

WELCOME TO THE PUNCH

by
Eran Creevy

23-03-2010

© 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. BUILDING 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.

They 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**, 35, uncombed hair, solid build, wide shoulders challenging the cut of his suit, 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... just tell me you're
not doing this alone?*

MAX

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

VOICE (O.S.)

*There'll be other opportunities,
Max.*

MAX

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

VOICE

*I'm not telling you to stand down
I'm just telling you to think.*

MAX

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

VOICE (O.S.)

I just...

A BEAT.

VOICE (CONT'D)

... what... what is it you need?

MAX

There's two ways on and off the
island, The Limehouse Link and
The Preston bridge.

The other end of the line goes silent for a moment.

VOICE (O.S.)

I'll... I'll close them down.

MAX

Then I'll be the first at the
bar.

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.
Suddenly 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. NIGHT

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

ANGLE 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.

ANGLE ON

Max's car stays on the road, rides parallel with the
scramblers, they haven't spotted him.

EXT. LIMEHOUSE LINK. NIGHT

Patrol cars screech up, creating a roadblock to the Limehouse Link.

EXT. THE PRESTON BRIDGE. NIGHT

Patrol cars screech into position, forming a blockade across Preston Bridge.

EXT/INT. CAR. NIGHT

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 a 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, jumps out of his car, follows them into the dome.

INT. ELEVATOR. 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.

ANGLE ON

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.

INT. FOOT TUNNEL/OPPOSITE END. NIGHT

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.

ANGLE ON

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, a sense of knowing comprehension between the two men.

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 his screaming nemesis, 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:

Five years, 3 months and 17 days later.

FADE TO:

D.

A news report, a wiry but affable newscaster who does away with pomp and brings the heat, is challenging a slick-looking politician. A title card fades up: **Shadow Home Secretary - Robert Wiseman.**

AFFABLE NEWSCASTER
You were clearly clutching at
straws, diverting the gaze from
your own party's...

ROBERT WISEMAN
First and foremost...

AFFABLE NEWSCASTER
No, no, your own party's problems
and now with this...

ROBERT WISEMAN
Let me finish, Andrew, let me
finish, first and foremost a
female police officer was killed,
and now a body's been found
floating in the Thames, the point
I was trying to make... my point
is we clearly need to give police
the necessary powers they need to
do their job... the truth...

AFFABLE NEWSCASTER
You're just sidetracking...

ROBERT WISEMAN
The truth, the truth is...

The CAMERA has begun to pull away revealing this show's being screened on an LCD in Heathrow, Terminal Five. People are seated, waiting, gawking at rows of these LCDs displaying the 24 hour news channel.

We find **RUAN** in a long departure queue, 22, mixed race, his jacket zipped tightly under his stubbled chin, he looks washed out, a film of sweat covering his face, the fringe of his black hair sticking to his forehead.

Ruan breathes in with trepidation, 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. He 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.

ANGLE ON
Ruan looks back up, warily zipping his jacket, he notices a twelve-year-old girl in front of him in the queue, watching, staring. Ruan tries to ignore it, looks away, not knowing whether she saw the blood.

Ruan looks back, she's still staring. Ruan smiles gently, but she just stares relentlessly, her eyes boring through his very existence.

ANGLE ON

Armed police patrol the airport, machine guns at their sides.

ANGLE ON

Ruan's breathing is becoming more shallow, sweat beginning to drip down his forehead.

ANGLE ON

The girl still watches Ruan, her almost transparent green eyes bearing an accusatory glare.

ANGLE ON

Ruan suddenly dips a little, his right knee giving way, a passenger behind goes to steady him.

TWELVE YEAR OLD'S POV: Pull focus from an LCD screen behind Ruan displaying the 24 hour news channel.

CLOSE ON: The girl's eyes flicker, look at Ruan, then move back to the LCD screen behind him.

CLOSE ON: The LCD screen, on the TV we can see a fresh body bag lying beside the Thames, the dark, black water lapping the shore, trying to claw back its victim. A headline moves across screen:

BODY FOUND IN THAMES BELIEVED TO BE THAT OF OTIS BLAKE

ANGLE ON

Ruan, now standing straight, thinks the girl is still staring, paranoia runs deep.

ANGLE ON

Armed police roam closer, Ruan eyes them with absolute desperation.

ANGLE ON

An airport employee calls out for a second queue to be made, an announcement over a tannoy, a child yells out, a thousand voices, blood thumps through Ruan's ears, he turns, breaks from the queue.

INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

We're close on a pencil sketching of The Lost Battle of Anghiari in a wooden frame. Two men astride horses, swords clashing. We pan down to reveal Jacob Sternwood, now 49, face down in bed. Across his bare back, shoulder to shoulder, a huge tattoo, the words "RED DIESEL".

A phone begins to resound loudly.

Jacob rises up, alert, moonlight streams through the open patio door, he's strong looking, grey flecks in his hair, muscular, in great shape for his age. 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 at an airport pay phone).

RUAN
(breathless)
It's... it's me.

JACOB
I told you never to call this number.

Ruan seems delirious, his eyelids heavy.

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

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

Jacob exits the patio door and 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 to do this... I needed...

JACOB
Do what? What the fuck are you talking about, tell me where you are?

RUAN
I'm sorry, I just...

Ruan collapses to the floor, the back of his head cracking against the polished surface.

JACOB
Ruan... RUAN!!!

A woman screams, commotion, people run to Ruan, circling him. Armed police approach, yell for people to clear. One armed policeman reaches in, pulls back Ruan's jacket revealing the crimson stain on his tee shirt. Another armed policeman reaches over and grabs the swinging phone. The officer places it to his ear.

WIDE ON JACOB: 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 44, he sits slouched in the corner, slightly heavier than before, unkempt, 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, 33, 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, I'm guessing
you're paid pretty well?

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

DEAN WARNS

It depends.

SARAH HAWKS

On what?

Warns looks away.

DEAN WARNS

The contract.

Sarah nods, watches Warns closely.

SARAH HAWKS

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 daily 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.

The rain pummels away at the vehicle.

SARAH HAWKS
Just trying to make this journey
less tedious...

Sarah looks to Max, as if cueing him, but he seems
distracted. She turns back to Warns.

SARAH HAWKS (CONT'D)
If you want to wax lyrical about
misfortune...

Dean stares back at her. Sarah doesn't change her demeanor.

SARAH HAWKS (CONT'D)
A security guard paid to patrol
The Peninsula says he saw you and
a man 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
its most fucking perverse.

Max 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 watches him closely, this bundle of aggression.

SARAH HAWKS
Doing what?

Warns tries to ignore her.

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 likes 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've asked to see you, sir.

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, 38, holding a file, chewing on gum, a habit which makes him all the more irritating.

NATHAN BARTNICK
Max.

MAX

Bartnick.

Behind Bartnick we see **THOMAS GEIGER**, 59, 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 across Max's face.

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.

NATHAN BARTNICK

(nods)
Yeah.

MAX

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 authoritative but calm. Max shrugs, but Sarah's having none of it.

SARAH HAWKS
What about the Peninsula?

THOMAS GEIGER
I had a team sweep 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 fucking pushed.

Geiger is getting riled.

THOMAS GEIGER
Look, 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 few 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. Geiger steps up.

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. HOFN, ICELAND. DUSK

We see Jacob Sternwood'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. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR. NIGHT

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

SARAH HAWKS

Why do you do that... where's your fucking switch... how do you just stand back and not even argue your point?

MAX

I don't have a point.

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, inspects the scribbled words. There's something in
the way he holds her.

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 fucking
use it, Max.

Max is left standing.

EXT. HOFN, ICELAND. NIGHT

Night has fallen in Höfn. Jacob's still surveying the
surrounding landscape. He stands, walks forward five paces,
unzips, urinates whilst inspecting the horizon with
binoculars.

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.

A BEAT.

He 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, hangs his head, eyes shut.

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE DEPT. NIGHT

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

MAX

(abrupt)

It's like the Queen's about to
fucking visit.

Juka looks around nervous.

JUKA OGADOWA

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

MAX

Clearly not.

JUKA OGADOWA

A... a young man collapsed...
tonight... at terminal five,
suffering from a gun shot wound
to his lower abdomen.

Max sits, rests his leg.

JUKA OGADOWA (CONT'D)

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

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

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

Just... just the passport and fifty pounds in used notes.

MAX

Can he talk?

JUKA OGADOWA

Apparently he's in a bad way.

MAX

What else?

Juka smiles.

JUKA OGADOWA

Before he collapsed he'd made a call to Höfn in Iceland... the line was still connected... we assume he was calling home.

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

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

Nathan, I'm telling you it's too soon, 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.

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

NATHAN BARTNICK

If you're such an expert... why's he still at large... and why the fuck am I sitting here?

MAX

I don't care which fucking chair you're sitting in, I just care we do this right. I know Jacob Sternwood better than anyone in this entire building, in this part of the western hemisphere. Why didn't you speak to me first, at least ask me my opinion? You know exactly what this means to me.

NATHAN BARTNICK

Yeah, I'm only too aware.

Max looks at him with disdain.

MAX

Then on your empty fucking head be it.

Max exits, slamming the door.

INT. JACOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Jacob stands at his kitchen sink, gulps down water, the cold liquid soothing his burning core, he begins to relax, anxiety subsiding.

CUT TO:

Jacob walks slowly back to his vantage point, feeling fragile, picks up his binoculars, looks through them. There in the distance, on the tip of the horizon, pin pricks of light break into view, Jacob turns and runs.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: Wheels of a jeep churn through ice and gravel, spitting debris into the air as a vehicle propels forward.

WIDE ON: Three jeeps hurtling across the landscape.

EXT. JACOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Jacob comes to a halt at his veranda, there on the ground, two large containers of fuel. He grabs one of them, moves inside.

EXT/INT. POLICE JEEP. NIGHT

The three jeeps are crammed full of Icelandic armed police, machine guns at the ready.

INT. JACOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Jacob runs to a gas pipe, wrenches it, the pipe breaks, gas leaking. Jacob then moves through his beautiful home dousing the contents with fuel. He stops at a framed photo, a beautiful Sri Lankan woman, smashes the glass, takes the photo.

EXT/INT. POLICE JEEP. NIGHT

The armed police load their machine guns. Mags click into place, safety catches taken off.

EXT. JACOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Jacob grabs another cannister from the veranda. Moves back inside.

EXT/INT. POLICE JEEP. NIGHT

The armed police shout excitedly at each other in Icelandic.

EXT. JACOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Jacob stands at the rear of his house, a flaming lighter in hand, he hesitates, throws the naked flame, runs, fire instantaneous.

Jacob approaches his own battered jeep that's parked on the verge of a steep incline, he jumps inside, doesn't start the engine, pulls the handbrake, starts rolling down the steep hill. Behind him his house rages into flames.

EXT/INT. POLICE JEEP. NIGHT

An armed police officer shouts out. They all look up to see Jacob's house a mile away, on the distant hill, lit up in flicks of fire.

EXT/INT. JACOB'S JEEP. NIGHT

Jacob's jeep is picking up speed. He grapples with the steering wheel, dodging rocks and jagged tree stumps. Then there, in front of him, five totally new jeeps approaching. Jacob hadn't seen them because of the thick forest lining.

ANGLE ON

The five new jeeps ride the incline, heading towards the back of Jacob's house, unaware he's racing towards them.

WIDE ON:

The headlights of the five jeeps climbing, the black shape of Jacob's jeep hurtling.

ANGLE ON

Seconds away from impact and Jacob turns the ignition, revving the engine, his lights full beam, a manic Icelandic pop track belting over the radio.

