

Acid - Sample Scenes

By

Luke Hunter

An upper-class photographer's girlfriend is disfigured in an acid attack, so he infiltrates the gang responsible, to take revenge.

luke_m_hunter@hotmail.com

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

ALISHA WOOD, 19, a charismatic model stares ahead, horrified.

NERO (O.S.)
Perfect. Alisha, you're perfect.

Liquid is thrown in Alisha's face, she screams.

NERO (O.S.)
It's just you and me.

A camera flashes, behind it stands NERO DRAKOS, 20, upper class, arrogant but loyal. He barely looks at Alisha, just staring at the camera screen. Clients and producers mill about a studio, nothing intimate about this shoot. An ASSISTANT pipettes glycerine onto Alisha's face.

NERO
Give it meaning. Please.

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

A huge digital screen shows a video collage of Alisha's face. Snippets of surreal audio and screams play over the collage.

NERO (O.S.)
It's about the search for purpose
really, can emotions be
maintained if you don't really
feel them. It's post-post modern.

Nero schmoozes several critics, the whole thing has a tense, artificial feel.

Nero glances across the room, Alisha is speaking with a large, ruddy-faced DRUNK MAN, who tries to shove money in her hand.

FREDDIE
Is it intentionally derivative of
your mother's early work?

Nero's attention snaps back to FREDDIE, mid-30s, kind, understanding.

NERO
It's an homage, not a
derivation-- excuse me.

Nero smiles, shakes a hand and then hurries over to Alisha, trying to appear casual.

GEORGE
 (to Alisha)
 ... Doesn't need to know.

NERO
 Alisha, are you alright?

The drunk man turns, this is GEORGE DRAKOS, late 40s, a first-generation Greek immigrant, an alcoholic, and Nero's father.

GEORGE
 Nero, my boy, my boy, excellent work, really really... excellent.

George glugs champagne, his Greek accent thick with drink.

NERO
 I thought you were staying at home?

GEORGE
 No, well, I thought... support my boy? Yes? Family... important. Your mother would be... happy, proud...

George finishes off the drink and basks in the awkward tension.

GEORGE
 Well... I suppose... I'll get a refill. Alisha, consider... everything.

George lumbers off, Alisha exhales anxiously.

NERO
 What were you talking about?

ALISHA
 Just you're dad being your dad.

NERO
 I am sorry about him.

ALISHA
 Don't... you can't pick your family... but actually, there is something we need to talk about--

CLAP CLAP - two loud claps from across the room and the SQUEAK of a MICROPHONE being turned on.

Nero and Alisha turn to see DARIUS DRAKOS, mid 50s, powerful, imposing, confident, stood with a microphone.

DARIUS

Welcome, everyone, welcome. I couldn't be prouder of the exhibition we have created tonight. My purpose has always been to nurture young talent, so if anyone sees any, let me know...

Gentle laughter from the crowd as Darius owns the room. Nero looks on with awe as Alisha leans into his ear.

ALISHA

We need to find some time.

NERO

We can talk in the car.

INT/EXT. CAR / STREETS - NIGHT

Nero and Alisha sit in the back of a Uber, idling in traffic. Nero leans way forward, babbling to the DRIVER.

NERO

It's more metaphysical than spiritual in terms of themes. Some people don't understand, but I think that's a problem with the education system's lack of focus on creativity.

The Driver nods at the bullshit and beeps the horn.

ALISHA

We can walk from here. Thank you.

Alisha opens the door, Nero looks nervously out into the dimly lit street and holds her back a second.

ALISHA

It's just round the corner.

Nero reluctantly steps out.

EXT. MARTON STREET - NIGHT

Alisha and Nero walk along the dark streets, they pass a crew of 7 young guys in hoodies and tracksuits, chilling on a corner. JERMAINE, 19, buff, charismatic, a ladies' man, leans off a wall as Alisha walks by.

JERMAINE

Where you goin' gal, party's out here. Don't stress, your boy can watch!

Nero pulls Alisha closer and hurries along. MACCA, 18, a large, laid-back, red-eyed, joker, points at Alisha.

MACCA
G, that's legit the model,
straight up.

VIPER, early 20s, dominant, authoritative, nudges Macca to shut up as Alisha looks back.

JERMAINE
I see you looking gal. Keep
smiling yeah, you find yourself
pregnant. Trust.

The crew laugh as Nero rushes Alisha around a corner.

INT. POSH CLUB - NIGHT

Alisha dances hard as strobe lights cut her face into strips.

Nero, drunk, watches from a VIP area as he gulps down champagne, Darius sits beside him

NERO
Have you noticed something wrong
with Alisha... I think Dad was
trying to give her money or
something?

DARIUS
I have given up trying to
determine why your father does
anything... but I will say this
and I will say it only once, you
can do better than that girl.

NERO
What?

DARIUS
You're a Drakos, the world is at
your feet. Don't be hypnotised by
the first pretty face you see.

NERO
Mum was Dad's first girlfriend.

DARIUS
You are more than your father.

