

INVINCIBLE

SHOOTING SCRIPT - 05/11/13

Written by

Cat Jones

Cat Jones
C/O Julia Tyrrell Management Ltd
57 Greenham Road London N10 1LN
tel. 44 (0)20 8374 0575
julia@jtmanagement.co.uk

We look down from high above on an inner city estate.

It's run down but not depressing. There's colour everywhere - in the T-shirts flapping on washing lines, the crisp packets tumbling in the wind and the vibrant graffiti rainbowing across grey walls. During a tour of the estate we hear the following.

FLEA (V.O.)

My world's a tough world,
A rough world, a rude world.
A kick in the guts
And a spit in your food world.
I could take offence at it,
Retire to the bench of it,
Squeeze my eyes tight,
Close my nose to the stench of it.
Instead I use my head,
I choose to make fuel of it,
My heart and my smarts
Cut me loose from the noose of it.
My spirit and my lyrics,
They let me make fire from it.
Rhymes are my reason,
And riffs help make light of it.

Now we see FLEA (15) standing in a walkway outside one of the flats looking down on the scene. He's slight and short, dressed in a supersized bed T-shirt and his mum's slippers. He chomps on a piece of toast.

FLEA

This is my world
And the words that describe it.
The tricks and the tips
That I spit to survive it.
And here's how it's standing,
How it's hanging for me:

FLEA turns his head to address us directly and melts us with his smile.

FLEA

The slammin' great Gospel
According to Flea.

FLEA enters the flat.

CUT TO:

FLEA comes through the front door and heads up the stairs, addressing us directly as he goes.

FLEA
I'm actually fifteen
But ain't no one told my body that.
This shorty is scrawny,
Five shy of a six-pack,

At the top of the stairs, FLEA meets FAT FUCK (35),
overweight, alpha male - all pecs and tats.

FLEA (CONT'D)
And Fat Fuck my step dad
Won't let me forget that.

FAT FUCK
(clocking FLEA's slippers)
You're a runt and a reject,
You need to accept that.
And this verse you converse in
Is worse than pathetic,

FLEA
(to us)
He don't know that in my show
Even he speaks poetic!

FAT FUCK
Real men ain't expressive,
They're aggressive, athletic,
But yer old man was *no* man
So I guess it's genetic.

FLEA darts ahead of him into the bathroom and slams the door
in his face.

CUT TO:

3 INT. BATHROOM. DAY 1.

3

FLEA talks to us in the mirror.

FLEA
And yes I shouldn't care less
But I confess it's upsettin',
I am workin' on ways
To aid me forgettin'.
Gettin' mighty like Mum,
Cos she don't let it faze her,
And words don't cut much,
Which is why we have razors.

FLEA picks up FAT FUCK's razor, takes a pair of nail scissors
and uses them to subtly bend the blades.

CUT TO:

4 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. DAY 1.

4

FLEA arrives downstairs.

He finds his mum MIGHTY playing with his LIL SIS. She's singing a song, being silly, making the little one giggle. When she sees FLEA she drags him into a massive hug.

FLEA continues to talk to us mid hug.

FLEA
Now Mighty's amazin',
Which I don't mind sayin'.
Her hugs are like muggin's
But I ain't complainin'.

As MIGHTY releases him, FLEA clocks the bruise on her face. His smile falls away.

FLEA (CONT'D)
But her choice in blokes
Is a joke that needs changin'.

MIGHTY clocks FLEA's face.

MIGHTY
I started it Flea,
So it's me that wants blamin'.

FLEA sits down at the table next to LIL SIS.

FLEA
I love my lil sis,
But they say she's autistic.
I think she's a thinker
And the docs have just missed it.

But I'm scared that he scares her,
I'm worried it's worry.
She only chats three words
And one of them's sorry.

LIL SIS babbles away:

LIL SIS
Sorry sorry sorry.

FAT FUCK arrives downstairs. His face is covered in bits of tissue that he's used to blot his shaving cuts - FLEA's DIY fuck-job on the razor has worked.

