

EXT. BOSTON.

We see an aerial shot of Boston. The sound of WAAB-FM burbles over the top. We hear about local events, rock concerts, films. We see a red 75' Chevy Van stuck in traffic.

Title: May 13 1978. Boston.

EXT. STREET. ABANDONED FACTORY. DAY

A blue 72 Plymouth Fury is parked up by a battered looking warehouse. There are three people inside. A woman and a man in the front, a man in the back.

INT. PLYMOUTH DAY.

In the drivers seat: Justine. 28. Big polarized Sunglasses. Suit. Small build, blonde hair. By her side: Frank. 50. Leather jacket. Smoking. Slacks. Dark hair flecked with grey. Stocky. In the back seat: Chris. 35. Green combat Jacket. Raybans. Dark hair. Slim.

Frank looks straight ahead angrily. When he speaks it's in a Belfast accent.

FRANK
Where is he?

Justine speaks; flat American with a tinge of something European.

JUSTINE
It's okay Frank. We have ten minutes yet.

Frank shakes his head and looks at his watch. Chris shrugs. He speaks with a Dublin accent.

CHRIS
These things happen, probably traffic.

Frank sniffs. This is on him. He brought the late guy into this.

FRANK
Fuck it. I hate this shit.

CHRIS
Stop fretting... it's fine.

Justine smiles listening to the conversation.

FRANK

What?

JUSTINE

How long have you two been married?

CHRIS

Long time... The sex has stopped.
We just argue now.

FRANK

You flatter yourself. I wouldn't go
gay for you...

CHRIS

Who then?

FRANK

No one... I don't want to talk
about that kind of thing.

CHRIS

You started it...

Chris enjoys needling Frank.

FRANK

I knew his Father

CHRIS

Here it comes.

FRANK

I promised i'd keep him out of
trouble.

CHRIS

Well you pretty much fucked that
up.

FRANK

Ah well, life can get in the way of
promises sometimes.

Justine smiles. She knows.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Justine?

Justine is looking out the window, lost in her own thoughts.
After a beat she turns.

JUSTINE

Yes.

FRANK

Where are you from darling?

JUSTIN

Originally?

FRANK

Yes, I can hear something in that accent.

CHRIS

It's Swedish.

FRANK

Swedish? I was going to say German.

CHRIS

She's not a German. You have cloth ears Frank

FRANK

German. Looks she's smiling.

Justine smiles to herself.

CHRIS

Laughing... at you.

FRANK

When I say German... She smiles.
It's the memory of the old
country... the Motherland...
Germany, Germany, Germany...

CHRIS

I spent six weeks in Stockholm in
72 remember.

FRANK

That thing... Fuck. How could I
forget that.

Frank shakes his head remembering.

JUSTINE

I'm Swedish

Chris smiles.

CHRIS

You see.

FRANK

Don't overplay your hand.

CHRIS

I'd like to go back to Stockholm.

FRANK

Well that can happen soon enough.
We just have to sort this bit of
business out.

CHRIS
Then back we go

JUSTINE
Back to Ireland?

CHRIS
Yeah.

Frank looks out of the window and pulls a filter-less Camel from its pack.

FRANK
Do you like this place?

JUSTINE
Boston?

FRANK
America.

There's a pause. It's as if she's never considered it.

JUSTINE
Sure.

She isn't giving anything away from behind her sunglasses. Frank smiles and lights up. He wants to go home. He watches a stray dog nosing around in some rubbish.

INT. RED CHEVY DAY

Inside, Stevo, 28. Long hair, wide 'Apocalypse Now' moustache. T-shirt jacket and jeans. He has a black eye. He talks in a Boston accent. Bernie is his heavy lidded side kick.

Bernie is driving, Stevo is holding his head in his hands.

STEVO
My fucking head.

BERNIE
I told you not to mix your drinks...

STEVO
I feel like my brain is trying to crawl out of my eyes.

BERNIE
Every time... I tell you

STEVO
Have you got any headache pills?

Pause. Bernie looks sideways at Stevo.

BERNIE

No. I've got some smack though.

Bernie shrugs apologetically. A sledgehammer to crack a nut.

STEVO

I didn't think you were doing that
shit anymore.

Stevo is mock worried.

BERNIE

Just at the weekends. It's for
unwinding. I've got a very
stressful life.

Stevo sits there for five seconds. His head pounding like a
bass drum.

STEVO

Okay maybe a little.

Bernie smirks and hands Stevo a small wrap of heroin.

BERNIE

When will we finish today?

Stevo carefully opens the wrap.

BERNIE (CONT'D)

Careful.

STEVO

Hour and a half tops. They do the
deal and we help load up the
crates.

BERNIE

And there's guns in the crates?

STEVO

Yes guns... You don't get paid \$100
for moving cans of beans.

BERNIE

I can't get in any trouble Stevo...
I...

STEVO

You should have thought about that
before you punched that guy in
Harlequins last night.

BERNIE

I was provoked.

STEVO

Look in my eyes.

BERNIE

I hate it when you do that... It means you are bullshitting me.

STEVO

Look in my eyes...

Bernie pushes Stevo away.

BERNIE

I am driving...

Stevo decants a little of the Heroin into a burnt bit of tin foil.

STEVO

I love you man. I would never let anything happen to you.

Stevo lights up his zippo under the tin foil.

BERNIE

HA HA Now you have totally fucking cursed me.

STEVO

Dont worry man.. SNIFFFFF... What can go wrong?

He passes back the wrap.

Bernie smiles and Stevo drifts on a warm cloud of morphia.

EXT. STREET.

The van pulls up behind the Plymouth. Stevo gets out. Frank has already got out to meet him. He walks over to the man and drags him back to the van. We cut in close now and see:

FRANK

Where have the fuck have you been?

STEVO

I'm sorry Frank.

FRANK

If you say traffic I'm going to punch you in the throat.

Stevo looks at Frank.

STEVO

There was a density of cars that slowed my egress.

Frank pauses.

FRANK
Are you on drugs?

STEVO
No.

Frank starts again...

FRANK
Don't lie to me you little fuck.
Are you high?

STEVO
No sir.

INT. CAR DAY.

Chris sees that Justine is watching Frank talking to the boys.

CHRIS
He's just a bit on edge.

JUSTINE
...and he's meant to be looking
after you?

CHRIS
Sure... Do you think that's the
dynamic? I'm meant to be making
sure he doesn't get into trouble.
I'm a calming influence.

We hear a bump as Frank slams Stevo up against the van.

EXT. VAN

Frank knocks on the van window. It winds down. Bernie peeks out.

FRANK
Hey Bernard

BERNIE
Hey Frank.

FRANK
Is he on drugs?

Bernie thinks for a moment. His face a mask of control.

BERNIE
Hey. I am no rat. But he has taken
some medication for a migraine.

Frank turns to Stevo and steps up close. He looks him in the eyes.

FRANK
I know you don't really understand
how serious I am. What..

STEVO
I do Frank...

FRANK
...I am talking...
What my capacity to hold a grudge
is...because nothing bad has
happened to you has it?

STEVO
No.

Stevo is agreeing to agree here. Though he does it poorly and Frank reads him.

FRANK
Your Grandmother dieing of cancer
aged 95 does not count.

STEVO
You don't know anything about me.

FRANK
Is that supposed to reassure me?

STEVO
Well...

FRANK
You are made of glass to me Steven.

Frank grabs Stevo by the balls. His fist crushing them through the denim.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Does that focus your mind?

STEVO
Fuuuuck.

FRANK
I'm holding your brain in my hand
now ain't I?
You ever going to be late for me
again?

STEVO
No.

Frank looks round and sees Bernie watching him

FRANK

Bernard. If you want some, just say. I'll open you up like a tin of beans.

Bernie mulls this for a nano-second.

BERNIE

You are good Frank.

FRANK

I promised my sister that I'd bring you home in one piece. You are not going to make a cunt of me are you?

STEVO

No..

Frank lets go of Stevo's balls and he staggers back. Franks' manner has changed. He is matter of fact.

FRANK

Why have you got a black eye?

STEVO

Walked into a door?

Frank doesn't move. Stevo becomes uncomfortable

STEVO (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Stop that.

Frank stares into his soul.

INT. PLYMOUTH DAY.

CHRIS

You ever wonder where the guns go?

JUSTINE

No

CHRIS

You are not curious?

JUSTINE

What are you doing? Trying to rub my nose in it?

CHRIS

I just wonder what you are doing here

JUSTINE

Because of what? Because I'm a woman?

CHRIS
A good looking woman

Justine smiles

JUSTINE
Oh I see... okay

CHRIS
What you laughing about?

JUSTINE
Does it ever work?

CHRIS
What?

JUSTINE
This. The humiliation routine.

CHRIS
I don't follow.

JUSTINE
You're going to tell me all about
the horrors of your life, while
trying to get into my underwear.
That kind of thing.

Chris thinks

CHRIS
Yeah - I usually lead with the
horrors, then the looking haunted
then a bit of eye contact..

JUSTINE
And this works?

CHRIS
Sure

JUSTINE
Show me your haunted.

Chris does haunted

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
That's more retarded.

CHRIS
What are you doing later?

JUSTINE
Picking up my kid. Cooking dinner.
Not hanging out with terrorists.

CHRIS
I'm not a terrorist.

Chris looks sad.

JUSTINE
Sorry.. Stop ! That's part of it...

Chris drops the sad look and smiles. Justine lights a cigarette.

CHRIS
You dangerous are you? Mysterious international gun dealing lady.

JUSTINE
Yup.

Justine puffs on her cigarette. Frank gets into the car followed by Stevo.

Chris looks at Stevo's black eye. Frank looks at Stevo's eye in the mirror. He purses his lips. Chris points at the black eye using the minimum of effort.

CHRIS
Did you win?

STEVO
I walked into a door.

Chris smiles tightly... Stevo is a clown.

CHRIS
Where did you get him from Frank?

Stevo reacts hurt. He shrugs..

STEVO
Talk to me if you're talking about me...

Chris and Frank ignore Stevo.

FRANK
My sisters husband. She's got a bar.

CHRIS
You found him in a bar?

Chris smiles. Stevo frowns.

STEVO
Frankie...

FRANK
Don't call me Frankie. I hate that.

-pauses-

Or Francis.

STEVO
Frank...

CHRIS (IN GAELIC)
This guy is an idiot.

FRANK (IN GAELIC)
It was short notice.

Stevo rolls his eyes at the foreign language. He tries to talk to Justine

STEVO
I'm Stevo. What's your name?

FRANK
Don't talk to her.

STEVO
Why not?

FRANK
Do you know her?

STEVO
No.

FRANK
Are you married to my sister?

JUSTINE
You are married?

STEVO
Yeah

Justine makes a face 'thats a suprise'

FRANK
Where is the van from?

STEVO
I bought it like you said. Bernie got it.. It's cool

FRANK
Good. You did exactly what I said?

Stevo is embarrassed by the questioning in front of Justine.

STEVO
Come on Frank. I'm not totally
stupid.

CHRIS
That's up for debate.

FRANK
You got any foundation with you
Justine love?

JUSTINE
Sure

Justine pulls out a compact. Stevo works out what's about to
be asked.

STEVO
Oh Frank, fuckkk...

Frank hands it over.

FRANK
You put it on boy...

STEVO
Jesus Frank.

FRANK
Put it on or I'll give you one on
the other side to match.

Stevo sadly applies the powder to his eye. It helps a bit.
Frank looks at him. He softens.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Come here...

He grabs the powder and applies the makeup.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I don't know what she sees in you

CHRIS
I bet he is dynamite in the sack.

Justine looks round. She looks at Chris and shakes her head
'no'

STEVO
You can tell by looking?

JUSTINE
It's my super power.

Chris watches Frank apply the make up to Stevo he shakes his
head. Stevo notices and pouts.

FRANK

Keep your fucking head still.

Justine looks up and sees something.

JUSTINE

Here he comes.

We see a guy shambling out of the shadows. He moves towards the car. Good looking, longish hair as is the fashion. Suede jacket. Blue jeans: His name is Ord.

Frank slaps Stevo's cheeks.

FRANK

There you go. You look great.

The man approaches he smiles broadly when he sees Justine. He stops by the Plymouth.

ORD

Hey Justine.

JUSTINE

Hey Ord.

ORD

These your boyfriends?

JUSTINE

Yeah.

ORD

Hey fellas...

Frank is tight lipped. We see Ord as Frank sees him. Clear eyed (this is a tell for Frank of exercise and general dangerousness). He looks military.

FRANK

Afternoon. You're late.

ORD

I'm sorry. Traffic.

Frank looks Ord in the eye for a moment.

ORD (CONT'D)

I love your accent.

FRANK

Do you?

ORD

Kerry?

FRANK

Hollywood.

ORD
Hollywood?

He smiles. Frank gets this reaction a lot. **Hollywood** is between Belfast and Bangor in Ireland. Hollywood is in California.

FRANK
The *real* fucking Holywood.

Ords' smile remains as he looks to the backseat.

ORD
And these guys?

FRANK
You don't need to know their names.

ORD
I do Frank. It's polite.

There's a moment. Ords' smile never leaves his lips. Chris looks over for the first time. He takes his sun glasses off. He reveals cold eyes.

CHRIS
Chris.

Ord turns to Stevo. He looks at the make up covered eye. He registers something is a bit weird here.

STEVO
Stevo - and that's Bernie.

Bernie waves from the van.

ORD
Okay. My names James Ordan. You can call me Ord. Okay.

FRANK
Please to meet you 'Ord'. Can we get on with this please?

ORD
Sure. Just a few guide-lines for you all.. This is obviously a tense situation. I am armed.

