makes you happy. Drift into your own personal nirvana.

Montage of the visions inside the yogis heads. We see chips and gravy (Claire), a red wine orgy bath (Ramona), puppies (Allison), and a make-out session with Dwayne (Stuart.)

In Dwayne's head we see a dance rave, admirers applauding, no leg brace. He throws cash to the crowd, a woman on each arm.

In Liam's head, he murders everyone on the retreat.

Swami goes around the room lifting the yogi's heads to release neck tension. He holds onto Dwayne's a bit longer.

In Dwayne's dream rave, Billy appears right in front of him, angry. The music stops.

BILLY

Get the fucking drugs.

Dwayne backs away, nodding. The rave scene evaporates.

Swami moves on to Liam, only lightly touching his scalp.

Inside Liam's head, he smiles at all the dead yogis he's just murdered. Silence. Heaven.

Suddenly, he hears cries. He turns. His mother stands in front of him, sobbing.

He looks over and sees the older man. The man lifts a gun. Instead of a gunshot, A GONG SOUND RINGS OUT.

The yogis awaken from meditation as Stuart hits a gong.

SWAMI

I hope you all learned something
about what brings you joy.

The class nods. Dwayne puts his hand into the air.

DWAYNE

Hey, mate. I don't think I'm
getting this.

SWAMI

The process or the goal?

DWAYNE

Um, like, nothing. My brainwaves
won't change. I can't stay in me
happy place. I think... I need some
extra tutoring.

STUART

We sell privates for £60 per hour.

Dwayne looks at his leg brace and makes the sad face.

SWAMI

That is a fantastic idea. Let's
meet in your free time for 30
minutes twice a day to deepen your
practice. I think your cabin mate
should join too. As a gift from me.

LIAM

Oi! I don't need any more practice.
I'm great at this!

SWAMI

Stan. You will be attending the
private lessons with Justin. I'd
like to get to know you better.

INT. CABIN - LATER

The boys in the cabin, whisper arguing.

LIAM

What the fuck is wrong with you?

DWAYNE

Listen to me mate, I've stole lots of stuff before and I'm telling you, you gotta get personal with people. Get into their homes. We gotta get into this bruv's personal shit!

LIAM

The more time we spend with this bloke the quicker he's going to pop us off. He's one of us and he can smell what we're up to.

DWAYNE

Oi! When did you become such a fraidy cat? I thought you were a killer? While he's trying to figure us out WE gonna figure him out. So we take the private lessons. Get to know him, get into his business.

LIAM

Boy, you don't want to get to know people. It complicates knocking them off.

DWAYNE

You ain't allowed to knock him off, remember?

Beat.

LIAM

But you are.

DWAYNE

That's right! We have to work together!

LIAM

So what's the plan, then, since you've got it figured out?

DWAYNE

We've got 6 days left. It's a big place, so every day let's take a lesson in different locations.

LIAM

Locations he chooses. Which I guarantee will be places with no drugs. We need to do recon on the entire site and surrounding area first, then we choose where we take lessons. I wouldn't be surprised if he keeps a lot of this product offsite.

Dwayne pulls out a map of Cornwall inside the retreat brochure.

DWAYNE

There's a walking tour tomorrow!
Says in the program.
(tracing the map)
We pass all these shops by the sea.

LIAM

Right. Could have a few stores or suppliers along the way.

DWAYNE

Then we'll take lessons from Swami in areas we want to hit -

LIAM

One of us finds the drugs while the other grabs his attention -

DWAYNE

Steals them!

LIAM

Later, in the dark -

DWAYNE

We hide them here in the cabin.

LIAM

Not in our cabin! Somewhere else, where they never go.

(beat)

In the kitchen. Inside the deep fat fryer.

DWAYNE

Brilliant!

LIAM

Let's prep the kitchen tonight. In the dark, we can't let him catch us. And if you're going to have to kill Swami before he kills us, I may as well show you how to do it.

DWAYNE

FINALLY!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The thugs creep into the cabin. Not expecting anyone, they swing the door open, but see the refrigerator light glaring.

The boys hit the ground. It's just Claire eating ice cream.

CLAIRE

Don't look at me like that, it's
almond milk!

(beat)

Why you on the floor?

LIAM

Didn't know who you were.

DWAYNE

He's gonna teach me how to fight
people!

LIAM

Why do you... Lesson one: LIE!

CLAIRE

Show me how to fight too.

LIAM

Ok. It's looks like this.

Liam punches Dwayne in the stomach. Dwayne gets up to fight back, Liam takes him into an a chokehold, just as he did at the bus stop. As Dwayne nears his last breath, Liam releases.

DWAYNE

Wicked, ain't it?

CLAIRE

That was scary.

DWAYNE

Want to practice with us?

CLAIRE

Obviously.

LIAM

For fucks sake. No.

DWAYNE

We could use a third person to help
with the demonstration, like when
you learn First Aid.

CLAIRE

I already know some stuff. I did
kickboxing. I was thrown out after
I broke a bag I called "Kyle".

LIAM

You had an emotional attachment to
your victim. You can't feel any of
that if you want to kill someone.

CLAIRE

Kill? I thought you were talking like self defence.

Beat.

LIAM

Sometimes defending yourself requires... What's your name again?

CLAIRE

Claire.

LIAM

Claire. Let me see you punch Dwayne in the stomach.

CLAIRE

Why the stomach? I just go for bollocks.

DWAYNE

Ok, no more demonstrations!

LIAM

Bollocks? That's emotion getting in the way again. Men guard their bollocks. Be tactical. Make him puke up his guts.

DWAYNE

How about you just step on my toe?

LIAM

Get in there, girl.

Claire draws back and shoots a blow towards Dwayne's abdomen. Liam grabs Claire's arm before she completes.

He turns her arm round her back, clutches her around the stomach and throws the back of her head toward the corner of the metal table, stopping one inch before a death blow.

He releases her, everyone breathes.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Lesson two. Distraction. If the other guy is exerting energy towards something else, he's got little left to fight you off with.

DWAYNE

So if we gotta pop Swami you just get him rambling on about gratitude then I'll come in and -

CLAIRE

Why would you pop Swami?

LIAM

We are not popping Swami!

DWAYNE

Right, we're not allowed to pop him
or anyone else.

Dwayne covers his mouth.

Long beat. Liam clutches his gun. He might have to shoot
Claire.

CLAIRE

Well that's a shame. Bunch of cunts
really.

LIAM

Aren't they just.

CLAIRE

So you two thugs or what?
(beat)
I'm gonna tell anybody. This
retreat just became really cool!

LIAM

I have made a modest living
committing criminal acts. In the
past. Dwayne here got mixed up with
my boss so I had to bring him down
here and babysit.

DWAYNE

We're stealing drugs TOGETHER.

CLAIRE

Which ones? I love drugs.

LIAM

I'm not telling a junkie where I
keep stolen narcotics.

Claire gut punches Liam.

CLAIRE

I'm not a junkie any more!

Liam starts to strike her back. But Dwayne clocks Liam over
the head with a rolling pin, then holds a knife to his neck.

DWAYNE

Lesson Two: Distraction, learned! A-
Star!

LIAM

That's enough for tonight. Let's
rest up. We got a walking tour
tomorrow.

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)

(beat)

And you keep your mouth shut, girl,
or lesson three will be your last.

Claire grins. She's smitten.

EXT. DAWN - FOOTPATH

The yogis trek down a rocky trail towards the sea. Stuart leads. Liam tries to keep up, Dwayne's young legs outpace.

STUART

This trail is the bed of an ancient river. As we walk, imagine the arteries in your feet as tributaries connected to the once flowing water, nourishing your body with the earth. Become part of the river.

The yogis meditate. Dwayne turns around and pees on the trail. Whispers to Liam:

DWAYNE

I'm part of the river now!

Liam chuckles. Dwayne beams at having made him laugh. The walk continues.

Voices are heard offscreen:

BRIAN V.O.

Oooh that sweat feels good.

SUSAN

Save some energy.

The two cops hike up from the other direction.

Liam freezes. Brian makes eye contact with him and Liam turns away, hurrying ahead.

He knocks into Swami.

SWAMI

Feeling off-balance, friend?

Susan approaches.

SUSAN

Hello! You wouldn't happen to know where the yoga retreat is located?

STUART

We are the retreat!

SWAMI

You must be the late joiners who
inquired last night.

BRIAN

Indeed. Ready. to. stretch!

STUART

If you'd like to get settled in,
simply walk up -

SUSAN

Or we could join you right now!

SWAMI

What wonderful energy! We're about
to embark on our afternoon activity
session, I'm sure we can squeeze
you in.

Liam whips around

LIAM

I'm going to head back.

SWAMI

What? No, Stan. You must see the
rest of the area.

(whispering)

You're not attempting another
secret visit?

Brian looks at Liam, squints. Liam puts his head down and
walks ahead.

Allison's face is smeared with two streaks of thick blue
sunscreen on her cheeks.

LIAM

Borrow your suncream, love?

ALLISON

Of course!

Liam grabs the bottle and squirts out a handful.

EXT. SHORE - LATER

The yogis reach the shore and approach a heap kayaks. Liam
has disguised himself as a Blue Man, his entire face
smothered with opaque suncream.

A leather-skinned old man, VIC, shakes Swami's hand.

VIC

Nice to see you, mate!

SWAMI

And you! Everyone ready to explore
the sea?

VIC

Life jackets are on the right side
of the cabin.

Swami pockets a fist full of money. Liam sees this and
wrinkles his brow. Why would Vic pay Swami to use his kayaks?

Keeping his back to Brian, Liam looks around at the boats,
one of which Dwayne has half jumped into.

DWAYNE

I'm in front, mate!
(Liam looks around)
Come on, jump in back.

Liam spots Vic pulling a suspicious looking bag out of a
kayak near the back.

RAMONA

I can't get this wetsuit on.

Ramona holds the zipper halfway up her breasts. Vic runs up
to assist her as Dwayne stares.

Liam walks to the kayak in the back and peers in the front
storage compartment, it's full of drugs. He nods to Dwayne.

Brian and Susan get in a kayak together, Brian "warming up"
by using the paddle like a barbell. Susan eyeballs Liam.

Dwayne runs back to Liam, the boys pull the drug filled kayak
forward. As they board, Vic stops them.

VIC

This one's bugged.

Vic pulls the kayak away and locks it up.

SWAMI

Stan, why don't you and I paddle
together? Justin, you might enjoy
sitting behind Ramona?

DWAYNE

Yes. Yes I would.
(beat)
I really like you Swami.

EXT. THE SEA - MOMENTS LATER

The yogis kayak through the waves.

SWAMI

Set the pace, Stan! I'm following you!

Sweat pours out of Liam's face as he tries to keep up, blue running down his neck. He looks over at Vic's key ring, the over and Brian. His breath quickens.

VIC

Eyes ahead of you, mate!

RAMONA

(to Dwayne)

Faster! Allison and Stu are way ahead of us.

DWAYNE

Whatever you say, darling.

Dwayne paddles faster and hits Ramona with an oar. They capsize.

BRIAN AND SWAMI AND VIC

Coming!

Vic, Swami, and Brian all steer towards Dwayne and Ramona. As Liam and Swami's boat surpasses the cops canoe, LIAM SWIPES THE PADDLE AT BRIAN'S HEAD. He just grazes the top as Brian leaps into the water.

Susan turns back. She saw that.