FLEA and MIGHTY exchange a secret smirk at the sight of his face. But FAT FUCK's presence still kills the atmosphere dead.

FLEA
If it was just me,
Then I could ignore it,
But I'm sick to the pit
Watchin' these two endure it.
(MORE)

FLEA (CONT'D)
The pushin' and shovin'
The put downs and -
FAT FUCK
(at LIL SIS)
Shut up!

MIGHTY goes to FAT FUCK, rubs his neck, tries to placate him.

(CONT'D)
FLEA
The roarin' and bawlin'
And callin' her -

FAT FUCK
(to MIGHTY, batting her
attention away)
Suck up!

FLEA
Her flinchin' and tearin'
And fearin' her fuck-ups.
He's wise to her lies,

MIGHTY
(unconvincing, to FAT
FUCK)
Can I help that I'm loved up?

MIGHTY goes to kiss FAT FUCK and spills some juice. It oceans across the table and into FAT FUCK's lap. He jumps up, roaring and shoves MIGHTY away violently.

LIL SIS
Sorry sorry sorry.

FLEA can barely contain his anger. He exits to stop himself saying something he'll regret.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. TOWER BLOCK WALKWAY. DAY 1. 5

FLEA stands on the walkway, looking out over the estate. He's seething.

Down below he sees a couple of COPPERS patrolling. We see FLEA struggle with his conscience before finally.

FLEA
(calling to the COPPERS)
Oi!

CUT TO:

6 INT. HALLWAY. DAY 1. 6

The COPPERS stand in the living room, listening to MIGHTY's explanation. FAT FUCK is next to her, playing the supportive partner to perfection.

FLEA listens from the hallway.

MIGHTY

He makes up these stories.

FAT FUCK

He's been doin' it forever.

MIGHTY

Wants me and his real dad
To get back together.
But no one's been hittin' me,
Not now and not ever.
I walked into the door,

FAT FUCK

Which was not very clever.

The COPPERS don't look convinced but allow MIGHTY to lead them into the hallway and to the door.

FLEA glares at FAT FUCK as he follows them. FAT FUCK smiles back.

FAT FUCK

Not. Very. Clever.

FLEA exits angrily, passing MIGHTY at the front door.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. WALKWAY. DAY 1.

7

MIGHTY calls after FLEA as he heads down the walkway.

MIGHTY

Flea!

He turns back.

MIGHTY (CONT'D)

(whispered)

What the hell were you thinkin'?
They've nicked him before.
He was back in three hours
And punchin' the door.

FLEA

You want to keep doin' this,
Go ahead, fine.
But don't use my dad
As part of your lie.
He'd turn in his grave,
And me stood there watchin' it.
Well no more spectatin'
From now on I'm stoppin' it,
He throws a fist
I'm gonna be blockin' it,
He showers his shit

(MORE)

FLEA (CONT'D)

And it's me who'll be coppin' it.

FLEA turns and heads off down the walkway.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. DAY 1. 8

FLEA bursts from the stairwell and addresses us angrily.

FLEA

I can't protect 'em,
If I can't eject him,
So I spend my days
Findin' ways to upset him.

FLEA arrives at a car, opens his trousers and pisses on it.

FLEA (CONT'D)

I'm reliev'in' myself
Of unhealthy aggression,
By nickin' my kicks
Where the frick I can get 'em.

FLEA heads off across the estate.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. COMMUNAL/REC AREA. DAY 1. 9

FLEA heads across a communal area past two thuggish looking boys, WOOD and WISECRACK.

FLEA

Now I learnt some time ago,
Survival is *what* yer know,
And kids get loose lips
When they think they're unspied on
so
I get the gossip,
The shit in their closet.
Bits o' news I can use,
Sent direct to my office.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. COMMUNAL/REC AREA/HIDING PLACE. DAY 1. 10

Careful not to be seen, FLEA finds his hiding place, a vantage point where he can watch the goings on without being noticed.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. COMMUNAL/REC AREA. DAY 1. 11

We return to WISECRACK and WOOD.

WISECRACK

...She says it's a secret
And I said I'd keep it.

