

WELCOME TO THE PUNCH

by
Eran Creevy

© Between The Eyes
1 Book Mews
Flitcroft Street
London WC2 8DJ
+ 44 207 292 0554
rory@betweentheeyes.co.uk
ben@betweentheeyes.co.uk

"You can go a long way with a smile. You can go a lot farther with a smile and a gun."

INT. BUILDNG NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A metal security deposit box. Reflected in its image we see two masked men emptying the surrounding deposit boxes into black holdalls. One of the masked men turns, approaches our deposit box, his masked face warped, reaches out.

CUT TO:

A handsome chrome sign reads: *Reliance Chartered*. The CAMERA whip pans to follow the two masked men crossing an impressive marbled lobby, they're breathing quick, huge holdalls packed tight, slung over their backs, and carrying handguns. They're each wearing masks from the comic strip Peanuts: Charlie Brown and Peppermint Patty.

CHARLIE BROWN
I'll miss this.

Peppermint Patty grips the holdall reassuringly.

PEPPERMINT PATTY
This should ease the pain.

They quickly approach a third man wearing a Linus Van Pelt mask and pointing a gun at a bound and gagged security guard. Peppermint Patty nods, Linus Van Pelt understands, cracks his firearm viciously across the back of the guard's head.

The sound of a car's engine raging with ferocity, gears changed harshly, it's being pushed to its limits.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. CAR. NIGHT

The CAMERA sits behind **MAX LEWINSKY**, 30, close cropped hair, fresh shave. His wide shoulders challenging the cut of his jacket, he's driving at immense speed, weaving expertly in and out of nighttime traffic. The brilliant lights of London flaring through the windscreen. His mobile's mounted to a car kit, it rings, he considers, hesitates, hits answer.

VOICE (O.S.)
Tell me you're not going in alone?

MAX
I don't go in now I'm gonna lose him forever.

VOICE (O.S.)
You've got a whole career to prove yourself.

MAX
I've worked too fucking hard to
just sit on my hands and watch this
come crashing past.

VOICE(O.S.)
*They think you're sitting tight for
back up.*

MAX
This is so heavy he'll be ghost
within twenty four hours.

A BEAT.

VOICE
*Look, there's two ways on and off
the island, The Limehouse Link and
The Preston bridge. They're closing
them down. Max, you see Sternwood
you should just tail him, keep
Geiger updated, communicate.*

MAX
I'm losing you.

Max ends the call.

WIDE ON: Max's black Saab powers towards the financial
district of Canary Wharf.

EXT. CANADA SQUARE/CANARY WHARF. NIGHT

Skyscrapers lit beautifully, city lights flaring intensely.
The masked cartoon characters walk through glass doors, place
the guns in their jackets, approach three scrambler
motorbikes, mount them, hit the ignition, tear off.

EXT/INT. CAR/STREET. NIGHT

Max swings his car into Canada Square, sees the three
scrambler motorbikes hurtling away, jams down the
accelerator, takes after them, smacks the steering wheel.

MAX
(excited)
COME ON!

The three scramblers are swift, they off-road in formation,
taking a detour through the entrance to Mudchute Farm, the
largest city park in Europe, where free-roaming cows and
sheep graze with the backdrop of a metropolis.

Max's car stays on the road, tailing the scramblers, he's
starting to lose them.

Max brings his car to a halt, he's searching, can't see them, panicked, head darting left and right, breath hard and raw. Then there, in his rear view mirror, three scrambler motorbikes fly across the road. Max crams the gears into reverse, hits the accelerator.

EXT. MILLWALL PARK. NIGHT

The three bikes fly into Millwall Park heading for the Greenwich Foot Tunnel, a passage that runs beneath the depths of the River Thames linking North London with the South. The motorbikes ride into the entrance shaft, a glazed dome with an elevator taking you down to the foot tunnel.

EXT/INT. CAR. NIGHT

Max hits the brakes, looks at his mounted phone, considers, looks to the tunnel.

MAX
(I've got this)
Fuck it.

Max jumps out of the car, follows them into the dome.

INT. ELEVATOR/STAIRS. NIGHT

A man wearing a Snoopy mask holds a gun to the lift operator's head. The three motorbikes drive in. The doors close, the lift descends, the masked men are high on adrenalin, optimistic, all apart from one: Peppermint Patty.

Max runs, his legs powering, his lungs bursting, he takes the steep stairs jumping five at a time, he's quick, agile.

INT. FOOT TUNNEL. NIGHT

The elevator doors open. Snoopy jumps on with Charlie Brown, their bike storms out, followed closely by Linus Van Pelt, then finally Peppermint Patty.

At that moment, Max Lewinsky flings around the corner grabbing Peppermint and dragging him off the bike with an almighty hoist. Peppermint scrambles to his feet, grabs Max around the waist, smashes him into the wall. Peppermint takes off on foot.

At the opposite end of the tunnel the elevator awaits, its doors open, another man wearing a Woodstock mask holds a gun to the operator's head. The two motorbikes drive inside, look behind them to see Peppermint Patty being pursued by Max Lewinsky.

Peppermint's hindered by his huge holdall, Max manages to catch up, launches himself, grabs Peppermint by the head, pulls off the mask to reveal **JACOB STERNWOOD**, 44.

A moment as Max takes in Jacob.

Max attacks first, launching a hail of punches. Jacob protects himself with his forearm, a series of heavy blows, Jacob manages to pull out his gun, aims at Max. Max freezes. Jacob roars in anger, digging the barrel into Max's face.

A BEAT.

Max is sweating hard. Jacob shakes his head.

CLOSE ON: Jacob aims the gun downward.

CLOSE ON: Max's face, a burst of orange flare from the bottom of frame. A gunshot ringing out.

ANGLE ON

Jacob turns and runs into the lift, looks back at Max, writhing, gripping his leg. The lift doors close.

CLOSE ON: The Peppermint Patty mask lies to the left of frame, a splash of blood across it, to the right of frame a title card fades up:

The Rise and Fall of Peppermint Patty

WIDE ON: A police helicopter screeches across the night scape of Canary Wharf skimming glass towers.

FADE TO BLACK

Title card reads:

3 years, 4 months and 17 days later.

FADE TO:

WIDE ON: City Airport, night, we track low across the tarmac toward a short haul plane, passengers boarding steps at the aircraft's rear.

INT. PLANE. NIGHT

We dolly through the central aisle, travelers settling in for the flight. The camera rests on one such passenger, **RUAN**, 18, mixed race, his jacket zipped tightly under his stubbled chin, a film of sweat covering his face, the fringe of his black hair sticking to his forehead. A flight attendant approaches with an arm full of tabloids.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Newspaper, sir?

Ruan shakes his head. A man adjacent to Ruan accepts, passes the magazine supplement to his twelve year old daughter seated in front of him. Ruan looks slowly to the man's newspaper, a subheading.

BODY FOUND IN THAMES BELIEVED TO BE THAT OF OTIS BLAKE

A photo beneath that of Otis Blake, he's tragically young, maybe nineteen, blonde, fresh faced, smiling, possibly at a party, a friend's arm draped around his neck.

Ruan lowers his head, closes his eyes, winces, his right hand reaches up, touches the left side of his waist. He recoils, does his best to conceal it. Slowly, and with caution, Ruan unzips his jacket, pulls lightly and separates the jacket from his body just enough to peer inside.

CLOSE ON: A stain of blood has spread, covering the left hand side of his tee shirt.

Ruan warily closes his jacket, looks back up and notices the twelve-year-old girl watching, staring. Ruan tries to ignore it, looks away, not knowing whether she saw.

The final passengers are boarding the plane, a flight attendant prepares to seal the door.

Ruan looks back, the young girl is still staring. Ruan smiles gently, but she just stares relentlessly, her eyes boring through his very existence. Ruan's breathing is becoming more shallow, sweat beginning to drip down his forehead.

A smiley stewardess passes performing a routine head count. Ruan, his eyes desperate, looks to the front of the aircraft, a flight attendant locks the hatch, Ruan looks back to the young girl, she still watches, her almost transparent green eyes bearing an accusatory glare, an announcement crackles over the PA system in that artificial, breezy tone.

CHIEF FLIGHT ATTENDANT
*Ladies and gentlemen, my name is
Joanna McCauley and I'm your chief
flight attendant. On behalf of
Captain Hanna and the entire crew,
welcome aboard this Lufthansa
flight LH119, non-stop service from
London to Reykjavik...*

TWELVE YEAR OLD'S POV: Pull focus from the window beyond to Ruan.

CLOSE ON: The girl's eyes flicker, look at an anxious Ruan, then move back to the window as she watches the airport.

Suddenly Ruan unbuckles his seat belt, starts making his way toward the front, blood loss making him increasingly weak.

CHIEF FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
...Our flight time will be
approximately 2 hours and 35
minutes, we'll be flying at an
altitude of thirty two thousand
feet, and at a ground speed of 500
miles per hou....

The chief flight attendant is distracted mid flow.

CHIEF FLIGHT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Sir, the captain's turned on the
seat belt sign, can you please
return to your...

Ruan pushes past.

RUAN
I need... I need to get off this
plane.

Ruan heads for the exit, a male attendant steps in front of him.

MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir, if you'll just take your seat,
we can...

RUAN
You don't... you don't understand,
I have to... I have to get off this
fucking plane.

MALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Sir, you're starting to unsettle
the other...

The flight attendant tries to lead Ruan back to his seat, Ruan immediately lashes out, hitting the guy to the floor, screams from other passengers, commotion, Ruan quickly turns the heavy locking system, heaves open the door, the sound of the plane's engine roars through the cabin.

A BEAT.

Ruan jumps a four foot gap to the boarding steps which are being towed away, scrambles down onto the tarmac, breathes hard through the intense pain, stumbles a little, begins to run.

INT/EXT. JACOB'S BEDROOM/GARDEN. NIGHT

We're close on a pencil sketching of The Battle of Anghiari in a wooden frame. Two men astride horses, swords clashing. We pan down to reveal Jacob Sternwood, now 47, face down in bed. Across his bare back, shoulder to shoulder, a huge tattoo faded by time, ink virtually grey, some letters barely decipherable. We make out the words "**RED DIESEL**".

As we move in closer we see he's awake, staring into the darkness.

A phone begins to resound loudly.

Jacob rises up, alert, moonlight streams through the open patio door catching silver flecks in his hair and stubble. He's muscular without being imposing. Jacob eyes the telephone warily, clearly an unfamiliar occurrence. He approaches the phone, reaches out, hand hovering above the receiver, snaps it up, doesn't say anything.

(Intercut Jacob with Ruan on his mobile, running across the airport tarmac).

RUAN

D... dad...

JACOB

All this time... and you.. you call me on *this* number.

Ruan is almost to tears.

RUAN

I wouldn't... I wouldn't have made it...

JACOB

Made what?

RUAN

I fucked up... we've got to go back ... back to The Greigo Mar... together...

JACOB

The Greigo Mar... what are you talking about, where are you?

Jacob exits the patio door, into his back yard, rubbing the bridge of his nose, red and green lights dance over his concerned face in a kaleidoscope of color.

JACOB (CONT'D)

If you're in trouble I can... I can have someone collect you within the hour, just tell me where you are.

The pain is washing over Ruan, his face a paler shade of grey.

RUAN
(emotional)
I'm... I'm so sorry... I just... I
needed...

Armed police officers are streaking towards Ruan, machine guns raised, yelling.

JACOB
Needed what? Who's that shouting?
Ruan, what are you talking about,
where you are?

Ruan tumbles to his knees, armed officers close.

RUAN
I thought... I thought I needed
this... dad... I'm scared...

Ruan collapses, his face piling into the ground.

JACOB
Ruan... RUAN!!!

TOP SHOT: An armed officer reaches in, pulls back Ruan's jacket revealing the crimson stain on his tee shirt. Another armed policeman reaches over and grabs the phone. The officer places it to his ear.

WIDE ON: The Aurora illuminates the night sky, Jacob silhouetted in his garden, his huge, contemporary house behind him. On the horizon we see imposing mountains framed by dancing northern lights. Jacob holds the phone to his ear.

ARMED POLICEMAN (ON PHONE)
Who is this?

Jacob ends the call, a solitary figure composed against this epic setting.

Sound of torrential rain...

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS. NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Wheels of an armored transport vehicle cut through wet roads, water spraying in beautiful arcs.

INT. ARMORED TRANSPORT VEHICLE. NIGHT

Within the vehicle, persistent rain hammers the metallic shell, creating a velvet rhythm.

In the rear holding area we see detective Max Lewinsky, now 33, he sits slouched in the corner, more unkempt than before, heavier, his eyes closed, he holds a pair of silver handcuffs, he flicks them back and forth, making a rhythmic clicking sound.

Seated next to him is detective **SARAH HAWKS**, 32, black hair pulled tight accentuating high cheekbones.

The CAMERA pans to - **DEAN WARNS**, who sits opposite them, late thirties, solid-looking, cropped hair, a muscular frame beneath perfectly pressed polo shirt and chinos. His hands are cuffed tight. Sarah watches him, focused.

SARAH HAWKS
What's your average day?

Dean Warns looks up. He can't hear Sarah over the roar of the engine and drumming rain.

DEAN WARNS
What?

Sarah takes it a little louder.

SARAH HAWKS
What's your average drill, your daily schedule?

Warns fixes her with a long stare. Max opens his eyes, stops clicking the handcuffs, watches Warns.

DEAN WARNS
Depends.

SARAH HAWKS
On what?

Silence.

SARAH HAWKS (CONT'D)
Escorting convoys, guarding VIPs, it must still be pretty regimented?

Warns laughs to himself, looks at Sarah, at Max.

DEAN WARNS
I'm wise to you.

SARAH HAWKS
How so?

DEAN WARNS
 I can see the path you're on...
 it's like looking at a grid zone...
 all rolled out in little
 coordinates...

Warns' finger twitches, as if tracing an imaginary line.

DEAN WARNS (CONT'D)
 ...and I'm tracking exactly where
 you're going with it. I reel off my
 old routine... like the brainwashed
 robot you think I am, and then...

Warns' cold eyes fix on Sarah.

DEAN WARNS (CONT'D)
 ... you tell me how unfortunate it
 is that a man with my conditioning
 doesn't know his exact movements on
 Saturday night.

SARAH HAWKS
 A security guard paid to patrol The
 Peninsula says he saw you and a kid
 fitting Otis Blake's description
 the night he was murdered. That's
 unfortunate. The fact that he took
 down your number plate... that's
 fortune at it's most perverse.

Rain pummels away at the vehicle. Sarah looks to Max as if
 cueing him, but he seems uninterested, shakes his head, she's
 wasting her energy, shuts his eyes again.

DEAN WARNS
 (vitriolic)
 I told them and I'm telling you...
 I was at my mother's.

SARAH HAWKS
 Doing what?

A BEAT.

SARAH HAWKS (CONT'D)
 At your mother's... what were you
 doing?

Warns reaches up cuffed hands, rubs his temples.

DEAN WARNS
 Watching a film.

SARAH HAWKS
 What one?

Warns smiles smugly.

DEAN WARNS
Calamity Jane.

SARAH HAWKS
Pardon?

DEAN WARNS
You heard me.

CLOSE ON: Sarah, antagonising Dean, writes "Calamity Jane" on the back of her hand in blue biro, a habit we'll see manifest frequently.

SARAH HAWKS
It's a classic.

DEAN WARNS
It's bullshit... but she's into it.

Max doesn't even open his eyes.

MAX
It's a good alibi.

Warns shoots Max a look.

DEAN WARNS
It's the truth.

The armored vehicle comes to an abrupt halt, all of them wrenched forward. Sarah and Dean stare at each other.

The sounds of churning metal, the locks to the vehicle's doors are released, swing open, a female police officer in a cagoule stands waiting. Max looks out the doors to see two men across the concourse, sheltering under the entrance.

OFFICER IN CAGOULE
They want to see you.

Max turns to Sarah who watches him. He pops the collar on his black mac and steps into the downpour, we follow as he crosses the concourse. Max now walks with a limp in his right leg, a limp Max tries to conceal but is undoubtedly there.

Max approaches **NATHAN BARTNICK**, slick black hair, immaculately dressed, 34, holding a file, chewing on gum, a habit which makes him all the more irritating.

NATHAN BARTNICK
Max.

MAX
Nathan.

