

THE BOOT

Simon Bewick

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSIDE FIELD - EARLY MORNING

A Car Tyre coming to a stop on grass.

INT. CAR - EARLY MORNING

TOM

OK, ready to do this?

BARBARA

As ready as I'll ever be.

TOM pops a piece of gum into his mouth and, with a deep breath, exits the car. He closes the door and moves to the back of the very nice car: it's either a company car or the couple are doing very well for someone of their age (mid 20s). TOM opens the car boot. Inside is a load of supplies. From the top of the pile, he takes a pair of binoculars and, turning, holds them to his face.

Across the field, we see from TOM's binocular POV shambling figures moving sluggishly outside, too far away to make out their features.

TOM

Better get to it - the zombies are heading our way. ETA 5 minutes.

BARBARA

(Nudging him out of the way as she reaches into the boot)

Idiot. I cant believe we're doing this. We could have been at home. Safe.

TOM lets the binoculars fall to a hanging position around his neck on its strap. They unload the boot over the following conversation.

TOM

It'll be fine. We set up camp here for a couple of hours. See what we can get rid of and we'll be back to the sanctuary.

BARBARA

You're sure you've done this before?

TOM

I... might have exaggerated that a little bit.

BARBARA

Meaning?

TOM

Well, I've not been on this side of things before...

BARBARA

I knew it! You are such a bull shitter. Well, I'm going for supplies. If I'm not back in ten minutes, I've probably been captured and sold off.

BARBARA walks off, and we see that theirs is not the only car in the field; although it is a much higher spec than anything else around them.

TOM

(watching her go for a moment before returning to his task.)

Drama queen.

TOM finds a small transistor radio: none of your DAB stuff here - FM was probably a key selling point when this was originally sold. He turns it on.

RADIO PRESENTER (V.O.)

...that was the secretary of the Interior speaking from Washington. Bulletins too numerous to read are piling up in the studio here but we are informed the central portion of New Jersey is blacked out from radio communication due to the effect of th...

TOM fiddles with the control and the radio programme switches to a music station, playing something poppy and very modern.

TOM

(tuning again)

Even more depressing...

The radio tunes to some Radio 2 inoffensive old classic from at least ten years ago. Seemingly satisfied TOM bends back to his work, the small radio propped up as he does so.

On one of the boxes he takes out we see, but merely fleetingly (this isn't going to play into things later on at all...) a block of kitchen knives.

BILL (O.S. AND LOUD)

How much for this?!?

TOM bangs his head on the open boot lid as he reacts to the loud voice so close.

TOM

Jesus!

TOM steps back, already rubbing his head, and comes face to face with the owner of the voice - BILL. Late 50s. Something about him suggests TRADE or SERVICES: i.e. the opposite to TOM who has white collar written all over him. BILL is crease faced. Denim on denim on denim type. Glasses perched on head. Annoyingly cheery at such an early hour.

BILL

Sorry about that - got to be on your guard around here..

TOM

On my...?

BILL

Guard - ready for the marauding masses. Didn't recognise your car - rather nice for this place. I assume you're new to our humble little gathering?

TOM

Ummm... yeah, I suppose so. Just trying to clear out a bit of stuff...

BILL

Ah! Do I sense we have a virgin in our midsts?

TOM

To car boot sales? I've been to one or two but first time...

BILL

... on display, eh?

TOM

It's that obvious?

BILL

Meh. Not really. You'll figure out how obvious it is after the first few punters.

TOM

How so?

BILL

(pointing to an iron)

How much for that?

TOM

Umm...

BILL

Yes my son, they're going to kill you. No hesitation. If you haven't decided on your acceptable price for everything you have here before you got here, you need to do it pretty quickly. Not that it'll make much difference...

TOM

No? How come?

BILL

Well, it's more a case of...

He's interrupted by BARBARA returning with two polystyrene cups of hot liquid - the looseness of description appropriate given TOM's response to tasting it.

She looks at BILL with a touch of curiosity.

BARBARA

Hello?

TOM

Oh, Barbara, this is... Sorry, what's your name?

BARBARA

Wouldn't be Bill by any chance would it?

BILL

It would indeed. 'Bill the Boot' they call me around here.

BARBARA shoots TOM a look somewhere between amusement and 'what have you got me in to?'

TOM

(curious to his wife)

How did you know that?