WOOD

Your hands in her pants?

WISECRACK

You cannot repeat it!
Took a pic of her tits
But I swore I'd delete it.
If I don't shout my mouth
Then I might get to keep it.

FLEA grins at us - some useful info!

WOOD

You heard 'bout these pills?
Give you more than just thrills.
Invincible tablets
For actual skills.

Back in his vantage point, we see that FLEA's interest has been piqued.

WOOD (CONT'D)

Confidence capsules
For fightin' less frightened,
For beefin' with belief
That yer built like a titan.
Like yer skin's made of tin
And yer reflex's lightenin'

WISECRACK

Who's the seller?

WOOD

Can't tell yer
Unless you'll be buyin'

We see FLEA's frustration not to have got the info - then we see his brain tick tick ticking.

WOOD and WISECRACK head over to where some other kids are hanging out.

CUT TO:

12 INT. COMMUNAL/REC AREA. DAY 1.

12

FLEA emerges from his hiding place, addressing us.

FLEA

Information ain't power,
That's knowin' how to use it.
A bomb won't go bang
If you can't get the fuse lit.

He approaches a group of GIRLS and speaks to one of them.

FLEA (CONT'D)
So, I've just seen Wisecrack,
(miming breasts on
himself)
And that is a nice snap!

The GIRL is horrified! FLEA moves to a new vantage point and watches as an unsuspecting WISECRACK approaches her, only to get a slug on the nose.

FLEA
Somebody get that poor kid an ice-
pack!

WISECRACK looks at WOOD imploringly.

WISECRACK
Her brother's a boxer,
So that won't be my last slap.
I'll be needin' those pills,

WOOD nods.

WOOD
Then you'd better tell Naz that.

FLEA smiles at us knowingly - it's panned out just as he intended.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. NAZ'S CORNER. DAY 1.

13

In the roughest, darkest corner of the estate, FLEA keeps out of sight as he watches NAZ, female, 16, and not someone you'd want to meet in a dark alley, holding court with her BAD GIRL followers.

FLEA
(to us)
Now Naz is the type
Who'll end up doin' life,
Kicked out of her last school,
Or so goes the hype.
She hung some year eights
From the gates by their legs,
Then allegedly wedgied
The deputy head.

FLEA marches over, exuding confidence. He offers NAZ a five pound note.

FLEA
If I could just grab a tab
In a bag, it's for later.

NAZ smiles.

NAZ
Nice try, little guy,
But that's the wrong colour paper.

FLEA's confidence falls away.

CUT TO:

14 OMITTED 14
15 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. DAY 1. 15

FLEA is at the kitchen sink washing up in pink marigolds.

MIGHTY is playing with LIL SIS on the sofa. FLEA watches them, laughing.

FLEA
Now when it's like this
I reckon it's bliss,
Just Mighty and I
And my lil sis.

The front door opens and FAT FUCK enters.

FLEA (CONT'D)
But the clouds always come
To smother the sun,
Weighed down with water
To slaughter our fun.

FAT FUCK notices FLEA at the sink. He gets out his mobile and films him.

FAT FUCK
Don't you look pretty
And shitty in pink.
A skivvyin' divvy
And chained to the sink.
Don't you care? Ain't you scared?
What your friends would all think.

MIGHTY
He's makin' some spends.

FAT FUCK
They'd respect him more skint.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. NAZ'S CORNER. DAY 2. 16

NAZ hands a baggy with a pill in it to FLEA.

CUT TO:

17 INT. FLEA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 2. 17

FLEA lies on his bed.

From below he hears an argument between FAT FUCK and MIGHTY becoming louder and more aggressive. Suddenly it becomes clear that FAT FUCK's just got physical.

FLEA opens his bedside draw, takes out the baggy. Then he removes the pill and swallows it.

FLEA

(to us)

Now I'm not so gullible
To think the unthinkable,
That one little pill
Has made me invincible.
I'll settle for some mettle
A better kind of batterin'
Which is one where you don't
Really feel that it's happenin'.

He gets up and exits.