(Note: We recognise Bartnick's voice from the phone call to Max in the opening scene.)

Behind Bartnick we see **THOMAS GEIGER**, 52, silver hair, tall, powerful looking, wearing a meticulously cut, gun-barrel grey suit.

MAX (CONT'D)

Sir.

Thomas Geiger smiles at him.

MAX (CONT'D)

Our very own welcome party.

Sarah Hawks runs up behind, taking shelter. Bartnick takes a pair of trendy glasses from his inside jacket, places them on, refers to his file.

NATHAN BARTNICK

We're letting Warns go. The security guard who identified him at the shipping yard...

A feint smile of disbelief on Max.

NATHAN BARTNICK (CONT'D)

He's retracted his statement, says he made a mistake...

SARAH HAWKS

That's bollocks, how can he just retract a...

Max raises his hand stopping Sarah. Bartnick totally ignores her, addresses Max.

NATHAN BARTNICK

Warns' mother backs up his alibi, says that he was with her all night. Apparently they watched some movie.

MAX

Calamity Jane.

Bartnick nods.

MAX (CONT'D)

It's a classic.

SARAH HAWKS

It's bullshit!

Max throws Sarah a look. Geiger steps forward.

THOMAS GEIGER
I've got to let him walk. Without
any hard evidence we'll just be
swimming against the tide.

Geiger's tone is agitated but authoritative. Max shrugs, but Sarah's having none of it.

SARAH HAWKS
What about the Peninsula?

THOMAS GEIGER
A team swept the entire dock. It's
a sterile lead.

SARAH HAWKS
I take it you know why he was
discharged?

NATHAN BARTNICK
He resigned.

SARAH HAWKS
He was pushed.

THOMAS GEIGER
The witness has retracted, The
Peninsula's clean, Warns' alibi's
solid and my decision's been made.

SARAH HAWKS
Well the *decision's* bad.

THOMAS GEIGER
And so's your fucking conduct.

Max grabs Sarah by the scruff of her arm, leads her away.

MAX
Wait inside!

She walks off begrudgingly. Max walks back. Bartnick takes off his trendy glasses, places them in his jacket.

NATHAN BARTNICK
I can think of a couple of ways she
could put that mouth to better use.

MAX
I'm sorry, mate, she just... she
feels threatened by any man who
spends more on his appearance than
she does.

Geiger laughs. Bartnick's slightly unsure how to take the comment, turns, walks into the building. Max and Geiger are

left alone. Max turns and looks at the armored vehicle being pummeled by the shower.

MAX (CONT'D)
She's good at her job.

THOMAS GEIGER
She's got the same fire in her belly you used to have.

Geiger walks away, places his hand on Max's shoulder as he exits.

WIDE ON: Max alone outside the grand building, lights within flaring through night rain.

EXT/INT. HOFN, ICELAND. NIGHT

A door's opened to a chicken coop that stands away from Jacob's house. Inside a weak bulb throws artificial, yellow light. Jacob opens a small gate, crosses the coop, grabs a hand full of feed, throws it down to the clucking birds. He approaches piled bags of feed leant against a back wall. He moves them aside to reveal a hatch door. Jacob digs his fingers into the grooves, opens it.

ANGLE ON
Inside the hatch looking out. Jacob hesitant to retrieve its contents.

ANGLE ON
Reverse over Jacob's shoulder. Slow track in to reveal an array of handguns, passports, and money.

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE/CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Max and Sarah walk along a corridor. Sarah's still incensed.

SARAH HAWKS
Why... why do you do that... what lights your fuse... how can you just stand back and not even argue your point?

MAX
If I had a point, I'd argue it.

Max stops in his tracks, confronts Sarah, his tone quiet, firm.

MAX (CONT'D)
In my condition I've learned when to choose my battles.

SARAH HAWKS
I just assumed you walked like that
cos you'd taken it up the arse so
many times from Geiger.

Max laughs, she may be feisty but she's entertaining. He rubs his hands through his hair, something he often does when conflicted. She places her hand to her mouth feigning shock.

SARAH HAWKS (CONT'D)
Human emotion!!!

He notices the blue biro scribbles on her hand, takes her wrist, looks at the scribbles.

MAX
Why don't you just get a notebook?

SARAH HAWKS
What, you worried I might get blood
poisoning?

MAX
It's already infected your tongue.

Sarah pulls her hand back, walks.

SARAH HAWKS
At least I know how to use it.

Max is left standing.

EXT. HOFN, ICELAND. NIGHT

We see Jacob's modern house, he exits the front, walks towards CAMERA holding two objects in his hands. He comes to an eventual standstill close to CAMERA. The first object, a camping chair, he flicks out with a snapping motion, takes a seat. The second object, a pair of long range binoculars, he raises to his face, scopes the landscape.

Reverse over his shoulder, an epic environment, a valley of rock, ice and jutting pines. Jacob places the binoculars down, pulls up a powerful hand gun, begins to slowly load brassy bullets into a mag, their color accentuated by a golden sun dipping behind distant mountains.

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE/MEN'S TOILETS. NIGHT

Top shot moving across empty toilet cubicles. We find Max in the end compartment, sat on the toilet lid.

Max reaches into his suit pocket, pulls out a syringe, places it on the paper dispenser. He then pulls up his trouser leg

beyond a swollen knee revealing a deep gunshot wound where knee meets thigh.

We see scars from numerous operations. He takes the syringe and carefully punctures the distended knee, he grimaces in pain, and begins to slowly extract synovial fluid from the knee joint, a coarse, discolored liquid.

The syringe slowly fills. Finally he dabs at the puncture wound with a tissue, cracks a pain killer, hangs his head, eyes shut.

EXT. HOFN, ICELAND. NIGHT

Jacob stands, walks forward five paces, unzips, and urinates whilst surveying the surrounding landscape with binoculars.

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE DEPT. NIGHT

Max approaches his desk, the room a buzz of activity, rain slamming windows. Max pulls off his jacket. Walking past is a young junior officer, **JUKA OGADOWA**, 26, wet behind the ears, trendy, over eager, a lot like Max used to be.

MAX

(abrupt)

The Queen about to visit or what?

Juka looks around nervous.

JUKA OGADOWA

Don't... don't you know?

Max sits, rests his leg.

JUKA OGADOWA (CONT'D)

A... a young man collapsed... at City Airport, suffering from a gun shot wound to his lower abdomen.

Max subtly massages his knee, it's clearly still aggravating him.

JUKA OGADOWA (CONT'D)

He was travelling under the passport of William H. Bell.

MAX

Get on with it, Juka.

JUKA OGADOWA

Turns out William H. Bell died five years ago in a car crash in Dudlowe, Essex.

He has Max's attention.

JUKA OGADOWA (CONT'D)
So they check his fingerprints...
turns out he was arrested as a kid
for shoplifting.

MAX
And?

JUKA OGADOWA
It's Ruan Sternwood.

Push in on Max. This info hits him like a juggernaut,
stunned, lost for words. Max composes himself, stands, steps
close, speaks at a whisper.

MAX
Where was he, erm, where was he
travelling?

JUKA OGADOWA
Reykjavik.

MAX
What... and what did he have on
him?

JUKA OGADOWA
Nothing, just... just his
passport... but the ballistics...
the ballistics show he was shot by
the same gun that shot Otis
Blake... whoever shot Otis shot
Ruan.

Max breathes deep, the significance of this dawning on him,
tries to compose himself.

MAX
Can he talk?

Juka shakes his head.

MAX (CONT'D)
What else?

JUKA OGADOWA
Before he collapsed he'd made a
call from a mobile to a land line
in Höfn, Iceland... we assume he
was calling home.

MAX
We've got an address?

JUKA OGADOWA
Yes, sir... but... Bartnick's
already given the orders.

Max is gone.

EXT. HOFN, ICELAND. NIGHT

Jacob's stood watching the horizon, suddenly there it is, an anxiety attack rising through his body like an evil euphoric drug rush.

He tries to crush it down, steady his shallow breaths, it's strong, sweat masks his brow, he drops the binoculars, walks towards the house hurriedly, tries to calm himself.

INT. NATHAN BARTNICK'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Max steams into Nathan Bartnick's office (a sign on the door reads - Deputy Assistant Commissioner) Bartnick's sat at his desk. Max tries to compose himself.

MAX
It's too soon.

Bartnick stares up at Max, slowly takes off his trendy glasses, places them down before him, enjoying this moment.

MAX (CONT'D)
You need to leave it, tell them to stand down for at least, I dunno, three, four days, let Sternwood think he's safe, let him think that no one's joined the dots, let him ease off. Then, *then*, you go in fast and quiet, take him when the dust has settled and his guard's dropped.

NATHAN BARTNICK
Experience doesn't make you the expert, Max. If it does, explain to me why he's still at large and I'm sitting here?

MAX
I don't care which fucking chair you're sitting in, I just care we do this right. At least ask me my opinion? You know exactly what this means to me.

NATHAN BARTNICK
And if I leave it three or four days and they turn up to find an
(MORE)

NATHAN BARTNICK (CONT'D)
empty house and a "thank you" note,
who's gonna take the heat when they
ask us why we didn't move quicker?

MAX
You had no problem pointing the
finger last time.

NATHAN BARTNICK
You disobey orders, you pay the
price.

Bartnick returns to his paper work.

NATHAN BARTNICK (CONT'D)
Besides, it's already in motion.

MAX
Then on your empty fucking head be
it.

Max exits, slamming the door.

INT. JACOB'S HOUSE/KITCHEN. NIGHT

Jacob's at his kitchen sink, the moon incandescent through
the window, he gulps down water, the cold liquid soothing his
burning core, the panic attack heavy.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE. NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The wheels of a jeep creep into frame, come to a
standstill amongst the ice and gravel, headlights already
off.

INT. JACOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Jacob reaches for an oven lighter, slumps onto the kitchen
floor, back against the fridge, flicks on the oven lighter,
eyes shut, holds the naked flame against his forearm,
swallows the pain, anything to focus his mind.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE. NIGHT

At the base of the hill six Icelandic police officers in flak
jackets, machine guns, exit two jeeps and ascend towards
Jacob's house.

INT. JACOB'S HOUSE/KITCHEN. NIGHT

Jacob pulls the naked flame from his forearm, breathing
beginning to stabilise, attack subsiding.

EXT. JACOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The armed officers separate, moving in individual formation around the property.

INT. JACOB'S HOUSE/KITCHEN. NIGHT

Jacob, still slumped against the fridge, slowly opens his eyes. Then there in front of him, moving across the kitchen window, an armed officer, machine gun held aloft. Jacob stays motionless.

EXT. JACOB'S GARDEN. NIGHT

Two armed officers convene at the small chair from which Jacob was surveying the horizon, they see the binoculars lying on the ground. One of them whispers into his radio.

INT. JACOB'S HOUSE/UPSTAIRS. NIGHT

Jacob's moving stealthily across the upper level of his house, through a bedroom, opens a window, creeps out onto the roof of his garage. Below him an armed officer sweeps past.

Jacob drops down to ground level, approaches his own battered pick-up that's parked on the verge of the steep incline.

ANGLE ON
The engine revs to life.

ANGLE ON
The head lights flare.

ANGLE ON
The door slams shut.

ANGLE ON
The pick-up flies off down the mountain side.

ANGLE ON
An Icelandic officer screams out.

WIDE ON: The six armed officers run to the tip of the slope, aim their machine guns at Jacob's descending vehicle, rapid flare blazing in the night air, bullets tearing into the pick-up's chassis, its rear window exploding in a surge of glass. One of them screams into his radio.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE. NIGHT

The two police vehicles at the base of the mountain side roar to life, take after Jacob's pick-up.

Jacob's pick-up is moving at immense speed. The two police vehicles advancing. One of them begins to pull up level beside Jacob's pick-up, an officer aims his machine-gun out the side, hangs precariously, tries to get a clear shot.

Four of the armed officers at the top of the hill turn and walk back towards the house, two of them left surveying the descending vehicles.

The police vehicle's almost parallel to Jacob's pick-up.

CLOSE ON: The armed officer still hangs dangerously from his jeep, flicks off the safety switch on his machine gun ready to fire.

INT. JACOB'S HOUSE/KITCHEN. NIGHT

The other armed officers walk through Jacob's house, machine guns aimed, they head towards the kitchen.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE. NIGHT

The police vehicle is now parallel with Jacob's pick-up. The officer aims. Tries to steady himself. Finger on the trigger. Almost there. The pick-up's empty. No one inside.

CLOSE ON: A concrete slab wedged against the accelerator.

ANGLE ON

The officer hanging from the speeding police vehicle yells into his radio in panic.

INT. JACOB'S HOUSE/KITCHEN. NIGHT

One of the armed officers slowly opens the kitchen door. At that moment his radio crackles to life.

CLOSE ON: A gas pipe in the kitchen broken and leaking vapor.

CLOSE ON: The oven lighter wedged tight against the kitchen door, the pressure of the door squeezes against the black switch, a spark of electricity, a flame.

EXTREME CLOSE ON (500 FPS): The armed officer's face as he opens the kitchen door, an immense fireball reflected in his goggles. No time to react as it engulfs him, these final moments almost beautiful.

ANGLE ON

An armed officer outside the kitchen window is blown twenty feet by the intense explosion.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE. NIGHT

WIDE ON: Jacob running through the tundra, a small, soft rucksack on his back, in the distance his house roaring into flames.

CLOSE ON: Fire envelopes the framed sketching of The Battle of Anghiari, two men astride their horses, faces locked in wicked grimaces. Suddenly the whole picture is engulfed. Title cards fade up over this fervent image:

The Return Of Red Diesel

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE/CORRIDOR/PRESS ROOM. NIGHT

Max and Sarah walk. Max seems resolute, his stride less impaired than usual.

SARAH HAWKS

Try not to look too smug.

MAX

Innocent people were killed... I hate the fact that I was right.

SARAH HAWKS

I didn't, I didn't mean it like that... something's different anyway.

Max looks at her, she doesn't understand.

MAX

Everything's different.

They approach a press room, a striking-looking woman, **JANE BADHAM**, 38, a case-hardened face, but incredible sex appeal, stands in front of a security guard, searching through her handbag.

SECURITY GUARD

You know I can't let you in.

JANE BADHAM

For God's sake, I'm... I'm Robert Wiseman's campaign manager (sees Max and Sarah) Max, tell them who I am.

Max and Sarah hold up their police badges, walk straight through.

MAX

Never seen her before.

Max smiles at her, she narrows her eyes. They enter into the press room where Assistant Commissioner Thomas Geiger fends questions from a horde of journalists, Nathan Bartnick sits behind him. Max and Sarah watch from the back

JOURNALIST A

(to Geiger)

... We're all just trying to understand how you've got two teenagers in a related shooting and you haven't got a single lead to show for it.

THOMAS GEIGER

Look, all I can tell you is that... we're on top of it... and... we're confident we'll resolve the matter quickly and sufficiently.

Jane Badham approaches, stands next to Max, smiles cattily.

JOURNALIST B

The shadow home secretary has stated we're suffering three times the level of violent crime committed in the United States, how do you respond to that?

THOMAS GEIGER

I can't comment on what specific politicians have said... but it's important that whoever gets into power on the 21st understands the necessity of an effective and well resourced police force.

Jane Badham whispers to Max.

JANE BADHAM

(quietly)

You think all this is gonna make Jacob Sternwood raise his head above the parapet?

Max doesn't even look at her.

MAX

(quietly)

I was shot in the leg... not the head, Jane.

Jane smiles, walks away.

JOURNALIST A

(to Geiger)

But it's irrefutable that London's seen a seventeen percent increase
(MORE)

JOURNALIST A (CONT'D)
in gun crime in the last twelve
months.

THOMAS GEIGER
I'm not here to get into a debate
about statistics... if there's no
more relevant questions, I'm gonna
wrap this up... okay.

Geiger stands, walks, Bartnick follows. A few journalists
throw more questions, the rest stand, ready to leave. Max and
Sarah manoeuvre amongst the crowd.

Geiger descends the stage tailed closely by Bartnick. Jane
Badham sidles up next to Geiger full of nervous energy.

JANE BADHAM
Tough crowd, hey.

THOMAS GEIGER
Only thing missing was rotten
fruit.

JANE BADHAM
You ducked those difficult ones
like a pro.

THOMAS GEIGER
That'd be a compliment... if it
wasn't you that fed them the
statistics.