ANGLE ON

The five jeeps swerve out of the way at the last second, Jacob making a beeline straight through the centre.

ANGLE ON

The five jeeps swing around in the gravel making 180 degree turns, their tires churning through the earth.

ANGLE ON

Jacob makes a sharp left turn with the wheel and takes his jeep into the pine trees.

ANGLE ON

The police follow, the five vehicles heading into the forest incline. Immediately one of their jeeps smashes into a fallen tree, the jeep's metallic frame rupturing, engine exploding, police officers flung forward.

ANGLE ON

Jacob looks out his left window, Icelandic pop track raging, a police jeep pulls up level beside him, a policeman aims a machine gun out the side window, fires at Jacob's tires, gunfire bellows.

ANGLE ON

Jacob swings his jeep left, crashes hard into theirs, the policeman dives back inside, accidentally squeezes the trigger, releasing a shower of bullets that ricochet around the vehicle, the driver swerves, SMASH, straight into a thick pine. Carnage.

WIDE ON: Jacob has taken quite a lead on the three other vehicles.

ANGLE ON

Jacob breaks through the worst of the trees, aims the jeep straight, opens his door, leans his body out, a passing tree slams it shut again, he roars in pain, grabs the handle, opens the door again, flings himself out.

He hits the floor hard, body tumbling, limbs smashing into branches, his face scratched and bruised. He gathers himself, has to. He runs, taking shelter behind a jut of rock, his vehicle still hurtling beyond, the Icelandic pop track growing fainter. The police jeeps fly past him, still convinced he's inside.

Jacob rises up, runs to his left, approaches a gathering of vegetation, swipes his hand clearing branches and leaves from a stretch of tarpaulin under which he's hidden a quad bike. He jumps on, revs the ignition, the bike slides left and right, he slips, his legs unsteady, he manages to gain control and the bike powers onward into the night.

WIDE ON: Jacob's house burns fiercely, the savage flames disappearing into the night sky.

CLOSE ON: Fire envelopes the framed sketching of The Lost 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. CORRIDOR. DAY

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, it's just (a beat) something's different anyway.

Max looks at her, she really doesn't understand.

MAX

Everything's different.

They approach double doors.

INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY

Huge meeting room, a table runs the periphery, seated are police top brass, name plates before them: Commissioner, Assistant Commissioner (Thomas Geiger). At the head is Shadow Home Secretary Robert Wiseman, the sleek politician we saw on TV. Seated next to him is a striking-looking woman, **JANE BADHAM**, 47, she has a case-hardened face, but incredible sex appeal, her blue steely eyes unsettling, her name plate reads - Campaign Manager.

ROBERT WISEMAN

... Michael, Michael, look we're in agreement, that's why I'm sitting here today.

COMMISSIONER

As you keep saying... but I need a greater understanding of what's being put forward, what you're actually bringing to the table...

Suddenly the door opens, the room is slightly disturbed, Max Lewinsky sticks his head in. Thomas Geiger looks up shocked, Max nods to him. Geiger excuses himself, exits, closes the door behind him.

THOMAS GEIGER

Max?

MAX

I didn't think this could wait so
I took the initiative, I
apologise.

THOMAS GEIGER

Don't worry, I was losing the
will to live as it was.

Geiger looks at Max, to Sarah waiting beyond.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)

What is it?

MAX

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

Geiger takes it in.

THOMAS GEIGER

Then you know *who* to talk to.

The meeting begins to empty out, officials filing into the
corridor.

MAX

I don't want to answer to
Bartnick anymore... I want my own
starting lineup again.

Geiger considers, mulls it over, leans in close.

THOMAS GEIGER

This isn't just some fucking
twisted tale of revenge is it,
Max?

MAX

If anything (a beat) it's just
plain old simple justice.

THOMAS GEIGER

Why should I even believe you're
up to this?

MAX

I'm fighting fit.

THOMAS GEIGER

Really? You trod the measure with
Sternwood a long time ago, Max,
and you're still fucking reeling.

Jane Badham approaches Thomas from behind.

JANE BADHAM

Let's do that lunch you promised me.

She saunters past like a flurry of scent and rejoins Robert Wiseman. Max and Geiger watch her walk away.

MAX

Your wife know you have such distinguished lunch dates?

THOMAS GEIGER

Used to be the Met's director of public affairs, pulled me out of a few deep holes back in the day.

MAX

Could put you right back in as well.

Geiger breathes in deep, locks eyes with Max.

THOMAS GEIGER

I'm asking you... as a friend... are you up to this?

MAX

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

Geiger considers, looks hard at Max.

INT. MULTIPLE AIRPORTS. NIGHT

SNAP CUTS: An All Ports Warning. Wanted posters emblazoned with the image of a younger, different-looking Jacob Sternwood, almost unrecognisable. They're received by fax, printed, placed on walls of airports, taped to pillars, security check points.

EXT. FARM, SOUTHPORT, LANCASHIRE. NIGHT

A huge moon hangs over crashing waves and imposing coastline. We see a farm house close to the cliffs, a fire glinting in its window. The CAMERA pans to reveal Jacob Sternwood exiting a small private plane, the sound of roaring waves, his face scratched and bruised.

Jacob breathes in, fills his lungs, trepidation in his face. He descends steps carrying a small holdall. The pilot, scruffy-looking, shakes Jacob's hand. Jacob approaches a simple, respectable family estate car sat waiting for him, he reaches under the tire, grabs the keys, stands, the keys fall from his unsteady grip, he stares down at them, closes his eyes.

WIDE ON: A solitary figure, the epic ocean crashing behind.

INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Birds-eye view: Ruan Sternwood on a wheeled hospital trolley, carted along a lengthy corridor, unconscious, wired up, tubes everywhere. Nurses and doctors walk next to him. Following this commotion is Max, the limp evident in his stride. Ruan's wheeled into a hospital room, they start wiring him up. Max watches Ruan through the glass window, shouts out.

MAX

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

Doctors and nurses look at him with disdain, carry on. 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, clicks them rhythmically. Sarah Hawks approaches, stands behind him, watches, he seems so focused.

SARAH HAWKS

I guess our little night's out of
the equation.

He looks at her.

SARAH HAWKS (CONT'D)

I was hoping La Figa, Once Upon a
Time in the West... bubbles.

MAX

I need to be here.

A BEAT.

SARAH HAWKS

I got the report back from
ballistics. Ruan Sternwood was
shot by the same gun that shot
Otis Blake... whoever shot Otis
shot Ruan.

Max stares at Sarah.

MAX

Then we're in the right place.

SARAH HAWKS

(dismissive)
Perhaps.

Slow push in on Ruan.

INT/EXT. JACOB'S CAR. NIGHT

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

INT. HOSPITAL/OBSERVATION ROOM. NIGHT

Sarah's asleep across two chairs, Max is sitting watching Ruan through the one-way observation glass, a nurse pops her head in.

NURSE

I could only get the one I'm afraid.

Max is deep in thought.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Sir.

Max looks up.

MAX

I'm sorry, I was...

She hands Max a pillow. He smiles, thanks her, walks over to Sarah, slowly raises her head, slips the pillow under, covers her with his jacket. He watches her for a moment, strokes her hair from her forehead, walks back to his chair, carries on observing Ruan, deep in thought.

INT. CAR AUCTION/HANGER. MORNING

A large hanger, two hundred people stand about watching a man on an elevated platform. Below a car is being driven into the hanger, people swarm about, looking, touching the body for repair work. We pick up on a man at the steering wheel of the car. This is **ROY EDWARDS**, 47, dodgy black moustache, globe-like belly that constantly tries to edge the buttons of loud shirts. The man on the platform starts the bidding, talks rapidly.

AUCTIONEER

Audi A4, 03 plate, one lady owner, low mileage, guaranteed service history, clean car all round, what do you want to start me at?

A man in the crowd sticks up three fingers, then five.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Three five, starting at three five... three six, a lot of car for three six people... three eight... four... four two, four
(MORE)

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
two, four two going for four
two...

He cracks his hammer.

 AUCTIONEER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sold for four thousand two
hundred.

Roy drives the car out.

INT/EXT. AUDI A4. MORNING

Roy turns off the engine. Suddenly a bang at the window.
Roy winds it down. A young boy stands waiting.

 ROY EDWARDS
Start with the... 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 scream it from the
rooftops.

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

Roy looks over his shoulder.

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

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

 JACOB
Roy... Roy, look at me... I've
scoped it, there's no-one
watching us... I wouldn't be
sitting here if I wasn't a
thousand percent.

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

ROY EDWARDS
One geezer was looking in my sock
drawer... I said "he's not gonna
be in there is he, you cunt."

Roy reaches out, they shake hands strongly.

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

JACOB
Beautifully average.

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 the place?

Jacob hesitates to answer.

JACOB
The house I built for my family
(a beat) I'd rather see the
fucking place burn.

ROY EDWARDS
You look well... if it's any
consolation.

JACOB
Great outdoors.

Roy rubs his sphere-like stomach lovingly.

ROY EDWARDS
Her indoors.

Jacob looks at Roy's tache.

JACOB
What's this all about?

ROY EDWARDS
Karen says I can pull it off.

JACOB
So could Saddam Hussein, doesn't
mean it's right.

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 watches cars being driven back and forth, his mood mercurial, as if he's just recalled why he's here.

JACOB

How is he, how's Ruan?

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 gone in hard, but I thought we might not want to burn our bridges just paying the toll. (a beat) Apparently Ruan was getting involved in a lot of low level stuff, pushing about a bit of weed, bit of yarbo, skimming off the top, nothing major...

Jacob nods, taking it in.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)

But he'd started rolling with this kid, Otis Blake, bit of a wrong'un, shits anywhere, drinks his own bath water, you know what I mean? 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, far from perfect, finds this hard to listen to.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)

This is where it gets... complicated. Four days ago, Otis Blake's found floating face down in the Thames with a hole in his face the size of a dog bowl. Next day Ruan's picked up at Heathrow, pissing blood, suffering from a gunshot wound to his stomach. Now, they've either fucked 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 40 hours community service picking up crisp packets.

JACOB

He's always known the ante, Roy... you get bagged... you pay the price.

ROY EDWARDS

Yeah... well... this price might be a bit like a Swedish massage parlour... fucking extortionate with no happy endings.

A BEAT.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)

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 sits amongst hundreds of parked vehicles.

INT. HOSPITAL/OBSERVATION ROOM. DAY

Max is watching Ruan's room through 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 today.

MAX

I'm telling you, get a notebook,
it's starting to look a mess.

She nods at the cuffs.

SARAH HAWKS

Yeah, because that's not fucking
annoying.

He stops. Behind them sits Juka Ogadowa, a huge file
perched on his lap.

CLOSE ON FILE: The pages displaying jobs Jacob Sternwood's
executed. Air France, Security Pacific, Lufthansa, Bank of
America, Reliance Chartered. 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

Peppermint Patty?

Silence.

JUKA OGADOWA (CONT'D)

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.

SARAH HAWKS

Like J.R. in Dallas.

JUKA OGADOWA

And the Fonz in Happy Days.

SARAH HAWKS

Spot on.

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

JUKA OGADOWA
Tattoo makes him look like a
Japanese energy drink.

SARAH HAWKS
He used to run bootleg red diesel
when he was a kid... it was the
first thing they ever arrested
him for, name stuck.

MAX
You know what that is?

JUKA OGADOWA
Yes sir, red diesel is primarily
for agricultural machinery,
therefore, the tax charged on the
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.

Juka smiles.

