In Bruges

by

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1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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, pop-up map in hand, is enjoying the novelty of the place, which irritates the sulky RAY no end. By the end of the walk we have passed most of Bruges picturesque places, none of which could be described as a shithole.

RAY
Shithole.

4. EXT. HOTEL CANALSIDE - DAY

They arrive at their pretty canalside hotel, KEN looking it over.

KEN
Looks quite nice.

RAY just looks at him.

5. 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.

6. 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 you?! No way.
KEN
Ray, I really don’t like to say this...

RAY
You really 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)
Fuckin’ bring that up...

RAY goes into the bathroom, closes the door.

KEN
(quietly)
Well... I wasn’t.

7. 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.

8. EXT. CANALS - DAY

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

We see various of the town’s picturesque places.

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. KEN can only smile.

9. EXT. BEGIJNHOF CONVENT – DAY

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

KEN
This here...

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.

KEN
They have over three hundred different types of beer.

RAY
Ken, I just want one.

RAY walks off. KEN follows.

10. 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 LITTLE TORIAS’.

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 Coventry. Hmm. It is a bit over-elaborate. Hmm. But we ain’t got no guns.

KEN
Harry can get guns anywhere.

RAY
Hmm, interleresting. Velly interleresting.

11. 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!

12. 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 trousers front pockets and one in his hand, happy out.

KEN
This is the smallest bridge in Bruges.

RAY
Ahh, it's so little, look at it. Ahh. Hello little bridge. How would a little bridge's voice go? (in a little bridge's voice) "Hello. I'm a little bridge".
KEN
Yeah, go easy on the fucking beers now, Ray.

RAY
I am!

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 versions.

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. How would a Four Horseman of the Apocalypse’s voice go? Probably angry. “Grrr”.

MUSEUM BUILDING.

KEN
That there is called the ‘Gruuthuse Museum’.

RAY
They all have funny names, don’t they?

KEN
Yes, Flemish. In here, this says, the Belgians twice sheltered fugitive English kings from being murdered.
RAY
So they're not all good.

KEN
Henry IV and Charles II, in 1471 and 1651, respectively.

RAY
I used to hate History, didn't you? It's all just a load of stuff that's already happened. What are they doing over there?! They're filming something... They're filming midgets!!

RAY runs off excitedly.

KEN
Ray!

13. EXT. FILM SET - NIGHT

Behind a rope cordon with a few other people, RAY watches the crew et al as they set up between takes, dry ice around.

RAY'S POV: A little way off, the film's DIRECTOR is coaching JIMMY, a bored American dwarf actor, on how to creep along on tiptoe "like a l'il mouse". JIMMY, irritated, is forced to ape this, without enthusiasm. DIRECTOR goes off happy. JIMMY quietly gives him the finger behind his back. END POV.

RAY is THRILLED by all this dwarf/film stuff. 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! Look at that girl! She's gorgeous!

The GIRL smiles over at the overly loud RAY.

KEN
Ray? We're going right now.

RAY
Fuck off are we! This the best bit of Bruges so far! You and your buildings.

KEN storms off.
14. 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 Villechaize, off of Fantasy Island. I think somebody off ‘The Time Bandits’. 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. ‘Shortarse’. There’s another famous midget I’m missing but I can’t remember. It’s not the R2D2 man, he’s still going. No, it’s somebody else.

(pause)

(MORE)
RAY (cont'd)
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
You’re a shoplifter?

RAY
No, I’m not a shoplifter. Good joke, though. No, I’ll tell you what I am at dinner tomorrow night.

She laughs, walks away, and RAY thinks he’s lost her, until she tosses a small card over her shoulder and behind her, into the mud.

RAY picks the card up. It reads ‘CHLOE VILLETTE’ 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.

15. INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

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

MARIE
Mister Blakely?
KEN
Yes. No. Mister Cranham. No! Yes!
Mister Blakely. Yes.

MARIE
You have a message.

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

16. EXT. HOTEL CANALSIDE - NIGHT

Leaning on a wall by the night-lit canal outside the hotel, 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.

KEN sighs, then sees the following hand-written message at the bottom of the card - 'I'M NOT THE RECEPTIONIST, I'M THE CO-OWNER WITH MY HUSBAND, PATRICE' - signed 'MARIE'.