JANE BADHAM
We win this election you'll get the
backing you need. We're just... I'm
just worried this could slip
through your fingers.

THOMAS GEIGER
However hard it gets to hold on I'm
sure you'll spin it to fit your
party's agenda.

JANE BADHAM
Is there any truth the kid at
Heathrow was Jacob Sternwood's son?

THOMAS GEIGER
Who gave you that?

JANE BADHAM
Tom, please, I ran your press for
five years.

THOMAS GEIGER
Then you'll know this is where we
say goodbye.

They reach a corridor restricted to police, he leaves Badham standing. Max and Sarah break through the crowd, follow Geiger and Bartnick into the corridor.

MAX
(to Geiger)
Could do without that.

THOMAS GEIGER
You'd never believe she used to
actually pull me out of deep holes.

MAX
Now she just pushes you in.

THOMAS GEIGER
You didn't come here to talk about
Jane Badham, Max, what do you want?

MAX
I want to put Ruan in an open
hospital, dangle the hook, see if
Jacob Sternwood bites.

Geiger stops, all four of them close.

THOMAS GEIGER
Then you know who to talk to.

Max looks at Bartnick, to Geiger.

MAX
I... I want my own starting lineup.

NATHAN BARTNICK
This isn't just some twisted tale
for revenge is it, Max?

Max ignores Bartnick, focusing on Geiger.

MAX
Otis Blake was shot by the same gun
as Ruan Sternwood. The public...
the media want results.

Geiger sizes Max up.

THOMAS GEIGER
I want to believe you're up to
this.

MAX
I'm fighting fit.

NATHAN BARTNICK
Really? You trod the measure with
this kid's father a long time ago,
(MORE)

NATHAN BARTNICK (CONT'D)
Max, and you're still fucking
reeling.

SARAH HAWKS
Well done last night, Bartnick.
Real expertise in Iceland.

Bartnick shoots daggers.

THOMAS GEIGER
Accusations of incompetence because
you aren't capable are the last
thing I need.

MAX
No one understands Sternwood better
than me... and last night proved
that.

Geiger knows this to be true, looks at Bartnick, considers.

THOMAS GEIGER
You leave Otis Blake to him.

Geiger turns to Max, points at Bartnick.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
Stay out of his way, you
understand? The hospital's yours,
nothing more. I hear you so much as
leave that building these
journalists will be asking me about
another murder.

Max stifles a smile as Geiger departs. Bartnick looks
incensed, turns, follows.

EXT. A BLACK SKY. NIGHT

A thousand feet high, London below like an electronics
circuit board. A small passenger plane floats into shot like
a majestic bird of prey.

INT. PLANE. NIGHT.

We track slowly toward Jacob, head bowed, he turns, looks out
of the plane's window towards his old stomping ground.

EXT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Birds-eye view: Ruan Sternwood brought out of an ambulance on
a wheeled hospital trolley.

INT/EXT. JACOB'S CAR. NIGHT

Through the windscreen we see Jacob at the wheel of a car, the translucent motorway lights flitting across his face.

INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Ruan being wired up in a hospital bed. Max watches Ruan through the glass window, shouts out.

MAX

This one's very special to me...
let's try and keep him alive.

The doctors look at Max with disdain. The room opposite Ruan's is having mirrored material placed into the glass so it can be used as a temporary one-way observation room. Max walks over, watches the room being prepped. He takes out his silver handcuffs, clicking them rhythmically.

INT. CAR AUCTION. MORNING

EXTREME TOP SHOT: Beautiful symmetry, hundreds of parked cars awaiting sale. The sound of a car auction echoing from a distant tannoy. A new car drives in, slots perfectly between the rest.

INT. CAR. MORNING

Driving the vehicle is **ROY EDWARDS**, 47, thick black moustache, heavy-set. Suddenly a bang at the window. Roy winds it down. A young boy stands waiting.

ROY EDWARDS

Start with the A Class first.

YOUNG BOY

Yes, boss.

The boy exits. Suddenly the passenger door opens, a man gets in.

ROY EDWARDS

No, no, no, mate, you need to go to the front desk...

Roy looks, sees it's Jacob, shocked.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Do me a fucking favour, Jake, why don't we just let off some fireworks while we're at it.

JACOB
It's good to see you too, Roy.

Roy looks over his shoulder.

ROY EDWARDS
They've already turned over my
house...

Roy's head darts round like he expects police to advance any second.

JACOB
I wouldn't be sitting here if I
wasn't a thousand percent, you know
that.

Roy settles a bit, knows this to be true. Looks at Jacob, lightens.

ROY EDWARDS
One prick was looking in my sock
drawer... cos that's where you'll
fucking hide.

Roy reaches out, they shake hands strongly.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)
Car was run-of-the-mill?

JACOB
Like you said.

Roy notices the scratches across his face.

ROY EDWARDS
Took a few knocks?

JACOB
We've been through worse.

ROY EDWARDS
Then why d'you level it?

Jacob stares across the lot, eyes transfixed by some distant memory.

JACOB
I built it for them.

A BEAT.

JACOB (CONT'D)
It became just another place to
hide. I'd rather see it burn.

ROY EDWARDS
If it's any consolation... you look
well.

JACOB
Great outdoors.

Roy rubs his sphere-like stomach lovingly.

ROY EDWARDS
Her indoors.

Jacob looks at Roy's tache.

JACOB
What's this?

ROY EDWARDS
Karen says I can pull it off.

JACOB
So could Saddam Hussein.

ROY EDWARDS
I can shave this off... you'll
still look like a bag of smashed
crabs.

JACOB
He's still got it.

ROY EDWARDS
I'm here till Thursday... try the
veal.

They fall silent for a moment, Jacob watching cars being
driven back and forth.

JACOB
How is he?

ROY EDWARDS
They've put him in St. Bart's, but
I'm not a hundred percent on his
condition.

JACOB
And?

ROY EDWARDS
And it's hard... it's hard to get
clear info... people know he's your
son... they're not ready to
surrender information willingly,
you know... they're scared... I
could have pushed it, but I thought
we might not want to burn our
(MORE)

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)
bridges just paying the toll. (a
beat) Apparently Ruan was getting
involved in a lot of low level
stuff, pushing a bit of green,
skimming off the top, nothing
major...

A BEAT.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)
But he'd started rolling with this
kid, Otis Blake, seen his type
before, straight out of Borstal,
all mouth no muscle. Ruan raises
the cash, uses the family name as
leverage, Otis Blake sets up the
deals. People have even started
calling him Little Red.

Jacob finds this hard to listen to.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)
This is where it gets...
complicated. Four days ago, Otis
Blake's found floating in the
Thames, took one in the head. Next
day Ruan's picked up at City
Airport, losing blood, suffering
from a gunshot wound to his
stomach. Now, they've either pissed
off somebody big time or Ruan's
paying the price for something we
did back in the day.

Jacob breathes out hard, he can feel that pit of anxiety
rising, pushes it down.

JACOB
What's it going to cost me to sort
this mess out, get him a blue-
ribbon lawyer?

Roy looks at him, a little shocked.

ROY EDWARDS
They know who he is Jake... he's
not gonna walk away with a slapped
wrist and forty hours community
service.

JACOB
He's always known the ante.

A BEAT.

ROY EDWARDS
 They'll make an example of him,
 Jake... he'll do time for your
 mistakes.

Jacob rubs his hands across his forehead, stressed.

WIDE ON: Their car amongst the hundreds of parked vehicles.

INT. HOSPITAL/OBSERVATION ROOM. DAY

A hospital room opposite Ruan's has had mirrored material placed into the glass so it can be used as a temporary one-way observation station. Max is watching Ruan through the one-way glass, clicking handcuffs back and forth nervously. Sarah's next to him, referring to a file on Dean Warns, her hand covered in blue biro scribbles. Max notices, it irritates him.

MAX
 Hand's a mess.

She nods at the handcuffs.

SARAH HAWKS
 Cos that's not irritating.

He stops clicking.

SARAH HAWKS (CONT'D)
 You happy to be stuck here whilst
 Bartnick's probably fucking things
 up?

MAX
 (without hesitation)
 We're in the right place.

Juka Ogadowa walks into the room carrying a huge set of files, he can hardly see over them. He sets them down next to more vast files that almost fill one side of the room.

JUKA OGADOWA
 These are the last of them.

Juka looks at the vast files - Jacob Sternwood's name with volume chapters inscribed along the spines. Juka sits, plucks one out, opens it.

Pages and pages describing where Jacob was born, has lived, photo's of his mother, father, friends, it's intense, detailed research.

JUKA OGADOWA (CONT'D)
 You compiled these, sir?

Max nods. On one page we see a photo of the gunshot wound to Max's leg. The next page a photo of the Peppermint Patty mask in the foot tunnel, a description parallel: *Patricia "Peppermint Patty" Reichardt*.

JUKA OGADOWA (CONT'D)
Peppermint Patty... what's that,
Snoopy?

Max doesn't even turn around, the information spills out as if ingrained.

MAX
The comic was called Peanuts,
Snoopy was Charlie Brown's dog, he
just became the most popular
character, like the Fonz in Happy
Days.

SARAH HAWKS
And J.R. in Dallas.

JUKA OGADOWA
No point of reference. I haven't
got a clue what you're talking
about.

Sarah smiles. Juka turns to a photo of Jacob arrested when he was much younger, a still of his tattooed back.

JUKA OGADOWA (CONT'D)
But I do know that tattoo makes him
look like a Japanese energy drink.

SARAH HAWKS
Used to run bootleg red diesel when
he was a kid... first thing they
ever arrested him for.

MAX
Know what that is?

JUKA OGADOWA
Sir, red diesel is primarily for
agricultural machinery, therefore,
the tax charged on it is much lower
than standard fuel. The diesel's
dyed red to discourage general use
and provide easy identification to
law authorities suspecting illegal
abuse.

SARAH HAWKS
Quicker next time.

EXT. STREET/HOSPITAL. DAY

Jacob and Roy stand in the shadows of the street eyeing the hospital across the road, the drone of the metropolis, the screech of passing vehicles.

JACOB
You certain you want to do this?

Roy nods.

ROY
It's child's play.

A BEAT.

JACOB
Everything I did was so I wouldn't
be in this situation.

Roy looks at him, considers.

ROY EDWARDS
With the best will in the world...
everything we did is why we're in
this situation.

Roy zips his jacket and walks leaving Jacob in the shadows, the impact of what Roy just said reeling in his mind. Jacob suddenly crosses the road, grabs his friend, stops him.

JACOB
Keep the engine warm.

He leaves Roy standing, walks towards the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL/OBSERVATION ROOM. DAY

All three are reading through the files.

MAX
What else do you know?

JUKA OGADOWA
Sir?

MAX
What other info have our informants
been drip feeding us?

Juka grabs at a pile of papers.

JUKA OGADOWA
Erm... he...he was reported to have
been seen at a Pizza Hut in
Guilford, at an Argos in Peese
(MORE)

JUKA OGADOWA (CONT'D)
Pottage, and having a fist fight at
Legoland in Windsor... we're, erm,
we're obviously checking up on all
those leads.

This just depresses Max, he's wound tight. Sarah watches him,
his profile. Juka's looking through another file, flicks the
pages, jobs Jacob Sternwood's executed.

JUKA OGADOWA (CONT'D)
Air France, Security Pacific,
Lufthansa, Bank of America,
Reliance Chartered, Securitas, The
Gaynor Museum, Loomis armored
trucks... twice... he's created a
legend for himself, I'll give him
that.

Not the right comment.

MAX
Legend... you think Jacob Sternwood
is a legend?

Sarah darts a look at Juka, makes a cutting gesture. Max
slowly turns to face him.

MAX (CONT'D)
(incensed)
You think that he exists within
what... the realms of cool, the
realms of historical greatness?

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY

Jacob passes an empty nurse's station, swipes an ID chain,
hangs it round his neck. Approaches a disorientated man
holding a bunch of flowers.

JACOB
Can I help you, sir?

MAN WITH FLOWERS
Yeah, sorry, erm, room 419?

Jacob points down the corridor.

JACOB
Right there.

INT. HOSPITAL/OBSERVATION ROOM. DAY

Max is fuming.

MAX

You think kidnapping, murder, and robbery are the basic foundations of a legend? Legends are stories that may or may not be true. The only truth about Jacob Sternwood is that he's a fucking parasite...

The man with flowers turns into Ruan's room. Sarah clocks it.

SARAH HAWKS

MAX!

Max darts around, sees someone entering Ruan's room. Max is already at the door, flies across the corridor, the man's pulling back the curtain to look at Ruan, Max palms him straight in the face, smashes him to the ground.

The man cowers, petrified, flowers held out in defence, hands shaking, his head darts to Sarah as she enters.

MAN WITH FLOWERS

I, I, I was looking for room 419.

Max reaches out, pulls the guy up, pats him down vigorously for any weapons.

MAN WITH FLOWERS (CONT'D)

I was... I was just...

Max spins the guy into the corridor. From the far end Jacob Sternwood watches it play out.

CLOSE ON: Jacob's face spells it all, his arch enemy.

JACOB'S POV: We see police officers in various doors along the corridor, one of them holds a hand gun. Max ushers them back in, gesturing manically to move out of sight. Max gestures to Juka to lead the man away.

JUKA OGADOWA (O.S.)

If you could just give me the name of the patient you're here to see sir...

MAX

Who told you this was 419?

The man shakes his head.

MAN WITH FLOWERS

Err... just... some guy.

Max turns, begins to walk, runs, heaves open one of the doors hiding armed police, yells at one of them.

MAX
Give me your gun... GIVE ME YOUR
GUN!!!

INT. HOSPITAL/CORRIDORS. DAY

Jacob's approaching double doors, the anxiety surging again, vision shuddering, all sound sucked from the air, he steadies himself.

CUT TO:

Max moves down the corridor, cocks the weapon, Sarah runs close behind.

CUT TO:

Jacob walks, composes himself against a wall.

CUT TO:

Max and Sarah smash through the double doors.

CUT TO:

Jacob walks towards the front entrance of the hospital, his face anxious.

CUT TO:

Max and Sarah scream for people to move aside.

CUT TO:

Jacob, hearing the commotion, looks over his shoulder.

EXT. HOSPITAL/STREET. DAY

Roy screeches to a halt outside the hospital, looks inside, sees Jacob, commotion beyond.

INT. HOSPITAL/RECEPTION. DAY

Max grabs for Jacob, wrong guy.

EXT. HOSPITAL/STREET. DAY

Jacob slams shut the car door, Roy hits the accelerator, the engine roars like a woken lion, the CAMERA pans to --

Max and Sarah run out into the street, looking left and right, nothing, their breath hard, the sounds of the city.

EXT/INT. CAR. DAY

Jacob's head leant against the car window trying to compose himself.

ROY EDWARDS
How long's it been going on for?

JACOB
Since Shari.

Roy understands, doesn't push it.

ROY EDWARDS
You taken anything for it?

JACOB
They seem to be getting more frequent.

ROY EDWARDS
(dry)
It's not like you've been under any stress.

JACOB
It's... it's what we thought.
Lewinsky all over it.

ROY EDWARDS
Relentless prick. You should have killed him when you had the chance.

Jacob pulls a medical report he's stolen, readjusts in his seat.

CLOSE ON: The medical report states Ruan's in a coma, but stable. Jacob screws up the report, the news of Ruan's coma hitting him hard, his jaw tightens.

JACOB
You know The Greigo Mar?

ROY EDWARDS
It's a hotel.

JACOB
Ruan mentioned it the night I spoke to him...

Awkward pause.

JACOB (CONT'D)
It was the last thing he said to me... I want to see it.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY

Max and Sarah walk back into Ruan's ward. Turmoil, a team of doctors run past. Max and Sarah follow, they come to a halt outside the entrance to Ruan's room, doctors fighting to save his life.

MAX
What's going on, what the fuck is
going on?

A nurse pushes him away, more doctors run into the room.

NURSE
(belligerent)
He's gone into cardiac arrest, give
us some space.

ANGLE ON
A doctor attaches a defibrillator, yells for people to clear, Ruan's body arches as a stream of volts pass through him.

ANGLE ON
Close on the heart monitor as the green line jolts with each wave of power.

ANGLE ON
Max watches the commotion, his world falling through his fingers.

ANGLE ON
Ruan's head rocks on the pillow as they try to resuscitate him.

