

Ghost Town

by

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CHAPTER 1

Boyce & Droog

Boyce, an eccentric, drug addled hobo.

BOYCE

Times are getting desperate mate. Just the other day I heard this bloke.. disabled bloke, was sat on a bench. And his kite, you know the sort that fly. Well his must have flown up into a tree, getting wedged between a couple of branches. Devastated poor fella, screaming out, crying for his kite stuck high in this tree when.. out if no where.. this cyclist comes along. A good Samaritan as it were. And she stops.

"Is everything alright?" And the little fellas distraught. "Oh dear is that your kite?" Inconsolable he is. "It's okay.. I'll get it for you." And his little face lights up!

So she parks her bike and starts climbing this tree and she's like, "almost there." And the little fella is brimming with excitement. "How did you get it stuck this high.." and finally after climbing for ages she like, "Got it!" And she looks down at her little disabled mate and.. he's only gone and nicked her bloody bike.

"Hey! Stop!! Thief!" She calls out. Things I've got to do in lockdown to score some gear eh.

GHOST TOWN

BOYCE

So after a night on the scag and crack I am rudely awoken.

"Boyce! Wake up!" It's Droog. Once an upstanding geography teacher reduced to scoring smack on the street with his handsome, hilarious partner in crime.. me. And he's like, "wake up Boyce."

"Eughhh.. can't you see that I am a slumber Droog?"

"It's Mick!" He says. "Mick.. mental Mick and he's breaking down the friggin door!"

Oh no.. Mick or mental Mick as he's affectionately known is just that.. absolutely fucking mental. To go along with his jolly name is his jolly occupation. He sells substandard smack to desperate fiends like.. yours truly.

It's rumoured that one of Mick's customers once reneged on a payment for some gear.. Mick, not taking kindly to it, broke into this fellas house to discover this fellas little old granny, watching re runs of countdown on the Tele. Mick proceeded to.. force the old dear to perform fellatio on him while still finding time to violate the family cat with a broom handle. So, as you can tell, not the sort of person you want to be owing money too.

Now I had every intention of paying back the money I owe but every time I get some money I think.. why not partake in some more narcotics, cos I am an unreasonable addict after all.. and unreasonable addicts don't tend to think too much about repercussions.. Except now this repercussion is probably going to force me to wear a broom handle up my arse.

"Boyce!" Shrieks Droog, "what are we gonna do?"

"You tried the windows?" I inquire.

"Locked" he replies.

"Back door key?"

"Lost it. What we gonna do Boyce?"

"I can't think Droogie mate my head's all a fuzz.. wait.. where's the emergency gear?"

And the little ingrate shakes his head at me.. "no Droog you smoked the.. emergency gear, you unfathomable cunt." I collapse, waiting for the beating that Mick will no doubt lavish upon me when.

"There might be some on the table.. where we cut the gear." And I think. You fucking beauty Droog!

So we rush downstairs, where the finest dust mite of crack waits on the kitchen side. We begin frantically

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BOYCE (cont'd)

shoving what ever's there into the pipe while mental Mick continues to brutalize the front door. I take a hit and through the haze of smoke.. made up of crack, fluff, pubic hair an idea takes shape. "Droog.. I've got it"

I unplug the microwave.. I remove it from the counter.. and I throw it through the kitchen window.

And as we make our escape I can detect an air of annoyance in my colleague. "Oh you must be some sort of friggin clairvoyant. If only I could have thought of that"

"We escaped didn't we?" I reply

"And who's gonna pay for my window. And the front door Mick's booted in"

I assure him "invoice my secretary.. I'll be sure to wire the money to you post haste" but there's no time quarrel cos as I smoke the last of the crack a marvelous idea take shape in my mind.

But as we stand at an empty tube station collecting money for a charity we made up, I begin to have second thoughts. I realize we're still in lockdown.. and nobodies even using the fucking tube.

"This is friggin pointless Boyce" chimes my dim whittled associate.

"No, people are hesitant to approach cos you look like a piece of soggy gammon."

"You know I come down quick Boyce.." Droog moans "I don't wanna do this any more Boyce."

"Of course you don't, it's a bloody horrible way to live."

"I'm serious this time," he goes, "oooo I'm getting the chills.. pooh and brown belly is definitely on its way. I'm gonna shit miself. This is bollocks Boyce!" And I have no time for Droogs melodramatic come down so I slap him in the face. Maybe a little too hard cos he falls straight over.

"Ow.. what the fuck!"

And it hits me.. not Droog an idea.

"Droog, do you think people are still using Ubers?" And Droog looks up at me in that way that only Droog can.. a look so void of any information you actually get fucking stupider while looking at him. And I think, maybe I should kick the little ingrate while he's down there but instead.. I follow my instincts and give Capt a call.

Capt or Captain Uber, is our Uber driving yank friend. He is also what you'd call a functioning addict. Thinks

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BOYCE (cont'd)

he's better than us cos he can hold down a job and listens to all that self help bollocks Americans love. He also speaks in that way Americans do when they can't decide which word they want to emphasize, so they emphasize the fucking lot.

"Guys, last night was bitching.. Work? Yeah it's pretty quiet but I still do the occasional run to the airport. Mainly wealthy business types."

And I think.. you fucking beauty!