Vic takes off his keyring and throws it into his kayak, then jumps in to assist the rescue with Swami and Brian.

Liam grabs hold of Vic's boat and reaches for the keyring. Not quite flexible enough. He stabs the oar inside to bring it closer.

Just as he lifts the keys out, A HAND PULLS LIAM BACK INTO THE WATER. It's Swami. They wrestle as Swami worms his way onto the kayak.

SWAMI

Apologies, always difficult to get back in.

Liam fists the keyring and shoves it down his wetsuit. Swami grabs Liam's shoulders and hoists him back into the boat.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - LATER

The yogis queue for ice cream. Swami kisses HARRIET, middle-aged shop owner, on the cheek.

SWAMI
Everyone ready to taste locally
made ice cream?

HARRIET
Today's special flavour is green
machine!

SWAMI
With an extra special yogi kick.

CLAIRE
If it's full of fucking kale -

A teenage shop assistant, CALLUM, carries out cups of ice
cream. It's an odd green colour.

CALLUM
Mummy's special recipe.

Harriet gives Swami money. Liam notices. Swami then caresses
Harriet on the head. She stares at him, doe eyed. Bit creepy.

The yogis all eat ice cream, except Liam, who whisks Dwayne's
cup from under him.

DWAYNE
Oi!

ALLISON
Mmmmmmm. This is divine.

RAMONA
Can I take a bath in this?

CLAIRE
There's more, right?

SUSAN
Can't wait to try this!

Harriet smiles but Swami shakes his head at her.

HARRIET
Oooh, sorry, that was last of it.

CALLUM
In the back we've -

Swami grabs him by the arm.

SWAMI
Give our new guests the mango.
(to Susan and Brian)
So sorry, hadn't had them stock up.

As Callum brings mango ice cream to Susan and Brian, Allison
begins pirouetting out the door.

ALLISON

Wheeeee! I'm floating on the fresh
seaside air!

MALE CUSTOMER

I'll have what she's -

HARRIET

Sold out, I'm afraid!

Male Customer grumbles. Liam looks around for where Harriet's drugs may be hidden. Susan licks her ice cream and spots Liam not eating his premium green flavour.

SUSAN

Not a fan?

(beat)

May I?

LIAM

It's gone off.

Liam chucks it in the bin.

INT./EXT. VARIOUS - MONTAGE

The yogis continue their walking tour, kinda tripping balls. They touch each other, ogle at visions that aren't there, and do stretches at inappropriate times like a bunch of weirdos.

As they pass each location (fishermen, chip shops, pier) Liam notes everyone Swami shakes hands with. So does Susan.

SUSAN

So, Swami, I have to admit, this is
my first yoga retreat.

SWAMI

I'm happy to be your first!

SUSAN

What can I expect to gain from -

BRIAN

An agile body and mind, it's how I -

SWAMI

Sounds like you've done many such
retreats, sir?

BRIAN

No. But I know about the benefits
of Ashtanga, I mastered the entire
series in six months via YouTube.

SUSAN
That's fascinating. Swami! So, what exactly is on offer here?

SWAMI
Twice daily yoga practices, three vegetarian, sustaina -

BRIAN
With plenty of protein I hope!

SUSAN
Brian! Might I... investigate what all is involved?

LIAM
Meaning SHUT UP!

Brian peers at Liam. Liam looks away, grabs Dwayne. Susan and Swami continue to chat behind.

LIAM (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I know where to hit. Swami may be good at hiding his product but these peasants he supplies to are not.

DWAYNE
Wicked. Where did the fisherman put his stash?

LIAM
Under the bait, so the stink would mask it. We have to be slick. These newest visitors...

DWAYNE
What?

LIAM
Nothing. Don't worry about them. Don't speak with them either. Focus on Swami. We're just here to get good at yoga.

DWAYNE
Easy. I like getting good at yoga.

EXT. PLEASURE PIER - PRE DAWN

Basking in first light, Liam and Dwayne lift into down dog.

SWAMI
Bend your knees slightly and tilt your hips higher.

LIAM

Ooooh -

SWAMI

Did I just hear an expression of
pleasure from you, Stan?

LIAM

- that fucking hurts.

SWAMI

May I adjust your groin?

Liam peers under his armpit at Dwayne, who shakes his head
and mouths "Do it!"

LIAM

Go on, then.

Swami places his hands on either side of Liam's hips. Another
groan emerges.

SWAMI

Allow me to press your back. Bend
upwards.

Meanwhile Dwayne gets up and runs into a skeetball game
behind them on the pier. He digs his hand into the 2nd hole,
and pulls out a bag of drugs which he stuff into his bag.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

(turning around)

Dwayne, how -

LIAM

Again! My shoulder is locked up.

Swami turns back to Liam.

SWAMI

Release your neck. Let your head
hang heavy.

Dwayne rushes back into downward dog. He looks over and winks
at Liam, who's scowl fades.

Liam stretches deeper into his downward dog and, for the
first time, smiles.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

You've got it, Stan!

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - NOON

Liam stops in front of the store and peers at the tubs.

SWAMI

Treats this early? Why not? You've done so well today.

The boys enter the shop, Callum behind the counter.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

Callum, we'll take three cups of...

LIAM

Rhubarb.

CALLUM

No green stuff?

SWAMI

Not today I suppose.

LIAM

Need to nip to the loo.

INT. BACK KITCHEN - ICE CREAM SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Liam slides into the back room. He opens the tubs, it's just ice cream. He scoops some out with his hands. Makes a mess.

He lifts them each tub to compare density.

HARRIET WALKS IN. Liam shoves some cream in his mouth then hides beside the fridge.

HARRIET

Bloody hell, who left such a mess!

(beat, shouts)

CALLUM! Have you had your friends over again? I told you -

Harriet scurries out as Liam scours the cupboards for ingredients. He sees the small woven bag Swami had handed her. It's half the size it was. He pockets it.

He slips on ice cream as he runs out.

Harriet arrives, finds him on the floor, SCREAMS! Liam smacks his cream soaked palm over her mouth.

LIAM

Sshhhhhh!

Swami enters, sees them on the ground. His face falls. Glares. A bit scary.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Couldn't find the loo. Your friend wanted me to trial some flavours.

Swami gives a hand, helps Liam up. He pats Liam's pockets, Liam draws back. Swami looks up at the cabinet.

SWAMI
Do you need any more supplies,
Harriet?

While Harriet and Swami look through the cupboard, Liam throws the bag onto the counter.

HARRIET
Where's the green -

LIAM
What's that?

Harriet and Swami turn to see the bag on the counter. Harriet fumes and runs out.

HARRIET
That bloody kid. CALLUMMMM! I'M
GOING TO -

SWAMI
Teenagers.

Swami takes his KNIFE. Silence. He points it towards a door.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
Loo is that way.

Liam nods and heads off.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S DOCK - NEXT DAY

They boys stand in mountain pose.

SWAMI
Let's work on our balance. It's a
weak spot for both of you.

DWAYNE
I can only balance on the good leg.

SWAMI
That's what you believe. Plant your
right foot into the earth.

DWAYNE
Like I'm a tree?

SWAMI
Like you're a tree!

Dwayne puts left foot on his knee. Balances on his bad leg.

DWAYNE
Bloody hell, I'm a tree!

Liam wobbles.

SWAMI
Focus on a fixed point.

LIAM
It's the sea. It moves.

SWAMI
Pick the tiniest spot on the planks
before you.

Fishermen throw still wiggling fish onto the dock.

LIAM
Fuck off, fish!

SWAMI
Don't be distracted by outside
movement. Or noises.
(beat)
Hear the sounds, but do not engage
with them.

Liam takes a deep breath and looks at a splinter on the wood.

Noises layer in the background as the dock becomes more
crowded with tourists.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
Don't block them out. Allow them to
exist outside of you. Your only
concern is your breath.

Liam balances in tree.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S DOCK - LATER

Nice and limber, the three men walk away from the dock.

DWAYNE
Oh wait, what -

Liam darts Dwayne a look of shock. He forgot too!

SWAMI
What's that?

LIAM
You lose something?

DWAYNE
Me ring.

LIAM
Well go find it!

EXT. LIGHT HOUSE DOCK

Dwayne runs back and looks for drugs behind the light house. He pries open a plank on the dock. A FISHERMAN (40) that Swami shook hands with during the tour enters.

FISHERMAN
What you doing, mate?

DWAYNE
Dropped a ring.

FISHERMAN
Hope you weren't going to propose
with it!

DWAYNE
Let me climb below.

Fisherman grabs his shoulder.

FISHERMAN
Hey, you're not going down there.

DWAYNE
I need it!

Dwayne slips his skinny frame through an opening in the planks. He sees BAGS OF DRUGS hidden in a small barrel.

He reaches across and stuffs a few into his shirt. The Fisherman GRABS HIS LEGS AND PULLS HIM UPSIDE DOWN. The bags of drugs catch and he won't slide through.

Dwayne slides his rucksack over his head and throws the drugs into it as the Fisherman pulls him through, the wood splintering and cutting his abdomen.

Dwayne WAILS as he comes out. He hides the rucksack behind him. The Fisherman holds a pair of pliers to Dwayne's nose.

FISHERMAN
What you up to, boy?

Liam and Swami run up. Swami sees the Dwayne's bloody torso.

SWAMI
Was there an incident?

No. DWAYNE

FISHERMAN
Yes.

FISHERMAN (CONT'D)
He was nosing around under my dock.

SWAMI

The boy likes his jewellery. You get your ring, Justin?

DWAYNE

Uh, yeah!

He holds up his hand, showcasing a junky plastic ring he once stole. Swami and the Fisherman peer at each other.

LIAM

Let's go.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

The boys stash the drugs they've amassed into the deep fryer.

DWAYNE

We done pretty good!

LIAM

Not even half a kilo. The country's largest supply of hallucinogenics? I don't think so. Even if you got all of that fisherfucker's stash, this isn't everything.

DWAYNE

We been round every corner of the county.

LIAM

I've scrubbed every nook of this retreat.

DWAYNE

There must be somewhere Swami hasn't taken us.

LIAM

Maybe.

DWAYNE

Where?

LIAM

I don't know. Need to think.

DWAYNE

Meditate on it.

LIAM

Exactly.

Liam closes his eyes and breathes. Like a yogi.

RING. Liam's phone blares out. On the screen: CUPCAKE

LIAM (CONT'D)

Hello.

BILLY

How's it going, mate?

LIAM

We've amassed some product.

BILLY

Some?

LIAM

We'll get the rest. He's good at hiding it.

BILLY

Might I offer some advice?

LIAM

Of course.

BILLY

I've got another competitor in the region.

LIAM

Fucks sake. Don't tell me it's Pilates.

BILLY

Ice cream shop.

LIAM

We've hit that.

BILLY

A teenage boy is dealing to his friends.

LIAM

The shop owner's son?

BILLY

You know what to do with him.

(long beat)

Right? Is there a problem?

LIAM

Of course not. Just thought you didn't want any bodies near me.

BILLY

Changed my mind. Get rid of the teen. And his nosy mum if required.

LIAM

Billy, is this necessary?

BILLY
You've never asked me that before.

LIAM
There are cops down here.

DWAYNE
What?

BILLY
How did that happen?

LIAM
I don't know! London cop. One
who...
(beat, sees Dwayne)
I have to get out of here Billy.

BILLY
Not until you kill the boy.

LIAM
Callum.

DWAYNE
What's happening?

LIAM
Ssshhhh!