ANGLE ON
The heart monitor flatlines.

ANGLE ON
Juka Ogadowa and Sarah watch dumbstruck.

ANGLE ON
Max sits in the observation room, lowers his head into his hands.

TOP SHOT: Ruan Sternwood, his lifeless body slumped in the bed. The CAMERA pulls away. A title card fades up over this severe image:

Gun Fire at the Greigo Mar

EXT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL. NIGHT

Establisher of The Greigo Mar, expensive, international, grand. Jacob and Roy cross the street towards it.

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE/GEIGER'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Max and Thomas Geiger stand silhouetted at a window, face to face. They talk intensely, Sarah stands back, privy to the conversation.

MAX

We let this out, and he'll disappear into the shadows. Me and Sarah stay posted at the hospital, keep it ticking over, the press office states Ruan's on the mend, showing signs of recovery. That way we keep Jacob in play. If he thinks he can walk Ruan out of there he'll check the angles. Plus we keep the snakes off your back for a few more days.

Geiger nods, contemplates, impressed.

THOMAS GEIGER

Seems you've got it all figured out.

CLOSE ON: Sarah watches Max, the essence of a smile on her face.

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE. NIGHT

Max and Sarah exit the building.

SARAH HAWKS

Tell me we're not going back to that hospital.

MAX

(intense)

Sternwood knows we're all over it... he's in this somehow. If Otis and Ruan were shot by the same gun, and Warns was seen with Otis the night of his fucking murder then we need to follow one of those... cos pretty soon both paths are gonna collide.

SARAH HAWKS

(relax)

Max, I'm with you.

Max stops, calms a little.

MAX

I can't be that man, I can't be the guy whose entire legacy, the sum of
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
his life can be distilled down to
one fucking anecdote.

SARAH HAWKS
You catch Sternwood and you think
it's gonna delete that moment?

MAX
I can't be defined by what happened
in that tunnel.

She places her hand on his arm.

SARAH HAWKS
Then don't be.

A moment between them. She turns, they carry on walking.

MAX
Bet you never thought your new
partner was gonna be a some lame
cripple with a raging sense of
inadequacy.

SARAH HAWKS
Could have been worse, you could
have been some fat sex fiend with
raging halitosis.

Smiles.

MAX
Are you flirting with me?

She shrugs.

SARAH HAWKS
They say flirting's just a way of
making a man feel better about
himself.

MAX
Well it's working.

SARAH HAWKS
Then yes...

She walks ahead, looks back at him over her shoulder.

SARAH HAWKS (CONT'D)
...I am flirting with you.

INT. THE GREIGO MAR/LOBBY. NIGHT

Jacob approaches a girl at the front desk of the hotel.

JACOB
We're meeting guests. D'you mind
calling up?

RECEPTIONIST
What names, sir?

JACOB
Bell.

Tapping of a keyboard.

RECEPTIONIST
Afraid we don't have anyone under
that name.

Jacob looks at Roy, thinks.

JACOB
Premadasa?

He spells it, she types it.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Premadasa's with us till the
end of the week.

She picks up the phone, dials the room number. Jacob watches
closely as she taps the numbers: 2467.

INT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL/SUITE 2467. NIGHT

The door opens with a gentle click. Jacob and Roy edge into
the room, a large suite, vast bedroom area leading to a
luxurious en suite. Jacob edges the room, scopes Ruan's
clothes folded neatly, magazines, a book, an iPod docking
station. Jacob spots a penknife, bloodstained fingerprints
smearing its handle. Jacob inspects the blade, twisted and
knotted. Jacob places it down, looks under the bed. Roy's
checking behind cupboards.

ROY EDWARDS
So Ruan sees Otis Blake take a
bullet in the face... does a
runner... ends up taking one
himself.

Jacob's checking inside the wardrobe.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)
He ends up back here because he
needs to get rid of something, hide
something, what?

Jacob enters the en suite bathroom, checking the shelves, the
sides.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)
You think it's been drummed
already?

Jacob pushes back the bathroom door, an air vent, a bloodied
fingerprint beside it.

JACOB
Roy... bring me that penknife?

Roy walks it over. The knotted, twisted blade fits the screw
head perfectly. Jacob opens the grill, reaches inside,
touches something, pulls it, a cream tee shirt covered in
blood, Ruan's tee shirt. Jacob holds it in his hand, looks
down at the dark crimson stain which almost coats the entire
garment. Roy looks to Jacob, his eyes rueful.

A BEAT.

Jacob places it carefully on the side, his jaw tightens,
reaches back in the vent, yanks hard, releases a sports bag
wedged tight. The bag's covered in more of Ruan's blood,
Jacob opens the bag, inside we see thousands in used notes.
Jacob and Roy stare down at the money.

ROY EDWARDS
What you thinking?

JACOB
I'm thinking I need you to spread
the word, today, now, as soon as
you leave here... put it out on the
streets... let it be known that
Ruan Sternwood was staying at the
Greigo Mar hotel... let's see what
comes crawling in.

Roy nods. Jacob hands him the holdall of money.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Can you hide this somewhere safe?

ROY EDWARDS
How about my bank account?

Jacob doesn't respond, head swimming, no time for jokes.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)
It'll be safe.

JACOB
Once you've done that you should go
home, kiss that beautiful wife and
not get involved in this mess.

ROY EDWARDS
They involved me in this mess...

Roy rests his hand on Jacob's shoulder.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)
The second they pulled the trigger.

Roy turns and exits. Slow push in on Jacob.

EXT. LONDON HIGH STREET. NIGHT

Max and Sarah follow a pretty young girl, Louise Kirby, well dressed for an eighteen year old. She has a baby in one arm. Max holds up a photograph of Ruan in a hospital bed.

MAX
Ruan Sternwood yesterday... in a
coma.

She glances at it, carries on walking.

SARAH HAWKS
Because he was shot by the same gun
as Otis.

She stops in her tracks.

LOUISE KIRBY
Whatever... whatever it was that
Otis was involved in... he was a
good boyfriend... he was a good
dad, and he kept that side of his
life away from us. To protect us.

Max pulls a photo-fit of Jacob Sternwood.

MAX
Have you ever met Ruan's father?

She shakes her head in disdain, walks away. Sarah changes tack, they follow her.

SARAH HAWKS
Why was Otis ripping Ruan off?

LOUISE KIRBY
What are you talking about, they
were friends.

SARAH HAWKS
If he kept that side of his life so
private, how do you know?

LOUISE KIRBY
Look, I don't know what Otis was
involved in, or why he was in
Dean's car the night he was
murdered, what I do know is that
(MORE)

LOUISE KIRBY (CONT'D)
this isn't the first time someone's
been shot around here, and I
definitely know it's not the first
time nothing's been done about it.
So please... please don't come back
unless you have some real evidence,
some proper evidence that can help
find whoever killed my baby.

MAX
Dean's car... Dean Warns' car. You
say that like you knew him?

She looks confused.

LOUISE KIRBY
Otis and Dean were on the phone to
each other constantly.

She turns, walks. Max and Sarah are left standing.

MAX
What 36 year old ex-squaddie stays
in on a Saturday night to watch
Calamity Jane with his 77 year old
mother?

A BEAT.

MAX (CONT'D)
You were right to question it.

SARAH HAWKS
I'm always right.

MAX
I'll track down this security
guard, see if he's been squared
off. Why don't you pay Mrs. Warns a
visit?

SARAH HAWKS
Your wish is my command...

She looks at him.

SARAH HAWKS (CONT'D)
... sir.

Max smiles.

EXT. BARBER'S. NIGHT

A barber's, red leather chairs, Roy's getting a trim from a
young, tough-looking guy caked in tattoos.

BARBER

What d'you want, man, you want it new school or old school? We roll it new school, and I can get that shit on facebook, twitter, myspace, friends reunited, it's how the gospel's generally spread these days. We take it old school I'll let that shit fly in orthodox methods, dog track, bookies, get some runners making some standard moves, get them feeling the breeze against their knees, or I can blitz it on both platforms, but that's gonna be double.

He puts up a mirror showing Roy the back of his hair, gestures to his moustache.

BARBER (CONT'D)

You want me to get rid of this shit?

Roy stands, takes out five hundred in fifty pound notes, pays him.

ROY EDWARDS

Ruan Sternwood was staying at The Greigo Mar Hotel. Just put it out there.

Roy turns to walk away, stops, looks back.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)

You fuck this up... old school methods on your knees.

Roy winks, exits.

INT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL/SUITE 2467/CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Jacob exits the hotel room, grabs a CO2 fire extinguisher resting in the hallway, takes it back to his room, places it next to the main door, tight against the wall.

He then pulls a gun with added silencer from a holdall, moves stealthily around the room assessing different angles, finding a clear shot. Then he sees it.

CLICK! Jacob hits the lights, walks into the large en suite, plants himself inside the walk-in shower, sits down, leans out, a clear shot if anyone enters the room.

INT. IRIS' HOUSE. NIGHT

A cluttered front room, porcelain clowns, loud wallpaper. Sarah's sitting before a 77-year-old woman, dumpy, thin hair rolled into short curls, neck reminiscent of a tortoise. Sarah holds a delicate tea cup, sips at it whilst looking at a chilling picture on the wall - Dean Warns in army fatigues. All the while, off screen, we can hear heavy, almost asthmatic breathing.

SARAH HAWKS

I sympathise that you want to protect your son... but a man was brutally murdered and Dean might be able to help us... bring that person to trial.

At Iris's feet sits the fattest Pug you've ever seen. A mass of folded skin, fur and bad sinuses.

IRIS WARNS

Three tours... three... d'you know that? How would you like it if one of your children... God forbid... God forbid, went to a war doing something that he thought... where he was helping protect his Queen and country and... and then these rumors... wicked, disgusting rumors.

SARAH HAWKS

Then don't let the wrong person get framed here, Iris, help us catch whoever did this.

Iris, having dipped a biscuit in her tea, lets the dog nibble half of it.

IRIS WARNS

He was a hero... a hero ruined by jealousy... jealousy and cowards. Ever since he was a boy he always... always knew right from wrong.

Sarah sips her tea, watches with disgust as Iris eats the remainder of the half devoured biscuit.

SARAH HAWKS

Otis... Otis Blake was seen in your son's car the night of his murder, Iris. You're a hundred percent that Dean was with you on the night of the 7th, you're sure?

It seems like Iris wants to say something, she stares at Sarah, goes to talk.

IRIS WARNS

He...

She balks.

IRIS WARNS (CONT'D)

He always knew right from wrong (a beat) always. I'm sorry... you should... you should go, he'll be here soon and I need to start his dinner.

Iris suddenly stands. Sarah puts down the cup, distrust in her face.

INT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL/SUITE 2467. NIGHT

Jacob's still in the shower, darkness surrounding him. On the other side of the room is Ruan's bloodied tee shirt.

Jacob stares at it, the dark contours of the blood. His son's blood.

Then there it is, anxiety rising, vision shuddering, breath shortening, he stands, hurries from the shower, walks to the light switch, turning it on and off, over and over. He presses his hand against the onyx wall, starts cracking his fist against the marbled surface.

He moves to the sink, turns the tap, gulps water with his hand, splashes his face. He starts to breathe more regularly, calming down.

He flicks the light switch, plunging the room back into darkness, puts his gun on a shelf on the other side of the bathroom, sits down on the toilet lid, deep breaths, tries to compose himself.

EXT. IRIS WARNS' HOUSE/STREET. NIGHT

Sarah sits low down in the front seat of her car. She watches as Dean Warns exit his mother's house quarreling. Iris slams the door at Dean who marches to his car, gets in, pulls away. Sarah fires the ignition.

INT. BUILDING SITE/47TH FLOOR. NIGHT

A tower block under construction, 47th floor, the building hasn't any glass yet but already there are large chrome letters being placed on the wall by workmen: KINCADE SECURITY SOLUTIONS: *THE FIRST LINE IN DEF...* A spectacular view of night time London beyond.

Workmen file out after a hard day's toil. A security guard, BUKI KUSHONI, kind face, Zimbabwean, checks the workmen's bags for equipment before they enter the lift.

Max approaches as Buki closes the lift, sends it terra firma. Buki clocks Max, tries to walk away, Max apprehends him, hands him a photo-fit of Jacob Sternwood.

MAX

You ever see this guy at the Peninsula?

Buki shakes his head.

MAX (CONT'D)

You ever hear the name Jacob Sternwood?

Buki doesn't answer, Max watches him, hands him another photo, a graphic photo of Otis Blake shot in the face.

MAX (CONT'D)

Are you prepared to see the people who did this walk free?

BUKI KUSHONI

In Zimbabwe, this is reality.

Buki hands back the photos.

BUKI KUSHONI (CONT'D)

No one takes responsibility.

MAX

Why d'you retract your statement... you were a hundred percent sure you saw Dean Warns with Otis the night he was killed?

BUKI KUSHONI

I made a mistake, all you people look the same... isn't that what you say?

MAX

What about that number plate?

BUKI

It was dark.

Buki looks towards the lift, another queue of workman are waiting to descend.

MAX

Bit fortunate isn't it. New job in three days. Pretty lucky in these tough economic times?

BUKI KUSHONI

When my supervisor says I'm being moved to a new job with more money, I don't argue. I have a family to support... a family I hope to come and live with me here in England.

He turns to Max, holds his stare. A sense of comprehension between them, walks away. Max looks up at the now completed chrome letters. KINCADE SECURITY SOLUTIONS: *THE FIRST LINE IN DEFENCE*.

WIDE ON: Max, a solitary figure framed by the windowless levels of the building, city lights beyond. He gets a call on his mobile, answers.

MAX

Juka.

(Intercut Max and Juka Ogadowa).

JUKA OGADOWA

This... this may be nothing.

MAX

Try me.

JUKA OGADOWA

Those... those informants... with the... with the.. the suspect leads...

MAX

Yeah.

JUKA OGADOWA

All of them... all of them called within a space of half an hour saying exactly the same thing.

MAX

What thing?

JUKA OGADOWA

That... that they've all heard that Ruan Sternwood was apparently... apparently staying at The Greigo Mar hotel.

Max is already gone.

INT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL/CCTV ROOM. NIGHT

We see a man, **HARVEY CROWN**, hair almost platinum white, square build, ripping out wires to a bank of CCTV monitors.

CUT TO:

Nathan Bartnick arrives at the foot of the hotel stairs. Harvey Crown exits the CCTV room, joins him. They ascend the stairs, checking behind them as they go.

INT/EXT. CAR. NIGHT

Max's car dashes through London, the neon city whizzing past at almost light speed.

INT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL/CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Bartnick and Crown approach suite 2467, they look nervous. Bartnick hesitates, listens at the door, hears nothing.

ANGLE ON

Jacob, still sitting on the toilet lid, is leaning back against the wall, eyes closed, breathing calmly, resting after his attack.

INT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL/SUITE 2467. NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A key card is slipped into the door, it opens.

CLOSE ON: Jacob looks up at the low clicking sound, sits forward on the toilet.

WIDE ON: The door opens slowly, Crown slips in, edges the door quietly, gun poised, scans the space, his line of sight slips past the bathroom, he can see down the length of it, can't see Jacob tucked behind the right side wall on the toilet.

Jacob looks to his gun. He has to cross the open doorway of the bathroom to get to it. Too perilous.

Bartnick's stood at the door watching Crown move around the room.

Jacob is wedged tight on the toilet seat, listening, staring at his out-of-reach gun on the opposite side of the bathroom.

Crown is checking under the beds, inside wardrobes, behind shelves, ripping back bed sheets.

HARVEY CROWN
(whisper)
The money's not here.

NATHAN BARTNICK
(whisper)
Keep looking.

HARVEY CROWN
(whisper)
Fuck you Bartnick, what's it look
like I'm doing.

CLOSE ON: Jacob listens fixedly to what they're saying.

Crown looks at the en suite, considers, moves forward.

Bartnick is checking the corridor, making sure no one's coming.

Jacob sees Crown's shadow approaching, dives for his gun. Crown jolts with fright, releasing two random shots that zing around Jacob's feet. Jacob grabs his gun, falls onto his back, fires at Crown who immediately dives backward over the bed, gun shots popping all around him.

Bartnick, in the corridor, hears the commotion, he pulls his firearm.

Crown raises his hand above the bed, fires shots at the bathroom, the bullets just skirt around the door frame.