Ord opens his jacket with a flourish to reveal a holster and pistol. He gestures to it dramatically.

ORD (CONT'D)
I am sure that you are too.

Frank doesn't give anything away. Stevo grins embarrassed at having his mind read. Maybe he is made of glass.

ORD (CONT'D)

I want to get home tonight. I've got shit to do. I appreciate you are very serious heavy freedom fighting mother fuckers. Fuck the Brits.. Free Ireland. I get that. That's cool. This is home of 'Fuck the Brits!'

Ord looks at Frank and Chris's faces. They look on impassively at his attempts at levity

Lets just take this calm.

Did you all jack off before coming here?

The moment hangs there for a split second

FRANK

What was that?

ORD

Did you jack off? In the hotel.

Ord makes the international gesture for masturbation.

FRANK

What the fuck does it have to...?

ORD

I'm not working with any one who brought a loaded weapon.

There is a moment of silence. Frank and Chris smirk.

STEVO

I did.

Justine smiles.

FRANK

Christ Steven.

There is a pause. Ord has doing his job well. The tension is defused a little.

They get out of the car. Bernie joins them from the van.

They follow Ord towards the warehouse. Justine looks around. The buildings are abandoned and nailed shut. If you wanted to run, there would be no where to go.

Chris is carrying a brief case.

Ord looks at Stevo

ORD

Why are you wearing makeup?

Before Stevo can say 'I walked into a door' Frank interrupts

FRANK

He has a birth mark.

Ord doesn't buy this for a second.

ORD

O-kay.

Chris glances around

CHRIS

Who owns this place?

ORD

A friend of a friend. There's a security guy but he's not here today. Taking a 'religious' holiday.

This last bit is an obvious lie. Ord smirks at the idea of a religious holiday.

FRANK

What did they used to do here?

ORD

Make stuff.

Not any more though...

Titles roll over the walk.

Music: Boston plays 'More than a feeling'

Title: Free Fire.

In yellow futura extra bold font.

Title: Adapted from the novel 'IRON SIGHT' by Jerome Karim

INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR.

The group walk inside along dark concrete corridors. Frank looks a little tense. He scans around expecting trouble.

Ord is not bothered. He knows the situation.

The rest of the titles play out here. Stars. Producers. Financiers. Writer.

INT. WAREHOUSE FACTORY

We see the group move through a broken down factory. Pigeons flap about disturbed.

Title: Directed by Ben Wheatley

A big wide as the group move through a large empty space.

INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR.

They walk through a corridor. The door closes behind them and clicks shut.

Ord looks back at it for a split second.

INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR.

They walk along another corridor and then enter out into another large space.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The warehouse has hefty concrete pillars dotted around it.

The ground is littered with broken bottles. Refuse sacks, piles of rubbish, bits of abandoned cars, broken foundations of offices and smashed machine tool plinths. The foundations are stubby walls marking out where the offices would have been in the factory. At their highest around two feet. Sometimes lower than a foot.

Frank looks around scanning the space.

We see far back from the group. A POV of another person behind a pillar watching them.

The group move towards the middle of the warehouse. There is a small fold out table.

FRANK

Where are we going?

Ord turns gesturing to the table.

ORD

We are here.

Frank looks out to the shadows. Chris turns around and looks about. There is a staircase leading off to offices. Justine looks up. There are skylights. She looks out to the far pillar. She looks nervous.

FRANK

Where are your friends?

ORD

They can see you.

FRANK

If there's a problem, I guarantee
you will be the first to go.

ORD

I told you Frank. I've got things
to do tonight.

Chris scans the area. It's quiet. Justine looks to Ord.

JUSTINE

Okay, let's wrap this up Ord.

Ord whistles. A metal shutter rolls up at the far end of the warehouse. Two figures enter. Martin Kargo and Vernon Jeffries. Martin is thin and wiry. Vernon is thick set with a heavy moustache. Vernon is carrying a rifle bag. Their footsteps echo around the space. They approach.

VERNON

Justine

JUSTINE

Vernon

Vernon unzips the bag and pulls out an AR18 automatic rifle. He puts it on the table. Frank watches him carefully. The AR18 looks like a standard machine gun. Same characteristics as an M16. Black and dangerous looking.

VERNON

AR18. Factory fresh.

Vernon takes out the magazine and puts it on the table. He then pulls back the rack three times and presents it to Frank so he can see that there are no rounds in the weapon. All this time he has been pointing the weapon at the ground. Vernon lays the now definitely empty weapon on the table.

Frank picks it up and weighs it in his hands. He passes it to Chris. Chris puts down his briefcase. Martin watches this. Frank notices Martin.

STEVO

A widow-maker.

FRANK

Shut up.

STEVO

That's what...

FRANK

Shut up.

MARTIN

Hey good to see you. My Mothers
people are from Sligo.

CHRIS

That's nice.

FRANK

You doing us a Sligo reduction
then?

MARTIN

We're doing our bit. I don't need
to be here at all.

Frank sucks his teeth. He knows what doing your bit entails.
And it's cost him a lot more than Martin would ever be
prepared to give up.

Chris smells the gun. He looks down the barrel.

CHRIS

You got some rounds?

VERNON

Sure.

Vernon rolls the bullets along the table top. Chris takes the
rounds and pops them in the magazine.

ORD

I'm going to slowly take out my
handgun. Is that okay Frank?

Frank looks at Chris. Chris nods. Its okay.

FRANK

Sure. Okay.

Ord takes out his pistol and aims it at the ground.

MARTIN

This is just a precaution. While
the rifle is live.

CHRIS

You worked with these guys before
Ord?

ORD

Sure

FRANK

It's okay to fire?

VERNON

Fire away. No one can hear us.

CHRIS

Hey Ord. You ever used your military background to chat up women?

MARTIN

Try not to hit any metalwork. I don't want to get tagged by a ricochet.

Chris gives him a slow sad look. He shoulders the rifle and takes aim.

ORD

Military background?

Chris looks over at Justine.

CHRIS

Your memories of war... the band of brothers... Blah blah.

ORD

No... Who would want to hear that shit?

The others step away and put their fingers in their ears.

CHRIS

You more the silent type Ord?

Chris squeezes off a round as Ord is about to answer.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Sorry what?

Ord goes to talk again.

BOOM!

ORD

I hear its all about eye contact

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry - what?

ORD

It's about eye contact. And caring words.

Chris looks at Justine, who is giggling slightly. Chris makes a 'maybe he has a point' face. Then pulls the trigger.

It makes a huge noise in the space. In the distance there is a thwack as the bullet hits home. The ejected cartridge hits the floor and rolls about.

Chris looks back at the others. Then to Frank.

CHRIS

Good.

FRANK

Okay.

Chris squeezes of a few more shots. Refuse bags pop. A locker falls over. There's a clanging echo in the Warehouse. The echo of the shots dims.

Chris then adjusts the Rifle to full auto. He lets off a burst.

He then puts on the safety. Takes out the magazine and pulls the rack, ejecting a live round. He does this twice more and presents it to Vernon.

Vernon nods when he sees it's safe.

Chris puts the rifle back on the table. Ord holsters his pistol. Chris takes out a pen and uses it to pick up the brass. He puts them on the table. He looks up at the pillar near the table. He walks over to it. Ord watches him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I thought we had talked about
M16's?

MARTIN

We did.

FRANK

The Brits wont even use these
things. They fail in the mud.

Chris runs his hands over the pillar. There are pock marks in it. He looks at Ord. (What Chris is looking at are fresh bullet scars. This place has recently been used as a firing range.)

VERNON

Well don't roll about in the mud...

INT. WAREHOUSE BY THE PILLAR

Ord watches Chris looking at Pillar

ORD

What is the matter?

CHRIS

What does that look like to you?

INT. WAREHOUSE

Frank frowns and starts negotiating. Justine watches Chris.

FRANK
I've got money for M16's

VERNON
Well I've got AR-18's - that's it.

Ord looks at the marks

ORD
Bullet hits?

He shrugs. Not understanding why it might be relevant.

Chris looks out to the edges of the warehouse. They would have come from a ways off. Chris looks to Ord then gives up on his investigation. He turns to Vernon.

CHRIS
How many?

VERNON
40.

CHRIS
They all folding stock?

VERNON
Sure

FRANK
Well where are they?

MARTIN
Lets see the money chief.

Chris pops the case on the table. He opens it up. Martin goes into his bag and pulls out a money counter. Inside we see a 20 round mag for the AR18. He feeds the money into the counter. Justine looks at the money for a moment.

They all stand around and stare as he does it.

VERNON
It's not that we don't trust you...
it's just easier this way.

FRANK
Sure.

The money flips through the counter. It comes to an end. Martin looks up.

MARTIN
\$40,000

CHRIS

What would you do if you won the lottery?

JUSTINE

I'd buy a cabin back home.

VERNON

What's the matter with here?

JUSTINE

I like it here, but, it's just moving through y'know.

VERNON

Not really...

FRANK

So you going to do us a reduction on these non M16's?

VERNON

I'll do them at 10% off.

FRANK

15

VERNON

12

Chris nods.

FRANK

Okay. So I take \$1200 back?

VERNON

Sure. I can do you that in ammo if you want.

FRANK

You were going to charge extra on the ammo?

VERNON

It's specialist. You got a press you can do it in your garage or what not?

Frank shrugs defeated.

INT. VAN

Inside the van sits Gordon: 32. Shoulder length hair. Leather jacket. Harry: 27. Baby faced. Bomber jacket. Harry is picking his knuckles. They are grazed from fighting. Gordon watches out of the corner of his eye.

HARRY
You got the walky turned on?

GORDON
Yeah, thanks.

HARRY
We've been here ages. Maybe
something has gone wrong.

GORDON
Sure. They would have squawked. The
signal.

HARRY
How long have you worked for
Vernon?

GORDON
Long enough. Your energy is very
jumpy. Can you ratchet it down a
couple of notches.

HARRY
Sure. I'm just ready I guess...

GORDON
To load some boxes?

HARRY
No... just peeeewwwwww ready.

Gordon rolls his eyes.

GORDON
You need to wash those knuckles or
you will get an infection.

HARRY
I was in a fight.

The walky squawks.

GORDON
That's the sign.

Gordan starts up the van. John Denver starts up on the 8
track.

GORDON (CONT'D)
You like John Denver?

HARRY
Sure

INT. WAREHOUSE

In the distance there is the noise of a van starting up. The men stand patiently as it approaches. Frank is tense. He looks over to Chris. Chris is not scared but looks on intensely. He strokes his jacket where his gun is. Frank looks to Martin. The van enters the warehouse.

MARTIN

Look, if we wanted to rip you off
it would have happened already.

Frank looks them up and down for a second. He's like a cat with a mouse.

FRANK

How do you all know each other?

MARTIN

Will it make the guns fire any
straighter if you knew?

Vernon points at Justine.

VERNON

She vouches for us. That's how it
works.

Justine smiles. Thats right.

VERNON (CONT'D)

I don't want to know you Frank.
I've got enough friends already.
You Don't want to know me. She
brings us all together. Its safer
that way.

Franks face is set. He's smiling but he's not happy. Justine detects this. Martins is resolute in not talking.

JUSTINE

My father had a gun shop in Sweden.
I've known the Corsican since I was
kid. They know the Corsican, so we
are all friends.

FRANK

That's cozy. You always been into
guns Justine?

JUSTINE

I grew up with them. How about you?

FRANK

My Father took me shooting when I
was a boy.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I've always been around them. He was a good shot. Later he was in the Easter uprising. It was a good skill to have.

ORD

Story time over?

FRANK

What war were you in Ord?

ORD

Whatever it was, the great Irish army wasn't involved...

INT. WAREHOUSE

The van rolls in. It comes to a stop. The two men get out.

They walk around the back of the truck and start unloading. One of the men looks at Stevo. He walks around the van.

Martin opens the back door with a key on his key chain. The two men (Gordon and Harry) Start lugging out the boxes. They are about 0.5 ft by 3ft wooden containers with rope handles. Martin takes the van keys from Harry and pockets them.

Soon there is a pile of boxes. Gordon and Harry are sweating slightly. Harry is eyeing Stevo.

FRANK

Lets have a look then.

Vernon takes a crowbar and opens one of the boxes. Inside are three AR18's in wood chippings. Frank smiles. He points to a random box.

CHRIS

What's your daughter called?

JUSTINE

Agneth.

FRANK

How about that one...

Vernon shrugs and opens it. Same deal.

CHRIS

Just open em all.

The boxes are opened up. Inside sit the AR18's Frank purses his lips. Chris leans into Justine. Martin watches neutrally.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I can't believe you wont see me tomorrow.

JUSTINE
Do you think I'm stupid?

CHRIS
What?

JUSTINE
Stop pretending to be interested in
my kid.

CHRIS
Just making conversation...

Chris looks at the guns. Vernon looks over his shoulder.

VERNON
They like to run wet. Keep it lubed
even when its dirty.

He pulls out a can of lube.

VERNON (CONT'D)
On the house...

Chris plays with the folding stock.

CHRIS
You got the ammo?

VERNON
Sure. In the back... But not yet.

Chris smiles. Everyone is cautious.

Harry takes another look at Stevo as he passes with a box. Stevo looks at him with vague recognition. This look turns to cold dread over the next few moments. Gordon and Harry bring the last box out and put it down.

Round the other side of the van Stevo motions to Bernie.

STEVO
Look who it is...

Bernie looks back over his shoulder and spots Harry.

BERNIE
Oh fuck no. Has he made you?

STEVO
How could he not?

Frank makes an inventory of the contents of the boxes. He counts the contents and Chris has a look at a random sample. They are all the same - this is the real deal. All new. Harry is sneaking peaks at Stevo here and there. As each box is signed off, it's resealed and stacked.

