

ACT OF LOYALTY

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

GABRIEL, dressed in a fine suit, is walking down the street as the rays from the sun seem to beam down right on top of him. He is in his early thirties, handsome, with rugged features and intense eyes. His walk is slow, steady and confident.

INT. CAFE - DAY

A man in his mid thirties, GEORGE, olive skinned, a touch of melancholia in his eyes, is cutting into his fried eggs and bacon with a fork.

George takes a sip of pit black coffee from his cup.

The door of the cafe opens and Gabriel walks inside and takes the seat opposite George.

GABRIEL

I see you couldn't wait for me
again?

George wipes his mouth on a tissue and gives Gabriel a look.

GEORGE

All I do is wait for you, I'm sick
of it.

GABRIEL

What are you talking about? I'm not
late.

GEORGE

Sure you are. Five whole minutes.

GABRIEL

Bullshit, five minutes is not
considered late.

GEORGE

You've never been to a job
interview, have you?

GABRIEL

Well, no, but neither have you.

GEORGE

True, but at least I am aware of
basic social etiquette.

GABRIEL

Look, I could have been truly late,
Haley wanted to fool around this
morning. You're lucky I'm so loyal
to the job.

GEORGE

Yeah, that's me, Mr. Lucky.

An attractive waitress, JESSICA, comes over to take Gabriel's
order. She beams as she makes eye contact with him.

JESSICA

And how are we today Gabriel?

GABRIEL

We are marvelous, thank you so much
for asking. What about yourself
Jessica?

JESSICA

I'm OK I guess, maybe just a bit
lonely at night. Perhaps you can
help me with that?

GABRIEL

Perhaps.

Jessica can't stop a big smile forming on her lips.

George clears his throat LOUDLY and Jessica comes out of her
momentary daze.

JESSICA

So the usual?

GABRIEL

You know it.

JESSICA

Won't be a tick.

Jessica leaves.

GEORGE

Why do you have to do that?

GABRIEL

What is it now?

GEORGE

Why do you always have to flirt
with Jessica? You know I like her.

GABRIEL

She flirts with me, I'm just being polite.

GEORGE

Yeah, right.

GABRIEL

Why don't you flirt with her then? Weren't you supposed to ask her out?

GEORGE

I was working towards it, but then you started your Casanova crap and put me off my game.

GABRIEL

OK sure, blame that on me too. Just eat your grease and lard and let me be, how bout that?

George piles the last bit of bacon together with the runny eye of the egg and stuffs it in his mouth. Gabriel looks on utterly disgusted.

GEORGE

(Chewing)
What? It's protein, I lift weights.

Jessica returns with a bowl of warm oats and blueberries and a glass of freshly squeezed juice and leaves it on the table for Gabriel. Gabriel leans over the warm bowl and takes a deep breath in, then turns to Jessica with his best smile.

GABRIEL

Oh that's great, What would I do without you Jessica?

Jessica moves close in and to the side of Gabriel's face and whispers in his ear.

JESSICA

What would you do with me is what you should be thinking about?

George looks on seething and Gabriel smiles.

Jessica picks up the tray.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Enjoy.

She lightly touches Gabriel's arm, then turns and walks away.

George stares at Gabriel.

GABRIEL

What?

GEORGE

Eat up Romeo, we have to make a collection this morning.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

MOVING.

George and Gabriel are in a car, a Mini Cooper, George behind the wheel.

GABRIEL

I can't believe you still drive this car.

GEORGE

What, it's a classic.

GABRIEL

Come on, we make enough money, just get another one.

GEORGE

I can't, I feel I'd be cheating on her.

GABRIEL

Are you serious?

GEORGE

Look, I don't need to be going around in a 'I have a large penis, honest' type of car, like someone else does, won't name names. OK? I have class.

GABRIEL

Are you saying that I drive the car I drive because I'm trying to make up for the inadequate feelings I have about the size of my penis?

GEORGE

Your words man.

GABRIEL

I drive The Valkyrie-

GEORGE

Can't believe you named your car that.

