

Night Cleaner

By AJ Hayward.

*Music is a moral law. It gives soul to the universe,
wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, and charm
and gaiety to life and to everything.* Plato

*I think music in itself is healing. It's an explosive
expression of humanity. It's something we are all touched
by. No matter what culture we're from, everyone loves
music.* Billy Joel.

Without music, life would be a mistake. Friedrich
Nietzsche.

Every scene in this movie is cued by music.

1. INT. MADS' BEDROOM - NIGHT.

MADISON or MADS for short, early twenties, cute girl-next-door-looks, lies on her bed dreamily thumbing through Smash Hits. With big frizz-bomb hair and dressed in 1980's fashion, ra ra skirt, leg-warmers, a stone-washed denim jacket, bangles aplenty, she could be mistaken for Madonna or Cyndi Lauper.

Tinny muffled male voices spill from her beloved antique Sony Walkman.

VOICE 1

She's fantastic. I knew she'd be a star.

VOICE 2

She could be. She could be great. She could be a major star.

VOICE 1

She is a star, George.

VOICE 2

The biggest star in the universe right now as we speak. Those were the set. The director's got all kinds of things, he's hot, he's hip, he's here, he's going to do all kinds of things. He's going to change the colour of the set. He's got a great idea for a blue one.

VOICE 1

Don't change a anything, George.

VOICE 2

He touches one thing, he's gone. I swear, he's history.

VOICE 1

I want to meet her.

VOICE 2.

You got it. Name the place. Name anywhere, any street. You gottit.

VOICE 1.

Now.

2. INT. MADS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

MADS turns over a page to reveal a centre-fold spread of diamond adorned Madonna living a life of luxury in her material world, a hot musclebound male model worshipping her.

'Material Girl' by Madonna.

The drums and bassline kick in with great gusto.

And, suddenly we're in MADS' imaginary world, dreaming of Mr right and a better life.

MADS peers at her pop idol with one thought in mind: if only it were me.

She sighs, heavily.

In perfect synchronicity to the beat, MADS energetically jumps to her feet and throws her best 1980'S dance moves, miming and singing, her feet thudding on the floor.

In the background, the bedroom, an escape pod from twenty first century life, is a 1980's musical paradise. Posters of 80's stars are plastered over the walls: Nik Kershaw, Depeche Mode, Toya Wilcox, Kate Bush, Siouxsie Sioux, The Bangles, not forgetting Madonna and Cyndi Lauper.

Shelves are crammed with various D90 mix tapes, each bearing hand-written labels: 'Birthday Blues,' 'Sleepy Sunday,' 'Beach BBQ,' 'Becca's Birthday,' 'Night in with Rob Lowe,' and so on...

Next to a tatty record player are stacks of Vinyl LP'S.

The song builds toward the chorus.

3. INT. MADS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Stood before a dresser, swaying in time to the blaring music, MADS picks up a hairbrush.

She looks around at her pokey, careworn room, then cheekily shrugs her shoulders.

Her relative poverty doesn't matter. Not a bit. What matters is the music.

MADS puts the hairbrush to her lips and belts out...

MADS

'Cause we are living in a
material world
And I am a material girl
You know that we are living in
a material world
And I am a material girl

Ouch that hurt. My ears are bleeding.

MADS cannot sing. Not even for a toffee. Her shrill voice sounds worse than fingernails drawn down a chalk board.

4. INT. MADS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Momentarily withdrawing from MADS' world, the music muffles.

MADS' tuneless voice not only sounds ridiculous it clashes with her looks. But she doesn't care. She sings and dances with youthful abandonment.

MADS
'Cause we are living in a
material world...

Bang!
Bang!
Bang!

The all too familiar sound of a mop thumping the ceiling from below booms into MADS' 1980's sanctuary as does the angry disembodied voice of her overbearing MOTHER.

MOTHER
Madison Mary McCarthy!

MADS carries on regardless.

MADS
...And I am a material girl...

Bang!
Bang!
Bang!

MADS
You know that we are living in
a material world...

MOTHER
Madison! Don't pretend you
can't hear me!

MADS remains fully immersed in Madonna's material world.

MADS
And I am a material girl...

MOTHER

Madison! Madison! Shouldn't
you be getting ready to leave?
You start your new job
tonight, remember?

Pop!

MADS' 1980's bubble suddenly bursts. Her goofy dance
stops dead. She yanks her headphones off with
exasperation, takes a second to reset then falsely
smiles.

MADS

Okay Ma! There's no need to
shout!

MOTHER

I want you out of this house
in five minutes flat!

MADS

(mumbles)

For heaven's sake, let me
breathe!

MOTHER

Five minutes!

MADS

Yes, Ma!

MADS presses stop and lets out a sigh of frustration.

MADS

Arrrgh!

Vreeeeep!

She fast forwards the tape, puts her headphones back on
then thumb-punches play.

'Wouldn't it be Good' by Nik Kershaw.

A guitar riff, bassline and drums introduce a strangely
upbeat melancholic melody.

MADS' shoulder's drop.

She forlornly approaches a crib in one corner of the room
in time with the beat, her movements a reflection of her
mood and the sombre song.

Surrounding the crib are references to MADISON'S
pugilistic past. There are trophies, championship belts,
rosettes, newspaper clippings and photographs of MADISON
sparring with her Papa at his gym.

Above the crib hangs a mobile with miniature boxing gloves.

MADISON peers down to see a beautiful baby, her daughter, Jellybean, swaddled, peacefully asleep.

MADS swells with motherly love. She reaches into the crib and gently strokes her daughter's cheek.

The baby contentedly smiles.

In perfect timing with the beat, MADS starts singing, lullaby soft.

MADS
I got it bad,
You don't know how bad I got,
it,
You got it easy,
You don't know when you've got
it good...

A tear trickles down MADS' cheek.

MADS
It's getting harder,
Just keeping life and soul
together...

Almost overcome with emotion, MADS momentarily loses the lyrics but manages to pick them back up again.

MADS
My broken spirit is frozen to
the core,
I don't wanna be here no more...

MADISON steps back in preparation for...

She throws her body and vocal chords into the heart-filled chorus.

MADS
Wouldn't it be good to be in
your shoes,
Even if it was for just one
day?
Wouldn't it be good if we
could wish ourselves away?
Wouldn't it be good to be on
your side?
The grass is always greener
over there,
Wouldn't it be good if we
could live without a care?

The music plays on, this time without MADS' tuneless voice.

MADS

I'm trying to be better. This job, it's for your future. Money in the bank, that's what we need. I need to get us away from here, find our own place. I don't care how small it is.

A moment.

MADS

Madonna was once an ordinary girl. She struck it lucky, so why can't I?

Absorbed in the music and her own thoughts, MADS fails to notice her MOTHER has entered the room.

MOTHER rips off MADS' headphones. The song is reduced to a thin whisper.

MOTHER

Wishing your life away with music won't make it any better!

MADS almost jumps out of her skin then composes herself.

MADS

Yes, Ma.

MADS and the music desynchronise, drastically. MOTHER'S mere presence has poured cold water on MADISON'S hopes and dreams.

MOTHER

Shoo! Time you left. It's important to make a good impression on your first day.

MADS

Ma, must I go?

MADS looks at her baby with longing.

MADS

This little girl needs her mummy.

MOTHER

Yes, you must. If you weren't such a floozy and hadn't got yourself banged up like a cheap slut, you'd be at University, studying to be a Doctor, just like your older brother, who by the way, if you haven't forgotten is marrying his lovely finance, Zareen, when he graduates next year.

MADS

How could I forget when you take every opportunity to remind me?

Scorn is written on MOTHER'S face. Meanwhile, the baby begins to stir.

MADS

Ma. It's not my fault.

MOTHER

Of course it's your fault. Take a good look at yourself. You're wrapped up in your own bloody world. A 1980's world no less!

MOTHER snootily eyes MADS from the feet up and head down.

MOTHER

And you dress like a tart. The way I see it, you invited HIM to advantage of you.

MADS

HIM has a name.

MADS

Not in this house he doesn't!

MADS

Ma, we've been over this. JACK told me he was wearing protection.

MOTHER

Men, especially boys, think with the tiny brains between their legs and often say things they don't mean. And you were too stupid to check, which makes it your fault in my book.

MOTHER clips MADS around the head.

MADS

And besides, he doesn't want anything to do with us now.

MOTHER

Good riddance to bad rubbish, that's what I say!

Their positions are so entrenched the argument seems to have no obvious end. They hate to love and love to hate each other.

MOTHER takes hold of the baby.

MOTHER

Go before you're late.

MADS kisses her baby on the forehead.

MADS

Night night, my favourite Jellybean. See you bright an early tomorrow morning.

MOTHER

Off you go. Start earning a living before I kick you onto the street.

MOTHER shoos MADS out of the room. MADS leaves, taking the tinny music spilling from her headphones with her.

5. EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT.

Dr Martyn clad feet energetically stomp along a driveway, the ground crunching underfoot. A rust-ridden car door creaks open, almost falling off its hinges, then clunks shut.

6. INT. MGB JALOPY - NIGHT.

MADS sits at the wheel of her car, a red MGB, evidently held together by rust. The roof is down.

She inserts the key. The engine turns over, letting out a spluttery purr. Then nothing. No music. No action. No movement of any kind, merely silent behavioural inertia. Something is missing...

MADS opens the glove box and rifles through a disorganised heap of cassettes. She picks up a tape and reads the label.

MADS
(mumbling)
Lazy Days...

A moment.

MADS
Erm...nope!

She discards the tape to the floor and digs out another, reading the label.

MADS
(mumbling)
Back Seat Snogging...no way
Jose! Look at the trouble you
got me into last time!

She discards the tape and digs out another, reading the label.

MADS
(mumbling)
Algebra. Never, ever again!
Not in my lifetime!

Appalled at notion of x's, y's, linear and quadratic equations, MADS tosses the tape out of the window. Mathematics is gone, forever.

MADS
Where are you?

MADS checks beneath her seat.

Nothing.

MADS
Come out, come out wherever
you are!

MADS checks beneath the passenger seat. Her hand and a cassette tape come into view. MADS' fingers spider around. Her finger tips are just millimetres away from what she's looking for. Then Bingo!

MADS pulls out the tape and reads the label.

MADS
Cold War Blues. Perfect!

MADS theatrically slips on her headphones then inserts the tape into her Walkman.

Vreeeeep!

She hits fast forward, then presses play with gravitas.

'99 Luftballons' by Nena.

A long droning bass note plays.

In hushed tones MADS sings along with Nena, in German. Why German and not English? Era authenticity. Not only that, MADS is fantastically bright so why ever not?

MADS
Hast du etwas Zeit für mich?
Dann singe ich ein Lied für
dich,
Von neunundneunzig Luftballons
Auf ihrem Weg zum Horizont.

Denkst du vielleicht grad an
mich?
Dann singe ich ein Lied für
dich,
Von neunundneunzig
Luftballons,
Und dass sowas von sowas
kommt...

Twangy bass, drums, a brassy lead begin to work their anti-atomic cold war magic.

MADS claps out the beat. One, two...The intro builds and builds...MADS performs an equally weird as comical shuffling seat dance.

She waits and waits for the perfect moment of her perfect 1980's soundtrack.

She selects first gear, finds the biting point...

An electric guitar and snare thrash out an excited rhythm.

MADS drops the handbrake and sinks her foot into the accelerator.

The wheels screech.

She's off, and fast!

And so is the frenetic song. MADS sings in English over Nena's German.

MADS
Ninety-nine red balloons
Floating in the summer sky..

7. EXT. SUBURBIA - NIGHT.

MADS tears through suburbia at full pelt, singing her head off, her hair blowing in the breeze, the jalopy leaving a plume of smoke behind it.

MADS
Panic bells, it's red alert!
There's something here from
somewhere else!

8. EXT. JUNCTION - NIGHT.

The car screeches to an abrupt stop. MADS sits there, bathed in red light, seat dancing, singing off key.

MADS
The war machine springs to
life,
Opens up one eager eye..

An old man passes by, locking eyes with MADS. He looks at her like she's an alien visiting from another planet. It is enough to destroy MADS' fantasy world. She suddenly feels self-conscious and stops singing. The song leaks from her headphones.

The light changes from Red, to red-amber then green.

She's off again and so is song at full volume.

MADS
99 Decision Street, 99
ministers meet
To worry, worry, super-scurry

Of course, MADS isn't worried about anything right now. She's in the zone. Her present 1980's past. It's just her, the music and the car.

9. EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NIGHT.

MADS drives along a wide avenue, industrial buildings looming over her on either side. She seat-dances and sings her heart out.

MADS
 99 dreams I have had,
 In everyone a red balloon,
 It's all over and I'm standin'
 pretty,
 In this dust that was a city.

MADS flicks the indicator stalk. The cute MGB convertible swerves into a corner.

10. EXT. MYSTERIOUS DARK ALLEY - NIGHT.

MADS drives down a mysterious dark alley. She flicks the headlights to full beam. Peering into the distance she sees no obvious landmarks. Wherever this place is, it's in the middle of nowhere and scary.

MADS sings but less enthusiastically than before, somehow shrinking with every lyric.

MADS
 If I could find a souvenir
 Just to prove the world was
 here...

The car rounds a corner. Caught in the headlights is a gate emblazoned with black and yellow reflective chevrons. MADS mumbles the last two lines.

MADS
 And here is a red balloon
 I think of you and let it go.

The balloon and the song, caught on a breeze, soar high into the sky then disappear.

11. EXT. RAILWAY DEPOT GATE - NIGHT.

The car rolls to gentle stop in front of large gate, a railway level crossing. This is an eerie foreboding other-worldly place, like nothing MADS has ever seen. She presses stop on the Walkmann and removes the headphones. All falls ominously quiet.

MADS reads a sign printed in bold red lettering.

MADS
Danger. Do not cross when gate
is closed.

MADS looks around in all directions - there is no obvious danger.

She shrugs her shoulders and waits.

Then, almost silently, a gargantuan train passes right in front of her. Suddenly, MADS feels very small and very frightened.

MADS
Get a grip, Madison. You're
here for Jellybean.

MADS' mind drifts to a beautiful memory.

CUT TO:

12. INT. MADS' BEDROOM - NIGHT.

The baby lies supine in her crib blowing spit bubbles, pawing at a boxing glove mobile overhead.

CUT BACK TO:

13. EXT. RAILWAY DEPOT GATE - NIGHT.

Lost in the memory, MADS fails to notice the train has come and gone and the gate has been opened. Now, a GATEMAN stands next to her, pointing a torch beam in her face, nearly blinding her.

GATEMAN
'Spose you're the new night
cleaner?

MADS
'Spose I am.

The gateman points his torch in the direction of a cluster of distant buildings - locomotive sheds, porta cabins, fuel silos and the like.

GATEMAN

Follow the road. Speed limit
is 5 miles per hour.

MADS sarcastically salutes the man.