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
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, this bale of angst. Juka carries on
reading, flicks the pages.

JUKA OGADOWA (CONT'D)
He's created a legend, 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 Juka.

MAX (CONT'D)

You think that he exists within
what... the realms of cool, the
realms of historical greatness?

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR. DAY

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

ROY EDWARDS

Can I help you, sir?

MAN WITH FLOWERS

Yeah, sorry, erm, room 419?

Roy points down the corridor.

ROY EDWARDS

Right there.

INT. HOSPITAL/OBSERVATION ROOM. DAY

Max is still raging.

MAX

You think kidnapping, murder, and robbery are the basic foundations of a legend? Legends are based on stories that may or may not be true, what is true is Jacob Sternwood is a fucking parasite and when I drag him into prison like the leech he is we'll see how charitable history is to his fucking "legend"...

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.

ANGLE ON

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

Leaving.

Max spins the guy into the corridor. From the far end Roy Edwards watches it play out.

ROY'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 who leads 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 calls out.

MAX

Why did you... why did you think
this was 419?

The man points.

MAN WITH FLOWERS

Some... some guy told me.

Max turns, begins to walk towards the end of the corridor, starts to pick up his pace, runs.

INT. SHOP. DAY

A gadget shop, expensive boy's toys, Jacob's watching St. Barts hospital through the window, pretending to browse. Then there it is, rising through his body, head thumping, heart pounding, anxiety rising. Jacob turns, walks straight into a shop assistant wearing night vision goggles.

SHOP ASSISTANT

EyeClops, Mark III, clear
visibility up to 50 feet in
(MORE)

SHOP ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
total, pitch black darkness. They
require only 4 AA batteries, are
good for hide and seek, camping,
night jogging, Fully adjustable
for kids and adults, you can rule
the night with EyeClops...

JACOB
I'm sorry... I'm, I'm not feeling
very well.

The assistant lifts the goggles from his face.

SHOP ASSISTANT
(almost excited)
You've chosen the right shop to
fall ill in, mate, we're
literally a hundred feet away
from St. Bart's.

Jacob pushes past, bundles out of the shop, sees Roy
Edwards approaching. Jacob marches on, head down, Roy
follows, concerned. They both turn down a side alley.

EXT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Max runs from the hospital, onto the street, looking left
and right frantically.

EXT/INT. CAR. DAY

Roy and Jacob in a car. Jacob's head leant against the
window.

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 shakes his head.

JACOB
They seem to be getting more
frequent.

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

Jacob, still low in his chair, tries to smile, head against glass.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)
You in the right state of mind
for this?

Jacob nods.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)
I guess it's what we thought.
Lewinsky's all over it like a
fucking lamp shade. You should
have killed the prick when you
had the chance.

Roy hits the ignition, screeches off.

INT. HOSPITAL. DUSK

Max stands before a large window watching dusk settle, a clementine sun dropping behind glass skyscrapers. He clicks his handcuffs like rosary beads. Sarah approaches, he catches her reflection in the glass, doesn't turn to her.

MAX
I thought you were watching him.

SARAH HAWKS
Juka's more than capable, Max.

MAX
If Sternwood turns up again I
don't want a fucking tea boy
waiting to shake his hand.

SARAH HAWKS
What makes you think he was even
here?

Max turns to her.

MAX
He was here.

She shakes her head, turns to leave, comes back at him.

SARAH HAWKS
You're treading water, wasting
your energy on FUCKING nothing
when we could be out there.

MAX
And you're right next to me.

SARAH HAWKS

Where else should I be, Max? I'm confused, tell me.

MAX

You don't know what this is... you can't even comprehend what this means.

SARAH HAWKS

I know exactly what this means, you're the one who's fucking deluded.

MAX

You don't like it, you know what you can FUCKING do.

She turns, walks away.

SARAH HAWKS

Stay cowering behind your one-way glass, Max... I'll find out who killed Otis Blake.

Max is left standing. Sarah enters the elevator.

CLOSE ON: Sarah's face, the elevator descending, tears welling in her eyes.

EXT/INT. CAR. DUSK

Roy still drives, he hands Jacob the medical report. The mention of Lewinsky's name is unsettling, Jacob readjusts in his seat.

CLOSE ON: The medical report states Ruan's in a coma, but stable.

ROY EDWARDS

We could just bust in there, guns blazing, take a few of those fuckers out. Nothing we couldn't handle.

JACOB

You saw, what, four officers, four weapons? Means there's gotta be triple that in the immediate hallway. They'll have two armed units waiting to spring us when we walk out. That'll be two guns against a total of thirty in just under three minutes... I haven't stayed out
(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)
of jail by being the fucking
fool, Roy.

ROY EDWARDS
It was a joke.

Jacob screws up the medical report, composes himself. The news of Ruan's coma has hit Jacob 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.

Roy hits the ignition, tears off.

INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Max walks along the corridor, suddenly we hear shouts, commotion, a team of doctors run past. Max follows. He comes to a halt outside the entrance to Ruan's room, doctors fighting to save his life. Max yells out.

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 watches 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. NIGHT

Max and Thomas Geiger stand silhouetted at a window, face to face. They talk intensely.

MAX

... the closer they think he is
to recovering, the closer they'll
get to panicking and making a
mistake. If anything, this is
more procedural than personal...

Geiger seems uncomfortable.

MAX (CONT'D)

We keep a second team posted at
the hospital, keep it ticking
over, the press office states
Ruan's holding out, but these
next 48 hours are going to be
crucial. We keep Jacob in play,
me and Sarah are free to knock on
a few doors, make some noise.

THOMAS GEIGER

Seems you've got it all figured
out.

INT. THE GREIGO MAR/LOBBY. NIGHT

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

JACOB
I'm sorry to bother you, darling,
but I believe my son's staying at
this hotel.

RECEPTIONIST
What name, sir?

JACOB
Bell.

Tapping of a keyboard.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm afraid we don't have anyone
under that name.

JACOB
He might be using his mother's
maiden name... Premadasa.

He spells it, she types it.

RECEPTIONIST
It seems Mr. Premadasa's with us
till the end of the week, sir.

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 hundreds of 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 calibre of
criminal we're dealing with.

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
(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)
and not get involved in this
mess.

ROY
I used to change that little
man's nappies.

Roy rests his hand on Jacob's shoulder.

ROY EDWARDS
They involved me the second they
pulled the trigger.

Roy turns and exits. Slow push in on Jacob.

EXT. LONDON HIGH STREET. NIGHT

Max walks as hastily as his limp will allow. He's following
a pretty young girl, Louise Kirby, trendy, well dressed,
22. She has a baby in one arm, bags of food shopping in the
other.

MAX
Are you sure I can't help you?

LOUISE KIRBY
I'm fine... honestly.

Max persists, holds up a photograph of Ruan in a hospital
bed.

MAX
Ruan Sternwood yesterday (a beat)
in a coma.

She glances at it, carries on walking.

MAX (CONT'D)
Because he was shot by the same
gun that shot Otis.

LOUISE KIRBY
Don't you police communicate?

MAX
What?

LOUISE KIRBY
I've been visited already... and
she was much prettier than you.

She stops in her tracks.

LOUISE KIRBY (CONT'D)
Whatever... whatever it was that
Otis was involved in... he was a
good husband... he was a good
(MORE)

LOUISE KIRBY (CONT'D)
dad, and he kept that side of his
life away from us. To protect us.

He pulls a photo-fit of Jacob Sternwood.

MAX
So you're telling me you never
met Ruan's father?

She shakes her head in disdain, walks away. Max changes
tack, follows her.

MAX (CONT'D)
Why was Otis ripping Ruan off?

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

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

LOUISE KIRBY
Look, I don't know what my
husband was involved in, I don't
know whose car he was seen in the
night he was murdered, what I do
know is that this isn't the first
time someone's been shot around
here, and I definitely fucking
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.

She turns and walks.

INT. IRIS' HOUSE. NIGHT

A cluttered front room, porcelain clowns, loud wallpaper.
Sarah's sitting before a 67-year-old woman, dumpy, thin
hair rollered 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.

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.

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 WARNS

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

Sarah sips her tea, watches Iris closely.

SARAH HAWKS

Otis Blake was seen in Dean's car the night of the 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.

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

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,
(MORE)

BARBER (CONT'D)

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. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Jane Badham wears nothing but a black lace bra, black knickers with suspenders and powerful high heels. She's on her mobile.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)

No, no, of course I'm listening.

INT/EXT. CAMPAIGN COACH. NIGHT

We're inside a deluxe election campaign coach outside a town hall, Robert Wiseman on a leather sofa, darkened glass behind, beyond that a throng of journalists, crowds waiting. He's on his mobile.

(Inter-cut Badham and Wiseman)

ROBERT WISEMAN (ON PHONE)

Why aren't you here... this doesn't feel like it's working,
(MORE)

ROBERT WISEMAN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
it doesn't feel like it's
flowing.

CUT TO:

Jane Badham approaches a bed, kneels onto it, a man lies
naked, waiting.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
How long have you got?

CUT TO:

ROBERT WISEMAN (ON PHONE)
Fifteen, twenty minutes.

CUT TO:

Badham straddles the man.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
Give me the red zones?

CUT TO:

Wiseman reels off the speech.

ROBERT WISEMAN (ON PHONE)
*"This government expects our
brave officers to go into battle
armed with only a whistle and a
baton, the world's changed and so
must we."*

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
No, no, no, too evangelical. It's
all about the facts, let the
media draw their own conclusions.

ROBERT WISEMAN (ON PHONE)
There's a mention of Blake and
Staples, is that okay?

CUT TO:

Badham places her finger on the man's lips.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
Keep laying it out.

ROBERT WISEMAN (ON PHONE)
*"The recent and tragic shooting
of Officer Joanna Staples while
responding to a simple alarm
call... Otis Blake, the young man
found shot in the Thames... only
highlights the dangers we face"*
(MORE)

ROBERT WISEMAN (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 (a beat) What more do we know
 about Blake?

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
 Mention his wife and child, how
 they've been left behind.

CUT TO:

Wiseman's scribbling away.

ROBERT WISEMAN (ON PHONE)
 Yep, yep, that's good.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
 Then just hit them with the
 stats.

ROBERT WISEMAN (ON PHONE)
*London's seen a seventeen percent
 increase in gun crime in the last
 twelve months, and is suffering
 three times the level of violent
 crime committed in the United
 States. The time has come for a
 reformation, an empowerment of
 our Metropolitan police.*

CUT TO:

The man's wrestling to pull down Badham's knickers.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
 Lose the "reformation" bit...

She slaps the man's hand, we pan to reveal it's Thomas
 Geiger.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 It's too hard line.

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 hiding
 places, finding a clear shot should anyone try and enter, a
 manoeuvre from behind the wardrobe, aims his gun at the
 door, no good, down behind the bed, too cramped.

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.

EXT. IRIS WARNS' HOUSE/STREET. NIGHT

Sarah sits in her car, she's suddenly distracted as she watches 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. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL/SUITE 2467. NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Jacob's still in the shower, darkness surrounding him, 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.

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.

MAX
Did someone get to you, did Jacob
Sternwood threaten you?

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

BUKI KUSHONI
I have a new job that pays me a
lot more money... and 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 waits at the foot of the hotel stairs.
Harvey Crown exits a room, joins Bartnick. 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/ROOM 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 to room 2467 opens slowly. A silhouette at the door, 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.

ANGLE ON

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

ANGLE ON

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

ANGLE ON

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

ANGLE ON

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

HARVEY CROWN

(whisper)

There's nothing here.