Jacob fires back, his silencer letting off sharp sockets of noise, bullets ripping through the bed, feathers and torn sheets flying into the air. Crown ducks tight, sweating hard.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OVER ALL THREE ROOMS: A three way stand off. Jacob cornered in the bathroom. Crown wedged behind the bed. Bartnick hovering at the entrance.

Crown sees Bartnick, they nod at each other in agreement. Both at once they aim for the bathroom, reeling off a rip of shots, bullets tear through the walls, shards of plaster and paint zipping everywhere, Jacob ducks amongst the flying debris and dust. BEDLAM!

Jacob, quick as a flash, reaches out, fires at the CO2 fire extinguisher he tucked next to the entrance.

WHOOOOOOOOOMPH!

It detonates, CO2 imploding at high velocity, Bartnick dives back into the hallway. A shard of red fire extinguisher metal soars into Crown's leg, he roars with pain, crumpling to his knees, blood gushing from his wound.

Carbon dioxide and thick dust fill the air.

The fire alarm starts ringing.

Jacob reaches back around the wall, sees Crown kneeling through the haze, Crown aims, Jacob pumps three bullets

straight into his chest, blood sprays all over the floral wall. Crown slumps to the floor, dead before he hits the carpet.

EXT/INT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL/LOBBY. NIGHT

SNAP CUTS: Max's car screeches up outside, he jumps out, runs into the lobby. Max pulls his badge, shows it to the guy behind the desk.

MAX

What floor's that alarm coming from?

INT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL/CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Heavy smoke and debris lines the corridor. Hotel residents are starting to leave their rooms, Bartnick lies on the floor, people pass him warily. He scrambles up, heads groggily for the staff stairs, slides away unnoticed.

ANGLE ON

Max ascends the fire escape stairs, 3RD FLOOR! 4TH FLOOR!

ANGLE ON

Jacob edges out of suite 2467, people filing down the corridor navigating the smoke and dust.

ANGLE ON

Max runs, 6TH FLOOR!

ANGLE ON

Jacob moves along the hotel corridor, blends into the panicked crowd, taking full advantage of the poor visibility.

ANGLE ON

8TH FLOOR! Max bursts into the corridor, looking in all the open rooms --

Max sees the door open to suite 2467, looks in, an exploded fire extinguisher, a dead Harvey Crown, the remnants of a gun fight. Max looks back down the corridor, sees people piling into the fire escape, a man stops at the door, looks back toward Max, through the thick atmosphere it's hard for Max to decipher, could it be him.

Max starts to run, his legs powering, smashes through the fire escape doors, pushes people out the way, leaps stairs, four, five at a time.

CRUNCH!

His knee explodes in pain, he crumbles to the floor howling, clenching his leg.

Jacob freezes, looks back up the stairs, Max's roar echoing down.

A BEAT.

Jacob turns, carries on running.

EXT. MOTORWAY. NIGHT

Sarah follows Dean Warns' car along a motorway, he slips off at a junction.

INT. THE PENINSULA SHIPPING YARD. NIGHT

Warns drives into a breathtaking dock area, Sarah kills her lights.

Warns parks, exits his car.

Sarah parks in the shadows, slips out, follows quietly.

Warns approaches a porta-cabin, sign on it reads: PSY Container Logistics.

Sarah watches from outside. Through the window we see Warns approach a young man sat at a desk, they converse, the guy gives Warns a form which he fills out whilst chatting away, hands it back.

Warns exits the porta-cabin, back to his car, drives off.

INT. PORTA-CABIN. NIGHT

Sarah enters the porta-cabin. The young guy's eating a roll, looking at a salacious men's mag. He sees Sarah, straightens in his chair, wipes crumbs from his top, pushes the mag away, much more beautiful than his usual clientele.

SARAH HAWKS

Hi.

She holds out her hand.

SARAH HAWKS (CONT'D)

Sarah.

He shakes her hand, she holds onto it.

LUKE

Luke. I'm Luke.

SARAH HAWKS

Luke, I'm in a lot of trouble, and I need your help.

She releases his hand gently.

LUKE
What, what is it?

SARAH HAWKS
My company's lost a container and I
need you to help me find it.

LUKE
Then... then I'm your logistician.

SARAH HAWKS
That's what I was hoping you'd say.

She smiles. He stands, proud of his task.

LUKE
What's the name of your company?

He walks to a filing cabinet, his back to her.

SARAH HAWKS
SCD Haulage.

He starts rifling through drawers. Sarah quickly leans over the desk, turns the form that Dean Warns was filling out. It's heading reads: Container Relocation Form. Luke's still waffling away. Sarah grabs a pen, writes something on her hand. Luke turns around.

LUKE
Don't suppose you cou...

The porta-cabin's empty.

EXT. SARAH'S CAR. NIGHT

Sarah opens her boot, grabs a torch and 4-way wheel brace.

EXT. SHIPPING YARD/CONTAINERS. NIGHT

Sarah walks through rows of stacked containers, approaches, a huge green, rusted and battered container, looks behind her, places the wheel brace into the pad lock, pops it open, forces the heavy door, enters.

INT. CONTAINER. NIGHT

Sarah switches on her torch, pans around the inside of the dark container.

She hears a noise, turns to see Warns standing in the entrance.

SARAH HAWKS
People... people know I'm here,
people will be coming for me.

His body language is alert, poised.

DEAN WARNS
You were told to leave it alone.

SARAH HAWKS
Don't do this.

He edges around her like a wild animal circling prey.

Sarah looks to the exit, her eyes darting from the door to Warns.

She goes to run, he's quick, steps in front of her, blocks her, almost toying.

A sob rises from the back of her throat, she swallows it down, won't show weakness, won't give him that satisfaction.

The atmosphere is excruciating.

She lunges at him, digs her free hand hard into his face, four deep scratches forming on his cheek.

But Warns is quick, trained, pitches in close, grips his arm around hers, smashes his elbow hard into her nose, her head jolts violently, she falls.

Sarah's lifeless body dead on the floor.

CLOSE ON: Sarah's hand, scribbled on it: PUNCH 1975. Blood pooling along the steel floor. Her mobile starts to ring.

EXT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL. NIGHT

EXTREME TOP SHOT: Police cars, ambulances, fire engines screech to a halt outside the hotel, their lights flaring in the lens.

INT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL/CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Max is at an ice machine, filling a hand towel.

SARAH (ANSWERING MESSAGE)
*This is Sarah Hawks leave a message
after the tone and I'll get back to
you as soon as I can.*

MAX

Sarah, it's Max, call me as soon as you get this. I need to speak to you.

He snaps shut his phone. The lift doors slide open at the end of the corridor, paramedics and police swarm out, he points them toward suite 2467.

Max wraps the towel around the ice, slumps to the floor, places the makeshift ice-pack to his knee, hangs his head in pain.

A BEAT.

Max notices something on the floor.

Low angle: slow push in on Max as he reaches out, picks up something that's tucked tight against the skirting board. A policeman approaches, Max quickly tucks the object into his jacket.

WIDE ON: Max sitting slumped against the wall in the grand corridor, framed left, a title card fades up right of image:

Night of the Pinball Wizard

EXT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE/CAR PARK. MORNING

Max pulls up in the car park. He opens the glove compartment revealing syringes, he grabs one.

CUT TO:

Max pierces his knee, drains the fluid quickly, cracks a pain killer, determined, full of purpose.

INT. ROY EDWARDS HOUSE/KITCHEN. MORNING

Roy lives in a large, beautiful house on the outskirts of the city. Roy and Jacob sit in a substantial, contemporary styled kitchen, it's very homely, not overly tidy, kids stuff scattered about. They're having breakfast, the blinds closed.

JACOB

You ever heard of Bartnick?

Roy shakes his head. He spoons in a mouth full of muesli, grimaces at the taste, squeezes a ton of honey over it. Jacob watches him, thinking, slightly taken aback by the inhumane amount of syrupy mass.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You want some oats with your honey?

ROY EDWARDS
I want some flavour with my fucking
sawdust... keeps me regular... now
I shit twelve times a day instead
of two... Karen's regime.

JACOB
Sounds like something Shari would
have conjured up.

The mention of this name makes Roy look at Jacob.

JACOB (CONT'D)
These guys weren't a couple of
pantomime villains... the way they
scoped the room, fired their guns,
they seemed well-honed... you
know.. it was all too practised.

ROY EDWARDS
I'm sorry we... we never came to
her funeral, Jake.

JACOB
No one came...

A BEAT.

JACOB (CONT'D)
It would have caused too much
attention... just me... just me and
Ruan.

The thought of his son makes Jacob stop, he picks up his tea,
sips on it attentively.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Mother dies when he's sixteen...
old man tops every single most
wanted list most of his life...

A BEAT.

JACOB (CONT'D)
The poor kid's never had a chance.

ROY
Well... he had more of a chance
than you ever did.

Roy looks to Jacob who just stares at his tea, mind locked in
the past.

JACOB
When Shari told me I was going to
be a dad... I had this... this
overpowering uncertainty.

ROY
Who doesn't?

JACOB
Sometimes it's still there.

Roy moves in his chair, uneasy, not used to seeing Jacob this candid.

JACOB (CONT'D)
He said that if we hadn't always
had to move... to constantly
hide...

A BEAT.

JACOB (CONT'D)
His mum would still be alive.

Suddenly Roy's three children run into the kitchen, vibrant, full of energy. Roy handles them perfectly, eating breakfast whilst at the same time kissing his daughter, pulling up his son's trousers. Jacob watches this, looks away, Roy notices. Roy's wife, **KAREN**, enters with bags of shopping, face of thunder, she snaps her fingers, marches the kids out.

KAREN
Come on, let Daddy finish his
breakfast in peace.

The kids moan.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Now... hustle... go.

The kids file out, Karen waits till they're gone.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I need you out of this house, Jake.
I'm sorry.

Jacob looks at her, nods, understands.

ROY EDWARDS
Karen, for God's sake, no one knows
he's here, we were careful.

KAREN
I don't want all of this in my life
again, Roy, you understand?

ROY EDWARDS

If it was one of ours we'd do the same.

KAREN

If it was one of ours this would never have happened.

She's crossed the line. An edgy silence. Karen throws fresh newspapers onto the table.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I'm just hoping the policeman shot dead at the hotel hasn't got anything to do with you Jake?

Jacob looks at Roy. The silence says it all, Karen walks.

EXT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE. MORNING

Max approaches the SCD. A throng of journalists huddle the main entrance, cameras and microphones aimed at a sleek looking politician, Robert Wiseman. He gives an impassioned speech. Thomas Geiger stands beyond with Nathan Bartnick and other high ranking officers, listening.

Max edges the periphery, avoids the throng, on his mobile, not paying attention. The speech below playing out in the background, the CAMERA staying on Max.

ROBERT WISEMAN (O.S.)

We're all revolted and shocked by what has happened in the last 72 hours. The death of Detective Harvey Crown strengthens our convictions...

Max gets through to Sarah on his mobile.

SARAH (ANSWERING MESSAGE)

This is Sarah Hawks leave a message after the tone and I... CLICK!

Max shuts his phone, standing next to him is Jane Badham who's watching the speech.

ROBERT WISEMAN

We need to turn our police into a force to be reckoned with... whether that's better training, equipment, arming Transport Police with tasers, increasing the number of officers qualified to utilize fire arms or equipping the MET with improved and high tech body armour.

Max looks at Jane, she smokes nervously, almost mouthing the speech word for word.

ROBERT WISEMAN (CONT'D)
*Two teenagers and a police officer
 shot within in the same week. In
 the struggle to control this city
 it would seem the criminals are
 better equipped than we are. This
 current government expects officers
 like Harvey Crown to go into battle
 armed with only a whistle and a
 baton, well THIS world has
 changed... and now it's up to you
 to change THIS government.*

Max shakes his head in disgust, walks. Jane sees him, throws her cigarette to the floor, grinds it with her heel, takes after him.

JANE BADHAM
 MAX... MAX!

She sidles up next to him.

JANE BADHAM (CONT'D)
 Max, you survived what Harvey Crown didn't. Will you do a piece to camera about post traumatic stress in the line of fire. Can you do that for me?

MAX
 The guy's just died, and already you're using his death for political mileage.

JANE BADHAM
 Mileage. This is for your benefit, Max. When he's Home Secretary you're gonna be given the proper tools to do your job, and half the people in this city won't be shit scared to just walk down the street... of all the people I thought you would have believed in that.

MAX
 I'm too busy chasing crooks to help them get elected I'm afraid.

Max walks away.

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE DEPT. MORNING

The room's a hive of action, Max stands at Sarah's desk, it's tidy, untouched, computer switched off. He walks away, Juka sidles up next to him, sheet of paper in hand.

JUKA OGADOWA

I mean, a lot of the information is unclear, stuff I could piece together from various sources...

MAX

Sarah's not here, is she?

Juka shakes his head, reads from the sheet.

JUKA OGADOWA

Kincade Security Solutions... founded in Switzerland in 1942 by an ex-Olympian, devout Christian, they have a tradition of inscribing biblical verse on the side of their weapons... apparently they've got a contract with the MOD... blah, blah, blah... recently experienced a fall in share price which they put down to...

He reads his notes carefully.

JUKA OGADOWA (CONT'D)

I quote "uncertainty over US foreign policy and poor visibility on contracts from the UK government".

MAX

And Warns?

JUKA OGADOWA

No record he's ever worked for them as a Security Contractor, but they're making it hard for me so I've just gotta dig deeper.

MAX

Find me a connection between Sternwood and Warns.

JUKA OGADOWA

Where would I start?

MAX

I don't know, Juka. Has Warns travelled to Iceland in the last twelve months, were any of the
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
 weapons Sternwood used in the past
 Kincade? Use your head.

Max carries on walking.

MAX (CONT'D)
 You get in touch with Sarah, tell
 her to call me.

INT. POLICE STATION. MORNING

Nathan Bartnick is walking through the office, a cut on his face from the night before, a secretary beckons him, she's on the phone.

SECRETARY (ON PHONE)
 The Deputy Assistant
 Commissioner... can I ask what it's
 regarding?

Bartnick looks at her, shakes his head as if to say not interested.

SECRETARY (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Sorry, can you repeat that... you
 say you know... who shot Harvey
 Crown?

Bartnick stops dead in his tracks, he and the secretary lock eyes, he nods for her to patch the call, enters a meeting room, closes the door, hesitates, picks up the phone.

INT. ROY EDWARDS HOUSE/KID'S BEDROOM. MORNING

Reverse on Jacob, just the back of his head and strong, powerful shoulders, a mobile held to his ear, a girl's pink bedroom surrounding him.

(Inter-cut Jacob and Bartnick).

JACOB (ON PHONE)
 Deputy Assistant Commissioner
 Bartnick?

NATHAN BARTNICK (ON PHONE)
 Who is this?

JACOB (ON PHONE)
 A nervous parent.

NATHAN BARTNICK (ON PHONE)
 Can I ask, erm... what it is you're
 calling about?

JACOB (ON PHONE)
I guess I'm asking what's it gonna take?

NATHAN BARTNICK (ON PHONE)
To do what?

JACOB (ON PHONE)
My son got dragged into something he didn't understand, and he paid the price.

Bartnick goes quiet, the penny dropping, he thinks hard what to say, what to do.

NATHAN BARTNICK (ON PHONE)
How... how did you get this number?

JACOB (ON PHONE)
Come on Bartnick, I coordinate multi million pound heists, I can easily get a phone number...and a home address, should I need it.

Bartnick swallows a little, his Adam's apple riding hard along his throat.

NATHAN BARTNICK (ON PHONE)
What... what is it you're suggesting?

JACOB (ON PHONE)
I guess I'm suggesting a level of...

This is tough for Jacob to say.

JACOB (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
...understanding. He's got a good heart, not decayed and rotten like ours. He deserves a second chance.

Bartnick paces.

NATHAN BARTNICK (ON PHONE)
You killed Harvey Crown.

JACOB (ON PHONE)
You shot my son... I'd say we're quits.

NATHAN BARTNICK (ON PHONE)
I shot no one.

JACOB (ON PHONE)
Then you've got nothing to worry about.

Bartnick goes quiet for what seems an eternity.

NATHAN BARTNICK (ON PHONE)
 Maybe... maybe we could meet
 tonight, and talk this through... I
 know a place.

JACOB (ON PHONE)
 D'you think I'm an idiot?

