

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.