GABRIEL

I drive The Valkyrie for it's superb handling, it's power steering, it's smooth acceleration, it's 0 to 60 in a heartbeat capability. Simply put, I drive her because it's a perfect alchemical union of technology and art.

GEORGE

Sure, right. Translation: It scores you women.

GABRIEL

I don't need a car for that and you know it. Besides, I have a certain image to maintain here. The line of work we're in, we need to be taken seriously.

The car comes to a stop.

GEORGE

Well, I like it and I'm not changing.

GABRIEL

Whatever. We're taking my car from now on.

The two men get out of the car in front of a building with the sign 'Roger's Bar Delight'. They walk around the building and reach the back entrance. Gabriel KNOCKS on the door.

After a few moments, LOCKS are heard to unlock and the door opens, revealing a middle aged, chubby, hair receding man, ROGER, who is sweaty and looking somewhat uncomfortable.

ROGER

Hey guys, you're early.

GEORGE

So what?

GABRIEL

Why are you all sweaty?

Roger opens the door letting them in.

INT. ROGER'S BAR DELIGHT - DAY

George and Gabriel enter into the premises.

GEORGE

You better not have been
masturbating, that's all I'm
saying.

ROGER

No, I wasn't masturbating, are you
nuts? I was just cleaning up.

GEORGE

You better have been cleaning up.

ROGER

(To Gabriel)

Gees, what's up with him this
morning?

GABRIEL

Too much cholesterol.

ROGER

I can sympathise. So what can I get
you guys?

GABRIEL

The money for starters.

ROGER

Of course, of course, lets go to
the bar. Follow me gentlemen.

Roger walks out of the storage room and into the main area of
the bar. It is spacious and decorated in a classic American
rock fashion.

Three hard looking men appear out of from behind the bar.
These are VADIM, VLADIMIR and IVAN, who's the tallest and
largest built of them all. Roger moves away from a surprised
Gabriel and George.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry guys, I'm really sorry.

GABRIEL

What the hell is this, who are
these clowns?

VADIM

We are Roger's new protection.

Gabriel turns to Roger.

GABRIEL
Is that right Roger?

ROGER
I-I-I you know, it's-

GEORGE
We never got the memo Roger.

ROGER
Sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry.

VADIM
Get out and tell Churchill that Mr. Rasputin doesn't appreciate it when vermin try to sneak into his territory and grab business away from him.

GABRIEL
We don't know what you're talking about.

VLADIMIR
Get out. Last warning.

George and Gabriel look at each other and decide in silence their course of action. Gabriel turns to the three Russians.

GABRIEL
You get out.

All men look intensely at each other, the tension in the room rises, Roger looks like he might have a heart attack.

In the blink of an eye, the three Russians, Gabriel and George, all draw pistols and point them at each other.

ROGER
Please don't do this, please don't do this, please, gentlemen, please.

They all keep staring at each other.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

Roger dives for cover into a corner on the ground.

GABRIEL
This doesn't have to go down like this.

VADIM
How else can it go down?

GABRIEL
You fellows look like you can take care of yourselves, why don't we let our fists do the talking.

GEORGE
But there's three of them.

GABRIEL
I can count George.

GEORGE
Just saying.

VLADIMIR
You want to take us on?

GABRIEL
Absolutely.

The three Russians smile.

VADIM
On three, we lower the guns and take the clips out.

GABRIEL
Sounds right.

VADIM
One, two, three.

Each man lowers his handgun, takes the bullet clip out and puts the gun away. Then they all stare at each other intensely once again.

In a flash, Gabriel darts forward and as he does so, Vadim and Vladimir come and meet him. George is left with man mountain Ivan, who walks up to him in a very menacing way.

GEORGE
Great, why am I stuck with Ivan Drago?

Gabriel fends off punches from both Russians.

GABRIEL
I'm fucking fighting two of them here.

Vladimir punches Gabriel in the gut, dropping him to the ground. Vadim kicks at him but Gabriel blocks and gets back to his feet and blocks more punches.