NATHAN BARTNICK (ON PHONE)
 No... far from it... but
 unfortunately you're in no position
 to haggle.

EXT. ROY EDWARDS HOUSE/KID'S BEDROOM. MORNING

Slow push in on Jacob, face ardent.

JACOB (ON PHONE)
 Where?

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE DEPT. MORNING

Nathan Bartnick steps out of the meeting room. He crosses the
 directorate, approaches his glass fronted office. He sees Max
 exiting. Max looks at the cut on his face.

MAX
 Hit your head on the lid of your
 coffin this morning?

NATHAN BARTNICK
 Get on with it, Lewinsky, I'm busy.

MAX
 I'll make it brief, I know you find
 it hard to think and talk at the
 same time. I need you to look at
 this photo taken at The Greigo Mar
 last night.

Bartnick takes hold of it.

MAX (CONT'D)
 From the way his body's fallen it
 suggests Crown's gunman was in the
 bathroom, but the bullets on this
 back wall don't support that
 theory. What do you reckon?

Bartnick looks hard at the photo, he's clearly squinting,
 finding it hard to see.

NATHAN BARTNICK

I'll, erm, I'll take a proper look
at this later, get back to you.

MAX

No worries.

Max walks away. Bartnick holds for a second, enters his office, approaches his desk. Suddenly he stops dead in his tracks, the blood draining from his face, frozen.

Slow push in on Bartnick's smashed glasses folded perfectly on his desk.

INT. THOMAS GEIGER'S OFFICE. DAY

Thomas Geiger is sat at his desk reading a report. Suddenly a knock at his door, in walks Max Lewinsky.

THOMAS GEIGER

Take a seat... I'll be with you in
a second.

Max takes a seat on a leather sofa opposite Geiger. A moment of quiet, Geiger reads.

MAX

Where do we draw the line?

Geiger stops reading.

MAX (CONT'D)

You've had tough decisions in the
past. I've understood when you've
had to bend the facts to the fit
the truth, but this... this feels
wrong.

Geiger puts down the report.

THOMAS GEIGER

What are you talking about, Max,
what's your problem.

MAX

My problem... my problem is you're
omitting from my report that Harvey
Crown was carrying a firearm.

THOMAS GEIGER

Why do you think I'm taking that
out, Max?

MAX

Why do you think I'm here?

THOMAS GEIGER

Harvey Crown's division aren't even authorised to carry firearms.

MAX

Then we should be investigating why someone from clubs and vice unit was found dead in Ruan Sternwood's hotel room with a silencer in their hand.

THOMAS GEIGER

Look... Harvey Crown was a policeman doing his job, checking out a lead, making sure he was protected whilst doing so... a traffic officer sees a possible rape, should he ignore it, carry on waving traffic because it's not his fucking duty?

MAX

That's black and white... this has a mild shade of uncertainty all over it.

THOMAS GEIGER

I've been uncertain when I overlooked your medical reports, fortunately I care about my men.

Max goes quiet.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)

Max, look, we start investigating Harvey Crown, his family, his wife and three kids might never get to see his PLI, what are they supposed to live on?

MAX

Maybe they should tap up Nathan Bartnick.

Geiger looks at him.

THOMAS GEIGER

Meaning?

MAX

Nathan Bartnick was there... I found his glasses smashed in the corridor of The Greigo Mar. (a beat) If it was just a routine check, just a couple of good old boys doing their duty, why are two officers from separate divisions
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
twinning it and why did one of them
run?

Geiger looks taken aback.

THOMAS GEIGER
How can you be sure they were
Bartnick's?

MAX
I'm sure.

THOMAS GEIGER
How sure?

MAX
No mild shades of uncertainty.

Geiger rubs his face. Max stands, goes close to him.

MAX (CONT'D)
Two teenagers shot by the same
weapon. One of them's Jacob
Sternwood's son, the other's seen
with a rogue ex-squaddie by a
security guard at the Peninsula
Shipping Yard.

THOMAS GEIGER
Who retracted his statement.

MAX
And got a new job for a weapons
manufacturer with an added pay
rise. Otis knew Dean Warns, his
girlfriend told me they spoke on
the phone.

THOMAS GEIGER
You think Sternwood fits into this
puzzle?

MAX
He was at that hotel.

THOMAS GEIGER
You're a hundred percent it was
him?

Max can't answer that.

MAX
Look, I find out Ruan Sternwood was
staying at The Greigo Mar, I go
there, the room's shot to shit,
Harvey Crown's lying dead on the
carpet alongside a pair of
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Bartnick's reading glasses, and there's a lone gunman missing from the en suite with an aim like Jacob Sternwood.

Geiger walks to his window, looks out across the city.

THOMAS GEIGER

Listen, this stays between us for now. You make sure you have your facts straight before you start letting off rockets of controversy. I'm trying to juggle a media mauling, appease spin and balance this division. You concentrate on finding Sternwood, I'll look into Bartnick and Crown.

Max nods, pleased, turns to exit.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)

Max.

Max turns.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)

It's good to have you back.

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE DEPT. DAY

Max passes Juka.

MAX

Anything on Sternwood and Warns?

JUKA OGADOWA

Nothing, but check this out. Otis Blake arrested a year ago on a minor drugs offence. Arresting officer... Harvey Crown.

Max stops, absorbs the info.

MAX

Any word on Sarah?

JUKA OGADOWA

Afraid not. You want me to send a patrol car to her house, see if she's at home, in bed with the flu or something?

MAX

It's fine. I'll swing by, check it myself.

JUKA OGADOWA
What about next of kin?

MAX
Yeah, but don't alarm them, play it down, say her mobile's died of juice and we're just trying to contact her for work.

JUKA OGADOWA
You want me to check A&E?

Max holds Juka's look, nods, Juka walks away, Max is left standing, thinking.

INT. CLUB. DAY

An empty club, the insipid looking owner approaches a man kneeling down next to a retro "Space Odyssey" pinball machine.

CLUB OWNER
Excuse me.

The kneeling man ignores him.

CLUB OWNER (CONT'D)
Excuse me, mate.

He approaches him.

CLUB OWNER (CONT'D)
Oi.

Suddenly the man grabs his tool bag, stands, turns, he's on his mobile. It's Roy Edwards.

ROY EDWARDS (ON PHONE)
Billy... what... yeah, Billy told me it was... wait, wait, wait, tell him... no, no, no, tell him to get his fucking facts straight before he starts wasting my time, sending me on wild goose chases fixing machines that are perfectly fine...

Roy walks past the insipid looking man.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)
(to bar manager)
Sorry mate... fuck up at HQ.

Roy carries on berating the phone, exits. Slow push in on the pinball machine, lights blinking away.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Max knocks on Sarah's front door, no answer. He shouts through the letterbox.

MAX
SARAH... SARAH IT'S ME, MAX!

He looks through her windows, no lights. Max walks slowly away.

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT

A small, personal restaurant, comparatively busy. Jacob sits alone at a table.

INT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL/SUITE 2467. NIGHT

Room 2467, Max stands in total darkness looking down at the pool of blood where Harvey Crown was shot. The lights of London glistening through the hotel window.

CUT TO:

Max runs his fingers over the bullet holes in the bathroom, looks at the empty air vent where Ruan stashed the money.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Dean Warns drags a body onto a bed. He rolls it over to reveal Sarah Hawks's corpse. He rips open her top, pulls her jeans down around her ankles.

Warns turns to a bedroom cabinet. We see syringes for Max's knee, the Peppermint Patty mask discarded at the tunnel, and placed over a lamp like a trophy.

Warns empties an array of exotic medication all over the cabinet.

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT

Jacob still sat at the restaurant table, he turns his head, glances out of the window.

Close on Jacob, a car passes, the lights moving across his face, shimmering, similar to the Aurora in Hofn. Jacob closes his eyes.

WIDE ON: Jacob at the table, eyes shut, through the window the subtle glint of the northern lights moving across the sky. Jacob opens his eyes, the lights disappear, he looks back out the window.

Reverse over Jacob's shoulder to reveal a huge neon sign across the other side of the street, it reads: The Shug Ninx.

INT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL/SUITE 2467. NIGHT

Max, still in total darkness, sits on the edge of the hotel bed, thinking.

THOMAS GEIGER (O.S.)
Relaxing at a murder scene.

Max turns.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
That's commitment to the cause.

Thomas Geiger stands in the doorway.

MAX
How d'you know I was here?

THOMAS GEIGER
I know everything.

MAX
I don't doubt it.

Geiger laughs.

THOMAS GEIGER
Night shift reported you in.

Geiger steps into the room, looks around at the blood stains, the bullet holes. He sits down next to Max, rubs the bridge of his nose.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
You know the real reason they first wanted you to head up the Sternwood case?

Max looks at him.

MAX
Glowing references, because I was just the sort of youthful, unwavering detective you had in mind?

THOMAS GEIGER
Because no one had come close to Sternwood in years... and our incompetence could be passed off as your inexperience.

Max shakes his head, laughs in disdain.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
You were so fresh Max, I knew you
could take a couple of knocks and
keep on running. But you worked
harder than any man who'd come
before you. I mean, Jesus Christ,
you almost caught him single
handed.

A BEAT.

MAX
You still had to fight them to take
me back.

A BEAT.

THOMAS GEIGER
So when you take him down this
time... you take him down hard and
make sure the whole world's
watching, okay.

Max looks at him, inquisitive.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
I did... I did something after you
left... something I'm not too proud
of... so I hope to God you're right
about this, Max.

Geiger looks at Max.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
I tapped Bartnick's line...

A BEAT.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
I think you were right... someone
called him about The Greigo Mar. He
talked to Bartnick about not
finding what he was looking for at
the hotel. Bartnick was guarded,
paranoid, didn't want to talk on
the phone, so they're meeting
tonight, in an hour.

Geiger rubs his forehead, stressed, the weight of the world
on his shoulders.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
Tread carefully, Max... the whole
division could go up in flames.

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE/ARMOURY. NIGHT

The camera tracks along racks of weapons, finds Max standing at a counter, signs his signature, the armourer holds a Glock 9mm, checks the chamber, shows Max it's clear. Hands him the firearm with ammunition.

EXT. THE SHUG NINX/FRONT ENTRANCE. NIGHT

Big dark green, neon sign: The Shug Ninx. Below it a group of young lads are being turned away from a nightclub. One lad in particular leads the vitriolic outburst, he has an overly trendy haircut.

LAD 1

This cost more than your fucking
education [Pulls on his own shirt]
I'd tell you the price but numbers
probably make your ears bleed.

DOORMAN

Strict fire code, mate, you can't
wear more than 4 tons of gel in
your hair.

The other doormen crack up.

LAD 1

You won't be laughing when I fire
bomb your fucking caravan.

The bouncer flinches, pretends to throw a punch, the rowdy lad almost soils himself.

CLOSE ON: Jacob watches intently from the street corner.

EXT. ALLEY WAY. NIGHT

Max pulls up into a back alley, exits the car, walks slowly along the dark passageway, approaches a fire exit door that's been wedged open by an aluminium barrel. He looks about, enters.

EXT. THE SHUG NINX. NIGHT

Jacob approaches The Shug Ninx. The doormen eyeing him as he advances, looks him up and down. The doorman beckons Jacob, makes him raise his arms, pats him down. Jacob's clean.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Max walks through a sparse kitchen.

INT. THE SHUG NINX/MAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Jacob walks down the corridor, eyes darting around, alert. He looks towards the club, the lights flash through the frosted glass panels, base wallops out.

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Max opens a thick, steel-panelled door, walks into a corridor, the door shuts heavily behind him. He pulls at it, won't open again, only one way to go.

INT. CLUB OFFICE. NIGHT

The club office, the insipid owner is seated in a chair, nervous, biting his nails watching a bank of CCTV monitors, the camera pans to find Nathan Bartnick loading a handgun.

CLUB OWNER

You owe me for this.

NATHAN BARTNICK

I'd say this makes us fair and
fucking square.

EXT. THE SHUG NINX. NIGHT

The doorman at The Shug Ninx locks the entrance.

INT. THE SHUG NINX/MAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Jacob looks back at hearing the doors lock.

INT. BACK CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Max walks along the passage, slightly hesitant, slowly pushes open a door to reveal a large nightclub.

It's huge. Huge and empty. The varied lights flash, the music pumps, but the place is totally desolate. Max pulls out his firearm.

(Note: an intense electro track plays throughout the following scene).

INT. THE SHUG NINX/MAIN AREA. NIGHT

Jacob cautiously enters the main section of the club, sees it's empty, looks left and right, searching.

Like a kick in his chest, breath sucked from his lungs, there ahead of Max is Jacob Sternwood. Max aims his gun.

Jacob sees something, a figure, a man, Max aiming at him. The two nemeses stare at each other. The tension blazing.

The music and strobing lights seems to escalate, increasing the intensity of the situation.

Each breath Max draws feels like a punch in the gut.

Jacob stands stock still.

From his periphery Max sees Nathan Bartnick walk out onto a glass balcony above.

Max looks from Bartnick to Jacob.

The music and lights become even more extreme.

Dean Warns steps next to Bartnick brandishing a weapon.

Max is totally thrown.

Jacob looks from Max to the balcony.

The music and lights at a crescendo.

Bartnick suddenly fires at Max, the bullet skimming past, destroying a huge mirror, he dives behind a pillar. Jacob turns, sprints for the King of Diamonds pinball machine.

Warns spins, smashes Bartnick's aim downwards, barks a command.

DEAN WARNS

Take Sternwood, he's unarmed, I'll
deal with Lewinsky.

They separate, descending separate staircases either side of the balcony.

Jacob's searching under the King of Diamonds, can't find what he's looking for, bullets start ripping into the machine. Jacob sees the Space Odyssey on the other side of the club, bolts, Bartnick aiming, firing, smiling menacingly.

Max peers round the pillar to see Warns advancing. Warns lets off a round of bullets that rip past Max's head. Max fires back, Warns rolls adeptly for cover.

EXT. THE SHUG NINX. NIGHT

WIDE ON: The Shug Ninx, neon sign flashing, music thumping from within, gunfire drowned.

INT. THE SHUG NINX. NIGHT

Jacob reaches the Space Odyssey pinball machine, bullets hot on his heels, wood splintering, reaches underneath.

Bartnick increases his shots, Jacob reaches further under, finds what he came for, a small semi-automatic machine gun taped to the base.

Jacob suddenly rises with the machine gun.

CLOSE ON: A moment of realisation on Bartnick's face.

Jacob fires, bullets rip through Bartnick's chest, he screams, flies back through the air, crashes onto his back.

Warns sees Bartnick go down, distracted.

Max takes the opportunity, makes a dash for the bar, dives over, Warns starts firing again, bullets chopping through the wood.

Jacob takes heed, runs through the main section of the club, heads for the fire escape.

CUT TO:

Roy smashes the rear of the van into fire exit doors roped shut with chains, the doors crash open.

CUT TO:

Jacob reaches the fire exit, runs out to the waiting van, opens the door, looks at Roy. Jacob hesitates.

CUT TO:

Warns is unleashing hell, glass and debris raining down on Max.

CUT TO:

Jacob slams the door shut, runs back into the club.

CUT TO:

Max fires back at Warns. Click! Click! Out of ammo.

CUT TO:

Jacob sees Warns behind a pillar, fires at him. Warns tucks tight. Jacob reaches the bar, leans over, grabs Max, drags him away, fires constantly at Warns.

Jacob and Max run for the fire escape door.

Warns runs at them shooting, too late, Max and Jacob are into the back of the vehicle, wheel spin, tire smoke bellows out, the van powers off.

Warns runs onto the street, sees the van screeching away.

EXT/INT. VAN. NIGHT

Jacob and Max in the van facing each other, breathing hard. Max full of disbelief.

Roy eyes Max and Jacob in the wing mirror. Suddenly Max launches at Jacob, wailing a massive right hook across his face.

Jacob's lifted off his feet, flies back. Max springs on top of him, smashes punches down into his face. Jacob manages to kick Max off, draws his gun, aims. Max smashes his fists into the side of the van, roaring with fury. Jacob keeps the gun trained, the confined nature of the van amplifying the intensity.

JACOB
(shouts to Roy)
First we change cars... then
Marzan's.

WIDE ON: The van does a sharp right turn, its tires screeching, hot rubber shimmying across tarred surface.