MADS

Road. 5 miles per hour. Yes,
sir!

MADS drops the handbrake and pushes her foot through the floor.

Wheels spin. The car bounces over railway tracks, and splutters into the distance toward a coppice of buildings.

MADS upbeat 1980's soundtrack is conspicuous by its absence, underlining the point, this a scarily strange place, surreal even.

14. EXT. RAILWAY DEPOT CARPARK - NIGHT.

The cute MGB skids to a halt in front of a utilitarian building - the canteen. Unwelcoming cold light spills from dirty windows.

The engine is cut. A rusty car door creaks open.

MADS swings her legs out, plants her Dr Martens on the floor then slams the car door shut with panache.

She stands tall, glances around wondering what hell she has got herself into, flicks her hair to one side and strides toward a half-opened door.

At odds with the scene, and more in keeping with a western movie, MADS hears a honkytonk piano thrashing out a jolly tune, peals of laughter and all-round frivolity. With each step the sounds grow louder and louder.

15. INT. WESTERN SALOON - NIGHT.

A rough around the edge's western saloon. A pianolo hammers out a bombastic ditty. A provocatively dressed, transvestite bearded barman, CLIVE, polishes a glass at a bar. A mysterious man, The Man in Black, sits alone at a table, nursing a whisky, smoking a cheroot. He doesn't have a pistol. His looks could kill.

Five cowboys and two cowgirls are gathered at a table. Present are:

LIPS, a young woman, peroxide blonde hair, a sketch pad for tattoo artists, collagen-filled lips and over-inflated tits.

DANGER MOUSE and PENFOLD, two brothers in their twenties, who bear striking resemblances to their namesakes.

DR ZIRA, a middle-aged woman, a doppelganger for the Planet of the Apes character of the same name.

Handlebar moustachioed, DWARF JOE, dressed, entirely in white, skyscraper-high Stetson, duster an' all.

BELCHER, a dim-witted, scrawny, spectacle wearing thirty something.

And, FATSO, the head honcho, the guy with the biggest ego, biggest belly and biggest mouth.

Together, these rag-tag foul-mouthed misfits form FATSO'S Cleaning Crew.

All eyes are fixed on a game of Five Finger Fillet. Bizarrely, the game is being played with an upturned toilet brush, not a knife.

With any luck, the reason for this anachronism will become clear..

It's LIPS', turn. She methodically drills the toilet brush between her spanned fingers.

PENFOLD winces with every stab.

FATSO

Fuck me sideways, what the fuck was that?

LIPS

(cold)

There's no chance I'll ever fuck you, let alone sideways.

DANGER MOUSE

Slower than a herd of turtles stampeding through peanut butter.

DR ZIRA

I've seen mummies decay faster.

BELCHER

(burping)

Faster!

LIPS goes again, this time faster.

PENFOLD'S face crumples like a spent paper napkin.

PENFOLD

Cripes.

FATSO

That's fucking more like it.

BELCHER
(burping)
Faster!

BLECHER'S foul breath hits FATSO square in the jaw.

FASTO
Jesus, fucking H, what fuck
have you been eating, dog shit
sarnies?

BELCHER
(burping)
Onions.

FATSO
Fuck me.

BELCHER
(burping)
No thanks.

LIPS picks up the pace.

PENFOLD
Someone's going get hurt.

FATSO
Yeah, you, if you don't keep
your trap shut, ya big fucking
sissy.

DWARF JOE
Sissy is history, I'll be
fucking Wendy, later...

A moment.

DWARF JOE
...Rodeo style...Yee-haw!

FATSO
What is it with you and that
Texan tart?

DWARF JOE
A true gentleman always
protects the modesty of his
woman. Rest assured, FATSO, my
morbidly obese friend, she can
do things with her tongue
that...

LIPS stabs the toilet brush into the table, hard.
Everyone shudders.

A moment.

LIPS
Fellas, your trash talk is
making my skin crawl. We've
all heard what Wendy can do -
literally, thousands of times!
If you don't zip it...

She throws dagger eyes at DWARF JOE.

LIPS
I'll shove this brush up your
ass...

DWARF JOE
(mumbling)
Promises, promises.

FATSO
Kinky fucking bastard.

JOES glares at FATSO.

LIPS
...And stick it down your
throat.

FATSO
Whoah! Steady on...

LIPS
That's it, I'm done.

LIPS discards the toilet brush, mic-drop style, cue ear-
piercing feedback.

A moment.

DR ZIRA lifts a butt cheek and farts. A smell like rotten
eggs flesh fills the air.

Repulsed, everyone stares at ZIRA.

In the background, THE MAN IN BLACK snarls; the BARMAN
wafts a hand in front of his nose and squirts air
freshener.

DR ZIRA
What?

FATSO
Read the fucking sign.

FATSO points to a sign on the wall reading, 'Dispose of Toxic Waste Responsibly'.

DR ZIRA
For Christ sake, in the age of
equality, men don't have the
monopoly of farting in public
spaces,

FATSO
I'll be reporting this to HR.

DR ZIRA is suddenly 'Dirty Harry' Callahan. She squints.

DR ZIRA
Go ahead, make my day.

FATSO backs down.

At that very moment, the saloon doors swing open
revealing...

MADS, the new gal in town.

She stands astride the saloon doors like she means
business.

All eyes are fixed on MADS

Stunning silence fills the room. You could hear a
termite's footsteps.

A crow caws.

The tension builds and builds...

16. INT. WESTERN SALOON - CONTINUOUS.

FATSO hammers his palms into the table.

Crack!

The sound is as loud as a gunshot.

Everyone almost jumps out of their skin. Except MADS that
is, steely-eyed she doesn't flinch, not a bit.

FATSO stands tall, checking his dual holsters for
weapons. Instead of pistols, however, he has scrubbing
brushes.

A spaghetti western riff plays, as if announcing a gun-
slingin' showdown.

FATSO, hands primed to draw, swaggers proud as a peacock,
over to MADS. They are now toe to toe.

Cue an intense Spaghetti Western style staring contest.
Sergio Leone eat your heart out.

Adding to the feel of the scene, FATSO puts on a Texan
drawl, albeit a terrible one.

FATSO
Lookee what we 'ave here boys
and girls. A new piece of meat
to sink our teeth into.

The other cowboy and cowgirls half-heartedly laugh.

FATSO
What's your business here,
pretty little thing?

MADS clear her throat.

MADS
I'm the new night cleaner.

FATSO snarls from one corner of his mouth like Clint Eastward.

FATSO
You sure as hell don't look
like no night cleaner I ever
seen. Take a wrong turn or
somethin'?

MADS falters.

MADS
Erm...umm...
FATSO
Seems like we 'ave ourselves a
mute.

FATSO scrutinises MADS, taking in the lines and curves of her youthful beauty as well as her funky 1980's outfit.

FATSO
This here establishment is a
respectable saloon.

FATSO looks over to the barman.

FATSO
Ain't that right, Clive?

The barman nods in agreement.

FATSO
The bordello is out a ways at
the edge of town.

MADS raises a sceptical eyebrow.

FATSO
But since you're here 'an
all...what name d' go by
sweetness?

MADS tries desperately hard not to laugh. She also tries
not punch FATSO in the face.

MADS
Mads.

FATSO steps back to take in MADISON all the more.

FATSO
(laughs)
Well look at you, a real-life
material girl in a material
world. Our world. Unlike any
other world you've dared step
foot in.

MADS blushes.

MADS
It's short for Madison.
Madison.

FATSO
Whatever you say, Madonna...

A moment.

FATSO
...or is it Cyndi Lauper?

FATSO laughs uncontrollably.

FATSO
Whatever you say darlin'.

MADS' confidence returns somewhat.

MADS
And who are you?

When FATSO turns to introduce the rest the gang, pointing to each one them, the Western Saloon is gone and replaced by a functional, concrete block, canteen. No-one wears cowboy garb. And FATSO'S pathetic accent is gone.

FATSO
We call trout pout over there
Lips.

LIPS
It's Becka, Moron. Fucking
Becka.

FATSO grabs his crotch.

FATSO
Maybe later, hey, hun...in the
signal box?

LIPS flips FATSO the finger.

LIPS
(mumbling)
Not if my life depended on it.

FATSO turns to look at MADS.

FATSO
Don't worry love, there's
enough to go around.

MADS is revolted by the suggestion.

A moment.

FATSO
Those two goons are Danger
Mouse and Penfold. Both gaming
geeks. If you don't want to be
bored to death, keep your
distance.

The brothers, eyes the size of headlights, drool over the newcomer.

DANGER MOUSE
Ignore him. I'm Josh this
witless wannabe is my kid
brother, John.

PENFOLD punches his brother in the arm, hard.

DANGER MOUSE
Fuck, that hurt.

PENFOLD
(mumbling)
That was the general idea.

A moment.

PENFOLD
(bashful)
Hi.

MADS nods.

FATSO
The midget...

DWARF JOE cuts FATSO down.

DWARF JOE
Vertically challenged, person
of short stature, little
person or DWARF, if you don't
mind.

FATSO
Okay Thorin Oakenshield, keep
ya fucking hair on.

DWARF JOE shakes his head in disgust while muttering a
string of barely audible expletives under his breath.

FATSO
Planet of the Apes is ZIRA.
Doc for short.

DR ZIRA
MO. It's MO. Mother hen to
these ugly ducklings.

FATSO
And that foul-mouthed cunt is
Belcher.

BELCHER
(burping)
Hello.

FATSO
Right on fucking cue. Belcher
by fucking name, Belcher by
fucking nature.

A moment.

FATSO
That's Clive our resident
alky.

CLIVE raises a hip flask and takes a swig from it.
FATSO points to THE MAN IN BLACK.

FATSO
And he's part of the fucking
furniture. No-one knows his
name. No-one knows what he
does. He just loiters in his
corner like a bad fucking
smell.

THE MAN IN BLACK snarls and spits a globule of Tabaco on
the floor.

MADS
(perky)
Hi, everyone.

A murmuring wave of unenthusiastic greetings washes
around the room.

MADS
You didn't answer my question.

FATSO
Oh?

MADS
What's your name?

FATSO
Always putting others first,
myself last. That's me all
over.

MADS
Well?

FATSO
Colin, pleased to meet you.

BELCHER
(burping)
Colon.

The others snigger.

MADS cringes at FATSO'S sweaty palm as the two shake hands.

DWARF JOE ceases his opportunity for pay back.

DWARF JOE
Better known as...

Penfold performs a drum roll; the others join in.

A moment.

EVERYONE
FATSO!

Everyone, MADS included, creases up with laughter.

FATSO
Yeah yeah yeah...nothing I
haven't head before. Pipe
down. I carry a thick winter
coat over big bones, so what?

Desperate to deflect, FATSO glances at a clock on the wall.

FATSO
Would you look at that? Time
to get suited and booted.

MADS is struck by confusion.

MADS
Suited and booted?

FATSO
Oh, nothing to worry about.
ZIRA will show you the ropes.

CLIVE and the MAN IN BLACK stay put. They are never seen again.

FATSO'S crew, MADS included, reluctantly stand, then leave the canteen through a door labelled 'Changing Rooms'.

17. EXT. DEPOT COURT YARD - NIGHT.

A limelight tracks across a concrete courtyard littered with a spaghetti mess of railway tracks and finds FATSO'S crew standing in front of the canteen.

Kitted out, head to toe in bright yellow Hazmat suits they look like they belong in a block busting sci-fi movie.

MADS, is wearing her Walkman. She's rarely, if ever, without it.

Everyone is armed to the teeth with cleaning equipment: mops, backpack vacuum cleaners, brooms, feather dusters, you name it, they have it. This crew are the Ghost Busters of the cleaning world.

DWARF JOE shoulders a massive ghetto blaster. Frankly, he looks frigging ridiculous.

FATSO turns to JOE and does his best Darth Vader Impression.

FATSO
It is time.

JOE, nods, turns the volume dial past 10 to 11 then presses play.

'Back in Black' by ACDC.

Via musical osmosis, FATSO'S crew start feeling the rhythm. They nod their heads, tap their feet and sway their hips.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Five.

Everyone stops moving. The calm before electric heavy metal storm.

Six.

Seven.

Eight.

Boom!

A monumental guitar riff cracks the universe wide open. They're off!

In perfect synchronicity to the beat, FATSO'S crew strut across the court yard, throwing moves, like they own the place. They are rock-hard, cleaning superheroes.

18. EXT. DEPOT COURT YARD - NIGHT.

Keeping in time with the beat, FATSO'S crew enter a railway shed.

19. EXT. RAILWAY SHED - NIGHT.

FATSO'S crew stand trackside, next to a train towering over them.

JOE places the ghetto blaster on the ground and presses stop.

The music-fuelled adrenaline rush is gone. Blimey, that was one heck of a wild ride! My ears are still ringing.

FATSO removes his headgear and starts undressing.

Everyone else follows his lead, discarding the hazmat suits to floor.

MADS is stupefied.

MADS
I don't understand.

FATSO
Come on...who doesn't enjoy
playing dress-up?

FATSO'S mind drifts to a memory.

CUT TO:

20. INT. FATSO'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM - DAY.

FATSO, wearing thick badly applied make-up, prances around in front of a full-length mirror in his mother's clothes, sky-scraper high heels 'an all. His sexuality, looks, well, dubious

CUT BACK TO:

21. EXT. RAILWAY SHED - NIGHT.

LIPS knows exactly where FATSO'S mind has drifted and looks at him with loathing.

LIPS
Fucking weirdo. Don't we have
a train to clean?

FATSO
Yes, we fucking do!

One by one, FATSO'S crew haul themselves and their equipment onto the train.

First up is Dr ZIRA, followed by BELCHER and PENFOLD.
 JOE, groaning and heaving, tackles the ghetto blaster like he's a lifting an Atlas Stone in the World's Strongest Man competition. No-one offers help. It's painful to watch.

DWARF JOE
 My name is Dwarf Joe,
 commander of the short-limbed
 armies of the North, loyal
 servant of Fatso the
 ginormous, son of a short-ass
 mother, father to a pint-sized
 son. And I will have my
 vengeance in this life or the
 next...

Near to exhaustion, JOE finally has the ghetto blaster on board.

DWARF JOE
 ...Are you not entertained? Are
 you not entertained?

DANGER MOUSE rolls his eyes.

DANGER MOUSE
 Maximus Decimus Dwarfius is
 off on one again.

DWARF JOE
 Thanks for helping...fuckers!

FATSO
 You're fucking welcome.

JOE clambers up the ladder.

FATSO, a weedy overweight recruit at bootcamp, heaves himself onto the first rung and gets stuck.

DANGER MOUSE pushes FATSO from the rear.

FATSO slips, shoving his blubbery behind in DANGER MOUSE'S face.

DANGER MOUSE
 (muffled)
 Fat fucking dirty bastard!

With all his effort, DANGER MOUSE gives one last almighty push. At last FASTO is on the train.