NATHAN BARTNICK

(whisper)

Keep looking, man... I don't want to have to be the one to tell Geiger we couldn't find it.

HARVEY CROWN

(whisper)

Fuck Geiger, I don't see him doing this shit.

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

ANGLE ON

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

ANGLE ON

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

ANGLE ON

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.

ANGLE ON

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

ANGLE ON

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

ANGLE ON

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.

ANGLE ON

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!

ANGLE ON

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

WHOOOOOOOOOOMP!

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.

The fire alarm starts ringing.

Jacob reaches back around the wall, sees Crown kneeling, he 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. NIGHT

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

MAX

What floor's that alarm coming from?

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

People are starting to leave their rooms, Bartnick lies on the floor, people pass him warily. He scrambles up, heads groggily for the fire escape.

ANGLE ON

Max ascends in the elevator.

CLOSE ON ELEVATOR DISPLAY: 1st floor... 2nd floor....

ANGLE ON

Jacob edges out of the room, people are filing down the corridor.

ANGLE ON

Max watches the elevator display. 3rd floor..

ANGLE ON

Jacob moves along the hotel corridor, blending into the panicked crowd.

ANGLE ON

Max in the elevator, fourth floor, the doors ping open, people flood into the lift, Max barges past them, screaming to get out his way.

ANGLE ON

As the elevator doors close we see Jacob amongst the civilians. Max hasn't spotted him. Jacob sees Max, edges behind someone. The doors close.

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

ANGLE ON

Max runs along the hotel corridor, sees the door open to room 2467, edges in, an exploded fire extinguisher, a dead Harvey Crown, the remnants of a gun fight. Max leans down, looks closely at Crown's gun and silencer, checks his pulse.

EXT. HOUSE/COUNTRY SIDE. NIGHT

Dean Warns pulls up his car outside a respectable house that rests in sleepy suburbs, it's surrounded by trees, backing onto woods. Two other cars are parked outside the house, a sober Vauxhall plus a very expensive BMW. Sarah following, drives nonchalantly past.

CUT TO:

Sarah parks her car, walks carefully back towards the house. From a distance she sees the porch light flick on, then a disheveled Thomas Geiger opens the front door, he looks staggered to see Warns standing on the door step, not as staggered as Sarah Hawks is to see Geiger.

There seems to be an acrimonious dispute between the two men, their body language volatile. Geiger steps outside, aggressively beckons Warns to follow him to the back of the house.

CUT TO:

SARAH HAWK'S POV: Geiger's house is surrounded by a thicket of woodland. Sarah moves through the trees, her breathing nervous, excited. She closes in on Geiger and Warns who stand verbally sparring at the back of the property. We grab snippets of their conversation.

THOMAS GEIGER

... think this is fucking safer
than talking on the phone?

DEAN WARNS

Seems this is where the fun's at
whilst your family are away,
Geiger.

Warns gestures towards The BMW.

DEAN WARNS (CONT'D)

Look, I'm trying to clear the
fucking site, make new links,
worrying myself fucking green
about whether this kid's gonna
wake up or not.

Geiger leans in on him.

THOMAS GEIGER

Let's get one thing fucking
straight, Warns... there'd be no
worries if you hadn't got trigger
happy.

Warns points at his face.

DEAN WARNS

I wouldn't have fucking needed to
if your boys had done their job,
run checks, made sure they'd
never actually arrested one of
the little pricks before...

INT. THOMAS GEIGER'S HOUSE/BEDROOM. NIGHT

Jane Badham, naked, watches down on Geiger and Warns through lace curtains. She edges back into the house.

EXT. THOMAS GEIGER'S HOUSE/GARDEN. NIGHT

SARAH HAWKS' POV: She's still breathing hard, trying to regulate her breaths, observe the two men as quietly as possible.

DEAN WARNS

I make money because of three certainties... my employers know I'm ruthless, efficient, and I clean up after myself... I don't leave behind waste so it can be scrutinised and fucking studied.

THOMAS GEIGER

He's not going to be waking up... you understand... so please... keep your head focused on the job at hand... you've got enough fucking heat trying to get that shit out of there by the 12th.

ANGLE ON

Sarah's listening, crouched low, still grabbing snippets of their conversation. She reaches in her jacket, pulls out her pen, balances precariously as she writes "12th" on her hand. She topples forward, vegetation cracking under her weight. Geiger and Warns hear it, cut their conversation, dead in their tracks, look at each other.

Slowly they start to walk to the source of the sound. Sarah's squatted low, watching them walk towards her.

Geiger and Warns head deeper into the trees. Sarah's terrified, doesn't know what to do. In a moment of panic she stands, runs. Geiger and Warns see movement, are immediately after her.

Geiger is older, slower, Warns is fast, athletic, is on her in seconds. He trips her from behind, throwing her to the ground with terrific force, she rummages for her gun. Geiger joins them, panting, wheezing, he pushes Warns away, stands over Sarah. She pulls her gun, aims.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)

This... this is not how it seems...

Sarah scrambles messily to her feet, the gun trained on the two men.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)

Dean's... he's a paid source...

Sarah's having none of it.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)
 Sarah, please... give me the gun,
 let's talk this through.

He steps forward but Sarah's quick. She smashes the handle of the gun hard into the back of Geiger's head, cracks it around his temple, kicks him straight in the balls. He crumples to the floor in agony.

SARAH HAWKS
 I'm walking the FUCK out of here,
 Tom.

She aims the gun at Warns, his body language is alert, poised, she edges around him, but he's quick, trained, he pitches in close, grips his arm around hers, cracks back her fingers, the gun falls from her grip, a scream, he smashes his elbow hard into her face, her head jolts violently.

Sarah starts screaming again, guttural, loud, Warns is trying to stop her, she's strong, dragging herself away from him, yelling. Suddenly, in a panic, Geiger smashes a large rock over the back of her head. She falls to the floor, dead, her eyes still open. Geiger sinks to the muddy ground, breathing hard, his head hung low, instantly regretting the act of violence. A phone begins to vibrate.

EXT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL. NIGHT

Police cars, ambulances, fire engines screech to a halt outside the hotel.

INT. THE GREIGO MAR HOTEL/CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Max Lewinsky stands in the corridor of the hotel calling Sarah on his mobile.

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... it's probably
 the last thing you want to do,
 but... give me a call okay. I
 really want 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 room 2467. Suddenly Max notices something on the floor.

Low angle: slow push in on Max, he walks forward, reaches down, picks up something that's tucked tight against the

skirting board. He stands back into frame, inspecting what he's discovered. A policeman approaches, Max quickly tucks the object into his jacket.

WIDE ON: Max standing in this grand corridor, framed left, a title card fades up right of image:

Night of the Pinball Wizard

EXT. LONDON STREET. MORNING

Jane Badham is grabbing multiple newspapers from a stand, she's talking on the phone at the same time.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
I'm just buying them now... no,
no, stay on the line... I assume
you're capable of walking and
talking at the same time...

CUT TO:

She hails down a cab, phone to ear, holding the papers.

CUT TO:

Badham's in the back of the cab, sifting through the front pages of every periodical and broadsheet.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
I don't give a shit, you wake him
up, pour coffee into his eyes,
attach electrodes to his bollocks
if you have to... this election
campaign just got the adrenalin
shot we were looking for...

She holds another newspaper up, studies the details.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
No, no, no, there's no time for
that... I'm going to dictate you
over the phone... you ready...

She shuffles in her seat, gets comfy.

JANE BADHAM (CONT'D)
Then turn the fucking thing on...
who's dealing with the one
o'clock with Callaghan?

INT. MAX'S HOUSE/BATHROOM. MORNING

Max opens the bathroom cabinet revealing syringes that he uses to drain the fluid from his knee, he grabs one.

CUT TO:

Max on the edge of the bath, pierces his knee, drains the fluid quickly, 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 Geiger?

Roy shakes his head.

ROY EDWARDS

Geiger?

He spoons in a mouth full of muesli, grimaces at the taste of it.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Sounds like a kitchen appliance.

JACOB

It was as if they were accountable to him. Like he'd sent them there.

Roy squeezes a ton of honey over his muesli. 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 nineteen... old man topping every single most wanted list most of his life...

A BEAT.

JACOB (CONT'D)

The poor fucking kid's never had a chance.

Roy glances up at Jacob. 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, eyes slightly mournful, Roy notices. Suddenly Roy's wife, **KAREN**, enters with bags of shopping, face of thunder, she snaps her fingers, marches the kids out.

KAREN

Come on, let uncle Jake 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 nods, he 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?

She stares at him. An edgy silence. Karen throws fresh newspapers onto the table.

KAREN (CONT'D)

The police officer shot dead at The Greigo Mar wouldn't have anything to do with you, would it Jake?

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

EXT. POLICE STATION. MORNING

Max approaches the police station with a determined stride. A throng of newshounds and journalists huddle the main entrance, cameras and microphones aimed at Shadow Home Secretary Robert Wiseman. He gives an impassioned speech. Jane Badham stands beyond with Thomas Geiger and other high ranking officers, listening.

Max walks 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.)

...are all revolted and shocked by what has happened in the last 72 hours... the death of Detective Harvey Crown strengthens our convictions, our beliefs of a reformed, empowered police force...

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, slips into the front doors of the station, Geiger watches him from the corner of his eye.

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE DEPT. MORNING

Max stands at Sarah's desk, the room a hive of activity. He takes a beautiful leather notebook from his jacket, bow wrapped around it. Places it on her desk, walks away. An assistant called **LORNA** sidles up next to him, sheet of paper in hand.

LORNA

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

Max sees Juka Ogadowa, nods for him to walk with them.

MAX

(to Juka)

Sarah's not here, is she?

Juka shakes his head. Lorna reads from the sheet.

LORNA

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...

She reads her notes carefully.

LORNA (CONT'D)

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

Lorna smiles, walks off.

MAX

Thanks.

LORNA

Anytime darling.

Max stops, turns to Juka.

MAX

You get in touch with Sarah...
tell her to call me.

Max walks away.

INT. POLICE STATION. MORNING

Thomas Geiger is walking back towards his office, passes his secretary, she's on the phone.

SECRETARY (ON PHONE)
Can I ask what it's regarding?

Geiger 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?

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

THOMAS GEIGER (ON PHONE)
Assistant Commissioner Geiger.

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 Geiger).

JACOB (ON PHONE)
Assistant Commissioner Geiger.

THOMAS GEIGER (ON PHONE)
Who is this?

JACOB (ON PHONE)
A nervous parent.

THOMAS GEIGER (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?

THOMAS GEIGER (ON PHONE)
To do what?

JACOB (ON PHONE)
To get my son free?

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

JACOB (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
My son got involved in something
he shouldn't have and he's paid
his price, he's been taught his
lesson.

THOMAS GEIGER (ON PHONE)
How... how did you get this
number?

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

Geiger swallows a little, his Adam's apple riding hard
along his thick veined throat.

THOMAS GEIGER (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 kind
heart, not decayed and rotten
like ours. He deserves a second
chance.

Geiger paces.

THOMAS GEIGER (ON PHONE)
You killed Harvey Crown.

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

THOMAS GEIGER (ON PHONE)
I shot no one.

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

Geiger goes quiet for a long time, maybe six seconds, seems
an eternity.

THOMAS GEIGER (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?

THOMAS GEIGER (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. NATHAN BARTNICK'S OFFICE. MORNING

Nathan Bartnick is approaching his glass fronted office,
large bruise on his face, chewing as usual on his gum. He
sees Max exiting.

NATHAN BARTNICK
Keep forgetting it's not your
office?

