

EXT. BRUGES STREETS - NIGHT

Various shots of the empty, cobble-stoned, other worldly streets of Bruges, Belgium. It's winter, and a freezing fog covers everything; the Gothic churches, the narrow canals, their odd little bridges. We could be in any period of the last five hundred years. We happen to be in the present day. RAY speaks over all this.

RAY (V.O.)

After I killed them I dropped the gun in the Thames, washed the residue off my hands in the bathroom of a Burger king, and walked home to await instructions. Shortly thereafter the instructions came through - "Get the fuck out of London, you dumb fucking cunts. Get to Bruges". I didn't even know where Bruges fucking was.

FADE TO BLACK.

RAY (V.O.)

It's in Belgium.

OPENING CREDITS.

EXT. BLACK SCREEN - DAY

SOUND ONLY of two men walking, a train in the background.

RAY

Bruges is a shithole.

KEN

Bruges is not a shithole.

RAY

Bruges is a shithole.

KEN

Ray, we've only just got off the fucking train. Could we reserve judgement on Bruges until we've seen the fucking place?

RAY

I know it's gonna be a shithole.

EXT. BRUGES STREETS - DAY

KEN and RAY walking through the pretty Christmas-tide streets from Minnewater Park to the Burg; past quaint chocolate shops, past horse and carts, past canal boats, past tourists taking photos of all these.

KEN, map in hand, is quite enjoying the novelty of the place. RAY, in a sulk, keeps his head down, barely looking at anything.

EXT. CANALSIDE HOTEL - DAY

KEN looks over the pretty location.

KEN
Looks quite nice.

RAY just looks at him.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

A small (five room) family-run place; a breakfast room off the lobby, a narrow set of carpeted stairs to the first (and only) floor, and a small front desk that nobody's at. KEN rings the bell.

RAY
Great service.

KEN
(quietly)
Cheer... fucking... up, or I will
smack you... in your fat...
fucking... head.

RAY
Yeah? You and whose army? Your
mum's?

KEN
Are you twelve years fucking old?

MARIE, the pretty, heavily pregnant receptionist/owner of about thirty, appears behind the desk, obviously having heard.

KEN
Oh, hello...

RAY
No, I'm not twelve years fucking
old.

RAY sits, in a mood.

KEN
I think we have a couple of rooms
booked with you, under Cranham and
Blakely.

MARIE
Yes. No, we have one room booked.
One twin room.

KEN

Oh.

MARIE

Booked for two weeks.

RAY

Two weeks?!!

KEN

Do you have another room?

MARIE

No, I'm afraid we're fully booked, with Christmas. Everywhere's fully booked.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

KEN looking out at the pretty canal beneath the latticed picture-window. RAY on one of the twin beds, staring at the poky room.

KEN

It's very pretty.

RAY

Ken, I'm not being funny. We can't stay here.

KEN

We've got to stay here till he rings.

RAY

What if he doesn't ring for two weeks?

KEN

Then we stay here for two weeks.

RAY

For two weeks?! In fucking Bruges?! In a room like this?! With fucking you?! No way.

KEN

Ray, I don't like to say this...

RAY

You don't like to say what?

KEN

Well, y'know, I wasn't the one who killed the little kid, Ray.

The life totally drains from RAY'S face as he turns bleary-eyed, sickened, sad.

RAY
(quietly)
Fucking bring that up...

RAY goes into the bathroom, closes the door.

KEN
(quietly)
Well... I wasn't.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - DAY

RAY looks at himself in the mirror, then breaks down in silent tears. He cries them all out, cleans himself up. Looks at himself again. Breathes deeply.

EXT. CANALS - DAY

RAY and KEN at the back of a canal-boat, half full of tourists, sightseeing the waterways. The CAPTAIN drones on, the usual quips. RAY stares at KEN as he does so. KEN smiles and looks away, enjoying the sights. He has a pocket guidebook with him, which he consults now and then.

We see various of the town's picturesque sights.

RAY
Do you think this is good?

KEN
Do I think what is good?

RAY
Y'know, going round in a boat,
looking at stuff.

KEN
Yes. I do. It's called sight-
seeing.

KEN observes the sights further.

KEN
Look at that.

RAY
Look at what?

KEN
It's a former hospital.

RAY looks at him blankly.

KEN

From the eleven-hundreds.

RAY looks at him blankly.

KEN

Bruges is the most well-preserved
medieval town in the whole of
Belgium, apparently

RAY looks at him blankly.

EXT. BEGIJNHOF CONVENT - DAY

KEN looking at the buildings of the 13th century Benedictine
convent.

RAY

Ken! It's just all old buildings!!
Can we go and get a fucking beer,
please? I assume they have beer in
this fucking country.

RAY walks off. KEN follows.

KEN

They have over three hundred
different types of beer.

RAY

Ken, I just want one.

INT. IRISH BAR - DAY

RAY happily plonks two pints in front of them, KEN's an odd-
coloured one in a strangely shaped glass.

RAY

Now this is more like it. Proper
holidays. One gay beer for my gay
friend, one normal beer for me,
because I am normal. Ahh! Dis is
duh loif.

KEN

We're not staying here getting
pissed. We're quietly sight-seeing,
like he says, and awaiting his call
to see what we do next.

RAY hands KEN an English newspaper.

RAY

Ken. Read it. They haven't got a
single lead.

KEN

They say they haven't got a single lead.

RAY

Ken, come on, they're the English police. When they say they haven't got a single lead, they haven't got a single lead. This is my vote of what we should do. We give it another day, two days max, then we check the papers again and if there's still nothing in 'em we phone him and say "Harry, thank you for the trip to Bruges, it's been very nice, all the old buildings and that, but we're coming back to London now and hide out in a proper country where it isn't all just fucking chocolates".

KEN

My vote would be we quietly sight-see, like he says, and we await his call to see what we do next.

RAY sneers, drinks, gestures to the paper.

RAY

Close that up.

As KEN closes the paper we glimpse the edge of a headline, reading '...IN SHOOTING DEATH OF PRIEST'.

KEN

You don't even know that we're here hiding out.

RAY

What are you talking about?

KEN

You don't even know that we're not here on a job.

RAY

What? On a job?

KEN

Yeah.

RAY

Here in Bruges?

KEN

Yeah.

RAY
Here in Bruges, on a job?

KEN
Yeah.

RAY
Why, what did he actually say?

KEN
He didn't actually say nothing.

RAY
So why do you think it might be...

KEN
I don't think anything. But it's a bit fucking over-elaborate, isn't it? "Go take him to hide out". "Go take him to hide out where?" "Go take him to hide out in fucking Bruges".

(pause)
You can hide out in Croydon.

RAY
(thinking)
Mm. Or Stoke. Hmm. It is a bit over-elaborate. Hmm. But we ain't got no guns.

KEN
Harry can get guns anywhere.

RAY
Hmm, interlesting. Velly interlesting.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

RAY sitting at window, looking at the beautiful night-lit canal. KEN lying on the bed, reading a book, 'THE DEATH OF CAPONE' by K.K.KATURIAN.

RAY
He ain't gonna ring tonight.

KEN keeps reading.

RAY
(pause)
How did Capone die?

KEN
(finishing his cheesecake)
Neuro-syphilis.

RAY nods, looks out window again.

RAY
He ain't gonna ring tonight. Let's go out.

KEN
Go out where?

RAY
The pub.

KEN
No.

RAY
Let's go out and look at some of all the old medieval buildings and that, cos I bet they look even better at night, all lit up.

KEN smiles, puts down his book.

RAY
Yes!

EXT. GRUUTHUSE MUSEUM/ENVIRONS - NIGHT

They wander the beautifully lit buildings, sculptures and little bridges around the museum, KEN consulting his guidebook, RAY with two beer bottles in his pocket and one in his hand, happy out.

KEN
This is the oldest bridge in Bruges.

RAY
Ahh, it's so little, look at it.
Ahh.

SCULPTURE GARDEN.

KEN
These are the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Designed by Rik Poot, it says. Rik Poot.

RAY
Hmm. They're not the real Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse though, are they? They're more sort of robot-like.

KEN

Yes, well, I guess they're more the artist's impression of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. The real Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse didn't actually exist.

RAY

Didn't they? They were just made up?

KEN

Yes. They might exist one day. That's the whole thing.

RAY

I like robot horses. They're good.

MUSEUM BUILDING.

KEN

That there is called the 'Gruuthuse Museum'.

RAY

They all have funny names, don't they?

KEN

Yes, Flemish. The building itself, this says, has twice sheltered fugitive English kings. Henry IV and Charles II, in 1471 and 1651, respectively.

RAY

Mm. I used to hate History, didn't you? It's all just a load of shit. What are they doing over there? They're filming something...
(excited)
They're filming midgets!!

RAY runs off excitedly.

KEN

Ray!

EXT. FILM SET - NIGHT

Behind a rope cordon with a few other people, RAY watches the cameras, the crew, and now and then gets a peek at the male DWARF, dressed in red. They're setting up between takes, lots of dry ice around. KEN comes up.

KEN

Ray, come on, let's go.

RAY

My arse 'let's go'. They're filming midgets.

RAY spots a stunning GIRL ON SET.

RAY

Oh my god, she's gorgeous! Look at that girl!

The GIRL smiles over.

KEN

Ray? We're going right now.

RAY

Fuck off are we. This is the best fucking bit of Bruges so far!

KEN storms off.

EXT. FILM SET/CATERING SECTION - NIGHT

The cute GIRL, CHLOE, gets a coffee. RAY gets one too.

RAY

Hello.

She just looks at him. He's smiling gormlessly but seems safe.

RAY

Do you speak English?

CHLOE

No.

RAY

Ah yes you do. Everybody does. What are you filming midgets for?

CHLOE smiles - he's so genuinely excited by it all.

CHLOE

It's a Dutch movie. It's a dream sequence. It's a pastiche of Nicolas Roeg's 'Don't Look Now'. Not a pastiche, but a... 'homage' is too strong... A 'Nod of the Head'.

RAY is bemused but she's so cute he doesn't mind.

RAY

Wow. Your English is very good.

He's losing her, he knows it. From the depths of his brain he finally dredges something up...

RAY

A lot of midgets tend to kill themselves. Yes. A disproportionate amount. Of midgets. In comparison to normal people. Herve Villechaise, off of Fantasy Island. I think somebody off 'The Time Bandits'.

CHLOE

'The Time Bandits' is a good movie.

RAY

Yes. It's English. A hell of a lot of midgets. Kill themselves. I guess they must get really sad about, like, being really little, and that. People looking at them, and laughing at them. Calling them names. There's another famous midget I'm missing but I can't remember. It's not the R2D2 man. No, it's somebody else.

(pause)

I hope your midget doesn't kill himself. Your dream sequence'll be fucked.

CHLOE

He doesn't like being called a midget. He prefers 'dwarf'.

RAY

Well this is my exact point! People going round calling you a midget when you wanna be called a dwarf. Of course you're gonna blow your head off!

She smiles.

RAY

My name's Ray. What's yours?

CHLOE

Chloe. How did you get past the security men?

RAY

Getting past security men, it's sort of my job.

CHLOE

Intriguing. What's your job?

RAY

I'll tell you at dinner tomorrow.

She laughs, walks away, tossing a small card behind her in the mud. RAY picks the card up. It reads 'CHLOE KRIJK' and a mobile number. He watches her, hoping she'll look back. She doesn't.

RAY

How fucking cool.

RAY gives the DWARF the thumbs up as he walks away. The DWARF smiles slightly.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

As KEN passes up the stairs, MARIE appears behind the desk.

MARIE

Mister Blakely? You have a message.

She hands him an envelope, blushing, then hurries away again, KEN a little disconcerted at her behaviour.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

KEN opens the envelope, sees the typed message is from HARRY.

KEN

Shit.

HARRY (V.O.)

Number one, why aren't you in when I fucking told you to be in? Number two, why doesn't this hotel have phones with fucking voicemail on them and not I have to leave messages with the fucking receptionist? Number three, you better fucking be in tomorrow night when I fucking call again or there'll be fucking Hell to pay, I'm fucking telling you. Harry.

Under the message, the following appears in hand - 'I'M NOT THE RECEPTIONIST, I'M THE CO-OWNER WITH MY HUSBAND, PATRICE' - signed 'MARIE'. KEN sighs, lays back on the bed.

EXT. BRUGES STREETS - NIGHT

RAY wanders drunkenly the misty cobbled streets, seemingly lost. Picks a random bridge. Picks a random street. Looks around. He's at the hotel.

RAY

Yes!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. Sound of RAY stomping up the stairs, opening the door, turning the light on.

KEN

Turn the fucking light off!

RAY

Sorry, Ken.

KEN

And keep the fucking noise down!

RAY sits on his bed, takes off his shoes.

RAY

Someone's in a mood.