DANGER MOUSE
Thank fuck, I can breathe.

DANGER MOUSE somehow leaps onto the train like it's nothing.

MADS is the last to board. She puts one foot on the ladder, then pauses.

In the corner of her eye, MADS sees or thinks she sees a dark shadow streak across the depot. MADS takes a keener look but sees nothing.

MADS
(mumbling)
My imagination running wild,
again.

She shrugs her shoulders and climbs aboard.

22. INT. TRAIN, VESTIBULE - NIGHT.

FATSO'S crew are gathered in a cramped vestibule, surrounded by cleaning equipment. An argument of sorts, breaks out about who's doing what.

DR ZIRA
I'm on windows.

DANGER MOUSE
You did windows on the last one.

PENFOLD
She always does windows.

DWARF JOE
She's a fucking window cleaner not a train presentation operative. All she needs now is a cart, a ladder and a fucking shammy.

LIPS
I ain't touching the toilets. Fuck no! Not after last time. That submarine-sized log was traumatising. Scarred me for fucking life.

FATSO puts an arm around LIPS.

FATSO
 Sounds like a bad case of
 P.T.T.C.S.

MADS
 P.T.T.C.S?

FATSO
 Post Traumatic Toilet Cleaning
 Syndrome. It happens to the
 best of us, darlin'.

LIPS wriggles free of FATSO'S lecherous embrace.

LIPS
 Fucking creep. One more move
 like that and I'll introduced
 your balls to my steel toe-
 capped boots. Capeesh?

FATSO smiles then grabs his crouch, again.

FATSO
 You don't know what you're
 missing, love.

LIPS hand-cranks her middle finger.

DWARF JOE
 Besides, her lips and tits are
 too fucking big to squeeze
 through fucking the door.

While all the males laugh, the females shake their heads
 in disbelief at the outrageous sexist remark.

DANGER MOUSE gives BELCHER the nod.

DANGER MOUSE
 The turdminator will take care
 of the bogs, won't you Belch?

BELCHER
 (burping)
 Yes!

FATSO barks out orders.

FATSO
 Danger Mouse and Penfold are
 vacuuming. Right lads?

DANGER MOUSE & PENFOLD.
 (mumbling)
 If we must.

FATSO
 Belcher's on bogs. Doc's on
 Windows.

DANGER MOUSE, PENFOLD, & DWARF
 JOE.
 Again!

FATSO
 The midget can do whatever
 midgets do.

DWARF JOE
 (mumbling)
 Perform circus tricks?
 Fucking ill-educated cunt.

FATSO
 And we'll see if Madonna can
 keep up wit me.

DR ZIRA
 Sloths are quicker than you.

FATSO
 You'd know, ape woman!

DWARF JOE.
 Don't mean to be
 pedantic...sloths are not apes.
 They aren't even marsupials.
 They have more in common with
 anteaters, as a matter of
 fact.

FATSO
 No-one cares, shorty!
 A moment.

FATSO
 Is everyone clear about who's
 doing what?

Under their breaths, everyone agrees to FATSO'S train-
 cleaning plan.

DWARF JOE
 (mumbling)
 Clear as fucking dirty dish
 water.

23. INT. TRAIN, CARRIAGE - NIGHT.

Hold onto your hats, take a deep breath. Breathe
 goddammit breathe. Things are about to get weird.

'Back in Black' by ACDC.

Six.

Seven.

Eight.

Boom!

That almighty fret-burning guitar riff smashes apart the
 universe, again. In perfect synchronicity to the beat,
 FATSO'S crew strut into the carriage proper, wielding
 cleaning equipment; DWARF JOE shouldering the ghetto
 blaster.

Hang on. Something is off. It doesn't smell right and
 looks down right odd.

Everyone apart from MAD'S is wearing ballet garb:
 leotards, tights, pink tutus and pointe shoes. Even
 FATSO. And, he looks hideous.

Scraaaaaaaaaaatch.

ACDC comes to an ignominious end.

Everyone stops.

MADS' face says it all. She has no idea what the hell is
 going on.

FATSO'S grand cleaning plan vaporises into thin air.

Without a word spoken, everyone (aside from MADS) takes
 position.

DWARF JOE puts the ghetto blaster on the floor and turns
 the volume to 11.

FATSO
 You know the drill, everyone.

DWARF JOE
 Shall I?

FATSO
 Make it so, number one.

With a glint in his eye that wasn't there before, DWARF JOE presses play.

'The Blue Danube' Johann Strauss II.

Boy oh boy, this is surreal. What's going on? The 'Dance of Train Cleaners', that's what.

JOE sucks in a deep meditative breath and unfurls himself like a flower opens its petals to the warmth of the morning sun. While the other cleaners follow his lead MADS stands there, relatively inert, her head spinning.

The birth pains of the music stir. Let's take a moment...

MADS

Err...umm...what am I supposed to do?

FATSO

Follow titch, you'll pick it up.

DWARF JOE

It's sink or swim time baby!

The cleaners compose themselves, attempting to find perfect form.

BELCHER punctuates proceedings with a ghastly burp.

Straus' waltz is now in full romantic swing.

This is going to fun. They're off!

The cleaners, sweep, vacuum, wipe and dust in perfect timing with each other and the music. Their movements are fluid and effortless, like they've performed together zillions of times. Truth be told, they have.

Everyone except MADS that is - in contrast her movements are clunky and desynchronised.

She pre-empties a beat, only to overstep another.

She wipes this way and that, not that way and this.

She sweeps backward and forward not forward and backward.

She mops left then right not right then left.

The music grows in complexity; one romantic gesture added to another. It's beautiful.

And, so do the moves...

FATSO'S crew, spin, they elegantly prance and leap, they combine one move with a second and a third. It looks impressive. Nearly as good as watching the Bolshoi Ballet perform in Moscow. NOT!

Sensational strings, brilliant brass...

Wait a minute. Did you see that? MADS is keeping up.
She just about has it.

The moves become ever more ambitious. And my God, MADS is making it look easy. She's the best of them.

The cleaning is just about done. Suddenly, DARE JOE gracefully runs along the carriage.

Something big is coming. He leaps high into the air. An imaginary audience hold their breath. Will he make it? 'Course he will. This is DWARF JOE. He can do almost anything.

Imaginary photographers capture the critical moments - orgasmic flash bulbs explode with delight.

He soars through the air, free as bird. And now he's falling, fast. Disaster looms.

FATSO sees the danger and raises his arms. Contact! FATSO has JOE. The imaginary crowd cheer with delight.

IMAGINARY CROWD
Bravo! Bravo! Encore! Encore!

JOE and FATSO take a bow, talking over each other.

FATSO
Thank you.

DWARF JOE
Thank you...thank you very much.

FATSO
We'll be hear all week.

DWARF JOE
Matinees are by one get one
free, children half price.

The imaginary audience throw red roses at the mismatched duo's feet. The carriage is strewn with them.

The music fades. That's the end of the 'Dance of the Cleaners'. I trust you enjoyed it as much as I did.

24. INT. CANTEEN - NIGHT.

FATSO'S crew enter the canteen, jostling past each other, talking amongst themselves.

DANGER MOUSE
Thank fuck for that!

PENFOLD
You can say that again.

DANGER MOUSE
Once is enough.

PENFOLD
Let's get-the-hell-outta-here.

LIPS
See you later losers!

DR ZIRA
The last bastard over and done with! Four days off...doing absolutely...

BELCHER
(burping)
Nothing!

DWARF JOE
I for one won't be wasting a second. Sun, sangria and sex in sunny fucking Scarborough with Wendy, that's what I'll be doing!

BELCHER
(burping)
Lucky bastard!

DWARF JOE
(gloating)
You either have it, or you don't, my friends. My caravan will be rockin' 'n' rollin' all week long.

FATSO makes a washing hands gesture then speaks to MADISON.

FATSO
Right, we'll be off then.

Taken aback, MADS is dumbstruck.
A moment.

MADS

'cuse me?

FATSO

Listen up kid, this crew work the day shift and only the day shift. Out of the goodness of our hearts we stayed behind and worked overtime to show you the ropes. We should have clocked off hours ago. The night cleaner...

A moment.

FATSO

...that's you, just in case you missed it...

A moment.

FATSO

...Works alone.

MADS

What?

FATSO

Pardon. Didn't your parents teach you manners?

MADS

But...but...

MADS begins to sink into a well of the anxiety, so much so her bottom lip quivers.

MADS

Alone?

FATSO.

Alone.

A moment.

FATSO wryly smiles.

FATSO

(gloating)

Top tip. Always read the fucking small print.

MADS eyes well with tears.

MADS
(mumbling)
Pull yourself together...pull
yourself together...

For some reason, FATSO slips into his Texan accent.

FATSO
I don't know who you are, or
where you came from. But Seems
to me the only reason a
handsome gal like you is
willin' to work in a place
such as this, is 'cos she
needs the dough.

A moment.

FATSO
So, I suggest you roll up ya
sleeves, get stuck in and..

FATSO switches back to type and thrusts his face into
MADISON'S.

FATSO
(mumbling)
...do the fucking work!

MADISON stands there, stunned into silence. It's all
FATSO, FATSO, FATSO...

FATSO
Besides, if you've been called
to be The Night Cleaner,
there's no avoiding it.
There's no get out clause.
You're here for as long as
they say you're here.

MADS
They? The agency, you mean?

FATSO
Sure, The Agency.

A moment.

FATSO

Now, if you don't mind, I have a home to go to and a dire urge to wank myself into oblivion, stack of porn in one hand, six pack in the other and, well, you have trains to clean. A lot of them. You know where they are.

A moment.

FATSO slips into his Texan accent again.

FATSO

Bye now!

FATSO and the other's hurriedly exit, leaving a turbulent wake behind them..

They are never seen again.

Title:

Night Cleaner.

Blood splatters over the writing.

26. INT. CANTEEN - NIGHT.

Left alone, the canteen spins around MADISON. It's almost as if she's being sucked into a lethal ocean whirlpool.

Pulled beneath the waters, panic sets in. She could drown any second.

Not knowing what else to do, MADS bolts legs it, bursting through a door...

27. EXT. DEPOT COURTYARD - NIGHT.

...And runs into the courtyard leaving the canteen behind her. MADS suddenly grinds to a halt.

The courtyard furniture - flood lights, overhead electrical cables, a train wash, railway sheds, fuel silos and the like tower over her, driving home the point she is small by comparison. She looks toward the:

Right - trains.

Left - more trains.

Front and to the rear - yet more trains.

Canteen - all the lights are off.

Trains, trains and trains; not a single person in sight.

A moment.

An owl hoots her telephone number, 282820. A wolf, silhouetted against a full moon, howls.

The sounds are foreboding. A presentiment of the dreadful things to come.

MADISON is alone. Very alone. The depot is deserted, or so it seems.

Worst still...Thick cinematic rain crashes from the heavens.

Yet, she stands there and takes the humiliation. In her world, no music, no action of any kind, remember?

MADS slips on her headphones and takes hold of her Walkman, hitting fast forward.

Vreeeeep!

A handwritten label reading 'Night Cleaner Job' is briefly seen through device's Perspex window. So in tune with her mixtapes, MADS knows exactly when to stop.

MADS hits play...

'Ghost Town' by The Specials.

Weird unearthly noises stir, a distorted siren sounds, lazy drums shuffle, metallic chords tremble...

A slow one, two, and quicker...three...four, five, six...

A haunting fluty melody conjuring long-dead Egyptian mummies and the urban decay of 1980's Britain's sallies forth. The unique two-tone ska is foot-tapping, head nodding and spine chillingly good.

And...ooooo...can you hear the meaty brass? Smooth.

MADISON is now free to move and move she does. She half dances and half walks, in perfect time to her perfect 1980'S soundtrack, along a track toward a railway shed in the distance.

The soundtrack almost screams as she does so.

28. EXT. RAILWAY SHED - NIGHT.

Silence. The music is gone. MADISON clambers aboard a gargantuan train, hauling cleaning equipment with her.

29. INT. FIRST TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT.

Laden with a vacuum cleaner, mop, dusters and so on, MADS, heaving under the strain, clumsily pushes, shoves and clatters her way through a door and enters a passenger carriage. It is an undignified entrance.

She nonchalantly dumps all her equipment on the floor. She looks north, south, east and west and sees piles upon piles of rubbish. Beer cans, spritzer bottles, crumpled takeaway wrappers, half eaten sandwiches, inside out brollies...You name it, it's there.

She peers beneath a seat - a sea of detritus is strewn over the floor.

She climbs onto a seat and pokes her nose above a bag rack. You got it, more rubbish. Tonnes of it.

MADS

(mumbling)

Oh my God! I'd hate to see how these people treat their homes! Animals. They belong in a zoo. No. Zoos are too good for them.

She glances at a nearby door. It is stained with carrot-peppered projectile vomit. And it stinks to high heaven. MADS retches but holds short of adding to the mess.

Drenched to the bone and overwhelmed at the task in hand, MADS slumps into a seat, holding her head in her hands and wonders, not for the first time, what she has got herself into.

MADS

What the hell am I doing here?
What have I done to myself?

A moment.

MADS

I'm sorry, Papa. I'm sorry for letting you down. I'm sorry for getting myself into this mess. I'm sorry for failing. I'm sorry for being weak.

MADS' mind drifts to a childhood memory...

30. INT. PAPA'S BOXING GYM - DAY.

MADS, about 8 years old, is in the ring with her Papa. She is training her ass off dripping with sweat.

One. Two. One Two. Jab. Jab. Hook. Jab. Jab. Hook.

PAPA

Last ten, Jellybean. Last ten!

MADS, bleary-eyed, sets her chin, ducks, dodges and weaves and throws a frenetic volley of punches, fast as lightening.

Then...unexpectedly, her arms fail, her gloves drop and...she gives up. MADS fights to catch her breath.

A moment.

Cue a brutal pep talk.

PAPA
Give up in here...

PAPA looks toward the gymnasium door.

PAPA
And you'll give up out there.

PAPA pushes MADS to the floor. She falls like a domino, bruising her ego more than her body. MADS starts to whimper.

PAPA
Out there, beyond that door,
the world doesn't care. It
will knock you down...again and
again and again.

A moment.

PAPA
It's up to you to get up. It's up to you if you succeed
or fail.

A moment.

PAPA
Which do you choose? Success
or failure?

A moment.

MADS grits her teeth.

MADS
I want to win!

MADS rises like a phoenix, her determination redoubled, tripled, no, quadrupled.

She hammers a volley punches at her Papa, hard and superfast. He falters backward and trips.

Smiling with pride he grabs MADISON and affectionately kisses her on the forehead.

PAPA
That's my girl, you've earned
a dose of ribblings.

PAPA madly tickles MADISON.

MADS
Stop, Papa, Stop!

PAPA
Love you, honey.

MADS
Love me less!