MAX
I just like to rub my arse on the
mouthpiece of your phone on a
daily basis.

NATHAN BARTNICK
What the FUCK do you want, Max?

Max looks at his bruise.

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

NATHAN BARTNICK
If you're going to waste my fu...

MAX
I'll make this brief, I know you
find it hard to chew gum and
think at the same time. I filed a
report last night, and I need you
to take a few seconds and have a
read of it, wanted to know if you
recognised the make of gun Harvey
Crown was found toting?

He hands Bartnick the report.

NATHAN BARTNICK
What's it called?

MAX

It's on page two.

NATHAN BARTNICK

Geiger's already read your report, you should talk to him about it.

MAX

Don't be scared of work, you might find it rewarding.

Bartnick reluctantly reads the documents.

MAX (CONT'D)

Second page.

Max can see he's straining to read, squinting.

NATHAN BARTNICK

No... no I don't recognise it at all.

He hands back the papers to Max who stares at him.

MAX

That's a shame.

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 leant forward in his chair, his face a few notches paler. Suddenly a knock at his door. He hesitates. The door opens and in walks Max Lewinsky.

THOMAS GEIGER

Max I'm busy... I can't talk now.

MAX

What happened to rule one: leave no stone unturned?

Geiger looks at Max, confused, irritated.

THOMAS GEIGER

What are you talking about?

MAX

Rule one of the Thomas Geiger master class. Hammered home at
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
every available opportunity for
the last fucking decade.

THOMAS GEIGER
Slow down, Max. I'm not used to
seeing you in fifth gear, what's
your problem?

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

Max waits for an answer.

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.

Geiger stands up, his temper rising.

THOMAS GEIGER
Look... Harvey Crown was a
policeman doing his fucking
job... probably 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 about
overlooking your medical reports,
but you don't seem to have a
problem with that.

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, his eyes narrowing, the first time the true consequences of Max's accusations hitting home.

THOMAS GEIGER

What do you mean?

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 teaming it? Why did Nathan Bartnick flee the scene? And why the fuck was Harvey Crown found carrying an expensive European firearm?

Geiger looks to the floor, thinking.

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.

THOMAS GEIGER

Okay... so imagining they weren't just responding to the same tip off as you... what were they doing?

MAX

I don't know... but the fact that
Bartnick didn't want to hang
about makes me fucking curious.

Geiger thinks hard.

THOMAS GEIGER

Listen, you keep this between
us... us... no one else... you
make sure that we have our facts
straight before we start letting
off missiles of controversy, you
understand?

Max nods.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)

You understand?

MAX

I understand.

Max turns to exit.

THOMAS GEIGER

Max.

He looks back.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)

Well done.

Max smiles, leaves. Geiger's eyes are left piercing the
space Max just occupied.

INT. SPECIALIST CRIME DIRECTORATE DEPT. DAY

Max passes Juka Ogadowa.

MAX

Any word?

JUKA OGADOWA

Afraid not.

MAX

I want you to send a patrol car
to her house, now, this morning,
see if she's at home, in bed with
the flu or something.

JUKA OGADOWA

How 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 left standing, thinking.

EXT. CLUB. DAY

An empty club, the bar manager approaches a man kneeling down next to a retro "Space Odyssey" pinball machine.

BAR MANAGER

Excuse me.

The kneeling man ignores him.

BAR MANAGER (CONT'D)

Excuse me, mate.

He approaches him.

BAR MANAGER (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 fucking fine...

Roy walks past the bar manager.

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, gets in his car, looks back toward her house, concerned.

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. 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.)
I'm not disturbing anything am I?

Max turns.

MAX
Tom.

Thomas Geiger stands silhouetted in the doorway.

MAX (CONT'D)
How d'you know I was here?

THOMAS GEIGER
I know everything.

MAX
I don't fucking doubt it.

Geiger laughs.

THOMAS GEIGER
Night guard reported it in.
Thought I'd surprise you.

MAX
Job done.

THOMAS GEIGER
A lead's come up that I think you
should be in on. Nothing comes of
it, the worst that happens is we
hit a bar, sink a couple of big
budget brandies, get elegantly
numb and desensitised to the
horrific reality that masquerades
as our lives.

MAX
Sounds gothic.

THOMAS GEIGER
Come on, when was the last time
we had a drink together?

Max nods.

MAX
Fuck it... go on then.

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 and Thomas Geiger pull up into a back alley. They exit the car, both walk slowly along the dark passageway. They approach a door. Geiger knocks.

EXT. THE SHUG NINX. NIGHT

Jacob approaches The Shug Ninx. The doormen eyeing him as he advances, looks him up and down.

DOORMAN

You alright?

Jacob nods, the doorman beckons Jacob, makes him raise his arms, pats him down, feels the length of his arms, inside his legs, checks him thoroughly. Jacob's clean.

EXT. ALLEY WAY. NIGHT

A door is opened to Geiger and Max, Geiger flashes his badge. They enter.

INT. THE SHUG NINX/MAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Jacob walks down the corridor, his eyes darting around, checking for anything untoward. He looks towards the club. The lights flash through the frosted glass panels, the base wallops out.

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Max and Geiger open a thick, steel-panelled door and walk into a corridor.

THOMAS GEIGER

Oh shit.

MAX
What's the matter?

THOMAS GEIGER
I've left my fucking phone in the
car... mine's a Scotch and
American.

He walks off. Max nods, continues walking along the
corridor.

ANGLE ON
Geiger pulls a latch, locking the thick steel-panelled door
behind him.

ANGLE ON
The doorman at The Shug Ninx locks the entrance.

INT. THE SHUG NINX/MAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Jacob looks back toward the entrance, hears it lock.

INT. BACK CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Max walks along the passage, he's becoming slightly
hesitant. He slowly pushes open the door to reveal a large
nightclub.

It's huge. Huge and empty. The varied lights flash, the
music pumps, but this place is totally desolate. Max looks
confusedly around the club, checks his watch as if they're
too early.

He walks back down the corridor, tries to open the thick
steel-panelled door but it's locked. Slow push in on Max,
the realisation.

INT. THE SHUG NINX/MAIN AREA. NIGHT

Jacob cautiously enters the main section of the club, sees
it's empty.

ANGLE ON
The sparkle of a disco ball, the spinning lights.

INT. CLUB OFFICE. NIGHT

Geiger enters the club office where Dean Warns and Nathan
Bartnick stand loading handguns. The insipid club owner is
seated in a chair, nervous, biting his nails watching a
bank of CCTV monitors.

CLUB OWNER
You owe me for this, Tom.

Geiger throws him a fierce look.

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

The club owner looks away. Geiger turns his attention to Warns and Bartnick, nods. They finish loading their guns, exit.

INT. THE SHUG NINX. NIGHT

ANGLE ON

Max edges carefully back into the club, tight against the wall, approaches the boundary of the dance floor.

ANGLE ON

Jacob runs up to a retro "King of Diamonds" pinball machine, feels underneath it, searching.

ANGLE ON

Like a kick in his chest, breath sucked from his lungs, there ahead of Max, Jacob Sternwood reaching under the pinball machine.

ANGLE ON

Jacob finds nothing, looks up for the "Space Odyssey" pinball machine, spots it on the other side of the club. Then he sees something, a figure, a man, Max staring at him from across the other side of the club. The two nemeses stare at each other. The tension blazing.

A BEAT.

Suddenly Jacob runs for the "Space Odyssey" pinball machine. Max makes a play, running at Jacob full force, powering through the pain in his leg. Max closes in. Suddenly a bullet zings past Max's head, he dives for a pillar, tucking himself tight, grabs a golden pole used to rope off VIP.

ANGLE ON

Warns and Bartnick at the edge of the balcony, breathing hard, guns trained, looking down on the dance floor, they have the upper ground. They see Jacob running, open fire.

ANGLE ON

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

ANGLE ON

Max peers round to see Bartnick aiming straight at him. Bartnick lets off a round of bullets that rip past Max's head.

ANGLE ON

Bullets are tearing up the pinball machine, Jacob reaches further underneath, finds what he's looking for, a small semi-automatic machine gun taped to the base.

ANGLE ON

Bartnick and Warns are firing non stop rounds. Suddenly Jacob aims up and releases a rapid burst of fire.

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

ANGLE ON

Max, edged behind the pillar, suddenly makes a dash for the bar, he jumps up, sprints forward, a barrage of fire from Warns, he dives over the bar, bullets chopping through the wood.

ANGLE ON

Jacob sees Max diving, Bartnick and Warns firing at him. Jacob takes this opportunity, runs firing up at Bartnick and Warns, a bullet rips through the glass balcony and through Bartnick's thigh. Bartnick falls to the floor screaming. Jacob moves through the main section of the club, heading for the fire escape.

ANGLE ON

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

ANGLE ON

Geiger watches the CCTV dumbstruck, the club's owner totally freaking out behind.

ANGLE ON

Jacob reaches the open fire exit door, the van waiting, Roy looking at Jacob from the driver's window. Jacob looks at Roy, hears Warns firing down at Max with ferocious unforgiving.

A BEAT.

Suddenly Jacob turns and heads back into the club.

ANGLE ON

Jacob sees Warns at the top balcony, fires up at him, the glass balcony shatters into a thousand pieces. Warns tucks down tight edging out of sight. Bartnick is howling in pain behind. Jacob reaches over the bar, grabs Max by the arm, drags him over, fires back up at Warns.

ANGLE ON

Jacob and Max head for the fire escape door.

ANGLE ON

Warns edges down the stairs, gun held in front of him.

ANGLE ON

Warns flies round the corner, fires a burst of bullets, too late, Max and Jacob are into the back of the vehicle, wheel spin, tire smoke bellows out, the van powers off.

EXT. THE SHUG NINX. NIGHT

Warns runs out of the club, hides his gun away. Sees the van screeching away. Geiger joins him, furious.

THOMAS GEIGER

(shouting)

I thought this is what you did...
I thought this was your fucking
area... ruthless and efficient?

Warns turns, walks back inside, brushes close to Geiger.

DEAN WARNS

Keep pushing... you'll see how
ruthless I can fucking be.

EXT/INT. VAN. NIGHT

Jacob and Max in the van facing each other, breathing hard. Max's face full of disbelief, like he's dreaming.

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

Jacob's lifted off his feet, flies back across the van. 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.

JACOB

You need to... you need to
reassess the friends you keep.

MAX

I can't think straight, I can't
FUCKING think straight!

JACOB

It's not difficult... Geiger
wanted us both dead.

MAX

Shut up... SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Jacob keeps the gun trained on Max.

JACOB

Roy, takes us to Marzan's.

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

EXT. MARZAN'S. NIGHT

The van screeches to a halt in a quiet back street. Jacob leads Max out at gunpoint. Roy joins them as they approach the bar. Max surveys the pictures of scantily clad girls adorned across posters outside.

ROY EDWARDS

You'll fit right in... you'll be surrounded by cunts.

The door opens, Jacob pushes Max through.

INT. MARZAN'S. NIGHT

Jacob and Max sit in a darkened corner, Jacob holding a gun at Max under the table. The place is closing up, girls getting changed, no customers. Roy sits at the bar with Bobby Marzan, keeping a close eye. A bottle of vodka sits between Jacob and Max. Max keeps his hands at his side, stares at Jacob across the table.

JACOB

The cunning lawman....

Jacob pours two shots, bangs a swig, slides one at Max.

JACOB (CONT'D)

...is thinking I'm somehow involved in all of this.

MAX

He says pointing a gun at my stomach.

JACOB

I'm just gathering up the pieces... something you seem totally incompetent at doing.