BILLY
Yeah, that's what he's called. Find
out who the kid sells to, stuff
him, then get the rest. You'll just
have to be extra careful if there's
cops about.

BLEEP. Billy hangs up. Dwayne is munching kitchen snacks.

DWAYNE
You alright? You gone pale.
(beat)
What we gotta do? Who's a cop?

LIAM
Don't worry about them. Just keep
doing yoga.

EXT. YOGA CLASS - LATER

The yogis gather for sunset yoga class.

Allison exhales and moans. Liam sits cross-legged next to
her, breathing, focusing. Noises aren't bothering him.

Brian saunters onto a mat and does an advanced posture, his
"intimidation warmups." Liam tenses, then breathes.

SWAMI

Welcome, everyone. I hope you all enjoyed your free time today.

ALLISON

I wrote down the names of everyone I've ever encountered, even cashiers and traffic light attendants and cold callers who I made up names for, and I sent them healing thoughts.

RAMONA

I made drawings of my enemies, told them my feelings, and forgave them. But then I drew sex organs and everything went tits up.

SWAMI

Next time, try dedicating your practice to someone you aren't attracted to.

Ramona looks at Liam. He frowns, insulted.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

Let's get right to it. Everyone into downdog.

BRIAN

Yes!

Liam is first into the posture. Stretches deep.

Time lapse shows the yogis going through the series. Brian the wannabe over-achiever doing press-ups between each posture but then getting adjusted for doing it wrong.

Susan has a competent practice, has watched a few videos. She messes up a pose, Swami adjusts her knee. She sniffs him.

Liam, tranquil, is in the moving meditation. As he pops up into a headstand... A KNIFE FALLS OUT OF HIS TROUSERS.

Susan looks at the knife, then at his frozen face.

Upside down, Liam looks between Susan and Brian, panicked, but staying steady.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Crime lessons have recommenced.

LIAM

You might have to kill people.

DWAYNE

Why? We're doing alright, bruv.
We'll find the rest of the product.

Claire charges in.

CLAIRE

Sorry I'm late. What you guys been
doing today? Find all your drugs?

DWAYNE

A fair bit.

CLAIRE

Can we do a touch?

LIAM

No.

He sets two guns on the counter. Beat.

DWAYNE

You're serious?

LIAM

Pick one up.

They each lift a gun. Dwayne drops his.

LIAM (CONT'D)

These are loaded with blanks. If
the cops turns on me I need to know
you can kill him.

CLAIRE

What cops?

DWAYNE

Yeah I thought we were hiding from
the cops?

LIAM

The two that arrived yesterday are
undercover.

DWAYNE

How you know that?

LIAM

The bloke had spotted me.

DWAYNE

When you bungled that hit?

CLAIRE

What hit?
(beat)

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Did you shoot that MP's son up in London?

LIAM

You, (points to Claire) get out.
You, (points to Dwayne) focus.

CLAIRE

Kick me out and I tell the cops exactly who you are and what you're up to.

Liam stares daggers at her, holding his gun. She stares back.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

He has to kill me now. I know things. Is that how it works, Stan?

LIAM

I'm glad you don't seem to care.

CLAIRE

See, I don't have emotions. I can do this. I'd shoot the cop before the cripple could.

DWAYNE

Oi, I'm healing!

LIAM

Pick up your guns, I'll teach you both. And you'll end up in the sea if open your mouths to anyone.

Liam takes out a sheet of paper, draws human figures in yoga positions and tapes them on the wall.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Those are your targets. Where do you plan to hit them?

DWAYNE

In their root chakra so they can't balance! That'll show that bobby -

LIAM

You aren't trying to hinder their yoga practice. Kill these cunts!

Dwayne shoots, his blank hits the ceiling and he falls.
Claire shoots her target in the foot.

BAM BA BAM BAM. They shoot more targets in various poses, Liam giving adjustments to their posture. After a few rounds they finally make head shots.

Claire and Dwayne high five. Liam gives each a fist bump.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Let's get some sleep.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Ramona is practicing yoga on her own as the sun rises. Liam, Dwayne, and Claire head out of the kitchen, sweaty.

CLAIRE
That was fun. Gonna go to my cabin
and practice stabbing my pillow.

LIAM
I'm going to bed.

DWAYNE
Yeah, me -
(sees Ramona's bum up)
I'm going to do some stretching.

Dwayne runs off to Ramona.

CLAIRE
Thanks for letting me join. Really
enjoyed that.

LIAM
You have a knack for it. And the
competition is good for the boy.

She smiles. He returns one, but then grimaces and leaves.

EXT. REATREAT - SAME TIME

Over to Dwayne, who stares at Ramona's hoo-ha.

RAMONA
(from between her legs)
Are you just going to stand there
or give me an adjustment already?

DWAYNE
Where do you need adjusting?

RAMONA
Lift my rib cage please.

Dwayne puts his hands around her ribs and lifts her torso.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
You're hands are sweaty.

DWAYNE
I got sticky fingers.

RAMONA
Upavistha Konasana with me.

DWAYNE
Up your what?

Ramona sits and spreads out her legs.

RAMONA
Mirror me. We'll touch our feet and
stretch deeper.

As instructed, Dwayne mirrors Ramona's wide legged stretch.
She grabs his hands and pulls. His face grazes her crotch.

He pulls back and her face goes towards his crotch.

He lets go and she falls on him, letting out a soft gasp.

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Dwayne and Ramona have sex while Liam sleeps. She starts to
scream but Dwayne covers her mouth.

DWAYNE
(whispering)
Sshhhh! He hates noise.

RAMONA
I can't! It's been 5 days since I
wanked.

DWAYNE
Wow. OH GOD!

RAMONA
I tried abstaining, be like a monk
but - OH YEAH THAT'S THE TICKET!

Liam jumps up and raises his fists. Sees the couple
fornicating and runs out. The lovers continue.

EXT. CLIFF - MOMENTS LATER

Shaking off what he witnessed, Liam jogs along the cliff.
Getting his old stamina back.

A seagull passes overhead, he looks up.

BUMP. He runs right into Claire who is kickboxing the air.

She falls forward. Tumbles over the edge, but Liam grabs and
lifts her upper body over, saving her life.

They lie on the grass, breathing heavily.

CLAIRE

Watch where you're going.

LIAM

Lose some weight.

CLAIRE

Git.

LIAM

Cow.

CLAIRE

You're not a very good
psychokiller, are you? That would
have been dead easy, just let me
fall and crash on the rocks.

LIAM

I don't have a hit on you.

CLAIRE

But if you have no respect for
human life why would you save one?
You threatened to kill me earlier.
Why didn't you just let me die?

LIAM

Oh no. No! Don't ask me to do a
hired suicide. Never again.

CLAIRE

What happened?

LIAM

Lady told me to do it no matter how
bad she begged at the last moment.
So I did. She wanted it slow.
Wanted to savour the last breath.
Then she fought back and knifed me!
I thought maybe she was changing
her mind so I let off. Then she
kicked me in the bollocks. That got
me really angry so I murdered her.

CLAIRE

Did she get a nice last breath in?

LIAM

Suffocation.

CLAIRE

Wow. I was trying to argue that
maybe you actually care about
people, but you're a sick fuck.

LIAM

I'm a bloke with a skill set. The primary one being no conscience.

CLAIRE

I stole Kyle's new girlfriend's bicycle lights when she had it parked outside his flat.

LIAM

And you just "happened to be in the neighborhood."

CLAIRE

No, I was stalking him. I nicked the lights just to annoy her but she then got hit by an Uber driver that night. She's not dead but she broke ribs and smashed her face. She used to look like Natalie Portman and now she has the cheekbones of a beach ball and I don't feel guilty about it.

LIAM

Stop giving a shit about Kyle. Focus on yourself.

Beat.

CLAIRE

Ever been married?

LIAM

Almost.

CLAIRE

Wait so you once loved someone?

LIAM

No.

CLAIRE

Then what was it?

Harriet and Callum approach in the distance, walking a dog on the footpath. Liam gets up.

LIAM

A fucking inconvenience! Like you!

He walks off.

CLAIRE

Thanks again for saving my life! Pretty cool thing to do, for a -

LIAM
 Bog off. You don't want to see
 this.

Liam heads towards Callum, Harriet, and their dog.

Claire sits up on her knees, her eyes wide, curious as to
 what's coming.

Liam looks around. Fingers his gun. It's not there! He cracks
 his knuckles and measures up his targets.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Stalking his prey, Liam stays a few steps behind, sweating.
 He's not the confident cold blooded killer from the opening.

Once among a thick bunch of trees, Liam runs up, gets ready
 to put his arm around Callum's neck.

Footsteps are heard running in the grass. BRIAN THE COP JOGS
 UP BEHIND LIAM. THE DOG STARTS BARKING.

BRIAN
 Well, aren't we fit! Getting in a
 run between sessions?

Harriet and Callum turn to see Liam right behind them.

CALLUM
 'Allo!

HARRIET
 Yoga not enough, eh?

Susan runs up, panting. She stands tall when she sees Liam.

CALLUM
 (to Liam)
 How long you behind us? Didn't even
 hear you!

The dog growls at Liam.

SUSAN
 Really? Must be a quiet runner. Are
 you jogging alone? Why don't you
 join us for a bit?

LIAM
 Bit knackered now.

SUSAN
 We're on our way back, I'll walk
 with you.

BRIAN
I need to keep my heart rate up!
See you slow coaches back at the
cabins!

Brian sprints off. Harriet and Callum head in the other direction. Liam seethes at the lost opportunity, then continues towards the retreat with Susan.

SUSAN
So! How long you been doing yoga?

LIAM
Blimey, years now. Real addict.

SUSAN
Hmmm. Slow to progress I see.

LIAM
Fuck off! No worse than you.

SUSAN
Quick tempered for an advanced
practicer of zen yoga. What's your
favourite posture?

LIAM
Corpse pose.

She looks at him.

SUSAN
Bit dark.
(beat)
I'm no master, either. Have only
done a few YouTube yoga videos.

LIAM
Fascinating.

SUSAN
I'm here because I'm on an
investigation. Local law
enforcement. Heard there might be
trouble around here.

She clocks his reaction. He remains stoic.

LIAM
Hope you find what you're looking
for.

INT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Dwayne and Ramona lie head to toe, sweating.

DWAYNE
Yoga really makes your feet dirty.

RAMONA
(kissing his feet)
I love your stench.

DWAYNE
You're so different. Why isn't
every girl in the world like you?

She bites his toes. He squeals. She turns to face him.

RAMONA
What brought you here? Outreach
program?

DWAYNE
What? I'm here on a job! I got good
work.

RAMONA
Oh do you? So you can take care of
me then?

DWAYNE
Yeah! I'm working my way up the
ladder!

RAMONA
What's at the top of this ladder?

DWAYNE
I'm not supposed to say.

She reaches under the covers. He moans.

RAMONA
I'm very good at keeping secrets.

DWAYNE
(moaning)
He'll kill me if I tell.

Ramona mounts him. Holds him down S&M style.

RAMONA
I'll whip you if you don't!

She pulls her belt off the floor.

DWAYNE
Oh god! Ok, I'm here to nab some
drugs.

RAMONA
What, the stuff in the tea? Good
luck getting your hands on that.

DWAYNE

I already have. And after we finish, bossman is gonna pay me loads and give me more jobs and I'm gonna be a professional.

RAMONA

Wait, so you have his drugs?

DWAYNE

Some of it! Got it hidden.