RAY turns the light off, lets his shoes clatter to the floor, starts taking his clothes off.

RAY

You'll never guess what.

KEN

Can you shut your fucking mouth please and go to sleep?

RAY

Oh, sorry. Except I've gotta take my contact lenses out.

RAY goes to the bathroom, turns the light on, blinding KEN and waking him fully. He resigns himself to it, turning onto his back, wide-eyed. RAY returns with glasses on.

RAY

Altogether I've had five pints of beer and six bottles... No, six pints of beer and five bottles, and y'know what? I'm not even pissed!

KEN just stares at the ceiling.

RAY

You'll never guess what, Ken?

(pause)

Ken, you'll never guess what?

KEN

What?

RAY

I've got a date for tomorrow night.

KEN

I'm so happy for ya.

RAY

With a girl.

KEN

Can you turn the light off, please?

RAY

Only been in Bruges one day, got a date with a girl in the film business. The Belgium film business. They're doing a film about a midget.

(pause)

Harry didn't ring, did he?

KEN

Can you turn the light off, please?

RAY does so, and gets into bed.

RAY

Told you he wouldn't.

EXT. LONDON CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

A small pretty church in a run down area.

INT. LONDON CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

FLASHBACK. CONFSSIONAL. The faces of RAY and FATHER MCHENRY, a priest in his sixties, can just be seen in the darkness.

MCHENRY

Take your time, son. Just take your time.

RAY

What's your name, Father?

PEWS. Outside the confessional, a LITTLE BOY of seven is kneeling, awaiting his turn. He goes over his crimes on his fingers, but can't remember them properly. He takes out a scrap of paper and looks at it.

MCHENRY (O.S.)

It's Father McHenry. What's your name, son. Just your first name?

CONFSSIONAL.

RAY

It's Ray, Father. Raymond.

MCHENRY

And is it something very bad you're confessing, Raymond?

RAY

Yes, Father.

MCHENRY

Well, you know, if you're truly sorry for it, God will forgive you, no matter how bad you think it is. You know that, don't you, Raymond?

RAY

Yes, Father.

MCHENRY

What is it you've done, Raymond? Tell me.

RAY

Murder, Father.

MCHENRY

Murder?

RAY

Yes, Father. Murder. For money.

MCHENRY

You murdered someone for money?

RAY

Yes, Father. Not out of anger, not out of nothing. For money.

MCHENRY

Who did you murder for money, Raymond?

RAY clears his throat.

RAY

You, Father.

MCHENRY slowly recoils from the gauze as RAY looks up at him for the first time.

RAY

Harry Waters says 'Hello'.

RAY shoots him point blank. MCHENRY bursts out of his little compartment, clutching his stomach. RAY shoots him again.

MCHENRY wrenches open the door of the confessional, trying to get away, and, as daylight bursts in from the body of the church, framing him in angelic shafts of light, RAY shoots him in the back four more times, stopping him dead in his tracks.

MCHENRY slowly turns around to face RAY, still framed in the doorway, blood trickling from his mouth.

MCHENRY

The little boy.

RAY doesn't understand what he's talking about. MCHENRY falls to his knees, then collapses backwards, dead, revealing behind him, still kneeling in the pews, the LITTLE BOY, whose head has been blown apart by one of the bullets that passed through the priest.

Horrified, RAY approaches the BOY who, though clearly dead, remains kneeling, his hands clasped together in prayer, the scrap of paper between them. RAY falls to his knees, pulls the paper from the BOY's hands. It reads '1. BEING MOODY. 2.BEING BAD AT MATHS. 3.BEING SAD'.

KEN comes running down from the back of the church, as RAY collapses, and starts dragging RAY away, their footsteps echoing, leaving the blood-soaked corpses alone and silent and still.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

RAY's eyes are open. He looks at the bed beside him. It's empty. He looks at the blue skies through the latticed windows, then at the grey ceiling, thinking. A tear falls from his cheek. He wipes it, sighs.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

KEN having breakfast, looking through his guidebook. MARIE passes.

KEN

Um, Miss? Marie? I'm sorry about the message last night. The man who left it is a bit of a... Well, he's a bit of a...

MARIE

Prick?

KEN

(smiles)

Yes. He's a bit of a prick.

She smiles and passes on. RAY comes in, sits.

KEN

Harry rang last night. We missed it.

KEN gives RAY the message, which he reads.

RAY

He swears a lot, don' he?

KEN

We're staying in tonight, whatever happens.

RAY

Mm. Except... hmm.

KEN

Mm except hmm what?

RAY

Except only really one of us needs to stay in, really.

KEN

Uh-huh? And which one of us would that be, Ray? I thought you didn't like Bruges.

RAY

I don't like Bruges. It's a shithole. But I did already say I had a date with a Belgian lady in the Belgian film business, which I did already say about before.

KEN

Well just don't get into any fucking trouble. We are keeping a low profile. And this morning and this afternoon we are doing whatever I want to do. Got it?

RAY

Of course. Which I presume will involve culture.

KEN

We shall strike a balance between culture and fun.

RAY

Somehow I believe, Ken, that the balance shall tip in the favour of culture. Like a big fat fucking retarded fucking black girl on a see-saw, opposite... a dwarf.

(MORE)

RAY (cont'd)

I was down the park one day when I was little and this big fat retarded black girl came up and beat the fucking shit out of me. Just completely beat the shit out of me.

KEN

What does her being black have anything to do with it?

RAY

Well, she was black.

(pause)

She mightn't've been retarded. She might've just been one of them deaf and dumb people, I'm not sure. Whatever she was, she was a cunt. Fucking flattened me! Bosh!

INT. GROENINGE MUSEUM - DAY

Details from Bosch's 'LAST JUDGEMENT' - various demons torturing various people in various ways. KEN and RAY take it all in, quietly.

RAY

I quite like this one. All the rest were rubbish by spastics, but this one's quite good. What's it all about, then?

KEN

Well it's the Last Judgement. Judgement Day. Y'know?

RAY

Oh yeah? What's that then?

KEN

Well it's, y'know, the final day on Earth when mankind will be judged for all the crimes they have committed. And that.

RAY

Oh. And see who gets into Heaven and who gets into Hell and all that?

KEN

Yeah.

RAY

And what's the other place?

KEN

Purgatory.

RAY

Purgatory. Purgatory's kind of like the inbetweeny one. "You weren't really shit, but you weren't all that great, either." Like Tottenham. Do you believe in all that stuff?

KEN

Tottenham?

RAY

The Last Judgement and the afterlife and... guilt and... sins and... Hell and... all that...?

KEN realises that RAY is really looking for an answer.

KEN

Um... Oh.

EXT. JAN VAN EYCKPLEIN SQUARE - DAY

KEN and RAY on a bench, the distinctive Poorterslodge rising up behind them.

KEN

I don't know, Ray. I don't know what I believe. Um. Y'know, I was brought up believing certain things, I was brought up Catholic, which I've more or less rejected most of...

RAY

They're nuts, aren't they, the Catholics.

KEN

But the things you're taught as a child, they never really leave you, do they? So I believe in trying to lead a good life, like if there's an old lady carrying her shopping home... Well, I don't try and help her carry her shopping, I don't go that far, but I'll certainly hold the door open for her and that and let her go out before me.

RAY

Yeah. And anyway, if you tried to help her carry her shopping, she'd probably think you were just trying to nick her shopping.

KEN

Exactly.

RAY

This is the world we live in today.

KEN

And at the same time, at the same time as trying to lead a good life, I have to reconcile that with the fact that, yes, I have killed people. Not many people. And most of them were not very nice people. Apart from one person.

RAY

Who was that?

KEN

This bloke Danny Aliband's brother. He was just trying to protect his brother. Like you or I would. He was just a lollipop man. But he came at me with a bottle. What are you gonna do? I shot him down.

RAY

Hmm. In my book, though, someone comes at you with a bottle, I'm sorry, that is a deadly weapon, he's gotta take the consequences.

KEN

I know that in my heart, but I also know he was just trying to protect his brother, you know?

RAY

I know, but a bottle, that can kill ya. That's a case of "It's you or him". If he'd come at you with his bare hands, that'd be different. That wouldn't've been fair.

KEN

But, technically, someone's bare hands, they can kill you too. They can be deadly weapons too. What if he knew Karate, say?

RAY

You said he was a lollipop man.

KEN

He was a lollipop man.

RAY

What's a lollipop man doing,
knowing fucking Karate?

KEN

I'm just saying...

RAY

How old was he?

KEN

About fifty.

RAY

What's a fifty year old lollipop
man doing, knowing fucking Karate?
What was he, a Chinese lollipop
man?

KEN

Course not.

RAY

Well then. Jesus, Ken, I'm trying
to talk about...

KEN

I know what you're trying to talk
about...

RAY

I killed a little boy. You keep
bringing up lollipop men!

KEN

You didn't mean to kill a little
boy.

RAY

I know I didn't mean to. But
because of the choices I made, and
the course that I put into action,
a little boy isn't here any more.
And he'll never be here again.

(pause)

Y'know, I mean here in the world.
Not here in Belgium.

(pause)

Well, he'll never be here in
Belgium either. He might've wanted
to go, when he got older. I don't
know why. And that's all because of
me. He is dead because of me. And
I'm trying to... I'm trying to get
my head round it, but I can't. I
will always have killed that little
boy.

(MORE)

RAY (cont'd)
And that ain't ever gonna go away.
Ever. Until, maybe, I go away.

KEN
Go away where?

RAY gives him a look. Suicide is conveyed.

KEN
Don't even think like that.

RAY
And even then it mightn't go away.
Looking at that painting of fucking
torment and Hell... Jesus, I'm not
sure if I fucking needed that right
now. The bloke who painted that, he
must be off his rocker.

KEN
Don't think like that, Ray. It'll
get easier. It will.

RAY
I think that's the problem, Ken. I
think that's the problem.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - DAY

KEN looking up at the 300ft bell-tower, the dominant landmark
of town.

KEN
You coming up?

RAY
What's up there?

KEN
The view.

RAY
The view of what? The view of down
here? I can see that from down
here.

KEN
Ray, you're about the worst tourist
in the whole world.

RAY
Ken, I grew up in London. I love
London. If I'd grown up on a farm,
and was retarded, Bruges might
impress me, but I didn't, so it
doesn't.

INT. BELL TOWER - ENTRY KIOSK -DAY

A sign, 'ENTRY FIVE EUROS'. Stern young TICKET-SELLER (male) behind glass.

KEN

Trying to get rid of my coins.
There's 3,.. 3:50. There's 4. 4:10.
4:20, 4:30, 4:40, 4:50, 4:60, 4:70,
4:80... Oh, 4:90. Will you take
4:90?

TICKET-SELLER

Entry is five Euro.

KEN

Come on, man, it's ten cents.

TICKET-SELLER taps the sign.

TICKET-SELLER

Entry is five Euro.

~~KEN collects up all his coins, pays a fifty Euro note. Stares at the TICKET-SELLER as he gets his change and ticket.~~

KEN

Happy in your work?

TICKET-SELLER

Very happy.

KEN goes through the turnstile.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - DAY

RAY sitting waiting outside the tower, watching people pass, Christmas stuff, his thoughts on darker things. Some way away the DWARF passes, in normal clothes. RAY waves enthusiastically at him, smiling. The DWARF looks at him, then looks away without acknowledging. RAY loses his smile.

RAY

(quietly)
Little fucking cunt.

INT. BELL TOWER - DAY

KEN climbing the narrow winding wooden staircase to the tower top. Reaches the uppermost look-out room, slightly breathless. Takes in the town and environs.

KEN

(quietly)
I like it here.

He sees RAY way down below. Cocks his finger, shoots him with an imaginary gun, just for fun.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - DAY

Some very overweight Americans approach, one MAN, two WOMEN.

OVERWEIGHT MAN

Have you been to the top of the tower?

RAY

Yeah, yeah. It's rubbish.

OVERWEIGHT MAN

It is? The guidebook says it's a must-see.

RAY

Well you lot ain't going up there.

OVERWEIGHT MAN

Pardon me? Why?

RAY

I mean, it's all windy stairs. I'm not being funny.

OVERWEIGHT MAN

What exactly are you trying to say?

RAY

What exactly am I trying to say?
You're a bunch of fucking elephants!!

The OVERWEIGHT MAN tries to hit RAY, but RAY dodges and steps away from the blows. The MAN tries to catch and hit him but RAY keeps dodging easily.

RAY

Come on, leave it, Fatty...

The MAN is already puffing, one of the WOMEN is crying. KEN comes out of the tower.

WOMAN

You are just the rudest man! The rudest man!

The WOMEN lead the breathless MAN away.

KEN

What was all that about?

RAY shrugs innocently. The Americans enter the tower.