Max slides the shot glass back, untouched.

MAX

You're so fucking innocent, then answer me this? Why's your son found bleeding at Heathrow airport. Why's a policeman found dead at The Greigo Mar and why the fuck are you letting off machine gun rounds in an empty disco?

JACOB

I'm asking myself the exact same thing (a beat) I'm also asking why your own men were using you for target practice?

MAX

Go FUCK yourself.

JACOB

That's a lot of hostility from a man I could have left for dead... twice.

Max stands, swiping his arm, smashing the bottle of vodka into the wall.

MAX

Learning to FUCKING walk again doesn't exactly qualify as generosity.

Jacob rises, gun aimed. Roy and Bobby Marzan edge forward, the atmosphere palpable.

JACOB

You know what I want, Max.

MAX

I want the satisfaction of seeing you suffer.

JACOB

The only thing you'll see is muzzle flare.

MAX

The first opportunity I get and I will kill you.

JACOB

My family's worth the risk.

MAX

And what it's WORTH to me?

JACOB

One good deed at a time...

A BEAT.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Saving your life's already left me feeling pretty fucking nauseous.

INT. ROY'S VAN. NIGHT

WIDE ON: Roy's van moving through London.

The gun's still trained on Max, the intermittent streetlights flashing across Max and Jacob's faces.

JACOB

You try anything, signal anyone,
I'll shoot you and everyone else
in a hundred meter radius.

Max stares straight ahead.

EXT. BUILDING . NIGHT

We see the van pull up outside a huge gothic building, the lights from within giving it an ethereal glow. Jacob and Max step out the vehicle, Jacob keeping his gun trained on Max.

MAX

You're gonna have to hide that.

JACOB

Just make this easy.

Max nods at the gun. Jacob places his hands into his jacket, keeping a grip firmly on the weapon. The two men walk towards the building.

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 huge Charles Bronson moustache accompanies them.

MOUSTACHE

I've been desperate to get hold
of you, Max, I'm glad tha...

MAX

Let's talk later... I've had a
long fucking night.

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

CLOSE ON: Jacob watches both men at 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 bald 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 stopping Max before he enters.

MOUSTACHE

Traces of cyanide were found in his saline drip... that's what caused the cardiac arrest, not his wound.

Jacob's face is starting to look distressed. The bald man walks away.

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 drops his head, he could leave now, he looks to the door, edges toward it.

JACOB (O.S.)

NO, NO, NO, YOU DON'T FUCKING
MOVE!!!

Max looks to Jacob, at the gun aimed at him, looks through the glass door, sees the bald moustached man talking nervously on the phone, head darting in their direction.

MAX

This... this place isn't safe.

Jacob looks back at his dead son, strokes his hair from his face.

INT. LIFT. NIGHT

Max and Jacob ascend upward in the lift, a constrained silence, Jacob's face apoplectic with rage.

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, his face drops, total surprise.

JUKA OGADOWA

(to receptionist)

Call for back up... call for back
up now.

Max looks at him, confused. People freeze in fright, others run out the room.

MAX

Juka what are you doing?

JUKA OGADOWA

Max Lewinsky, you're under...
you're under arrest...

MAX

Juka, what the FUCK are you going
on about?

JUKA OGADOWA

You know what you did... you know
what you FUCKING did...

MAX

Juka, whatever Geiger's told you
I....

JUKA OGADOWA

They found her body in your
bed... why did you do that to
her... why did you FUCKING do
that?

Juka, in his emotional state, hadn't noticed Jacob Sternwood who 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 trolley, Sarah's hand, scribbles all over it.

A BEAT.

Jacob grabs Max, yanking him up, sirens in the distance.

JACOB

We're going... we're going NOW!

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 Roy's van. Max hesitates, confused. Jacob grabs Max, pushes him forward, Max is so bewildered he allows himself to be bundled in.

EXT/INT. ROY'S VAN. NIGHT

Roy's van powers through the night, Max and Jacob in total silence, such differing men now so inextricably linked. Jacob talking, recounting facts, sorting through information.

JACOB

They... they came for money... in the air vent...

A BEAT.

JACOB (CONT'D)

He told me we needed to go back... the night he called me from the airport, the night he was picked up...

Max's eyes are clenched tight.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I heard two police officers searching... they mentioned Geiger's name... that's how I traced him... that's how I ended up at The Shug Ninx.

He looks to Max, but Max is numb, the sound almost sucked from the van, like he's submerged in liquid.

A BEAT.

Max looks slowly up, around the van, at Jacob, to Roy. He tries to breathe, the air coming hard into his lungs. He goes to stand, slightly confused but slumps back down like he's unsure of his actions.

MAX

The cyanide...

Jacob looks at him.

JACOB

What about it?

Max is finding it hard to concentrate, so many images rushing through his head.

JACOB (CONT'D)

What about the fucking cyanide?

MAX

Bartnick... Nathan Bartnick... he came to the hospital the day Ruan died, he was... he was there.

JACOB

Who's Bartnick?

MAX

Why... why kill Sarah? Why... why kill her? She must have known something... seen something... there was a date... on her hand there was a date... the 12th... she had the 12th written on her hand.

JACOB

Who the FUCK is Bartnick?

Max looks at Jacob like he's snapped from a trance.

MAX

The guy you shot at the club.

JACOB

You think you can find him?

Max shakes his head.

MAX

No... stop this fucking van... I'm telling you stop this FUCKING van... NOW!

JACOB

And do fucking what, go where, who's going to help you, Max?

Max drops his head in his hands.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You help your fucking self.

Max tries to clear the static in his brain.

MAX
(shouts)
FUUUUUUCK!!!

Silence in the van.

MAX (CONT'D)
(through gritted teeth)
Whatever it is...

Max falters.

MAX (CONT'D)
Whatever it is we're about to
do... it changes nothing between
us, it means nothing.

WIDE ON: Right of frame we see the sun rising over the buildings, a new dawn. Credits fade up in the left of frame.

WELCOME TO THE PUNCH

SLOW FADE TO:

NATHAN BARTNICK'S POV: Nathan Bartnick awakes to see a respectable hospital room, his bandaged thigh before him. Groggily he looks up, sees Max gripping his arm. Roy Edwards standing behind, aiming a gun at two kneeling police officers, checking his watch constantly. Suddenly Max plunges a syringe deep into it his arm. Terror.

NATHAN BARTNICK
Wha... what, what are you doing?
What the fuck are you doing?

Bartnick stares, frightened by the needle. Suddenly from the other side of the bed Jacob places a bottle of bleach on Bartnick's chest. If Bartnick was scared before, now he's petrified. Roy checks a wall chart, looks back at his watch.

MAX
Remember the case where a father
killed his whole family, injected
them in their sleep?

Bartnick stays quiet. Jacob grips Bartnick's wounded thigh, squeezing it tight, the muscle crunching. Bartnick grimaces in total and utter torment. A high-pitched wheeze emanating from the back of his throat.

MAX (CONT'D)

Total destruction of the blood vessels, the tissue, a clot will form, travel, plugging up vital areas of your body, like the heart...

Max taps Bartnick's rib cage.

MAX (CONT'D)

... the lungs, the kidney, the brain. If you don't die quickly, it'll be a long and painful death, if you don't die at all, it'll be a long and painful life.

Bartnick looks at the syringe. Breathing hard.

MAX (CONT'D)

Who killed Sarah Hawks?

Bartnick isn't answering, just stares straight at Max. Max squeezes lightly on the syringe, an amount is injected.

MAX (CONT'D)

WHO KILLED SARAH HAWKS?

NATHAN BARTNICK

I don't... I don't know... something... something went wrong.

ROY EDWARDS (O.S.)

Two minutes.

NATHAN BARTNICK

Wait, wait, wait, please, please, Sarah... Sarah heard Dean and Geiger talking... she... she wasn't meant to be there, Max, she shouldn't have been there.

MAX

Talking... talking about what?

NATHAN BARTNICK

I swear, I swear to god, I'm no fucking saint but I would never have hurt Sarah, she was... she was a friend, I swear... this... this has all gone too far.

Jacob places his hand over Nathan's mouth, wrenches his knee again, fingers digging into the wound, Nathan's scream is muffled into Jacob's palm. Jacob releases his hand, Nathan panting, out of breath.

NATHAN BARTNICK (CONT'D)

Guns... we... we were selling
Ruan and Otis guns... we were
there to make sure the
shipment... make sure... make
sure it went smoothly.

MAX

How's Geiger involved?

NATHAN BARTNICK

He's... he's the one that brought
us all together.

JACOB

Who shot my FUCKING son?

NATHAN BARTNICK

It.. it was Dean Warns... I
swear... he set up a meeting with
Otis and Ruan... I swear to
you... but... but Otis Blake...
he recognises Harvey Crown....
starts saying that he's a
policeman... that he'd been
arrested by him years ago... that
he knows who we are, and... and
if we didn't give him a better
deal... he was going to expose
us... expose us all... so... so
Dean just shoots him... in the
face... doesn't even flinch....
but Ruan... he managed to run...
escapes with the money... Dean
was firing at him... he must
have...

MAX

The 12th... what's happening on
the 12th, what's happening today?

NATHAN BARTNICK

It wasn't my fault, I swear, it
wasn't... I wouldn't have killed
Sarah.

JACOB

What's happening on the FUCKING
12th.

NATHAN BARTNICK

I don't know, I really, I really,
I don't know...

Max rubs his hand over his head, this is all too much for him, he needs air, he suddenly walks out the room, leaving the needle dangling from Nathan's arm. Max slumps down in a chair outside, his world spinning, breathing shallow.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON

Jacob Sternwood takes the syringe in his hand.

ANGLE ON

He looks down at Nathan who looks up at him with pleading eyes.

ANGLE ON

Jacob's thumb rests on the plunger.

ANGLE ON

The two policeman watch Jacob, their eyes full of fear.

ANGLE ON

Roy looks from the uniformed officers to Jacob.

ANGLE ON

Nathan Bartnick is crying.

NATHAN BARTNICK (CONT'D)

Please... please... I have a son.

JACOB

So did I.

ANGLE ON

Nathan Bartnick's eyes, fear, terror.

ANGLE ON

The door to the room opens and Jacob and Roy walk out, they close the door behind them. Max looks up at Jacob. The two men hold each other's stares.

A BEAT.

Max stands, they start to walk, steadily picking up their pace, they pass a doctor and two nurses heading toward Bartnick's room on their rounds.

EXT. CONFERENCE HALL. DAY

An empty conference hall. Robert Wiseman's at the microphone making an introduction.

ROBERT WISEMAN

Ladies and Gentlemen, the man who's going to lead this party to into government, my friend, my leader, Henry Callaghan.

A spin doctor stands watching in 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 should come in from the left or
the right... I'm thinking right?

Standing watching all this from the wings is Jane Badham.
Her mobile rings, she steps away to answer.

(Inter-cut Dean Warns leaving a pharmacy and Badham)

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
Dean.

DEAN WARNS (ON PHONE)
Can you talk?

She motions to one of her aides, covers the phone with her
hand.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
Five minutes.

Back on phone to Warns.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
Of course... of course I can.

She finds a dark corner, light one side of her face, the
walk through deep background.

DEAN WARNS (ON PHONE)
This has got way out of control.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
When I...

She loosens a button at the neck.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
When I was put in touch with you
I was told you could deal with
this type of... this situation.

DEAN WARNS (ON PHONE)

Which is what I'm doing...
unfortunately you weighed me down
the moment you involved those
fucking novices.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)

Those novices proved very useful
when you were seen in the wrong
place, so don't...