Capt picks us up and then almost immediately has to drop us off.. because brown belly did arrive and Droog did end up shitting his pants in the back of the car. So there we are.. stood by the road side. Droog, shivering with his soiled underwear in hand and me with a look of hope. Cos Capt has just texted.. he's picked up some poor posho, who leaving his big empty house to go to the airport. And I'm thinking.. apart from the stench of Droogs bowel filling the air, our luck might just be about to change.

"How much further?" Mopes Droog.

"I don't know Droog this Nokia 32 10 doesn't exactly have Google maps."

And suddenly there we are. And this house looks like a.. a dream. Lordly, grandiose, ostentatious, a bit of fucking me this is. And look a lovely window, open just enough for a little Droog to fit through. And Droogs like..

"I don't want to do it.. I don't feel good. I want to get off the gear Boyce.. for good this time."

I decide to appease him cos there's no friggin way I'm climbing up that drain pipe. "Droogie mate, one last score and we'll earn enough to check into rehab yeah.. do it properly. Get clean. And that's it. But lets have a good blow out first ey. What do you say? One more time, for an old mate?"

This seems to do the trick cos as quick as you can say burglaries worth fourteen years in prison, Droog is up the drain pipe, through the window and opening the door for his master.. friend. I mean friend.

With my new silk kimono draped across the towel rail, I sit in a jacuzzi, drinking a glass of the good stuff. Droog is busy raping and pillages the rooms for valuables but I'm just taking in the moment.. ahhh. And I think.. well I think two things, first how can you have a full wine cellar and only one bottle of port.. despicable.. and second I'm thinking this is the life I

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BOYCE (cont'd)

should be living. Maybe I would be living if me and dad got along. If I'd have accepted my inheritance. And the things I was expected to do to get it. (A haunted look fills his face) but that's all ancient history and I'm now a fully fledged renegade tearing apart the system from the inside, while enjoying a rather full bodied glass of port. Perfection.

And suddenly I hear an almighty crash.. "Droog.. you're not dead are you? Droog don't muck around I'm really friggin comfortable here. Christ"

His lack of response forces me to get out of the tub, put on my kimono and find the bumbling ingrate. And when I do finally stumble into one of the bedrooms I find him.. holding a uncut diamond the size of a fucking fist!

"Wow" I say.. "is that one of those healing crystals.. I've always wanted one, can I see it?"

"It's a rough uncut diamond", he says, "probably from Sierra Leone.. worth millions"

And I think.. well first I think fuck.. I forgot he was a geography teacher.. he's never gonna fall for that crystal shit and secondly I think.. Droog definitely just upgraded to my best friend for life.

"Do you know what this means Droog?"

"Yeah.." Droog replies, "One big fucking blow out!"

CHAPTER 2Mental Mick

Mick, a grotesque and violent maniac.

MICK

It was never difficult for me to be socially distant as I hate everyone. The worst thing about this whole COVID crap though is that emptiness.. emptiness that is very quickly filled by him.. that voice. Me. What a cunt. And when he starts, that nasty bastard is never gonna let up until he's ground your face into the fucking concrete. So in times like this I think it's best to keep him busy, with other people.

Now most people looked at this crises like a.. crisis. Me I saw a chance to expand. To move from selling the harder narcotics into more basic household items. It did require me to forge an ID for the salvation army, but flash that bad boy and you've got all the loo roll, eggs and Ibuprofen you'll ever need.. which for me, is everything they've fucking got! Why? I hear you ask.. simple.. when the shelves are empty who's still selling sold out items at mildly inflated prices. That'd be me!

So after a rather profitable day in my make shift tuck shop it's time to get on with the real business. Smack heads will pay anything you ask. Especially when dealers are dropping like flies cos they're struggling to get their shipment in. This leaves me with the unfortunate task of selling my wears for again.. a slightly inflated prices. Which is a shame.

The other side to this though is a lot of smack heads are going cold turkey. Cleaning up their lives. Getting off the proverbial bandwagon.. well I just can't let that happen. Not today! When this lockdown kicked off I had the foresight to scroll through my phone book, making concerned calls to valued customers of mine. Letting them know if they want, they can pop some gear on the slate. That's not a problem with me. Obviously I was inundated with sweaty, jittering, piss smelling offers. But now it's time to collect.. and those piss smelling shite hawks are no where to be seen. And there's only one thing I like more than making money.. and that's caving somebodies fucking skull in!

So, I grab a crate if beer and fuck off out the house. I head down to the local park and.. Ooooh a taped off bench.. reserved for moi. I take a seat and pray that some yogi bear, park ranger, fuck clump tries to move me on. Giving me the excuse to shatter his fucking jaw

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MICK (cont'd)

bone. I pick up the phone to make an important call when I observe a young mother breast feeding. Mmmm Cravendale.

But it's time for my best Indian accent so, "hello Tony Adamson is it? It's doctor Patel here. I have some bad news I'm afraid.. your mother passed away this morning. I'm so sorry. She was such a kind soul.." and Tony starts crying, spluttering and wailing and I'm thinking.. fuck I better hang up now or I'll end up laughing down the phone at this twat, so I hang up. It really is a wonder.. people know I'm a cunt but still feed me valuable information.. information I can use to torture them with if they ever owe me money.

And there it is.. that emptiness.. creeping in again.. an emptiness that is quickly filled by that voice "you are a sad bastard Mick, this is why you've got no friends Mick, and why nobody loves you, you nasty little.." So I down the rest of my can and that shuts the fucker up.

