

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)

Fucking 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 TOBIAS'.

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, interleesting. Velly interleesting.

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 Villechaise, 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. CONFSSIONAL. 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?

CONFSSIONAL.

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 away. Ever. Until, maybe, I go away.

KEN

Go away where?

RAY gives him a look. Suicide is conveyed.

KEN

Don't even think like that.

RAY

And even then it mightn't go away. Looking at that painting of fucking torment and Hell...

(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

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

RAY

(worried)

Do you think?

KEN

Always.

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

RAY

Fuck it, I'll be pissed anyway.

34. INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

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

KEN

You look good.

RAY looks himself over.

RAY

(sadly)

What does it matter anyway?

A gesture of goodbye. An exit.

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

RAY

A bottle?!

The GIRLFRIEND tries to swing again.

RAY

No, don't bother...

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

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

RAY

We're leaving.

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 tonight.

RAY

Oh.

(realising)

Oh-h...

She takes his hand and leads him off.

RAY

This is turning out to be a really nice date.

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-tranquiliser 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, sniffing, 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 Villechaise, 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?

JIMMY

(pause)

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

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

KEN is still looking the gun over, somewhat sadly.

YURI

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

KEN

Of course I'm going to fucking do it.

(pause)

It's what I do.

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

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

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

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

RAY
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
killed meself in a fortnight anyway.

RAY smiles, the train slowly starts up.

KEN

You won't, will you, Ray?

RAY just looks at him a while, then shrugs, as the train
pulls away. They wave goodbye sadly, 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.)

Not here. Not here.

63. EXT. CANALSIDE - DAY

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

UNSEEN MAN (V.O.)

Did you like Bruges, Harry?

HARRY - AGE SEVEN (V.O.)

Oh my God, it was like a fairy-tale or something! It was the best holiday I've ever had in my life!

UNSEEN MAN (V.O.)

Well, seeing as I 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 locks 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, EIRIK 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 traipse 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 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 POV: "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