BARBARA nods behind TOM, where a large van is parked next to their car. It's got a sign hanging off the open door - a semi professionally put together thing with 'Bill's Booty' on it. Around the van are trestle tables, with expertly laid out goods on them - as professional as a shop display. She looks down at the half spread out blanket they have for their own wares. It's an expensive blanket and the stuff on it is of good quality: it should establish this is an affluent young couple looking to get rid of what they consider 'junk' but is better than anything the average attendee has. But the advertising and display of it all looks pretty pathetic in comparison to BILL's display.

BILL

And you are?

BARBARA

I'm Barbara - this is Tom.

BILL

Pleased to meet you both, are you having a good life?

BARBARA and TOM exchange confused looks.

BILL (CONT'D)

You're what, mid 20s?

BARBARA

I'm 25 - the old man there's 27.
Why?

BILL

(mock mournful)

Quality TV lost on the youth of today...

TOM

Oh, I get it - the old television programme.

BILL

*(pointing a finger at TOM
in a 'you got it' manner,
and nods. Then to
BARBARA, pointing at the
Iron with the walking
stick he's carrying)*

How much is that?

BARBARA

(not missing a beat)
£8.

BILL

(also not missing a beat)
Will you take £2 for it?

BARBARA

£6.50 Or I'll throw it in the
rubbish myself.

BILL

(to TOM)
She's your salesperson and chief
negotiator then...

BARBARA

Tell me they're not really going to
be THAT bad?

BILL

Oh god yes, bless you. That was me
being gentle. Doesn't matter if
you're asking 10 pence for
something they'll offer you 2.
Tight fisted bastards.

BARBARA

I assume as 'Bill the Boot' this
isn't the first time at the rodeo
for you then?

BILL

*(now leaning against his
own car, and unscrewing a
thermos flask)*

Not hardly. Certainly been to
enough of them to bring my own
coffee...

BARBARA

I'm surprised you haven't got your
own little Starbucks set up with
the amount of stuff you've got
there.

BILL

God no. Lou would have my guts for
garters. And assuming you've just
got those from her you can guess
what she'd do with the guts...

TOM and BARBARA give him a slightly puzzled look

BILL (CONT'D)

Let's just say... don't bother with
her bacon sandwiches.

TOM

*(mournfully staring at his
own cup)*

That's a good move. I should have
thought of that.

BILL

Chuck it over there. Awful, hideous,
noxious, rancid stuff... I've got a
Thesaurus for sale somewhere over
there: I've finished with it.

*BILL pours coffee into each of their cups, their liquid
having been jettisoned eagerly.*

TOM

Well, big hand says they'll be letting them in any minute. Better just check everything's in place. Not that it'll stay that way for more than five minutes. Give me a shout if you need anything. Sticky tape, price labels, spare change, credit card reader, contact free machine...

BARBARA

(turning to finish setting up their own pathetic in comparison display)

I'm not even sure where in that little list they started to turn into fantasy...

There is the sound of a siren going off. And TOM and BARBARA share a semi-serious look of nerves between them. BILL meanwhile is standing rigid at his own stall, whistling cheerfully "Men of Harlech"

BILL

(stage whisper)

"Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes"

BARBARA

(To herself)

Just keep telling yourself it's clearing space, it's clearing space. We'll be shot of all of TOM's mother's gifts before...

TOM

What's that, my love?

BARBARA

Just thinking how we could make this more interesting...

TOM

Go on...

BARBARA

Whoever sells the most doesn't have to do the cooking for a week...

TOM

What happened to team work?

BARBARA

Stuff that. You scared?

TOM

Of course I'm not scared - I do this for a living... sort of. OK, you're on. And no flirting with the customers to win a sale.

BARBARA

Deal - you keep that top button fastened when the old dears start asking about your bric-a-brac

TOM

(theatrically upper middle-class)

They shall get neither my bric nor my brac...

They move towards their apparently designated 'neutral areas' and TOM looks across to BILL

TOM (CONT'D)

Just relax - like him...

BILL is sitting on the open back of his van, reading a newspaper nonchalantly.

The crowd is starting to move forward, like some marauders scene in an old Western, or, on a smaller budget, something out of Starship Troopers.

BARBARA

'He' is sorted. 'He' looks like
Harrods compared to... this...