KEN

They're not going up there...
(calling out)
Hey guys? I wouldn't go up there.
It's really narrow and...

WOMAN

Screw you, Motherfucker!!

KEN is dumbfounded, open-mouthed. RAY shrugs again.

RAY

Americans, ain' it?

INT. BASILICA OF THE HOLY BLOOD - DAY

Small Gothic chapel, RAY sitting irritated in a pew, watching as KEN quietly ambles, guidebook in hand, surveying the statues and murals, all candle-lit and warm.

KEN ushers RAY over. RAY sighs, refuses - all this holy shit is getting to him. KEN ushers him over again, forcefully this time. RAY idles over, head bowed, trying not to look at anything with Jesus on it.

KEN

Ray, did we or did we not agree that if I let you go on your date tonight, we'd do the things I wanted to do today?

RAY

We are doing the things you wanted to do today.

KEN

And that we'd do them without you throwing a fucking moody like some five year old who's dropped all his sweets?

RAY

I didn't agree to that.
(pause)
I'll cheer up, I'll cheer up.

KEN

This here, in there, is a phial brought back by a Flemish knight from the Crusades in the Holy Land, and that phial, you know what it's said to contain?

RAY

No, what?

KEN

It's said to contain some drops of
Jesus Christ's blood.

RAY

Yeah?

KEN

Yeah. That's where this church gets
it's name, the Basilica of the Holy
Blood.

RAY

Yeah?

KEN

Yeah. And this blood, right, though
it's dried blood, at different
times over many years, they say it
turned back to liquid. Turned back
to liquid from dried blood.

RAY

Yeah?

KEN

Yeah. That's what they say.

RAY

Yeah?

KEN

Yeah. From dried blood.

RAY nods a little.

RAY

Bollocks!

EXT. BASILICA OF THE HOLY BLOOD - DAY

RAY and KEN leaving the church.

RAY

No more churches, okay, Ken?
Canals, chocolate factories, fine.
No more of this Jesus shit, okay?

KEN

Well what do you wanna fucking do?
There's nothing else to do!

EXT. ANOTHER BRIDGE - DAY

An overweight Persian cat squeals up at RAY and KEN from a
patio on the canalside below, as RAY flicks bits of wrapped
up paper at it now and then, keeping an eye out.

RAY

Look at this fat cunt.

(pause)

I think he's from Kansas.

KEN

I had an aunt went to live in
Kansas. Married a train driver.

RAY

(pause)

Is that the end of that story?

KEN

(smiles)

Yeah.

(pause)

It was nice up that tower. You
should've come up.

RAY

I know. I hear it's a must-see.

KEN

You could see for miles. If you had
a high-powered rifle, you could be
up there all day.

RAY

Yeah. Picking off little kids. What
are you squealing about, you stupid
cat? I hate posh cats. They get on
my nerves.

(pause)

Bruges.

(pause)

Bruges.

(pause)

Shall we go down the pub?

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - BELGIAN BAR - DAY

KEN at outside table. RAY brings over the drinks and sits.

RAY

One gay beer, one normal beer and
one whisky to calm me nerves. Ching-
ching!

RAY downs the whisky.

KEN

You nervous?

RAY

Shitting myself.

KEN

What time's your date?

RAY

Seven thirty.

KEN

You'd better drink up, Ray. You've only got four and a half hours.

RAY

I figure if I have four pints here, takes us up to five-thirty, go home and change, takes us up to six, go to the place where we're meeting to make sure I don't get lost, then go to a nearby bar, takes us up to six-thirty, have a coupla drinks in there til seven-thirty, and hope my nerves calm down. Then go back to the place and begin our date. And if she's late, sneak in another little one. They're usually late on a first date, aren't they?

KEN

Belgians?

RAY

Girls. Very droll.

KEN

Where are you meeting her?

RAY takes out a couple of pieces of paper from his pocket and realises one of them is the LITTLE BOY's confession note. KEN grabs it to get rid of it. RAY just stares at him a second, then puts his hand out to be given it back. KEN gives it back. RAY puts it away.

RAY

'Spinola' the restaurant's called.

KEN

A restaurant? That's a bad move. First date, dinner at a restaurant? That's a bad move. That's way too nerve-wracking. That always ends in disaster.

RAY

(worried)

Do you think?

KEN

Always.

RAY sips some beer, thinks about it, then shrugs.

RAY

Fuck it, I'll be pissed anyway.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

RAY sombrely getting dressed up. KEN at window-seat. A downbeat song, 'I SEE A DARKNESS' by Bonnie Prince Billy, plays on their walkman's mini-speakers. They're both drinking miniatures. RAY finishes dressing. He looks good.

KEN

You look good.

RAY looks himself over.

RAY

(sadly)

What does it matter anyway?

A gesture of goodbye. An exit.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

At the table, CHLOE is looking stunning, RAY looking similar. It's quite a small restaurant, the next door table quite close, at which a young American-sounding GUY and his GIRLFRIEND eat. CHLOE is smoking.

CHLOE

So what do you do, Raymond?

RAY

I shoot people for money.

CHLOE

What kinds of people?

RAY

Priests, children. Y'know, the usual.

CHLOE

Is there a lot of money to be made in that line of business?

RAY

There is in priests. There isn't in children. What is it you do, Chloe?

CHLOE

I sell cocaine and heroin to Belgian film crews.

RAY

Do you?!

CHLOE

Do I look like I do?

RAY

You do, actually.

She laughs.

RAY

Do I look like I shoot people?

CHLOE

No. Just children.

RAY doesn't laugh.

RAY

I saw your midget today. The little prick didn't even say hello.

CHLOE

Well, he's on a lot of Ketamine.

RAY

What's that?

CHLOE

A horse tranquiliser.

RAY

A horse tranquiliser? Where'd he get that?

CHLOE

I sold it to him.

RAY

You can't sell horse tranquilisers to a midget!

CHLOE

This movie, I think it's going to be a very good one. There's never been a classic movie made in Bruges, until now.

RAY

Of course there ain't. It's a shithole.

CHLOE

Bruges is my home town, Ray.

RAY

Well it's still a shithole.

CHLOE

It's not a shithole.

RAY

What? Even midgets have to take drugs to stick it.

CHLOE

Okay, so we've insulted my home town, you're doing well, Raymond. Why don't you tell me some Belgian jokes while you're at it?

RAY

I don't know any Belgian jokes. And if I did, I think I'd have the good sense not to... Hang on! Is Belgium where there was all those child abuse murders lately?

She nods, warily.

RAY

Then I do know a Belgian joke. What's Belgium famous for? Chocolates and child abuse. And they only invented the chocolates to get to the kids!

She stares at him blank-faced.

CHLOE

One of the girls they murdered was a friend of mine.

RAY's face falls.

RAY

I'm sorry, Chloe.

She stares at him a while.

CHLOE

One of the girls they murdered wasn't a friend of mine. I just wanted to make you feel bad.

She smiles slightly. He stares at her open-mouthed.

CHLOE

Somehow I don't believe you shoot people, Raymond.

RAY

Somehow I don't believe you sell drugs to film crews, Chloe.

CHLOE

What do you believe I do?

RAY

I believe you're a clapper loader, or a continuity person, or a girl who makes the tea.

CHLOE

Uh-huh? And do you know what I believe you are? I believe you are a sad English tourist, come here to see the stupid sights of Bruges, hopefully to fuck some Belgian girl, then hurry home to your ugly English girlfriend, feeling slightly guilty, but not very.

RAY

If you thought that, why would you still be sitting here?

CHLOE blows a cool stream of cigarette smoke out of the side of her mouth.

CHLOE

I'm horny.

She winks at him and goes to the bathroom. RAY smiles, but the stream of smoke has hit the neighbouring couple, who react like it's Anthrax.

GUY

(under breath)

Fucking unbelievable.

This is one of those situations where a normal person wouldn't react, even though he knows he ought to.

RAY

What's fucking unbelievable?

The GUY ignores him.

RAY

I said "What's fucking unbelievable"?

GUY

Are you talking to me?

RAY

(beat)

He pauses, even though he should just hit the cunt, and he repeats, yes, I am talking to you. What's fucking unbelievable?

GUY

Well I'll tell you what's fucking unbelievable, shall I? Blowing cigarette smoke straight in myself and my girlfriend's face, that's fucking unbelievable!

RAY

This is the smoking section.

GUY

I don't care if it's the smoking section! She directed it right in my face, man. I don't wanna die just cos of your fucking arrogance.

RAY

Uh-huh? Isn't that what the Vietnamese used to say?

GUY

The Vietnamese? What are you talking about, 'The Vietnamese'? That statement makes no fucking sense at all!

RAY

Yes it does. The Vietnamese.

GUY

Saying it over and over ain't gonna make any more sense out of it. How does 'The Vietnamese' have any relevance whatsoever to myself and my girlfriend having to breathe your friend's cigarette smoke? Tell me how saying...

RAY punches the GUY clean in the jaw. He falls off his chair in an unconscious heap.

RAY

That's for John Lennon, you Yankee fucking cunt!

Suddenly his GIRLFRIEND swings their wine bottle at RAY's head. RAY dodges, the bottle missing him by a whisker.

RAY

A bottle?!

The GIRLFRIEND tries to swing again.

RAY

No, don't bother...

RAY hits her in the chin too, and she collapses beside GUY. The other diners and waiters are stunned into silence.

CHLOE returns from the bathroom, sees the two prone diners. RAY has her coat in his hand.

RAY
We're leaving.

EXT. BRUGES STREETS - NIGHT

RAY and CHLOE walking the mist-strewn, cobbled streets, glancing behind them now and then, RAY a little embarrassed, CHLOE half in shock.

CHLOE
Ray, I'm a bit uncomfortable with a man who would hit a woman.

RAY
I don't hit women! I would never hit a woman! I'd hit a woman who was trying to hit me with a bottle! That's different. That's self-defence, isn't it? Or a woman who could do Karate. I'd never hit a woman generally, Chloe. Don't think that.

She looks at him a while, then takes out a mobile.

CHLOE
I have to make a call.

RAY
Oh no. You've gone off me now, haven't you? Just cos I hit that fucking cow.

She shakes her head, puts a finger to his lips, kisses him quickly, then speaks into the phone in Flemish.

CHLOE
(in Flemish, sub-titled)
Eirik? It's Chloe. Go home, I'm calling it off tonight.
(pause)
Because he's a nice guy.
(Eirik angry)
Okay, listen, listen, it isn't that he's a nice guy, it's that there's no way you could take him all your own, so forget about it, okay?
Okay.

She hangs up.

RAY

What was all that?

CHLOE

I was just checking with my flatmate to make sure she's not coming home tonight.

RAY

Oh.

(realising)

Oh-h...

She takes his hand and leads him off.

RAY

This is turning out to be a really nice date.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

In one continuous take, if possible.

KEN blankly channel-surfing, remains of his dinner on a tray on the bed beside him. Phone rings, KEN mutes the cartoons and answers.

KEN

Hello?

HARRY

Where the fuck were you yesterday?

KEN

We just popped out for some dinner, Harry. We only popped out half an hour.

HARRY

Yeah? What did you have?

KEN

For dinner?

HARRY

Yeah.

KEN

Er pizza. Pizza-Hut.

HARRY

Was it nice?

KEN

Yeah, it was alright. Y'know, it was Pizza-Hut, it was the same as in England.

HARRY

Yeah, well, that's globalisation,
isn't it? Is Ray there with ya?

KEN

Er, he's in the toilet.

HARRY

Can he hear?

KEN

No.

HARRY

What's he doing?

KEN

What do you mean?

HARRY

Is he doing a wee or a pooh?

KEN

I don't know, Harry. The door's
closed.

HARRY

Send him out on an errand for half
an hour. But don't make it sound
suspicious.

KEN puts his hand over the receiver and, a little confused,
starts talking to the empty bathroom.

KEN

Ray? Why don't you go out down the
pub for half an hour?

(pause)

I know I said you couldn't, but we
might as well enjoy ourselves, eh?

(pause)

No, I don't know if they've got
bowling anywhere, you could have a
look, eh? Yeah, see ya....

KEN goes to the door, awkwardly with the phone, opens it,
slams it, and goes back to the bed.

KEN

Yeah, he's gone.

HARRY

What did you say to him?

KEN

I said why don't he go have a
drink, save being cooped up.

HARRY

And what did he say?

KEN

He said yeah he would, and he might go have a look see if there's a bowling alley around.

HARRY

Was he just having a wee?

KEN

Yeah, I think so. I assume so.

HARRY

So he didn't mind?

KEN

No, he was glad to get out.

HARRY

Is he definitely gone?

KEN

Yeah, yeah, he slammed the door.

HARRY

That don't mean he's gone. Go check outside the door.

KEN rolls his eyes, sighs internally, opens the door, pauses, closes it again and returns to the phone.