RAMONA

Where?

DWAYNE

Most of it's in the deep fat fryer but I kept a little back here.

Dwayne reaches for a hidden canister.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

Sneaky, eh!

They dip into the hallucinogens.

Smash cut to Ramona and Dwayne tripping in the cabin, taking post-sex selfies and posting them on Instagram.

INT. CUPCAKE CRIME OFFICE - SAME TIME

Billy gets a notification on his phone. Checks Instagram. Sees Dwayne's photos, then dials.

INT. CABIN - SAME TIME

RING. Dwayne answers.

DWAYNE

Oi, Billy!

RAMONA

Hi, Billy!

DWAYNE

Ssshhhh!

BILLY

Looks like you're having a right swell time on the retreat.

DWAYNE

Yeah! I can almost touch my toes.

Ramona pinches Dwayne, he squeals with delight.

BILLY

I've never heard someone get so excited about long hamstrings.

DWAYNE

Flexibility's important, in'it!

BILLY

Where is my product?

DWAYNE

Drugs are right here!

RAMONA

Swimming inside me!

Dwayne covers her mouth.

DWAYNE

We've found most of it. Got it tucked away secure. Good stuff too. I ain't nicking anything stupid.

BILLY

You need to find the rest. You've got 4 days. If you fail I slice you open.

DWAYNE

I won't fail! Liam's teaching me how to do a proper job.

RAMONA

Liam?

BILLY

Where is the old man?

DWAYNE

I don't know. Left for a bit.

BILLY

Good.

(beat)

I know I said that you aren't allowed to kill anyone on the retreat.

DWAYNE

Right.

BILLY

I meant that for Liam. He's not allowed.

DWAYNE

Who do you want me to kill, then?

Ramona sits up, shocked. Dwayne turns away. The mood in the room has shifted.

BILLY

Who would you like to kill?

DWAYNE

I dunno. Everyone here is pretty cool actually.

BILLY

I thought you wanted to be a proper thug. Liam is supposed to be teaching you his craft.

DWAYNE

Yeah, he's giving me lessons. I just want a gun so I look scary and not have anyone bully me. Self defence, right?

BILLY

Dwayne. If you come back with all the drugs, on your own, you can have all the money yourself. Buy anything your heart desires.

DWAYNE

Liam will want his half surely!

BILLY

Let Liam teach you how to murder. After you've secured the product, use those lessons against him.

(beat)

It's time for the old boy to retire. Create a nice big vacancy near the top so you can move up. Would you like that, Dwayne? Would you like to be at the top one day?

DWAYNE

I suppose.

BILLY

Well it doesn't matter because that's what you're doing. Liam doesn't come back. Just you.

Billy hangs up the phone. Dwayne drops his. Ramona picks her pants off the floor.

RAMONA

You're here to murder someone?

DWAYNE

No. I've never hurt anybody, I don't know how.

(MORE)

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

I've never even won a slap fight!
(beat)

He's taking the piss. I'm just here
to steal some drugs and go home.

RAMONA

I still have a bit of corporate
crime on my record so can't be
getting involved with anything
unlawful.

DWAYNE

Does this mean we're not going to
shag again?

RAMONA

Are you kidding me?

(beat)

That was incredible. I'll be back
tomorrow night with some butter and
homemade sex toys I built in the
crafts room. We need to wait for
the superglue to dry so it doesn't
get stuck.

DWAYNE

Cool.

RAMONA

You don't sound very excited. You
should be.

She kisses him then walks out.

Dwayne looks at his phone. Liam rushes in.

LIAM

You finally finished?

DWAYNE

Yeah.

LIAM

As revolting as that was, I am
proud of you.

Liam holds out a fist-bump. Dwayne fist bumps back,
tentatively.

LIAM (CONT'D)

These fucking cops. We have to be
careful. You really need to keep
your mouth shut. No one else finds
out about us, ok?

DWAYNE

Sure, bruv.

INT. CABIN - NEXT MORNING

Liam wakes at the crack of dawn. He hollers at Dwayne.

LIAM
Out of bed, sunshine. Let's do some
inventory and figure out how much
more product we need.

Dwayne stares at the far wall. Hasn't slept all night.

DWAYNE
Ok.

LIAM
(kicks the bed)
Hurry up, you lazy bugger.

Dwayne sits. Stares at him.

DWAYNE
You're making this crisis a lot
easier.

LIAM
What crisis?

DWAYNE
Whether or not I should kill you.

Beat. Liam busts out laughing.

LIAM
Let's get the rest of the stuff
then try to get out of here.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The boys stand above the deep fat fryer where the drugs were
hidden. IT'S EMPTY.

LIAM
You told your girlfriend where they
were.

DWAYNE
I told her nothing! You told
Claire!

Liam throws a punch at Dwayne. Dwayne fights back, the yoga
has made him a bit stronger.

LIAM
You spastic fucking waste of space.
I should have strangled you at the
bus stop.

Dwayne throws a surprise kick behind to Liam's knee. Liam falls but grabs Dwayne on the way down.

LIAM (CONT'D)
(releasing him)
Stay out of my way. I'm finding
this on my own. I'll let the boss
decide what to do with you.

Dwayne glares at Liam. It won't be hard to follow Billy's orders.

As Liam heads for the door, SWAMI walks in.

SWAMI
Breakfast will be served in an
hour.
(beat, he turns)
Guess what we're having? Hash
browns. Fresh from the fryer.

Swami takes hash browns out of the freezer, then grabs a tub of oil from underneath.

The boys walk out. Swami grabs them both, hard.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
Watch how it's made. I use coconut
oil. No trans fats.

DWAYNE
Coconut hash browns?

LIAM
Good GOD.

The oil bubbles as Swami increases the heat.

SWAMI
Isn't this industrial size
wonderful? I can cook up the entire
lot in one go.

He dumps the hash browns into the fryer. Dwayne stands back. Swami grabs the back of his neck.

DWAYNE
I don't want spots.

Swami holds the boy's face over the oil.

SWAMI
I can fit very large items into
this vat. Once fried two whole
turkeys. Might have to do so again.

Swami looks back and forth between the two turkeys. Dwayne whimpers, Swami pushes him away.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

I gave it a good long clean last night. Odd what I found inside.

(beat)

I don't know who sent you here, but I know exactly what you are doing.

LIAM

We'll leave straight away.

SWAMI

No, you will not. I have a large network in the area, as you well know, and I will make sure you don't escape the county until whoever you work for comes looking for you. You work for me now.

DWAYNE

Doing what?

SWAMI

Yoga. Get your track bottoms on.

INT. DINING HALL - BREAKFAST

Awkward munching of hash browns. Tension forged from sex, fights, and police presense is felt by everyone but Brian.

BRIAN

Clean eating does wonders! I've been eating this way for years, it's why I have no body odor.

Stuart swooshes in with the tea tray.

CLAIRE

Thank God.

LIAM

None for me, thanks.

SUSAN

I'll have his. I need a lot of tea!

Allison grins at her, Claire laughs. They drink their tea.

ALLISON

Tastes funny.

RAMONA

Bit bland.

CLAIRE

This is just TEA!

SWAMI

We're out of a few cleansing ingredients. We'll have to make do with a pot of Builders.

DWAYNE

But you've got loads!

CLAIRE

Excuse me?

RAMONA

How much did we pay for this retreat?

Susan looks around the room, suspicious. Sips her tea.

BRIAN

Tastes good to me.

SUSAN

Delicious in fact.

SWAMI

Glad someone here is appreciative.

Swami and Susan stare at each other. She's onto something and he can feel it, his smile fades.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

Yogis, I'm introducing a day of silence.

DWAYNE

What?

Stuart snaps his head around. This wasn't planned!

ALLISON

I didn't know this was a silent retreat!

SWAMI

It is now. No one is allowed any form of communication. No speaking. No sounds.

Liam nods in approval.

SUSAN

That's not -

SWAMI

Effective immediately. This time tomorrow we'll reflect on what we've learned by turning our attention inward.

Susan's eyes narrow at Swami. He returns the faintest grin.

INT. CABIN - NOON

Liam arms himself up. Throws a towel in a his rucksack. He takes out his phone and locates the ICE CREAM SHOP on Google. He sends a text to CUPCAKE.

TEXT TO "SPRINKELS"
Ice cream. On my way.

Through the window, Dwayne and Ramona walk toward the cabin hand in hand.

Ramona stops as she spots Liam. Points to the window.

Liam sneaks out, making sure Swami is nowhere near.

The closing of the door makes a noticeable noise on the silent retreat. Liam recoils, continues.

EXT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Dwayne and Ramona watch Liam creep away. She looks at Dwayne expectantly.

Dwayne takes a deep breath.

He picks up a sharp rock. He stares at Liam, trying to muster up anger.

He closes his eyes and throws the rock at Liam's head.

THUD. It misses and smacks against a tree next to Liam.

Liam whips around, sees Dwayne and Ramona running off.

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP

From a hill outside the shop, Liam sets up his rifle and silencer. He points his viewfinder into the ice cream shop, focuses on young Callum behind the counter serving a customer.

The customer leaves. Liam aims. Harriet walks in from the stock room, she yells at Callum and fans herself with a menu.

Callum opens a window. Liam pulls the trigger -

His finger stops halfway. It won't go further.

Liam rubs his finger then repositions.

A group of YOUNG TEENS gather outside the shop. Callum walks outside with cups of green ice cream for each of them.

The boys grab the cups and start pushing Callum around. He fights back with a few pathetic flails.

The teens laugh at him then push him against the wall.

Frowning, Liam gets Callum in the crosshairs. Hesitates. Shoots.

THUD. A bullet hits one of the bullies in the leg. The teens scream!

Hiding, Liam puts his gun down. He rubs his eyes and throws on his reading glasses.

The teens run away, leaving behind the one who was hit. Callum bends down and helps the victim.

Liam aims again and takes a few deep breaths.

As Callum runs into the shop, Liam shoots for the back of his head but MISSES AGAIN. Bullet in doorframe. Liam looks up in shock. What is wrong with him?

Callum and Harriet duck inside the shop. Liam stands and aims through the window. From the other side of the shop, SWAMI WALKS UP.

Liam spots him just as he's pulling the trigger and shoots the ground near his foot instead.

Swami sees the bullet in the doorframe and looks towards the hill. Liam hits the ground, grabs his equipment and runs.

Suddenly, he hits the ground face first. Blackness.

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP

Liam, groggy, opens his eyes. He's inside the shop.

SLURP. SPITTLE. MUNCH. His blurry vision clears. Into focus appears a packed shop of customers, plus SWAMI, HARRIET, AND CALLUM eating at his table.

HARRIET

Sid says the builders can come round tomorrow to fix the door. You sure we shouldn't call the police? I can stash -

SWAMI

I wouldn't bother. The police are a bit overprescribed at the moment.

Swami sees Liam come to, then takes a giant SLURP OF HIS ICE CREAM, smiling.

Liam moves to get up. He can't move. Looks down, sees his leg is cuffed to the table.

HARRIET
You feeling alright? Knocked out
you were!

SWAMI
Stan will be fine. Tripped in the
woods.

HARRIET
I'll get him a cup a tea.

SWAMI
Lovely.

Swami gets up and leaves the shop. Liam looks down again, tries to undo the cuffs. Nothing works.

More chomping and slurping of ice cream. His hands shake. He feels for his gun, it's in his pocket. Harriet sets a cup of tea in front of him. He takes a sip and gathers his thoughts.