Their spread IS pretty haphazard. Nice but all over the place. A box of vinyl records, various electricals, books, nice clothes, some object d'are that look as if they were picked up on expensive holidays somewhere and then recognised as a mistake once the holiday memories had worn off... and there's still stuff in the back of their car. BARBARA takes the binoculars from around TOM's neck, and places them, as though they're some jewel in the crown, next to the iron, the knife block, the printer...

TOM

It looks fine...

He's interrupted as an old woman wanders up... she looks at their stuff and they wait anxiously. She picks up an ornament that's placed on the small trestle table and turns it round to look at it more closely.

TOM (CONT'D)

That's from Morocco...

The old woman barely acknowledges him, puts the piece down quickly - as though she's worried she might catch something from it and wanders off to the stand next door.

BARBARA

(giggling)

"That's from Morocco..." are you
going to do that with everything...

Points to iron.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

That's from Curry's

Points to Knife Block

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Shit!

TOM

What?

BARBARA

Did we get that from Tesco or
Sainsburys?

TOM

All right Ms. QVC, I'll watch your
technique and take notes...

TOM starts to unload the remaining stuff from the back of the car. A big box with a couple of vaguely antique looking things in it.

As he does a hand comes in and takes a small carriage clock out of the box he is unloading.

CUSTOMER 1

How much for this?

TOM

*(Slightly flustered, as he's still
carrying the box)*

Umm, £10

CUSTOMER 1

Would you take £2 for it?

TOM

(slightly irate)

Not before I've got it out the car,
mate.

CUSTOMER 1 puts the item back on the pile and starts to mooch around the items that are laid out.

BARBARA throws TOM an amused look.

BARBARA

*(out of earshot of
CUSTOMER)*

(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You never had a Saturday job did you? You're going to kill someone by 10 o'clock.

Next to them BILL appears to be doing a roaring trade already, his cockney accent audible but undecipherable in terms of exact words, but he's charming the punters judging by their laughter.

TOM

Maybe I should ask him for some pointers...

BARBARA

(looking at her watch)

Suck it up...three hours.

MONTAGE: TOM and BARBARA dealing with a variety of customers

CUSTOMER 2

(flicking through a box of LPs)

Have you got Tom Waits 'Swordfish Trombones'?

TOM

Just what's in there... sir.

CUT TO:

CUSTOMER 3

(looking at a DVD player then checking his phone)

I can get this on EBay for £15 - will you take £10 for it?

CUT TO:

CUSTOMER 4

(holding up a vase)

Is this stolen?
(MORE)

CUSTOMER 4 (CONT'D)

My Gran was burgled last week - she lost one like this... except it was green and round.

CUT TO:

An old man and woman are wrestling over a toaster: he has to get out of his mobility scooter to carry on the fight proper

CUT TO:

A middle aged man examining something closely, while his dog casually starts to urinate on the display before TOM shoos it away, to the man's apparent annoyance

CUT TO:

CUSTOMER 6

(examining a laptop)

I tend to use Apple. Do you...

TOM

(reaching boiling point)

No.

As the young man puts the laptop down and walks away moodily, BILL wanders over.

BILL

You two enjoying yourselves?

As he says it, his eye catches a piece of crystal on display and he picks it up casually as TOM turns from the retreating Mac Boy. As they talk, BILL turns the piece and puts it back down - but slightly out-of-sight from the general display.

BARBARA

(coming from back of car where she's been digging something out)

I can't believe these people...

BILL

Ernest Hemingway, I know, love.
Just pulling your leg, but
seriously... your stuff is too...

Pauses, as he sees a teenager, looking at the knife block on the stand. TOM starts to move towards him but BILL shouts over to the boy.

BILL (CONT'D)

Got any ID, son?

YOUNG MAN

(Sullenly)

What?

BILL

Have you got any ID to show that
you're 18?

YOUNG MAN

I'm 22...

BILL

Yeah, me as well. Think we went to
school together. You ain't got ID
you ain't getting the knives.

The young man glares at BILL and walks off.

BARBARA

(joking - sort of)

That sale might have taken us over
the £20 mark...

BILL

Sorry about that love, but you've
got to be careful with knives and
stuff.

TOM

Does anyone take any notice?

BILL

*(as he pours them a top up
into their mugs from the
thermos flask he's
carried over with him)*

You do get the constabulary at
these things - plain clothes.

BARBARA

(incredulous)

Really?