A two foot high wooden wall is being built out of packing cases. Gordon looks and sees Harry looking agitated.

Round the back of the van he talks to Harry

GORDON
What's the matter with you?

HARRY
I don't know. I think I know those
guys.

GORDON
Cops?

HARRY
No.. From last night..

GORDON
You better get your shit together
because we are in a serious
situation here... Just chill out.

Around the front of the van the deal is coming to a close.

MARTIN
Okay. That's our business almost
done here.

CHRIS
You tell the Corsican thanks.

MARTIN
Perfecto. We will leave and then
you load out. Give us 5 minutes.
You can drive your vehicle round on
Lassiter.

STEVO
Okay. Got it.

Harry is staring now. Staring at Stevo. Gordon looks from
Harry to Vernon.

GORDON
Harry...

HARRY
I know you.

STEVO
Me?

GORDON
Shut up Harry.

VERNON
What's the problem Gordon?

Martin looks at his watch and glances to Justine. She takes a small step back. His watch is ticking towards 12.

HARRY

Yeah.

STEVO

No you don't.

HARRY

Yeah I do.

Martin takes a small look to the far pillars.

MARTIN

What's this about Harry?

HARRY

This is the guy that hit us last night at Harlequins. Him and his buddy there.

Bernie shifts uncomfortably.

There is a pause. Frank looks up. Chris looks carefully at Harry.

VERNON

Is this true?

STEVO

I don't know what you are talking about.

A moment passes. Vernon stares at Stevo.

VERNON

You are a terrible liar son.

FRANK

Come on now. Don't be calling my brother in-law a liar

Stevo is starting to sweat. He looks to Frank. Bernie looks into the middle distance trying to disappear.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tell them Steven.

STEVO

I don't know what he's talking about.

Harry's face is red with anger. As he says the next few lines it's as if he is stepping on an emotional gas peddle. He goes from straight to ENRAGED in eight words.

HARRY

Last night there was a fight in Harlequins. Started by this guy and his friends. My cousin, Sally Perigan. She was bottled. She's still in the hospital

Frank grimaces. Justine looks to Stevo. She's not happy about what she is hearing Bernie looks blank. Chris looks at Ord. Looks at Ord's hands. Frank talks very slowly and deliberately.

FRANK

We are here for work. Not to talk about the rights or wrongs of particular bar fights.

VERNON

I agree.

Harry twitches. He is on the rack here. He knows this is the wrong place. But his sense of righteousness is eating him alive.

HARRY

Her face is fucked up...

Vernon smiles in a fatherly way.

VERNON

Well, that's something you will have to take care of another day.

ORD

We can sort this thing out later Harry

HARRY

He ground the glass into her face.

STEVO

I wasn't there. This is bullshit.

HARRY

Was he all banged up after last night?

STEVO

I walked into a door. I've never been to that bar.

Stevo is stepping forward towards Harry. Bernie is naturally moving in. Harry is moving forward with Gordon as his wing man. It's coming together. It's like it wants to happen.

STEVO (CONT'D)

I didn't start it.. You motherfucker!

CHRIS
You need to stop talking now.

Stevo punches Harry. Harry falls back. He scrambles to his feet and grabs at Stevo. The two men fall to floor in a flail of punches and short screams of exertion.

Ord looks over to Chris and shrugs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Christ.

Ord and Frank move in and pull the two men apart. They grab them and pries them open.

Chris is putting a little distance between himself and the others. Ord and Frank have hold of the flailing men.

HARRY
YOU FUCKING SHIT. I'LL KILL
YOU...FUCKERS... LET ME GO... LET
ME GO...

ORD
I will Harry, but you have to
relax.

Ord looks to Chris. He can see Harry is about to go. There is a moment when the fire could catch again just on the vapors. Harry wipes his face, he is so conflicted. He's never backed down in a fight before.

Stevo is released by Frank and is wiping blood from his nose and gasping for air.

Harry looks around at the other men. Chris puts out his hand flat and bends down a bit. It's placatory body language. He is talking slowly. The sound has shifted now... It feels muffled. Variously the characters are entering into an endorphin state as their bodies flood with adrenalin.

CHRIS
I'm sorry to hear about your
cousin. But we are taking these
guns now and leaving.

Ord lets go of Harrys' arm. Chris backs away to give himself a bit of distance. He instinctively knows what's about to go down.

MARTIN
Let's go Harry.

HARRY
Okay... that's okay...

Harry goes to walk away. He talks quietly. Defeated.

HARRY (CONT'D)
She was only 17.

Stevo watches Harry walk away

STEVO
Then she shouldn't have been out
should she?

Chris is watching Harry's hands. He looks over to Martin.
Chris's hand twitches. He looks back.

Harry twists in Martins' arms pulling a snub-nosed 38. Ord
sees and pushes forward to get to Harry.

ORD
NO!

Harry fires at Stevo. Time slows.

Flare flashes from the muzzle of the snub-nose.

Stevo is hit in the shoulder. It opens up in an explosion of
material and blood.

In one action his hand pulls out his M1911 hand-gun from his
jacket. Stevo falls.

Frank looks on in low resignation. This is his fault for
bringing the idiot along.

Justine looks at Ord. Can he help stop this?

Ord catches Justine's look. It's out of his hands now.

Martin grabs at Harry, trying to stop him. The men all stare
at each other for a moment.

Frank steps backward and gets ready to pull.

Chris scans back and forth to see which way this is going to
go.

There is a split second where this fight might not escalate.
But Chris knows as soon as the first shot is fired, the guns
will come out and there's no other place to go.

Bernie looks on, frozen to the spot.

Gordon takes a step back. He looks on blankly.

Martin takes a step back. He is staring at Stevo falling.

Martin bumps into the table. The AR18 and a detached magazine
falls off it.

Vernon looks at Chris and sees the look. He doesn't even think and goes for his pistol.

Ord staggers back looking for cover. He shifts his body weight out of the line of fire of Stevo.

Vernon pulls his pistol. A Colt Cobra. A snub-nosed 38.

Chris quick draws his pistol; a police 38. He tucks his arm in, so that his hand is in close to his hip. (A classic close combat stance.)

Frank pulls his pistol. A Browning 9mm automatic.

Martin pulls his. A 44 Python. He cocks it. He looks around for a target.

Ord moves backwards towards the AR18 cases.

Vernon fumbles with the safety catch on his pistol.

Chris has hunkered down to make as small a target as possible and is trying to get to cover. He sees the pillar out of his periphery vision. Tactically, he figures there are too many people to engage. He needs to move and shoot to get to a safe position.

Justine pulls her pistol - a 38 police special. She nervously looks around.

Bernie is frozen. His hands come up slowly. He wants no part in this.

Harry fires again. The hammer smashing down on a bullets' percussion cap. It fires, igniting the gunpowder. The pistol kicks as the bullet exits. The cylinder turns and engages another cartridge.

The bullet whistles past Stevo's head as he falls backwards.

Ord pulls out his pistol from a kneeling position. A Colt M1991A1 Compact.

Stevo fires his automatic. The pistol spits fire. The slide jerks back and a shell casing ejects.

The high calibre slug misses Harry and hits Gordon; blowing his ear off. His long hair blows in the air at the impact.

Gordon grabs the side of his face as blood arcs out of his head. He starts to scream but he is trapped in syrup like in a dream.

Vernon is nervously fiddling with his pistol trying to unlock the safety while backing away.

Bernie is watching events unfold around him. He is still frozen.

Ord takes aim on Chris. He tracks him in the iron sights of his automatic. It's hard to hit him as Vernon moves across his line of sight.

Chris fires in twos. Double taps. TAP TAP. He hits Martin at close range. A gob of gore sprouts from Martins' head.

Stevo hits the floor. He is still firing. A second bullet chambers.

BANG - a spent cartridge spins across space...

He totally misses Harry. The bullet screams off wide. A light in the ceiling explodes. Sparks fly.

Martin drops to his knees. Blood spits from his head.

Ord fires on Chris. Misses the first shot and hits him with the second. Winging his arm. Ord is concentrated on his iron sight. He tries to control the dump of adrenalin that's in his system. He starts to experience tunnel vision.

INT. WAREHOUSE 200 METERS OUT EAST

Jimmy 40. Slim, black jacket, steps out of the shadows with his M1 carbine. He licks his fingers and wets the iron sight at the end of his rifle. He watches for a moment as shots are fired in the distance. Gunsmoke is gathering in the air. He looks nervous; this wasn't the plan. He looks to the far side of the warehouse and sees a second rifle man... Howie.

INT.WAREHOUSE HOWIES PILLAR 200 METRES OUT WEST

Far away from the action we find Howie. 53. Pot bellied. White whiskers. Dark hunting jacket. He takes aim with an M1 Garrand. He looks stressed. He looks over to Jimmy's position. Is this what they should be doing?

We see down his iron sight. In the distance we see the gun battle.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Vernon fires his pistol at Stevo and the bullet nicks Stevo's thigh. Blood squirts out. He turns and fires behind him.

Shell casings ping into the air.

Chris fires his 38 hitting Vernon's arm. He staggers back. Half running. It's like he has been punched.

Martin fires his pistol involuntarily. It kicks back. The ripple going down his arm.

The shot ricochets across the floor and whines towards Frank. Frank almost bunny hops to the side in shock.

Chris fires his pistol at Harry and hits him in the side.

Harrys' jacket puffs up and explodes with blood. The bullet exits. Harry spins. Already off balance.

Bernie starts to realize what's happening around him and runs towards a pillar.

Frank fires his pistol at Vernon. He fires wide and the round hits the van. It makes a low DUNK noise.

Bang

Justine darts right to avoid the gun fire.

BANG

Harry falls backwards and fires into the air. Another ricochet pangs off the light fixtures.

BANG

Stevo fires his third shot. It's wide and inaccurate.

BANG

Gordon drops his pistol and grabs his head. Blood squirts out through his fingers. He falls to the side and slides down the side of the van.

Harry collapses into the dust.

INT. WAREHOUSE 200 METERS OUT.

Jimmy looks at his watch. Midday.

Jimmy squeezes off three shots with the M1 carbine. The shots are loud and distinctive. WUDD. Clang WUDD, clang WUDD..
clang

Brass casings roll around on the floor.

INT. WAREHOUSE

A bullet smacks into Franks' arm, spinning him round. Chris turns his head and sees the flash of the carbine for the first time.

Bernie cowers behind the pillar. Bullets chasing through the air.

Gordon clambers too his feet and looks for an exit.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Vernon dives out of the way. Harry tries to shield himself from the incoming gunfire. It's chaos. The initial pistol shoot-out is superceded by the introduction of much greater fire power.

The M1 Carbine fire continues in bursts of three. A shot goes wide and hits Gordon in the leg. He is spun around and collapses to the ground again.

INT.WAREHOUSE HOWIES PILLAR

HOWIE

This isn't what we arranged....
Fuck fuck...

Howie squeezes his trigger. His M1 Garrand fires. The sound is very distinctive.

CHANK ting

CHANK ting

INT. WAREHOUSE

Chris hears the whine of Howies' missed shot. He turns and makes eye contact with Ord.

Ord looks at him from behind the AR18 boxes. They are the only two who know what's happening. They are in a crossfire.

Chris gestures to Ord 'What the fuck is this?'

ORD

THEY ARE NOT WITH US!

CHRIS

SOUNDS LIKE A FUCKING GARRAND.

CHANK ting

CHANK. ting

Ord looks around in the boxes. He finds Vernons' bag.

Frank fires again at Vernon who is trying to move out of the way. Vernon takes a round in the leg and as he falls he fires again, hitting nothing. His jacket rips open and AR18 rounds tinkle to the ground.

Chris tries to take cover from the increasing rifle crossfire. Bullets zing through the air. He grabs one of the AR18 rounds from the floor and picks up the fallen rifle.

Vernon grabs at him.

VERNON

Hey!

Chris and Vernon struggle on the floor

CHANK ting

CHANK ting

Chris grabs one of the loose rounds and stabs Vernon in the hand with it. Vernon recoils grasping his bloodied hand. Chris scoops up three more of the long 5.56 x 45mm bullets.

Frank is hit in the leg and collapses.

Ord pulls out an AR18 from a packing case and slams the magazine into it. He racks it.

He takes aim at Howie.

CHANK -

The Garrand magazine is empty and pops out of the Rifle.

CLANG- (this is the sound of the cartridge ejecting on the Garrand. A design fault.)

Chris aims the rifle and fires at Jimmy the rifleman.

INT. WAREHOUSE JIMMYS PILLAR

The first shot chips concrete that goes into Jimmys' eyes. He staggers back and stops firing.

INT. WAREHOUSE.

Ord fires at Howie. Howie is further off than Jimmy. The AR18 round cracks loud. A spent cartridge pings out of the rifle.

INT.WAREHOUSE HOWIES PILLAR

Howie struggles to reload his Garrand. The second and third AR18 shots bite into the pillar.

Howie ducks behind his pillar.

INT. WAREHOUSE AR18 BOXES.

Ord fires again to keep him pinned down. A bullet zings off the concrete from Jimmy. Ord turns 90 degrees and fires back in Jimmys' direction.

Bang bang bang bang

Chris scrambles looking for any more rounds. He finds one and runs for a concrete column. Gordon is on the floor shouting.

Harry continues to fire at Stevo from the ground. Stevo is hit in the shin. His leg explodes and he screams in agony.

INT. WAREHOUSE HOWIES PILLAR

Howie returns fire.

CHANK CHANK.

INT. WAREHOUSE AR18 BOXES

Ord turns to fire at Harry.