INT. MARZAN'S. NIGHT

A simple bar, the type you catch a late night drink, Jacob and Max in a darkened booth, Jacob holding a gun at Max under the table. Roy sits at the bar with Bobby Marzan. A bottle of vodka sits between Jacob and Max. Max keeps his hands at his side, stares at Jacob across the table. Jacob pours two shots, bangs a swig, slides one at Max.

JACOB
(to himself)
This is retirement.

Max slides the shot glass back aggressively.

MAX
Retirement usually consists of gold watches, hip replacements and a dependency on boiled fucking sweets. Not bodies floating in the Thames, two dead police, and your son being shot in the stomach.

JACOB
I'm just here for Ruan.

MAX

Who was here working for you.

JACOB

This life was over for me when I left you screaming in that tunnel.

MAX

You don't get to leave. You're like a rat, constantly moving, leaving a trail, a mess.

JACOB

You know better than anyone that I don't make mess.

MAX

Tell that to the security guard battered so viciously by one of your crew he spent six months on life support. Tell that to the wife who has to feed him every night with a plastic fucking spoon.

A BEAT.

JACOB

That should never have happened.

MAX

Your sympathy's overwhelming.

JACOB

That's rich coming from someone I could have left for dead... twice.

Max suddenly swipes his arm, smashing the bottle of vodka into the wall. Max stands, Jacob rises, gun aimed.

MAX

Learning to walk again doesn't qualify as generosity, and neither does what just fucking happened.

Roy and Bobby Marzan edge forward, the atmosphere palpable.

JACOB

Take me to my son.

MAX

I see an opportunity and I'll kill you.

JACOB

He's worth the risk.

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE. NIGHT

Geiger passes Juka's desk. Geiger looks dishevelled, not his usual composed self.

THOMAS GEIGER
I'm addressing the SCD in ten.
Let's go.

Juka scrambles for pen and paper, follows.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
(to himself)
They'll gut me clean.

Juka sidles up close.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
Earlier this evening...

Geiger notices Juka's not writing. Juka complies.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
Earlier this evening Detective
Sarah Hawks was found dead in the
bedroom of Detective Max Lewinsky,
c.o.d. as of yet unknown.

Juka stops, stunned. Geiger looks at him, understands.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
We've got work to do.

Juka nods, follows, face devastated.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
At twenty one hundred hours Max
Lewinsky signed for a Glock 17 from
armorers at this station... we have
reason to believe...

Geiger falters.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
To believe he might also be
involved in the shooting and murder
of Deputy Assistant Commissioner
Nathan Bartnick.

JUKA OGADOWA
You... you think he's guilty?

THOMAS GEIGER
I watched pain killers, and anti-
depressants almost destroy his
career.

Geiger turns to Juka.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
You think they'll say I was right
to reinstate him?

EXT. BUILDING. NIGHT

We see a black BMW pull up outside a huge gothic building, the lights from within giving it an ethereal glow. Jacob and Max step out the vehicle, Jacob places his hands into his jacket, keeping a grip firmly on the weapon. The two men walk towards the building.

JACOB
You try anything, signal anyone,
I'll shoot you and anyone else in
the room.

INT. BUILDING. NIGHT

Jacob and Max walk into the reception, an elderly woman holds the front desk. Max pulls out his badge.

MAX
Detective Max Lewinsky... I'm here
to see Ruan Sternwood.

INT. BUILDING/LIFT. NIGHT

Jacob and Max descending in a lift, a small, balding man, with a handlebar moustache accompanies them.

MOUSTACHE
I've been trying to call you, Max,
I'm glad that yo...

Max fixes him with a stern look.

MAX
Let's talk later.

The moustached man looks back at Jacob, feels the tension.

CLOSE ON: Jacob watches both men from the back of the lift, his hand constantly in his jacket.

INT. BUILDING/CORRIDOR. NIGHT

A lengthy corridor, clinically white, tainted slightly green by strip lighting. The moustached man leading, Max behind,

Jacob keeping up the rear, eyeing every door they pass, ready, primed.

CUT TO:

They approach a door at the end of the corridor. Max walks forward with Jacob, the moustached man lets them enter alone. Jacob's face is starting to look distressed.

CUT TO:

A white tiled room, silver medical instruments line aluminum trolleys, a table in the centre of the room, a body covered by a lime green cover. Max stays by the entrance.

Jacob enters, looking around, the realisation dawning on him. He shakes his head, doesn't want to believe it, pulls out his gun, aims at Max, but he goes weak, strength failing. He lowers his arm, tries to raise it again, but it's like he's been drained, as if the gun suddenly weighs a ton.

He pulls back the lime green cover to see the dead body of his son laying on the cold, steel table. Max isn't enjoying this, seeing him suffer.

Jacob reaches out, his hand hovering above Ruan's face, he touches his cheek gently, his hand jerking back from its coldness. Jacob slowly drops to his knees, one hand holding onto his dead son, his body depleted as if he just wants to claw through the floor. Max sees medical instruments on the side, a scalpel, a surgical saw, edges towards them.

JACOB (O.S.)
NO, NO, NO, YOU DON'T FUCKING
MOVE!!!

Jacob stands, gun aimed, sees past Max through the glass door, the moustached man talking nervously on the phone, head darting in their direction.

Jacob looks to his dead son, strokes hair from his face, a last moment of contact, turns, moves towards the door, opens it, gun constantly aimed at Max. Jacob contemplates, his finger tight on the trigger.

A BEAT.

His finger eases off.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Move.

INT. RECEPTION. NIGHT

Max and Jacob exit the elevator into the reception area. A man stands at the desk checking in a new body, it's Juka

Ogadowa. Other people mill about, going about their business. Juka spots Max who tries to signal to him. Juka pulls a firearm.

JUKA OGADOWA
(to receptionist)
Call for back up... call for back
up now.

People freeze in fright, some run from the room.

JUKA OGADOWA (CONT'D)
Max Lewinsky, you're under...
you're under arrest...

MAX
Juka, what the FUCK are you going
on about?

JUKA OGADOWA
They found her body... they found
her body in your bed.

MAX
Juka, whatever you may think I....

JUKA OGADOWA
Don't move... don't you fucking
move.

Jacob Sternwood swings the butt of his gun at Juka's face, Juka's quick, wiry, dives forward, dodging the strike and pummels into Max.

They tumble sideways, crashing into a trolley with a corpse covered in the standard lime sheet. Max pins Juka down to the floor, lays three, four punches into his face, knocks him out. Max looks up to see a hand has slipped free from under the sheet, Sarah's hand, scribbles all over it. One stands out prominently: PUNCH 1975.

A BEAT.

Jacob grabs Max, yanking him up, sirens in the distance. Jacob's dragging Max toward the doors, Max just staring at the limp, dead hand hanging chillingly from beneath the linen.

EXT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Sirens advancing. Jacob opens the doors to the car, pushes Max who's so bewildered he allows himself to be bundled in. The car tears off.

EXT. THAMES BEACH. NIGHT

The BMW parked up, Roy sits on the bonnet, head hung low, the Thames stretching beyond, a distant glistening city across the water. Jacob and Max stand by the edge of the dark river, two differing men now inextricably linked. The words simmer from Jacob's lips.

JACOB
Who killed him?

Max looks at Jacob, stares intently.

MAX
You did. You make someone follow in
your footsteps the blame's pretty
fucking obvious.

Jacob looks at Max, eyes blazing.

JACOB
I hope you got the kick you were
looking for... showing me like
that.

A BEAT.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You get the same kick when you
killed that girl?

MAX
Fuck you!

He's in Jacob's face.

MAX (CONT'D)
You don't get to talk about Sarah,
you don't get that fucking
privilege.

Max turns to walk away.

JACOB
Then who set you up?

MAX
Whoever put your son in that
morgue.

JACOB
Our paths lead the same way.

He's back at Jacob.

MAX

Bullshit. You're probably involved in all of this.

JACOB

I am involved. I'm involved because someone killed my boy.

MAX

If you're just here for Ruan... if that's all you know... where are you gonna start?

JACOB

Why do you think I dragged you from that club? Your own side's using you as target practice, you're wanted for murder. Right now, I'm your only option.

Max stays quiet. The two men framed against the city, the steady rush of the river filling the night air.

JACOB (CONT'D)

He called me from the airport... the night he was found... he told me we needed to go back... back to The Greigo Mar.

A BEAT.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Two policeman came searching... looking for money hidden in the air vent... one of them called Bartnick's name... that's how I traced him, that's how I ended up at that club.

MAX

And now Bartnick's dead, and so's your trail.

JACOB

Maybe I won't track them down. Maybe you won't find your evidence and they'll walk. But you better have a strong fucking stomach. Living your whole life knowing you let this go, knowing you could have got justice for Sarah's death.

MAX

What do you know about fucking justice?

JACOB
Not much...

Max turns, walks up the bank towards the car.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Because I've always got away with
it.

Max stops, stares at the ground. Max turns to Jacob, the weight of the situation evident in his face.

MAX
Your son... your son and Otis Blake
were shot by an ex-soldier, Dean
Warns. The guy who focused on me in
the club.

Jacob approaches Max.

MAX (CONT'D)
Warns was working with Deputy
Assistant Commissioner Nathan
Bartnick... Officer Harvey Crown...
and possibly... possibly Assistant
Commissioner Thomas Geiger. I'm
guessing your path wasn't quite
heading in that direction.

A constrained silence. The two men staring at one another.

MAX (CONT'D)
On Sarah's hand, she'd written
something.

A BEAT.

MAX (CONT'D)
PUNCH 1975. Warns was seen at The
Peninsula Shipping Yard with Blake
the night of his murder. That place
is split into three separate docks:
Turk, Acorn, and The Punch.

JACOB
The numbers... they're container
coordinates.

A BEAT.

JACOB (CONT'D)
They bring red diesel in off the
ships... I know the place.

Max processes the information, working it in his mind, looks at Jacob with intent.

MAX

This changes nothing between us...
it means nothing.

WIDE ON: The BMW roars into the glistening metropolis, the moon hanging heavy over chrome and glass skyscrapers. Credits fade up right of frame.

WELCOME TO THE PUNCH

EXT. IRIS'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Dean Warns approaches his mother's house. He opens the front door, walks in, he can hear what he assumes is the TV, calls out.

DEAN WARNS

Mum... I got your message... you
alright... you feeling ill?

Warns walks further into the house, four clean scratches running down his cheek. Warns can hear voices, he slows down, reaches into his coat, pulls a gun, walks toward the front room, then he sees it, his mother sitting on the sofa, the fat Pug perched on her lap, an excited grin across its compressed face. Max Lewinsky one side of Iris, Jacob the other, Roy Edwards standing behind. Unbeknownst to Iris, Roy pulls a gun and lets it hover behind her head. Smiles brazenly at Warns.

Warns puts his weapon away, keeps his hand on it. Iris looks up, notices her son, a huge proud smile across her face.

IRIS WARNS

Look who's here.

Warns stays standing in the doorway.

IRIS WARNS (CONT'D)

Your old mates from the 2nd
Battalion.

Max places his hand gently on Iris's knee.

MAX

Mate, your mum was just telling us
how you earn big money working for
a private military contractor...
Kincade.

Warns can barely contain his rage.

MAX (CONT'D)

Heard they pay you straight into a European account so you don't pay any tax. That's amazing, mate. What sort of things do they ask you to do?

DEAN WARNS

It's... it's all pretty cloak and dagger. (a beat) When did you turn up?

IRIS WARNS

Not long ago darling, they told me not to tell you, said you'd get a kick out of it.

DEAN WARNS

I wish you had, mum, I'm busy tonight.

MAX

Mate, come in, sit down.

Roy moves the gun closer to Iris's head. Warns enters the room, sits in an armchair facing them. Silence, just the sounds of the wheezing Pug.

IRIS WARNS

What could be more important than seeing your old squad?

MAX

That's alright, Iris, it's cool, we know how busy Dean's been keeping himself recently. We were actually just telling your mum how we supported you, how we were the only ones to stand up and voice our disgust when they forced early retirement.

DEAN WARNS

You were like a rock.

JACOB

Accusations of shipping guns back in the coffins of dead soldiers.

MAX

Why would you ever get involved in anything as sordid as that?

JACOB

Let's hope that's all in the past, hey.

Dean watches the gun at his mother's head.

DEAN WARNS
How's your son, I hear he's been
getting himself into a bit of
stick?

Jacob stares back at Dean with hatred.

JACOB
Unfortunately... unfortunately Ruan
passed away recently.

Iris looks at him, places her hand on his shoulder.

IRIS WARNS
Oh, Jacob that's terrible, I'm so
sorry. What happened, what happened
to him?

JACOB
He got caught up in a situation he
shouldn't have been in.

DEAN WARNS
Tragic.

IRIS WARNS
I'm so sorry, Jacob.

JACOB
That's why we've come to see Dean,
have a few drinks at The Punch, see
our old friend Thomas Geiger. It's
important to be around friends in
times of need. Take your mind off
it.

IRIS WARNS
Definitely, definitely, it's
important.

All men look at one another.

DEAN WARNS
So how do we do this?

MAX
Roy's feeling a bit rough.

ROY EDWARDS
Terrible migraine, still get them
from the shell shock.

JACOB

He's going to stay here with Iris,
keep her company, but he'll be on
the phone if anything comes up.

ROY EDWARDS

You don't mind that, do you, Iris,
if I stay and relax here for a bit?

IRIS WARNS

Of course I don't, it's not every
day I get a handsome man like
yourself to keep me company, Roy.

ROY EDWARDS

You've got impeccable taste, Iris.

MAX

Maybe they can watch Calamity Jane.

IRIS WARNS

I can... I can make us some tea.

She goes to stand, the Pug scuttling off her lap. Max stops
her.

MAX

You stay there Iris.

She looks at Max, shocked he obstructed her.

DEAN WARNS

I'll tell you why I'm a good
soldier.

The room's at pressure point.

DEAN WARNS (CONT'D)

Because I'm always aware of the
chain of command, how high it goes,
Otis Blake, Ruan Sternwood, Harvey
Crown...

He looks at Max.

DEAN WARNS (CONT'D)

Sarah Hawks... all necessary
casualties... all fatalities of the
operation.

Max clenches his fist, knuckles white from rage.

JACOB

Maybe we're just murderers, plain
and simple, let's not try and dress
it up.

Iris looks around the room, confused.

DEAN WARNS

That's where you're wrong. I'm a superior soldier because of selfless commitment.

MAX

You kill for a paycheck.

DEAN WARNS

When I settle things, when I close this down, it'll be because of selfless commitment, because I put the operation before my own needs. I told you before, I'm wise to you.

All men on edge.

DEAN WARNS (CONT'D)

You think keeping a hostage as collateral's gonna force me into a corner.

Roy clicks back the trigger on his gun.

DEAN WARNS (CONT'D)

None of you... none of you have the selfless commitment... none of you possess what it takes...

A BEAT.

DEAN WARNS (CONT'D)

To put a bullet in the back of a woman's head.

Warns fires through his jacket, the bullet tears into Roy, he flies back, smashes into the wall. Iris screams.

Warns rolls forward, off-loads shots at Max. Max dives to his left, smashes into a table.

Jacob pushes Iris back, pulls his gun, aims at Warns who's moving across the room, fires, bullets tearing through the paisley carpet, hot on his heels, the power of the weapons exaggerated by the claustrophobia of the quaint front room. Bullets rip into the floral wall, plaster spiraling everywhere, porcelain clowns exploding.

Max pulls his firearm, fires, a bullet tears through Warns' shoulder, he spins to the ground. Max is on him, pins him down, gun aimed at his head.

Iris is wedged down between the table and TV, holding both hands on a novelty letter opener, shaking like a leaf, the

dog barking next to her manically. Jacob goes to her, puts a gun to her head.

MAX
He will fucking kill her, believe me.

Warns is looking at his mother, she has her eyes closed, talking quickly to herself, almost gibberish.

DEAN WARNS
It's going to be okay mum, just keep your eyes closed, keep them closed.

CUT TO:

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE. NIGHT

Geiger is walking through the corridors of the SCD, his mobile rings, he ducks into an office, answers.

THOMAS GEIGER (ON PHONE)
Warns.

CUT TO:

Warns holds his mobile to his ear, Max's gun pressed hard against his face. Warns watches his terrified mother, the dog licking her face, Jacob holding a gun to her head.