Ivan is really close to George now and George grabs a bottle from the bar and swings it at him. The bottle hits Ivan on the head but doesn't break and Ivan doesn't get knocked out. He just smirks at George angrily.

GEORGE

Oh shit.

Ivan uppercuts George and lifts him off the ground and on top of the bar counter and George rolls over and lands on the other side.

Gabriel grabs Vladimir, brings him close and headbutts him, then pushes him on Vadim, following up with a side kick to Vadim's mid section and a Jump knee to the face. Vadim falls down in pain but Vladimir has recovered enough and gets a superman punch in that moves Gabriel back.

Ivan walks around to the back of the bar and George gets to his feet and jabs him a few times but Ivan doesn't seem bothered by the hits. He lifts up George and throws him over the bar and George hits the ground hard.

Gabriel blocks Vladimir's punches, then kicks him to the head, knocking him down.

Gabriel helps lift George from the ground as Ivan reaches them, and both men attack Ivan at the same time, managing to knock him down with a flurry of punches and low kicks.

Gabriel puts the clip back in his gun and shoots up in the ceiling.

GABRIEL

OK, we're done. Now pick yourselves up and go and tell your boss that we mean no disrespect to him and that we can set up a meeting and talk things through. There's a misunderstanding here, that's all.

The three Russian men get themselves up after a bit of effort and exit the bar.

George lowers his head and throws up his breakfast.

GEORGE

Fuck.

Gabriel takes out a handkerchief and passes it on to him.

GABRIEL

You need to change up your dietary habits, don't you?

George grabs the handkerchief and wipes his mouth.

GEORGE

Bite me.

Roger gets up from the corner and Gabriel walks up to him and grabs him with both hands.

GABRIEL

What the hell was that Roger?

ROGER

I'm sorry, I had no choice, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

GEORGE

If we know one thing about Roger it's that he sure is sorry.

Gabriel makes a fist with his right hand.

ROGER

Please don't hit me, please, it wasn't like I could have said no to them, they were very intimidating. Please Gabriel.

Gabriel stops himself at the last moment and pushes Roger away.

GABRIEL

Don't pull this shit again. You're in business with us.

ROGER

Of course, it won't happen again, I swear.

GEORGE

There's a shipment of whiskey that's coming in this Thursday, alright, and you're giving us 15 percent discount.

ROGER

Yes, no problem, done.

GEORGE

It better be done, cause I don't want to have to come here and have my head punched off my body again. Do you get me?

ROGER

I understand. Thank you, thank you.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Gabriel and George are sitting on a bench and are eating. George is digging into a juicy burger and soda can, while Gabriel is having a yoghurt and an apple. Gabriel's right eye is starting to bruise.

GEORGE

Should we talk about the massive pink elephant in the room?

GABRIEL

We're not in a room.

GEORGE

Smartass.

GABRIEL

Fine, go ahead.

GEORGE

Why the fuck didn't Churchill tell us about it?

GABRIEL

I don't know, but it really pisses me off.

GEORGE

If he's going up against the Russians, we're screwed. We've been getting by nicely, there's no need to expand now. Not like this anyway.

GABRIEL

It's good to have goals though.

GEORGE

Not always it isn't. Not in our line of work. Look at Scarface, he wanted the whole world and everything in it.

GABRIEL

You're talking about a fucking movie George, it's not the same.

George bites hard into the burger, sauce runs down his chin.

GEORGE

It is the same. It so is. He had money, power and fucking Michelle Pfeiffer, but it was-

GABRIEL

I've fucking seen it. Look, wipe yourself, you got shit running down your chin, people are looking.

George takes a tissue and wipes his chin.

GEORGE

So, let them fucking look, I don't care. Is it gone?

Gabriel finishes his yoghurt.

GABRIEL

Yes, it's gone.

He stands up.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Guess we will find out more tonight.

GEORGE

Guess so.

GABRIEL

Betty should be there.

GEORGE

Here we go.

GABRIEL

Man, trust me, I see how she is around you, she wants it.