Bang bang bang

INT. WAREHOUSE WEST PILLAR.

Chris makes it to the pillar and looks around it to see where Jimmy is.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Stevo hits the ground. He holds his leg.

INT. WAREHOUSE 200 METERS OUT.

Jimmy is wiping his eyes. He has blood pouring down his face.

INT. WAREHOUSE WEST PILLAR.

Chris takes careful aim with the AR18 and fires.

INT. WAREHOUSE 200 METERS OUT.

Jimmy is shot through the chest and falls to the ground.

INT. WAREHOUSE WEST PILLAR.

Chris turns to look at the situation. Harry fires at Justine.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Justine is shot in the arm. She shoots him back low. He is shot in the leg. He returns fire and shoots her in the thigh. She falls to the ground.

INT. WAREHOUSE HOWIES PILLAR

Howie fires wildly. He is panicking. AR18 rounds are zinging around his position.

HOWIE

Goddamn.

He loses his nerve and makes a run for the far door. Howie is old, fat and out of shape... he huffs and puffs.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Ord tracks Howie with his AR18. He lets out a burst and Howie collapses to the ground.

Ord is out of bullets. He has shot his 20 round mag. He carefully puts the rifle down.

Justine looks around and sees Howie is immobilised. Under the van she can see the shapes of the other men. She crawls away towards a low wall.

Chris looks to Frank. Frank is on the floor trying to crawl away from the others towards the relative safety of the SOUTH PILLAR.

Chris runs low to get to help Frank and is hit by Gordon. He collapses in the dust. His gun skitters away.

Stevo takes aim and shoots at Gordon. He misses.

The echoes of the shots ring around the space.

Bernie looks around. He sees the various positions where people are hiding. He is the only one not wounded. He looks to the door where the truck came in.

Justine looks at her wounds. She rips her jacket and makes a tourniquet for her leg. She looks at her pistol and reloads it from her hand bag. She empties out the contents.

Purse. Keys. Mouth spray. Perfume. Dental floss. Sanitary towel. Speed loaders *2. Needles.

She breathes heavily. She peaks over the wall at the devastation.

We see the warehouse in wide. Everybody is down. Smoke hangs in the air.

Justine can see that Frank has almost finished pulling himself over to the far pillar. He has a painful 10 metres to go.

Bernie gets up and makes a run for the steel shuttered exit. He sprints across open ground.

Stevo is crawling away from the van trying to get a shot at Gordon and Harry.

Vernon shoots Bernie. Bernie jerks as he is hit. He keeps trying to move forward but collapses.

Stevo sees Bernie collapse to the ground.

STEVO

BERNIE!

Bernie crawls along for a bit but stops. His breathing becomes slower. He dies. Stevo looks on devastated.

STEVO (CONT'D)

Oh Bernie... no.

INT. WAREHOUSE JIMMYS PILLAR

Jimmy opens his eyes. He is laying on his back. Blood is pouring out of his chest.

He tries to rub the blood from his eyes.

Jimmy POV. We see he is partially blind

JIMMY

Oh Christ.

He rubs his eyes. He finds a tap and pours some water and cleans his eyes. He sees he is bleeding profusely. He tries to get to his feet. He can't. He sees he has dropped the M1 carbine a way away.

INT. WAREHOUSE NORTH PILLAR

Harry shuffles backwards towards a concrete pillar. He turns and looks at the situation. He is caked in blood. He looks to see how much ammo he has.

INT. WAREHOUSE. LOW WALL.

Justine gets her lighter out of her pocket and puts it with the collected contents of her handbag.

INT. WAREHOUSE

There is an eerie silence in the warehouse. Smoke lazily drifts away. Light finds it and filters through. We visit each of the combatants...

Jimmy the Rifleman:

Jimmy has propped his head against the pillar and is conscious but badly wounded

Harry:

Harry is on the floor. He's been hit twice, but nothing life threatening... yet. He looks about wildly.

Bernie:

Bernie is face down. Dead.

Frank:

Frank is laying on the ground. He is breathing steadily trying to calm himself. Resting before attempting the last few meters to the South pillar.

Vernon:

Vernon is trying to stop his leg bleeding. He looks nervously to Ord.

Gordon

Gordon is in shock. He is holding his bleeding head.

Howie the Rifleman:

Howie is alive but crippled. He lays in a growing puddle of blood.

Martin:

Martin is laying face down in his own blood. It bubbles as he breathes.

Stevo:

Stevo is crawling away slowly. Trying to make it to the South pillar. He's been crying.

Justine:

Justine is ripping off her trouser leg and picking the material out of the bullet wound.

Ord:

Ord is watching and thinking. He looks at all the people involved and tries to think where this will go next.

Chris:

Chris rests against the pillar. He looks at his hand. It's shaking. He holds it with the other hand to stop the tremors.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 CRATES

Ord pokes his head around from the boxes and makes eye contact with the other guys.

ORD
Who's alive? Harry?

Harry is laying behind some rubble

HARRY
I'm hit.

ORD
Vernon?

Vernon is by the van.

VERNON
My leg.

ORD
Move back towards me. You are out
in the open there.

Vernon takes in a deep breath and starts to crawl away. He hauls himself painfully back towards the AR18 boxes.

EXT. SOUTH PILLAR

Frank makes his way toward the south pillar. He manages to get onto one foot and stagger towards it.

Harry fires at him. The shot goes way wide.

ORD
Stop shooting.. What are you doing?

Frank makes it to the pillar and slumps

Stevo rolls onto his side and fires a shot at Harry. He misses as well. Harry ducks behind his pillar.

Stevo crawls around toward the East pillar.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOOTING AREA

Vernon crawls on all fours towards the AR18 packing cases. He methodically puts one hand in front of the other. He eventually makes it. Ord pulls him in.

INT. WAREHOUSE EAST PILLAR.

Stevo makes it to the pillar. He looks around. He sees Frank. Frank makes a hand gesture... stay there...

INT. WAREHOUSE. LOW WALL.

Justine rips her trouser.

INT. WAREHOUSE EAST PILLAR.

Chris gets himself together from behind his pillar. He looks about and assesses the situation. He looks at his 38. 5 shots left.

He looks over to Justine as he hears the ripping of her trousers.

CHRIS

Justine.

There is no answer

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Justine!

JUSTINE

Yes.

CHRIS

It's Chris... how are you?

JUSTINE

I'm hit in the leg...

Chris shuffles over to her position. Using the low wall as cover.

INT.WAREHOUSE AR18 CRATES

Ord looks over his wounds. He goes through his pockets. He finds a hip flask. He opens it and sniffs it. He smiles.

INT. WAREHOUSE. LOW WALL.

Justine looks at the wound in her leg. She sees that it's in and out. She picks the bits of trouser out of the wound with a pair of tweezers. Chris crawls into view.

CHRIS

Where did those guys come from?

JUSTINE

I don't know.. They were waiting though.

CHRIS

I knew it. Those bullet strikings on the pillars I saw.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
They were range markings. They had
time to practise.

She opens her mouth wash. She uses it to clean the wound in
her leg. She flinches as it pours on. She squirts some
perfume on the wound as well. The alcohol works as an
antiseptic.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Yeah. You think they were with Ord
and Vern?

JUSTINE
Independents I'd say. Maybe they
got wind of the deal?

Justine pulls a needle out of her bag

CHRIS
Maybe... You badly hurt?

Justine threads the dental floss into her needle. She uses
her lighter to sterilize its end.

JUSTINE
No.. I don't think so..

Justine uses the dental floss to stitch her leg together.
Chris looks on in amazement.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
I was trained as a nurse...

She uses a sanitary napkin as a bandage. Chris is impressed.

She looks at his wounds. She squirts some perfume at his side
wound.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
This looks okay.. just clipped you.

She pulls up his trouser.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
This is bad though.

Chris looks at her sadly and smiles. She pokes around at it a
bit more.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
Looks straight through...

She starts to make a bandage for him. She stitches up the
gash in his side. He grits his teeth as the needle goes in.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
Such a baby.

She ties the leg wound tight with a bandage.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

This is going to go septic in about
48 hours...

CHRIS

We will be out of here by then.

Chris isn't sure he believes what he has just said.

She looks over the edge of the wall to see what's going on.
She sees movement over at the AR18 crates.

INT. WAREHOUSE AR18 CRATES

Gordon sees Stevo moving through the wheels of the van. He
looks down on the floor and sees a chunk of his own ear. He
looks back to Stevo.

GORDON

Hey you fucker... Where are you
going?

He aims his pistol and fires. A bullet skids into the
concrete floor near Stevo.

Stevo keeps moving.

Gordon starts crawling towards him.

ORD

Hey Gordon... Get back here.

GORDON

Son of a bitch... shot me...

Gordon crawls to the van.

Stevo is crawling away.

Gordon crawls out to get a shot at Stevo.

He takes aim. Frank takes a shot at him and makes him retreat
behind the wheel.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord looks over to Gordon. Vernon looks about. He sees where
Justine and Chris are. Franks position. He looks at Bernards
dead body. He looks over to Martin and Howie collapsed. He
thinks for a moment. There are a lot of dead and dying people
here. He's coming to a conclusion. Ord sees him thinking.

ORD

What do you want to do?

VERN

I want to go home

Ord smiles..

ORD

I see we have three options... One:
we leave, two: we shoot it out with
them, three: we negotiate.

VERNON

Here's the thing. We have four
bodies already and a load of guns.
This is a very bad situation.

ORD

Yeah

VERNON

I think the only way out now is to
kill them all.

ORD

Oh Vern. Come on.

VERNON

This is the logical play. We can't
take the risk.

Ord looks around at the damage. He looks over to where Jimmy
was. He sees he is moving about.

ORD

Who the fuck was that guy?

VERNON

The Micks looked as surprised as
us.

ORD

Who knows from our side outside of
the Corsican?

VERNON

Maybe it was Justine..

ORD

What would she have to gain?

VERNON

How well do you know anyone?
Situations change.. People like us
already take a lot a risks. What's
one more?

Vernon looks over to her... He's already decided a course of
action. He looks back to Martin's inert body

VERNON (CONT'D)
I worked with him for 10 years.

INT. WAREHOUSE WEST PILLAR.

Jimmy is sobbing. He looks at his hand. He can see colours at the edge of his vision. He gets out his wallet and takes out a picture of his wife and child.

Jimmy sobs. He tries to pull him self together.

INT. WAREHOUSE LOW WALL

Justine peers over the top of her wall. She sees Ord pop his head over the AR18 crates and look about.

JUSTINE
ORD!

ORD'
HEY JUSTINE. I HOPE YOU DIDN'T GET
HIT TOO BAD?

JUSTINE
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS?

ORD
MY GUYS ARE PRETTY PISSED OFF.

JUSTINE
THERE'S NOT A LOT OF LOVE THIS SIDE
EITHER.

ORD
WE GOTTA WORK THIS OUT.

We hear Frank echoing in from the South pillar:

FRANK
FORGE.T IT SWEETHEART, HE KNOWS
HE'S BEAT

ORD
WHAT'S THAT FRANK?

FRANK
YOU HEARD ME.

ORD
WE ARE HAPPY TO SIT IT OUT HERE
TILL OUR GUYS TURN UP LOOKING FOR
US. WON'T BE LONG NOW.

FRANK
OH - IS THAT RIGHT?

CHRIS
SOUNDS UNLIKELY...

ORD
YOU STILL BREATHING TOO
CHRISTOPHER?

CHRIS
SURE FOR NOW

There's a long moan... Ord looks over in the direction of the collapsed Howie

HOWIE
ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHHH

ORD
YOU STILL ALIVE?

HOWIE
GET AN AMBULANCE...

FRANK
YOU AIN'T GOING TO NEED AN
AMBULANCE..

HOWIE
I'M SHOT...

ORD
WE ARE ALL SHOT FELLA..

HOWIE
ARRRRRRRRRGHHHHHHHHHHH

FRANK
SHUT UP.

CHRIS
WHO HIRED YOU?

HOWIE
FUCKKK OFFF...

Frank looks at the blood in his hand. Vernon is thinking. He is mulling over the voice of the shooter.

VERNON
I know that voice.

INT. WAREHOUSE LOW WALL

Chris and Justine lay next to one another.

CHRIS

Who are we dealing with here?

JUSTINE

Ord is an ex-military guy they bring in to have a bit of sensible muscle. Martin and Vernon are the connections. I deal through their boss. The kids I dont know.

CHRIS

Ord seems like someone we can work with.

JUSTINE

He wont panic.. The others...

CHRIS

You should stay here.

JUSTINE

Where are you going?

CHRIS

I'm getting over to the others.

JUSTINE

Why would you leave me here?

CHRIS

You have to stay independent. If you align with us, they will kill you. The first opportunity you get you have to get out of here.

JUSTINE

Can think you can win?

CHRIS

At the end of the day a battle is won by the side that gives up last. I ain't dieing here

JUSTINE

You think you have the most reason to live?

CHRIS

I've got an ideology at least. These guys have just got money.

JUSTINE

Money can mean a lot of things. It can mean freedom. People will do anything for freedom.

Justine looks shaky.

CHRIS
I won't let them hurt you.

JUSTINE
It's too late for that.

Chris starts to make his way over to the South pillar.

INT. WAREHOUSE AR18 BOXES

Ord is moving about dragging bags of rubble over and putting them up against the AR18 boxes.

Harry watches from his position by the van. Harry shouts out to Stevo and whoever is listening.

HARRY
FUCK YOU!

Vernon hisses over to Harry.

VERNON
I should put one in you, you little bastard.

Ord turns to Vernon

ORD
Those other shooters are independents. This would have gone down like this whatever happened. In fact, Harry's lunacy may have helped us.