CUT BACK TO:

31. INT. FIRST TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT.

MADISON pulls herself together, by degrees. She produces a photograph of her Jellybean from a pocket, and stares at it longingly.

MADS
If only you were here now
Papa. I need you. We need
you. You would have made a
wonderful grandpapa.

A tear runs down MADISON'S cheek.
She sucks in a lung full of air as if to reset herself.

MADS
(mumbling)
The world doesn't care.
Success is my responsibility.

A moment.

MADS
Love you, Jellybean, with
every atom in my body.

MADS kisses the photograph then stows it safely away.
She slips on her headphones and presses fast forward.
Vreeeeep!
Then presses play...

'Shout' by Tears for Fears.

The chorus spills tinfoil-thin from the foamy headgear.
'Shout, shout, let it all out
These are the things I can do without...'
Close but no cigar.
Stop!

MADS presses rewind.

Peeeeerv!

Then presses play again.

'I Want to Break Free' by Queen.'

Queen's unique flavour of glam rock seeps from the headphones.

'I want to break free, I want to break free...'

Of its own accord MADS' foot starts tapping. Her head nods in time with the pleasantly poppy beat.

'I want to break free from your lies
You're so self-satisfied...'

No. no. no!

The flavour isn't quite right. This occasion demands a musical recipe with more salt, more spice, more vigour! Get with the program.

MADS presses stop then rewind.

Through the Walkman's window the spools are seen spinning. There's a wait. A long one. There's no frigging end to it. Round and round the spools whir...they're driving me round the ruddy bend.

Though MADS makes it look easy, finding the right track, at the right time, for the right occasion is more difficult than it appears.

The spools stop spinning.

MADS presses play.

'I want To Be Free' by Toyah.

Yes, yes, yes!

This is more like the something MADS is look for. This track, the musical equivalent of volatile vindaloo, has Exactly the right amount of angsty spice. Get ready to rock!

Snappy synthetic brass scampers away at full volume.

And suddenly, we're MADS' 1980's world.

A double time drum intro...

Booom!

A lingering chord. In perfect time with her perfect personal soundtrack, MADS springs to her feet.

Her determination to build a better life smashes through the roof of the motivational stock exchange, reaching an all-time high. Shareholders feint.

MADS sings along to Toyah's new wave spin on old skool punk rock.

MADS
(screeches)
I'm bored!

She scans the carriage with a new attitude, new eyes – evidently emboldened. The mountains of trash she saw before are now mere mole hills. Cleaning the carriage is surely going to be a snip.

This girl is amazing! She can accomplish anything she puts her mind to. Just watch her go.

In synchronicity to the beat MADS thrashes about...

Performing '**Dance of the Night Cleaner.**'

Intermittently, MADS joins in with the blaring song.

MADS
Don't want to go to school,
Don't want to be nobody's
fool...
Want to be me,
Want to be me...

FATSO'S Crew had their dance and MADS is unashamedly making up her own her own as she goes along. Her dance is wild, energetic and as a bonus hugely efficient.

Trash, one pile after another, soars through the air, and fills up one waste bag, a second, a third..

We're witnessing unadulterated wizardry. No two ways about it.

MADS spins, wiping down tables in one swift movement.

She pumps a vacuum back and forth with little effort.

She sweeps and dusts with unparalleled fluidity.

For a moment, the music is reduced to a tinny whisper. In contrast, MADISON'S shrill voice is deafening as she sings the chorus, tossing her hair about all over the place.

MADS
I'm going to turn this world
inside out,
I'm going to turn suburbia
upside down,
I'm going to walk the streets,
scream and shout,
I'm going to crawl through the
alleyways, being very loud..

The entire performance deserves top spot on Top Of The Pops. Pans People, who are they? It's crazy. It's marvellous. It a feast for the senses and supremely well-choreographed.

The music once again blares at full volume: neighbour annoyingly loud.

MADS
I'm gonna be free,
I'm gonna be free,
I'm gonna be freeeeee...

Phew! That was exhausting, a well-earned rest is in order.

Toyah's top track begins to fade...

MADS unplugs the vacuum cleaner then winds in the cable. She stands in the middle of carriage admiring her work. It is done. The place is as clean as a whistle, near as dammit.

MADS performs a washing hands gesture.

MADS
Thanks Papa, easy with the
right attitude.

MADS exits, taking all her gear with her.

32. INT. SECOND TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT.

Encumbered with cleaning equipment, MADS enters another carriage on the same train. As before there's nothing remotely elegant about her entrance. Just the opposite.

MADS discards her load then looks up. She rather wishes she hadn't done that. Why? This carriage is worse than the last one. It's so bad, it might as well be a skip.

MADISON'S heart sinks, then she remembers the lesson her Papa taught her.

She flips over the tape.

MADS
MADISON, time to put on your
red shoes.

Vreeeeep!

She shrugs off her misgivings, sets her chin, holds her the Walkman out in front of her like a gun, then thumb-punches play.

'Let's Dance' by David Bowie.

What an entrance the song makes! The beat, the harmonies; they quickly build then give way to an almost sleazy swagger. MADS loves it. We love that she loves it. Her body moves of its own accord in time to Bowies genius.

She sets to work, performing a weird dance-come-sexy-hip swaying-saunter. Gosh, the girls in the audience simmer with envy while the boys drool – copiously. They can't take their eyes off her.

MADS intermittently sings, dreadfully off key. But she doesn't care! The only thing that matters is earning a crust for her little Jellybean; for their bigger brighter future together, away from her overbearing mother. And the music, that matters too.

She picks up litter...

MADS

Let's dance,
Put on your red shoes and
dance the blues...

She wipes tables...

MADS

Let's sway,
While colour lights up your
face...

She washes windows...

MADS

La la la la...

She vacuums...

MADS

Because my love for you,
Would break my heart in two,
If you should fall into my
arms,
And treemle llllllllike a
floooooo.

Oh no, something is wrong. The batteries are dying. How annoying! How inconvenient! And they're gone and so is the music. Damned and blast it. Fear not! Since she does not exist without music, MADISON always carries just-case-batteries.

She discards the old ones, replacing them with new ones. All is quiet.

As before, MADS holds the Walkman out in front of her.

Her thumb hovers over play...Then something peculiar and unexpected happens.

She hears someone whimpering, a man by the sound of it.

MADISON slips off her headphones and listens more intently than before.

More whimpering.

MADS

Huh? What?

Curiosity kicks in...we'll know in a minute or two if curiosity killed the cat.

MADS makes her way down the carriage. The girls are relieved the hip swaying is absent, the boys are disappointed, to say the least.

She looks this way and that, high and low but try as she might cannot locate the source of the whimpering.

MADS stops to listen. The sound is remote and seems to be coming for the next carriage.

MADS exits, this time unencumbered.

33. INT. THIRD TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT.

A handle swings down. A door creaks open, ajar.

MADISON'S face, with curiosity and apprehension written all over it, appears in the gap. She listens, intently.

There it is again - whimpering.

MADISON edges along the carriage, scanning around her, left, right, high and low...

With every step the whimpering grows louder and louder...

She's on the right track and creeps on, almost tiptoeing.

And then it becomes obvious where the whimpering is coming from.

A mysterious man, JIMMY, his smart clothes ripped and covered with dirt, sits in a door well, his feet dangling outside the train. Importantly, at first, only one side of his body and face can be seen. The other side is shrouded in dark shadow. And for good reason.

A grown man crying? MADS hardly knows what to say or do. She sits down beside him then clears her throat...

MADS
Hello, are you okay?

Nothing.

MADS
My name is Madison, Mads for short. I thought, no one worked here at night.

JIMMY
Well, you're here, aren't you?

MADS
So are you.

JIMMY
You ain't wrong there, love.

A moment.

JIMMY
Jimmy.

The man offers his hand. MADS accepts it with reticence.

JIMMY
I had it made, I did.

MADS
Oh?

JIMMY
Money, women, cars, houses...you name it, I have it. I had it.

A moment.

JIMMY
'Course it never lasts, it never does.

A moment.

JIMMY
There's always something or someone in the wings waiting to bring you down.

MADISON nervously fiddles with her Walkman.

JIMMY

In my case that someone was me.

MADS

Oh?

JIMMY

It's true. They have name for it now. Masochistic personality disorder. They have fucking name for everything these days.

A moment.

MADISON

(muttering)

What can of worms have I just opened?

A moment.

JIMMY

I opened the can dalrin' not you.

MADISON was overheard; she sinks with embarrassment.

JIMMY

I only have myself to blame. All I had to do was store assets and dispose of bodies. That's it. Simple, really, when you think about it. Store and dispose. Two jobs in a way. And I was one of the best in the business for well...let's see now...I began back in the 90's so that makes 30 years or thereabouts. 30 years gone...

JIMMY snaps his fingers.

JIMMY

(crying)

Poof! Just like that. Gone! There one minute, obliterated, the next. I have a coming together with a train to thank for that.

MADISON hands the man a hanky. He wipes his eyes and indelicately blows his nose.

MADS

You're here now.

JIMMY
In a manner of speaking.

This guy is talking in riddles.

MADS
I don't understand.

JIMMY
You will. Oh, you will.

A moment.

JIMMY
I got greedy, see. When you're on the bottom rung and handling large sums of someone else's money...stolen money...well let me just say this, it's tempting to...I did what any man in my position would do and creamed off the top...except...

A moment.

JIMMY
I took a little too much a little too often. That was my crime against a crime.

A pregnant pause.

MADS
What did you do for a living, exactly?

JIMMY
I was a night cleaner, love.

MADS
Huh?

JIMMY
Started out cleaning filthy trains just like you.

MADS
You mean...here...at this depot?

JIMMY

After I served my apprenticeship, for want of a better word, I moved onto to bigger and better things. Or at least that's what I thought was doing.

A moment.

MADISON

So why are you back? Here at the depot, I mean. If you want your old job, you can have it. It's yours.

The man laughs.

JIMMY

No. You've got it wrong, love. That's not why I'm back.

A moment.

JIMMY

Look at me.

For some reason, maybe the absence of music, or maybe fear, MADS cannot look at the man.

JIMMY

Take a good look at me.

JIMMY turns MADS' chin toward him whilst simultaneously turning his head and body into a pool of light toward her. His complexion is especially pallid. As white as a ghost.

The sight that greets MADS' eyes is repulsive. Half the man's head is missing for freaks sake. One side of his face is a macerated mangled mess, smothered in congealed blood. And so are his limbs and chest cavity. His injuries are so severe it's obvious he's been hit by a train. This guy should be dead. Which begs the question, why is he able to talk to MADISON?

Horrified, MADISON'S heart skips a beat. She recoils from the man with a start, then motions to stand.

JIMMY grabs her arm.

JIMMY

Stay put, we need to talk.

MADSISON

We have been talking. I'm going now! Get your creepy hand off me!

JIMMY

You're a feisty one, I grant you that. It'll come in handy soon enough.

MADS fights to break free of the man's grip. It's no use. His strength is otherworldly.

A moment.

JIMMY

Simmer down. I mean you no harm.

The man releases MADS' arm. Reticent, she stays put.

JIMMY

You can see me, right?

MADS

I'm not blind.

JIMMY

I saw dead people too.

MADS

What? You're dead? Don't be daft. You're here. We're having a conversation.

JIMMY

I talked to dead people too.

MADS

You're crazy.

JIMMY

No, I'm dead.

MADS shakes her head in disbelief.

JIMMY

Take a good look. Pale skin. Half a face. Half a fucking head. One passable set of limbs, one set of useless ones, barely attached.

MADS

So...so you're a zombie?

JIMMY laughs.

JIMMY

I've never been so insulted in my life! Your words cut deep, love.

MADS

Then you're a ghost?

JIMMY

Sort of...a ghost in corporal form.

MADS

I suppose you need my help to pass onto the next life?

JIMMY

Bingo! You've hit the jackpot! We're finally getting somewhere.

MADS

What if I agree to play your game, what next?

JIMMY

This ain't no game, darlin'. First a warning. Go home before it's too late.

MADS

I can't. I have a daughter...she's my world in our together universe.

JIMMY

That's real sweet, doll.

JIMMY draws in a deep breath.

JIMMY

So be it.

JIMMY produces a key, handing it to MADISON.

JIMMY

Take this.

MADISON does as she's told, then stares at the key for a while.

JIMMY

It opens a case. Everything
you need is inside.
They'll come looking for you
mind you, so be on your guard.

JIMMY jumps down and walks, trackside, away from MADISON.
MADISON pokes her head out of the train.

MADS

(shouts)

Wait! Come back! What case?
Where? Who'll come looking for
me?

JIMMY

(shouts)

All will be revealed..

The man walks towards a bright tunnel of light at one end
of the railway shed.

MADS

You're going walk into a
tunnel of light and disappear?

JIMMY

(shouts)

You gottit!

MADS

A bit of a cliché, don't you
think?

JIMMY

(shouts)

Life's one cliché after
another...Goodbye! Don't lose
the key!

The man vanishes. MADISON is left in a confused state,
frightened and alone.

MADS

This is turning out to be one
hellava night! The strangest
of my life!

MADS stares at the key and wonders what it might open.
Cogs whir; wheels spin; the key nags and gnaws.

MADS

Fine. Have it your way, don't
tell me what you open.

MADS safely stows the key, puts on her headphones, presses play on the Walkman, then motions to stand.

'West End Girls' The Pet Shop Boys.

Static is heard, footsteps, the honking of car horns in the distance, high hat sixteenths, lingering strings, a punctuating heart beat...

34. INT. FOURTH TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT.

Heavily laden with cleaning equipment, MADS clatters her way through a door and enters another passenger carriage.

She glances around and sees this carriage is a filthy affair just like the others.

MADS drops her equipment to the floor, rolls up her sleeves and wipes her brow.

The moody soundscape builds: synth strings, a snare cracks, an iconic bass dances up and down a keyboard. If any track can conjure the 1980'S in a heartbeat, this is it.

MADS stands there for a moment, soaking up the rhythm...

Of its own accord her body begins to move...

Her foot taps, her head nods, her hips sway; all in time to disco beat...

She waits and waits for the perfect moment.

One...

Two...

Three...

MADS sucks in a deep breath to prepare for the hard work ahead.

Four...

The song starts in earnest.

MADS springs into action, perfectly synchronised with her perfect 1980's soundtrack.

In no time at all, MADS is immersed entirely in her own world.

She drones along with Neil Tennant's middle-class rap, ad-libbing along the way.

She wipes down a table.

MADS

Sometimes you're better off
dead,
There's key in your pocket
pointing at your head,
You think you're mad, too
unstable,
Seeing frigging ghosts and
cleaning tables,
On a train, in a west end
town,
Call the police, there's mad
woman around!

The rap continues without MADISON'S 'creative' input.

MADS pulls out a bin and peers inside.

Suddenly, a severed human ear smothered in congealed
blood comes into view. Horrified, she stumbles backward,
falling on the deck.

A moment.