BILL

Oh, yes darling. You recognise the
type after a while. Stupid I know.
You've got dodgy Arnie flogging his
bootleg DVDs over there - blatant
he is with it: even got bloody TV
sets there to show the quality off
of some film that's showing in the
local cinema: you can tell because
you see the bloke in the row in
front walking past the camera from
time to time. The law don't do
nothing. You've got Stinky Sue the
other side with her knock off
perfumes: has one bottle of genuine
stuff she lets everybody smell,
then flogs them cat's piss, excuse
my french, every week. Never been
done. But you get one poor sod
innocently trying to get rid of a
set of kitchen knives and they'll
do you. Old Chinese Rav got done
just a couple of weeks ago.

BARBARA

Chinese...Rav? He's from China?

BILL

No love - he's from Shepherd's
 Bush: he's Indian but he flogs all
 them throwing stars and nun-chucks
 and stuff. Even that's okay if
 they're over 18 but that daft sod
 sold a samurai sword to some
 sixteen year old... next thing you
 know the old Bill's swarming around
 the place and Rav's gear's down the
 lav...

*BILL glances back to his stall, and sees an old woman looking
 at an item.*

BILL (CONT'D)

Back in a tick...

*While BILL is gone, the YOUNG MAN returns and TOM spots him
 idling, and moves over.*

TOM

Look, I'm sorry, but we're not
 allowed to sell the knives...

YOUNG MAN

I don't give a shit about the
 knives. *(Looking across at BILL)*
 old toss-pot. How much for the DVD
 player?

*Tom looks behind him to where the YOUNG MAN is pointing, and
 grabs the DVD player holding it out to him to look at closer.*

TOM

£15?

YOUNG MAN

Get one for that price from
 Curry's.

TOM

It's a SONY. Upgrades to almost HD
 quality. 6 disc memory...

YOUNG MAN

Is it dual region?

TOM

Ah... no - not out of the box. I think that's illegal, but I think there are websites that will...

YOUNG MAN

You take £10 for it?

TOM

(pained but looking at BARBARA about to make a sale of some small item.)

Yeah. Go on then.

YOUNG MAN

(considering the £10 in his hand)

How do I know it works?

TOM

Oh it works - we just got a new blu ray player, so... you know.

YOUNG MAN

Well, yeah. But anyone could say that, couldn't they?

TOM

(sarcastic)

Comes with a one year guarantee and you can take out our extra insurance policy

YOUNG MAN

Custom is you give your address for electrical stuff. Just in case.

TOM

Custom?

The YOUNG MAN looks around, as if it's obvious - the custom of the car boot traders.

TOM (CONT'D)

(sighing)

Fine.

TOM scribbles details down on a piece of paper and hands it, and the machine, over to the YOUNG MAN

YOUNG MAN

Got the instruction manual?

TOM

Bought as seen I'm afraid.

YOUNG MAN

Fine. I'll probably figure it out, and if there's any problem...

He waves the piece of paper indicating he knows where to direct his enquiries. He walks off

TOM

Don't be a stranger...

TOM turns back to BARBARA who is finishing her own sale - waving a £5 note at him victoriously. He waves his £10 note back as her smile fades and she mock-grimaces at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

We're on a roll now... I'm already picking my yacht out.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSIDE FIELD - MID MORNING

TOM and BARBARA are sitting on the lip of the rear of their car. t. There are no customers, and the crowd walking past has thinned to a dribble. TOM checks his watch and sighs.

TOM

An hour to go.

BARBARA

Seriously?

TOM nods, and looks at his empty cup of coffee forlornly. Next to them, BILL is starting to pack a few items up.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Are you finishing?

BILL stops his packing and wanders over to them. He stands by the same spot he previously did, and glances down at the same item he picked up and moved earlier. It's subtle - it may or may not even be noticed by the viewer: it certainly isn't by TOM or BARBARA.

BILL

Starting the long pack up, yes darling. There won't be much any more now. And to be honest - the last hour is the most depressing of all. You'll only get your last minute chancers... from both sides.

BARBARA

Both sides?

BILL

'Them and Us' - the last hour you'll start to get some of the bigger sellers come round trying to strong arm the small fry.

TOM

How do you mean?

BILL

The ones like you - no offence. It's a compliment if anything. You'll get the regulars...

BILL pauses, gestures with a flick of the head as a middle aged man in a yellow Hi-Viz jacket comes towards them.

BILL (CONT'D)

Right on time... ignore this bloke.
He's one of them. He'll offer to
take the lot off your hands for a
pittance then flog it on himself
for ten times that much at one of
the bigger fairs...