KEN smiles. In through the yellow-lit windows of the reception, MARIE is quietly talking to her unborn baby.

17. EXT. BRUGES STREETS - NIGHT

RAY wanders drunkenly the misty cobbled streets and bridges. An odd song plays over, like a gentle music box on LSD. As he wanders, there's a happiness at having met a girl, and a curiosity at finding the night-lit Bruges a lot more interesting than he'd have thought.

A child's teddy bear has been left on a canal wall. As RAY tries to button up it's pretty little jacket, the bear's head falls off and into the canal, and RAY is reminded, somewhat, of why he's in Bruges.

18. INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. Sound of RAY stomping up the stairs, key fumbling, 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 seven 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.

19. EXT. LONDON CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY
A small pretty church in a run down area. KEN loitering
outside.

20. INT. LONDON CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

FLASHBACK. CONFESSIONAL. The faces of RAY and FATHER MCHENRY,
a priest in his sixties, can just be seen in the darkness.
The crucifix on MCHENRY's signet ring glints now and then.

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?

CONFESSIONAL.

RAY
It's Ray, Father. Raymond.

MCHENRY
And what is it you've done, Raymond?

RAY
Murder, Father.
MCHENRY
Murder? Why did you murder someone, Raymond?

RAY
For money, Father.

MCHENRY
For money? You murdered someone for money?

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

MCHENRY
And who did you murder for money, Raymond?

RAY clears his throat.

RAY
You, Father.

MCHENRY
I'm sorry...?

RAY
I said "You, Father". What, are you deaf?

MCHENRY recoils from the gauze as RAY cocks his gun.

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’.

VIEWED FROM OVERHEAD, 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.

21. 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.

22. 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
Cock?

KEN
(smiles)
Yes. He’s a bit of a cock.

She smiles and passes on. RAY holds a door open for her with a gallant flourish, 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. 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 for absolutely no reason. 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. Completely beat the shit out of me! Bitch!
23. INT. GROENINGE MUSEUM – DAY

KEN and RAY wandering the gallery – various odd paintings including ‘The Judgement of Cambyses’ (a flaying alive) and ‘De gierigaard en de dood’ (a skeletal Death come to collect his due).

They end up in front of Bosch’s ‘LAST JUDGEMENT’ which we see various details from – freakish demons torturing various people in various freakish 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?

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. Um...

24. 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
Yeah, they’re nuts, aren’t they?

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 fella 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, will he? 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. And that ain’t ever gonna go

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...

(MORE)
RAY (cont'd)
Jesus, I'm not sure if I fucking needed that right now. The bloke who painted that, he must be bonkers.

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.

25. 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 Dublin. I love Dublin. If I'd grown up on a farm, and was retarded, Bruges might impress me, but I didn't, so it doesn't.

26. INT. BELL TOWER - ENTRY KIOSK - DAY

A sign, 'ENTRY FIVE EUROS'. A stern Belgian 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 taps the sign.

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 gives him a look, goes through the turnstile.

27. EXT. MARKET SQUARE - DAY

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

RAY
(quietly)
Little fucking cunt.

28. 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.

29. EXT. MARKET SQUARE - DAY

A massive shadow falls over RAY. Three enormously overweight Americans are standing there, 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?
30. 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, the Stations of the Cross, 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, up there on the altar, 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 is it said to contain?

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

RAY feigns interest with his eyebrows.

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. At various times of great... stress.

RAY
Yeah?

KEN
Yeah. So, yeah, I’m gonna go up in the queue and touch it, which is what you do.

RAY
Yeah?

KEN
Yeah. You coming?

RAY
Do I have to?

KEN
Do you have to? Of course you don’t have to! It’s Jesus’s fucking blood, isn’t it?! Of course you don’t fucking have to! Of course you don’t fucking have to!

KEN storms off and gets in the queue, seething. RAY takes in some more of the iconography for a minute then leaves. KEN watches him doing so. Now he’s really pissed off. He tries to calm himself down and concentrate on Jesus’ fucking blood.

31. INT. BASILICA STAIRWELL - DAY

On the way out, still pissed off, KEN sees, through the basilica’s beautiful second-storey windows, RAY sitting on a bench in the square below, eating an ice-cream. Sounds of a children’s choir.