DEAN WARNS (ON PHONE)

Look, our people are getting
jittery, worried all this could
be traced back with one loose
tongue, they want me to close it
down, they're prepared to close
it down for you... for your
employers... you understand?

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)

That's... that's good... that's
what we all want.

DEAN WARNS (ON PHONE)

We're still moving ahead with
tonight, but I'm using my own
team. We'll move the load, I'll
find a new vendor, but that's it,
no comeback, no arrest, you got
the publicity you needed, you got
the attention you required. Am I
right?

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)

The itch...

Someone walks past, she hesitates.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

The itch has been well and truly
scratched, yes.

DEAN WARNS (ON PHONE)

First I settle up with Geiger...
then once the load's relocated,
I'm settling up with Lewinsky and
Sternwood, then it's finished for
me. I'm done.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)

Geiger... that... that could have
ramifications?

DEAN WARNS (ON PHONE)

You're an infant playing in an
adult's arena, Jane.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
I'm the ring master trying to
keep you clowns at the circus.

Warns goes quiet.

DEAN WARNS (ON PHONE)
Tell Geiger to be at the punch at
eleven, he'll listen to you, he
trusts you. You understand?

Jane doesn't answer.

DEAN WARNS (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
You understand?

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
Eleven.

DEAN WARNS (ON PHONE)
I believe we're done.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
It would... it would seem so.

Warns ends the call. Badham stands alone in the dark.

INT. ROY'S VAN. DAY

Max and Jacob sitting face to face in the back of the
vehicle.

JACOB
You're telling me you didn't know
that half your fucking division
were involved in the illegal
selling of guns?

MAX
And you're telling me you didn't
know your son was buying them.

Jacob goes quiet. Max closes his eyes, rubs his hand
through his hair. An uncomfortable silence.

MAX (CONT'D)
No parent should bury their
child.

Jacob looks at Max, slightly taken aback. Jacob turns,
hangs his head, mood pensive.

JACOB
Ruan used to say that if we
hadn't had to move... to
constantly hide... my wife would
still be alive...

Max drops his head.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I have... I have these anxiety attacks just from... you know... for the first time in years... when I saw Ruan lying there... in that morgue... my first thought was that I wouldn't have to worry anymore... that I was free... free to just... to just go... with so much fucking death... how are you supposed to breathe?

Jacob turns his face, the tears uncontrollable, the last place he wants this to happen, in front of Max, he's helpless.

EXTREME WIDE ON: The van moves through the back avenues of London.

CUT TO:

Jacob reins in the tears, wipes his face.

MAX

Feels like I've been chasing you for as long as I can remember.

JACOB

Feels like I've always been looking over my shoulder.

MAX

I've had this tunnel fucking vision... and now you're here... and Sarah's not... I'm thinking... I'm thinking that Sarah was right... they were all right... and now she's lying in a fucking morgue and it's my fault.

JACOB

It's their fucking fault. They killed my son, they killed this kid, Otis Blake. They murdered your partner. They've shot at us, set us up, fucked with our lives. Who the FUCK do they think they are, who the FUCK do they think they're dealing with?

Jacob hands Max a gun. Max considers the weapon.

INT. THOMAS GEIGER'S HOUSE. DAY

Thomas Geiger watches his wife who's in the bedroom, turning over the bed sheets, she turns, smiles tenuously at him, he hesitates, smiles back. He turns and walks to the window, looks outside, a policeman patrolling his grounds, attack dog by his side. Geiger's mobile rings, he looks, it reads: Jane Badham. He walks away, answers.

EXT/INT. STREET/SPACE CRUISER. DAY

Jane Badham walks along the street slightly ahead of Robert Wiseman.

(Inter-cut Geiger and Badham).

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)

Tom.

THOMAS GEIGER (ON PHONE)

Everything okay?

Jane hesitates.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)

I need you to do something for me.

THOMAS GEIGER (ON PHONE)

I'm listening.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)

I need... I need you to be at the punch at eleven, tonight, make sure this... make sure this movement runs cleanly without any snags.

THOMAS GEIGER (ON PHONE)

I thought Warns had it covered.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)

One last push, Tom, keep opinion looking strong... in both our camps.

Thomas considers, understands.

THOMAS GEIGER (ON PHONE)

I'll... I'll make sure it goes like clockwork.

A BEAT.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)

Tom.

THOMAS GEIGER (ON PHONE)
Still here.

A moment.

JANE BADHAM (ON PHONE)
I... just... at eleven okay.

Badham ends the call, notices a journalist harassing Wiseman.

JANE BADHAM (CONT'D)
(to journalist)
No fucking questions... check the polls, there's your story.

Jane and Wiseman bundle into a waiting space cruiser. She looks out of the window, thousand yard stare.

ROBERT WISEMAN (O.S.)
Jane.

She looks at Wiseman.

ROBERT WISEMAN (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

JANE BADHAM
Sorry, I'm... I'm sorry.

EXT. IRIS'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Dean Warns approaches his mother's house, he has a small bag of prescription medicine. He opens the front door, walks in, he can hear what he assumes is the TV, calls out.

DEAN WARNS
Mum, I'm putting your bits in the kitchen... I've got to shoot... I've got some important stuff to do...

No answer.

DEAN WARNS (CONT'D)
Mum.

Warns walks further into the house, he can hear voices, he slows down, reaches into his coat, pulls a hand gun, edges deeper inside, walks toward the front room, then he sees it, his mother sitting on the sofa, Max Lewinsky one side of her, Jacob the other. Roy Edwards standing behind them, looking down at the photo album on Iris's lap.

Roy, unbeknownst to Iris, pulls a gun and lets it hover behind her head, places it back inside his coat, makes sure Warns knows where it's pointing. Smiles brazenly.

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.

Warns looks at Max and Jacob, can barely contain the pure unadulterated anger.

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?

Warns smirks, arrogant as usual.

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

IRIS WARNS
A few hours ago, I would have
phoned, but they wanted to
surprise you, said you'd get a
kick out of it.

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

IRIS WARNS
What could be more important than
seeing your old army friends?

MAX
That's alright, Iris, it's cool,
we know how busy Dean's been
keeping himself recently. We were
just telling your mum how we
supported you, how we were the
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

only ones to actually 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... it made us sick...
physically sick.

MAX

Why would you ever get involved
in anything as sordid as that?
It's a joke.

Warns looks to Jacob.

DEAN WARNS

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

Jacob stares back at Dean, the hatred so thick between them
you could hack it with a machete.

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 went into hospital with a
simple complaint, but... but he
died due to... complications.
Maybe... maybe malpractice, we're
looking into it.

DEAN WARNS

That's tragic.

IRIS WARNS

I'm so sorry, Jacob.

JACOB

That's why we've come to see
Dean, we wanted to have a few
drinks, talk about what he's been
up to. It's important to be
(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)
around friends in times of need.
Take your mind off it.

IRIS WARNS
Definitely, definitely, that's so
true.

All men look at one another.

DEAN WARNS
So how'd you want to do this?

MAX
Roy's actually 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.

Dean takes a few steps forward. Sits slowly down. Tension
heavy.

IRIS WARNS
I can... I can make us some tea.

She goes to stand, 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 was 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 with Geiger,
when I close down the punch,
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, sweat on Roy's brow.

DEAN WARNS (CONT'D)
You think keeping a hostage as
collateral's gonna force me into
a corner.

Roy edges the gun out of his jacket, has a clear shot of
the back of Iris' head.

DEAN WARNS (CONT'D)
But I know something you don't.

A BEAT.

DEAN WARNS (CONT'D)

None of you... none of you have
the selfless commitment... none
of you possess what it takes 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, pulls his gun, fires, 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.

Jacob pushes Iris back, pulls his gun, aims at Warns who's
moving for the hallway, fires, bullets tearing through the
paisley carpet, hot on his heels.

Warns is quick, moves down the slim corridor. Max and Dean
are up and after him. Warns is gone, legs powering into the
night. Max and Jacob breathe hard watching him disappear
into the distance.

They re-enter the house, Iris is wedged down between the
table and TV, holding both hands on a novelty letter
opener, shaking like a leaf. Roy sitting against the wall,
blood oozing from his shoulder, gun in hand, jumps a little
as they walk back in. Jacob helps him up.

ROY EDWARDS

I think the bullet ricocheted of
my moustache.

Roy starts to laugh, looks at Iris trembling in the corner.

ROY EDWARDS (CONT'D)

We'll watch Calamity Jane another
night... when your teeth aren't
rattling.

They exit, retreating carefully, Max taking flank, Jacob
holding Roy up.

JACOB

End of the road for you big man.

ROY EDWARDS

I'm sorry, Jake.

JACOB

No, you did good.

Roy looks at Jacob.

ROY EDWARDS

I'm sorry about your boy.

Jacob looks at his friend, an understanding, carries him in silence.

EXT/INT. VAN. NIGHT

Jacob drives the van, Max in the passenger seat. Roy in the back lying down.

MAX

He wanted us to know... he wanted us to know he was moving the weapons... moving them off the punch.

JACOB

What was it Bartnick said?

MAX

What do you mean?

JACOB

At the hospital. He said something about the guns, he said... he said something about shipping them in.

MAX

He said... he said they were there to make the shipment run smoothly.

JACOB

It's a dock.

MAX

What?

JACOB

Three docks make up The Peninsula; Turk, Acorn and The Punch.

MAX

How... how do you know?

JACOB

I used to steal red diesel brought in off the ships, I know the fucking place.

Max shakes his head in disbelief.

MAX

The Peninsula Shipping Yard... Jesus... Geiger told me they'd checked it out, they told me it was clean. That's where they shot
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Otis Blake, that must be where they brought in the guns.

JACOB

Why's he... why the fuck is he leading us there?

MAX

He needs to close it down, tonight, the 12th, end it. It's what he's trained to do, it's what he's paid to do.

Jacob looks at Max.

JACOB

Then we're gonna need more than fucking handguns.

INT. BARBER'S NIGHT

Roy sits in a barber's chair, the young, tattooed barber empties his scissors from the disinfectant jar, pours it onto a cloth, dabs Roy's shoulder.

BARBER

How d'you like that for an old school method?

Roy winces in pain. All the while, through the window, we see Max and Jacob jumping into the van, screeching off into the distance.

EXT/INT. DERELICT VIADUCT. NIGHT

The van moves slowly through the shadows of a derelict viaduct.

JACOB

Used to secretly ferry trucks along here, it'll take us to the Peninsula, but I say we move on foot, go in through the wasteland.

The van comes to a halt.

CUT TO:

Max and Jacob stand at the back of the vehicle, open the doors.

MAX

Wait a minute.

Max sits down on the rear of the van, pulls a syringe from his jacket, breaks the seal, pulls up his trouser leg and begins draining knee fluid.

Jacob watches him, this process he goes through. Max empties the syringe, does it again, Jacob stays quiet. Max finishes, pulls down his trouser leg, stands. The two men face each other. Jacob goes to say something, decides against it.

A BEAT.

Jacob moves past Max, grabs an M240 machine gun with mounted sight and a pump action. Max grabs an M240 and handgun. They slam the doors.

EXT. THE PENINSULA SHIPPING YARD. NIGHT

Geiger drives into a staggering dock area. 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.

Geiger drives through this imposing location, the CAMERA panning to an old sign that once read: PENINSULA SHIPPING YARD / WELCOME TO THE PUNCH DOCK. It's been vandalised so it reads: WELCOME TO THE PUNCH.

EXT. WASTELAND. NIGHT

Max and Jacob cross the expansive wasteland toward the Peninsula, guns in hand, a formidable sight.