VERNON
How so?

ORD
Because without the initial gunplay the shooters would have caught us completely off guard.

Ord puts another bag of rubble up against the wooden crates.

VERNON
What are you doing? Building a fort?

ORD
Do you think wooden boxes stop bullets?

VERNON
Don't they?

ORD

You watch too much TV. Do you think
a stud wall stops a bullet?

VERNON

I guess not.

ORD

Do you not know the difference
between concealment and cover?

Vernon registers the error of his ways.

VERNON

Christ

Vernon joins in building the barricades.

HOWIE

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhrgh.

Vernon stops and frowns.

VERNON

Is that you Howie?

There is a pause.

HOWIE

Yeah...

that you Vern?

VERNON

Yeah, it is. What are you doing
here?

HOWIE

It was a score... I didn't know it
would be you.

VERNON

Well it fucking was...

HOWIE

I've been hit bad Vern.. You gotta
call an ambulance.

VERNON

Who hired you?

HOWIE

You promise you will get me some
help?

VERNON

Sure.

INT. WAREHOUSE. LOW WALL.

Justine listens to the conversation.

VERNON

You have to tell me who hired you.

HOWIE

I suppose it's academic now.

Justine looks over and she can see Howie in the distance.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Gordon is watching as things play out. He holds his bleeding head. He can see Howie.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR

Chris watches. He looks to Frank at his pillar. Chris shakes himself together. He crouches and stands up unsteadily. He gets ready to run. He slouches forward and hobbles towards Franks position.

He gets half way across when he is noticed.

INT. WAREHOUSE BY THE VAN

Harry takes a feeble shot at Chris. The shot whines past.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Vernon is talking to Howie.

VERNON

I'll get you out of here Howie -
just tell me who hired you.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR

Frank fires back at Harry. Chris approaches Franks pillar and falls in behind it.

INT. WAREHOUSE.

Howie is still laying on his front. No amount of medical care is going to help him. He licks his bloody lips trying to talk.

HOWIE
Vern.. VERN..

Suddenly two shots ring out. HOWIE IS SHOT IN THE HEAD. He rolls over obviously dead.

INT. AR18 BOXES

Ord looks around trying to work out who took the shot. General gun smoke is wafting about.

Vernon looks around wildly

VERNON
HOWIE!

Ord rubs his face. This is a fucked up situation. Vernon ducks back down.

VERNON (CONT'D)
He's fucking dead.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR

Chris collapses on the ground exhausted. He props him self up and looks back to Justine. She looks back at him and smiles weakly. He nods back and turns to Frank.

CHRIS
Here we are...

FRANK
Good to see you.

CHRIS
Your brother in law is a fucking idiot.

Frank looks miserable and shakes his head.

FRANK
Do you think they have anyone coming?

CHRIS
I think they have troubles of their own. Someone set up the shooters. And it looks like the last one got shot.

FRANK
I didn't see where it came from.

CHRIS
If any ones coming for them it isn't any time soon.
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Ord never says anything by accident. He wouldn't give away an advantage like that.

FRANK

I never told Leary where we were going.

CHRIS

He might work it..

Chris tries to hide his defeat.

FRANK

He's an idiot. He is never going to put it together.

Chris looks out to the far door where the van came in.

CHRIS

We can't let them leave. If they get outside we are fucked. Look at all these bodies..

FRANK.

Well we can cover the back door. I don't think anyone is going to be making any sudden movements.

CHRIS

Even if we could make it out. We can't leave without the guns

FRANK

I don't think that's a priority at this point.

CHRIS

We are on fairly thin ice with our friends at home without losing a shitload of money and guns. We have to make this work.

FRANK

We can but try.

CHRIS

The biggest problem we have is if they have any ammo for the AR18's.

Frank hadn't considered that until this moment. Franks face crumples depressed.

FRANK

Brilliant.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Stevo suddenly gets up on one leg and starts shuffling towards a bit of cover. He gets there safely.

He looks out around the warehouse and licks his lips. He makes another shuffle across the warehouse. Towards Frank and Chris.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Stevo collapses in front of the pillar. Frank grabs him and pulls him in. He is barely conscious

FRANK
Steven... Steven...

CHRIS
He's passed out.

They wait for a minute. Stevo starts to fit. The two men try to stop him from smashing his head on the concrete. They wrestle with him. He stops fitting and Frank holds him in his arms for a moment. The two men are exhausted. Stevo opens his eyes.

STEVO
I'm so sorry Frank...

Frank looks at him for a beat.

FRANK
It's done now.

They sit there for a moment breathing heavily

CHRIS
HEY ORD.

ORD (O/S)
I HEAR YOU.

CHRIS
LET ME PUT TO YOU MY READING OF
THIS.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

ORD
SHOOT.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR

CHRIS
THE BUSINESS SIDE OF THINGS IS
COMPLETE... THOSE ARE OUR GUNS AND
THAT'S YOUR MONEY... THAT'S NOT
UNDER DISPUTE. I WANT TO LEAVE HERE
WITH THE GUNS... YOU WANT THE
MONEY... WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE...
IT'S UNFORTUNATE BUT WE HAVE TO SEE
THROUGH IT...

ORD (O/S)
AGREED

CHRIS
I PROPOSE WE LET JUSTINE TO
CONTINUE TO ACT AS THE BROKER...
SHE WILL LEAVE HERE AND GET
MESSAGES TO OUR RESPECTIVE PEOPLE
TO COME AND GET US... AND THEN ALL
WILL BE COOL AGAIN.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Vernon looks at Ord. He doesn't like it.

VERNON (WHISPERING)
What if she hired the shooters?
What if she leaves here and she
contacts the Irish... I shot that
kid and you shot Howie - that's
murder. That's the death sentence
in Massachusetts.

ORD
We cant settle this...

VERNON
We have more people... We have the
guns.

Ord looks at him depressed. Vernon doesn't understand the
situation.

ORD
OKAY CHRIS. SENSIBLE. OKAY. LET'S
DO IT. IT'S A DEAL. ARE YOU GOOD
WITH THAT, JUSTINE?

INT. WAREHOUSE LOW WALL

JUSTINE
YES. SOUNDS GOOD. OKAY.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR

CHRIS
NO SHOOTING. JUSTINE TO GO AND WE
WAIT IT OUT.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 CRATES

ORD
DEAL

Justine gets ready to move. She staggers to her feet and starts to move.

She is very wobbly.

CHRIS
YOU NEED HELP THERE JUSTINE?

Chris throws over a broom.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
USE IT AS A CRUTCH.

Justine grabs the brush and uses it to take the weight of her busted leg. She starts to pick up speed.

Suddenly a phone rings in the distance.. The sound echoes across the space. Ringing and ringing... then stops...

Chris looks at Frank.

Vernon looks at Ord.

Justine listens to the phone. She realizes that the sound changes everything. Whoever gets to the phone first...

Ord looks over to a clicking junction box on the far wall.

Ring

Ring

Ring

Ring

Vernon looks over to Justine hobbling along.

Ring

Justine hobbles faster.

Ring

Chris looks over to Vernon and Ord. He can see them talking

CHRIS (CONT'D)

HEY.. NO..

Ring

ORD

Vernon.. wait.

Vernon has his pistol out. He starts to raise it. Ord knows what he is about to do.

Vernon aims his pistol at Justine.

VERNON

YOU STAY RIGHT THERE HONEY.

Justine tries to go faster.

Vernon fires. Ord tries to grab the pistol. The shot goes wide. Justine dives to the ground. NORTH WEST of the van.

Then silence.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord listens to the phone. He looks at Vernon. Vernon looks on grim faced. There's a silence.

VERNON

Do you think shes dead?

ORD

Hard to tell.

JUSTINE {O.S.}

YOU MOTHERFUCKERS!

ORD

She's alive!

Vernon looks over to where she fell and takes aim

INT. WAREHOUSE NORTH WEST OF VAN.

Justine is laying in the rubble. She squirms along on her belly to find better cover.

Vernon is fires at her. She tries to crawl away.

Bullets are flying.

INT. WAREHOUSE AR18 BOXES

Vernon and Ord lay behind the boxes. Vernon takes aim again.

VERNON

If she gets out then we are dead
men. You understand that?

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Chris speed reloads. Points his pistol up at 90 degrees.
Plunges the empty brass out and uses a speed loader from his
pocket.

STEVO (DELERIOUS)

I don't know why you use a
pistol...

Chris peers around the pillar and watches as Vernon takes pot
shots at Justine. She looks back to him panicked. He got her
in this situation.

CHRIS

Six for sure rather than seven for
maybe.

Stevo rolls his eyes. He looks at his 45. Chris looks at it
too.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Shooting is all about placement.
Your guy is still going isn't he?

Stevo takes the point. He looks out into the warehouse and
sees Bernie's dead body.

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR

Justine crawls.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Chris looks around and sees a trolley. He grabs it and pulls
it over. He sees a bag of rubble. They pile it on the
trolley.

CHRIS

I've got to go over there.

FRANK

This is not a good idea.

CHRIS

Shes out in the open. We have to
draw the fire.

FRANK

We are not responsible for her.

CHRIS

Come on, you don't mean that.

FRANK

You are going to get fucking killed.

CHRIS

I'll push it along the line of those broken foundations... I can fall back along that if it goes wrong.

Frank knows there's no convincing him.

FRANK

Okay Chris.

Chris pushes the trolley forward. It takes a lot of effort. He edges out into open space. He makes eye contact with Justine. She looks scared.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord can hear a squeaking noise. It's the sound of the trolley wheels. He moves over to the edge of the boxes and takes a look. Vernon shifts over to have a look as well. He sees the trolley being pushed by Chris. It's loaded with refuse bags of rubbish. Chris can be seen bobbing about behind it.

Ord looks over to where the trolley seems to be heading.

ORD

They are trying to flank us.

Vernon takes aim and fires. A plume of dust explodes from the top of the refuse bag.

INT. WAREHOUSE BEHIND THE TROLLEY

Chris flinches as the bullets impact the bag and the trolley. There's a small flash from the South pillar and a wooden impact as Frank shoots at them. Vernon ducks down. Ord hunkers down low. Wood chips explode around them.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Justine watches as Chris makes his advance.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Frank makes them count. Stevo aims and fires. Frank stops Stevo firing.

FRANK
We just need to make them keep
their heads down.

INT. WAREHOUSE AR18 BOXES

Ord watches as the trolley edges along at a snails pace.

ORD
What ammo are you shooting?

VERNON
9mm hollow point.

ORD
Well that's not going to do
anything. It's just going to blat
off those refuse sacks.. What they
got in them? Rubble?

VERNON
Sure

He aims and fires again.

ORD
You are wasting your time. Aim for
the wheels.

INT. WAREHOUSE BEHIND THE TROLLEY

Chris pushes the trolley forward. The bullets chip wood out
of the makeshift barrier.

INT. WAREHOUSE NORTH WEST OF VAN

Justine starts to crawl back to the low wall. She looks over
to Chris. She knows he is risking his life for hers.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord watches as the trolley approaches. He looks around him
for something to use. He pulls the hip flask out of his
pocket and takes a swig. He takes another shot. This time it
ricochets and breaks the axle of the trolley. The trolley
collapses.

INT. WAREHOUSE TROLLEY

Chris scrambles for cover as the trolley falls to pieces.
Bullets rip across the concrete. Chris rolls - cursing.

He looks at the route back to the pillar. He can see a bag of rubble he could use as cover.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Vernon fires blindly.

Ord doesn't look so confident. He looks round and sees Justine disappearing behind a pillar on the west side. He realizes the plan.

INT. WAREHOUSE COLLAPSED TROLLEY.

Chris crawls back to the bag of rubble as fast as he can.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord and Harry take it in turns to shoot at Chris.

ORD
Take your time.

INT. WAREHOUSE BAGS OF RUBBLE

Dust flies in the air as the bags are hit by pistol fire. Chris cowers behind the bags. He sees an aerosol can on the ground. He picks it up.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Frank and Stevo continue to return fire. Frank sees that Justine has made her way back to her low wall position. He smiles.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord ducks behind the boxes as a salvo of shots fly in his direction.

INT. WAREHOUSE BAGS OF RUBBLE.

Chris grabs the aerosol can and throws it towards the AR18 boxes.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Frank sees the aerosol go over.

INT. WAREHOUSE BAGS OF RUBBLE

Chris watches as the aerosol rolls towards the boxes. He steadies his hand and takes aim. He shoots. Misses. He shoots again and hits. The canister explodes

INT. WAREHOUSE AR18 BOXES

Ord and Vernon duck for cover as they are blown off their feet.

VERNON

What the fuck was that?

INT. WAREHOUSE RUBBLE BAGS

Chris crawls out from his cover towards the South pillar. He moves methodically forward. Pulling himself along. He looks back to the AR18 Boxes. The small explosion hadn't done much damage. He looks ahead and sees Frank and Stevo at the pillar. Frank is beckoning him in.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Chris is pulled behind the pillar by Frank and Stevo. Chris is exhausted. Frank grabs his head and hugs him.

FRANK

You mad bastard.

CHRIS

Did she make it?

FRANK

Yeah.

Chris looks round and sees Justine by the low wall. She looks back and smiles.

INT. WAREHOUSE AR18 BOXES

Ord chuckles to himself.

VERNON

What are you laughing at?

ORD

This guy is a problem... Trying to flank us with a bag of rubble and a trolley... He's got heart.

VERNON

He's an idiot... For what... That woman he doesn't know?

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Chris and Frank plan.

CHRIS

We have to get to that phone and
call in Leary.

Frank looks over to the stairs in the far corner of the
warehouse. He looks back to the AR18 cases.