GEORGE

A, I really don't think she fancies me, B, her nickname is Betty Bonkers. I don't really want to date a woman that, chances are, is certifiable.

Gabriel smiles.

GABRIEL
Who said anything about dating.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

The MUSIC is blasting away as a very pretty and athletic woman, MIESHA, is dancing on a platform which is situated on top of a packed dance-floor.

George, in corduroy trousers and jacket, enters the nightclub accompanied by Gabriel who is dressed in a very smart suit.

Gabriel looks at Miesha and she looks back and blows him a kiss.

GEORGE
You still seeing Miesha?

GABRIEL
Miesha? No, not anymore - well,
sometimes I guess.

GEORGE
Jesus.

GABRIEL
What? Stop being so negative all
the time.

GEORGE
I'm not negative.

GABRIEL
Look, there's Betty on the dance-
floor, go and be proactive for
once.

George looks to the dance-floor and locates BETTY BONKERS. She is an attractive woman, but her dance moves look awkward and wild and not too many men are taking a chance with her.

GEORGE
I don't know man, even her dancing
looks insane.

GABRIEL
Just go, grow some balls and go.
You'll be fine.

George sighs.

GEORGE

Alright, but if this goes tits up,
I'm blaming you.

GABRIEL

Fine, you always blame me, I'm used
to it.

George slowly walks towards the dance floor.

Gabriel makes his way to the bar. A barmaid, ADELE, comes over to him and greets him with a kiss to the lips. She notices his black eye.

ADELE

Still getting into trouble I see.

GABRIEL

You know me Adele, I get bored
easily.

ADELE

Oh, I know. What can I get you, the
usual?

GABRIEL

Why not?

Adele nods and grabs a glass. Gabriel looks around the bar area and sees a woman, JENNY, sitting on one of the stools drinking whiskey. Jenny is wearing a black leather jacket, boots and black jeans.

Adele returns and hands Gabriel his drink.

ADELE

Don't be a stranger now.

Gabriel smiles at Adele and she moves to a different customer. Gabriel walks up to Jenny who turns and looks at him, then turns back to the front, her expression not changing once, like she's playing poker.

GABRIEL

You're a fellow whiskey drinker?

JENNY

Maybe.

GABRIEL

Single malt?

JENNY

Always.

GABRIEL
You got class, I like that in a
girl.

JENNY
Good for you.

Gabriel smiles.

GABRIEL
Are you waiting for someone?

JENNY
What's it to you?

GABRIEL
Oh no, are you one of those girls
that likes to be rude because she's
used to always getting her own way?

Jenny turns to face him.

JENNY
I'm not a girl, I'm a woman,
besides, that just sounded like you
were describing yourself.

Gabriel is taken back by her reply, this is new territory for
him.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Look, I'm not here to hook up or
make friends.

GABRIEL
What are you here for then?

Jenny lifts up her glass, then drinks.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Fine, sorry for disturbing you.

JENNY
You should be.

Gabriel turns angrily around.

GABRIEL
(As he's walking away but
loud enough)
Bitch.

JENNY
Asshole.

On the dance floor George is having a hard time keeping up with Betty Bonkers.

The song comes to an end and George takes a breather.

GEORGE
Would you like a drink?

BETTY BONKERS
What?

GEORGE
(indicating with his hand)
Drink?

BETTY BONKERS
Oh yes, a Pina Colada please.

GEORGE
What, seriously?

Betty Bonkers nods Yes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Alright, be right back.

George turns around and Betty Bonkers slaps him on his bottom, hard. George lets out a cry, then turns around looking incredulous but Betty simply winks at him.

INT. CLUB OFFICE - NIGHT

George, Gabriel and Betty Bonkers are in a modern office that's situated inside the nightclub.

In a big, comfortable sofa chair sits CHURCHILL. He is a Mediterranean man in his early fifties, with hard features and hard eyes. Sitting on the desk is a very attractive young woman, MARIA, dressed in a very short and revealing dress. Maria is finishing rolling tobacco into a cigarette. Standing near Churchill are two men in their forties, PAVLOS and ROPER. There are also two GUARDS standing tall near the door.