MADS

Pull yourself together. Get
up! Fight to the bell!

MADS labours to her feet.

MADS

I can do this. I can do this.

MADS punches out four words...

MADS

I. MUST. DO. THIS.

...knocking her apparent cowardice out cold.

MADS theatrically slips on a pair bright yellow
Marigolds, as though she's a VET preparing to put her
hand up a cow's fanny. A crude image but you get the
idea.

She peers, with a crunched-up face, inside the bin once
more - it's still there, the ear, staring back at her.
Disgusting.

MADS

It's just an ear. It has no
teeth and won't bite back!

MADS reaches inside, pulls out the human body part, lifts it up to the light and inspects it like a scientific specimen. She wafts it about, back and forth - the ear wobbles. She convinces herself...

MADS
Rubber. Or plastic. Some kid
must have bought it from a
joke shop. Hilarious joke,
kid!

MADS slips the ear into the front pocket of the Pinafore she's wearing, little does she know - the ear is real, very real.

MADISON shrugs off the ear incident and carries on as though nothing has happened.

The chorus chirps in...
'In a West End town, a dead-end world,
The East End boys and West End girls...'

MADISON plugs in a vacuum cleaner. In time the with rhythm, she pushes and pulls...

Carried along by the music MADS is soon in a vacuum-cleaning zone, of sorts.

Then a problem. The vacuum howls, straining against a blockage.

MADS peers at the vacuum head - a blood-splattered human eyeball is staring back at her.

This time round, she isn't fazed by the sight. No sireee! She quickly concludes...

MADS
Plastic! Boys will be boys.

MADS opens her front pocket and drops the eye-ball inside. Hideous.

And later...

MADS kneels in an awkward position, picking up litter beneath a passenger seat.

Neil Tennant's pop-dirge continues...
'Too many shadows, whispering voices,
Faces on posters, too many choices,
If, when, why, what? How much have you got?'

In turn, her fingers pluck out: a wine bottle, a spent kebab wrapper, a stiletto and a Zippo lighter.

She puts the Zippo in a pocket, discarding the other items.

MADS' fingers feel around for other rubbish. Nine o'clock. Nothing. 12 o'clock. Nothing. 3 o'clock...

Waahh! Waahh! Waahh!

An imaginary alarm sounds.

Her fingertips find something sticky. Gross. She stretches and strains. Her hand roams over something...

MADS

Oh my God. Long, thick and...

A moment.

MADS

...not a dildo, surely...

A moment.

MADS

...hairy.

Her face crumples with disgust.

MADS

In for a penny, in for a pound.

MADS grabs the object, pulls it out, stands tall.

She's now holding a blood-smeared severed human arm, hand attached. It is revolting.

Between finger and thumb, she lifts it to the light. In every way imaginable it looks real: veins, ligaments, muscle, bruised skin, it's all there.

However, sure a naughty kid is responsible...

MADS

Oh that's good, very good.

A moment.

MADS

Whoever put this together could earn a mint making props.

MADS indelicately shoves the arm inside her front pocket. The body part is too big and comically flops around all over the place as...

...she moves through carriage, wiping, dusting...doing exactly what cleaners do.

Tennant drones on, MADS picking up the odd word, the odd line.

MADS
 ...a heart of glass...a heart of
 stone,
 Just...wait 'til I get...home...

And later, she sings so badly out of key ear drums
 rupture.

MADS
 In a West End town, a dead-end
 world,
 The East End boys and West End
 girls...

MADS is making good progress. Not only is the carriage
 clean, she's almost done.

Out of the corner of her eye, MADS spots a duffle bag,
 bearing a dark stain, old and dry, on an overhead rack.

In perfect time to the pop-beat, she climbs on a seat,
 stretches, grabs the bag.

She jumps down, checks the bag out from every angle, and
 uses her hand as a scale.

MADS
 'about one to two kilos, I
 reckon.

MADS stares at the zip for a while until urge to open
 gets the better of her.

Ziiiiiiiiip.

She dares to peak inside.

A bloody severed human foot, about size 9, complete with
 crusty toe nails stares back at her.

For reasons only she knows, MADS lifts the bag to her
 nose, giving it a good sniff.

So thick and repugnant is the smell of fungus and decay,
 she's almost knocked off her feet.

However, utterly convinced it is fake, she laughs.

MADS
 This takes the biscuit. The
 prize for the most convincing
 joke shop foot goes to...

MADS throws away the bag and crams the foot in her front pocket with the other body parts. The foot juts out, flapping about.

MADS
A spotty kid with glasses, for
all I know!

'A West End town, a dead-end world
East End boys, West End girls
West End girls...'

The song begins to unravel.

MADS is done cleaning this carriage, she needs to clean one of the onboard toilets next...

35. INT. FIFTH TRAIN CARRIAGE - NIGHT.

Crikey trains are long. Longer than expected when you're working the night shift, alone.

MADS clumsily enters another carriage, her movements syncopated to the outro of West End Girls.

When the track fades, MADISON stops.

She glances down the length of the carriage. Talk about Ground Hog Day. It's a repeat of the other's: filthy from top to bottom, aft to stern.

Her heart sinks. There's simply too much work for a wannabe material girl to get through. MADS' ambitions are bigger and brighter than cleaning trashy trains and there's Jellybean to consider: she must soldier on, come what may.

MADS adjusts her headphones. They're in the right spot.

She fast forwards the tape.

Vreeeeep!

After pressing stop, her thumb hovers over play. At the last second, she changes her mind and hits rewind.

Peeeeerv!

She presses stop again, she holds the Walkman out in front of her like a gun and hits play.

'Here Comes The Rain Again' by Eurythmics.

Synthy sixteenths, pizzicato strings, a funky bass lead...

1980'S pop scarcely gets any better.

As before, MADS stands relative inert waiting to absorb the rhythm via musical osmosis.

A sizzling chord echoes.

The layers evolve. As do MADS' movements...

Her foot taps, her head sways from side-to-side...She's getting it now, feeling the beat, the essence of song. Her hips sexily sway. The boys drool, the girls turn green. Romantic synth-strings sweep across the poppy soundscape.

MADS sucks in a lung full of air.

A lingering low note. The intro builds and builds finally yielding to...

Crack! A single strike of the snare.

The song is in full swing...Wow! The two-piece band instantaneously transport us right back to 80's.

Lennox sings...

'Here comes the rain again
Falling on my head like a memory...'

MADISON clips the Walkman on her person, then pulls up the Marigolds, tight, nearly to her elbows.

MADISON peers down the train then glances at a sign reading 'Toilet'.

She looks one way - train.

Then the other way - toilet.

It's as though she's flipping a coin in her minds eye.

No task is too big for her. She means business. The cleaning kind of business. She's unstoppable.

It's heads. MADS pushes down the toilet door handle.

Lennox sings...

'Falling on my head like a new emotion.'

The door lurches open. MADS, her eyes cast down, stumbles, into a cramped compartment, almost hitting her head on the toilet bowl. Somehow, she avoids injury.

In the fall, stop on the Walkman is hit bringing the rain
Lennox is singing about to abrupt end.

MADS rights herself and now kneels on the floor.

MADS
(mumbling)
That was a close call.

When she looks up, snakes wildly churn in her stomach. An ashen-faced man, CARL, about 50 years old, missing an eye, an ear, a hand and a foot is squashed into corner at a weird angle.

MADS connects the dots. The body parts she's carrying are not made of rubber or plastic after all. Evidently, they belong this man, whoever he is. The hideous truth strikes so hard she retches, holding short of vomiting.

She feverishly evacuates the body parts from her Pinafore pocket, tossing them over CARL.

MADISON recoils, hard and fast as a magnum 45, pinning herself on a wall opposite the corpse. Terrified, she's almost breathless.

A moment.

MADS slows her respiration rate, staring at the MAN in his only eye.

A moment.

Ping!

Suddenly...The eye opens a with start!

CARL

No need for alarm, love.

MADISON gasps.

CARL squirms about in an effort get comfortable. He realises he can't move properly; his bloodied body broken. He scans the vicinity to understand why and eye-balls his severed body parts.

Using his good hand, CARL doffs his Fedora hat.

CARL

Beggin' your pardon, Ma'am. It appears I'm not looking my Sunday best.

A moment.

MADISON

What the hell? Who the hell are you? What are you doing here?

CARL ignore MADS' questions, for now.

CARL

Thank you for returning what is rightfully mine.

Pop!

CARL squeezes his eye back into the socket.

MADISON

Well? I haven't got all night.

Squelch!

CARL somehow reattaches his ear.

CARL
What's the hurry?

MADS ignores the question.

CARL screws his arm on, then wriggles his fingers.

CARL
Always got someplace to go,
never standing still long
enough to enjoy where you are.
That's one of your
generation's biggest failings.
In my Day...

MADS raises a hand, shushing the MAN.

MADS
Not interested!

She sits there fighting the urge to run away.

MADS
(mutters)
I'm talking to another ghost.
Another frigging ghost for
Christ's sake. I must be
losing my mind.

The MAN somehow manages to reattach his leg, then
wriggles his toes.

MAN
Haven't felt this good for a
while.

MADS
You look hideous.

CARL
Thanks for the compliment,
doll.

MADISON
Now you've put yourself back
together, would you mind
telling me who the hell you
are and what the hell you're
doing here, on my train?

CARL

Your train? No love, this
ain't your train. Not by a
long stretch. It belongs to...

MADISON

The agency?

CARL chuckles, then coughs up blackened blood, doubling
over.

CARL

Sue, The Agency. They own you,
me, this train, this depot
every locomotive, every wagon,
every inch of rail, every
sleeper, ever signal, the
whole god-damned lot, from
Glasgow in the North to London
in the South, from Fishguard
in the west to Lowestoft in
the east. No, doll. This
train, it ain't yours.

MADISON is suddenly in a dark stormy ocean scarcely able
to keep herself above the waves.

CARL snaps out of his dark mood, offering his hand.

CARL

Carl's the name, collections
are the game.

They shake hands.

MADS

M...

CARL

No. Don't tell me. Don't you
dare tell me! Judging by your
flare for fashion, overlooking
the dreadful Pinafore and
ghastly Marigolds you're
wearing, I'd say the name you
wanted was Madonna; the one
you were given was something
along the lines of...

A moment.

CARL scrutinises MADS' features.

CARL

I'm almost certain you're a...

CARL
Jayne.

MADS
Wrong!

CARL
Plain, Jayne, out of her
depths. Swimming with sharks...

MADS
Hey! I can take care of
myself!

CARL
I'm sure you can, doll. I'm
sure you can.

CARL wriggles and writhes. He produces a silver brief
case he's been lying on then hands it to MADISON.

CARL
Now, Jayne, if you'll just
take this, that'll conclude my
unfinished business and...

CARL looks to the heavens...

CARL
...you know, I'll be getting on
my way.

MADS
What's inside?

CARL
(firm)
You have a key. Here's an
idea. Open it. Look for
yourself.

MADS reaches for the case, then hesitates.

CARL
Take it. It yours.

Pound signs roll in MADISON'S eyes. She wraps her fingers
round the handle.

At that very moment, MADISON feels a tap on the shoulder.
A smartly dressed man, MANI, built like a prop forward,
now stands in the toilet doorway. He works for the
'agency' and speaks with a London lilt.

MANI
Cosy. Ya a quick learner,
MADISON. Now, 'and it over.

MADS
Huh?

MANI
The case, MADISON, the case.
'and it over. It doesn't
belong to you.

CARL
Time I made my leave.

MANI
You can leave when I fucking
say so and not a moment
sooner.

A moment.

MANI casts his eyes over CARL'S pitiful broken body.

MANI
Fuck me, CARL, you've seen
better days.

CARL grabs an eyeful of the blubber spilling over MANI'S
belt.

CARL
You can talk.

MANI shuffles to one side, leaving a gap between him and
the exit.

CARL ceases his opportunity. He makes a dash for it,
deftly squeezing past MANI. He's outta there, gone in
flash.

CARL
(shouts)
Thank you, MADISON!

MANI, hesitates. He looks to the exit, then at MADISON.
Does he stay with the case or chase CARL? That's easy -
he stays with case, grabbing the handle.

MANI
'and it over before I fucking
hurt ya.

MADISON clings to the case like her life depends on it. A tug-o-war ensues. MANI pulls one way. MADS the other. MADS grabs the handle with both hands. She pulls and pulls, heaving with all her might.

Her stubbornness finally pays off. MANI loses grip, falling backward onto his ass.

Now MADISON ceases her opportunity.

But first...

Vreeeeep!

She hits fast forward, then play.

'Pulsar' by Kavinsky.

Okay, so this track is not a 1980'S original. So, what? It's close enough and fits the on-going action perfectly.

A heartbeat throbs, metronomic, slow.

Lub, dub. Lub, dub...

A weird shimmering synth organ lingers.

Lub dub. Lub dub...

An ascending sparkle.

The heartbeat is replaced by a rhythmic bass drum. A mysterious baseline begins to work its magic.

MADISON is now free to move. She leaps to her feet and bolts out of there, trampling over MANI, leaving a Dr Marten footprint on his face.

MANI

(shouts)

You'll live to regret this,
MADISON. I assure you, you'll
live to fucking regret it!

MANI watches MADISON as she runs at full pelt down the train away from him

He clambers to his feet and tries to follow. But his blubbery body wobbles like jelly, slowing him down.

The tension in the music builds.

36. EXT. TRAIN SHED - NIGHT.

A musical rest. The pulsing beat dies away for a moment.

A shimmering chord lingers in the air like an unanswered question.

A reverse drawn-out cymbal swells.

Synchronised to the music, MADISON, case in hand, leaps from the train. She soars through the air like an Olympic gymnast. Elegant. Glorious to watch. Gold medal worthy.

She lands light-footed on an adjacent track.

Boom!

Loud and clear, the musical answer is given. Kavinsky's glorious synth-melody takes off.

MADS scans around her.

Up ahead, toward one end of the shed, she sees CARL running toward a tunnel of light. Her job is done.

Behind her, towards the opposite end, a driverless train, fast approaches.

Clickety clack.

Clickety clack.

A two-tone horn sounds.

MADISON needs to move and fast. She runs and runs, away from impending danger, anywhere but here.

She glances over her shoulder.

Without looking, MANI takes a leap of faith. He belly-flops through the air. For a second, it looks like he could make it then...

MANI'S horror-filled eyes catch sight of the ginormous train surging toward him. His shrill screams fill the air.

Splat!

Soft tissue squelches, bones are pulverised. A plume of red mist fills the air. In a split-second MANI is reduced to mincemeat, a mere fly on the windscreen of the driverless train.

MANI is dead and exits the movie, for the most part.

37. EXT. TRAIN SHED - NIGHT.

MADISON runs and runs, along a narrow footpath, with trains on either side looming over her.

Up ahead, an invitation. Warm light spills onto the path from a window. MADS races toward it.

She's closer now...and can make out a distant building located near a complex web of railway lines and points.