FRANK

I'll go.

STEVO

I should go.

FRANK

I've already got you shot when I
was supposed to be looking out for
you.

STEVO

I am a big boy.

FRANK

It's not you I am worried about,
it's my sister. I promised her you
would be alright.

STEVO

I'll do it...

FRANK

I am going... I am the only one fit
enough.

Chris and Frank look at each other. There's an understanding.
Chris looks at the lay of the land.

CHRIS

If you can get over towards the
stairs it will be very hard for
them to hit you. If you crawl low
and use the rubbish for cover.

FRANK

Sure. What have they got.
Automatics and revolvers... it's
too far for a shot.

He smiles winningly. The other two men are not so sure.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord watches the South pillar. He looks at his leg wound and
ties off the bandage.

ORD

They are going to go for the phone
and bring their guys now.

VERNON

I can make it... You cover me.

ORD

We should stay ensconced here.

VERNON

And wait for them to bring Rick O
Shea and his brothers down here.
Fuck that.

ORD

We should get the ammo out of the
van and overpower them.

VERNON

You had your chance. I'm not
listening to you again.

Ord looks at the distance and tries to run the play in his
head. Maybe...

ORD

Let's have a look at you.

Ord looks at Vernon's leg wound. He tidies up the bandage. He
looks around finds some cardboard. He starts to rip it up.

VERNON

What are you doing?

ORD

If you are going to crawl on the
this floor you are going to need
some pads.

VERNON

Are you kidding

ORD

The shit in this warehouse is more
likely to kill us than bullets.
Pigeon shit... Chemicals... And you
are going to crawl around in it
with open wounds... You need every
bit of help you can get.

He ties the cardboard around his legs.

VERNON

How the fuck did this happen...

There's a moment of calm between them. Ord appreciates what
Vernon is about to do even if it is crazy.

ORD
Okay. Good luck.

Vernon is now wearing his cardboard armor. He looks dejected. He shuffles out.

INT. WAREHOUSE THE BACK OF THE VAN

Vernon crawls out to the back of the van. He looks over to the South pillar. He holds his leg and grimaces. He sees Frank making his way out. He holds his pistol up. It's heavy. We see the gun wobbling about. Vernon tries to steady it. He can't do it. He opens the cylinder to look at how many shots he has. He frowns. He puts his hand in his pocket and finds a couple of bullets. He reloads his gun.

He looks over and can see Frank is further away. He takes aim. He has even less chance of hitting him now.

He looks on in frustration. Vernon holsters his pistol and with a nervous look over to the South pillar he prepares to crawl. He looks back to Ord. Ord has his pistol aimed at the pillar. He urges Vernon on with his eyes.

Vernon lays as close to the ground as he can and starts to shuffle out from behind the cover of the van.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord watches the South pillar. There is no movement. He looks back to Vernon who is now about 6 foot clear of the van. He looks over to Frank in the distance.

He notices movement behind the pillar.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Chris watches from behind the pillar as Vernon is crawling. He takes aim. Stevo sees him too.

STEVO
HE'S COMING FRANK!

INT. WAREHOUSE TOWARDS THE STAIRS

Frank grunts as he crawls. He uses his arms to pull his body along, dragging his legs behind him. He has a steady pace on now. He is pushing through detritus on the floor. Cartons and abandoned refuge bags. He is huffing and puffing. He stops for a moment and looks over his shoulder. In the distance he can see Vernon. He turns and looks toward the stairs. They lay about 500 meters away. Between him and the stairs are many obstacles.

STEVO
Come on Frank... COME ON.

CHRIS
Go on FRANK.. MOVE!

INT. WAREHOUSE 10 METRES OUT FROM THE VAN

Vernon is moving between refuse sacks. He pushes through them. He is about 100 metres from the South pillar. He can see another pillar about 10 meters from his position. He looks to the South pillar and can't see any movement.

ORD
MOVE IT VERN... COME ON... HE'S
SLOWING DOWN

STEVO
FRANK COME ON!!

HARRY
GO ON VERN... MOVE YOUR ASS

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord is following Vernon's progress. He looks over to the South Pillar. Then back to Vernon.

ORD
The ammo for the AR18's is in the
van?

HARRY
Yeah.

ORD
Go and get it, then.

HARRY
That's pretty dangerous Ord.

Ord looks at him in a way that Harry knows that he doesn't have a choice in the matter. Harry weighs up the threat. He looks around and sees Gordon. Gordon looks at him with wild eyes. He looks back at Ord.

He turns and starts to crawl back towards the van. It's about 10 meters of open ground.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Chris is watching the progress of Vernon

STEVO
Take the shot.

CHRIS

Shut up.

STEVO

He shot Bernie like he was a dog in
the street.

Stevo FIRES HIS PISTOL. The shot goes wide of Vernon. Chris
looks at Stevo wild eyed. He is wasting precious ammo.

CHRIS

Stop...

Stevo continues to Fire. Chris grabs him

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I told you to stop..

INT. WAREHOUSE 20 METRES OUT FROM THE VAN

Vernon scrambles out of the way. He pulls his pistol and
shoots back towards the South pillar.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord gets a clear shot of Stevo and takes it. He fires twice.

INT. WAREHOUSE TOWARDS THE VAN

Harry ducks and cowers as the shots start flying again.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Brick shatters from the pillar. Shots are coming from both
sides. Chris pulls Stevo down to the ground.

INT. WAREHOUSE LOW WALL

Justine sees Ord clearly firing at the South pillar. She
takes a shot with her 38. She hits Ord in the arm. He ducks
down.

ORD (O/S)

JESUS JUSTINE.

INT. WAREHOUSE 20 METRES OUT FROM THE VAN

Vernon makes it to the far pillar. He reloads his pistol.

INT. WAREHOUSE TOWARDS THE VAN

Harry makes it to the back of the van. He pulls the handles on the door. Nothing. He tries again. It's locked.

He looks depressed. He looks desperately to Chris... Then to Martins' body.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord looks over to Harry. Ord is trying to stop the bleeding from his new wound. He gestures to Harry to open the doors. Harry shrugs and makes a carkey mime.

Ord looks over to where Martins lays.

And then he looks back to Harry. Harry shakes his head.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Chris and Stevo scramble on the floor. Chris is punching Stevo in the head. They thrash about - each man not strong enough to get the better of the other.

Chris reaches down and grabs Stevo's leg and forces his fingers into the bullet wound. He squeezes. Stevo screams and passes out.

The fight is over. Chris sits for a moment panting. He shakes his head in disbelief.

INT. WAREHOUSE TOWARDS THE STAIRS

Frank keeps on going. He can see the stairs now. He looks back and can see smoke blowing across from the shoot out.

INT. WAREHOUSE TOWARDS MARTIN

Harry crawls towards Martin. He stops for a moment watching the South pillar and then moves on a bit more.

INT. WAREHOUSE FAR PILLAR.

Vernon looks at Frank. He checks his pistol again. He takes aim and tries to support his hand. Again, he can't do it.

Vernon holsters his pistol then starts out again.

INT. WAREHOUSE TOWARDS THE STAIRS

Frank keeps moving. He looks back and can see Vernon in the distance. He winces and looks down at his hand.

It's got a syringe sticking in it. It's gone in quite deep. He winces as he pulls it out and throws it to one side. This warehouse has obviously hosted junkies at some point.

INT. WAREHOUSE.

Harry gets over to Martins' body. He turns him over. He has been shot in the head. Harry goes through his pockets trying to find the keys to the van. Harry looks around and spots the briefcase with the MONEY. He looks back to Ord. Ord shrugs.. What are you waiting for?

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRS

Frank arrives at the stairs. He looks up them. There is a steep flight then a landing, then they go up again. It might as well be the north face of the Eiger. Frank hauls himself up the first step.

FRANK
Come on boy...

Frank pulls himself up.

INT. WAREHOUSE TOWARDS THE STAIRS.

Vernon is moving through the dirt towards the stairs. He sees the syringes. He manages not to get stuck by them.

INT. WAREHOUSE LOW WALL

Justine checks her pistol. She looks at Chris. He knows she is going to make a break for it. She starts to move away. Chris watches her go.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR

Chris watches as Justine disappears into his blind spot behind a large pillar and a line of broken office foundations.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord watches as Justine starts to shuffle away. He looks over to the back of the warehouse. He sighs.

ORD
Fuck.. Gordon

GORDON
What

ORD

You have to stop her.

GORDON

You were all for letting her go

ORD

Yeah. Situations change. She's obviously with them...

GORDON

Why don't you go? I came here to drive and move boxes.

ORD

Because I have to keep Chris pinned down. You are the only spare man we have.

Ord looks over to Harry who is still searching Martins pockets. Ord sees in the distance the brief case with the money in. He looks back to Gordon who is also looking at it

GORDON

What do I get out of it?

ORD

I'll pay you...

GORDON

Half the money...

ORD

Don't push your luck. I'll give you 10k.

Gordon nods and then starts to move off.

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRS

Frank is crawling up the stairs. Stair after stair. He stops every couple to rest a little. His world has been reduced down to a stairwell. He stops again and passes out.

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRS

Vernon is approaching the bottom of the stairs. He is huffing and puffing with exertion.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH AREA

Justine is moving steadily and carefully.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH AREA

Gordon is crawling; following Justine.

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRS

Frank opens his eyes. He looks around panicking. How long has he been unconscious? He moves forward.

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRS

Vernon gets around the corner of the stairs, looks up and sees Frank at the top. He pulls out his pistol. It gets caught in his jacket.

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRS

Frank gets to the landing of the stairs and starts to turn. He sees Vernon at the bottom. He sees him trying to get his pistol out. Frank moves faster kicking his way forward.

Vernon fires and misses. Plaster explodes out of the wall.

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRS

Frank gets around the side of the stairs and pulls out his pistol. He gets his breath.

INT. WAREHOUSE FAR SOUTH

Justine is crawling away towards the door that they all entered into the warehouse by an hour beforehand. She is moving at a decent pace.

INT. WAREHOUSE FAR SOUTH

Gordon follows with grim determination. He sees Justine bobbing up and down in the distance.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Harry is going through Martins' pockets. Suddenly Martin springs to life. Harry looks at the wound in the side of his head. He can see bits of bone and brain.

MARTIN

What are you doing?

HARRY

Van keys?

MARTIN
Get off me...

HARRY
Where are the van keys?

MARTIN
Where am I?

HARRY
You are hurt. Keep still.

MARTIN
Why am I wet?

HARRY
Keys?

MARTIN
Get off me.

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRS

Vernon shuffles back and tries to make a small target of himself. He points his gun wildly. Like a priest might with a cross to ward off a vampire.

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRS

Frank looks around the corner carefully. He sees that Vernon has backed up. He looks up the next flight of stairs. He puts his pistol away and prepares for the next flight.

He starts climbing.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Harry starts rummaging through Martins' pockets more aggressively.

MARTIN
Why am I wet?

HARRY
You were shot.

MARTIN
Where am I?

HARRY
Keys?

MARTIN
Why am I wet?

Martin starts to get up. He stands looking around the warehouse. He is like the first monkey to stand up on two legs. As he stands Harry's grip rips his pocket and the keys tumble out.

Harry tries to pull him down. Martin kicks him off. He pulls out his pistol.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Where am I?

ORD

Martin get down!

Martin turns and shoots at Ord. Harry goes into a ball on the floor.

MARTIN

What are you doing? Trying to trick me? Where is the money?

He walks over to where Ord is hiding.

ORD

Get down!

MARTIN

Trying to rip me off...

Martin fires at Ord. Ord scrambles backwards trying to get out of the way of the fire. He ends up behind a low wall north of the boxes.

Bullets ping off the masonry.

ORD

Don't make me shoot you Martin

He looks up but Martin has gone. He looks around wild eyed.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS

Frank gets to the top of the stairs and moves forwards. He slides on the floor. Blood smearing behind him. He scoots around into an open office.

INT. UPSTAIRS OPEN OFFICE

Frank shuffles into the office. There are a few desks. He can't see over them. He moves forward and grabs a roller chair and tries to pull himself up so he can see if the phone is in there. The first desk he tries is difficult. The chair slides from under him and he collapses on the floor. He curses. He turns the chair over and tries again. He gets to the level of the desk and sees nothing. Frank grits his teeth in disappointment.

He looks around to the other desk and sees a phone. He kicks with his foot to wheel his chair over to it. He grabs the phone and picks it up. It's dead. He throws it to one side. He moves to get out of the room.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Chris watches as Martin moves about. He is looking for something.

MARTIN
Justinne. Justinne.

INT. WAREHOUSE FAR DOOR.

Justine makes her way into the corridor. She moves forward. Once the door closes behind her she gets up onto one leg and starts to hobble along at a faster pace.

INT. WAREHOUSE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Vernon gets to the top of the stairs. He looks down the corridor and sees the blood trail. He pulls his pistol and takes aim to get Frank as he comes out of the office. He can hear Martin howling in the warehouse.

MARTIN
Justinnnneeee

INT. UPSTAIRS OPEN OFFICE

Frank waits breathing in shallow breaths. He looks to the door. He looks around the room and sees a paint pot. He grabs it, cleans it and pushes it out into the corridor.

INT. WAREHOUSE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Vernon sees the paint pot slide into view.

INT. UPSTAIRS OPEN OFFICE

Frank looks at the shiny reflection on the paint pot.

FRANK
I can see you...

INT. WAREHOUSE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Vernon shoots the paint pot.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR

Chris looks up as he hears the gunshot.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Martin is touching his head. He sees his hand is covered in blood. He plays with the bullet wound. It seems not to hurt. It's a horrific sight.