And at that moment a bike comes hurtling past. A bicycle carrying both Boyce and Droog. And even though this image is made even more hilarious by the fact they're being chased by some middle aged fuddy duddy. "Stop, help, thief!" These scagrats both owe me a substantial amount of money. Being that I'm the only dealer who's got any gear I'll be expecting a call from them or one of their stupid mongoloid friends once they've scrapped that bike in. And when they do it's going to be spec fucking tacular!

Within a few hours I get a call.

"Hey Mick, it's Capt!"

I fucking hate Americans.

"How's it going me old mucker!"

Especially when they try and use English slang.

"Mick you're such a crack pot"

Twat. So I drop him the gear knowing full well who will be partaking in the banquet.. and I follow him.

He goes straight to a disheveled looking shithole of a dungeon and who should open the door but Droog. And I think.. I think I should get out of this car, head across the road and fuck him up!

But by this point I've had several crates of beer and standing up out of the car is proving a little more difficult that it should be. It is also taking an intense amount of focus to stop my eyes from going crossed.. so I decide to swerve off down the road and

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MICK (cont'd)

come back tomorrow. Plus, I want to give those little scagrats the attention they deserve. There is one good thing that's happened since this COVID bollocks though.. that is that the roads have become remarkably empty. Which is good if you're as fucking drunk as I am.

So, first thing the next day I climb in the car, which is sporting a few new dints I don't remember creating.. and I head over to Droogs house!

I get there and.. the little shitehawke is pretending he can't hear me knock. And I can tell the scagrats in cos I can hear him scuttling about.

"Droog! I think it would be in your best interest to open this door." I hear more scuttling. "Droog!" I hear more scuttling, but this time, he's making a run for it upstairs. "Open the door Droog I just want to chat."

And I've noticed by now I'm actually smiling. I'm grinning ear to ear, cos for me, no better thrill can course through the human heart than knowing just how badly you're about to massacre some little c.. when, from behind me I hear..

"Excuse me.. do you actually like live there bro?" And it's a nosy neighbour from next door. He's got that east London twaty voice that constantly upward inflects like everything's a bastard question.. even though he is actually asking a question. I reply with a question of my own.

"Do I look like I'd live in this fucking shithole" "Well.." he starts, "there are these like new social distancing laws.. I mean it's there for us man.. you know help stem the flow of infection and stuff.."

I can't remember what else is said after that cos it all goes quiet. I'm already making my way over towards this poor bastard, feigning interest in what he's saying and looking concerned. He continues to talk I continue to listen. He goes on like he's letting me into some super obvious facts that my tiny flea sized brain can't fathom.. and I stand there nodding at him while he talks. Nodding and listening.

Then suddenly the sound rushes back like an avalanche.. and I'm not even saying words.. I'm just making noises. Screaming at him while I stomp on him over and over. Over and over.

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MICK (cont'd)

(Stomps swears and spits like a rabid dog)
Grrrahjjjvvfuucclkk why is everything a fucking
question!!!

I stop.. mainly cos I'm tired.. but also cos I realize
this little skidmarks not moving anymore and his face
is starting to look like mash potato covered in
ketchup. I think he gets the point.

In all the excitement I've forgotten all about Droog
and Boyce. So I march back over to the front door and
start booting. But as I make my way inside I realize
the little scagrats have scarpered.

Disappointed I head back out front.. to console myself
with a few extra concessionary stomps on that nosy
bastard neighbour. But as I arrive back outside he's
gone.. having crawled back into his house leaving a
bloody slug trail. I decide to scarper myself before
the old bill turn up.. and wait for the inevitable
phone call those stupid little smack fiends will no
doubt send my way.

CHAPTER 3Storming Norman

Norman, a neurotic, control freak on the edge.

NORMAN

Thwack, I slam the door on my Uber as I head to the airport. And yes it is a Prius. Do Ubers come any other form. Not quite the Ferrari 360 spider I just bought but, apart from the smell, it seems clean enough.

This Uber has however come intact with a chirpy American driver who is listening, quite obnoxiously, to one of those self help audio books. Not content poisoning his own mind with this nonsense he's decided to share the pleasure with me. Now I have no issue with people who believe in dragons and unicorns and all that drivel, I have a problem when try and get you to see the bloody mystical creatures as well.

"Do you know about the law of attraction?" He screeches.

"Is it that nonsense about, if you think something.. you'll attract it to you?"

"Yeah!" He drawls.

And after a rather intense discussion the air in the cab is filled with a rather unsavoury atmosphere. Partially because this cab smells faintly of fecal matter.. but mainly because he thinks people essentially get what they deserve which is soured somewhat when I point out very obvious things like pedophilia and childhood leukemia. But he doesn't want to hear any of that, so we sit in silence for the rest of the journey, which suits me just fine.

To be honest my agitation is not completely the drivers fault.. I am on my way to the airport, to fly to Ireland to meet a gentleman, who I'm almost certain has killed people for money in the past.

"I look forward to meeting you face to face.." he says on the phone in that Irish way that's both comforting and fucking terrifying.

"Just bring the documentation with you.. don't let me down." And to add to the fact he sounds exactly like Liam Neesan in that movie he actually starts quoting the fucking lines at me.

"Cos I will find you.. and I will kill you."
You have to love that Irish charm ey.