CUT TO:

18 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. NIGHT 2. 18

FLEA stops about halfway down the stairs. He watches as FAT FUCK holds MIGHTY by the throat against the wall.

FLEA runs at FAT FUCK and tries to punch him. FAT FUCK stops the blow by grabbing FLEA's wrist. Hard enough that the pressure of his finger cracks the screen of FLEA's watch.

FAT FUCK shoves FLEA to the floor, then heads towards him with menace. FLEA is terrified.

CUT TO:

19 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT 2, 19

FLEA is throwing up.

MIGHTY enters. FLEA says nothing. MIGHTY notices his broken watch.

MIGHTY

I'll go shoppin' tomorrow
And my first buy will be,
The finest designer
New timer for Flea.

FLEA fingers the broken screen of his watch.

FLEA
I'm happy with this one,
My dad got it me.

MIGHTY
You know you can't fix it,

FLEA
We'll just have to see.

MIGHTY exits.

FLEA thinks as he fiddles with the watch. Then something occurs to him and he turns to us.

FLEA
The tablet didn't make me brave,
They didn't take away the pain,
Which means that somethin' needs to
change,
If I'm gonna feel his rage again.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. NAZ'S CORNER. DAY 3. 20

FLEA hands some money to NAZ.

NAZ
Back so soon little dude?
Guess the party's with you.
 (to WISECRACK)
Get him a tab.

FLEA
Nah, this time it's two.

CUT TO:

21 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. NIGHT 3. 21

FAT FUCK has MIGHTY in a corner.

FLEA taps him on the shoulder. FAT FUCK turns around.

FLEA takes a swing at FAT FUCK, who blocks the shot by
grabbing FLEA's wrist.

FAT FUCK smiles, then moves with menace towards FLEA

CUT TO:

The following scenes are short and quick, allowing the
dialogue to rhyme and to give the impression of many days
passing:

22 OMITTED 22

23 OMITTED 23

24 EXT. NAZ'S CORNER. DAY 4. 24

FLEA buys a baggy of three tabs off NAZ.

FLEA
Isn't it strange,
How all days play the same.

CUT TO:

25 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. NIGHT 4. 25

FLEA is held flailing at arms length by FAT FUCK.

FLEA
You do it,
Run through it,

CUT TO:

26 EXT. NAZ'S CORNER. DAY 5. 26

NAZ hands FLEA a baggy of four tabs.

FLEA
Then do it again.

CUT TO:

27 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. DAY 5. 27

FLEA washes up in his marigolds.

FLEA
You practise your part,

CUT TO:

28 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. NIGHT 5. 28

FLEA is sent flying by FAT FUCK and lands in a heap.

FLEA
Till you know it by heart.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. NAZ'S CORNER. DAY 6. 29

FLEA buys a baggy of five tabs from NAZ.

FLEA
Until something explodes,

CUT TO:

30 EXT. TOWER BLOCK WALKWAY. DAY 6. 30

FLEA looks up and sees Lil' Sis and FAT FUCK on the walkway on their way out. FAT FUCK putting her coat on her roughly and impatiently. FLEA makes a decision - we see it on his face.

FLEA
And it all blows apart.

30A EXT. TOWER BLOCK. DAY 6. 30A

When FAT FUCK goes back into the flat to get something he's forgotten, FLEA pisses on the car, grinning at a shocked LIL' SIS as he does so.

Suddenly FAT FUCK appears up on the walkway. He stares at FLEA, livid before tearing to the stairwell. A second later he emerges.

FAT FUCK grabs FLEA by the scruff of the neck and drags him towards the stairwell.

CUT TO:

31 OMITTED 31

32 INT. FLEA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 6. 32

FLEA sits huddled on his bed, red-eyed and seemingly defeated.

He looks at us, like he's about to speak to us but his eyes well and his throat constricts and even if he did have the words, he wouldn't be able to get them out.

NOTE: from this point until the final scene, the characters no longer speak in verse.

CUT TO:

33 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. DAY 7. 33

FLEA comes down the stairs sheepishly, watched by FAT FUCK, MIGHTY and LIL SIS.