INT. WAREHOUSE FAR SOUTH

Gordon is following Justine. He stops for a moment as he hears the gunfire.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord sneers. He can't tell which way this is going. He looks from the far door (where Justine and Gordon are battling) to the upstairs (where Frank and Vernon are), to around the warehouse.

He spots Martin in the distance. He is approaching Howies corpse.

INT. UPSTAIRS OPEN OFFICE

Frank looks around the office. Its constructed mainly of plasterboard. He looks to the corner of the room near the door. He aims his pistol at the plaster and fires.

INT. WAREHOUSE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Vernon ducks down as the plaster explodes around him. He rolls down two steps of the staircase.

INT. CORRIDOR.

Justine moves over a plank and it bangs up and down making a noise. She moves on. Ahead of her is another door.

INT. UPSTAIRS OPEN OFFICE

Frank moves over towards the wall on far side. He uses his good foot to kick his way through. He climbs into the hole he has made and makes his way into the next office.

INT. WAREHOUSE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Vernon crawls back up the stairs and heads out onto the corridor. He slides along the floor and cautiously looks into the empty office.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE PARTITION

Frank crawls through the partition. It's very dusty and full of pipes. Frank makes his way through the partition looking for an easy way through to the next room. There is an explosion as Vernon fires his gun. A beam of light suddenly appears where the bullet has passed through the plaster board

FRANK

Oh Fuck.

Frank scrambles for his life. He moves through the cabling and starts to kick his way through the next wall.

There is another shot and another beam of light streaks through the tight space. Frank starts to panic. The cables wrap around him and he kicks and thrashes trying to get out of the way of the bullets. He starts to cough in the dust.

Frank wedges himself between the brick work and the plasterboard and starts to kick with his good leg. He smashes his way through to the next office and pulls himself through the small hole.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Martin is kicking Howies body.

MARTIN

You fucking idiot.

INT. WAREHOUSE LOW WALL BY THE AR18 CASES

Ord watches Martin. His curiosity piqued.

INT. UPSTAIRS SECOND OFFICE

Frank looks around and sees that he is in a store room. He crawls through the boxes and mops. He stops for a moment exhausted.

INT. CORRIDOR.

Justine grabs the door handle and twists it. The door opens and she makes her way through. She closes the door behind her. She breathes for a moment. Then she starts on towards the next door.

INT. CORRIDOR.

Gordon moves on through the door and into the corridor. He sees the door at the far end closing. He curses and tries to move faster. He gets up and drags himself along.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS

Vernon looks around the empty room and then out into the corridor. He moves down the corridor towards the door.

INT. UPSTAIRS SECOND OFFICE

Frank breathes shallow breathes as he sees a shadow move across the bottom of the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS

Vernon tries the door. It's locked.

Suddenly the door explodes as Frank fires through it. Vernon returns fire trying to match the trajectory.

Dust and plaster fill the corridor.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE 2

Inside the office, dust explodes as Frank shoots it out with Vernon.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS.

Vernon gets hit in the arm. He fires back blindly.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE 2

Frank keeps firing until he runs out of bullets.

Frank looks around him and notices the ground is wet. He sniffs the liquid. It's some kind of cleaning fluid solvent. He looks low through the door and can just about make out Vernon.

He grabs some more bottles of industrial solvent and pours them under the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Harry watches Martin moving about. He looks over to the briefcase with the money in. He looks over to Ord's position and then to the van

INT. WAREHOUSE

Martin kneels down at Howie's body his head in his hands.

MARTIN

Simple simple plan... How could you
be so stupid.

He looks around nervously. Has he said too much. He picks up Howie's Garrand and scans about. He sees Chris watching him from the South pillar. He takes aim and fires.

CHANK! ping.

INT. CORRIDOR.

Justine reaches the door. She reaches up to the door handle. Her hand slips off it. She tries it again. The door is locked from the other side. It must have a dead lock. She fights back the tears.

She listens for a minute. She hears the bang sound of the plank that she crawled over three minutes before. She freezes and looks back.

She shuffles to the side of the door in the darkness. She pulls out her gun and counts the rounds. She has two shots left. She flips the cylinder back into the frame and takes aim at the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR

Chris fires back at Martin. Martin fires another shot at Chris. Masonry explodes from the side of the pillar.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS

Vernon sees the liquid welling up from under the door. He isn't sure what it means.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE 2

Frank pours more of the liquid through. He holds a handkerchief to his mouth.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS

Vernon watches as the liquid starts to lap around his feet. He sniffs the air and starts to realize what's about to happen. He looks around and sees a fire extinguisher on the wall.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE 2

Frank crawls over to the wall and starts to kick it through. He smashes it in and crawls through the hole. He lights the solvent slick as he leaves. A small blue flame rushes across the floor and under the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS

The flame shoots out from under the door and ignites Vernon's polyester and solvent soaked slacks. He starts kicking his legs in pain. He throws himself toward the fire extinguisher.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE 3

Frank smashes his way into the third office. He lays there gasping as he hears Vernon screaming.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS

Vernon pulls the fire extinguisher off the wall and fumbles with the release on the nozzle. He is panicking. Finally he gets it off and he is covered in a cloud of white smoke.

INT. WAREHOUSE LOW WALL BY THE AR18 CASES

Ord watches the shoot out between Chris and Martin. He takes aim but can't get a clear shot of either of them. We can see he is weighing up the odds.

INT. CORRIDOR.

Gordon pushes the door open and starts to make his way in. He raises his pistol attempting to protect himself. Justine fires. The first shot is wide and hits the door. Gordon fires blindly and the shot pings into the wall. Justine fires her last bullet and hits Gordon in the shoulder. He rolls over and drops his pistol. It skitters across the floor.

The smoke settles for a minute.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE 3

Frank finally sees the phone and crawls towards it. He smiles. It's like completing a marathon.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Martin empties the Garrand and drops it. He touches his head again. He is feeling dizzy.

INT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE CORRIDOR.

Gordon coughs. He looks around. He is dazed. Justine looks at the pistol. It's closer to her than it is him. She starts shuffling towards it.

Gordon turns angrily and starts moving towards it. The two of them move towards the gun.

GORDON

You get away from that.

Justine has her 38 in her fist. Gordon gets to the pistol before Justine. He grabs at it. Justine brings the 38 down hard on Gordon's fingers. He screams and she hits him again. His fingers are broken. His pistol skitters away even further. Justine looks over to it and then back to Gordon. Gordon realizes what she is thinking and jumps forward with all his might. He grabs at her and they grapple on the floor.

Justine smacks her 38 into his wounded head. His hands creep over her face trying to smother her. She bashes at his head with the gun like it's a hammer. She reaches out for the other pistol.

Gordon uses his other arm to choke her. Justine bites into his broken fingers. He screams. Justine spits out a finger. She grabs the pistol and shoots Gordon in the face. He falls back looking shocked. Blood runs down his face from a hole below his eye. He breathes heavily as he looks at her. She fires again and kills him.

Gordon falls to the ground.

INT. OFFICE 3

Frank to the phone and picks up the receiver

There is a volley of shots through the office door. The glass paneling falls away to reveal Vernon. Gunsmoke drifts from his pistol.

Frank collapses to the ground DEAD.

The phones dead tone can be heard: DRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

INT. WAREHOUSE

Martin looks around wildly. He sees the money and makes a beeline for it. He marches over and grabs it.

Harry watches from his position.

Chris watches from the pillar.

Martin looks up at the sunlight and is mesmerized for a moment. He starts to walk. Not in the right direction. He walks manically. Slowly he starts to wind down. His walking gets slower. He eventually stops and drops the briefcase.

MARTIN

Where am I? Did it work? Did we get
the money?

He falls to the ground DEAD.

INT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE CORRIDOR.

Justine sits up and gasps. She sucks in her lips and checks her teeth.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS

Vernon lowers his gun. His breathing is shallow now. He sits there and doesn't move. He is very burnt. He is done.

The fire dies out.

INT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE CORRIDOR.

Justine looks at the magazine of Gordon's gun. 6 shots left. She holsters her 38 after wiping the blood off it.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Chris sits, looking back up at where the gunshots have come from. He shakes his head slowly.

STEVO

Do you think he made it?

CHRIS

Sure.

Stevo smiles. Chris looks at how pale Stevo is now. He has lost a lot of blood. He looks like he is a t deaths door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Wake up Stevo..

STEVO

Sleeping.

CHRIS

If you fall asleep, you wont wake
up. You know that?

STEVO

I am sorry Chris... sorry...

CHRIS

I've got to go and help Frank. You have to watch Ord. Can you do it?

STEVO

I'll try man.

CHRIS

You keep them pinned down. Judging by that gunfire, Justine didn't get too far before that guy caught up with her

STEVO

Do you think she is dead?

Chris doesn't want to believe she is dead. He moves off towards the stairs.

INT. WAREHOUSE AR18 BOXES

Ord watches as Chris moves off towards the stairs. He looks around. He's lost Gordon and he can't see Harry.

ORD

HARRY

Harry pops his head up from behind a low wall. He sees Chris crawling. There's a gun shot from Stevo and Ord is forced down again.

ORD (CONT'D)

FUCK

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRS.

Steve looks up and sees the staircase. He starts to climb. He makes a better job of it than Frank.

Chris looks over the top of the stairs. He sees Vernon at the end of the corridor. He looks like he might be dead.

Chris takes aim at the man. He checks his ammo. Two shots. He puts the pistol back in its holster.

He starts the long journey. Slowly moving hand over hand making his way forward.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH DOOR

Justine crawls back through the door as quietly as she can. She scans the warehouse.

There is one way out of there and that's through the back door. She looks to it. She crawls along the edge of the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

Vernon is not dead. But he is very badly injured. He is breathing but in a very shallow fashion. We see Chris in the distance moving towards him.

Vernon opens his eyes for a moment and looks at the shot up door that was between him and Frank.

INT. WAREHOUSE. AR18 BOXES

Ord looks to the upstairs and then spots cabling coming out of the office. It's the phone trunking. He sees it goes to a box before going outside.

He looks around and then makes a break for it. He shuffles forward, keeping a wary eye on the South pillar.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Stevo is winking in and out of consciousness. He sees Ord but can't get it together to fire on him. He lifts his pistol and then gives up.

INT. WAREHOUSE BACK WALL

Back inside the main warehouse. Justine looks around. She can see the van and the AR18 Boxes. She moves away from them towards Jimmy's pillar.

INT. UPSTAIRS WAREHOUSE

Chris crawls along the floor, slowly slowly. He stops for a moment and gets a pack of sweets out of his pocket. He eats one. Then he starts again.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

Vernon registers that Chris is moving up the corridor. He looks around slowly with his eyes. Where did he drop his gun? He sees it. Just out of reach. He sucks his cheeks for a bit of sustenance and considers his options.

INT. UPSTAIRS WAREHOUSE

Chris can see more clearly now. Vernon has been shot and burnt and is slumped against the wall. His pistol is about a metre away from him.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

Vernon gets himself ready for his attack. He will only get one go at this. He breathes in and then launches himself towards the pistol. His body hits the ground with a thud.

INT. UPSTAIRS WAREHOUSE

Chris sees this movement and grabs for his pistol.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

Vernon's sticky bloody fingers grapple for the pistol. It's a monumental effort. Eventually he grabs hold and brings it to bare. He pulls the trigger. The gun kicks out of his hand.

INT. UPSTAIRS WAREHOUSE

Chris is showered in plaster and dust as the bullet tears into the wall. He aims his pistol and fires. The bullet hits Vernon in the side.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR

Vernon scrabbles for the fumbled weapon. He grabs it and turns and aims. He can't miss at this range. He pulls the trigger and hears a sickening click. The gun is empty.

INT. UPSTAIRS WAREHOUSE

Chris has one last shot. He takes it and shoots Vernon in the nose. Vernon slumps down - finally dead. Chris moves towards him and goes through his pockets. He has extra bullets for his gun and a packet of peanuts. Chris devours the peanuts.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH WALL

Up ahead, Justine can see the fallen body of Jimmy. She crawls over towards him.

INT. UPSTAIRS WAREHOUSE

Chris kicks in the door to the office. He crawls in through the hole.

He looks up and is startled to see the dead body of Frank. He seems to be staring into space. Chris looks at him for a beat, He can't believe it's ended like this. He shuffles over and closes Franks eyes. Chris recites a poem.

CHRIS
 Death is nothing at all.

 I am I and you are you.
 Whatever we were to each other,
 That, we still are.

Chris gets to the telephone. He dials.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Hello

SANDY (O.S.)
 Hello

CHRIS
 Is Leary there?

SANDY (O.S.)
 No, he's not here

CHRIS
 Where is he?

SANDY (O.S.)
 He's out, who is this?

CHRIS
 It's Chris

SANDY (O.S.)
 He's gone looking for you..

INT. WAREHOUSE TOWARDS THE PHONE JUNCTION.

Ord is moving at a pace.

INT. WAREHOUSE JIMMYS PILLAR

Justine gets to the pillar. She picks up Jimmy's carbine and drags it with her. Jimmy's body is propped up in the corner. He is DEAD. In his hand the picture of his wife and kids. Justine goes through his pockets. She hears a smashing noise and looks up. She can see Ord ripping out the telephone junction from the wall.

INT. UPSTAIRS WAREHOUSE

CHRIS
 Sandy is Barndon there.. Sandy...

He shakes the phone... It's dead.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

The 72 Plymouth Fury and the van are still parked up outside. A third car pulls up. A man in a leather jacket gets out. He looks around the vehicles.

He walks over to the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR.

We see the man now. Leary. 29 tall. Confident. He strides along. Cigarette in his mouth. He looks in door ways.