The three watch as the YELLOW JACKET MAN wanders towards them, glancing at each pitch as he approaches. He reaches them and looks casually at the offerings.

YELLOW JACKET MAN

(creepily cheerful)

Morning, morning, morning all. Had
a good day?

BARBARA

Not bad. You?

YELLOW JACKET MAN

Not one of the better ones, bit
dead this morning, but you can't
win 'em all, eh? It's Brexit,
innit? I had one fella - asylum
seeker - no English except to say
"50p?" For a £50 pair of Adidas
trainers. Only tried to nick 'em
when I told him where to go. He
understood that well enough...

BILL

(drily)

Bloody foreigners coming over here
trying to take our shoes...

The YELLOW JACKET MAN looks up and sees BILL for the first time, and there is clear recognition in his face.

YELLOW JACKET MAN

Oh. You all right, Bill?

BILL smiles, not pleasantly.

YELLOW JACKET MAN (CONT'D)

*(trying to get back into
his patter, to TOM and
BARBARA)*

You guys regulars then?

BARBARA

*(glancing at BILL and
seeing the amusement on
his face and 'getting
it')*

First time... and probably last...

YELLOW JACKET MAN

*(as he speaks he glances
across at BILL, now very
conscious he's there)*

Yeah, it's a pain in the arse.
Hardly worth the effort. What you
going to do with this lot? Sling
it?

BARBARA

(suppressing smile)

Probably. Or Charity shop it.

YELLOW JACKET MAN

Yeah. Yeah. Makes sense.

*Looks at BILL, who isn't apparently paying any attention -
gazing off across the field.*

YELLOW JACKET MAN (CONT'D)

*(slightly quieter to TOM
and BARBARA)*

Tell you what - save you the effort
of having to go down there. I could
probably take it off your hands.
Save you the trouble like, you
know?

TOM

(playing along)

What do you think Barbara? It would save me a trip to the recycling?

BARBARA

Well... that woman did seem interested in the vase. Maybe we could Ebay it.

BILL, in background, chuckles quietly - caught by TOM and BARBARA, missed by YELLOW JACKET MAN

YELLOW JACKET MAN

Ebay? Rather you than me love, more hassle than it's worth. But suit yourself...

YELLOW JACKET MAN appears to start to leave, then stops, turns back, when they don't try to stop him from leaving.

YELLOW JACKET MAN (CONT'D)

Tell you what - probably shouldn't, but just cause you're new and stuff - I do this all the time. I might be able to get a quid or two. I'll take the lot off your hands. Give you £50. Saves you the trouble and a little bit in your pocket.

BARBARA

(innocently)

That sounds good to me... does that sound good to you BILL?

BILL

(turning and looking at the YELLOW JACKET MAN)

Piss off Davy. You'll be up Fairway next week knocking this out for five times that much. Go on. Get back to your asylum seekers... ooh, watch it - might be some dodgy gypsies around as well...

YELLOW JACKET MAN mutters something in disgust at BILL and slouches off without further words.

BILL (CONT'D)

He's a little turd. And there's plenty more like him. They complain about the punters not prepared to pay a decent price... they're worse than them.

TOM and BARBARA start to pile the stuff together.

BARBARA

He's got a point though. I don't even know if a charity shop will take half this stuff and I can't be bothered to put up with this hassle online...

TOM

But £50...

BILL

It's worth more than that. If you find a decent boot sale, you could get £300- maybe even £350 for this stuff...

BARBARA

Once is enough.

BILL considers for a moment, does a quick inventory through experienced eyes.

BILL

Tell you what - I don't want to sound like Davy over there, but I go to enough of these things. I could take it.

TOM

What? Everything?

BILL considers, picks up the little item he'd previously been looking at.

BILL

I'd hang on to this if I were you -
take it to a jewellers. I think
that might be worth something.

BARBARA takes the item from his hand and examines it

BARBARA

This? I can't even remember where
we got this.

TOM

(mischievously)

I bought it for you for Christmas.
Three years ago. Got it from a
street fair when I was travelling
with work in Taiwan.

BARBARA

(guiltily)

Oops.

BILL

(laughing)

Well, it might be nothing or
something but...

BARBARA

So how much would you give us for
the lot?

BILL

Not what it's worth. But I could go
to £200.

BARBARA looks at TOM who shrugs.