32. EXT. BASILICA OF THE HOLY BLOOD - DAY

KEN bursts out of the church and approaches RAY, who pays him no attention, transfixed as he is on the CHILDREN’S CHOIR a short distance to the side, as they sing the creepy Christmas carol “Gabriel’s Message” for the passers-by.

None of the kids are much older than eight, and a few bear a resemblance to the LITTLE BOY that RAY killed. As KEN gets closer he sees the tears in RAY’s eyes. He slows down, loses his anger, and sits beside RAY, who wipes his eyes.
KEN
Did you get yourself an ice-cream?

RAY
Yeah. Strawberry.
   (pause)
How was Jesus’s blood?

KEN
Just looked like some really old phlegm, really.

The Christmas carol finishes, the passers-by applaud.

RAY
What shall we do now? Culture or fun?

RAY crosses his fingers and grits his teeth. KEN smiles.

33. EXT. MARKET SQUARE – BELGIAN BAR – DAY

RAY plonks the drinks down on KEN’s outside table and sits, the tower high in the background.

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

RAY downs the whisky.

KEN
You nervous?

RAY
Shitting myself.

KEN
What time are you meeting her?

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, 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, have a coupla drinks in there til seven-thirty, and hope my nerves calm down.
   (MORE)
RAY (cont'd)
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
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.

KEN
Jesus. Where are you meeting your girl?

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

RAY
(worried)
Do you think?

KEN
Always.

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

RAY
Fuck it, I'll be pissed anyway.
34. INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

RAY sombrelly 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.

35. 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 hasn’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.

RAY
What?

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. It worked quite well.

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

CHLOE
Somehow I don’t believe you shoot people for money, 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 wardrobe lady, or a continuity person, or some girl who makes the tea.

CHLOE
Uh-huh? And do you know what I believe you are? I believe you are a sad little tourist, come here to see the stupid sights of Bruges, hopefully to fuck some Belgian girl, then hurry home to your ugly Irish 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 American-sounding 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 GIRLRIEND swings their wine bottle at RAY’s head. RAY dodges, the bottle missing him by a whisker.

RAY
A bottle?!

The GIRLRIEND 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.

36. 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. God you’re pretty.

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 French.

CHLOE
(in French, 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	onight.

RAY
Oh.
(realising)
Oh-h...

She takes his hand and leads him off.

RAY
This is turning out to be a really
nice date.

37. 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. Last happy holiday
I fucking had. 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 spoilt 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)
Yeah, 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 and...

37A. EXT. CANAL - CONTINUOUS

As KEN sits in the window we pull back, leaving him framed there, alone with his thoughts, as a swan passes on the canal below.

FADE TO BLACK.

38. 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 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
Ireland, originally.

EIRIK
Uh-huh? 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. 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, Irishman!

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! I just shot a blank in your fucking eyes! Is this fella 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 slumped on the bed.

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
Why did you come tonight?

EIRIK
Chloe, I can’t see, I swear it.

RAY
Oh stop whinging like a big gay baby.

CHLOE splashes water in EIRIK’s eyes. It doesn’t help.

RAY
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...

RAY
Oh I just knew someone like you would never like someone like me. I just knew.

CHLOE
What do you mean, someone like me?

RAY
Y’know. Someone nice.

She looks at him to see if he’s being sarcastic. He isn’t. Touched, 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 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 are two boxes of bullets, one, irritatingly, full of blanks, the second, happily, full of live rounds. He brightens again, and puts the live box in his pocket.

39. 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.

JIMMY 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 JIMMY on the cheek, goes to the bathroom. KEN looks at JIMMY a while too.

KEN
How’s the movie going?

JIMMY
It’s a jumped-up Euro-trash piece of rip-off fucking bullshit.

KEN
Oh. Like in a bad way?

JIMMY smiles.

KEN
Your girlfriend’s very pretty.

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

KEN
Oh. 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 to get some distance from KEN, who finishes his pint rapidly, gestures for and is given another. RAY enters, sits up beside him, sniffing slightly.

RAY
Hey-ho. 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 poofy little 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

Y’know what? I really don’t give a fuck any more.

RAY quietly passes KEN the coke. KEN goes to the bathroom. RAY gets his drink, then spots JIMMY and DENISE kissing. 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-tranquilliser today. I wasn’t waving hello to anybody. Except, maybe, to a horse.