KEN

Harry, he's definitely gone.

HARRY

You realise there are no bowling alleys in Bruges?

KEN

I realise that, Harry. The boy wanted to have a look anyway.

HARRY

What are they gonna have, a Medieval fucking bowling alley?

KEN

As I say, I think he was just glad to get out and about.

HARRY

Ah, is he having a nice time, seeing all the canals and that? I had a lovely time when I was there.

(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)
All the canals and the old
buildings and that.

KEN
When were you here?

HARRY
When I was seven. Have you been on
a canal-trip yet?

KEN
Yeah.

HARRY
And have you been down like all the
old cobbled streets and that?

KEN
Yeah.

HARRY
It's like a fairy-tale, isn't it,
that place?

KEN
Yeah.

HARRY
With the churches and that. The
Gothic.

KEN
Yeah.

HARRY
Is it 'Gothic'?

KEN
Yeah.

HARRY
So he's having a really nice time?

KEN
Well... I'm having a really nice
time. I'm not sure if it's really
his cup of tea.

HARRY
(pause)
What?

KEN
Y'know, I'm not sure if it's really
his thing.

HARRY

What do you mean it's not really his thing? What's that supposed to mean, "It's not really his thing". What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

KEN realises something is very wrong.

KEN

Nothing, Harry.

HARRY

It's a fairy-tale fucking town, isn't it? How can a fairy-tale town not be somebody's fucking thing? How can all those canals and bridges and cobbled streets and those churches and all of that beautiful fucking fairy-tale stuff, how can that not be somebody's fucking thing, eh?

KEN

What I think I meant to say was...

HARRY

Is the swans still there?

KEN

Yeah, there's swans.

HARRY

How can fucking swans not fucking be somebody's fucking thing? How can that be?!

KEN

What I think I meant to say was, when he first arrived he wasn't quite sure about it. Y'know, there's that big dual-carriageway when you get off the train, that mightn't've been here when you were here last, Harry, but as soon as he got to, like, the old town proper, and saw the canals and the bridges and, y'know, the swans and that, well he just fucking loved it then, he couldn't get enough of it, the medieval part of town. It was just that initial dual-carriageway thing sort of put him off for a second.

HARRY

I don't remember a dual-carriageway. That must be recent. It hasn't spoiled it, has it?

KEN

No, no, it was just that initial thing. And you know what? As we were walking through the streets, there was this kind of freezing fog hanging over everything, and it made it look almost like a fairy-tale or something, and he turned to me and you know what he said?

HARRY

What did he say?

KEN

He said, "Ken, I know I'm awake, but I feel like I'm in a dream".

HARRY

Yeah? He said that?

KEN

Yeah.

HARRY

Meaning like in a good dream?

KEN

Yeah. Of course, like in a good dream.

HARRY

Ahh. Good. I'm glad he likes it there. I'm glad we were able to give him something. Something good and happy. Cos he wasn't a bad, kid, was he?

KEN's heart sinks, he hopes he isn't hearing what he's hearing.

KEN

Huh?

HARRY

He wasn't a bad kid, was he? Listen, take down this address. "Raamstraat 17". That's "Raam" like "Ram" but with an extra 'A'.

KEN

Raamstraat 17.

HARRY

You got that?

KEN

Yes. Raamstraat 17.

HARRY

Good. There'll be a man there tomorrow morning at nine, his name's Yuri.

KEN

Yuri.

HARRY

He'll give you the gun. Ring me on the public phone at Jimmy Driscoll's about three or four tomorrow, after it's done.

KEN

After what's done?

HARRY

(pause)

Are you being thick?

KEN

No.

HARRY

Listen. I liked Ray. He was a good bloke, but when it all comes down to it, y'know, he blew the head off a little fucking kid. And you brought him in, Ken. So if the buck don't stop with him, where does it stop?

(pause)

Ken? If the buck don't stop with him, where does it stop?

KEN

It stops with me, Harry. That's an easy one.

HARRY

Don't get shirty, Ken. Listen, I'm just glad I was able to do something for the boy before he went.

KEN

Do what for the boy?

HARRY

Y'know, have him get to see Bruges.
I hope to get to see Bruges again
before I die. What was it he said
again, about "It's like a
dream...?"

KEN

"I know I'm awake, but I feel like
I'm in a dream".

HARRY

Ahh.

(pause)

Give me a call when he's dead.

HARRY hangs up. KEN listens to the phone's dead drone a while, staring at the muted cartoons, then hangs up. He sits on the window seat, and looks at Bruges all lit up like a fairy-tale. A swan passes on the canal below.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

RAY and CHLOE half-naked on the bed, kissing, rolling around, starting to get down to it. They're both a little awkward but giggly about it. A gun is slowly pointed against the back of RAY's head. CHLOE reacts in shock, RAY freezes.

EIRIK

That's my fucking girlfriend, you
asshole!

EIRIK, a 6'2 skinhead, slowly drags RAY off her by the neck, gun still to his head.

CHLOE

Eirik, what are you doing?!

EIRIK

Where you from, fucker?

RAY

London.

EIRIK

London. And you think it's okay to
come over to Belgium and fuck
another man's girl?

RAY

Look, I didn't know she had a
boyfriend, alright, and I hadn't
fucked her anyway. You ask her. I'd
only put my hand on it.

CHLOE

Eirik, put the gun down!

EIRIK

(to RAY)

Get down on your knees and open your mouth.

RAY

Oh don't start being silly...

EIRIK

Get down on your knees and open your mouth, Englishman!

RAY sighs, then suddenly headbutts EIRIK hard in the face, grabs the gun and backs away, pointing it back at him. EIRIK's nose is broken and bleeding.

RAY

Exactly at what point was it that all skinheads suddenly became poofs? It used to be, if you were a skinhead, you just went round beating up Pakistani twelve-year olds. Now it seems a prerequisite to be a fucking bum-boy!

EIRIK takes out a hunting knife.

RAY

That's not gonna help ya, mate.

RAY cocks the gun. EIRIK smiles.

CHLOE

Ray, there's only blanks in that gun.

RAY turns the gun towards a wall and fires at it. A loud shot is heard, but the wall remains unscathed. EIRIK slowly moves towards him with the knife.

CHLOE

Eirik, don't...!

EIRIK

Now who's a fucking bum-boy...?

Suddenly, RAY raises the gun, lunges forwards...

RAY

You, ya fucking bum-boy!

...and fires it into EIRIK's face point blank, the fiery discharge blinding him.

EIRIK screams, falls to his knees, dropping the knife, clutching at his eyes. CHLOE jumps up from the bed to try to help him.

RAY

Chloe? What exactly is going on here?

EIRIK

I can't see! I can't see!

RAY

Of course you can't fucking see! Is this bloke your boyfriend?

CHLOE

No. I mean, he used to be.

RAY

Well what's he doing here?

CHLOE

We rob tourists sometimes. Eirik comes in and the guy is usually so scared...

RAY sits in a chair.

RAY

I fucking knew it was too good to be true! I knew you'd never've shagged me normally!

CHLOE

No, it's not true! I called it off tonight! I told him not to come tonight.

She hits EIRIK.

CHLOE

What did you come for tonight!

EIRIK

Chloe, I can't see, I swear it.

RAY

Chloe, go get some water and throw it in his face. And you, stop whinging like a big gay baby.

They do as they're told, EIRIK reacting to the water with some relief. There's a pounding at the door.

RAY

If that's the police, I'm going to execute you both.

CHLOE goes to the door, calms the anxious neighbours, sends them away.

RAY

I don't fucking believe it! And I haven't had a shag in months!

EIRIK

I still can't see out of this eye, Chloe. I'll have to go to the hospital.

CHLOE

I'll drive you.

She finds her keys and coat as EIRIK gets to his feet.

RAY

Oh great, so now the whole night's ruined!

CHLOE

You can stay if you want, but I don't know how long I'll be...

She kisses him goodbye.

CHLOE

Call me. Please?

She leaves with EIRIK, the door slamming shut, leaving RAY alone in silence. He can barely believe what's happened. He picks up his dishevelled shirt from the floor, puts it on, finds his poor unopened condom on the bed, tuts, puts it away.

Looks over CHLOE's stuff on her dresser, opens a distinctive froggy ornament - it's full of baggies of cocaine, pills, acid, etc. RAY brightens considerably. He helps himself to a pocketful of drugs, then he tries another drawer. In it he finds a boxful of bullets. He double-checks that they're live. They are.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

KEN nursing a beer at the bar, depressed. Downs half the pint in one, gestures for another. BARMAN gives him a slight look, then refills his pint.

KEN

Have you got some sort of problem?

BARMAN

No, no problem. Four beers in twenty minutes, man? No problem.

KEN
(quietly)
Fuck off.

The DWARF enters with a very attractive girl, DENISE, and sits at the bar, orders. BARMAN fixes the drinks, looking the couple over. DENISE kisses the DWARF on the cheek, goes to the bathroom. KEN looks at the DWARF a while too. The DWARF's name is JIMMY, and he's American.

KEN
How's the movie going?

JIMMY
It's a jumped-up Euro-trash piece of fucking shit.

KEN
Oh.
(pause)
Your girlfriend's very pretty.

JIMMY
She ain't my girlfriend. She's a prostitute I just picked up.

KEN
I didn't know there were any prostitutes in Bruges.

JIMMY
You just have to look in the right places. Brothels are good.

KEN
Well... You've picked up a very pretty prostitute!

JIMMY
Thank you!

BARMAN serves the drinks.

KEN
You from the States?

JIMMY
Yep. But don't hold it against me.

KEN
I'll try not to. Just try not to say anything too loud or crass.

JIMMY only half-smiles. DENISE returns and the couple sit at a corner booth. KEN finishes his pint rapidly, gestures for and is given another. RAY enters, sits up beside him, sniffing slightly.

RAY

Hey-ho. The pregnant lady said
you'd be in here. Drowning your
sorrows, huh?

KEN

What sorrows?

RAY

Y'know. Being a sad old ugly little
man.

(to BARMAN)

One gay beer, please.

KEN

How did your date go? I'm assuming
not fantastically well.

RAY

My date involved two instances of
extreme violence, one instance of
her hand on my cock and my finger
up her thing which lasted all too
briefly, isn't it always the way,
one instance of me blinding a six
foot skinhead, and one instance of
me stealing three grams of her very
high quality cocaine, of which I
have already partaken of one gram,
so, all in all, my evening pretty
much balanced out fine.

KEN

You've got three grams of coke?

RAY

I've got two grams on me and one
gram in me which is why my heart is
going like the clappers as if I am
about to have a heart-attack so if
I collapse any minute now please
remember to tell the doctors that
it might have something to do with
the coke.

KEN

Give us a gram, then.

RAY

I thought you were laying off it
cos it makes you too depressed?

KEN

I really don't give a fuck any
more.

RAY quietly passes KEN the coke. KEN goes to the bathroom. RAY gets a drink, then spots JIMMY and DENISE. He goes over and stands looking at them a while. They finally notice him.

RAY

Why didn't you wave hello to me today when I waved hello to you today?

JIMMY

I was on a very strong horse-tranquiliser today. I wasn't waving hello to anybody. Except, maybe, to a horse.

RAY

Huh? You from America?

JIMMY

Yep. But don't hold that against me.

RAY

Well, that's for me to decide, isn't it?

(to DENISE)

Are you from America too?

DENISE

No, I'm from Amsterdam.

RAY

Amsterdam? Amsterdam's just a load of bloody prostitutes, isn't it?

DENISE

Yes. That's why I came to Bruges. I thought I'd get a better price for my pussy here.

RAY

Huh?! You two are weird.

(pause)

Would you like some cocaine?

KEN comes out of the toilet, sniffing, wired.

RAY

I've also got some acid and some ecstasy.

INT. FIVE STAR HOTEL - JIMMY'S SUITE - NIGHT

A trippy scene. Music loud. DENISE on phone in bra and pants, JIMMY semi naked too, chatting with RAY. KEN hoovering up another line or two of coke. A semi-naked black girl, KELLI, beside him, helping.

RAY

Herve Villechaise, I know, did. The dwarf off, I think, 'The Time Bandits', did. Lots of midgets... dwarfs. Top themselves. Mm, a lot.
(pause)

Would you ever think about it?

JIMMY

Huh?

RAY

Would you ever think about killing yourself because you're a midget?

JIMMY

Fuck, man, what kind of a question is that?

RAY

(shrugging)

We're just chatting, aren't we?

JIMMY goes back to the drugs. KEN comes over.

RAY

See, Ken, this is the sort of hotel Harry should've put us in. A five star, with prostitutes in. Y'know, sometimes I think Harry doesn't even give a shit about us at all. Has he still not called?

RAY does another line.

RAY

Ken? Has Harry still not called?

KEN looks at him, thinks about it a moment.