BARBARA

Sounds good to me... and I'll throw
in the priceless Taiwan trinket.

BILL

You sure? I don't want you to think I'm trying to rip you off..

TOM

No - that sounds good to me. To be honest. I don't want to sound like an arsehole, but...

BILL

But you don't need the money...

BARBARA

(Embarrassed)

Back to sounding like the upper class twats, aren't we?

BILL

Darling - you pull up in a car like that and I don't think you're desperate for coins to feed the meter...

He pauses, looking at their faces.

BILL (CONT'D)

Gas meter... something we used to do 'in the old days'... Well, look, think about it while you're putting the stuff away: I haven't got room to take it now anyway, but I'll give you £200 cash now if you decide you want to avoid the hassle. If not - I might see you next week...

BARBARA

(quickly)

We'll take it!

The three of them laugh, and BILL pulls out some notes, hands them over. As they talk through the detail we...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT: LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TOM and BARBARA are sitting watching TV. They each have a glass of wine. A scene of domesticity and they're in the middle of a conversation.

TOM

... and then he said, "It would be different if I was in my uniform", and Barry says, "What? Are you in the Salvation Army?"

BARBARA

(giggling)

Always making friends and influencing pe...

*O/S The Door Bell Rings**TOM gets up to answer it.*

EXT. DOORWAY - NIGHT

TOM opens the door to find the YOUNG MAN from the car boot sale standing with his back to him. He turns and in the illuminated porch light he does not look happy.

TOM

Hello?

YOUNG MAN

It doesn't work.

TOM

Sorry?

YOUNG MAN

The DVD player. It doesn't work.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Who is it?

TOM

*(ignoring her for a
moment)*

What do you mean "It doesn't work"?

YOUNG MAN

It doesn't fucking work. It doesn't play. I got home and tried it and it just says 'Disc Error' and won't play.

TOM

Did you try a different disc?

YOUNG MAN

I tried both the DVDs I bought today, and neither of them worked. Your machine is fucked mate.

TOM

You bought DVDs at the car boot sale?

YOUNG MAN

*(as if explaining to some
one of limited
intelligence)*

That's what I just said, didn't I?

TOM

One of those dodgy DVDs the guy down from us was selling? The DVDs that have only just come into the cinema? Those DVDs?

YOUNG MAN

Your...machine...is...shit.
It...doesn't...work.

TOM

The machine works fine, mate. If you put a proper DVD in it.

BARBARA (O.S.)

Tom? Who is it?

TOM

(over his shoulder)

No-one. Won't be a minute.

YOUNG MAN

I want my money back.

TOM

You want your money back because the machine won't play dodgy DVDs?

YOUNG MAN

Your machine is shit. You sold me a piece of crap and tried to rip me off...

TOM

*(trying to keep his
patience)*

If I'd tried to see you 'shit' I wouldn't have given you my address, would I?

YOUNG MAN

I want my money back.

TOM

(now out of patience)

Fine. Give me it back and I'll give you your money.

YOUNG MAN

Haven't brought it. Binned it. Piece of shit.

TOM

*(nodding as he gets the
picture)*

So you want your money back because
it won't play pirate DVDs - that
were probably blank in the first
place - a machine that you say
you've binned... and you think I'm
going to give you it?

YOUNG MAN

That and the money for my bus fare
over here. Call it £30.

TOM

That's an expensive bus you got
there. It's not going to happen.

YOUNG MAN

*(nodding, looking around
TOM at the house)*

What do you think's easier? You
giving me my money back or getting
your windows replaced?

TOM

What?

YOUNG MAN

Money. Now. Or your windows are
getting put in.

TOM

(echoing the tone)

Off my property. Now. Or the police
are coming.

YOUNG MAN

Yeah? We'll see what they think
about trying to flog me shit.
You're going down mate.

TOM

You're mental 'mate'.

YOUNG MAN

Yeah? Mental enough to kick your head in... get my money, posh boy.

TOM

I'm closing the door now, and then I'm going to phone the police.

The young man has risen to a point of near-rage throughout this exchange, and now reaches behind his back and pulls out a leather bound wooden stick.

YOUNG MAN

Be difficult to do that with a broken arm...

He steps forward and raises the stick. Tom is looking at it in surprise.

And then the YOUNG MAN's arm is snatched out of midair, and twisted behind his back by a figure emerging from the darkness behind him, appearing like a spirit from the night, dressed in black. It is BILL.