RAY

Huh? What are you talking about?

JIMMY

Ah just horse-shit.

RAY

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, sniffling, wired.
RAY
I’ve also got some acid and some ecstasy.

40. 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 Villechaize, I know, did. The dwarf off, I think, ‘The Time Bandits’, did. Lots of midgets... dwarfs. Top themselves. Mm, shitloads.
(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. This ain’t gonna be a war where you pick your side, man. Your side’s already picked for ya.

RAY
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?

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 the fuck am I supposed to stand in all this blood and carnage?

JIMMY
Oh man. Did they get the guy who did it?

KEN
A friend of mine got him.

RAY
Harry Waters got him. Ker-chunk!

KEN
So tell me, Jim, whose side do I fight on in this glorious war?

(Note)
I think you need to weigh up all your options and let your conscience 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 go to leave.

JIMMY
Hey! What’s...?
RAY pulls a Karate stance.

RAY
Back off, shorty.

JIMMY
Huh. You don’t know Karate...

RAY Karate chops JIMMY’s neck. JIMMY falls to his knees in pain.

JIMMY
Owww...

KEN
Don’t say you didn’t have it coming...

RAY
(overlap)
Don’t say you didn’t have it coming...

JIMMY
Hurts...

RAY
(overlap, exiting)
Shortarse.

41. 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
I hate myself and I want to die.

KEN
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.
RAY
It’s great being a gangster.

They sigh a while.

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

42. 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
Yes, I am Yuri.

YURI lets him in.

43. INT. HOTEL ROOM – DAY

RAY loads live bullets into the gun. Lays it on the bed. Looks out window. Sits on bed. Takes a piece of paper. Writes “Dear Ken...”.

44. 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 the Koningin Astrid Park. You use this word, ‘Alcoves’?

KEN
Alcoves? Yes. Sometimes.

YURI
There are not many people around in these alcoves in Christmastime. 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

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.

45. EXT. PHONE BOX - BRUGES STREET. DAY

RAY dials a number. The other end is picked up.

CHLOE (O.S.)
(sleepily)
Hello?

RAY
It’s Raymond.

CHLOE
Hello Raymond. What time is it?

RAY
Early. Listen, I nicked some of your drugs last night.

CHLOE
I know. It’s okay.

RAY
Out of your froggy thing.

CHLOE
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 the phone now.

RAY hangs up, walks off.

46. INT. BAR - DAY

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

47. 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, I can see that, Ken. Why don't you just sit there crying about it? I'll sort it out.

KEN
I'm coming with you.

HARRY
Ken, it's Potter. Just sit there and take care of your missus.
HARRY exits.

48. INT. LONDON POLICE STATION (1970’S) - NIGHT

FLASHBACK. HARRY approaches the DESK SERGEANT.

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

HARRY
Hello Blinky...

DESK SERGEANT
(blinking)
Don’t call me Blinky...

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
Now don’t get mad but I think I just beheaded your Detective.

HARRY tosses the machete away over his shoulder. END FLASHBACK.

49. 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.

50. INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

KEN ignores the smiling 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, and it seemed like all the money he had.

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.

51. 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
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
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?

52. 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 bloody girl's gun...

RAY gives KEN his gun. He examines it, then 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, it’s 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
Back 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! Have you been missing something?

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 doctor? You need exams.
KEN
Do anything, Ray. Do anything. Just keep moving. And don’t ever go home.

53. 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. RAY’.

RAY
So Harry Waters wants me dead. What a wanker!

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
In Bruges?!

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

RAY
The Bahamas, maybe. Like, fucking... Fiji. Bruges? Why fucking Bruges?

KEN
I suppose it’s cheaper.

54. EXT. TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - 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.

RAY
The rest of the acid and the ecstasy.

KEN
Why don’t you keep it?

RAY shakes his head.

RAY
Think I’m gonna clean myself up a bit. Cut down on the booze. Become a worthwhile citizen a bit. 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 home for a while. See how the land lies in six years, seven years. Seven years isn’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 isn’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
ekilled 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, tears in their eyes. 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? Well, it’s a train that Ray’s just got on, and he’s alive and he’s 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.

55. EXT. BRUGES STREETS - DAY

KEN heads back towards the distant spires and bell-tower of Bruges proper, huddled up against his fate.

56. INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

RAY alone in a carriage 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.

A POLICEMAN comes up along the aisle.

POLICEMAN
You Irish?

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 points back along the carriage. RAY looks that way. At the far end of the carriage, RAY sees a SECOND POLICEMAN, along with the American-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
You asshole!

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 aisle.

57. 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 fucking object.

HARRY
You're an inanimate fucking 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
Why would anybody have to go to Belgium?

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
Well course it’s gonna be dangerous if it’s a matter of fucking honour!

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
I’m scared, Harry. I don’t want you to go.

HARRY
There’s nothing to be scared about.

They look at each other. They both know that there is.

58. 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.

59. INT. HOTEL ROOM – DAY

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

The envelope reads ‘MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT’.
60. 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, happily, mouthing words we don’t hear, pulling the MAN along. The MAN is dressed in black.

61. EXT. MARKET SQUARE - DAY

HARRY looking up at the bell-tower.

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

62. INT. BELL TOWER - DAY

FLASHBACK: HARRY, AGED SEVEN, racing up the winding steps, the UNSEEN MAN trying to keep up, HARRY rabbiting on. UNSEEN MAN comes out on the dark look-out room, to see HARRY trying to jump up to see out of the window. HARRY gestures to be picked up. The MAN does so. HARRY looks out at the town below, thrilled.

After a moment, the UNSEEN MAN puts him back down and gestures for HARRY to go back downstairs. HARRY complains they’ve only just got up there. The MAN gestures more forcefully, and HARRY trudges away moodily, leaving the MAN alone there.

UNSEEN MAN (O.S.)

63. EXT. CANAL SIDE - 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 did that whole trip for you, will you do something for me?

HARRY - AGE SEVEN (V.O.)
Oh anything, Father! Anything!
FLASHBACK: A smiling HARRY AGED SEVEN's cheek is gently caressed by the UNSEEN MAN's hand. The hand bears the same crucifix signet ring as the man in SCENE 20. HARRY loses his smile somewhat.

Back in present day Bruges, HARRY lets the leaf he was holding fall into the waters below, and watches it slowly float away.

64. INT. YURI'S HOUSE - DAY

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

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 Los-fucking-Angeles. I didn't come here to shoot twenty black ten-year-olds in a fucking 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 the Koningin Astrid 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 know I shouldn’t, but I will.

YURI gives him a box of bullets.

EIRIK
Motherfucker.

HARRY
Is he 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 that was all your fault.

EIRIK
Hah?

HARRY
I mean, 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 the fuck 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 blind little gayboy, does it? Thanks for the gun, Yuri.

HARRY leaves the house.

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

65. EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

HARRY walking the cobbled streets to the square as dusk falls, a pop-up map with ‘KEN’S HOTEL’ circled and arrowed. Suddenly, ten feet behind his map, 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 go blow his fucking head off for me?”

   (pause)
   “He’s suicidal”. I’m suicidal! You’re suicidal! Everybody’s 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 stuck
the gun in my mouth 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 and I mean no
disrespect, but 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?!
(MORE)
HARRY (cont'd)
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.

66. 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 French, subtitled)
English humour!

She quickly leads him out.
67. 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.

CHLOE
Uh-huh? And how about this...?

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
‘Richard Burton’, you’re funny.

68. INT. CHLOE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

RAY and CHLOE trying to make love; RAY can’t quite get there, but there’s something so tender between them it doesn’t even matter.

RAY
Somehow I didn’t think I’d be here tonight.

CHLOE
Is Bruges so bad?

He smiles, caresses her tummy.

RAY
Bits of it are alright.
(pause)
But, seriously Chloe, can we go and get that drink now, seriously?

She hits him with a pillow and gets up, smiling.
69. EXT. BRUGES STREETS - NIGHT

Arm in arm, CHLOE points the best direction to go - towards Market Square and the bell-tower there. RAY tells her about the OVERWEIGHT AMERICAN incident in mime.

70. 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 the ‘Alcoves’?

KEN
‘The alcoves in the Koningin Astrid 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 six o’clock.

71. 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
The most beautiful woman...
(kiss)
... you’ve ever seen...
(kiss)
... in all of your life.

RAY
(pause)
The black one off of Star Trek? Is
she here?

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.
72. 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 seven.