38. EXT. SIGNAL BOX - NIGHT.

MADS, gasping for breath, stands before a small signal box, red-brick, heavily glazed.

She cups her hands around her eyes, pins her nose to a window in a red door and peers inside. Her exhalations condense against the glass and obscure her view.

Nonetheless, among the blurry objects she can make out inside is an empty chair. No-one appears to be at home.

MADISON takes a moment to compose herself, then pushes down the door handle. The door opens.

39. INT. SIGNAL BOX - NIGHT.

MASISON enters the signal box. The place is a shabby utilitarian affair. A worn chequered lino covers the floor, battered metal lockers occupy one wall. A control panel with buttons and levers is on another. In one corner is a small fridge and tea-making paraphernalia. In another, is a sturdy metal box, labelled 'Lost Property', partly covered with tarpaulin. There's also a heavily worn desk and chair.

MADS touches the kettle - it is cold. The coast seems to clear.

She sits on the chair, laying the brief case on top of the desk. The insufferable itch to open the latter exponentially grows.

Kavinsky's dark synth-scape lets out its last breath and fades...lub dub, lub dub.

First, before doing anything else, MADS must find exactly the right track: calmer, hope-inspiring, mildly romantic even.

She presses stop..

Vreeeeep!

Then hits play.

'Light in a Northern Town' by Dream Academy.

An eerie wind blows. An echoey six string strums a simple couplet melody.

Breathy synth-vocals and pulsating strings build, yielding to...

Nick Laird-Clowes sings...

'A Salvation Army band played,
And the children drank lemonade...'

A melancholic oboe stirs, delicately threading its way through the lyrics.

Feeling the rhythm, MADS produces the key.

She stoops down to eye-level with the case, inserts the key into the lock and turns it.

Clunk!

The lid lurches open ajar.

A golden aura floods from the gap, painting MADS' face with an almost ethereal luminescence.

Laird-Clowes sings...

'And through an open window came,
Like Sinatra in a younger day...'

Childlike, her nose pinned to the edge of case...

Two monumental strikes of a thunderous drum.

Inextricably linked to her perfect 1980'S soundtrack, the rhythm of her life, her very heartbeat, MADS lifts the lid and peers inside.

A gospel choir launches an emotionally charged chorus.

For a second, MADS is blinded by golden light.

Her eyes adjust. And there it is. The case is crammed full of bundles of crisp fifty-pound notes.

MADS can scarcely believe what she's seeing. Easily a million pounds, maybe more. Certainly, enough for her to build a new life, far away from her overbearing mother.

MADS leans back, her gold-glowing face struck by awe and wonderment. A single word, stretch like bubble-gum, rolls over her tongue.

MADS

Wooooow!

The gospel chorus decays...

Immersed in the moment, MADISON has completely failed to notice a young man has crept into the room and now stands right behind her.

This is WILL, a blue-eyed wonder boy, handsome, Nik Kershaw hair, a jawline to die for, laconic. He's smartly dressed and evidently works for the 'Agency'. Importantly, a Sony Walkman, identical in every respect to MADS', is clipped to his hip, and headphones hang loosely around his neck.

The implication should be clear. Just like MADISON, WILL has his very own perfect 1980'S soundtrack. Small world, full of wondrous coincidences.

WILL clocks the dough and takes in MADS' womanly figure.

Laird-Clowes sings...

'They sat on the stoney ground,
And he took a cigarette out...'

WILL
Glorious.

A single word with a double meaning. The money. Madison.
Both glorious. MADS jumps out her skin, slams down the
lid and turns.

A moment.

She instantly knows WILL is no threat. There's something
warm and disarming about him.

MADS
Gentlemen usually knock before
entering a room.

WILL apologises with an earnest eye-smile.

MADS
You're a ghost?

WILL
In corporal form.

MADS
Do you have a name?

WILL scrambles over a nebulous heap of memories.

WILL
WILL, they call me.

MADS
Well, Willtheycallme, where's
the lost property box?

WILL is blank-faced.

MADS
The lost property box, where
is it?

WILL
(soft)
Madison, there's enough money
for you to start a new life
with your daughter, far away
from here.

MADISON is stupefied.

A moment.

MADS

Wait...how do you know my name?
And how do know about my
daughter?

WILL

The Agency.

MADS

Whoever, wherever they are,
they have a lot to answer for.

WILL

They are everywhere.

MADS rests her hand on top of the case, fighting the urge to take it and run. MADS' eyes gravitate toward WILL'S Walkman then his headphones.

The forces governing the universe collide. MADS and WILL, two particles, one a reflection of the other, entangle, giving birth to a cute sub-atomic love.

MADS

You too?

Laird-Clowes sings...

'You could see it written in his eyes...'

WILL

Yes.

A moment.

WILL

Take the money.

A moment.

The tension is palpable, so thick you could cut it with a knife.

MADS slaps the case with the palm of her hand so hard
WILL jumps.

MADS

No! There are no short cuts to
success. Talent alone won't
get you there. Hard work.
Determination. Standing up
when you get knocked down...

WILL

Take the money.

The song crescendos; Timpani role, the gospel choir sings, adding power and meaning to MADS' short soliloquy.

MADS

Sure, it would be easy to take the money. But I'd be looking over my shoulder for the rest of my life. I don't want to live in fear. What kind of mother does that to her child? I want to be free...to live a life of abundance...but not like this...I want to make it to the top on my own, by my own merit, on my terms...according to my own rules...the lessons Papa taught me.

Saltwater wells in MADISON'S eyes.

WILL is silent.

MADS

No. WILL, I'm not willing to compromise who I am. I cannot, will not and shall not take the money!

A moment.

MADS

Now, where is the lost property box?

WILL points to the lost property box with a nodding gesture.

MADS

I'm glad we understand each other.

MADS stands, picks up the brief case, walks over to the chest, and nonchalantly discards the tarp. She lifts the lid then peers inside, exposing an odd assortment of left behind items including a Rupert the Bear teddy, a yo-yo, and stiletto.

MADS

I'll put the case here and leave.

WILL

You can't.

MADS
I can't put the case here or I
can't leave?

WILL
Leave.

MADS
Why not?

WILL
They won't let you. Not until
the end of your shift. That's
the gatekeeper's job. No-one
gets in, no-one gets out.

MADS
What am I supposed to do?

WILL
Clean trains. Finish your
shift and...

A moment.

WILL
Survive.

That single word strikes shard. A foreboding fear stirs
in MADISON'S soul.

MADS hesitates...

MADS
Sorry Jellybean.

She lowers the case inside.

Bang! The lids drops.

Clunk! A mechanism automatically locks.

When MADS turns, WILL is nowhere to be seen. MADS is left
in a confused state, alone.

The song fades.

40. EXT. TRAIN SHED - NIGHT.

MANI'S dismembered body parts lie in pool of fresh
glistening blood, scattered over a railway line, in front
of the train that finished him off.

A leg twitches. Fingers wriggle. The eyes of MANI'S
decapitated head burst open. Then, somehow, MANI pulls
himself toward himself, literally.

The hands finger-walk to their respective arms. The arms reattach themselves to the main body. A foot finds the leg it belongs; legs their relevant sockets.

MANI'S headless body now kneels and scrambles around, searching for the head. The image he strikes is equally comically as repulsive.

There it is.

MANI, works the head, twisting it this way and that, back into its rightful position.

He labours to his feet, stretching, cracking his mangled body back into shape.

MANI

(mumbles)

Put into early retirement by a night cleaner. Never saw that coming. Fucking night cleaners. They think they fucking own the place.

MANI, grumbling and grouching to himself, walks toward a tunnel of light at far end of the shed.

He catches sight of his reflection in a train window and pauses to admire himself.

MANI

She did a right number on you old fella. An agent of your calibre licked by a girl. You should be fucking ashamed of yourself.

MANI resumes walking.

MANI

A fucking girl for Christ sake! A girl!

And later.

MANI

I'll have the piss taken out me for fucking eternity.

MANI vanishes.

41. INT. TRAIN - NIGHT.

MADISON is back to the mundane job of cleaning trains. Head phones on, music playing, cloth in hand she wipes down a table, half dancing, her movements perfectly syncopated to...

'Love Action (I believe in love) by The Human League.

A new romantic electronic clock counts time, a fizzy synth-lead adds accents to every beat. The weird soundscape builds.

Kaboom!

A punchy beat breaks.

Phil Oakey's low voice drones...

Feeling the warm fuzzy afterglow of the moment she shared with WILL, MADS sings along, dreadfully out of key. She doesn't care her voice could curdle milk. Neither do we. Her tone-deaf flaw is endearing. The perfect is ugly; the imperfect beautiful.

MADS
(mumbling)
When you're in love you know
you're in love
No matter what you try to do...

She wipes and wipes...picking out phrases...

MADS
(mumbling)
Don't kid yourself...
...a million mouths have said
that too, ooh...

An earworm, hooky, synth lead dances away...

MADS is now vacuuming, pushing, pulling, picking out phrases...

MADS
(mumbling)
I've had my hard times (hard
times!) in the past...
I've been a lover and I'm
mother too.

And later...

MADS
 (mumbling)
 But this is me talking,
 I want to tell you,
 What I found to be true...

The booming music is suddenly reduced to a thin headphone whisper. MADS belts out the chorus at the top of her voice.

MADS
 I love your,
 LOVE ACTION!
 LOVE'S JUST A DISTRACTION!

Ouch that hurt. My ears are bleeding, again.

42. INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS.

Totally absorbed in the music and vacuuming, MADS has failed to notice another agent, KOWALKSI, about 40 years old, has entered the carriage. He wears business attire and his face is heavily scarred.

KOWALSKI looms large over MADS, breathing down her neck. He lifts one headphone cup from MADS' ear and shouts over the noise of the vacuum.

KOWALSKI
 Hit the nail on head.

MADS jumps out of skin, dropping the vacuum cleaner.

MADS
 Huh?

KOWALSKI
 Love. A distraction. A fucking irritating annoyance if you ask me.

MADS steps back.

MADS
 (nervous)
 Urm...err...I'm not asking you

KOWALSKI
 Switch it off!

MADS
 Huh?

KOWALSKI'S anger instantaneously sublimates into an energetic gaseous form.

KOWALSKI
Are you fucking deaf or
stupid?

MADS motions to speak but words stick to the back of her throat.

KOWALSKI
I'm going with deaf. 'cause if
you could hear yourself
sing...Jesus H...do the world a
fucking favour - don't give up
the day job, eh, love.

MADS stands there, stiff as a board, speechless.

KOWALSKI
Are you fucking retarded?

A moment.

KOWALSKI
One thing is fucking clear.

Frustrated at MADS' inaction, KOWALSKI bends down, pulling out the plug. Apart from the tinny music spilling from MADS' headphones, all falls quiet.

KOWALSKI
The Agency needs to review its
fucked-up recruitment process.

A moment.

KOWALSKI sets his clothes straight, adjusting his tie.

KOWALSKI
You can switch off that
fucking racket, 'an all.

MADS plays dumb.

KOWALSKI
The fucking Walkman.

KOWALSKI tries to grab it. He's too slow; she's too fast. MADS protects the antique machine like her life depends on it, then presses stop.

KOWALKSKI

Right. Now, we can 'av a proper conversation. In polite society that begins with introductions. I'll go first.

A moment.

KOWALSKI

KOWALSKI'S the name, and since I'm fucking 'ere and not at home in bed with my good lady, cleaning up other people's shit is the game.

MADS is silent. KOWALSKI coughs.

A moment.

KOWALSKI

Deaf, dumb and retarded. A fucking hat trick! You ain't making this easy, love.

A moment.

KOWALKSI

I heard on the grape vine, you pulled a real number on my mate...

KOWALKSI'S voice crackles while fighting to keep his emotions in check.

KOWALKSI

On my mate, MANI.

MADS shakes her head.

MADS

No idea what you're talking about.

KOWALSKI

Oh, you have an idea. You have an idea alright.

A moment.

KOWALKSI

You know exactly what I'm talking about. You're the Night Cleaner. It's your job to get rid of bodies and store assets. It don't stop there, though, does it, love? You 'ave to give the fucking assets back, occasionally. So, where is it?

MADS

Where's what?

KOWALKSI

The case, the fucking case!

MADS

Not here.

KOWALSKI

Thanks for pointing out the bleeding obvious.

A vein on KOWALKSKI'S thick neck bulges and pulsates. He's painfully aware of an uncontrollable twitch in one eye.

KOWALSKI

Why hold out on us, darlin'? You're young and 'ave a daughter to think of. What would become of your...little Jellybean...if anything..

A moment.

KOWALSKI

...unfortunate were to happen to you?

KOWALKSKI words test MADS' resolve.

MADS

The money isn't yours. You stole it. I want nothing to do with it.

KOWALSKI

Fuck me. You have lofty morals for a girl in your precarious predicament.

MADS shrugs her shoulders.

KOWALKSI
So that's how it's going to
be?

MADS
Seems so.

The tension between KOWALSKI and MADISON has reached critical mass, the point of no return.

KOWALSKI cracks his neck, puts his game face on, then...
Crack!

In one master stroke flicks open a metallic telescopic truncheon.

He steps forward. MADS steps back.

KOWALSKI snarls, stepping forward. MADS steps back.

KOWALSKI raises the truncheon aloft...

A weird sword fencing battle ensues.

Swoosh!

He takes a wild swing.

Fight or flight? MADS instinctively grabs a mop to defend herself.

Crack!

It snaps in two!

KOWALSKI wryly smiles. He steps forward, MADS steps back.

Swoosh!

KOWALSKI takes another wild swing.

Crack!

MADS defends herself with the vacuum cleaner. It holds, for now.

Swoosh!

Thwack!

Another blow and another and another...

MADS swings the vacuum this way and that, clumsily deflecting the blows.

Then... Swoosh! Crack!

The vacuum snaps in two. KOWALSKI wryly smiles.

KOWALSKI
Save yourself the trouble, eh
love. Give me the case.

MADS' stubborn genes kick in...

MADS

No!

KOWALKSKI steps forward, raising the truncheon. MADS steps back, this time producing a feather duster. The pathetic looking 'weapon' catches the adversaries off guard.

A brief hiatus.

KOWALKSKI glances at the duster and laughs, almost bending double.

KOWALSKI

You're having a fucking laugh
aren't you, love?

MADS looks at the duster with astonishment, then discards it like a vile piece of trash.

KOWALKSI surely has MADISON licked. He presses, holding the truncheon aloft, his face set to deliver a hard and fast volley of death blows.

Something is off. Before MADS can properly defend herself, she needs...

No music, no action of any kind, remember?

MADS holds a 'give me a second' finger in front of KOWALKSI'S nose. The gesture confounds him. He chuckles but agrees to MADS' rule of engagement.

MADS, hands trembling, sets her headphones straight, then nervously scrambles for the Walkman.