They watch with interest as he goes into the kitchen, gathers cleaning products from the cupboard, fills a bucket of water and puts on the marigolds.

FLEA comes back into the living room. He goes to FAT FUCK and puts his hand out.

FLEA
The car keys?

FAT FUCK takes the keys out of his trouser pocket and hands them to FLEA.

FAT FUCK
That's a bit more like it.

FLEA nods and exits with the stuff.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. TOWER BLOCK. DAY 7. 34

FLEA exits the stairwell with his bucket and products. He doesn't look at us or speak to us.

He heads to the car and starts to scrub it.

FAT FUCK (O.S.)
Start with the inside.

FLEA looks up at the walkway outside the flat where FAT FUCK is watching him.

FLEA nods. Then he unlocks the car. He gets in and starts to polish the inside of the windscreen.

FAT FUCK, satisfied with what he sees, heads back inside.

FLEA watches him leave with a steely glare.

CUT TO:

35 INT. FLEA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 7. 35

FLEA lies on his bed in the dark.

From downstairs drifts the racket of a noisy argument between MIGHTY and FAT FUCK.

We can't make out what they're saying, but he sounds aggressive and it's becoming physical.

FLEA takes his phone from under his pillow and dials 999.

FLEA
Police.

CUT TO:

36 OMITTED 36

37 INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. MORNING 8. 37

FLEA arrives downstairs. He finds MIGHTY picking up broken crockery, nursing another bruise.

She sees FLEA and puts a finger on her lips to silence him.

LIL SIS sits at the table babbling.

LIL SIS
Sorry sorry sorry.

FAT FUCK arrives downstairs and the tension in the room thickens.

Suddenly the doorbell rings. FAT FUCK answers it and finds two COPPERS there.

FAT FUCK
What d'you want?

COPPER
Is that your car out front, Sir?

FAT FUCK
Yeah. And?

COPPER
Would you mind letting us have a look inside it?

FAT FUCK
Why?

COPPER
If you wouldn't mind, Sir.

FAT FUCK follows the COPPERS out.

FLEA and MIGHTY follow.

CUT TO:

38

EXT. TOWER BLOCK WALKWAY. DAY 8.

38

FLEA and MIGHTY watch from the walkway as FAT FUCK leads the COPPERS to his car.

He opens it and one of the COPPERS goes straight for the glove box - s/he knows what s/he's looking for.

The COPPER pulls out the baggy we saw FLEA with the day before. It has a score of pills in it - the ones that FLEA has been painstakingly collecting, when we thought he was taking them.

An almost indiscernible smile registers on FLEA's face.

FAT FUCK resists and a struggle follows, with FAT FUCK shouting the odds as he's pinned to the floor and cuffed.

FLEA is suddenly aware of someone tugging at the leg of his trousers. He looks down to find LIL SIS looking up at him.

NOTE: verse resumes.

LIL SIS
Is he coming back?

FLEA
The chances are fat,
He'll be gettin' a stretch
For possession like that.
Time to test his aggression
On types that swipe back.
(to MIGHTY)
He'll be sendin' you letters,

FLEA looks at MIGHTY pointedly.

MIGHTY
And I'll send them back.

MIGHTY nods then leads LIL SIS inside.

FLEA looks at us.

FLEA
You thought I was takin' 'em,
So little faith in me.
Like I'd lend that hand
To the man that was breakin' me.

FLEA looks out over the estate, silent for a minute.

FLEA (CONT'D)
The view's down to you,
If you don't rate it, change it.
If it all feels too small,
Knock the walls, rearrange it.
But no shrinkin' yer thinkin'
An inch for a place in it.
Bend it, extend it,
But don't be a slave to it.

FLEA looks at us.

FLEA
If humans could fly
As well as a flea,
The sights that we'd see,
The giants we'd be.
But we can't jump for shit
And it's cool with me,
Cos my mind is the muscle
That's makin' me free.

FLEA heads off down the walkway - ten feet tall and growing.

CUT TO BLACK.