I came across the diamond quite by accident.. at least that's what I'd say to the police if they ever come

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NORMAN (cont'd)

across it. Well it sort of was by accident.. If by accident you mean I accidentally took a 12 hour flight to South Africa, to meet a saffa, with a scar across his entire body and a hook for a hand. A man who would put any fucking bond villain to shame and convince said maniac to loan me the diamond in return for finding prospective buyer in Europe.

So, from that point, I accidentally smuggled this uncomfortable diamond, which is about the size of tangerine up my.. well there's no need to get into all that, but it's now on English soil completely by accident. And I might be accidentally meeting the Liam Neeson sounding psychopath in Ireland this afternoon.

So yes, I was a little agitated pre Uber ride. I try to apologies to the driver as I get out but he speeds off.. I suppose I did just insult his entire belief system.. but the customer is always right and for his unbelievably shit service and smelly car.. he's earned zero fucking stars. And that shows him, I smirk as head into the airport terminal.

After making my way through airport security, which I'm sure you'll agree, is always a painless, jolly experience, I get a rather irate phone call from my girlfriend Wan. She's Thai.

Now I know what you're thinking, he's obviously in the throws of a midlife crisis. Yes I have just bought a new Ferrari and yes I have just recently left my wife of 15 years for a young Thai woman. But I assure you there is no midlife crisis here. I just want to be happy. Just like all of you judgmental fuckers.

"Norman.. someone broken in.." Now I know what your thinking, that's a fucking racist accent. I challenge anyone to try a Thai accent and not sound racist. It's fucking impossible anyway.

"Wan.. what do you mean my dear?"

"Someone broken into house!"

My blood runs cold.. "what.. check the guest bedroom. End of the corridor.. no.. the other end.. just.. Christ sake" and after what seems like an eternity of miss communication.. and fuck me there is a lot of that, she finally arrives and.. it's as I suspected.. the diamond is gone. "Buggershitfuck!"

I jump in a cab heading back towards the house.

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NORMAN (cont'd)

On the way a million scenarios play out in my mind. Was it Liam Neeson.. did he summon me out of the house so he could get a clear run at the diamond? Could it be the witch, my soon to be ex wife? She hates me.. she has a past record of stealing and she does have a key.. but she's isolating with the kids at her parents estate. Or could it.. be wan? I mean with all due respect I don't know her.. that well. I mean I enjoy the fact she speaks broken English, I hardly have to bother at all with the conversation, which is a bloody marvelous change after 15 years of bickering over absolutely fucking nothing. But I am quite sure she is having an affair with my personal trainer Dave. I don't know! Thoughts bang around in my head like loose change in a tumble dryer and.. I'm home.

I hurtle through the door where I'm met by Wan.. now this is one of those occasions where her broken English isn't endearing or cute it's actually really fucking annoying, so I push her to one side and inspect the damage myself. The diamond is in fact gone.. disappeared, as will I if I don't have the money or diamond to give back to that crazy fucking saffa and.. eurika!

A month ago.. before me and the witch split I suspected our nanny of stealing from us.. so, I installed a hidden camera. It turned out to be Karen.. the witch, my soon to be ex wife that is, who was stealing the money. Probably for more ridiculous shoes to add to her collection.

Trust me there was a lot of fucking issues in that marriage but that was the straw that broke the camels back. And instead of confronting her I met a young Thai woman and moved her straight in.. Which, I'm sure you'll agree, was a completely reasonable response. Except now we're heading into a very long drawn out custody battle over our son, Milton, and that action is probably going to count against me in the long run. Anyway, that hidden camera is still active!

Wan is stunned. Probably because I'm so resourceful.

I check the video and.. it's not what I expected at all. A couple of rather eccentric looking hobos stumbling about the place. I grab my antique pistol from the cabinet, which has nothing to do with the other material I found on that camera. Material where Wan is getting.. a rather vigorous deep tissue massage from Dave.. my personal trainer. Nope I'd be going out searching for those low lives anyway because I'm a

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NORMAN (cont'd)

man.. and that's what men do. So after a rather heated conversation with Dave over the phone, with pistol in hand, I head out of the door.

But as I'm leaving the phone rings.. and it's her.. the witch.. my soon to be ex wife. I answer.. maybe a little too abruptly.

"What the fuck is it this time Karen?"

"It's Milton" she says, and yes that's right she sounds like the fucking queen "it's Milton, Norman.. he's run away!"

Buggeringshitfuck.

CHAPTER 4

Fan.. shit. shit.. fan. I'll let
you two get acquainted.

BOYCE

We pay a little visit to Jeremy the jeweler to have our newly acquired cargo valued. He gives me and Droogie a fairly sizable advance, and we head to the nicest hotel in town. It's time for me.. for us to start living! Obviously we take the diamond with us. I trust Jeremy but.. no that's bollocks I don't trust Jeremy at all, slimy cunt, so we take the diamond with us and wait for his call once he's lined up a buyer.

So me a Droog sit in this plush hotel room, waiting for Capt to return with the gear. Fancy drapes, Persian throws, and a little artistic license taken by me and Droog. We've decorated the room with Toblerone packets and bottles of beast. Beast is 2 litre bottle of cider.. you know what I'll let Droog explain.

"It's called beast cos after you finish that cheap bottle of liquid delight you feel like a fucking beast.. besides if anyone crosses you while your drinking it just dish out the beast slap. Doesn't look like much but a 2 litre slap with a cider bottle is like getting hit with a friggin door."
So a refreshing beverage and a handy weapon. Mmmm.