A large HEN DO / BACHELLORETTE enters, cackling as they order ice cream. Liam's eyes go wide as several approach his table.

TRASHY GIRL
Anyone sittin 'ere?

LIAM
Uh -

BRIDE
We'll take these then.

The girls laugh about nothing and continue licking their cones. They're half drunk already. The rest of the hens at the other table start shrieking.

TANNED GIRL
I told you this stuff was amazing!

OVERDRESSED GIRL
You legend!

Liam notices they are all eating green ice cream, getting higher. He bolts up, nearly knocking the table over.

TRASHY GIRL
Whoa!

BRIDAL GIRL
Everythin's moving!

More laughter, more slurps, more shrieks. Liam's whole body tenses as this 7th level of hell burns around him.

He removes his gun, points it at the chain. Looks up at Harriet. He can't shoot, it'll make a noise and she'll know who shot the shop. He puts the gun away.

The girls sing a cheesy chant. Liam pushes the table a bit. His leg won't free. The edge knocks into a chubby girl.

CHUBBY GIRL

Oi! What's happening?

Two girls start kissing on the table. It's not sexy, it's ridiculous. Liam stops. What the fuck is he going to do?

He closes his eyes. Blackness. The sounds around him exist, but he doesn't engage. He focuses on his breath.

Liam bends over sideways, stretching long to reach the handcuffs. He claps, and focusing, begins to free himself.

THUD.

The table knocks him back. His eyes dart open. The girls have split ice cream and a bottle of cheap booze everywhere. They shriek again. Liam takes his gun out. One SCREAMS! He puts it away, punches the BRIDE in the face, pushes the table over, and runs.

TANNED GIRL

Someone call the police!

HARRIET

No, dear, can't have that in this place.

The girls run out of the shop after Liam.

EXT. WOODS

The girls chase Liam through the woods on the trail back to camp. Once under a thick patch of forest, he shoots back at them, missing.

They duck as Liam jumps out of the forest and onto the footpath.

EXT. YOGA CLASS - AFTERNOON

Swami murmurs instructions to the yogis.

SWAMI

Hope you are enjoying your day of inner reflection. I'll be giving condensed instruction, allowing you to move in your own time.

The yogis move through basic postures at different speeds.

Liam enters from behind, bedraggled yet determined. He takes his spot on the one empty mat and joins the practice. Swami looks him up and down, impressed yet intrigued.

Brian windmills into each move, showing off his advanced practice. Does a pushup between each Vinyasa.

Ramona is impressed.

Liam snarls at Brian. What a cunt.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
Remember, focus on your own
practice.

Liam pops up into handstand. Take that!

Brian pops into handstand with ONE HAND.

Liam tries it. He topples. Knocks over Dwayne. Like a string of dominoes, the entire class collapse onto each other.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
There is nothing wrong with
falling. In our journey toward
enlightenment we sometimes slip. It
is the support of our fellow
beings, those other sources of
light, that holds us up and guides
us.
(beat)
Let's do some partner work!

RAMONA
Mmmm!

SWAMI
Silently, select someone to share
the next section of practice with.

Dwayne heads for Ramona, but Susan pulls him towards her.

Brian finds Ramona's arms clasped around his waist.

Liam looks forward, Claire nudges next to him.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
We'll be practicing assisted back
bends. Stuart?

Demonstrating a back bend, Swami swings back as Stuart holds him up.

Dwayne looks at Susan, she nods for him to go first. He bends back. She investigates, noticing every detail.

Ramona bends back, Brian's hands just above her bum.

Liam and Claire shove each other to go first. Liam acquiesces.

Susan peers down at Dwayne's braced leg. It's strong. She lets off a bit of her support. He doesn't wobble.

SUSAN
(whispering)
How crippled are you?

Dwayne falls over. Then Liam falls.

Brian looks back. Sees Liam from the same perspective as he saw him in the beginning of the film. Collapsed on the street, again out of breath.

BRIAN
Hey! Have I...

SWAMI
Silence! If you break the rules,
you will be off the retreat. Focus
inward.

Swami darts a look at Liam.

Liam pushes himself up and hides his face. Swami whispers:

SWAMI (CONT'D)
If you attempt any more hits here,
I'll slice open your root chakra.
It's located in the perineum. The
area behind your balls.

Brian gazes at Liam. His forehead furrows, deep in recollection.

Until Ramona rubs her tits against him.

INT. CABIN - LATER

The sound of the shower running. Dwayne, alone, lifts the gun from under Liam's bed.

The bathroom door doesn't lock, there's a crack. Dwayne peers through as Liam washes his underarms.

Dwayne fumbles with a silencer, finally attaching it to the front. He points the gun through the crack, aiming for Liam.

Long beat. His breath quickens. He slows it down into long yoga breaths. Closes his eyes. Squeezes.

A tear falls down his face. He walks away from the door. Paces around the room, shaking, gun at his side.

Liam bursts through the door, towel around his waist. Startled, Dwayne turns and raises the gun up. Liam ducks, towel falling off.

LIAM
(whispering)
What are you doing? Cops here?

DWAYNE
No, mate. Just practicing. Like you taught me.

LIAM
Silencer's on the wrong way. Fail!

Liam retrieves his gun.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Why you practicing in here? Someone could see you through the window and come knocking.

DWAYNE
Just playing around, alright?

Dwayne sweats. Shakes a bit. Liam stares at him, looks back at the bathroom door and puts his gun under his bed. Realisation spreads across Liam's face.

INT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Brian and Ramona collapse into bed, whispering to each other.

BRIAN
Bloody hell. You've done A LOT of yoga!

RAMONA
I took a month holiday in Bali on a tantric yoga course. Back when I -

BRIAN
What?

RAMONA
Nothing. But that was by far the best yoga sex ever!

BRIAN
Woohoo! I am number 1! Out of...?

RAMONA
Well, 2 on this retreat.

BRIAN
Who? Not the old geezer?

RAMONA

Ha, no. The black kid.

BRIAN

Is he of age? I am a police officer
and -

RAMONA

Are you, really? Gasp! You going to
arrest me?

BRIAN

I might do!

He holds her down, she nibbles him. He stops.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Seriously, I'm on an investigation
at the moment so I cannot turn a
blind eye to crime.

RAMONA

Well I'm not the criminal. The boy
and the old man are!

BRIAN

How do you know that?

RAMONA

Tie me up and I'll tell you.

BRIAN

You know it's illegal to hide
details of a crime?

RAMONA

Isn't it also illegal to shag on
the job?

(beat)

Listen, I've got a small but
colourful criminal record myself.
I'll tell you everything if you
wipe that clean.

BRIAN

Meow! You have a deal.

EXT. RETREAT SITE - SAME TIME

Susan sits by a tree, scribbling in her notepad. She draws
lines connecting ideas. Smiles.

She looks up, scans the area for Brian.

He runs out of Ramona's cabin, tucking in his shirt with one
hand and fist-pumping in the air the other.

BRIAN
I'M A REAL POLICEMAN!

Ramona appears, blows him a kiss. He returns one.

Susan's face falls. She's surprised and disgusted at the pang of jealousy in her gut.

Her phone rings.

SUSAN
Hello, Chief. (beat) I'm nearly there, I need just a bit more time. (beat) I have leads, there are two persons of interest here. (beat) At the yoga retreat near the cove.

INT./EXT. LONDON POLICE STATION / WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Philip Ashmore screams at Chief Wilkes.

PHILIP
YOGA RETREAT? You have got to be joking!

CHIEF WILKES
I'm afraid not, sir. We'll relieve him at once. We're assembling a new team of investigators as we speak.

PHILIP
I don't care who you assemble. It's been a week now, the shooter could very well be out of the country.

CHIEF WILKES
The PCSO in Cornwall believes the criminals to be on the retreat and -

PHILIP
PSCO!

CHIEF WILKES
She's a huge talent. Busted a ring of... sheep traffick-

PHILIP
That's it. I'm taking matters into my own hands. I'll be sending private investigators to the area immediately. Don't let your people get in my way!

INT. DINING HALL - LATER

The yogis nibble their meal.

Ramona and Brian wink and footsie. Dwayne spies the lovers. He's pained. He adjusts something under his shirt.

Liam eats. Looks over at Dwayne now and again.

Susan picks at her plate. She looks at the others around her, everyone is blissful but for Liam and Dwayne.

Swami notices her noticing them. She looks back at him. He smiles, giving away nothing.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

As they amble towards the cabin, Liam looks at Dwayne and nods towards the woods.

Dwayne pauses then follows. His breath quickens.

They stop by a river. Dwayne's sweaty hand reaches under his shirt. He breathes even harder.

LIAM

Go on, then.

(beat)

I was right. Don't have it in you.

Liam walks away. Dwayne pulls out a kitchen knife. Runs up and aims for Liam's back.

Liam whisks around, Dwayne ducks to avoid being grabbed. Liam just stands there.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Go for my neck. Bleeds quick.

After a beat, Dwayne holds the blade to the old man's throat. Liam lifts his head higher.

Twitching, Dwayne falls to the ground in tears. Liam sits next to him. Takes the knife.

LIAM (CONT'D)

It's much more difficult, stabbing.
Too personal. I've only done it
once.

DWAYNE

I'll never be as tough as you. You
weren't even scared.

LIAM

I knew going into this job what the
retirement package looked like. And
I've known Billy since he was a
boy. He'd never have the bollocks
to do it himself.

(beat)

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)

How long you reckon you'll last
before Billy makes you redundant?

DWAYNE

Not till I'm old like you. That'd
be alright.

LIAM

Maybe. If you get good at it. Is
this what you really want?

DWAYNE

What else can I do?

LIAM

To be perfectly honest, I don't
know. I've not seen you display any
employable skills. And you're not
that quick.

DWAYNE

Alright!

LIAM

But you're funny. People like you.
They notice you too, that's another
reason you're shit at crime. You're
nothing like me.

(beat)

But you better kill me. Billy will
do us both in if you don't.

Pained beat. Dwayne punches and kicks the air.

DWAYNE

Why's this so hard? I mean, I hate
you! You humiliated me in front of
my mates. But I can't murder you
because I get sad.

LIAM

It appears we are in a bit of a
pickle.

(beat)

How much cash you got on you?

DWAYNE

Nothing. Just shrapnel.

LIAM

Billy didn't give me any kind of
budget. Had my bank accounts locked
before the trip, I bet they're
already empty.

(beat)

We need to get out of here.

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)

There are ferries from Plymouth to the continent. I brought a fake passport.

DWAYNE

I could be your refugee!

LIAM

They're going the other way, mate.

DWAYNE

Right. Well, I am good at stealing.

LIAM

We don't want to hit shops here. They all know Swami.

DWAYNE

That American lady, Allison, she must be minted. On retreats all the time -

LIAM

Wearing those posh yoga trousers.

DWAYNE

We could hit her cabin. Bet she's got loads of currency stored, tourists always have cash.

LIAM

I don't love it. Something funny about her. But we don't have many options. Alright, big lad. You're in charge of this job. Let's get some money and get out of here.

INT. ALLISON'S CABIN - LATER

Dead of night. The boys peek into her window. Allison slumbers. As Liam pulls out his picking tools, the door swings open. It wasn't even locked.

With great care, they sift through her belongings. Valuable jewellery, clothing, electronics. Dwayne pockets a few items.

LIAM

We don't have time to move product. Just cash.