The YOUNG MAN drops the stick and cries out in pain. With his arm twisted high behind his back he drops to his knees.

BILL

'Caveat Emptor', you little shit.

The YOUNG MAN is still crying in pain.

YOUNG MAN

You're breaking my fucking arm!!!

BILL

Indeed I am. Do you want me to snap it off and shove it up your arse?

YOUNG MAN

(crying in pain)

Let me go...

BILL

Are you going to fuck off?

The YOUNG MAN is nodding furiously.

BILL (CONT'D)

I can't hear you. What are you going to do?

YOUNG MAN

I'm...going...to...fuck off...

BILL lets him go, almost reluctantly.

BILL

Go on then. Please rotate 180 degrees and survey the vast amount of off into which you can fuck.

The YOUNG MAN, rubbing furiously at his arm, goes to pick up his stick, which BILL puts his foot on: the stick and the YOUNG MAN's hand, and he cries out again.

BILL (CONT'D)

You can leave that.

The YOUNG MAN withdraws his hand, and sticks it under his armpit. He slinks off into the night.

BILL (CONT'D)

(To TOM, as if nothing has happened.)

Evening. Are you okay if I collect the stuff now?

TOM

(quite stunned at the speed of everything that has just happened)

Umm... yes...

YOUNG MAN (O.S. IN DISTANCE)

You thieving bastards!

BILL glances back in the direction of the voice and looks back to TOM.

BILL

And THAT is why you don't give your address out at Car boot sales...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

TOM is ushering BILL in, clearly relieved/ a bit shaken and grateful for the save. The hallway is nicely decorated, with original art on the wall - not prints.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BARBARA

You okay? Hon... *(seeing BILL)* oh, hello. I didn't realize it was you.

TOM

It wasn't... it was that weirdo who bought the DVD player, Bill happened to arrive as things were getting a bit... weird.

BARBARA

(alarmed)

Did something happen?

TOM

(slightly sheepish, maybe his masculinity dented)

Not thanks to Bill... please - have a seat.

BILL looks embarrassed at the praise but takes a seat, taking his glasses off and sticking them in his top pocket.

BILL

It wasn't anything. He was all piss and vinegar on the make.

BARBARA

On the...?

Bill shrugs, and smiles at her, indulgently

BILL

You don't tend to get too many Audi estates at those things... I'm guessing matey-boy clocked it and thought he could maybe earn a few quid.

BARBARA

(shocked)

Seriously? How did he...?

TOM

(embarrassed)

You remember we promised him it was all in working order? I...

BARBARA

(incredulous)

Told him if he had any problems with it he could return it within 28 days for a full refund...?

The three laugh a little at TOM's naivety.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

(to BILL)

Honestly - he goes from one extreme to the other... customer service to the max.

BILL

I was just telling Tom - it's one of the things you pick up pretty quickly. Once you're away from the Boot, it's done until the next one. There's a lot of weirdos around them - as you probably gathered from today...

BARBARA

(imitating)

"£2? Are they real diamonds?"

BILL

Yep, that sounds about right... so
I take it that's you done with the
car boots then?

God Yes!

TOM

Absolutely

BARBARA

They look at each and laugh.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

We should have just given it to
charity in the first place. We just
had this stupid idea...

BILL

You'd use whatever you got today
for something you wouldn't have
bought otherwise?

How did you know?

TOM

That's exactly what we said!

BARBARA

*They look at each other again, and laugh again. The relief of
the day being over, and possibly a couple of glasses of wine
having got to them.*

BILL

(laughing)

When you've been doing this as long
as I have you get to spot the
patterns. So what were you going to
do with your boot loot?

A weekend away

TOM

A Spa session

BARBARA

*BARBARA sticks her tongue out, and TOM holds his hands up in
mock surrender.*

BILL

And did you make enough for your weekend Spa away?

BARBARA

We didn't make enough to pay for a trip to the corner SPA store...

BILL

That sounds about right... like I said earlier - the fact is your stuff was too good for the likes of them today. No-one was going to buy that stuff there. I don't take my good stuff to places like that. Just the.. Excuse my french... shit. My proper stuff - my 'good stuff' well... I have a man I know for that stuff... Anyway - the main thing is: did you come back with more stuff than you went with though?

BARBARA

(involuntarily shuddering)

God no!

BILL

Well, that's a start...