A beverage I wish I could properly enjoy but I can't, cos this come down has got me feeling like brain is trying to give birth through my fucking eye balls. So I lie on the bed, squeezing the fuckers closed.

Droog is having a similar issue, crumpled in the loo doing lines of Ambien to try and take the edge off..

And for a split second my dark, nauseous, pained cell of a mind let's up. And everything's quiet.
"You dirty old cunt, don't you ever fucking touch me!"
(Looks around wild eyed)

"Droogie, where the fuck is Capt?"
"I know" he says "he's taking the piss!"
And finally there's a knock. I drag my stiff, creaky bones over to the door and open it.

MICK

I go over to my dads flat. Not cos I'm lonely or owt, I've just not spoke to the old cunt since this whole thing kicked off. I'm just checking to see if that Viagra filled fossil is still alive.

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And I get to his flat and.. he's having some kind of street party in his back garden! Obviously giving no fucks about social distancing, he's in the middle of the yard holding court.. he really is a little attention queen. He spots me..

"Here he is, if it isn't the cat molester!"
And I remember immediately why I don't come around to see this prick.

"Alright dad.."

"Oh" he says "Have you all heard that story about Mick?" Not this bollocks again. On occasion I may have embellished a story or two to give myself that 'don't fuck with me' aura.. an aura this old cunt likes to constantly undermine.

"Fucked this kids granny in front of him.. then molested the family cat with a broom. Sick little bastard!" Obviously this story is met with a mixture of laughter, disgust and silence. A story I carefully constructed to inspire maximum fear among the dregs of civilization I usually deal with. However now.. told out of context.. just makes me seem like a fucking retarded zooafile.

"Oh yeah, he's dangerous our Mick.." he goes on "I remember when he were young he punched some little girl, cos she was making fun of him cos he couldn't read hahaha.."

At this point I'm thinking.. being that I deal with societies rejects on a daily basis, chances are, I've probably already had Corona. I'm probably immune and can carry it willingly to unsuspecting vulnerable people. With that in mind I head to the kitchen to handle as much of my dads food as I possibly can. Fucking cunt.

But while I'm in the kitchen I get a call from Capt and I think.. right on que you yanki nonse!

"Hey Mick mi old mucker! Thanks for dropping this off." I don't hand him anything.. except for a closed fist.

"What the hell did you do that for man?"

"Droog, Boyce where the fuck are they! And don't say you don't know or I'll put your head through that fucking wall."

He folds like wet toilet roll, obviously, and I'm on me way.

Walking through the hotel I realize that again, I'm already grinning.. ear to ear. I'm gonna fucking enjoy this.. I knock on the door and wait.

BOYCE

And I open the door and..
"Surprise.." and it's Mental fucking Mick. Now I try
and explain that I have the money to pay him but he
seems like he's more interested in painting the walls,
the floor, the ceiling with my previously handsome mug.

MICK

(Stomping sweating and spitting like a rabid dog)
"Gggrrrrrrffsdhjkkvchjjjjjj disgusting little scagrat!

BOYCE

Now I'm pretty sure this is where I die, so I start
saying my goodbyes, mentally.. cos like.. my face is
full of Mick's boot. And I'm saying sorry.. sorry mum..
I really shouldn't have left like that out of the
blue.. I wish I had the heart to face him. Sorry
Johnny, my little brother, who no doubt got the brunt
in my absence.. and Droog.. sorry.. I know..

But like a dream I see Droog appear behind mental
Mick.. who is still using my face as a trampoline.
Droog grabs a bottle of beast from the side and swings
it at Mick! But it does nothing.. you idiot Droog
you've only gone and hit him with an empty fucking
bottle. Ingrate. Mick turns.. no doubt ready to give
Droog a full dose of what he's just given to me.. and
Droog reaches out.. grabbing a full bottle this time..
but this time, with all the force he can muster, he
swings it and this time it connects. Whack! Mick's out
like a light.

"Are you alright Boyce" says Droog down to the pile of
blood, puss and gore that used to be my beautiful face.
"Never better Droogy mate.. never better."

CHAPTER 5I have the power

NORMAN

Me and the witch.. Karen.. my soon to be ex wife sit together in my new Ferrari searching for our son. I can think of more comfortable places to be.. like maybe being tangled in a barbed wire fence.. while on fire.. but we are here to find Milton and that's what I intend to do!

"Was it really necessary to buy the fucking rocket ship?" I let Karen's idiotic remark linger in the air like the nasty little fart it is. Because I have the power, looking like Jason fucking Statham in my new Ferrari and I'll be damned if I give that power up to her.

I sigh to let her know just how beneath me she is. And without even looking at her I can feel the withering look Karen is burning into the side of my head. I resist the urge to glance her way.

"Norman?" She says inquisitively. I turn just in time to see her shake her head.. and show me just how disappointed in me she is. Oh she is clever little witch. I change the subject to something more mature.

"Your looking older these days Karen."
"Coming from the man who has to crawl to get into his car, I take that as a compliment." I feel the power being teased away from me.
"Well at least I paid for it with my own money." the balance is restored.. and I've also hinted that I know she's a thieving fucking witch.
"What the hell are you talking about Norman?" She says.
"Oh you know Karen" I say knowingly.
"No I really don't" she says.