Dwayne nods. They locate her wallet. Not much. Liam holds onto it and keeps looking.

Allison turns in bed. Grabs a teddy bear.

The boys look at each other. Liam looks up and points to a box on top of the wardrobe.

Dwayne grabs a chair, stands on the edge and reaches up. He's almost got it, wobbles on his bad leg...

CRASH! He falls onto Allison's bed. She turns and gasps. Liam covers her mouth.

In a yogi move, she stretches her leg up and wrestles Liam's arm off. The boys brace for a scream -

ALLISON

What's going on, guys? Justin, did you come in for a cuddle?

DWAYNE

Uh... yeah!

He hugs her.

Allison sees her wallet in Liam's hand. Blushing, he places it on her night stand.

ALLISON

Did you guys need some money? I've got a bunch in that box on top of my dresser!

DWAYNE

Actually -

LIAM

We should go.

DWAYNE

Yeah. This is awkward.

He hands her the jewellery he'd stuffed.

ALLISON

You can have that. I never wear it anymore.

DWAYNE

Thanks!

LIAM

Give it back. I'm terribly sorry. We'll get out.

ALLISON

Hey! Don't worry about it. Seriously, if you guys need anything just take it, I've got too much stuff. Need to remove myself from earthly attachments anyway, right guys?

DWAYNE

So you are a rich girl. Wealthy businessman daddy I bet, yeah?

ALLISON

No! Dad's in prison. He shot the priest who sexually assaulted me. But he'll be out soon.

(beat)

He hit the priests leg, so it was only "attempted" murder and the jury was super sympathetic to the vengeful parent angle.

The boys stare at her.

DWAYNE

My dad's in jail too. But just internet fraud which isn't nearly as cool -

Liam smacks him.

ALLISON

When Swami asked us to share something we don't want people to know, I was going to tell that story, but it's kinda dark and freaks people out.

LIAM

Slightly.

ALLISON

And it's not something I feel I need to hide, so it's not something I don't want people to know so I didn't say it. Anyway, to answer your question, I have plenty of money because of the punitive damages the church paid me. A financial advisor made some investments for me so I should be fine for another 30 years or so. Even though I've spent about a trillion on yoga retreats!

LIAM

What a fucking way to - Sorry.

ALLISON

The yoga practice has helped me with the emotional damage, way more than therapy ever did. I've been at peace with it for years. Now I just do it because I'm addicted to down dog! Hahaha!

The boys try to muster a laugh. Nothing is less funny.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

So what about you, Stan? You never shared anything. But you seem really interesting.

Long beat.

LIAM

I've got all of Scotland Yard after me for murder. And a boss that wants to kill me.

DWAYNE

Bruv! What happened to lying?

LIAM

I don't care anymore.

ALLISON

Who did you murder?

LIAM

A drug dealer slash pimp. (beat)
And a hipster.

ALLISON

Oh. That's fine. So you need money to escape? How much?

LIAM

I'm not taking your money.

DWAYNE

No, we're not. You earned that.

Liam winces.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

Ok you didn't EARN it but you deserve to keep it for being fiddled.

(beat)

Oh bugger me, let's get out of here, Liam.

ALLISON

Haha, Liam! Is that your real name? You two are the most British people ever!

The guys head for the door. Liam turns back.

LIAM

You know our names now. Are you going to rat us out to cops? I'd like to be prepared.

ALLISON

What cops?

DWAYNE

The ones here on the retreat!

ALLISON

Ohhh! They're cops?

LIAM

His name is "Dwayne", by the way.

ALLISON

I don't like that guy. Total show off yoga douchebag! You two are trying hard and improving and really getting somewhere. It's been beautiful to watch. I'm on your side, even if you have murdered people. I hope you escape and don't ever kill anyone else.

She smiles at them. They exit.

INT. CABIN - LATER

The boys stare up at the ceiling. Wide awake.

DWAYNE

I've robbed so many people. All kinds.

LIAM

I've killed all kinds.

DWAYNE

But, like, everyone I nicked stuff from, they've all got a story.

LIAM

They don't all have a story like that.

DWAYNE

No, but, I mean, they all have problems in they're lives and bad stuff that's happened when I wasn't there. Even the rich cunts. Maybe they aren't all cunts!

LIAM

Yes. Everyone you encounter has a life outside of the moments you see them. Have you just now had that realisation?

DWAYNE

I'm not daft, I know that. I just never thought about it before.

LIAM

That is the ultimate expression of selfishness. Humans learn around age 4 or 5 that other people have thoughts in their brain. The reason toddlers are such monsters is because they don't know that yet, they think the world is filled with meat puppets here to serve their needs. But a few people never actually learn this. So they stop their car in the middle of the road to have a chat. They talk loudly on their phones in public. They LEAVE THEIR SHOPPING TROLRIES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PARKING GARAGE! Why? Because no one else in the world actually has needs.

DWAYNE

Oh and you're so thoughtful! Did you think about other people's needs when you murdered them?

LIAM

I did, in fact. See, I'm at the next level. I'm fully aware that everyone else has thoughts in their brains. But I never gave a fuck. The difference between you and me is, you're an idiot, and I'm an asshole.

Beat. Liam shuffles to his side. Dwayne takes that in.

DWAYNE

You said never "gave" a fuck. But you give fucks now.

LIAM

No, I don't. I'm still a hitman. I'll kill anyone.

DWAYNE

You could have killed me by the river, when I took the knife out. Grabbed me like you did at the bus stop, slit my throat and thrown me in the sea.

(beat)

You could have taken that girls money then snuffed her and hid the body. Bet you would have done that back in the day.

(MORE)

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

I know about some of your work.

(beat)

And where did you go this morning when you snuck out? I saw you take your gun, but no one's been reported shot so I think you have some other assignment and you -

LIAM

Shut up. You know nowt.

DWAYNE

I don't think you are an arsehole anymore.

Liam closes his eyes. He sees the sepia toned visions from his past. His mother. The man who beat them. He tries to focus on them. They fade. He tosses.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

Sometimes I hear you calling out for your mummy in your sleep.

Dwayne giggles. Liam's eyes pop open.

LIAM

Don't talk about that. Or I'll become an arsehole again.

DWAYNE

No you won't. I think you've changed, bruv. We both have.

The boys breathe in unison.

INT. SUSAN'S CABIN - NEXT MORNING

Brian storms through Susan's front door. She scribbles on a giant chart on her wall that spells out the names of all the retreat attendees.

BRIAN

You can put that away, I have solved the case!

SUSAN

Oh! Enlighten me?

BRIAN

The old boy and the teen, they are here together on a drug theft operation. The kid has been assigned to kill the old man. That old boy looked really familiar to me! I was letting it simmer in my mind a bit.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Then I realised he was the man
outside the murder of the Alfie
Ashmore. It must be him!

SUSAN

And how did you come to these
discoveries?

BRIAN

Well. Ah -

SUSAN

By shagging the sex addict?

BRIAN

By using every tool at my disposal.

SUSAN

Yes, the old man is a professional
hitman. He's been assigned to work
with and mentor the young lad.

BRIAN

Did you also shag Ramona?

SUSAN

No.

(beat, then rapid fire)

The old man's right finger is
permanently bent forward and splays
left in downdog. Years of handgun
usage. His tone of voice to the
young lad is that of authority.
It's quite obvious from appearance
he is not the father, he is a
mentor. The young man is always
eyeing everyone's accessories, the
sign of a petty thief. His limp is
inconsistent, obviously plays this
up to his advantage. Considering
the tip from Scotland Yard was that
the criminals were hiding out here,
and there are no other criminals in
the area or I'd know, the murderer
is one of them. Quite obviously the
ageing hitman as it's most
certainly clear the young lad has
never killed anyone.

BRIAN

Wow.

SUSAN

I'm not finished. The Swami is not
just a yoga guru. The tribal
tattoos on his upper back are
covering up badly inked designs
from an American prison.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

And did you not note the look of disappointment on everyone's face when tea was served? It was a perfectly good cuppa. The attendees are used to being served something stronger. The old man looks at him with fear. Perhaps they work for the same ring and it's Swami's job to hide him, but I don't think so. Swami would do a better job of it if so, he'd at least outfit the thugs in proper yoga attire. There's more going on here, the two are not just hiding out but in the process of another crime. Or crimes. I believe he was stalking Harriet and Callum in the woods.

BRIAN

Well then we arrest them at once!

SUSAN

On what grounds? Wobbly handstands? No. We have to catch them in the act. But of what exactly?

BRIAN

Perhaps the old man wants to kill Swami? We need to protect him.

SUSAN

I don't think so. He'd have done it already. In the absence of knowing what crime they will commit, we may need to spur them on. Get them to act out.

BRIAN

I'll punch him!

SUSAN

Then we'd have to arrest YOU for assaulting the elderly. Irritate the old boy. Just be yourself, Constable, that should do it.

EXT. CORNWALL - DAY

Two Private Investigators in dark suits and glasses scour the area. One of them picks up his phone.

SPLIT SCREEN with Philip Ashmore, MP.

PHILIP

Interrogate anyone who looks of ill-repute, I expect a full report. Find who shot my fucking son.

EXT. CORNWALL - MONTAGE

The PIs speak to 1. SANTO the local tramp, 2. Vic the Kayak TOUR GUIDE, and 3. FISHERMAN that Dwayne had an altercation with.

In their hushed yet animated conversations, they all point to the direction of the yoga retreat.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

Harriet stands outside the door, chatting to the PIs. One points to the bullet hole in the door frame.

HARRIET

That came out of nowhere! I was quite worried at first, but Swami said he'd take care of it.

(beat)

Probably just a hunter. Drunk.

TALL P.I.

Swami?

HARRIET

He runs the retreat just round the hillside.

Callum licks a GREEN ICE CREAM. Smiling wide.

SHORT P.I.

Hot out today. Might I try a scoop?

HARRIET

Of course! What you fancy?

TALL P.I.

That green flavour. Is it pistachio? Boy sure loves it.

Callum's face falls.

HARRIET

That is our special, in fact. Callum! Give these men two scoops each. Extra strong.

Callum brings the PI's two double cones. As they walk away licking the hallucinogenic ice cream, Harriet runs to the phone.

EXT. YOGA CLASS - MORNING

Mid-day session. Everyone is cross-legged with their eyes closed. With his back to the class, Swami has his mobile phone to his ear.

SWAMI

Thank you Harriet, I'll look out for them.

He hangs up his mobile, turns back to the class, his face taut with anger and suspicion.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

Today chose someone to dedicate your practice to.

In Dwayne's mind we see him returning all the junk he stole as a delivery boy. His mind rests on the wife he took jewellery from at the start.

In Liam's head the sepia toned 70's return. There's movement. It stops on his mother's face, peering down at him.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

Now open your eyes and allow your movement to flow towards this person.

Time lapse as the yogis move through postures. Liam is looking like a pro.

Dwayne stretches deep into warrior two.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

Very strong work. You don't have your brace?

DWAYNE

Leg feels alright. Don't need it!

Swami smiles.

Brian eyes Liam and sinks further into a pose. Liam grimaces and goes even further. They snarl at each other and push to the maximum extension. Brian falls!

Poses progress. Liam holds a wheel back bend. Shakes. Brian holds it steadily. Liam steadies.

Dwayne stands over Liam.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

See! You couldn't do this before.

Swami puts his hand on Liam's lower back, assisting.

Allison back flips over from her wheel. She looks down at Liam, her face inverted as he is still upside down.