DEAN WARNS (ON PHONE)
I need you to meet me at The Punch... tonight... twelve... I'm moving them out ... Lewinsky's getting too close... this could explode in our hands...

THOMAS GEIGER
Why would I ever do that?

DEAN WARNS
You meet me or I'll make sure all this lands on your fucking head.

THOMAS GEIGER
Why do you nee...

DEAN WARNS
You FUCKING do it!

Warns ends the call. A slow push in on Max, the final proof of Geiger's betrayal.

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE. NIGHT

Geiger looks nervous.

INT. IRIS' HOUSE. NIGHT

Jacob edges over to Roy, leans into him.

JACOB
You okay?

ROY EDWARDS
I think the bullet ricocheted off my
moustache.

Jacob smiles.

JACOB
This shit used to bring on anxiety
attacks.

ROY EDWARDS
You gonna have one now?

Jacob shakes his head, looks at him.

JACOB
I don't care anymore.

A moment of quiet.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You gonna be alright staying here
with Iris?

Roy nods.

ROY EDWARDS
I'm sorry, Jake.

JACOB
No, you did good.

ROY EDWARDS
I'm sorry about your boy.

An understanding. Max handcuffs Warns, pulls him up to his knees. Jacob walks over, stands over Warns, breathes deeply, aims a gun at his head, pulls back the trigger, ready to fire. Max looks to Jacob.

MAX
We need him.

Jacob smashes the gun across Warns' face.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL. NIGHT

An empty conference hall. Looking down at the stage from the empty pews is Jane Badham watching Robert Wiseman on a stage at a microphone.

ROBERT WISEMAN
Ladies and Gentlemen, the man who's
going to lead this party into
government, my friend, my leader,
Henry Callaghan.

A spin doctor shouts from the stalls.

SPIN DOCTOR
No, no, no, "my friend, our
leader", feels much more all-
embracing.

ROBERT WISEMAN
My friend, our leader, Henry
Callaghan.

A young looking politician approaches the microphone, he mock-shakes Robert Wiseman's hand, whisper in each other's ears, mock smiles, nods, bravado.

HENRY CALLAGHAN
(to Spin Doctor))
I... wait... should I come in from
the left or the right... I'm
thinking right?

Reverse over Jane's shoulder. Thomas Geiger approaches, takes a seat behind her.

THOMAS GEIGER
(through gritted teeth)
You're a very difficult woman to
track down.

Jane looks at him, slightly surprised, looks back down at the stage.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
Warns wants me to meet him tonight,
at The Punch. Who arranged this...
is this from you. I've tried to
call him back but his phone's dead.
I thought you got what you needed,
the headlines you required, am I
right?

JANE BADHAM
This is a very busy time for me.

THOMAS GEIGER

Well your little project's coming apart at the seams, Max is within an inch of piecing this together, Sternwood's still at large, so you better start paying attention.

No reply, she just watches the politicians below. Geiger looks at her.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)

Are you listening to me?

JANE BADHAM

The campaign's going well, we're ahead in the polls if that's what you're referring to, Tom.

THOMAS GEIGER

What? You know what project I'm talking about, Jane. Who arranged tonight?

JANE BADHAM

You've lost me I'm afraid.

Geiger looks at her, the blood almost draining from his face. Her denial dawning on him.

A BEAT.

Geiger leans in close to Jane, his mouth close to her ear.

THOMAS GEIGER

You fucking bitch.

Jane blinks, tries to stay focused on the scene below.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)

People have died because of this... because of us. I've lost my own men, all for your fucking progress, and you sit here in denial, like some sort of royalty, and you don't even have the fucking class to look me in the eye.

Badham licks her lips nervously, turns slowly to Geiger, her voice breaking slightly.

JANE BADHAM

Tom, listen, I have to edit this... this speech down with Robert, I hope this pans out for you, okay.

She stands, walks away, leaves Geiger seated, looking after her.

CUT TO:

Badham turns a corner, slumps against a wall, her hands shaking heavily. She pulls a cigarette from a pack, lights it, takes a deep drag, pulls out her mobile. Hesitates.

A BEAT.

She dials.

JANE BADHAM (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... I... I didn't want to
call this number but... but Warns
can't be reached...

EXT/INT. BMW/DERELICT VIADUCT. NIGHT

The BMW moves slowly through the shadows of a derelict viaduct. Jacob holds a gun to Warn's head, Max drives.

JACOB
We used to ferry trucks through
this section, this takes you
straight to The Punch.

The car heads towards huge shipping containers stacked on top of one another, three high, creating rows of multi colored aisles.

Huge cranes loom above them on sliding rails so they can move over containers. Immense tankers and cargo ships sit dormant in a colossal estuary beyond.

The CAMERA pans to an old sign that once read: PENINSULA SHIPPING YARD / WELCOME TO THE PUNCH DOCK. It's faded so it reads: WELCOME TO THE PUNCH.

CUT TO:

Max and Jacob stand at the back of the vehicle, Warns' hands are cuffed, Jacob keeping a gun trained on him.

Max leans against the rear of the car, pulls a syringe from his jacket, breaks the seal, pulls up his trouser leg, begins draining knee fluid. Jacob watches him.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You wouldn't have stopped.

MAX
I never did.

Max empties the syringe, pulls down his trouser leg.

MAX (CONT'D)
Just slowed me down for a while.

Jacob goes to say something, decides against it. Max grabs a machine gun from the boot, hands it to Jacob, grabs another machine gun and a pump action for himself. Jacob motions for Warns to move.

INT. CONTAINER. NIGHT

Darkness. Max opens the two doors of the container, moonlight floods in revealing stacked aluminium flight cases. Jacob silhouetted outside, his gun aimed at Warns. Max pops one of the lids, a row of Russian Kalashnikovs. He pushes the box to the floor, the AK47's cascading across the metal surface. Jacob sees them, a moment of realisation.

A BEAT.

Max turns, sees dried blood on the floor, one of Sarah's broken finger nails. Max moves down onto his knees, rubs his hand across his face, touches the blood lightly, closes his eyes, tries to keep focus.

CUT TO:

Max steams out, grabs Warns, the scratches evident on his cheek, Max runs with him, smashing him into the side of the large steel door, releases the handcuff on Warns' left wrist, attaches him to the container, Warns can't move.

DEAN WARNS
A fatality of the operation.

MAX
And all the evidence I need.

Max looks at Jacob, seething.

MAX (CONT'D)
Don't shoot him until I know the truth.

Jacob stares at Warns, hate burning from every inch of his being.

EXT. THE PENINSULA SHIPPING YARD. NIGHT

Geiger drives into the staggering dock area.

EXT. THE PUNCH DOCK. NIGHT

Max and Jacob move into their positions, loading their weapons, they look at each other. Jacob nods, Max breaks eye contact, they move off separately into the shadows.

EXT. THE PUNCH DOCK. NIGHT

Geiger drives through the imposing location, his car draws towards the container. Geiger peers through the windscreen. The camera pans from Geiger to Max who's standing next to the container, he steps from the shadows, raises his hand. The camera pans back to Geiger, a black BMW hurtling from his left side.

ANGLE ON

Jacob smashes the BMW into the side of Geiger's car, massive impact.

Jacob is out of the car, shoots out Geiger's front windscreen, drags Geiger across the bonnet, onto the dirt. Max runs over, hauls Geiger up, aims his gun at him.

JACOB

(to Max)

On the drop.

Max nods. Jacob moves off into the shadows of the containers, down onto one knee, brings up his gun with telescopic sight, surveys the area left and right.

THOMAS GEIGER

My arm... you broke my fucking arm... I need... I need to sit down.

MAX

Right now he's got a high powered assault weapon aiming straight at you. You don't move until you tell me what this is.

ANGLE ON

Jacob watching through the telescopic sight. He pans from Warns to Geiger, watching events unfold.

THOMAS GEIGER

This is madness, what the fuck are you doing, you're in a lot of trouble, don't make it worse for yourself, stop now and we can square this away.

MAX

You can't square away the lives lost, you can't square away trying to frame me for murder.

THOMAS GEIGER

Slow down, Max, slow down, think about what you're doing, look at this from the outside, look how CRAZY this all seems.

MAX

Think about how we got you here, Tom? I know, I fucking know.

THOMAS GEIGER

Max, I'm the Assistant Commissioner of the SCD, right now you're wanted for the killing of your partner, and your...

Max raises his hand, drops it down again, a signal, a gun shot, Jacob shoots Geiger in his broken arm. He roars in pain.

MAX

Otis Blake and Ruan Sternwood, they came here... on the 7th... to buy guns from Warns.

Geiger is gripping his arm, sweat dripping down his forehead.

MAX (CONT'D)

Warns was with Bartnick and Crown, but Blake recognised Crown, he'd been arrested by him a year ago. The sale was compromised, so Blake dies, Ruan escapes with the holdall of money...

A BEAT.

MAX (CONT'D)

Two days later Crown and Bartnick come looking for the holdall at the hotel, instead they find Jacob. I'm first on the scene, discover a dead Crown, the glasses, you suddenly panic that I'm gonna piece this out, try and have me killed...

A BEAT.

MAX (CONT'D)

Yeah you're the Assistant Commissioner of the SCD, you were also my friend. You'd throw all
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
that away for a return on cheap
Russian hardware.

Max raises his hand.

THOMAS GEIGER
WAIT, WAIT, FUCKING WAIT...

Geiger's trying to grab his breath.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
It was... it was meant to be
simple. I thought... I thought we
could change things, Max. Robert
Wiseman... he knew... he
understood... just one more major
upset and his party could take this
election.

Slow push in on Max, the enormity of the situation
unravelling.

MAX
Jane Badham?

THOMAS GEIGER
She came to me with Warns... he
ships the guns, sourced the buyers.
It was meant to be simple. I
provide him the manpower, then send
in a new squad, arrest Otis and
Ruan with the guns. A public
outcry, weapons flooding our
streets, Badham works the PR,
Wiseman's party take the election.

Max is working it out in his head.

MAX
Kincade supply Warns... Kincade get
the multi million pound contract
supplying body armour and training
packages to the MET.

Geiger nods.

MAX (CONT'D)
And what do you get, a healthy bank
account and fast tracked to the
role of Commissioner for obedience
in the line of duty?

THOMAS GEIGER
I have to read those reports, Max,
like Officer Staples, how they made
her beg for her life, cry out for
her children, laughed at her, spat
(MORE)

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
at her, then put eight bullets in
her face and neck. She was
powerless, let down by the system
she protected, we need the proper
equipment, we need to arm ourselves
against these fucking animals.

Max just stares at Geiger, his sweating face, white spit
collecting in the corner of his lips.

A BEAT.

Geiger starts to shake his head, the anger draining from him.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
All the loose ends are gonna be
tied up, Max. Kincade won't leave
anything to chance. This will only
ever end on their terms.

Jeeps drive into The Punch at either end of the containers.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
We won't walk out of this alive.
Warns, he's not some amateur you
throw around.

Mercenaries move quietly from the vehicles.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
This is worth too much to Kincade.
You should never have brought him
here, Max.

*Mercenaries move stealthily through the shadows like preying
animals.*

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
You should never have fucking
brought him here.

JACOB'S POV: A figure moving through the containers, Jacob
lets off a burst of fire.

Max looks around, silhouettes in the shadows, an explosion of
gunfire, Max dives as bullets spray the air.

CARNAGE!

Orange muzzle flare, bullets flying, metal pierced, Geiger
scrambles away, runs into the container, sheltering the
onslaught. Max shelters behind the crashed cars.

A mercenary emerges from the shadows, fires at Warns'
handcuffs, they slip away, the mercenary throws him a weapon.

Jacob runs, sees the figure of a man crossing his path, fires, the bullets ripping into the guy's arse, he crumbles to the floor screaming, howling like a wounded animal.

Max is letting out bursts of machine gun fire, he hears shouts, men sending messages to each other.

Inside the container, Geiger grabs an AK47, starts loading ammo.

Jacob moves down between another container, sees a moving shadow. Jacob hits the deck, watches Warns creeping up on Max. Jacob yells, Max turns, lets off a burst of fire, Warns quickly retreats. Max tucks tight against the car, heart racing.

Jacob spots a ladder leading to the top of a container, perfect vantage point, moves quickly for it.

A mercenary who's been hiding in the shadows suddenly strikes, takes aim at Max.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Jacob, having reached the top of the container, takes the guy down. Jacob, out of ammo, throws his machine gun, grabs his hand gun.

Max has taken a bullet in the upper right chest, blood oozing across his shirt. He runs to a container in agony, grabs his pump action.

Jacob looks from his vantage point, he can see Max tucked tight on the corner of the container loading his pump action, two mercenaries moving in formation towards him.

Jacob leans over, lets off a burst off fire, the bullets rain down hitting one of the mercenaries in the shoulder, the guy's not dead, screaming in agony.

The other mercenary fires up a spray of bullets, Jacob dives, crashes down on the metal roof. Max emerges from around the container, pump action aimed straight at the mercenary. Fires straight into his chest, the mercenary flies back, smashes to the floor with incredible force.

The sound of sirens approaching.

Jacob scales down the container, drops to the bottom.

GUN SHOT!

Jacob takes a hit in his right shoulder blade, blood cascades out. Jacob falls to his knees. Warns steps to Jacob, the gun aimed at his head, pulls back on the trigger. Jacob closes his eyes, ready to die.

The sound of a pump action being cocked

Warns turns.

ANGLE ON

Max aiming straight at his head.

MAX

Fatality of the operation.

BOOOOOOOOOOM!!!

Warns slumps to the floor. Max walks to Jacob, reaches out, pulls him up.

JACOB

Geiger.

Max turns, sees Geiger disappearing into the shipping yard.

The sirens getting closer.

Max turns back to Jacob. Jacob looks toward the advancing sirens, at Max.

CUT TO:

The shipping yard has a railway line where carriages are loaded with merchandise from tankers, trains being loaded by cranes. Geiger dips between a set of moving trains, looking over his shoulder.

Jacob and Max powering it as hard as they can, Jacob holding his wounded shoulder, Max limping badly, roars in pain.

Geiger running as fast as he can, shitting himself, lets off a round of fire.

A train is pulling out in front of Max and Jacob, have to make it, the train edges closer, Jacob runs in front, Max limping behind, Max's back heel gets clipped by the carriage, he spins, crashes to the floor, up again, determined.

Another moving train, Geiger heads for it, reaches the side step, jumps, gets a grip, tries to haul himself, drops his gun, tumbles pathetically to the gravel.

Max and Jacob are on him. Guns aimed. Geiger stands up.

Sirens ever closer, almost upon them.

Geiger looks from Max to Jacob.

THOMAS GEIGER

(breathing hard)

You were always destined for big things, Max... I understood

(MORE)

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
that..... you know... you know I
did... I helped you... I believed
in you...

Geiger looks at Jacob.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
And he... he destroyed all that...
he took your best years... ripped
them out of your fucking hands...

A burst of gun shot. Jacob shoots Geiger dead.

A BEAT.

Both men looking down at the dead Assistant Commissioner.
Jacob lowers his weapon. Max spins, aims his gun at Jacob.
Both men maybe five feet apart.

Sirens ever closer.

Max aiming straight at Jacob's head. Jacob stands stock
still. The two staring at one another.

ANGLE ON
Max's finger edges back on the trigger.

ANGLE ON
Sweat drips down Jacob's forehead, he breathes hard.

A BEAT.

ANGLE ON
Max lowers his gun.

ANGLE ON
Police cars screeching to a halt around the containers.

ANGLE ON
Police surround Warns lying in a pool of blood.

ANGLE ON
Jacob has gone, Max stock still watching where he stood.

CLOSE ON: (100 FPS) Jacob's face, his eyes fixed straight
ahead, running, his breath frosting in the night air as he
escapes.

ANGLE ON
Police approach. We see Juka Ogadowa leading the assault.

WIDE ON: (100 FPS) Reverse shot on Max, standing with his
back to camera. He puts up his hands, holds up his badge,
drops his gun, his head bowed. The camera slowly tracks
towards him resting in a close up on the back of his head.

ANGLE ON

The camera follows Jacob's shadow as he runs through the dock, flitting between containers, shadow reappearing sporadically...

until finally...

it's gone.

ANGLE ON

Reverse on Max. Suddenly he stands straight, raises his head, turns to camera, the red and blue lights dancing over his face.

THE END