Impatient, KOWALKSI steps forward.

MADS offers another 'give me a second' finger, this time wagging it.

KOWALSKI reluctantly pauses.

KOWALSKI

For God's sake, what is it
this time?

MADS

Just a sec...

KOWALSKI

(mumbles)

Fine have it your way. But
make it quick.

Vreeeeep!

MADS punches play.

'Two Tribes' by Frankie Goes To Hollywood.

A tinny tannoy voice delivers an apocalyptic message.

'The air attack warning sounds like...this is the sound.'

A foreboding Waah! Waah! Waah! Is heard over a fit of symphonic sounds, a powerful piano...orchestral hits, crashing cymbals, slow strings...

In the real world, on the train, KOWALSKI offers MADS a puzzled 'what the fuck is this?' look. Frankly, he has no idea what's going on.

MADS stands there relatively inert, soaking up the vibe flooding into her headphones.

Then it happens. Via musical osmosis she begins to feel the message of the song – all-out WAR.

MADS expertly limbers up like a boxer does at the beginning of a round. She loosens her neck, shakes out her arms, shuffles her feet.

Then nothing. All movement stops. For a second, in her mind's eye, MADS is Neo from The Matrix. She strikes his pose and says 'come' with a hand gesture, just like he did.

KOWALSKI beams with delight.

MADS now wears boxing gloves. She slips in a mouth guard, lowers her chin, raises her hands. Her form is impeccable. A picture of pugilistic perfection.

KOWALSKI sardonically smiles, then discards the truncheon.

KOWALSKI
Oh, this is going to fun.

KOWALSKI now also wears boxing gloves. He sets himself. His form is amateurish, from a different era, the 1920's. He looks more like a kangaroo ready to throw rabbit punches than a boxer.

The opponents are ready.

Ding! Ding! Round 1.

A formidable explosion!

A musical mushroom cloud soars into the stratosphere. A frenzy of fret burning, a cacophony of cow bells, a clatter of hand claps...

The tannoy voice announces:

'When you hear the air attack warning, you and your family must take cover.'

An orchestral hit!

The music fast gathers pace. A powerful bass and a rapid guitar race each other, full speed ahead.

Another orchestral hit!

Fight on!

KOWALSKI swings a wild right, then a left. Both punches land, hard. KOWALSKI is a power house. MADS is almost knocked off her feet.

Holly Johnson screams in pain on MADS' behalf.

MADS ducks, dodges and weaves...she floats like a butterfly...

'When two tribes go to war...'

Jab, jab. One, two. One, two.

But does not sting like a bee. Her punches are not making any impact. Damned this guy is tough.

Right, right, left, KOWALSKI hammers home a violent reply.

This is going badly.

The train lurches...

43. EXT. DEPOT COURT YARD - NIGHT.

...And snails toward a behemoth train wash in the distance. The cleaning machine stirs to life. Lights switch on, rotors whirl up, nozzles squirt jets of water. A light mist fills the night sky.

44. INT. TRAIN - EXT.

MADISON stumbles then makes a schoolgirl error. She takes her eyes off her opponent. Just for split second, long enough to see the train moving.

She's punished severely.

Crack!

KOWALSKI punches MADS square on the nose. Bones snap. Blood explodes.

MADS' vision blurs. Her focus breathes in and out. Her knees buckle. The train spins around her. She can barely stand.

KOWALSKI smiles, stepping back to admire his work.

MADS, confused, almost overcome with pain cups her nose. When she looks into her glove, it is smothered with fresh blood.

A moment.

Her blood. The sight enrages her. So much so, she resets, transforming into the boxer her Papa taught her to be - tougher than tough, hard as steel, unforgiving.

Holly sings 'When two tribes go to war...'

The song rages on at a frenetic pace; so does the action.

MADS comes into her own. Her feet dance; her fists do all the talking.

MADS makes up her own lyrics to the song..

MADS
(muffled)
I'll never work for the bad
guys.

A lead guitar screeches, the cadence of the song perfectly matching the action.

A piccolo plays an eerily jolly battlefield rally call.

Jab, jab, hook. left, right.

One furious combination after the other.

KOWALKSKI doesn't know what's him. He doesn't stand a chance.

MADS punches and presses, gaining ground, forcing bewildered KOWALKSI toward a door.

KOWALKSI swings with his left, his right...neither punch lands. He's weak, surely, it's game over.

In the background a door automatically opens. A sound like thunder fills the cabin as the rotors inch closer and jets of water blast inside.

MADS, weaves her way in close.

Right, right, right to the ribs..

Left, left, left to a kidney, the vicious volleys syncopated to the music.

One, two, three, four.

The music builds and builds..

The train wash rotors are within a hair's breadth.

KOWALSKI'S feet dangle precariously over edge of the train, the rotors licking his heels.

'When two tribes go to war...'

Bam!

An almighty upper cut. A knockout blow if ever there was one.

KOWALSKI teeters and totters; sways and swoons. His lights are out! No-one is at home. He's a gonna! He falls backward. The rotors make mincemeat out of him. Severed body parts and blood fly in all directions.

MADISON stands there, dripping with sweat and blood-stained water, her arms hanging limp. Battered, bruised, her nose broken, she is not a pretty sight. Far from it.

Though, she is very much alive. And, God willing, shall finish this nightmarish night shift, upright.

Snarers and cymbals crash...Holly's fading voice lingers like the aftershock of an earthquake.

Phew! That was equally invigorating as exhausting.

45. INT. CARRIAGE DOOR WELL - NIGHT.

In stark contrast to the previous scene, all is calm and quiet. Downbeat, MADS sits in a door well, nursing her wounds, her feet dangling outside the train.

CUT TO:

46. EXT. RAILWAY SHED - NIGHT.

KOWALSKI, his body broken, limps, grumbling and grouching to himself, toward a tunnel of light at far end of the shed.

KOWALSKI

(mumbles)

Reduced to mincemeat by a girl. Jesus H, a fucking girl.

KOWALSKI

I ain't ever going to live this one down.

He vanishes.

CUT BACK TO:

47. INT. CARRIAGE DOOR WELL - NIGHT.

WILL, Walkman clipped to his hip, approaches and sits down beside MADISON.

WILL
Tough fight?

MADS
Had worse.

WILL produces a hanky from a pocket.

WILL
Here, allow me...

He tenderly wipes blood from MADS' nose. She winces at even the slightest touch.

WILL
It's broken.

MADS
Yup.

A moment.

WILL positions his headphones over MADS' ears.

WILL
Let me play you a song. Might cheer you up.

MADS, eyes welling with tears, nods.

He presses fast forward.

Vreeeeep!

Jockey wheels are seen spinning through the Walkman's window. Round and round they go.

WILL'S instincts tell him press stop at precisely the right time.

He presses play.

'Strange Kind Of Love' by Peter Murphy.

An acoustic guitar, strumming a soothing chord progression, Am, C, Em, D, seeps from the headphones.

A tinny voice sings...
 'A strange kind of love,
 A strange kind of feeling...'

The words bring a warm smile to MADS' bashed up face - it hurts to smile.

Will gazes longingly into MADISON'S blackened eyes.

'Swims through your eyes...'

MADISON playfully taps her foot against WILL'S.

'And like the doors,
 To a wide vast dominion...'

MADISON lolls her head on WILL'S shoulder.

'They open to your prize...'

Perfectly at ease with each other, they smile.

48. INT. SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT.

A school hall decked out in prom paraphernalia: party balloons, banners, disco lights, a table with 'fruit' punch on it and so on. MADS, her disfiguring injuries absent, and WILL - both dressed to the nines - dance arm in arm to a live band playing Murphy's melancholic love song. They are prom king and queen. They own the dance floor. Other party goers admire them from afar.

We're now in MADS' and WILL'S private universe, sharing a special moment of unadulterated bliss with them, a world away from the brutal realities of the train depot.

The song intensifies.

Murphy's baritone voice effortlessly evokes deep, forgotten about emotions.

He sings...
 'This is no terror ground,
 Or place for the rage,
 Or broken hearts, white wash lies,
 Just a taste for the truth,
 Perfect taste, choice and meaning,
 A look into your eyes.

It is the perfect moment of their perfect 1980's soundtrack.

Totally wrapped up in each other, they slow-dance the number out, in perfect synchronicity with each other and the music, the lyrics rendering conversation redundant.

49. INT. CARRIAGE DOOR WELL - NIGHT.

The moment is gone. And so is WILL. MADISON looks left, right, high and low. Her prom king is nowhere to be seen. MADS lets out a long sigh, then rebukes herself.

MADS
(mumbling)
Should have taken the money
and ran. Or hidden somewhere
in 'till morning. Should'av.
Would'av. Could'av. Story of
my frigging life.

Not knowing quite what to do with herself, MADS picks up a cloth and jumps down from the train.

She must clean trains and survive until morning.

50. EXT. DEPOT COURT YARD - NIGHT.

Down but not out, MADS stands near the train, her breath condensing in the chilly early morning air.

She slips on her headphones, peers into the distance, silently reflecting on the unbelievably crazy night she's had.

On auto pilot, her fingers work the Walkman.

Peeeeerv!

Play is pressed.

'In The Air Tonight' by Phil Collins.

A Roland CompuRhythm CR-78 works its machine drum magic. An eerie guitar sounds, a long bass note plays, an electric guitar cries a high note.

MADS slowly absorbs the sombre song.

Her relatively inert body stirs to life. Her head bobs and sways. She clicks her fingers in time with the rhythm. And now the essence of Collins' solo debut is fully realised.

MADS
(mumbles)
I can feel it coming in the
air tonight, oh lord..

The song pulses away.

In perfect timing to the beat, MADS, hauling cleaning equipment, walks across the depot courtyard, toward a railway shed, where more trains wait to be cleaned.

MADS
 (mumbles)
 And I've been waiting for this
 moment, for all my life, oh
 lord.

The lyrics are her battle cry. Deep down, MADS knows she can take whatever the train depot has to throw at her. And let's face it, she's one hell of a fighter.

The song plays on...

51. EXT. RAILWAY SHED - NIGHT.

MADS, cleaning equipment in tow, enters a gargantuan open-ended shed. Massive trains parked across several tracks, nose-to-nose, tail-to-tail are everywhere. The sheer scale of the place makes MADISON seem small and insignificant by comparison.

Anxiety and fear rise.

Phil Collins sings...

'I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord...'

The song builds and builds.

A monumental drum intro will soon spark an earthquake. Not yet. But, prepare yourself, hold your breath, it's coming...

Dotted around the shed are danger signs; heavy lifting gear, inspection pits and the like. The place is a death trap. One wrong move at the wrong time and you're a gonna.

MADS walks along a narrow footpath, between two trains on either side.

She stops near a locomotive cab, produces a T-shaped key and strains to insert it into a lock high above her. Success. A pneumatic valve hisses, releasing the door.

MADS slides the door open, loads her gear on board and puts one foot on a ladder...

Phil Collins sings...

'I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord
 And I've been waiting for this moment, for all my life,
 oh lord,
 I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord, oh
 lord...'

The song reflects how MADS feels, speaking on her behalf.

Vocals, strings and cymbals, combine forming a weird phrase played in reverse, a false peak.

Phil Collins sings.

'And I remember...'

Suddenly a strong hand grabs MADS by the shoulder. The hand belongs to another agent, CLEVELAND, a handsome ungentleman, about 50 years old, who, judging by his dapper appearance, is the boss, the meanest of the mean.

CLEVELAND gruffly pulls MADS down from the ladder.
MADS screams with surprise.

CLEVELAND
IO! Where do you think you're
going, love?

Engrossed in the music, MADS doesn't answer.
CLEVELAND spins MADS round, pinning her to the train by
the throat.
CLEVELAND shoves his face into MADISON'S. They are now
nose to nose. Adding insult to injury, CLEVELAND'S breath
stinks and he spits as he talks. MADISON is equally
repulsed as terrified.

CLEVELAND
Any idea what happened to the
last person who dared to
ignore me?

MADISON can neither hear a word, nor, courtesy of the
hand clamped round her neck, speak. She strains against
the constriction, gasping for breath, writhing.
CLEVELAND examines the headphones.

CLEVELAND
What you got there?

He snatches the headphones and puts a foam cup to his
ear, reducing the music to a thin whisper.

CLEVELAND
Fucking Phil Collins? A girl
your age listening to fucking
Phil Collins? For fuck sake.
Even a fucking gorilla could
drum better than that bald-
headed cunt...

The veins on MADISON'S neck bulge, her complexion turns
crimson.

CLEVELAND
Now, if you was to ask me, and
I know you're not asking me,
but I'm going to tell you
anyway, 'cause truth be told,
I have the fucking advantage...

MADISON'S eyes role to the back of her head...she's losing
consciousness.

CLEVELAND

...If you was to ask me...Keith Moon is the by far the best drummer that ever walked this earth. The best by a long stretch, he was. Phil Collins is a fucking pussy! A pussy, I tell ya!

The colour drains from MADISON'S face. Any second now and she'll drop dead.

CLEVELAND playfully slaps MADISON across the cheek.

CLEVELAND

Be a good girl, answer the question.

MADISON strains to speak.

MADS

(muffled)

I...I...

CLEVELAND releases his grip.

CLEVELAND

My mistake.

MADISON almost collapses. Bent double she scrambles to suck air into her lungs.

The question remains unanswered.

CLEVELAND

I'll try a different tack.
Cleveland's the name and
running this operation's the
game.

The song builds. The drums are coming...

MADISON straightens up, pulls back her shoulders and looks CLEVELAND square in the eye, her confidence on an all-time high.

MADISON

(confident)

I am The Night Cleaner.

MADS' confidence catches CLEVELAND off guard.

CLEVELAND
The time for fucking about is
over. Give me the case.

MADISON
No.

CLEVELAND
I was hopin' you'd say that.

A moment.

CLEVELAND
As a rule, I don't hit the
female the of species. But
when a woman has a knife to
your crotch or a gun to your
head, or in your case is
thieving my money, I'll make a
fucking exception.

CLEVELAND cracks his knuckles, then makes a show out of
putting on a set of barbaric-looking knuckle dusters.

And now, the moment we've been waiting for...

Boom!

The drums explode and so does the action.

Ding! Ding! Round one! Fight on!

In time with the drum solo, CLEVELAND throws a volley of
punishing punches...Rights, left, hooks, uppercuts. His
entire fighting arsenal, it seems, is released in one
dramatic, body crushing wave. The attack is savage.

MADISON is cut, badly. She's smothered with fresh blood -
her blood. Her eyes swell. She swoons. There's no way
anyone could withstand a barrage of such ferocity.

CUT TO:

52. EXT. PAPA'S BOXING GYM - DAY.

MADS, in full boxing regalia, is now in the boxing ring
of a rough-around-the-edges gym.

This is MADISON'S Papa's gym, steeped in personal
meaning. It is the place where she learned to box, where
she pushed herself beyond all known limits, where she
learned her code of ethics, and, where she learned that
whilst talent opens doors, hard work and perseverance
gets you through...