BARBARA

(thinking on what she's just said)

Oh... that sounded pretty horrible didn't it?

TOM

It did sound a bit more Margo Leadbetter than Barbara Good.

BILL

You do remember it then?

TOM

(laughing)

I guess so. Look at me, being rude, can I get you a glass of wine?

BILL

(considers briefly)

Why not. I'll be okay driving with one.

TOM

Sweetheart, can you get Bill a glass and I'll grab the stuff from next door.

BARBARA takes their two empty glasses and leaves the room.

TOM (CONT'D)

Are you sure you want to take it all?

BILL

Yeah - why not? It'll keep me going for a few more of these: plenty of room in my garage. Easier to do it as a job lot rather than put you two through all that again. Are YOU sure you're happy with £200? There was some good stuff and there are better boot sales: you'll probably get rid of it for more across at Stow - they have one next...

TOM

(at the door)

No, believe me. I don't know how you put up with it. £200 is fine- I can stick the rest in and tell BARBARA she got her Spa weekend away...

TOM leaves the room, and BILL is left sitting for a moment on his own.

He looks around the room - at the nice things in it, and picks up the small ornament on the table next to where he's sitting, looking at it with an appraiser's eye.

TOM comes back in, stumbling a bit under the weight of the big box he's carrying.

BILL

Do you want a hand? I'm sitting here like a lump...

TOM

(puffing as he puts the box down)

I'm fine - why don't you start looking through that, just to make sure there's nothing you definitely just want to bin rather than carry it out?

TOM leaves the room for the next box leaving BILL alone again. He looks at the box in front of him, but then he's looking back around the room - taking the surroundings in a bit more now. As he hears TOM coming back, he looks down to the box in front of him, starts fiddling amongst things.

BILL

You've got some nice stuff Tom.

TOM

Not nice enough to sell...

BILL

(laughs)

I told you - **too** nice to sell. But I meant the house- very... tasteful.

TOM

That's Barbara's touch, not mine. Barbara? You okay with that wine?

BARBARA (O.S.)

I can't find the cork screw - where
did you put it?

TOM

(man-to-man to BILL)

Always me that must have put it
somewhere... be back in a sec...

*TOM exits room, leaving BILL looking through the box. When
he's gone, BILL looks to the door after him, waiting until
he's sure he's gone.*

BILL

(to himself)

Some very nice stuff, TOM.

*BILL removes the knife from that block that caused the
trouble at the car boot sale, and nudges the box aside - no
interest in any of its other contents.*

BILL (CONT'D)

And I DO know a man...

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: ONE WEEK LATER

CUT TO:

EXT. A FIELD FULL OF CARS. EARLY MORNING

INSERT: A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE - THE SCOTTISH HERALD:

"COUPLE FOUND STABBED TO DEATH. HOME INVASION HITTING
BRITAIN?"

*The paper is flicked, as another page inside it is finished
and turned.*

WOMAN BUYER (V.O. SCOTTISH)

How much are these hen?

The paper drops, to reveal BILL - but a different looking BILL - different hair and outfit: nondescript, but different. He suddenly has a smile on his face as he gets out of the same chair we saw him in, in the previous car boot sale. As the camera starts to pull back, the cars in this place look a bit more upper class. His van has a different sign on the side: BOBBY'S BOOTY

BILL

*(also with a Scottish
accent)*

Ah, today only, I can do you a pure
barry price for those my darling...

BILL looks over the woman's shoulder, and, among the crowd is the YOUNG MAN - wearing different clothes, and slightly altered in appearance but still definitely him. He catches BILL's eye and makes a minute gesture with his head to a young couple emptying their bundles from an expensive looking 4x4 across the way. As he does, the YELLOW JACKET MAN walks past the YOUNG MAN, and palms him something, barely slowing as he does so. BILL acknowledges with the briefest, slightest nod, and then turns back to the woman.

WOMAN BUYER

Do they need sharpening?

BILL looks back to her, and down, at the item she's holding in her hand - the block of knives.

BILL

*(with a twinkle in his
eye)*

I should say not - but if they do,
I'll come round myself...

CAMERA PANS OUT ACROSS THE WHOLE OF THE BOOT SALE TO SHOW THE SIZE OF IT AND THE FACT THAT THINGS ARE GOING ON, AND THERE ARE A MILLION STORIES TO BE TOLD.

FADE TO BLACK.