TICKET-SELLER
The tower is usually open until seven. 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 at HARRY’s head, 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. A few specks of blood spatter the wall as we hear the sounds and see the shadow of the TICKET-SELLER being quickly pistol-whipped unconscious.

73. EXT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

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

74. 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.

75. 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, satchel 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.

RAY

Jimmy, I’ve been wanting to say I’m really sorry for Karate-chopping you the other night. That was way out of order.

JIMMY

Yeah, y’know, Ray, I’d find it easier to believe you and forgive you, somehow, if the two of you weren’t laughing straight in my fucking face!

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 movie, man.

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

76. 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
Oh don't come over all Gandhi! What are you doing?!

HARRY tosses his gun back to him.

HARRY
Ken, stop messing about please. Pick up your gun. 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'm not 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 standing about like Robert fucking Powell!

KEN
Like who?!

HARRY
Like Robert fucking Powell out of Jesus of fucking Nazareth.

KEN
My fucking leg!

HARRY
Oh shut your 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, ya cunt.

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

77. 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 some kinda Boschian nightmare. Yeah, kiss my ass!

RAY
I guess at least there weren't any black people 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?

RAY nods. JIMMY puts his head in his hands.
CHLOE
What war?

RAY
There’s gonna be a war between all the blacks and all the whites. And all the black midgets and all the white midgets, which would actually be really good.

JIMMY
Aw shit, that’s just cocaine. That’s just cocaine.

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

CHLOE
You’ve got to have the Vietnamese on your side.

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, Chloe? I’m kinda...

They laugh.

JIMMY
Listen, we’re filming down by the Vismarkt tonight, this wild bloody endgame thing. It should actually be quite fucked up. You guys should come along.

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

JIMMY
Ohh, so that’s how it is! Well, in another life.

Smiling, shaking hands, they make their goodbyes.

78. EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NORTH SIDE - NIGHT
Bell-tower in background, EIRIK remembers his keys or something 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.

79. 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
Ye... Er,.. 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.

80. EXT. MARKET SQUARE - SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

Still bemused by EIRIK's behaviour but not actually worried, RAY orders from the WAITER.

RAY
One gay beer and one normal, please. Thanks.

CHLOE
What's a gay beer?

RAY
(bemused)
A beer that gay people drink.

81. 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, leaning in the window.

81A. EXT. MARKET SQUARE - SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

RAY kisses CHLOE at the table. She touches his face as they break, the bell-tower entrance framed directly behind her.

81B. EXT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

STAIRWELL. HARRY still racing down, passes EIRIK.

HARRY
Where?

EIRIK
To the left when you come out. The bar to the left.
HARRY continues on.

LOOK-OUT ROOM. The forlorn KEN suddenly gets an idea. He puts his gun inside his jacket, buttons it up tightly, then takes out a handful of coins and lets a few drop out through the open window, down into the fog.

82. EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

Almost in SLOWMO, the coins fall out of the fog, landing in the square, frightening the PASSERS-BY, who move away from it, looking up...

83. INT. BELL TOWER - NIGHT

LOOK-OUT ROOM. KEN drops out all the rest of his coins.

84. EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

The coins hit the ground heavily, warning the PASSERS-BY to give the tower an even wider berth. Even RAY has noticed something's wrong. He looks over and up...

85. 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.

86. EXT. MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

As the PASSERS-BY and RAY 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.
RAY reaches inside KEN’s bloodied coat, and comes out with the broken useless gun. Bits of KEN’s heart drip off it.

RAY
Ken? Where’s my gun?! Where’s my gun?!

KEN
(slowly, trying to think)
Hotel...

RAY
Oh Ken, Jesus...!

KEN
I’m gonna die now, I think.

KEN nods, then dies. RAY is shaking in horror and sadness.

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

RAY sees him but cannot move.

HARRY sees KEN’S pulped corpse, the broken gun in RAY’s hand, realises what’s gone down. He acknowledges, somehow, KEN’s sense of honour, courage, what have you.

RAY starts backing away...

Which snaps HARRY out of it. He raises his gun...

CHLOE screams...

Harry fires at RAY but misses...

...And RAY sprints rapidly away, PASSERS-BY and CHLOE scattering.

HARRY gives chase, firing whenever he has a clear shot.

RAY cuts down an alley and HARRY follows.