EXT. THE PENINSULA SHIPPING YARD. NIGHT

Geiger's car creeps along, aisle to aisle. He pulls up in the shadows, next to a container, kills the engine, waits.

INT. THE PENINSULA SHIPPING YARD/PORTACABIN. NIGHT

Yellow Portacabin, Jacob smashes in the door with his foot. Max moves inside, Jacob covering the entrance. Max studies a map of The Peninsula, goes to the files, starts sifting through documents on The Punch.

EXT. THE PENINSULA SHIPPING YARD. NIGHT

Geiger exits his car, looks about, checks his watch, extracts a set of keys, releases the padlock on a container door, checks inside, it's stacked with crates of firearms.

Geiger turns to walk out, Max is standing behind him, cracks the butt of his gun into Geiger's face, grabs him by the scruff of his neck, drags him three containers along.

MAX

Where the FUCK is Warns?

Geiger spits blood at Max's feet.

THOMAS GEIGER

He's not... he's not here.

MAX

Right now you've got a powerful assault rifle pointed straight at you. I raise my left hand... you'll fucking know about it.

Geiger looks to the containers.

ANGLE ON

Jacob in the shadows, weapon aimed at Geiger, looking through his gun sight.

CUT TO:

Geiger looks at Max.

THOMAS GEIGER

Sternwood?

Max stays quiet. Geiger shakes his head, laughs.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)

You never fail to disappoint me.

MAX

I need to know why, Tom, I need you to tell me... I need you to fucking convince me that killing Sarah was worth it.

Geiger's jittery.

THOMAS GEIGER

You team up with the fucking... the scumbag who shot you... who derailed your career, destroyed your marriage, gave you clinical depression whilst he retired with millions in some offshore fucking account... let him point a fu...

Max raises his left hand. A bullet tears into Geiger's forearm, he roars in total and utter pain.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)

(screams)

No one was meant to get FUCKING hurt. It was a ONE OFF... a FUCKING one off...

MAX

Next one goes through your balls.

Geiger tries to grab his breath, starts talking fast.

THOMAS GEIGER

When... when officer Joanna Staples was murdered... Robert Wiseman... Wiseman saw... he knew... he understood... just one more upset and his party could take this... this fucking election... FUUUUUUCK!

MAX

Dean Warns... who is he?

THOMAS GEIGER

Kincade... a weapons... a weapons manufacturer... they... they brought him in... as a favour... smooth over a sale... find a buyer for the guns.

MAX

Ruan Sternwood... Otis Blake?

Geiger nods quickly.

THOMAS GEIGER

Jane Badham... she... she... asked me to send in a squad... three days after the sale, arrest Otis and Ruan... arrest them moving the weapons... the weapons we'd just sold them.

Max shakes his head in disgust, can't believe what he's hearing.

THOMAS GEIGER (CONT'D)

Public outcry, Wiseman promises a revamp of the police... helps... helps get his... get his party elected... who gets dibs on a multi million pound contract supplying body armour and training packages to the MET?

MAX

Kincade.

THOMAS GEIGER
Exa... exactly.

MAX
And what do you get out of
this... or do I already know that
mantra? Fast tracked to the role
of commissioner for services
rendered.

THOMAS GEIGER
I thought... I thought we could
change things...

Suddenly Jacob shouts, Max looks up, suddenly either end of
the containers cars creep up, headlights off, blocking both
ends. Max looks left and right, raises his gun.

CUT TO:

Dean Warns exits his car, beyond him, from other vehicles,
a team of men approach carrying automatic machine guns.
Warns motions for his team to spread out.

CUT TO:

Max gestures for Geiger to move with him.

CUT TO:

Jacob runs down one side of the containers, looks all
around him, makes sure no one's coming from behind.

CUT TO:

Max leads Geiger into the shadows, making sure Geiger
doesn't run. Then he sees it, a silhouette, a burst of
fire, Max dives back as bullets spray the air. All hell
breaks lose. Bullets flying, metal pierced, Geiger
scrambles away, runs into the open container, sheltering
the onslaught.

CUT TO:

Jacob sees 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.

CUT TO:

Max is letting out bursts of machine gun fire, he hears
shouts, men sending messages to each other.

CUT TO:

Inside the container, Geiger grabs a handgun, starts loading ammo.

CUT TO:

Jacob moves down between another container, sees a moving shadow. Jacob hits the deck, watches the shadow, a man creeping up on Max. Jacob yells, Max turns, lets off a burst of fire, the man retreats.

CUT TO:

Max tucks tight against a container, heart racing. He spots a ladder leading to the top of a container, perfect vantage point. Max stands, moves quickly for the ladder, the guy who's been hiding in the shadows suddenly strikes, takes aim at Max.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Jacob takes the guy down. Jacob, out of ammo, throws his machine gun, grabs his pump action.

CUT TO:

Max climbs the ladder, his bad leg slightly marring his climb, gets to his vantage point.

CUT TO:

Geiger edges out from the container.

CUT TO:

Max looks down from his vantage point, he can see Jacob tucked tight on the corner of the container loading his pump action, two men moving in formation toward him, one of them is Warns.

Max leans over, lets off a burst off fire, the bullets rain down hitting one of the men in the shoulder, the guy's not dead, screaming in agony. Warns looks up to Max, fires a spray of bullets. Max dives, crashes down on the metal roof. Jacob emerges from around the container, pump action aimed straight at Warns.

DEAN WARNS

Please...

WHOOOOOOOOOOOMPH!!!

Straight into Warns' chest, he flies six feet back, smashing to the floor with incredible force.

The sound of sirens approaching.

Max scales down, his leg's in horrific pain, limping heavily.

JACOB
WHERE... WHERE THE FUCK'S GEIGER?

Max turns, sees Geiger disappearing into the shipping yard.

The sirens getting closer.

He looks to Jacob, to Geiger.

MAX
I... I can't run him down on my
own.

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.

CUT TO:

Jacob's on foot, powering it, searching for Geiger.

CUT TO:

Max limping badly, attempting to keep up, roars in frustration.

CUT TO:

Suddenly a shot rings out skimming Jacob's head, he dives to the floor, looks up to see Geiger disappearing around a corner. Jacob's up, a train is pulling out in front of him, has to make it, the train edges closer, Jacob runs in front of it, his back heel gets clipped by the carriage, he spins, crashes to the floor, but is up again, determined.

CUT TO:

Geiger spots another train pulling out, heads for it, running as fast as he can, trying to reach the side step, arm in agony. Geiger jumps onto the train, gets a good grip, hauls himself up but Jacob is close behind him, lets off a shot gun blast, lead rips into the train close to Geiger's head, Geiger dives, tumbling back onto the gravel, scrambles up, off-loads his gun at Jacob. Starts running after the train once more. Jacob fires the pump action, click! click! No ammo.

CUT TO:

Max rides through the pain, pushing himself hard, cuts through a set of stationary locomotives, finding a quicker route.

CUT TO:

Geiger hauls himself successfully up onto the ladder, Jacob's attempting to keep up, but the train's moving too fast.

Geiger turns to see Jacob running as quick as he can. Geiger smirks, suddenly two shots ring out, one hits him in the leg, the stomach, Geiger buckles, clings onto the railing, hangs for a moment, then collapses, his body tumbling under the churning wheels of the train.

Max stands, handgun aimed, breathing hard.

Jacob slowly approaches Max, they stand maybe ten feet apart, a train track between them. Sirens getting ever closer.

Max aims his gun at Jacob, straight at his head. Jacob stands stock still. The two men stare at each other. Sirens are almost upon them.

Max's finger rests on the trigger. Sweat drips down Jacob's forehead, he breathes hard.

CLOSE ON: Max lowers the gun.

A train suddenly moves between them.

ANGLE ON

Police cars screeching to a halt around the containers.

ANGLE ON

Police surround Warns lying in a pool of blood.

ANGLE ON

The train finally moves past. Jacob has gone, Max stock still watching where he stood.

ANGLE ON

Jacob Sternwood running, escaping.

ANGLE ON

Police approach Max, Juka Ogadowa leading the assault. Max puts up his hands, holds out his badge. Red and blue lights flashing over his face.

SLOW FADE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE HALL. NIGHT

Birds-eye view over a raised platform. The young leader, Henry Callaghan, standing at a podium, arms raised, soaking

in cheers. Suddenly there's a gasp from the crowd, hundreds of blue balloons cascade downward. The politician looks up, huge grin plastered across his face.

The CAMERA pans over the stage, the newly elected cabinet all vying to be on stage with the man of the hour.

CUT TO:

An entourage of people surround Robert Wiseman and Henry Callaghan. Wiseman notices Max Lewinsky and Juka Ogadowa watching at the edge of the room, looks uneasy. Wiseman approaches Jane Badham, whispers in her ear, both look over, Badham nods, smiles artificially. She breaks the throng, approaches Max and Juka.

JANE BADHAM
Mr. Lewinsky, Mr. Ogadowa.

Juka shakes her hand. Badham extends a hand out to Max, he hesitates, accepts.

JANE BADHAM (CONT'D)
I didn't know you were invited.

MAX
Just showing new blood the
changing of the guard.

JANE BADHAM
Well it's an honour to meet the
officers that led the arrests at
The Peninsula,.

JUKA OGADOWA
The hard work's all his I'm
afraid. He just... he gave me the
tip off.

JANE BADHAM
Either way it's men like you who
helped get us into power, and
Robert won't forget that Mr.
Ogadowa.

Juka beams with a smile.

JANE BADHAM (CONT'D)
Such a tragic loss of life. I
hear you're no closer to finding
out who killed Sarah Hawks, is
that right?

MAX
Her death may go a little deeper
than first expected, but... but
I'm prepared to do whatever it
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
takes to come out on top... a bit
like yourself.

Badham looks at Max. They hold eyes.

JANE BADHAM
(to Juka)
Could you give us a moment.

Juka nods nervously, walks off.

JANE BADHAM (CONT'D)
I hear congratulations are in
order (a beat) Assistant
Commissioner.

MAX
A role I hear you've had... close
and personal ties with in the
past.

Despite her beauty there's something hollow about her.

JANE BADHAM
People are proud of the police in
this country but they're blind to
the way the system's failing
them.

Someone walks past, says well done to her, she smiles.

JANE BADHAM (CONT'D)
When officer Joanna Staples was
murdered I hear they toyed with
her, made her beg for her life...
made her cry out for her
children... laughed at her, spat
at her... then put eight bullets
in her face and neck... she was
powerless... let down by the very
system she protected... you're
stepping into an era where you'll
be given the materials to do your
job, Max.

She looks about the room, waves at someone.

JANE BADHAM (CONT'D)
We did the right thing.

MAX
And so will I.

They stare at each other, a feeling of disdain. He turns,
walks away, Jane Badham's left standing, watching him
depart, slightly unsettled.

EXT. CONFERENCE HALL. NIGHT

Rain pummels the city. Max stand at the base of the steps. He looks left and right at passing traffic, lights streaking past. We hear Henry Callaghan's speech playing out.

HENRY CALLAGHAN (V.O.)
*In these days of hope and promise
we still know deep hurt lingers
in the hearts of so very many...*

Max turns, walks up the street, head ducked slightly from the torrential rain.

HENRY CALLAGHAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*...but we are now, as a people,
in an era of agreement, our
finest hour has come...*

A slight smile edges into the corner of Max's mouth.

HENRY CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)
*...a time of prosperity, a time
of old values, fresh starts and
new beginnings.*

Max pops the collar of his black mac, exits frame, city lights flaring, the roar of a metropolis.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.