KEN

No. He still hasn't called.

RAY

Well, no news is good news, eh?

KEN nods. LATER. KELLI on RAY's lap, kissing him at length. KEN looking at them both, rather sadly. KELLI breaks off and does a line. RAY mouths "Who's she?" to KEN. The very wired JIMMY starts talking.

JIMMY

There's gonna be a war, man, I can see it. There's gonna be a war between the blacks and between the whites. You ain't even gonna need a uniform no more.

(MORE)

JIMMY (cont'd)

This ain't gonna be a war where you pick your side, man. Your side's already picked for ya.

KEN

Well I know whose side I'm fighting on. I'm fighting with the blacks. The white's are gonna get their heads kicked in!

JIMMY

You don't decide this shit, man. Your side's already picked for ya.

RAY

Who are the half-castes gonna fight with?

KEN

Yeah, who are the half-castes gonna fight with?

JIMMY

With the blacks, man. That's obvious.

RAY

(pause)

What about the Pakistani's?

JIMMY

The blacks.

RAY

What about, think of a hard one... What about the Vietnamese?

JIMMY

The blacks!

RAY

Well I'm definitely fighting with the blacks if they've got the Vietnamese.

(pause)

So, hang on, would all of the white midgets in the world be fighting against all of the black midgets in the world?

JIMMY

Yeah.

RAY

That'd make a good film!

JIMMY

You don't know how much shit I've had to take offa black midgets, man.

RAY

That's... undeniably true.

KEN

See, Jimmy? My wife was black. And I loved her very much. And in 1976 she got murdered by a white man. So where do I stand in all this?

JIMMY

Your wife got killed? Oh man. Did they get the guy who did it?

KEN

A friend of mine got him.

RAY

Harry Waters got him. Chopped his fucking head off.

KEN

So tell me, Jim, whose side do I fight on in this war you've just made up?

JIMMY

(pause)

I think you should probably weigh up all your options and allow your conscience to decide, Ken.

JIMMY goes off to do more coke. RAY comes over to KEN, observing the fleshy, debauched scene with sudden depressed disdain.

KEN

Two manky hookers and a racist dwarf. I think I'm gonna head home.

RAY

Yeah? I think I'll come with ya.

They collect their stuff, push JIMMY and the girls out of the way, take their drugs and leave.

JIMMY

Hey! What's...?

RAY

The night's over, shorty.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Early blue dawn. The come down. RAY on window seat, KEN sitting on bed, wrapped in blankets, grinding his jaw a little.

RAY

I should've phoned Chloe.

KEN

And say what?

RAY

(pause)

I hate myself and I want to die.

KEN

(pause)

Save that for your second date.
Keep her keen.

RAY

Crush a couple of your sleeping
pills in a glass of whisky, will
ya, Ken?

KEN pours a miniature whisky then gets his pills, pours two into his hand, pauses, pours another ten into his hand, pauses, pours the ten back into the bottle and crushes just two in the whisky. Gives it to RAY. He knocks it back in one.

KEN

How are you feeling?

RAY

As if I've recently murdered a
little boy.

KEN

(pause)

It's funny how we don't even give a
shit about the priest.

RAY

You become a priest, you've got to
accept whatever's coming to you. I
assumed it was some paedophile
thing. Didn't you? You know how
Harry is about kids.

KEN

No. That church was in the middle
of one of Harry's housing
developments. The priest was just
on the action committee against it.

RAY

Oh. Great.

LATER. Both in bed, wide awake. RAY thinking of the killing of the little boy. KEN thinking of killing RAY.

Sounds of a couple having sex start up next door. They look at each other, laugh a little, then turn back to their respective ceilings.

RAY

I kinda like hearing people having sex. Means at least somebody around here's happy.

KEN

It doesn't mean they're happy. It just means they're having sex.

RAY

(pause)
We're a barrel of fucking laughs, aren't we?

KEN

(sarcastic)
I love cocaine.

LATER STILL. 8:15 on clock. RAY asleep. KEN dressed, brings the address 'Raamstraat 17', and gently closes the door behind him as he leaves. RAY opens his eyes, he wasn't asleep at all.

EXT. BRUGES STREETS - DAY

KEN wandering the misty dawn streets and bridges to Raamstraat. Knocks on door at number 17. YURI answers it.

KEN

Meeting Yuri?

YURI lets him in.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

RAY loads live bullets into the gun. Lays it on the bed. Looks out window. Sits on bed again. Dials a number.

INT. YURI'S HOUSE - DAY

The room is like an arsenal, semi-automatics all over the walls. KEN is given a handgun...

YURI

Mr Waters said this might be necessary...

...and a silencer. KEN looks over the gun, attaches the silencer.

YURI

There are a lot of alcoves in Minnewater Park, beside the station. You use this word, 'Alcoves'?

KEN

Alcoves? Yes. Sometimes.

YURI

There are not many people around in these alcoves in wintertime. If I were to murder a man, I would murder him here. Are you sure this is the right word, 'Alcoves'?

KEN

Alcoves, yes. Kind of like 'Nooks and crannies'.

YURI

'Nooks and crannies', yes. Perhaps this would be more accurate. 'Nooks and crannies'. Rather than 'Alcoves'. Yes.

KEN is still looking the gun over, somewhat sadly.

YURI

You are going to do it, aren't you? Mr Waters will be very disappointed...

KEN

Of course I'm going to fucking do it.

(pause)

It's what I do.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

RAY on phone. The other end is picked up.

CHLOE

Hello?

RAY

It's Raymond.

CHLOE

Hello Raymond. What time is it?

RAY

Early. Listen, I took some of your drugs last night.

CHLOE

I know. It's okay.

RAY

The fucking midget hogged most of 'em anyway. Oh, and I took some of your bullets too. I'm sorry.

CHLOE

What did you want the bullets for?

RAY

It doesn't matter. How's your skinhead boyfriend?

CHLOE

He's not my boyfriend. He's lost the sight in one eye.

RAY

Oh great. So I bet he's pissed off with me now too.

CHLOE

Can I see you today?

(pause)

Raymond? Can I see you today?

RAY

I'm just calling to say goodbye, Chloe. I've got to hang up now.

RAY hangs up. Looks at the gun. Takes a piece of paper and ponders what to write. Starts 'Dear Ken...'

INT. BAR - DAY

A large whisky in front of him, drizzly rain outside, KEN sits there thinking.

INT. LONDON BROTHEL (1970'S) - NIGHT

FLASHBACK. KEN (in his early 20's) holds the dead body of his beautiful black WIFE. There's blood all over the bed and walls, and another WORKING GIRL standing beside it, staring. KEN is in tears as HARRY (early 20's) bursts into the room.

HARRY

Who?

WORKING GIRL

Potter.

KEN
(numb, rocking)
She's gone, Harry. She's gone.

HARRY
Yeah, you just sit there crying,
Ken. I'll sort it out.

KEN
I'm coming with you.

HARRY
Ken, it's Potter. Why don't you
just sit there and take care of
your missus?

HARRY exits.

INT. LONDON POLICE STATION (1970'S) - DAY

FLASHBACK. HARRY approaches the DESK SERGEANT.

DESK SERGEANT
Well, well. Harry Waters. Come to
turn yourself in?

HARRY
Hello Sparky...

DESK SERGEANT
Don't call me Sparky...

HARRY
Is Mr Potter about?

DESK SERGEANT
It's Detective Potter to you...

HARRY
Oh, there he is. I'll go straight
through...

HARRY brushes past the DESK SERGEANT and approaches POTTER,
who's sharing a joke with some uniformed SUBORDINATES. The
DESK SERGEANT tries to catch HARRY up.

POTTER
Waters? What the fuck are you...?

In one swift motion, HARRY lets a machete slide down from his
sleeve and hacks it clean through POTTER's neck, completely
beheading him. The SUBORDINATES and the DESK SERGEANT just
stare, stunned, as his head and body fall to the floor.

HARRY

There you are. Beheaded your
Detective. So why don't you go
fucking sue me?

HARRY drops the machete on the floor. END FLASHBACK.

INT. BRUGES STREETS - DAY

KEN walking back to the hotel, drizzly rain, Christmas clutter, children about. He's hunched up in his overcoat, gun in pocket, deep in thought.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

KEN ignores MARIE completely and darts upstairs.

MARIE

Your friend was behaving very oddly
this morning.

KEN comes back down.

KEN

Oddly? How?

MARIE

Well, he asked me about the baby,
and if I wanted a boy or a girl, I
said I didn't mind as long as it
was healthy, of course, and then
he gave me two hundred Euros to
give to the baby. I refused,
obviously, but he was quite
insistent. Would you give it back
to him when you see him? I don't
want to appear ungrateful.

KEN nods, takes the notes.

KEN

Do you know where he is now?

MARIE

He said he was going to the park.

KEN looks out at the heavy rain.

EXT. KONINGIN ASTRID PARK - DAY

RAY on a bench in the rain, watching a solitary MOTHER and SON in the distant children's playground, the SON splashing about in Wellingtons, a see-through umbrella in hand. He looks a lot like the boy from the church.

Some distance behind RAY, KEN watches him from the cover of a tree. He sees also the MOTHER and SON, waits for them to leave.

At the bench, the rain is heavier on RAY's face. He doesn't even flinch.

At the tree, KEN tightens his collar against the rain. Notices...

In the playground the MOTHER finally decides it's too wet and takes her SON by the hand. They slowly walk off out of the park.

RAY watches them go, then slowly looks around the park...

KEN darts back behind his tree. Waits a few seconds, then peeks back out to see RAY facing front again, his back to KEN. KEN takes out and cocks his gun.

KEN
(quietly)
I'm sorry, Ray. I'm sorry.

KEN comes out from behind the tree and starts approaching RAY from behind...

RAY is totally oblivious to KEN'S approach...

KEN raises his gun and aims it at the back of RAY's head, still approaching, just as...

RAY suddenly raises his own gun, and holds it straight up in the air for a second.

KEN into stops dead in his tracks, as...

RAY places the gun against his own temple and cocks it...

KEN horrified, screams out almost involuntarily...

KEN
Ray! Don't...!

RAY is totally startled. He jumps, the gun falls from his hand and fires off a shot as it hits the ground.

RAY
Fucking hell! Where the fuck did
you come from?

KEN hides his gun in his overcoat, but RAY sees him as he does so. RAY quickly picks up his own gun and hides it from anyone who might've heard the shot.

KEN

I was behind a tree. What the fuck are you doing, Ray?

RAY

Nothing. What the fuck are you doing?

KEN

Nothing.

RAY

Oh my God! You were gonna kill me.

KEN

No I w... You were gonna kill yourself!

RAY

Well,... I'm allowed to.

KEN

No you're not.

RAY

What? I'm not allowed to and you are? How's that fair?

KEN

Um... Can we just get out of this bloody rain, please?

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - DAY

RAY and KEN huddled in the park's brightly coloured shelter/climbing thing. Funny faces painted on it's walls.

RAY

You fucking bastard.

KEN

I wasn't gonna go through with it, Ray.

RAY

Well you fucking looked like you were gonna go fucking through with it. Where'd you get that gun?

KEN

A friend of Harry's.

RAY

Fuck, man. Let me see it.

KEN gives RAY the gun. RAY looks it over.

RAY
Silencer too. Nice.

RAY gives it back without a thought.

RAY
Mine's a piece of shit...

RAY gives KEN his gun. He examines it.

RAY
But it wasn't like I thought I was gonna be doing any fucking target practice.

KEN puts both guns away inside his overcoat.

KEN
I'm keeping it.

RAY
Pardon me? Gimme my gun back.

KEN
You're not getting it back. You're a suicide case.

RAY
And you're trying to shoot me in the fucking head!

KEN
You're not getting that gun back.

RAY
Oh a great day this has turned out to be! I'm suicidal, my mate tries to kill me, my gun gets nicked, and it's bloody pissing down! And we're still in fucking Bruges!

KEN
Listen, I'm gonna give you some money and put you on a train to somewhere...

RAY
To where? To England?

KEN
You can't go back to England, Ray. You'll be a dead man.

RAY
Ken, I wanna be a dead man! Did you just miss something with that 'gun against my head' thing?

KEN

You don't want to be a dead man,
Ray...

RAY

Ken! I killed a little boy...!

RAY breaks down in tears that won't stop. KEN holds him, and
RAY allows himself to be held.

KEN

Then save the next little boy. Just
go away somewhere, get out of this
business, and try to do something
good. You're not going to help
anybody dead. You're not going to
bring that boy back. But you might
save the next one.

RAY

What am I gonna be, a fucking
doctor? (You need 0-levels).

KEN

Do anything, Ray. Do anything. Just
get away. And don't go back to
England.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

RAY packing his stuff away. KEN in bathroom, sees a note on
the sink, which reads 'DEAR KEN, I WENT TO THE PARK SO SHE
WOULDN'T HAVE TO CLEAN IT UP. LOVE, RAY'.

