

ATM

Written by

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EXT. FORECOURT - PETROL STATION - MORNING

Tarmac, torn and crumbled, wet, lined in caterpillar track.

PAUL (V.O.)
In here! Bring it in! Easy now...

EXT. FORECOURT - PETROL STATION - MORNING

Police tape, bent in the wind, strung between two lampposts.

DAVE (V.O.)
Shut the door! Shut it!
(pause)
D'you get the biscuits?

EXT. FORECOURT - PETROL STATION - MORNING

A JCB digger, the cab burnt out, blackened, the gear knobs melted and warped, dripped onto the floor and hardened.

FRANKIE (V.O.)
Give us that. Come on. Go get in
the car. And put that out!

EXT. FORECOURT - PETROL STATION - MORNING

Hands in purple gloves clear stones from around the outline of a shoe print, picked out in rubble.

PAUL (V.O.)
It's not straight. You've got to
back it up in here and-

EXT. FORECOURT - PETROL STATION - MORNING

A police forensic officer, white plastic overalls, black boots and purple gloves, crouching by dripping silver handrails, head low, eyes on the ground.

A cigarette butt.

FORENSIC OFFICER
SARGE!

EXT. FORECOURT - PETROL STATION - NIGHT

Pitch black. RUNNING in the dark.