And.. not really wanting to talk about this and feeling the power slipping away I decide to pull over and leave my car in the middle of the road. Which, I'm sure you'll agree, was a completely reasonable response.
"Norman!" She calls after me "Where the hell are you going?"
"I'm searching the woods Karen, you know, the most likely place a child would run away to.. idiot." I strut away like James Dean.. I'm a rebel without a cause when..
"Well at least leave me the bloody keys.. idiot."

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NORMAN (cont'd)

.. I march purposefully back towards the car. I mean I really have been working on my take notice walk and I can tell she's noticed. I nonchalantly toss the keys towards her before striding away.. power in hand.
"That new walk is yours" she squawks "little camp isn't it?"

I'm about to slink powerlessly into the woods when I stop. "Instead of focusing on insulting me maybe focus on finding our child, the child you seem to have absentmindedly miss placed Karen. Now I'll search the woods as I don't think your ridiculous Monolos were built for trekking through any kind of fucking terrain!"

And she has nothing to say to that, so I strut back towards the forest congratulating myself on a fantastic triple whammy. I've insulted her, her parenting style and her choice of foot wear in one foul swoop. Hello power my old friend. I've missed you.

But as I glance back at her I see that she is actually crying, like really crying.. and this new power I've just cloaked myself in doesn't feel that comfortable any more.

CHAPTER 6Delightful catch up

MICK

I come to, groggy as fuck.. lying on a hotel room floor.. staring at the ceiling and I feel.. nothing. All there is is emptiness.. a void.. and slowly that voice creeps back in..

'Chinned by a smackhead.. you fucking embarrassment. Look at you.. you used to be mental Mick, what are you now? Pussy Mick.. can't handle a couple of bag heads you complete fucking loser. Maybe there's something in here you can use to hang yourself with you absolute fucking nothing. You should kill yourself you cunt, do the world a favour. Ha! Look, they've even robbed you. They've took you wallet. Your watch. Your phone.. you worthless piece of fucking shit. Actually calling you shit is an insult to shit you fucking void of a person.'

And in the middle of this delightful catch up with myself I remember. That app I downloaded.. find my iPhone. I drag myself up from the floor while I'm thinking if I track my phone quickly it'll lead me straight to those piss smelling smack fiends and we can have ourselves lovely little reunion!

Besides it could of been worse. Those twats have done a shit job of robbing me. Didn't even check my inside pocket where my car keys were.. missing out on a car full of smack. Stupid little smackrats.

I rob some posh gimps phone on the way out of the hotel. If you leave your phone on the table while reading a newspaper you deserve to get robbed. Plus.. there's fuck all in that paper you can't get in your phone. Thick cunt.

So I piss off out of the hotel and set off in pursuit of those two fucking shithawkes. The app leads me to the woods I get out and set off on foot.

CHAPTER 7Reunion

BOYCE

Me and Droog hide out in the woods. Not the first time we've roughed it in here but definitely the first time I've slept outside with a millions quid's worth of diamond in my sky rocket.

We picked up a few more bottles of beast en route along with more Toblerone and jerry can of full of petrol. Might as well have a little fire to keep warm while we get on the piss ey.

But I am shaking quite violently by this point and I can't figure out if it's the cold or the come down.

"What kind of friggin heroine dealer has no friggin heroine on him?" Droog mutters.

"Start the fucking fire Droog I'm dying here."

He starts the fire but he is looking like he's in a bit of a moody.

"I am on a come down too you know."

"I am aware Droog.. cos you not stopped whinging all fucking day!"

"Oh," he goes, "and your welcome by the way"

I stop. "What do you want, a fucking gold star or something.. there you go Droog, one gold star."

"No.." he says, " all I want is a bit of respect."

"You've been listening to that Aretha Franklin CD again haven't ya?"

"No Boyce," he says, "I want you to show me some fucking respect"

"Alright Droog don't get your knickers in a twist.. your shit filled knickers"

And he flips out "See, no fucking respect!"

"Calm down Droogie mate"

"My name's not Droog"

"I've always called you Droog"

"And I didn't know what the fuck it meant. It's from that Kubrick movie.. means I'm your fucking subordinate. It's fucking bollocks! I'm the one who does all the bastard work. You live in my house, I break into the properties, I found the fucking diamond! I'm struggling to see what the fuck it is you do."

"Droogie mate.."

"I'm not your fucking mate, I'm your crutch. I hold you up and you fucking use me. I've been trying to get clean for years but you always manage to pull me back

(MORE)

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BOYCE (cont'd)

in. Your a growth, a cyst, a tumour. And when we get the money for this diamond I'm going my way and I'm cutting you the fuck out."

I don't really know how to respond to that.. and I don't have to cos suddenly Mick appears and hits Droog so fucking hard he nearly takes his head off. Droogie falls spilling petrol everywhere. Petrol that very quickly catches fire.

MICK

I whack Droog so hard he falls straight down. Which is disappointing cos I didn't want to jump straight to the stomping. Well sometimes dessert is the best part of the meal.. so I tuck in.

(Swearing, yelling and spitting while he stomps)

"Gggffrdtgjkkjjjjjjjjffffucking shite hawke!!

BOYCE

And I watch as Mick stomps Droog over and over.. over and over and I think.. fuck he's really going to town. Micks getting so stuck in he hasn't even noticed the flames.. he's not even noticed me and I think..