RAY

(pause)

So Harry Waters wants me dead. What
a cunt!

KEN

He said this whole trip, this whole
being in Bruges thing, was just to
give you one last joyful memory
before you died.

RAY

Bruges?!

RAY laughs at length, KEN also. RAY has to sit on the bed,
he's coughing and spluttering so much.

RAY

Bruges?! The Bahamas, maybe.
Fucking... Fiji. Bruges? Why
fucking Bruges?

KEN

I guess it's cheaper.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

RAY loads his bag onto the train, then lowers the window to talk to KEN on the platform.

KEN

You've got a few minutes.

RAY gives KEN a little package surreptitiously.

KEN

What's this?

RAY

The rest of the acid and the ecstasy.

KEN

Why don't you keep it?

RAY shakes his head.

RAY

I'm gonna clean myself up. Cut down on the booze. Become a worthwhile citizen. Yeah. Can I have my gun back, please?

KEN shakes his head.

RAY

What am I gonna do, Ken? What am I gonna do?

KEN

Just keep moving. Keep on moving. Try not to think about it. Learn a new language, maybe?

RAY

I can hardly do English.

(pause)

That's the one thing I like about Europe, though. You don't have to learn any of their languages.

KEN

Just forget about England for a while. See how the land lies in six years, seven years. Seven years ain't all that long.

RAY

It's more than that boy got.

(pause)

My first fucking job. A great hitman I turned out to be.

KEN

Some people just aren't cut out for it, Ray.

RAY

Are you?

KEN doesn't answer.

RAY

When are you going back to England?

KEN

I'll head back in a couple of hours or something.

RAY

Harry ain't gonna be mad at you, is he, for letting me go?

KEN smiles. Train doors are slamming, it's ready to go.

KEN

I'll sort out Harry.

RAY

Just tell him I'll have probably killed meself in a fortnight anyway.

RAY smiles, the train slowly starts up.

KEN

You won't, will you, Ray?

RAY just looks at him a while, then shrugs, as the train pulls away. They wave goodbye sadly. KEN dials a number on a public phone on the platform.

KEN

Harry? It's Ken. Listen to this noise...

KEN holds the phone out towards the departing train.

KEN

You know what that is?

(pause)

I know you know it's a train. But do you know what train?

(MORE)

KEN (cont'd)

Well, it's a train that Ray's just got on, and he's alive and well, and he doesn't know where he's going and neither do I. So, if you need to do your worst, do your worst. You've got the address of the hotel, I'll be here waiting. Cos I'm getting to quite like Bruges now. It's like a fucking fairy-tale or something.

KEN hangs up and walks away as the train passes into the distance behind him.

EXT. BRUGES STATION - DAY

KEN leaves the station and heads back towards the spires and bell-tower of Bruges proper.

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

RAY alone in a compartment with his thoughts as the train trundles along. Suddenly the brakes are put on, and the train slows to a halt. RAY looks out window - there's no station, just flat countryside five minutes from Bruges town.

Footsteps in the corridor. A POLICEMAN looks in, slides open the door.

POLICEMAN

You English?

RAY

Yes.

POLICEMAN

What is your name?

RAY

Um, Derek... Per-lurrl.

POLICEMAN

You heet the Canadian?

RAY

Hah?

POLICEMAN

You heet the Canadian?

RAY

I heet the Canadian? I don't know what you're talking about.

The POLICEMAN politely gestures for RAY to come out of the compartment. RAY does so.

CORRIDOR. At the far end of the corridor, RAY sees a SECOND POLICEMAN, along with the yankee-sounding GUY and his GIRLFRIEND he beat up in the restaurant last night, the GUY with a cut lip, the GIRLFRIEND with bruising.

GUY

That's him! That's the mother-fucker!

GIRL

Bastard!

The POLICEMAN takes out his cuffs.

POLICEMAN

You heet the Canadian, yes?

RAY

Canadian? Shit.

The POLICEMAN cuffs RAY's hands behind his back.

POLICEMAN

We're taking you back to Bruges.

RAY

Brilliant.

The POLICEMAN walks RAY back along the corridor.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

STUDY. HARRY stares at the phone he's just put down.

LIVING-ROOM. His kids, aged 8, 7 and 5, are playing happily with their Japanese au pair, IMAMOTO. The children's mother, NATALIE, an aging dolly bird, sits reading 'Hello'.

Sound of a phone being smashed to pieces in the next room. The children are startled at first, then giggle - it's obviously happened before. NATALIE sighs, gets up.

STUDY. HARRY is smashing the final remnants of the phone against the wall with the cord, as NATALIE comes in.

NATALIE

Harry.

HARRY

What?

NATALIE

It's an inanimate object.

HARRY

You're an inanimate object!

NATALIE sighs, exits. Breathing deeply, HARRY tries to calm himself, puts the remnants of the phone on the table. Takes his passport from a cluttered drawer, flips through it - no stamps on any of the pages. Pockets it.

LIVING-ROOM. HARRY tenderly kisses and hugs each of his kids goodbye, as NATALIE and IMAMOTO watch, bemused.

HARRY

You lot be good for your mummy and Imamoto, okay? Daddy's got to go away for a few days.

NATALIE

Where you going?

HARRY

Got to go to Bruges.

NATALIE

Bruges? Where's that?

HARRY

It's in Belgium.

NATALIE

What the hell are you going to Belgium for?

HARRY

I have to sort something out.

NATALIE

Is it something to do with the phone?

HARRY

It's something to do with Ken. It's a matter of honour.

NATALIE

It ain't gonna be dangerous, is it?

HARRY just gives her a sad look. She gets scared.

NATALIE

You are bringing the fellas with ya. Tell me you're bringing the fellas with ya?

HARRY shakes his head sadly.

HARRY

I'm sorry for calling you an inanimate object. I was upset.

NATALIE

You're going on your own? But why,
Harry?

HARRY looks at his sad-eyed kids.

HARRY

Because it's a matter of honour.

INT. EUROSTAR TRAIN - DAY

HARRY watching the English countryside pass by, his mood grim, a suit-and-tied BUSINESSMAN opposite him.

BUSINESSMAN

Off to Belgium on business?

HARRY

If I'd wanted a conversation with a cunt, I'd've gone to the "Have a conversation with a cunt" shop.

The BUSINESSMAN can't even speak. The train enters the darkness of the channel tunnel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

KEN shaves, dresses in a neat suit and tie, hides RAY's gun in a cupboard, checks his own gun is loaded and pockets it, and lays a sealed envelope on the pillow of his neatly-made bed.

The envelope reads 'MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT'.

He looks over the room one last time, and exits.

EXT. BRUGES STREETS - DAY

HARRY walking through the same pretty streets that RAY and KEN did earlier, taking it all in, remembering the last time he was here.

FLASHBACK: HARRY, AGED SEVEN, hand in hand with a MAN we can't quite see, taking in the church towers, the horse and carts, the canals, the swans, et al.

UNSEEN MAN

It's nice, isn't it?

HARRY - AGE SEVEN

It's beautiful!

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - DAY

HARRY looking up at the bell-tower.

FLASHBACK: HARRY, AGED SEVEN, racing into the tower, the UNSEEN MAN behind him.

INT. BELL TOWER - DAY

FLASHBACK: HARRY, AGED SEVEN, racing up the winding steps, the UNSEEN MAN trying to keep up, breathless.

HARRY - AGE SEVEN (O.S.)
It's brilliant! You can see for
miles and miles!

UNSEEN MAN
(to himself)
Leave him, leave him, leave him,
leave him....

UNSEEN MAN comes out on the dark look-out room, to see HARRY AGED SEVEN alone there, smiling.

HARRY - AGE SEVEN
Lift me up!

UNSEEN MAN
We've got to go back down, now.

HARRY - AGE SEVEN
But we've only just got up here.

UNSEEN MAN
Come on, Harry.

The UNSEEN MAN goes back downstairs.

HARRY - AGE SEVEN
But we've only just got up here.

EXT. CANALSIDE - DAY

HARRY leaning on a wall, looking at the waters below, a leaf in his hand, thinking.

UNSEEN MAN (V.O.)
Did you like Bruges, Harry?

HARRY - AGE SEVEN (V.O.)
Oh my God, it was like a fairy-tale
or something! It was the best
holiday I've ever had in my life!

UNSEEN MAN (V.O.)
Well, seeing as I've done this
whole trip for you, will you do
something for me?

HARRY - AGE SEVEN (V.O.)
Of course, Father. Anything,
Father.

HARRY lets the leaf fall into the water, and watches it slowly float away.

INT. YURI'S HOUSE - DAY

EIRIK on couch, forlorn, one eye heavily bandaged. HARRY looks him over...

HARRY
Aye aye...

...as YURI lays out a bunch of heavy duty guns to choose from; Uzi's, Magnum's, etc.

YURI
Take your pick, Mr Waters.

HARRY
An Uzi? I'm not from South Central fucking Los Angeles. I didn't come here to shoot twenty black ten-year-olds in a drive-by. I want a normal gun for a normal person.

YURI gets him a run of the mill .45.

YURI
I knew he wouldn't kill the guy. I could see it in his eyes. When I was telling him about the alcoves.

HARRY
About the what?

YURI
The alcoves. The alcoves in Minnewater Park.

HARRY is nonplussed.

YURI
Oh, I also have some Dum-Dums. You use this word, 'Dum-Dums'? The bullets that make the head explode.

HARRY
Dum-Dums, yes.

YURI
Would you like some of these Dum-Dums?

HARRY

I shouldn't, but I will.

YURI gives him a box of bullets.

EIRIK

Motherfucker.

HARRY

Are you talking to me?!

YURI

No, Eirik's on your side, Mr Waters. Your young friend blinded him last night.

HARRY

Ray did?

EIRIK

I was trying to rob him and he took my gun from me, and the gun was full of blanks, and he shot a blank into my eye, and now I cannot see from this eye ever again, the doctors say.

HARRY

Well, to be honest, it sounds like it was all your fault.

EIRIK

What?

HARRY

Basically, if you're robbing a man, and you're only carrying blanks, and you allow your gun to be taken off you, and you allow yourself to be shot in the eye with a blank, which I assume the person has to get quite close to you, then, yeah, really it's all your fault for being such a poof. So why don't you stop whinging and cheer up.

EIRIK is about to react angrily...

YURI

Eirik? I really wouldn't respond.

EIRIK calms down.

EIRIK

I thought you wanted the guy dead.

HARRY

I do want the guy dead. I want him fucking crucified. It doesn't change the fact that he stitched you up like a little gayboy, does it? Thanks for the gun, Yuri.

HARRY leaves the house.

YURI

(in Flemish, subtitled)
He's under a lot of stress.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

HARRY walking the cobbled streets to the square as dusk falls, a little map in hand of KEN's hotel. Suddenly he sees KEN sitting at a table outside a bar, staring straight back at him, a beer in front of him.

HARRY freezes, hand on gun in pocket. KEN sips his beer nonchalantly and gestures for HARRY to come and sit down. After a moment, HARRY does so. They sit in silence for quite a while.

HARRY

Well?

KEN

The boy's suicidal, Harry. He's a walking dead man. He keeps going on about Hell and purgatory and...

HARRY

When I phoned you yesterday, did I ask you, "Ken, will you do me a favour and become Ray's psychiatrist, please?" No. What I think I asked you was "Could you blow his fucking head off for me?"

(pause)

"He's suicidal". I'm suicidal! You're suicidal! Everybody's fucking suicidal! We don't all keep going on about it! Has he killed himself yet? No. So he's not fucking suicidal, is he?

KEN

He put a loaded gun to his head this morning. I stopped him.

HARRY

He...? This gets fucking worse...!!

HARRY gestures for a beer from the WAITER.

KEN

We were down the park...

HARRY

Let me get this right...(You were down the park? What's that got to do with fucking anything?) Let me get this right. Not only have you refused to kill the boy, you've even stopped the boy from killing himself. Which would've solved my problem, which would've solved your problem, and which, it sounds like, would've solved the boy's problem!

KEN

It wouldn't've solved his problem.

HARRY

Ken, if I'd killed a little kid, accidentally or otherwise, I wouldn't've thought twice, I'd've killed myself on the fucking spot! On the fucking spot! I'd've put the gun to my head on the fucking spot!

KEN

But that's you, Harry. The boy has the capacity to change. The boy has the capacity to do something decent with his life.

HARRY

Excuse me, Ken. I have the capacity to change.

KEN

Yeah, you do. You've got the capacity to get fucking worse!

HARRY

Oh now we're getting down to it!

KEN

Harry, let's face it, and I'm not being funny. You're a cunt. You're a cunt now, you've always been a cunt, and the only thing that's gonna change is you're going to become an even bigger cunt. And maybe have some more cunt kids.