ALLISON

You've got it!

Liam winces. Kicks his legs up to flip. Kicks Allison straight in the teeth.

CLASS

Oooooof!

BRIAN

I'm first aid trained!

Brian rips off his vest, holds it her bleeding lips.

Brian looks to Susan, mouths "arrest him!" Susan shakes her head "no" and holds her finger to her lips.

SWAMI

Everyone in child's pose! Eyes closed. Look inward!

(beat, whispers to Liam)

Relax. These bobbies get you. You're mine now.

Liam looks up from underneath his armpit. Swami puts one hand between Liam's shoulders, the other at the base of his spine and pushes. CRACK. Liam groans.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

Steady your breath. Find calm.

Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale.

INT. DINING HALL - LATER

The yogis eat their breakfast. Dwayne and Liam seem to have taken to the organic fare.

DWAYNE

Pass me the chia seeds.

Allison hands him a small bowl.

LIAM

Sprinkle some in mine.

SUSAN

Nice, isn't it?

LIAM

S'alright.

SLUUUUURRP. Susan sucks up a spoonful of cereal. Liam stops.

SMATCH SMATCH. Lips open wide, Susan slops the food around her mouth. Liam looks up.

SUSAN

MMMMMMmmmm.

Liam wobbles a bit. Susan meets his gaze. She licks her teeth, sucking in the saliva. He faces her off, until -

SUSAN REACHES FOR AN APPLE. CRUNNNNCH!

LIAM
(to Dwayne)
Let's get out of here.

DWAYNE
(mouth full of food)
What? Coconut yogurt's coming.

LIAM
(to Dwayne)
Chew with your fucking lips closed!

SUSAN
Or what? You going to kill him?

Everyone stops eating and stares at her.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Misophonia. A psychiatric condition in which specific sounds cause negative emotions, initiating a fight or flight response. You usually fight, don't you?

LIAM
What makes you think that?

SUSAN
The scarring on your knuckles. The flinches you are forced to control when others eat. And that you generally look like a asshole.

Liam twitches and sneers.

SWAMI
Yogurt is ready. Let's all watch our language.

Awkwardness envelopes the room. Dwayne stirs yogurt and slides away.

SUSAN
While there is no treatment for misophonia, one known cause is trauma. An association to memory. Domestic violence, perhaps. Maybe it's because your mother was murdered by your step father.

Beat. Liam looks up.

LIAM

They weren't married.

BRIAN

How did you -

Liam's stares at her.

SUSAN

The tattoo, "Clara" on your right arm, with 1978 below. You've got no wedding ring or the imprint of a former one. Clara was your mother. A quick search of the name and death date told me the rest. The fact you are a professional hitman makes perfect sense, seeing as your mother's killer was a drug dealer so you feel no remorse plucking them off.

BRIAN

We also know what you are here to do! STEAL!

SUSAN

And how did you find that out, Badcocke?

BRIAN

Because I observed... how terrible the boys are at yoga, and -

That's it. Liam CLOCKS HIM.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Assault!

STUART

Calm down everyone, we don't want to call the police.

SUSAN

We are the police!

She takes out her badge. Liam throws a chair then runs out. Swami stares daggers at the door.

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Dwayne, panicking, stuffs his belongings into his bag.

Liam storms in, shoves Dwayne against the wall.

LIAM

You went to the cops.

DWAYNE

I didn't!

LIAM

I'm going to fucking kill you -

DWAYNE

Bruv, WAIT! Look.

Dwayne rustles through his bag, pulls out a box.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

I kept back some of the drugs.

LIAM

Why didn't you tell me?

DWAYNE

I hide some as a Plan B, ok! Take it, just don't kill me!

Stuart creaks the door open.

STUART

Gentlemen?

LIAM AND DWAYNE

What?

STUART

I have been asked to escort you to our newest attendees.

Liam takes out his gun, points at Stu.

LIAM

Sit.

STUART

Ok!

Stuart sits on the floor, hands on knees facing up.

Liam sticks the gun to his skull. Stuart starts to weep.

DWAYNE

You'd have to murder the whole retreat if you do this.

LIAM

Sounds fun.

Liam squeezes the trigger. Freezes. He can't move. He looks at the weeping boy, terrified, spine curved.

Liam sucks in air. What's wrong with him? He puts his gun away and ties up Stuart. Then punches a wall and storms out.

Stuart gasps in relief.

DWAYNE
You alright, mate?

STUART
No!

DWAYNE
Want some drugs?

STUART
Yes!

EXT. RETREAT - SAME TIME

Brian is on the phone, literally running in circles.

BRIAN
We've got our murderer, he is on
the run. We need further
enforcements, he is extremely
dangerous.

CHIEF WILKES
We have already sent
reinforcements. We sent them the
moment we found out you were on a
YOGA RETREAT. They will arrive this
afternoon, at which point you'll be
handing in your badge.

BRIAN
But I've got him! He was HERE.

CHIEF WILKES
And where is he NOW?

BRIAN
I'm looking!

Brian darts his head around. Susan points to a rustling of
leaves. They run towards the boy's cabin.

EXT. SHORE - LATER

Liam sits on the seaside with his collection of weaponry.

He does a stabbing motion with a knife. Grabs a fish off the
dock. Screws his face up and starts to impale the creature.

Stops himself. This is a bit ridiculous.

SLURP. A family picnics a few feet away. Liam snarls.

Now's his chance.

Liam closes his eyes and lets the eating sounds reverberate in his skull. Engages with them, like Swami instructed him not to. He squirms and snarls, harnessing his anger. The sounds bring up painful images from the past.

His knuckles turn white as he clutches his gun.

V.O.

Would you like a TimTam?

Liam opens his eyes. A 4 year old girl from the picnic offers a chocolate biscuit.

Beat. Is he going to shoot the small girl?

Liam's jaw drops. The child puts the TimTam into his mouth. He has no choice but to chew.

MOTHER

Gracie! Stranger danger!

BROTHER

Stop giving away me TimTams!

Gracie giggles and waddles back over to her family.

Liam looks down at the gun in his hand. He drops it and onto the sand in Child's Pose, swallowing the TimTam.

INT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Dwayne and Stuart trip out on the drugs Dwayne had stashed.

DWAYNE

I'm gonna die.

STUART

We're all going to die.

DWAYNE

But me sooner! Billy's going to kill me!

(sobs)

At least I didn't die a virgin.

STUART

But are you a gay virgin?

DWAYNE

Well, I'm not gay or a virgin -

STUART

You should have as many experiences as you can before you die.

DWAYNE

I've only had one. Ramona. She stopped coming over. I couldn't even please a sex addict!

STUART

Perhaps you'll be able to please -

SMACK. The door bursts open, Brian and Susan storm in.

BRIAN

Where is he?

DWAYNE

You! You shagged my girlfriend!

Dwayne throws a punch at him, Brian catches it and throws him off. Susan spies the drugs on the bed.

SUSAN

Tell us the whereabouts of your companion and I won't arrest you for possession of narcotics.

STUART

He ran out.

BRIAN

Any idea to where?

DWAYNE

No!

SUSAN

How'd you get involved with a professional hitman? Who put you two together?

DWAYNE

I can't tell you.

SUSAN

We'll protect you if you give us information.

DWAYNE

I don't snitch! And I don't want Billy to kill me!

BRIAN

Billy.

DWAYNE

Oh bollocks.

BEEEP BEEEP BOP. Dwayne's ringtone chimes. BILLY appears on the screen.

Brian snags the phone and takes down the number.

Dwayne runs out, still tripping and crying.

INT. CUPCAKE CRIME OFFICE - SAME TIME

Billy hangs up the phone. To Syd and the lackeys:

BILLY
Grab your crocs, we're going to
Cornwall.

INT. SWAMIS CABIN - LATER

Dwayne breaks down the door to Swami's cabin.

The old Dwayne is back, nicking any shiny trinket he sees. He even pulls a GOLDFISH out of a tank and pockets it.

He rustles through the night stand, and sees a framed family photo. A younger SWAMI, in his early 30s, holding a toddler. The edges of the photo are worn from it being held so much.

Dwayne throws the photo down.

DWAYNE
I don't CARE, I DON'T CARE! I don't
have a conscience I'm an asshole!

CREAK. The door slides open. Swami stands in the frame.

SWAMI
Then why are you tearful?
(beat)
Put the items back where you found
them, please. What doesn't belong
to you never can.

DWAYNE
Why do you say stuff like that? I
know it makes sense but it's weird
and it makes my head hurt!

SWAMI
I'm going to help you, Justin. The
moment you stop fighting me.

DWAYNE
It's Dwayne.

SWAMI
I know. I'll call you whatever
you'd like me to call you. So long
as we help each other.

DWAYNE
How can I help you?

SWAMI
We have a common foe to rid
ourselves of.

Susan slides in to the front door, Brian jumps in through the window.

BRIAN
Hand over this adolescent at once!

SWAMI
On what grounds, Constable?

SUSAN
We believe he is colluding with a
wanted criminal, who has escaped.

SWAMI
Can you please present your
evidence?

SUSAN
We also know you've got illegal
substances on site.

SWAMI
Where?
(beat)
As a volunteer PCSO, perhaps you
don't realise the full obligations
required in order to detain one of
my students -

SUSAN
Save your mansplanation. I've
caught every criminal in the
county. You're the only one left.

SWAMI
My apologies. You obviously know
then that I'm not required to hand
anyone over. With no further
mansplaining required, either join
my next yoga class, or fuck off.

EXT. PIER - SAME TIME

Liam stands on the edge looking out to the sea. He changes his different weapons in his hands, holds them up to his body, then selects another.

He's thought about the way he'd like to die many times, but now he can't quite decide.

He finally settles on his old trusty hand gun.

Liam turns around, back to the water. Holds the gun beneath his chin and closes his eyes.

BOOM. Blood spurts through the air. Liam falls. Not into the sea, but onto his side.

He lifts his head. One finger is shot clear through and bleeding. The gun has fallen next to him.

Liam looks to the right. CLAIRE LOWERS A GUN. She walks towards him.

CLAIRE

Aren't you glad you let me join
your murder lessons?

LIAM

My fucking HAND!

CLAIRE

Brought my yoga towel. Bit sweaty
but it'll do.

The picnicking family runs off. Fishermen stare at the dock.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

So you gonna run off to somewhere?

LIAM

Why? Even if I do escape county,
what would I do when I get there?

CLAIRE

Hang out with me.

Liam laughs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What will happen to Dwayne?

LIAM

He won't last a fortnight.

(beat)

I don't even care that Billy's
about to retire me, I just can't
believe, after all I did for him,
that he had to make me so miserable
at the end. Why didn't he just put
me out instead of making me suffer
a week of middle-class slurpers?

CLAIRE

Get him back then. You're smart
enough to figure out a revenge.

He looks at her. She's right.

EXT. RETREAT - LATER

Susan and Brian pace the retreat grounds.

BRIAN

Where is he? Scotland Yard will arrive, I'll have no criminal, no knowledge of his whereabouts, only an uncooperative lead who clearly knows everything and won't speak. They'll relieve me of my duties.

(beat)

Susan! How am I going to find him?

SUSAN

We don't need to find the old man.

BRIAN

Of course we do!

SUSAN

No. There's more to this than that. Even if he is the contract killer who shot the men in London, we won't get any information about the crime ring out of him. He's a professional who will take it to the grave. You may not even prove he did it. We need to find out why he is HERE.