Now I know it's bad of me, but I think, I do still have the diamond in my pocket. And a diamond split one way is better than a diamond split two, and Droog did just say some very unkind things towards me. But no.. I cant do that.. not to Droog.. so I rush over to help him..

And it's strange because although I think I'm running towards Droog.. what I'm actually doing is running off in the opposite direction. Running through the woods.. away from Droog and Mick and that life. I'm already imagining all things I can buy for myself when this is all over and yeah I'll probably help Droog out a bit as well.. if he's alive.. I've done a lot of cunt things in my life and this is definitely.. top three. But he'll be fine. Oh yeah I'm sure he will be.. Mick seemed in a super reasonable mood.. fuck! And I stop.

There's a jagged looking broken branch in front of me. I pick it up.. and I run back towards the growling, yelping and squelching.

MICK

And I'm looking down at this disgusting insect on the floor. He's still moving but it's more writhing. I realize with one last boot I can bring and end to this filthy little rats pitiful existence. I raise my foot. His eyes peer through the bloody pulp that used to be his face. I want him to see. I want him to see how

(MORE)

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MICK (cont'd)

deliberate this is. This is going to wipe him of the face of the earth and I'm fucking glad! I'm about to bring it down when.. electric.

It feels like an electric shock. Everything in my body stiffens and.. I can't move. I look down and see a big fuck off jagged branch sticking through my chest. I turn seeing the little skidmark who just impaled me with this.. this fucking tree trunk. Boyce.. with a stupid look on his face. Like he knows he just fucked up.. and he did.

I headbutt the cunt, obviously. I dive on top to give him some more and we roll about in the dirt for a few seconds. Me trying to pin the little clegg nut but he's a wriggly little fucker and by this point I'm actually really struggling to move properly.. and breathe.. and do.. anything. I slump.. gasping for air and he manages to squirm free and I think.. bollocks.

BOYCE

I pick Droogie up off the floor expecting a thank you when I get.

"You took your fucking time!" But he's alright and that all that matters. The fire is starting to get out of hand as I hoist him up to his feet, so we force our way through the woods, leaving Mick dying on the floor surrounded by fire. And.. I honestly can't think of a better place for him.

CHAPTER 8Psychobabble bullshit

NORMAN

"Milton! Milton!" I stride through the forest calling out, feeling really bloody distracted and I think, snap out of it Norman.. that thieving lying witch Karen.. and Wan.. pair of fucking vultures. I've lost a kid as well Karen! And it comes to mind that I should probably really focus on finding said child, as it is getting quite late and I am actually quite scared for him.
"Milton!"

Suddenly I smell smoke.. and I'm transported into a memory. Me and my father camping in the woods.. roasting marshmallows on a the fire.. and my memory jumps forward in time and I'm on face time with the old boy as he breathes his last breath.. as they won't let me in the room because of this fucking virus and..

It occurs to me that, I did board the flight to South Africa almost immediately after this event. Maybe I took this ridiculous risk with the diamond in order busy my mind, so I didn't have to deal with the grief..

And I think.. psychobabble bullshit. I must have spent too much time with that annoying American in the Uber.. My phone rings..

I answer quickly hoping it's Karen and she's found Milton, but it's Neeson.

"Why didn't you arrive at the airport.. I told you not to let me down"
And out of no where I erupt with. "I know, I know you've got a very particular set of skills and all that but if you don't mind I'm in the woods right now trying to find my fucking son!" And I almost immediately realize that this was a mistake because of his response.. or should I say lack of response. The line is silent for a moment until I hear.
"We'll be seeing you real soon" Which, I'm sure you'll agree, is not the least bit fucking terrifying.

As I hang up I see that Karen has dropped a pin on WhatsApp. She wants me to reconvene with her.. and with no alternative, other than to helplessly call out my childs name into the woodland, I set off to meet her.

But before I do I notice that her WhatsApp picture hasn't been changed.. its still of me, her and the kids sat in one of those horrible diners in America. And I

(MORE)

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NORMAN (cont'd)

don't know why but my bloody eyes begin to fill up. Must be because the food there was so bloody awful. (crying) Waiters are so nice to you over there aren't they.. cheapens it a little though when you really understand the tipping system.

I finally make it out of the woods and I'm greeted by Karen, who is already instructing police on how to do their jobs better. She really is quite impressive when it comes to undermining and humiliating strangers.

"Norman" she shrieks "these fucking amateurs haven't got a clue what they're doing."

"What's going on?" I say

"There's a fire. They're keeping people from going in. It's ridiculous"

We stand silently next to each other watching smoke billow from the woods.

She says "And I just transferred some money to you. Borrowed some from the safe last month to settle your dad's accounts. Didn't want to bother you with all that while you were dealing with the.. loss."

And that cloak of power I had draped across me earlier begins to feel like a jacket made of concrete. And who knows, I probably will be wearing something like that at the bottom of the river pretty soon.

I look at Karen.. it feels like for the first time in years and I think.. I've been an unimaginable shit haven't I. And now Milton has run away and I am really.. really fucking scared.

"I'm sure he'll be alright." She says to me. "You've taught him so much about camping. Just like your dad did you.." and that does it now I've managed to abandon all bloody dignity as I sob messily into my hands.

Karen puts her arm around me.. I put my arm around her.. and we hope..

CHAPTER 9Fuck off!