HARRY

Leave my kids fucking out of it! What have they done?! You fucking retract that bit about my cunt fucking kids...!

KEN

I retract that bit about your cunt
fucking kids.

HARRY

Insulting my fucking kids! That's
going overboard, mate!

KEN

I've retracted it, haven't I?
(pause)
That still leaves you being a
cunt...

HARRY

I fucking got that!!

HARRY takes a big drink, deciding what to do, where to go.
KEN drinks too.

HARRY

Where's Ray now?

KEN

Right about now, Ray's in one or
the other of the one million towns
in mainland Europe it's possible to
be in. Other than here.

INT. BRUGES POLICE STATION - NIGHT

CHLOE waiting, DESK CONSTABLE doodling. She stands, excited,
as RAY is released.

RAY

I'll get the money back to you as
soon as I get through to my
friend...

CHLOE

It's not a problem, Raymond.

RAY

And I'll get all your acid and
ecstasy back to you too...

The DESK CONSTABLE looks up.

CHLOE

(in Flemish, subtitled)
English humour!

She quickly leads him out.

EXT. CANALSIDE - NIGHT

CHLOE and RAY walking.

RAY

Bloody Bruges again. I seriously think I'm never gonna get out of this town alive.

CHLOE

Let's go to my place.

RAY

That's a bit forward, Chloe.

She kisses him at length.

RAY

Let's go get a drink first...

CHLOE

No. Let's go have a fuck first, Richard Burton, then let's go get a drink.

RAY

Err... Okay.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

RAY and CHLOE making love quite tenderly.

After they've finished he sits there looking at her naked body a while.

RAY

I didn't think I'd be here tonight. Somehow.

CHLOE

Is Bruges so bad?

He smiles, shakes his head.

RAY

But can we please go and get that drink now, please?

She hits him with a pillow and gets up, smiling.

EXT. BRUGES STREETS - NIGHT

Arm in arm, CHLOE points the best direction to go - towards Market Square and the bell-tower there.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NORTH SIDE - NIGHT

The bell-tower high in the background on the other side of the square, HARRY finishes his drink.

HARRY

I'm assuming you've got your gun on you.

KEN

(nods)

That Yuri bloke's a funny fella, isn't he?

HARRY

(nods)

He does Yoga.

KEN

'Alcoves'.

HARRY

Was he going on to you about 'Alcoves'?

KEN

'The alcoves in Minnevater Park'.

(pause)

Harry, I know you've gotta do what you've gotta do, but it's a bit crowded around here, you know?

HARRY

Well I'm not gonna have a shoot-out in the middle of a thousand fucking belgian's, am I? Not to mention the other nationalities, just on their holidays.

KEN

Mm. To see the swans and the Gothic and all the fairy-tale stuff, eh?

HARRY

Are you trying to fucking wind me up?!

KEN

No, Harry...

HARRY

On top of calling me a cunt and calling me kids cunts! I might just have to fucking shoot you right here! Christ!

KEN

Let's go up the bell-tower. It'll be quiet up there, this time of evening. Let's go up there.

HARRY looks up at it a while, then nods. They stand, KEN pays the bill, and they start walking towards the tower, just as it chimes five o'clock.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - SOUTH SIDE -NIGHT

As the tower continues chiming, CHLOE and RAY look up at it a second, then continue walking away from it, in the direction that HARRY and KEN are coming from.

RAY

Yeah, Canadians. Poor sods. I'm terrible at telling the difference between that lot. They still kind of deserved it, but not as much. They didn't kill John Lennon, did they? Anyway, I'm supposed to turn up to court here in two days.

CHLOE

Are you going to turn up?

RAY

I dunno. What have I got to stay for, really?

CHLOE smiles and kisses him, accidentally obscuring his face from HARRY and KEN as they pass, oblivious.

CHLOE

You don't have anything to stay for, no?

RAY

Well, there's the shagging obviously...

CHLOE mimes shooting RAY in the head. They take an outside table at a bar there. In the background, HARRY and KEN enter the bell-tower.

INT. BELL TOWER - ENTRY KIOSK - NIGHT

The stern TICKET-SELLER is out in front of the turnstile, the entranceway is roped off.

TICKET-SELLER

The tower is closed this evening.

KEN

No way! It's supposed to be open til six.

TICKET-SELLER

The tower is usually open until six.

(MORE)

TICKET-SELLER (cont'd)
Yesterday an American had a heart-
attack up the tower. The tower is
closed this evening.

HARRY
Here, Cranky, here's a hundred for
ya. We're only gonna be twenty
minutes. Okay?

HARRY sticks a hundred euros in the TICKET-SELLER's pocket.
The TICKET-SELLER takes it out, scrunches it up, tosses it on
the floor, then taps the following words on HARRY's forehead
with his finger.

TICKET-SELLER
The tower is closed this evening.
Understand, Englishman?

KEN can only smile.

We hear the sounds and see the shadow of the TICKET-SELLER as
he is quickly pistol-whipped unconscious.

EXT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

EIRIK, in passing, sees HARRY shiftily shut the door of the
bell-tower. Knowing something unlawful is occurring, he
passes on.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

HARRY and KEN, huffing and puffing up the bell-tower steps,
finally reach the room at the top. They slowly get their
breath back, look out at the view.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

RAY and CHLOE at table - staring at something in open-mouthed
shock.

RAY'S POV - it's JIMMY the dwarf, standing staring at them,
dressed in the school uniform of a small boy, complete with
peaked cap and short trousers. His expression is deadpan,
even as RAY and CHLOE burst out laughing. END POV.

They try to stop laughing, but can't. JIMMY stays staring at
them.

JIMMY
Go ahead, laugh away.

They try to stop, but again can't, til JIMMY eventually can
only see the funny side too. He smiles, and joins them at
their table.

JIMMY
It's for the goddam part, man.

Some distance away, EIRIK walks by, but as his blinded eye is towards them, he doesn't see them at all, and passes on.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

HARRY and KEN look out at the view a while. Freezing fog is gradually descending.

KEN

It is a nice town, Harry. I'm glad I got to see it. I didn't mean to take the piss out of it being a fairy-tale place. It is a fairy-tale place. It really is.

HARRY

Mm. It's just a shame it's in Belgium, really. But then, you think, if it wasn't in Belgium, if it was somewhere good, there'd be too many people coming to see it, it'd spoil the whole thing.

KEN

I'm glad I got to see it. Before I died.

KEN slowly opens his jacket, gently, safely, takes his gun out butt first, as HARRY quickly takes his out too,...

HARRY

What are you doing?

...and tosses it at HARRY's feet.

HARRY

What are you fucking doing?!

KEN

I ain't fighting any more, Harry.

HARRY

Alright. Then I'm blowing your fucking head off...

HARRY points his gun at KEN's head. KEN nods in acceptance.

HARRY

Don't come over all Gandhi! What are you doing?!

KEN sits down. HARRY tosses his gun back to him.

HARRY

Ken, stop messing about please.
Pick up your gun.

(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)

I know I'm gonna beat you anyway,
cos you're a spaz, but...

KEN

Harry. I am totally in your debt.
The things that's gone between us
in the past, I love you
unreservedly for all that. For your
integrity, for your honour. I love
you.

(pause)

The boy had to be let go. The boy
had to be given a chance. And if to
do that I had to say fuck you and
fuck what I owe you and fuck
everything that's gone on between
us then that's what I had to do.
But I ain't fighting you. And I
accept totally everything you've
got to do. I accept it totally.

HARRY

Oh yeah?

KEN

Yeah.

HARRY

(pause)

Well you say all that fucking
stuff, I can't fucking shoot you
now, can I?

KEN

It's entirely up to you, Harry.
It's entirely your call. All I'm
saying is, I ain't fighting.

Pause. HARRY raises his gun and shoots KEN in the leg. KEN
rolls around in pain.

KEN

You fucking cunt!!

HARRY

Like I'm not gonna do nothing to ya
just cos you're sitting about like
Robert fucking Powell!

KEN

Like who?!

HARRY

Like Robert fucking Powell out of
Jesus of fucking Nazareth.

(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)
Now shut your fucking whinging,
pick up your gun and let's get out
of this place, it's freezing, and
don't think I haven't clocked you
calling me a cunt. Again.

HARRY gives KEN his gun, helps him up and gives him a
shoulder to lean on as they traipse down stairs.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

At the table.

JIMMY
Yeah, it's the final night's
shooting. The psycho dwarf turns
out to be just a lovable little
schoolboy and it was all a fucking
dream. How I love these Belgo-
Franco-Germanic co-productions!

RAY
I guess at least there weren't any
blacks involved, eh Jimmy?

JIMMY puts his hand to his mouth, horrified.

JIMMY
Aw no. I wasn't talking about... I
wasn't talking about... The War
again, was I? Aw man, I don't even
believe in that shit! That's the
goddam cocaine talking, man.

JIMMY puts his head in his hands.

CHLOE
What war?

RAY
The war between the blacks and the
whites. And between the black
midgets and the white midgets.

JIMMY
Aw shit, man...

RAY
He didn't even want the Vietnamese
on his side!

CHLOE
That's crazy!

RAY
That's what I said!

JIMMY

Man, I'm never gonna touch coke or
Ketamine or Ecstasy or acid ever
again.

(to CHLOE)

What else have ya got?

They laugh.

JIMMY

Listen, we're filming down by the
Vismarkt. Why don't you guys swing
by?

CHLOE

I think we might just have a quiet
one tonight, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Ohh, so that's how it is...

Smiling, shaking hands, they make their goodbyes.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NORTH SIDE - NIGHT

Bell-tower in background, EIRIK remembers something he's
forgotten and, pissed off, turns around and heads back the
way he came.

We follow him all the way, until he gets to the bar RAY and
CHLOE are at and JIMMY is walking away from. Suddenly seeing
them, EIRIK stops dead in his tracks. CHLOE ushers him over.

EIRIK edges away, then sprints for the bell-tower. RAY and
CHLOE watch him go, bemused.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

HARRY helping KEN down the winding wooden stairs with great
difficulty, they suddenly hear someone running up towards
them from far off. They sit on the steps and await the
strangers approach. The distant footsteps get closer and
closer, until they hear, still from far below...

EIRIK

Mister Waters? Mister Waters?

HARRY

Who's that?

EIRIK

It's Eirik.

HARRY

The blind boy?

EIRIK

Yes.

HARRY

What do you fucking want?

EIRIK

The guy you're looking for, the guy Ray? He's downstairs.

HARRY and KEN freeze.

HARRY

He's where?

EIRIK

He's downstairs, at a bar.

In a flash, HARRY and KEN, still sitting side by side, pull their guns and try to point them at each other, at the same time as their free hands grab each others gun hands.

It's like some slow, deathly arm-wrestling match, but HARRY is the stronger man, and though KEN keeps struggling, he knows there is nothing he can do, as HARRY slowly slowly slowly brings his gun all the way up to KEN's neck.

They look at each other in the eye, KEN crying a tear, HARRY almost. HARRY blows a massive hole in KEN's neck. KEN collapses, dropping his gun. HARRY gets up.

HARRY

I'm sorry, Ken. You can't kill a kid and expect to get away with it. You just can't.

KEN nods. HARRY starts racing downstairs. KEN leans back on the bloody wooden staircase, dying. Sounds of HARRY's footsteps echo up, gradually getting more distant.

Suddenly KEN gets an idea. He picks up his gun and slowly starts pulling himself up the stairs, towards the look-out room.

STAIRWELL. HARRY continues his spiral descent.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

Still bemused by EIRIK's behaviour but not actually worried, RAY orders another couple of beers.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

LOOK-OUT ROOM. Pouring blood and weak as hell, KEN makes a massive final effort to pull himself onto a side wall. He pulls out his gun and looks down at the Market Square below.

KEN'S POV - The freezing fog has descended so heavily that nothing whatsoever can be seen down there.

KEN loses hope for a second, then gets another idea. He puts his gun back in his pocket and buttons up his coat.

STAIRWELL. HARRY still racing down, passes EIRIK.

HARRY

Where?

EIRIK

To the right when you come out. To the right.

HARRY continues on.

LOOK-OUT ROOM. KEN kicks out the wire gauze that covers one of the open windows.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

The gauze falls out of the fog, landing in the square, frightening the PASSERS-BY, who move away from it, looking up...

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

LOOK-OUT ROOM. KEN takes a few small coins out and lets them drop from the window also.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

The coins hit the ground heavily, and the PASSERS-BY give the area outside the tower an even wider berth, still looking up. Even RAY and CHLOE have noticed something's wrong. They stand, looking over.

INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

STAIRWELL. HARRY getting down lower and lower...

LOOK-OUT ROOM. Scared, KEN breathes deeply, then lets himself fall through the window, out into the fog.

EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

As the PASSERS-BY and RAY and CHLOE are still looking up, a figure plummets out of the fog and crashes to the ground in a hideous broken heap. The PASSERS-BY move away in screaming horror.

RAY flinches in disgust, turning CHLOE's face away, then, as he brings himself to look again, slowly realises who it is. He sprints over and collapses to his knees beside him.

KEN's head, chest and shoulders have just about survived the impact; everything else is pulp.

RAY
Ken?! Ken?!

KEN
Harry's here.

RAY
What?!

KEN
Take my gun. Harry's here.

RAY reaches inside KEN's bloodied coat, and comes out with the gun in broken useless pieces.

RAY
Ken? Where's the other gun?!
Where's the other gun?!

KEN
The other gun? It's in the hotel.

RAY
Oh Ken, Jesus...!

KEN
Ray? I'm gonna die now.

KEN dies. RAY is shaking in horror and sadness.

HARRY bursts out of the tower, sees CHLOE staring at the bloody scene. He follows her gaze, and sees RAY.

RAY sees him.

HARRY opens fire.

RAY sprints away rapidly, as the PASSERS-BY scatter. HARRY gives chase, firing whenever he has a clear shot.

RAY cuts down an alley and HARRY follows.

EXT. BRUGES STREETS - NIGHT

LONG CHASE SEQUENCE. Down the same cobbled streets, dark canal-sides and bridges that we've seen earlier, now all mist-strewn and doubly eerie, RAY is chased and shot at by HARRY. However, because RAY already knows these streets so well, a large gap starts opening up between them.

RAY takes another couple of fast corners, doubles back on himself, and finally comes out on his hotel. He checks that HARRY is nowhere to be seen and, breathless, enters.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

MARIE is behind the desk.

MARIE

Oh. Mr Blakely said you'd left...

RAY

I need the key to the room right now. Quickly.

She gives it to him.

RAY

And I need you to lock up and go home right now. Right now. It's very very dangerous here. Okay? Go home right now!

MARIE

Okay...

Realising how serious he is, MARIE gathers up her coat and stuff. RAY heads upstairs.

MARIE

Is Mr Blakely not coming back tonight?

RAY winces, keeps moving.

EXT. BRUGES STREETS - NIGHT

HARRY, breathing hard, opens his little map of the hotel, looks up at a street sign.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

RAY quickly tears the room asunder and finds the hidden gun, checks it's loaded. He sees the 'Last Will' envelope and almost cries, but stops as he suddenly hears downstairs...

MARIE (O.S.)

No I won't let you up there. Put that gun away right now.

HARRY (O.S.)

Lady, get out of my way, please.

MARIE (O.S.)

No. I won't. I won't get out of your way. You'll have to go through me.

RAY goes to the top of the stairs, peeks round the corner and down at MARIE on the second step of the stairs, blocking the way of HARRY, below her.

HARRY

Well obviously I'm not gonna go through you, am I, with your baby and that. I'm a nice person. But could you just get out of the fucking way, please?

RAY

Marie? Just let him come up, it's okay. Harry? Swear not to start shooting until she's left the hotel.

HARRY

I swear not to start shooting til she's left the hotel. I totally swear.

MARIE

Well I'm not going anywhere. This is my hotel. So you can fuck off.

~~MARIE sits in the middle of the narrow stairs. HARRY is~~
astonished. RAY peeks out and looks down at him. They
exchange a look of 'What the hell is wrong with this woman?'

HARRY

Have you got a gun up there?

RAY

Yeah.

HARRY

(pause)

Well what are we gonna do? We can't stand here all night.

MARIE

Why don't you both put your guns down and go home?

HARRY

Don't be stupid. This is the shoot-out.

RAY

Harry? I've got an idea. Listen, my room faces onto the canal, right? I'm gonna go back to my room, jump into the canal and see if I can swim to the other side and escape. If you run outside and round the corner, you can shoot at me from there and try and get me. But that way we leave this lady and her baby out of the whole entire thing.

HARRY

Do you completely promise to jump into the canal? I don't wanna run out there and come back in ten minutes and find you hiding in a fucking cupboard.

RAY

I completely promise, Harry. I'm not gonna risk having another little kid die, am I?

MARIE hears that, disturbed and saddened.

HARRY

So, hang on, I go outside and then I go which way, right or left?

RAY

You go right, don't ya. You can see it from the doorway. It's a big fucking canal!

HARRY

Alright! Jesus! I've only just got here, haven't I?! Okay. On a count of 'One, two, three, go'. Okay?

RAY

Okay.
(pause)
What, who says it?

HARRY

Er, you say it.

MARIE

You guys are crazy!!

RAY

Alright, ready?

HARRY

Ready.

RAY

(pause)
One, two, three, go!

Sound of RAY stomping into his room. HARRY rushes outside.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

RAY pulls open the lattice-window, looks down into the waters below...

...and sees a canal-boat approaching quickly out of the freezing fog, empty save for the DRIVER. RAY times it so it's just under his window as he leaps...

EXT. CANAL BOAT - NIGHT

...And lands in the boat with a thud. His gun, however, topples out of his hands and is lost in the murk of the canal.

RAY
(to DRIVER)
Keep driving!

RAY suddenly sees HARRY appear at the distant canalside, look around at the water a few seconds, then spot RAY in the boat, getting further and further away. HARRY takes aim. The DRIVER speeds up.

RAY
(quietly)
No way. You're way too far away.

EXT. CANALSIDE - NIGHT

HARRY steadies his gun hand, takes aim at RAY, steadily receding into the fog...

HARRY
I'm way too far away.

...and fires.

EXT. CANAL BOAT - NIGHT

RAY is hit fully in the stomach, busting a bloody hole there. He falls back in the boat. The DRIVER speeds towards the nearest landing dock.

EXT. CANALSIDE - NIGHT

HARRY, seeing the boat aiming for the distant dock, sprints away to cut them off, MARIE watching him go from the doorway.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Bleeding profusely and terribly faint, RAY walks up the steps of the dock. The DRIVER tries to help him, but he says he's okay, and gives him the last of his money.

In the background, HARRY can be seen running along the other side of the canal towards the nearest bridge.

At the top of the steps, RAY sees distantly, through the fog, the arc-lights, the costumes, the cameras and the people of the DWARF's film set. He staggers towards them.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

HARRY puts his gun away so he doesn't look so suspicious to the PASSERS-BY, but keeps on after RAY.

EXT. CANALSIDE FILM SET - NIGHT

RAY slowly staggers into the middle of the misty set, which seems to be waiting for the freezing fog to clear. All the EXTRAS are dressed in strange, nightmarish masked costumes, many frighteningly similar to the demons, and those terrorised by them, in Bosch's 'LAST JUDGEMENT'. RAY walks through these, dizzily, horrified.

The EXTRAS clear a path out of his way, as appalled of him and his gaping, bloody wound as he is of them. A little way off, JIMMY THE DWARF gets up to see what all the fuss is about, but can't quite see through the throng of people, so tries to push his way through them.

RAY falls to his knees at one point, but gets up and staggers on. HARRY finally arrives, a few feet behind him, and takes his gun back out. The EXTRAS don't seem to be sure if this isn't all part of their film, somehow.

RAY suddenly stops dead in his tracks, staring at something in front of him, horrified.

RAY

The little boy.

HARRY

That's right, Ray. The little boy.

HARRY fires twice through RAY's back. RAY falls to his knees...

RAY

Oh Jesus, no...!

...then slumps to the ground, revealing to us, and to HARRY, the body of JIMMY THE DWARF, one of the bullets having passed through RAY and blown JIMMY's head off.

RAY crawls up beside him and touches him gently. He's obviously dead, and with his face all gone, and his school-cap and uniform still intact, he looks just like a little dead boy.

He looks that way to HARRY, anyway, as he stands above the pair, horror-stricken. HARRY looks at RAY. RAY looks at HARRY. Then slowly, very slowly, HARRY raises his gun, places it up against his own temple...

RAY

No, Harry, no...!

...cocks the hammer...

RAY

Harry, No! He's not...!

...and blows his head completely off.

RAY slumps back down. The gunshot rings in his ears and all other sound is gone.

RAY'S POV - looking up at the misty night sky and the roofs of the old buildings around; then, in turn,...

At the horrifying Bosch figures looking down at him;

At one-eyed EIRIK somehow amongst them, looking as guilty as Judas;

At the dismayed, tear-stricken face of CHLOE being dragged away from him, screaming (silently);

At the AMBULANCEMEN and DOCTORS, whose grim countenances don't seem to hold out too much hope;

At, from somewhere almost heavenly, MARIE, whose gentle, angelic face makes him think it all might work out alright in the end.

As the oxygen goes on, as he's loaded into the too bright ambulance, RAY'S POV FADES TO BLACK.

LONG PAUSE.

INT. ROOM - DAY

In one continuous take, if possible.

CLOSE SHOT of a NEWSPAPER HEADLINE seemingly reading 'IN BRUGES'. We pull back to reveal the headline actually reads 'THREE DIE IN BRUGES BLOODBATH'. We pull back further to reveal, beneath the headline, the photo's of HARRY, JIMMY and KEN. This whole piece of paper has been pinned to a wall.

A telephone starts ringing.

Sitting on his bed, his chest and stomach wrapped in bandages, is RAY, the newspaper article pinned to the wall to the side of him. It's three months since the shooting, he's unshaven and sickly-looking. The phone is still ringing.

He puts a couple of ice-cubes from the tray beside his bed into his glass, pours some whisky in and drinks. The phone finally stops ringing.

RAY gets up, still in pain, and moves across the room, passing another newspaper headline on the wall reading 'STILL NO CLUES IN MURDER OF LITTLE TOBIAS' along with a large happy picture of the little boy from the church. Also pinned to the wall is the LITTLE BOY'S confession note.

As we see these, we hear RAY open a cupboard, take something out, put it on a side table.

Phone starts ringing again. RAY sits back on the bed in the same position as before, takes another sip of whisky, and picks up the phone. He doesn't speak.

CHLOE

Hello?! Hello, Raymond?!

(pause)

Raymond, is that you?

(pause)

Please, Raymond....!

RAY

Hello, Chloe.

CHLOE

Ray...!

SOUND of CHLOE breaking down in tears.

CHLOE

You went back to London?

RAY

Yes.

CHLOE

I wanted to take care of you.

(pause)

They said it was okay to leave?

RAY

To leave Bruges?

CHLOE

To leave the hospital.

RAY

I stayed in Bruges three months longer than I ever intended to. I wasn't staying any longer.

CHLOE

Are you going to come back?

RAY

(pause)

No.

CHLOE

Well can I come to London to see you?

RAY

No.

CHLOE

(crying)

Raymond, please... Don't be horrible.

RAY

I'm not being horrible.

CHLOE

Then let me come to see you.

RAY

I'm not gonna be here.

CHLOE

Where are you going to be?

(pause)

Ray, come back to Bruges.

RAY

I don't like Bruges.

CHLOE

You do like Bruges.

RAY

I don't like Bruges.

(smiling)

It's a shit-hole.

CHLOE

(laughs)

Say you like Bruges, just a little bit.

(pause)

Ray? Say you like Bruges, just a little bit.

RAY

I like Bruges. Just a little bit.

CHLOE

Do you really?

RAY

(pause)

It's not so bad.

CHLOE

Oh, that lady from the hotel, you know? Is her name Marie? I met her on the street yesterday. She had a baby boy.

RAY

Did she?

CHLOE

Yes..

RAY

That's good.

CHLOE

Seven pounds.

RAY

That's good. What's she going to call it?

CHLOE

Er... What's she going to call it, she did tell me... I can't remember. Something like 'Tobias' or something.

RAY half-laughs, sick to his stomach.

CHLOE

I think it's a nice name.

RAY

I think it's a nice name too. Listen, Chloe, I've got to hang up now.

CHLOE

What?!

RAY

I've got to hang up now.

CHLOE

You've got to hang up?! You wouldn't let me see you all the three months you were in the hospital, even though I came every day, then you run back to England without even telling me, and then when I finally speak to you, you speak for two minutes, then you have to hang up?! Why do you have to hang up?! Why?!

RAY

It's for your own good, Chloe...

CHLOE

It's not for my own good! How is it for my own good?! Tell me why you have to hang up! I've waited for three months, Ray! Tell me why you have to hang up!

RAY

Why do I have to hang up?

CHLOE

Yes! Why do you have to hang up?!

RAY

(pause)

Because I don't want you to hear the gunshot.

RAY hangs up, then takes the receiver off the hook and lays it down, the dial tone droning.

He finishes his whisky, sets it down. Sighs, prepares himself, sickened.

He picks up the handgun from the bedside table and puts it to his head.

CUT TO BLACK.

We do not hear the gunshot.

THE END.