BRIAN

We need to find the man who's slipped through my fingers twice. I'm going to sprint the southwest coastal path!

He begins to run. Susan pulls him back.

SUSAN

Stop moving and THINK. You aren't going to nab a criminal with braun alone. You need to figure out what the motives are, why these men were sent here of all places, and who is operating at the top.

BRIAN

Stop mansplaining!

SUSAN

I'm not a man!

BRIAN

What? Oh!

SUSAN

The boy was crying. He's clearly out of his depth, with no idea what he's doing. There's no possible way he could ever be trained up to be a real criminal. Why send him down here with the volatile hitman on an important task? He's noisy and inexperienced.

BRIAN

Whoever sent them wanted them to be caught.

SUSAN

Exactly! Using your brain now!

(beat)

So if you arrest the old man you are doing what the criminals want.

BRIAN

They want them both killed.

SUSAN

Because they made mistakes.

BRIAN

What do we do if we're not supposed to catch them?

In the distance, Swami and Dwayne enter the thugs cabin.

SUSAN

Let's just do some yoga. Like Swami suggested.

BRIAN

Yes! I'm very good at that.

EXT. DWAYNE'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Swami and Dwayne untie Stuart, coming down from the trip.

STUART

Oh my stars. Bondage and mescaline is not a combination I recommend.

Stuart falls onto Dwayne's bed, panting.

DWAYNE

So Swam, what are we gonna do? How'm I going to hide from bossman?

SWAMI

The retreat isn't over yet. Get your kit on.

EXT. RETREAT GROUND - MOMENTS LATER

Swami leads Dwayne, Stuart, Susan, Brian, and Allison through a final yoga practice. They hold mountain pose.

SWAMI

Set an intention for your final practice. Something outside of yourself. Inhale. (beat) Now exhale everything that does not serve that intention.

EXT. RETREAT OUTSKIRTS - SAME TIME

Ashmore's PI's walk up the footpaths towards the cabins.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Brian and his lackeys exit their car and remove weapons from the boot, which they hide in their clothing.

EXT. RETREAT GROUND

The yogis hold Warrior One. Looking fierce.

SWAMI

Deepen into the knee joint, reaching your arrow towards the sky.

They sink further into the posture. Scotland Yard arrives in the background, Swami hears them.

SWAMI (CONT'D)

Open into Warrior Two. You may encounter negativity during today's practice. The source of this negativity might not be what you think it is.

Inside Brian's head, he remembers Chief Wilkes saying.

CHIEF WILKES V.O.

We had an anonymous tip the killer is hiding in Cornwall.

Brian opens his eyes, whispers to Susan.

BRIAN

He gave the tip!

SUSAN

Who?

BRIAN
Whoever's responsible. Whoever
wanted us to find the old man.

Brian looks back then TACKLES SUSAN TO THE GROUND.

BOOM. A gunshot whizzes over the head of the yogis. One of Scotland Yard is hit. The retreat turns around and sees Billy, Syd, and the lackeys.

SWAMI
Child's pose!

The yogis curl up into balls.

Billy looks over at the group and sees Dwayne fidgeting in Child's Pose. He and the boys walk over.

Swami looks at his old comrade. Billy smiles and holds his gun up.

SWAMI (CONT'D)
Everyone into the kitchen cabin!

The class gets up and runs. Swami stays behind Dwayne, protecting him.

Billy and the lackeys quicken their pace, but they can't keep up with the fit yoga practitioners.

The yogis make it into the kitchen cabin, Swami locking the door behind them.

EXT. WALKING PATH - SAME TIME

Claire and Liam amble up the back of the retreat. The approach the kitchen cabin.

Liam spots Billy on the other side. He hits the ground.

LIAM
He's here. Let's go in through a window.

CLAIRE
The two of us? We haven't lost enough weight -

SMACK. Liam shoves the window open. Hurls himself into it. He get stuck for an awkward moment, then pushes through.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Maybe we have.

Claire exhales all her air, then hurls herself through the window. Makes it up to her arse.

From inside the kitchen:

SWAMI
Engage mula bandha!

Claire clenches her buttcheeks as the team pulls her into the kitchen. The yogis cheer!

LIAM
What are you lot doing here?

STUART
Avoiding a gun fight.

EXT. RETREAT

BAM BA BAM. Shots are exchanged between Scotland Yard and Billy's lackeys.

Philip Ashmore's team arrives and opens fire in return.

INT. KITCHEN

Everyone has hit the floor.

DWAYNE
Where's your gun? Shoot them
through the window!

LIAM
(nodding to Claire)
She shot it out of my hand on the
beach. It's bugged.

Liam drops his shattered pistol on the ground.

ALLISON
I thought nobody had guns in
England?

CLAIRE
I still got mine!

BRIAN
Apparently everyone does except me!

Liam grabs Claire's gun.

LIAM
They want me. I'll go out there.
That way one in here gets hurt.

Claire pulls him down.

CLAIRE

No! There's only one of you, and, how many of them? You're not trying to kill yourself again.

STUART

There's actually... nine of us. And two cops.

SUSAN

And two of us are cops!

LIAM

You ready to arrest me?

BRIAN

Yes I am!

SUSAN

Not if you tell us exactly what is going on. Why are you here?

LIAM

I don't want to go into that right now. I'll give myself up and tell you what you need to know. But first... I need to -

ALLISON

To live up to your potential.

STUART

To focus your intention towards a positive action.

RAMONA

You need to kill your fucking boss.

LIAM

All that. I need to get rid of Billy.

Swami spreads a sinister smile.

SWAMI

Are we in? Will we help Liam on his journey?

STUART

But yoga is non-violent and non-competitive!

ALLISON

Not anymore, bitches!

Allison backbends onto the table and FLIPS THROUGH THE WINDOW.

SHOTS FIRE. Yogis runs out.

EXT. RETREAT GROUNDS

MONTAGE: The yogis fight off Billy's gang, Ashmore's investigators, and Scotland yard.

- Allison falls down into the splits, slides between the legs of Billy's lackey, then TRIPS HIM.

- A Scotland Yard cop races to Liam. Claire reaches forward into Warrior Three. She GRABS HIS BALLS AND TWISTS. He falls.

- An investigator peering over a tree aims his gun at Liam. Ramona stands in his eyeline in tree pose. She wraps her leg up around her shoulder, then FINGERS HERSELF. PI drops gun.

- Stuart takes a yoga strap, wraps it around the other Lackey's elbow, and pulls down hard. Lackey is thrown back and drops his gun. Stuart picks it up like it's diseased.

- Swami twists around Syd.

SWAMI
Drop your gun.

SYD
Fuck off.

Swami breaks his arm.

- Brian is face to face with a Private Investigator. Brian closes his eyes, takes a deep yoga breath, THEN SUCKER PUNCHES THE PI IN THE GUT.

- Another investigator runs towards Brian. Susan stands on the ledge of the cabin, balancing on her toes. She holds her arms out in warrior position to balance, then JUMPS ON TOP OF THE COP AS HE RUNS TOWARDS BRIAN.

EXT. RETREAT PARKING LOT

Witnessing the chaos, Billy runs onto the scene. Dwayne KICKS BILLY IN THE FACE WITH HIS BAD LEG.

DWAYNE
This yoga did cure me! You were right, bruv!

BAM. Billy shoots a bullet into Dwayne's knee. The whole retreat stops.

Claire rushes towards Dwayne. Billy grabs her.

BILLY

Everyone stop. Or I kill the fat girl.

Swami and Liam raise their guns to him.

DWAYNE

My knee! It's bugged again!

LIAM

You fucking savage.

BILLY

So you actually care whether or not this cow dies? Hello? Is my favourite psychopath still in there?

(to Claire)

Do you realise how special you are?

LIAM

I'm not a psychopath, Billy.

Tears actually fall down Liam's face. He's struggling with this new fact. Dwayne looks up at him.

SWAMI

Don't hurt her. If you're a man, come after me.

BILLY

Now THIS ponce, I'm not surprised he's playing hero. He saw the light. Or did he?

(to cops)

You all know what he's up to down here?

SUSAN

He sells hallucinogenics.

SWAMI

I give away hallucinogenics. To help people. It's therapeutic and I offer it at cost, no extra profit to myself.

(beat)

Ok I sell a bit around town on the side.

LIAM

You're surrounded by law enforcement. How you reckon you're going to get out of this, Billy?

BILLY

I came prepared. I knew they'd be here, I gave them the tip.

Billy pulls GRENADE out of his pocket. Gets ready to pull -
From behind, Allison wraps her arms around Billy's legs and Stuart hits him on the head with his gong. Grenade drops.

Billy lets go of Claire. Ramona grabs her and the girls roll down the hill.

Billy turns his torso to shoot the girls, Liam jumps in front. The bullet scraps his shoulder.

Swami comes up behind Billy and HOLDS A GUN TO HIS SKULL.

SWAMI
I'll let you do the honours. Fulfil
your destiny.

Liam SHOOTS BILLY IN THE HEAD.

EXT. RETREAT - LATER

Scotland Yard and Brian handcuff the lackeys.

SCOTLAND YARD COP
I look forward to informing Chief Wilkes of your success. How on earth did you know they were here, of all places?

BRIAN
With the assistance of Cornwall's brilliant PCSO.

SWAMI
Assistance? I would say she gave the investigation "leadership."

SUSAN
Thank you.

SCOTLAND YARD COP
You'll both get recognised for this.

Brian grabs Susan and kisses her. She melts a little. Then freezes. He lets her go.

She wipes the kiss off her mouth. Wasn't what she was expecting.

Not noticing, Brian walks away with his chest puffed up.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - SAME TIME

The yogis sit around the ice cream shop, licking multi-colored cones.

ALLISON

Thanks for these! I feel so high on life I don't even miss the drugs!

SWAMI

Mmmmm! You've all earned a treat!

With his leg now bandaged, Dwayne hobbles over to a table with Stuart.

STUART

You'd made such wonderful progress.

DWAYNE

S'alright. Doesn't hurt any more than it used to.

STUART

I guess you'll have to do more yoga to recover!

DWAYNE

Oh yeah, I'm doing this as a lifestyle, bruv! Expensive though, in'it? Billy's dead now so he can't pay for me.

SWAMI

I'll personally train you for free if you'll assist on my retreats.

STUART

Am I being fired?

SWAMI

You'll work together.

Stuart smiles and takes a big lick of his cone.

DWAYNE

Wicked. Maybe I can become an instructor one day. I'm a quick learner! Ask Liam!

Claire and Liam eat at a table by themselves. Liam doesn't answer Dwayne, just raises his brows.

CLAIRE

You ever taken a bullet before?

LIAM

Can't say I have. Was always good at hiding.

CLAIRE

And I'd never shot a gun. This trip has been full of new experiences.

LIAM

First time I've ever been a rat.
Informed on... everyone.

CLAIRE

You ok?

LIAM

Yeah. Liberated, in fact. Sometimes
you realise the values you hold are
wrong. Didn't think you had any
more of those moments at my age.

CLAIRE

Your old colleagues are cunts
anyway, right?

LIAM

Mmmmm.

(beat)

I was the best at my trade for a
long time. Not sure who I am now.

Claire takes a big lick and talks with her mouth full.

CLAIRE

You're just a grumpy old man eating
ice cream by the sea.

A bit of Claire's ice cream falls off the side, she sucks it
up with her tongue, and SLURPS it into her mouth.

Liam doesn't notice. He smiles, peacefully eating.

THE END