MICK

I'm lying on the floor bleeding out.. surrounded by flames thinking.. this didn't work out too good for me. And if I'm honest this bleeding out bollocks is taking way too long, I wish that fire would hurry up and put an end to this shit. Cos that's what my life has been. Shit. And that emptiness I feel can only be filled with anger and bitterness for so long before it returns and consumes me.

My skin starts to bubble and blister in the intense heat and it won't be long now until this meaningless existence is brought to its pointless end. When I see.. I see an animal or a.. is that a fucking kid? Hunched next to a tree in the distance, also surrounded by flames. I screw me eyes up trying to see if this is real or I'm just imagining things. "Oi!" I hear whimpering.. it is a fucking kid!

And obviously. I'm impaled and half cooked by this point so there's no chance I can help.

I decide to offer some words.. to try and set his mind at ease "Eh, your lucky you're dying now, you've not got to deal with the disappointment adulthood." And that's exactly why you don't offer advice Mick.. cos if he wasn't upset enough before, now he's fucking howling.

And I think.. I think you fucking prick Mick. Just once do something that's not making another human feel worse. This little fuckers not even had a life yet.. never been taken to the football by his cunt of a dad.. never probably even seen a pair of tits!

And I think.. who's supposed to be the hardest cunt around here.. me. Who's the fucker with the biggest set of bollocks.. me. Who will fuck anything and everything up if it gets in his way. Me. Now get the fuck up!

I drag myself to my knees.. but there's no time for the agonising pain.. so a push through.. forcing myself onto one leg. Come on you fucking pussy. Then onto both legs. I force myself to stand upright. "Yes. Fuck off!"

And I barrel through the flames grabbing the little fella. I throw my now slightly cremated jacket around him, trying to shield him from the heat..

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He's fucking terrified so I hold him close to me and I think.. fucking hell this is the closest I've actually held anyone in years, but there's no time for sentimental bollocks I've got a kid to save!

So mission through the woods, kid wrapped in my now skinless arm.. looking like Freddy Krueger, dragging the branch that's still hanging out of my chest. I force my way through the flames just thinking come on Mick come on.. do this one thing.. one fucking thing right. You can die in a minute you pussy just come on! And my legs are burning.. well obviously they're burnt but now they're burning from the lactic acid. As I think, fucking hell I've not done this much exercise since I was 12. And I'm pushing through the searing pain. Pushing through my collapsing lungs. Pushing through everything because for the first time my heart is racing with excitement because I know I'm doing something. Something that isn't just for me.. my wants, my needs. And for the first time in my life that empty space I've been carting around for years feels full.

And we burst through the bushes where a fuck load of police and the boys parents are waiting.. and I'm thinking..

Wow.. not one of you cunts tried to help. Set of twats.

People rush to the little one.. I crumple to the floor. They give me some space.. and I can tell by the expressions on their faces that there's not much chance I'm making out of this one.. being that I have half a tree sticking out of my chest and because I look like that melted cunt from the end of RoboCop.

But as I lay there I watch the boy reunite with his mum and his dad and that feeling of.. I don't know what is, washes over me.. and I think.. this.. this..

CHAPTER 10A life time of cunt behaviour

BOYCE

We watch as Mick.. mental batshit Mick rescues a child. Mick! And he curls up next to the road and that's where he dies.

And I think mental Mick, a bloody hero, what is the world coming to. He'll end up in the papers all heroic and that and everyone will forget what a first class, cat molesting piece of shit he actually was. One selfless act might just redeem a lifetime cunt behaviour.

The world will be safer place without that nut job running about, I think to myself as I put my hand in my pocket.. a pocket where the diamond should be.. but the diamond's not there. "Fuck!! Did I say that out loud?" "You pretty much friggin screamed it Boyce"

And out of the sea of police and bystanders now looking over, one particular Posho is staring at me all googly eyed. And I think.. we better get out of here sharpish cos when someone looks at you like that it usually means you've done something to them. And not a good something.

As we leave a copper offers to give us a lift.. but we don't have anywhere to go. Droogs house is door-less and window-less.. and to be honest I just feel like going home. So I ask the copper if he'll drop us near my home town. And I can see in his face that he didn't expect the twenty mile round trip but he's too polite to say no.

While we're in the back of the car I eventually break the news about the diamond to Droog. He takes it surprisingly well.

"I wish you'd have left him to fucking kill me"
He is a bloody drama queen.

I haven't been back to this town since I was a kid. And all these memories start flooding back as we drive in.

We stop at a mate of mines. A mate I haven't seen in years. And he tells me my dad, the old fucking wretch, passed away a few years ago. I'd like to say I didn't smile but I definitely did.

And I'm smiling even more the next day when I see how much I inherited. Granted not as much as the diamond but we definitely have enough for.. "one big fucking blowout!"

(CONTINUED)

I find a local dealer and we pick up the essentials. Droogie is like a kid in 'Toys r us' grinning so broadly I think his face might split. It actually does.. He did just take a massive beating. But he grins regardless.

He's grinning so much he doesn't even realize that were walking up a path to a clinic. He's smiling so contently he doesn't even realize that this is where he's spending the next few months of his life. Cos he's getting clean. And I've already paid for it.

Now of all the words Droog threw at me as he was dragged off down the corridor thank you didn't seem to be one of them. But I think he will thank me.. one day. Maybe the day I decide to kick in the habit as well..

I take a big toot of crack and breath in deep.. And I really hope that a selfless act might just redeem a lifetime cuntty behaviour. I really do.

The End