INT. WAREHOUSE JIMMYS PILLAR

Justine picks up the M1 carbine and lays on the ground and takes aim. She looks down the iron sight. She swipes the carbine across from the AR18 boxes to where she felt the sound was coming from. She sees Ord in the distance. He is standing by a cable box. She takes aim but too late he drops out of view.

Black

INT.WAREHOUSE JIMMY'S PILLAR

Justine opens her eyes. She has passed out. She struggles to bring herself around. Her eyes start to droop. She is passing out again. Her head nods down. Unconscious. Blood leaks from underneath her.

INT. WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR.

Leary enters through the dead-locked door. He sees Gordan's body on the floor. He stops in his tracks. He pulls his pistol and looks around.

He finds a bit of wood and prods at the body. He examines the wounds in his head.

He looks back to the door. This is a life or death situation. Move forward or run away. Leary is just not the sort to go back. He carefully moves towards the next door. He sees the blood and bullet marks on it.

He sees the blood drag marks on the floor.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Leary enters the warehouse. He sees the van parked up in the middle.

He looks cautiously around the warehouse. It's dead quiet. Nothing is stirring. He sniffs the air. He detects a bit of cordite.

LEARY

Hello?

No sign of life.

LEARY (CONT'D)

HELLO CHRIS.. FRANK?

He moves cautiously into the Warehouse. He looks around. He sees Martins' body away off. He stops. He looks around.

He can see the money on the floor near Martins' body.

He moves towards it.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS

Chris has heard Learys' voice. He makes his way towards the window.

He can see Leary. He spots what's about to happen. Harry is hiding behind a pillar.

Chris bangs on the glass.

CHRIS

LEARY - LEARY!

Leary takes a step forward and looks around.

He steps forward again and Harry swings a tyre iron into his shins. Leary falls and drops his gun. Harry leaps forward and crushes his head with the tyre iron.

Leary lays there twitching.

ORD O.S.

YOU GET HIM

HARRY

Yeah I got him.

INT. WAREHOUSE BY THE PHONE JUNCTION.

Ord looks over to Harry. He looks over to the stairs. He wonders if Chris will come back now.

INT. WAREHOUSE UPSTAIRS

Chris looks down distraught. He pulls himself through the door and makes his way back to the stairwell.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Harry goes through Leary's pockets. He can't find anything worth keeping. Harry lays there for a moment thinking. He grabs the money.

Harry pulls himself towards the Chevy.

ORD

Where are you going Harry?

He inches slowly towards it. Pushing the money in front of him. Blood loss is affecting him now. He looks ahead, his vision drifting in and out of focus. He stops for a moment to catch his breath.

HARRY (TO HIMSELF)

Come on, come on...

He tries to fortify himself. There is only him now and this task. He slides forward about an inch with each effort. Behind him he leaves a slick of blood.

ORD

Don't do it Harry..

The van starts to loom ahead of him. He looks at the shiny chromium trim. Notices the crusted dirt on the underside of it for the first time.

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRWELL

Chris lowers himself down the stairs one by one.

INT. WAREHOUSE VAN

Harry arrives at the van. He huffs and puffs heavily. He rolls himself onto one side and uses the van as a backstop to slide himself upright. He looks around woozily. He knows that he is very vulnerable at this point. He also knows he has no choice. This is going to happen. He hesitantly reaches up with his hand. It touches the cool metal of the van. He reaches up further and his hand gently touches the door handle.

INT. WAREHOUSE BY THE PHONE BOX

Ord takes aim with his automatic. He tracks Harry between the crosshairs of this pistol. He pulls the trigger. CLICK

The gun has jammed. Ord puts the safety on and drops the mag. He turns the gun over but nothing drops out. He pulls the rack back and sees that two bullets have jammed in the breach. He tries unblock them but they are totally stuck.

He grimaces. Fuck. He starts to strip the gun down.

INT. WAREHOUSE BY THE VAN

Harry grasps the handle. He waits a moment then flexes his muscle to see if he can lift himself from the ground. He grimaces. Its going to be a massive effort.

HARRY

One, two, three...

He pulls himself onto his knee. Then slides up the side of the van door. He sees himself in the wing mirror. Like a waxy ghost. He is standing now. Holding himself up with the door and wedging himself in with his good leg.

INT. STAIRS

Chris falls a couple of stairs.

INT. WAREHOUSE BY THE PHONE JUNCTION.

Ord is putting the pistol back together. He is almost there. He looks up and sees Harry at the van.

INT. WAREHOUSE BY THE VAN

Harry licks his lips and digs in his pocket for the van keys. He retrieves them and slots them in the door lock. He quietly turns and hears the door click open. He pushes with his weight to get the door to swing open.

He takes the keys out of the door lock and puts them in his pocket.

He grabs the briefcase with the money and throws it in the van.

Harry shuffles around the open door and crawls up a step toward the cab. He crouches in the well of the door step and then forces him self up into the seat. He lays for a moment with his legs dangling out of the van. He looks towards the driving seat and steering wheel.

INT. WAREHOUSE BY THE PHONE JUNCTION.

Ord finishes putting together his pistol. He takes aim. He pulls the trigger. Nothing. He still has the safety on. He un-clicks it and takes aim again.

INT. VAN

Harry starts to crawl across the two seats in the cab toward the driving seat. As he struggles his feet bash against the door of the van

The wind shield shatters as Ord fires at the van. Glass covers Harry.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Stevo is winking in and out of consciousness. He hears Ord firing.

He sees Harry's feet sticking out of the van.

STEVO

Shit...

Stevo rolls onto his knees and uses all his strength to bring his pistol up and take aim at Harry. He can't see his body - just his legs.

He aims for a minute then stops. The pistol is too heavy. He tries to get something to rest his aim on.

INT. CHEVY

Harry wriggles across the seats and grabs the steering wheel with his right hand. He pulls himself forward. His feet disappear into the Chevy. The side window shatters as another bullet hits it.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Stevo realizes that his chance has gone. He drops his pistol down for a moment conserving energy. He looks very pale.

INT. CHEVY

Harry gets into the drivers seat and puts his hand in his pocket to get the ignition key. As he pulls his hand out we see it is slick with blood. He tries to select the ignition key from the bunch. His hands are slippery and it takes him a few attempts to separate the keys. He finally finds the key and puts it in the ignition. He turns it.

The engine grinds into life. Harry allows himself a little smile. He is very weak now.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Stevo leans out from behind the pillar and fires.

INT. CHEVY

The windshield breaks again as Stevo shoots it. Shot low it exits the roof of the van. Harry tries to dodge but it's more of a reflex action. Harry puts the van into gear and the tape deck jumps into life.

John Denver's "Annie's Song"

(this is followed by "It's Up to You" "Cool an' Green an' Shady" "Eclipse")

Harry puts his foot down on the accelerator and lurches forward.

A second bullet hits Harry in the chest. He slumps back in his seat and grips the steering wheel. The Chevy is now moving at a snails pace. Harry slumps over the wheel. The Chevy starts to turn toward the South pillar in a lazy wide circle.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Stevo is finding his range now. He takes another shot. This puts a hole through the side of the Chevy.

INT. CHEVY

Harry is hit and slumps forward. The Chevy rolls on in a circle.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR.

Stevo watches as the van moves slowly around the pillar. It's a wide arc maybe 1000 metres. He sees Harry inside the van trying to raise his pistol. The van starts to come closer in an elliptical circle. Closer and closer. Stevo can hear the music now getting louder as the van get closer.

INT. CHEVY

Harry is holding on for dear life. He rests his gun on the door and fires at Stevo. He misses. The music is very loud in the van.

ANNIES SONG
 You fill up my senses
 Come fill me again

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR

Stevo sits against the pillar as the van loops near and then moves away.

ANNIES SONG
 Come let me love you
 Let me give my life to you
 Let me drown in your laughter
 Let me die in your arms

INT. CHEVY

Harry is dead, the van keeps going.

ANNIES SONG
 Let me lay down beside you
 Let me always be with you
 Come let me love you
 Come love me again

INT. WAREHOUSE STAIRS ENTRANCE

Chris enters the warehouse again. He looks about. It looks empty. He sees the van slowly driving around in a circle.

ANNIE'S SONG
 MMMMMM MMMMMM MMMMM
 MMMMMM MMMMMMM MMMMM

He moves carefully back towards the South pillar. He has to time his movements so he is not run over by the van. He sees the dead eyes of Harry as it passes.

The music loops nearer and then further away.

As it passes Chris moves towards the pillar.

INT. SOUTH PILLAR.

Chris crawls over to where Stevo is. He gets behind the pillar. There is a lot of blood. He sniffs the air. Stevo is dead. He takes his gun and puts it in his pocket. He looks over to the AR18 cases. Nothing is moving.

Chris sits there for a moment gathering his thoughts. He looks over to the upstairs windows of the offices. He can see a red glow of fire.

Suddenly water sprinklers turn on.

CHRIS

Fuck it.

INT. WAREHOUSE JIMMY'S PILLAR

Water hits Justine's face she comes too. She looks up and sees the water pouring over the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE.

Harry slumps off the steering wheel and the the Chevy changes direction. It drives towards the far wall and stops. The music still plays. Blood drips from underneath the truck, drip - drip and then stops.

INT. WAREHOUSE PHONE JUNCTION

Ord looks up at the water and shakes his head.

ORD

HEY CHRIS.. YOU SEE THIS?

CHRIS

WHAT?

ORD

WE HAVE ABOUT 15 MINUTES BEFORE THE
COPS TURN UP.

CHRIS

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?

ORD

YOU WANT TO FINISH IT?

CHRIS

I AM BANGED UP QUITE BAD. I AM
BETTING YOU AREN'T IN TOO MUCH
BETTER SHAPE.

ORD

HA. THAT'S TRUE.

CHRIS

YOU WANT TO CALL A TRUCE?

ORD

OKAY

CHRIS

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.

ORD
WHAT ABOUT THE MONEY.

CHRIS
LETS SPLIT IT. THIS WAS ALL A
MISUNDERSTANDING..

Ord slips his pistol in his belt and starts crawling over. In the distance John Denver is playing "It's up to you"

INT. WAREHOUSE SOUTH PILLAR

Chris watches Ord approach. The water is still pouring. Ord reaches the pillar and props himself up and looks over to Chris. He looks at Stevo.

ORD
He's gone.

CHRIS
Yeah.

ORD
Do you know what the fight at the
Harlequin was about?

CHRIS
No. I only met him a few hours ago

ORD
Huh. Now that's funny.

CHRIS
Life is ever at the mercy of
idiots. He did alright though. In
the end.

ORD
Lets get over to the van.

CHRIS
You in a hurry?

ORD
I told you. I've got shit to do.

They both smirk in a resigned way.

INT. WAREHOUSE TOWARDS THE VAN

Chris and Ord stand up and support each other. They hobble towards the van. Splashing through the puddles of water that have now formed. They eventually make it to the van.

Chris reaches in and turns the music off. John Denver stops singing. Chris takes a breath. He looks at Ord and smiles. They might get out of this yet.

Suddenly a shot rings out. Ord is hit in the face, the back of his head exploding across the van panel. He starts to slide backwards. A second shot finds Chris. Chris is hit in the chest and slides down the side of the van.

INT. WAREHOUSE. JIMMYS PILLAR

Justine watches as the two men collapse. She watches as the smoke drifts across the warehouse. The fire is taking hold now.

INT. WAREHOUSE BY THE VAN

Chris looks up at the water coming out of the sprinkler system. He smiles as it hits his face.

INT. WAREHOUSE. JIMMYS PILLAR

Justine uses the pillar as leverage and manages to get to her feet. She slings the rifle under her arm pit and uses it as a crutch. She hobbles forward. Smoke is blowing across the warehouse now.

INT. WAREHOUSE BY THE VAN.

Justine approaches. She sees the bodies of Ord and Chris. Chris is still alive. He looks up at Justine. He is dieing.

JUSTINE

I am sorry about you and your friends.

CHRIS

Who were the guys .. The shooters?

JUSTINE

Nobody. It was Martin's idea. But he's gone now. It was stupid. We were going to get out..

Justine looks sad. She looks over to his body.

CHRIS

I am sorry I shot him.

Justine nods. She takes the money out of Chris's limp hand.

JUSTINE

I am sorry I shot you.

Justine puts her sunglasses on and turns to leave. Chris smiles and watches her go. He liked her. Chris talks to himself.

CHRIS

Death is nothing at all
 Death is nothing at all.
 I have only slipped away to the
 next room.
 I am I and you are you.
 Whatever we were to each other,
 That, we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name.
 Speak to me in the easy way
 which you always used.
 Put no difference into your tone.
 Wear no forced air of solemnity or
 sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed
 at the little jokes we enjoyed
 together.
 Play, smile, think of me. Pray for
 me.
 Let my name be ever the household
 word
 that it always was.
 Let it be spoken without effect.
 Without the trace of a shadow on
 it.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Justine limps forward. She holds the money. She is determined to survive.

CHRIS (NARRATION)

Life means all that it ever meant.
 It is the same that it ever was.
 There is absolute unbroken
 continuity.
 Why should I be out of mind
 because I am out of sight?

She moves towards the shuttered door exit. Suddenly the roller comes up and she is bathed in light. She shields her eyes. Out of the light steps a fireman. Behind him a fire engine. They run in to fight the fire.

CHRIS (NARRATION) (CONT'D)

I am but waiting for you.
 For an interval.
 Somewhere. Very near.
 Just around the corner.

(MORE)

CHRIS (NARRATION) (CONT'D)

All is well.

Justine stands there for a moment. She looks back towards the camera.

'This Old Guitar' By John Denver plays

THE END