87. 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.

We CRANE UP as RAY takes another couple of fast corners, taking his jacket off, doubling back on himself, and finally comes out on his hotel, checks that he’s lost HARRY and, breathless, enters.
88. 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! Now!

She finds and gives it to him.

RAY
And I need you to lock up and go home 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.

89. EXT. BRUGES STREETS - NIGHT

HARRY, breathing hard, opens his pop-up map of Bruges with 'KEN'S HOTEL' circled, and looks up at a street sign.

90. 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. RAY crouches down and takes aim as they argue...
RAY'S POV: Along the barrel of the gun, he has a clear shot of HARRY, but it's just above MARIE's pregnant tummy. END POV.

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 chooses not to take the shot, and lowers the gun. As RAY speaks, HARRY ducks out of sight.

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
I suppose you've got a gun up there?

RAY
Yeah.

HARRY
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.

(MORE)
RAY (cont'd)
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 fucking hiding in a 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.
(long tense pause)
What, who says it?

HARRY
Oh. Er, you say it.

MARIE
You guys are crazy!!

RAY
Alright, ready?

HARRY
Ready.

RAY
Set?

HARRY
Set.
RAY
(pause)
One, two, three, go!

Sound of RAY stomping into his room. HARRY rushes outside. MARIE is left sitting there, stunned.

91. INT/EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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

...then 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...

92. 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, into the mist. HARRY takes aim as the DRIVER speeds up.

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

93. EXT. HOTEL CANALSIDE - NIGHT

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

HARRY
No way. I’m way too far away.

...and fires.

94. 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.

95. 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. It’s beginning to snow.
96. 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 and the snow, the arc-lights, the costumes, the cameras and the people of JIMMY’s film set. He staggers towards them.

97. EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

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

98. 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’. Some have an identical bullet wound to RAY’s, who staggers through all these, dizzily, horrified.

He tries to warn them of the danger from HARRY, but they don’t seem to understand. 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 head half 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.

HARRY
Oh. I see.

Slowly, very slowly, HARRY raises his gun and places it in his own mouth...

RAY
No, Harry, no...!

HARRY takes the gun out again, taps it against his teeth a moment, thinking, then nods...

HARRY
You've got to stick to your principles.

HARRY puts the gun back into his own mouth...

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 as the snow falls heavy; 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, smiling 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.

99. INT. ROOM - DAY

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 and take something metallic out.

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
Mm.
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
(almost tearfully)
I don’t think so.

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
I liked the swans.
(pause)
And a couple of the people.

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. It will quietly drone through the rest of the scene.

A tear falls as he takes the gun that was resting in his lap, holds it in the air for a second, breathes deeply for a few moments, then places it against his head.

He holds it there a long while, eyes closed, deep breathing, then finally takes it away, opens his eyes, picks up his whisky glass, sighing, and slowly finishes it off. Courage regained, he puts the glass back down, breathes deeply again, and puts the gun back up to his head.
RAY
Come on. Ten, nine, eight, seven...

He closes his eyes...

RAY
Six, five, four, three, two, one...

Teeth gritted, eyes clamped tight, ten more seconds pass til he finally sighs loudly, takes the gun away again and leans his head back against the wall.

He looks at the photos on the wall from the newspaper story, of JIMMY, of HARRY, and, lingeringly, of KEN. None of them want him to go through with it.

Then finally he looks at the photo of little TOBIAS and the blood-stained confession note beside it. He moves across the bed and takes the confession note from the wall, knocking into the telephone slightly as he does so.

He looks at the phone a while as it irritatingly drones on.

He puts the phone back on the hook and looks at it a very long while, to see if it’ll ring. It doesn’t ring.

He sits on the edge of his bed, shitty London framed out the window behind him.

He looks at the confession note again, as do we...

RAY’S POVs: “1. Being sad. 2. Being bad at maths. 3. Being moody” and the months-old blood still caked in the corner.

He folds the note into his left breast pocket, beside his heart. He nods...

RAY
You’ve got to stick to your principles.

He cocks the gun.

He slowly puts it to his head.

Tears fill his eyes and he closes them as the tears fall.

He sighs calmly, knowing, perhaps for the first time, that this time he’ll go through with it.

The telephone starts ringing.

He opens his eyes.

CUT TO BLACK