NERO
They compared me to her tonight.
Mum... everyone compares me to
her.

DARIUS

She was a good artist... but you could be great.

Nero takes this in, contemplating the past.

NERO

Why didn't he help her? He could have done something, he could have--

DARIUS

-- Nero. What is done is done. Your mother can not step back on that ledge, your father can not change his inaction. This is life. We move forward. You move forward.

NERO

(snapping)

Well, why didn't you help them?

Darius stops, suddenly offended. Nero looks up with angst.

NERO

I'm sorry, I didn't mean...

DARIUS

Go home. Drink water. Go to bed. The early hours are for mistakes you can not yet afford to make.

Nero nods, Darius hugs him. Nero sees George drunkenly talking to some women at the bar.

NERO

(begrudgingly)

Make sure Dad gets home...

Darius nods with a smile as Nero leaves.

EXT. POSH CLUB ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Nero trudges out of the club, Alisha following behind.

ALISHA

Nero, we still need to talk--

NERO

(drunkenly)

-- We talk and talk and talk but have nothing to say...

Nero steps into the street to look for a taxi. A moped speeds towards him with TWO MEN in helmets on it.

The moped slows in front of Alisha.

A bottle of liquid, in the PASSANGER'S hands.

CRNNCHHH - the bottle is squeezed - the liquid shoots into Alisha's face.

She flinches back--

SCREECHHHH - the tires of the moped scream as it speeds off, nearly crashing into a car -

BANG BANG - the moped driver slams the car's hood twice, then peels away.

AHHHHHHH - Alisha's sudden scream, Nero spins round to see her clutch her face and fall to the floor.

NERO

Alisha!

Nero rushes over as Alisha screams, clawing at her face with her hands, her skin fizzes.

BOUNCER 1

What the fuck!

NERO

Alisha!

Nero kneels down beside her as a crowd gathers.

NERO

What happened? What fucking happened!

Nero panics as Bouncer 1 steps back, scared. Alisha howls in pain.

NERO

Do something!

Everyone else watches as Nero looks around desperately. He grabs a water bottle from a MAN and pours it over Alisha's face.

NERO

Come on, more water. Now! Now!

Alisha's skin - pulling away from her face.

NERO

No no! Alisha it's okay, you're gonna be okay!

Alisha convulses in Nero's arms - SKTT SKTT SKTT - her shoes scrabble on the cobbles - The crowd film on their phones.

NERO

Alisha!

Alisha grabs her chest and passes out, skin fizzing.

NERO

She's not breathing. Someone do something!

Everyone stares, agape, some just film on their phones.

NERO

Please!

No response, no help.

Nero's eyes narrow -

He tips a whole bottle of water on Alisha's face, wipes her mouth with his shirt, then opens up Alisha's mouth with his hands - CPR.

BOUNCER 1

Don't!

Nero breathes into Alisha's mouth, then flinches back in pain, holding his lips.

He presses her chest and grits his teeth - BMPP, BMPP, BMPP - he silently counts the compressions.

He yanks opens her mouth again - ANOTHER BREATH.

Nero's own lips burn from the acid.

Nero spits on the ground then breathes in Alisha's mouth again.

He pulls back as his saliva and the acid form a string between the lovers' mouths.

Nero tries to go back for a third breath, but coughs and splutters - in agony.

NERO

(raspy)

Come on!

Nero breathes in her mouth again and again--

She coughs, alive, gasping for breath.

Nero reels back, clutching at his throat, in dire pain, then looks over at Alisha, clutching her face, as he passes out.

SKIPPING 10 PAGES - NERO WAKES UP, THE ACID HAS BURNED HIS VOCAL CHORDS, HE IS MUTE. HE FINDS OUT ALISHA WAS PREGNANT AND THE BABY SURVIVED, THEN HUNTS DOWN THE GANG ALONE, EVENTUALLY FINDING THEM - THIS IS THEIR NEXT INTERACTION:

EXT. NEEDLY STREET - NIGHT

Nero peeks around and sees the CREW OF 7 LADS from earlier, down the far end of an alley.

KCHK - Nero snaps a photo of them, ducking back around the alley, like a private eye.

EXT. ALLEYS - NIGHT

Nero follows the crew down a labyrinth of alleys - one turn, then the next - brickwork, graffiti, bins, fire escapes, rubbish bags, metal doors - one corner after the next, but he loses them.

CLACK CLACK CLACK - Nero's italian shoes slap the cobbles as he jogs to the next corner and turns--

SLAM - Nero is shoved up against the wall by VIPER, the leader.

VIPER

You following us fam?

Nero shakes his head.

VIPER

And what bruv, you fucking CID?

SCZICCKK - Viper flicks out a SWITCH-BLADE.

VIPER

Speak up yeah!

Nero scrabbles for his neck and yanks his collar down, revealing the scar on his neck. JERMAINE, the ladies man, inhales sharply.

JERMAINE

Hype cuz, someone fucked him up, no doubt.

Viper glances at Nero's camera bag.

VIPER

Who you with boy, what you got?