...grit and determination...sheer bloody will power...these
traits are her superpowers.

An imaginary crowd goes wild. A blood splattered mouth
guard soars through the air.

A toe-curling thud. MADS collapses onto the canvass.
She's out cold...or so it seems.

In the background, CLEVELAND dances, holding aloft his
hands in celebration. The fool thinks he's won the bout.

The first rule of evolution?

Survive.

A judge stands over her counting.

JUDGE
One-a...Two-a...Three-a...Four-a

MADS eyes inch open. She blinks. Blurry images appear.
She sees a vague figure...someone familiar.

She blinks again, the ink-blot sharpens.

MADS is now certain her Papa is ringside. He's poised to
throw in the towel should it come to that.

PAPA
(shouts)
Stay down for as long as you
can! You're not done yet. The
fight isn't over.

JUDGE
Five-a...Six-a...

MADISON squirms around on the canvas. She fights
vehemently to get up but fails, miserably. It's agonising
to watch.

PAPA
(shouts)
Keep down!

MADISON stretches out a hand toward her PAPA.

MADISON
(mumbling)
Papa.

PAPA
(shouts)
I'm here. I'm always with you.
Wherever you go, I am there.

MADISON slowly comes round, slips in her mouth guard.

JUDGE
Seven-a...eight-a...

PAPA
(shouts)
Stand! Get on your feet. Just
like I taught you.

JUDGE
Nine-a...T...

Before the JUDGE can say ten, MADISON...begins to rise...
Her PAPA beams with pride.

PAPA
That's my girl.

53. EXT. RAILWAY SHED - NIGHT.

MADISON labours to her feet, her movements slow and menacing. For a moment, she stares at CLEVELAND, her chin tucked into her chest.

She absorbs the essence of the song, waiting for the perfect moment of her perfect 1980's soundtrack.

MADISON'S determination to overcome is re-doubled and then some.

MADISON
No-one puts MADISON down.

CLEVELAND miscalculates.

CLEVELAND
Oooo, I'm scared.

One, two, three, four...

Collins sings...

'And I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord,
Well I've been waiting for this moment for all my life,
oh lord.'

MADISON'S feet set to work. She raises her fists then launches a salvo of forceful blows.

One two, One, two. Jab, Jab, hook.

CLEVELAND doesn't know what's hit him.

MADS steps forward, CLEVELAND steps back.

Crunch!

CLEVELAND'S nose snaps. The air fills with blood. He staggers backward.

MADS bulldozes her adversary, one hard punch after another.

CLEVELAND'S arms flail wildly. They are mere glancing blows that do nothing to deter MADS' onslaught.

MADISON has worked CLEVELAND into a nearby inspection pit.

A blast of a horn.

In the background, a train starts crawling forward. If the fighters are in the pit when the train reaches them, both could easily lose their heads.

Crack! Another brutal blow. Then another and another.

CLEVELAND is exhausted. He holds out a hand as if to say, 'give me minute'. Out of a sense of fair play, MADISON obliges.

CLEVELAND
You're one hellava fighter.

A moment.

MADISON
(cold)
I am. Taught by the best.

CLEVELAND, fighting for breath, glances behind and sees the train approaching, gathering pace.

CLEVELAND
I ain't falling for that one.

He fights back, taking savage swings.

Smack!

MADISON is hit square in the jaw. Her face splits open. She staggers back. CLEVELAND now has the advantage.

They are out of the pit. Immediate danger averted. In the background, the train is seen leaving the shed.

MADISON shakes herself off.

PAPA (V.O.)
Reset. Find your feet. Don't
back down.

It's enough to lift her spirits.

Next, a barrage of body blows from CLEVELAND. MADISON grimaces. She needs something..

The heavy drum beat pulses.

Collins sings...

'And I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord,
Well I've been waiting for this moment for all my life,
oh lord.'

The words are MADISON'S mantra...raising her spirits more.

She dodges and dances. She's in close and releases one
adrenaline-fueled combination after another.

Right, right, right to the ribs. And now the left side.

Agony is seared on CLEVELAND'S face.

Body blow by body blow, MADISON steps forward, pressing
CLEVELAND back.

He can hardly believe what's hit him; he can hardly get a
punch in.

He's being beaten by a girl. A girl for Christ sake! One
thing is clear. CLEVELAND is losing this fight,
catastrophically. It's humiliating.

MADISON'S iron fists strike hard. She piles on the
pressure, manoeuvring her opponent wherever she wills.

They now fight beneath a jacked-up train.

One, two. One, two. MASDION'S machinegun hands streak
across the screen.

Pa! Pa! Pa! Pa!

CLEVELAND looks up to see train bogies above him. A
school boy error.

Crunch!

MADISON lands an almighty blow to the head. Oh boy!
CLEVELAND is in trouble now.

He swoons. His lights go out.

Thud!

He hits the floor, hard.

But MADISON does not lift her hands in victory, not yet.

The music plays on, seemingly on an endless loop, adding
emotion and tension to the fight.

MADISON starts counting.

MADS

One-a, two-a, three-a...

There's no sign of life from CLEVELAND, not even a
twitch. Blood seeps from his mouth, forming a pool on the
floor.

The train suddenly lurches, giving the impression it
could give way any second.

MADS moves to a safer distance.

MADS
Four-a, five-a, six-a...

The train lurches again...surely it will crush CLEVELAND any second.

MADS
Seven-a, eight-a...

Still no movement.

MADS
Nine-a, ten-a.

MADS has done it. She's defeated the boss. She makes a washing hands gesture, turns and starts walking away from her downed opponent.

Behind, the train lurches.

A tremendous cacophony, almost deafening, fills the shed. The train crashes to the ground. Broken metal flies all over the place, kicks up dust.

Certain CLEVELAND has been crushed, MADISON smiles, a vague swagger appears in her step.

Her understated celebration, however, is premature.

A hand grabs her shoulder.

She turns to see CLEVELAND'S crazed blood-smeared face staring back at her. He's punch-drunk and pissed. CLEVELAND draws back a hand. Light dances off his knuckle duster.

A moment.

Collins sings...

'And I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord,
Well I've been waiting for this moment for all my life,
oh lord.'

MADISON smiles. There's no way any man, not even the heavy weight champion of world, could come back from a beating like that.

Surely to God, CLEVELAND doesn't stand a chance.

MADISON punches and punches and punches CLEVELAND in the face, over and over again. It is relentless attack, reducing him to a mere human punch bag.

CLEVELAND finally falls, slumping against a large container labelled 'Fuel'. His swollen face, black, blue, bloodied, is crushed beyond recognition.

MADISON, panting heavily, dripping with sweat, splattered with blood, admires her work and reiterates her earlier words.

MADISON
No-one puts Madison down.

With a glint in her eye that wasn't there before, MADS turns on a tap. FUEL gushes over CLEVELAND.

One last time, Collins sings.

'And I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord...oh lord...'

The track fades.

54. EXT. TRAIN DEPOT COURTYARD- NIGHT TO DAY.

Dawn is breaking. Time for the victory dance. MADISON, exhausted, her slashed and bashed face swelling with every step, walks towards camera, leaving the train shed behind her.

MADISON slips on her headphones.

She presses fast forward.

Vreeeeep!

Then play.

'The winner takes it all' by ABBA.

What a song to round off the night!

Romantic swash-buckling arpeggiated piano-strings play. Though the phrases are corny - and no doubt about it, they are - they nonetheless stir deep emotions and fit the unfolding action perfectly.

The layers build and intensify.

Agatha's Melancholic voice starts the number off...

'I don't wanna talk,
About things we've gone through...'

A moment

'Though it's hurting me,
Now it's history'

A half-hearted smile is all MADISON can muster. Anything more would hurt too much.

A stream of fuel, pouring from the shed comes into view.

MAD'S produces the Zippo lighter she found on the train earlier.

The song quickly crescendos...

One...

Click, MADS strikes the flint.

Two...

MADS nonchalantly tosses the lighter behind her.

Three...

Flames streak across the courtyard towards the shed.

Four...wait for It...wait for it...

Kaaaaaaaaaaboooooooooooooooooom!

A massive explosion fills the blue-pink sky. It's magnificent, the fireworks display we've all been waiting for. So fierce is the bang, the shed roof blows off, then comes crashing down.

The chorus kicks in.

'The winner takes it all,
The loser's standing small,
Beside the victory,
That's her destiny...'

It feels good. So does MADISON.

Flooded with a cocktail of emotions, she laughs, she cries...

...She swaggers across the courtyard like she owns the place.

She has not only survived the night, she has kept true to herself, mostly, and defeated everyone in her path.

She is undoubtedly the boxing champion of the night shift.

The chorus does a victory lap.

'The winner takes it all,
The loser's standing small...'

CUT TO:

55. EXT. RAILWAY SHED - NIGHT.

CLEVELAND, his body and face charred, walks grumbling and grousing to himself, toward a tunnel of light at far end of the shed.

CLEVELAND

(mumbles)

Outwitted and out-boxed by a fucking girl. A fucking girl for heaven's sake. I was supposed to leave lasting fucking legacy.

CLEVELAND shakes his head.

CLEVELAND

Instead I'll be the laughing stock. In my lifetime, the agency has never experienced such a humiliating defeat. Well, there was that one time when...

CLEVELAND'S word-thoughts trial off.

CLEVELAND

And just look at me! Look! My handsome good looks are gone forever.

CLEVELAND whimpers as he walks ever closer to the light until he disappears.

CUT BACK TO:

56. EXT. TRAIN DEPOT COURTYARD - NIGHT TO DAY.

MADS swaggers all the more, clothed in victory, bathing in ABBA'S up-beat vibe.

ABBA sings.

'Beside the victory,
That's her destiny...'

The feel-good factor could last all night.

57. EXT. RAILWAY DEPOT CARPARK - DAY.

While ABBA fades, MADS walks toward her car and finds WILL waiting for her. They stand close.

WILL

I knew you'd make it.

MADS holds WILL'S hand.

MADS
Are you coming?

WILL
I can't. The gateman won't let
me. This is where I belong.

WILL hands MADISON a mixtape. A hand-written label
reading 'Until next time' comes into view.

WILL
For on your way home.

MADS
Thank you, WILL.

MADISON kisses WILL on the lips, it smarts. Taken with
emotion, salt-water wells in her eyes.

Their moment of pure joy is short-lived.

MADISON climbs into her small, rust-ridden jalopy and
drives off, occasionally peering in the rear-view mirror
at WILL.

58. EXT. RAILWAY DEPOT GATE - DAY.

The MGB idles in front of the gate.

59. INT. CAR - DAY.

MADISON presses eject on her Walkman. She discards the
old tape and slots in the one WILL gave her, closing the
door.

She slips on her headphones, presses play only to hear
static.

MADS catches a glimpse of the Gateman...

MADS
(mumbling)
Why can't you just let him go?

She watches the gate rise.

MADS drops the clutch, the MGB lurches and pulls away.

60. EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY.

The MGB drives toward the rising sun, passing buildings and street furniture. The sky is painted with light wispy clouds. Blues, pinks, reds, oranges. It's a truly a glorious morning. Magnificent. A much-welcomed break after a hellish night. More static.

61. INT. CAR - DAY.

Crack!

A single yet powerful attention-grabbing strike of a snare.

'Don't you forget about me' by Simple minds.

Mighty chords burst from the musical ether.

Hey! Hey! Hey!

Jim Kerr's pain-stricken Ooo's and aarghs rupture ears drums.

The beat swings into its own. MADISON'S body moves of its own accord, perfectly syncopated to the beat. A clunky, if painful seat dance ensues.

MADISON, beaming, swells with love: the real, unspoken kind.

This track, one she would have picked herself, is the perfect way to end a perfect 1980's soundtrack.

A luminescent golden glow lights her face. The source of the light is unclear. Is it the warm glow of dawn or something else?

Incredulously, it seems to be coming from inside the car.

MADISON'S eyes flit from the rear-view mirror, to the dash, then to the passenger side footwell.

And there it is, in all its glory - the case, open ajar, displaying its glowing rich contents: stacks of crisp fifty-pound notes.

MADS

Thank you.

The catchy beat gives birth to a hooky ear-worm chorus.

'Don't you, forget about me

Don't, don't, don't, don't

Don't you, forget about me.'

MADISON can hardly contain herself. Right now, she's on cloud nine and half, maybe ten or even eleven.

MADS
I shall never forget you,
WILL.

And later...

MADISON glances at a picture of Jellybean she keeps
pinned to the inside of the driver's-side sun-visor.

MADS
We're going to be okay,
Jellybean...

With all the money MADS can easily emancipate herself
from her overbearing mother and provide for her daughter.

A moment.

MADS
...everything is going to work
out.

MADISON, with tears of joy, pain, lost love, exhaustion,
flooding from her eyes, sings along to the music,
terribly off key.

MADS
Don't you forget about me
I'll be alone, dancing, you
know it, baby...

And later...

MADS
Don't you, forget about me,
Don't, don't, don't, don't...

The lyrics linger in the air.

62. EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY.

The cute MGB, drives into the rising sun, shrinking ever
smaller as MADS starts a new chapter as a real-life
material girl in a material world.

A full circle has been travelled.

The voices from earlier, speak over the music.

VOICE 1
She's fantastic. I knew she'd
be a star.

VOICE 2

She could be. She could be great. She could be a major star.

VOICE 1

She is a star, George.

VOICE 2

The biggest star in the universe right now as we speak.

The car eventually vanishes.

Roll credits.

EPILOGUE.

63. INT. DEPOT CANTEEN - NIGHT.

The three agents, KOWALKSI, MANI and CLEVELAND, dressed entirely in white, sit around a small table playing poker. The stakes are high, a large pile of white chips has been bet.

Evidently the afterlife has not undone the damage MADISON inflicted upon them. The bodies of KOWALKSKI and MANI are broken, their faces smashed. CLEVELAND'S skin is charred.

The canteen has been transformed from a dismal to a brilliant white space. This the agent's version of heaven or hell, depending on your point of view and the men argue among themselves.

KOWALKSKI

My turn.

MANI

No, you went last time. It's fucking my turn.

CLEVELAND

Don't mean to piss on your party, gents, but I think you'll find it's my fucking turn and that's final.

KOWALKSKI

It's always your fucking turn.

MANI

I suppose all the fucking loot is yours too.

CLEVELAND

Well, I am the boss, ain't I? So, of course, all the fucking chips are mine.

MANI

I want my fair share.

KOWALSKI

Me too.

CLEVELAND

Gents. There ain't nothing
fair about gambling. That's
why it's called fucking
gambling.

A moment.

CLEVELAND

Shut your fucking cake holes
and play.

KOWALKSKI

Who's turn is it?

MANI

Mine...

The argument seems to have no obvious end. It could
easily rage on until the end of time.

THE END.