

107C CONT.

TERRY

Oh dear Jack, you have gone and been a silly boy. That's not tainted money, is it?

DANIELS

That's mine... what I copped down the club.

TERRY flicks through the notes.

TERRY

Gettin' lucky in your old age, Jack.

DANIELS

(shivering)

Yeah, take it....

TERRY

(shouting)

That's very good of you, Jack. But will that satisfy Mr. Harding?? Where's the Contract?

DANIELS

I don't know.

TERRY

'Ere Jack, you ain't got nothin' on your feet. I'm surprised you can feel your toes in this weather. Can you feel your toes.

Tapping them with spade.

DANIELS

Oh please Terry, no. I haven't got it. I swear I haven't got it.

DANIELS' confession is drowned by a chilling scream from the GIRL, hidden round the back of the van.

DANIELS

You bastards...

DANIELS lashes out, kicking RON in the crutch with his bare foot and catching TERRY round the face. JOE manages to stop him running, and the three of them hold him back on the bridge. TERRY holds the spade high, then brings it sharply down on DANIELS' toes.