Nero shakes his head, Viper nods to MACCA, the joker, who lumbers over and takes the bag.

VIPER
Macs, what's in it?

MACCA
(laughing)
Mans can't find the zip. Proper
jokes.

Jermaine laughs, Viper doesn't. Macca feels for the zip. Nero reaches in his pocket, pulls out £20 and gestures 'smoking weed' to Viper.

VIPER
And what?

Nero gestures smoking weed again and mouths 'please'.

MACCA
I think he wants the connect cuz.

Viper scoffs and lets go of Nero.

VIPER
Na, this is some fucking bait
set-up.
(to Nero)
Get getting detective inspector.

Viper turns to leave, Nero touches his shoulder.

VIPER
(angry)
You vexing me now!

Nero meekly holds up his notebook, it reads 'for the pain'. Viper looks suspicious; Macca steps forward, pitying.

MACCA
(to Viper)
I got this. Mans just needs his
medicine fam. Call in the real G
doctor yeah?
(to Nero)
How much you need lil' mute?

Nero holds up the £20. Macca looks around, takes the cash, palms two baggies of weed to Nero and turns to go, but Nero touches his arm.

Macca turns back, Nero gestures rolling the joint, the crew laugh.

MACCA
Aight, if this is C-I-D, them
boys is stepping up the game man.
Mad respect.

Macca rolls a joint and offers it up to Nero, who looks at it, nervous. Macca smiles, lights the joint, takes a drag and hands it to Nero, who sucks on it briefly.

MACCA

Na, cuz, in, in, hold, out, yeah?

Nero nods as Macca smiles.

MACCA

And Mute man, don't ever fuckin'
try that round here again yeah?
Mans gonna get got, you get me?

Nero nods as Macca and the crew stroll away into the night they own.

Nero waits till they are round a corner and goes to stub out the joint, but stops just short, considers, then inhales again.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - NIGHT

Nero, high, wanders around the studio looking at his various pictures, mostly of Alisha, they now seem to shimmer.

Nero sits down in front of the digital collage of Alisha, which speaks the surreal fragments of overlapping phrases. Eventually certain words parse out.

ALISHA (V.O.)

Perfect. Nero... For me. Nero.
For me.

Nero looks at the collage with a bittersweet smile, then glances over to a pile of camera equipment in the corner.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Nero marches into the park holding a larger black bag. The crew sit by a fountain, smoking and listening to music.

JERMAINE

Yo Viper, it's the fucking mute!

Nero hands Viper some pictures of attractive models in various poses.

VIPER

The fuck is this cuz?

MACCA

Ey, they banging though.

Nero points to himself then the photos.

VIPER
You take these?

Nero nods and then takes a digital camera out of his bag.

VIPER
Woah woah, allow that man. You
one of them Vice reporters or
something yeah?

Nero shakes his head and opens his bag showing more
equipment.

VIPER
Na, fuck this, get going--

JERMAINE
-- Vipes man, let him take some.
Proper hype yeah? I needs a good
one for tinder.

FARMER, 18, perpetually high, leans forward.

FARMER
Mate, I think there's a guy with
a camera there.

Macca laughs at Farmer as Nero looks to Viper.

VIPER
Aight Mute, proceed.

Nero holds up a light meter to Farmers's face, Farmer
flinches.

FARMER
The fuck is this cuz! This some
M-I-6 camera shit?

Nero takes a reading as the others laugh in hysterics.

VIPER
Yo! We fucking professional now,
you get me, shape up.

The crew all line up around Viper, Nero looks up at the
lighting and the fountain and gestures for them to move
slightly, Viper shakes his head.

Nero shrugs, kneels and takes a photo, he shows it to the
group.

JERMAINE
Hype, bruv, that is sick. That is
absolutely sick.

MACCA

That's us cuz, we on TV.

STELL, 18 but looks 14, voice barely cracked, energetic, light-skinned, leans in.

STELL

Tight! Yes. Lemme get tha on snap alright?

Stell takes a photo of the camera showing the photo.

FARMER

Bruvvvvvvv, I look battered.

The others laughs as Viper pushes them aside and poses.

VIPER

Yo, lemme get some solo.

Nero holds up a finger, then gets a second camera out of his bag, checks that the film stock is loaded and then takes a picture of Viper in front of the fountain.

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

Viper's face sizzles in a bath of photographic acid - it's a developing picture. Nero takes it out and hangs it on a line, then grabs a dry photo and walks into a side room.

INT. STUDIO, SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

The entirety of a NOTICEBOARD is covered in photos of the crew and post-it notes detailing them - age, height, who they are - he is profiling them.

Above the pictures are two post-it notes reading "THROWER?" "DRIVER?"

MONTAGE - NERO BECOMES THE CREW PHOTOGRAPHER

Over the course of a MONTH, Nero takes photos of the crew: in their houses, on the streets, in clubs, parks, bars, shops etc.

As the crew involve him in their antics, Nero appears in their photos - playing footy, smoking weed, blasting tunes, on the bus, at a party, drinking, smoking, chilling - the time of their lives.