Churchill's office is decorated in a very 'proud to be British' way. Union Jacks, a poster of the actual Churchill, etc.

Maria finishes rolling the cigarette, puts it in her mouth, lights it, gives it to Churchill, then sits on his lap.

CHURCHILL
So the Russians made their move,
did they?

GABRIEL

Why weren't we informed that we're going into the cocaine business and taking on the Russians?

CHURCHILL

I don't really care much for your tone.

Maria starts stroking Churchill's hair, but her eyes find George's and it seems that they share a moment, for a mere second. Then George looks away.

GEORGE

It's just that we could have been killed, boss.

CHURCHILL

Yet you weren't. You kicked their asses. They are fucking weak, don't you see?

GABRIEL

We should have been prepared. A bloody post-it note would have sufficed.

Churchill looks at Maria and she stands up and nods.

CHURCHILL

Pavlos and Roper, you go as well, but stay close, I want to talk to you later.

ROPER

Yep.

PAVLOS

Alright boss.

Maria, Pavlos and Roper leave the room.

Churchill gets up and walks up to Gabriel.

CHURCHILL

Who the hell do you think you are malaka? I tell you what I feel like telling you and all you need to do is obey.

GABRIEL

Is that all you want, obedient dogs? You've always taught me to be my own man.

Churchill smiles and puts his hand tenderly on the side of Gabriel's face.

CHURCHILL

You've always been the one with spitfire in your belly. I've always liked that about you.

Churchill walks by George ignoring him and returns to his chair.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

Truth is I didn't think the Russians would show their hand so quickly.

GABRIEL

Do you really think it's a good idea making a play into this arena? The Russians are not going to let it go without a hard fight.

CHURCHILL

Fuck those savages, they had their time in the sun, now it's our turn. You two can go now. Gabriel, I need you for something tomorrow. You'll get a call later on with details.

GABRIEL

Sure boss.

GEORGE

What about me?

CHURCHILL

Take the day off.

GEORGE

What?

CHURCHILL

You deaf? Sit on your fat ass, I don't care.

GEORGE

Um, fine.

They stand there in silence.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm not fat.

CHURCHHILL

Sure you not.

George tenses up and is about to say something but stops himself.

CHURCHHILL

Alright, get the hell out of here.
Go chase some tail or something.

The two men nod and head for the door.

CHURCHHILL

George?

GEORGE

Yeah?

CHURCHHILL

How's your mother?

GEORGE

She's good. Took up yoga recently.

CHURCHHILL

She's a good woman, give her my
best.

GEORGE

Sure boss.

Churchill clicks on the speaker button of his phone unit.

CHURCHHILL (CONT'D)

Let her in.

As Gabriel opens the door, Jenny walks in and they make eye contact: Gabriel looking dumbfounded as Jenny walks by smiling at him.

Gabriel and George walk out, but Gabriel keeps looking in the office as Jenny stands in front of Churchill. Then a nervous looking guard, GARY, closes the door.

GEORGE

What?

GABRIEL

That girl.

GEORGE

What, you fucked her as well? Are
there any pretty women left in this
town you haven't slept with?

GABRIEL
No, it's not that - never mind.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Gabriel's standing next to his sports car and is on the phone.

GABRIEL
Why can't somebody else do this, why does it have to be me? I don't get it. What do you mean what's the problem? Couldn't George or Betty do this. Well, fine, OK, thanks a lot.

Gabriel puts the phone away, reaches in his pocket, takes out an apple and bites into it.

CUT TO:

Gabriel is half way through the apple when Jenny appears.

JENNY
Morning.

Gabriel tosses the apple away onto a patch of grass.

JENNY (CONT'D)
You could have finished that.

GABRIEL
You're late.

JENNY
Five minutes is not late.

For a second, a hint of a smile appears on his lips, then he gets serious again.

GABRIEL
It is when it involves business.

JENNY
Well, I know what side of the bed you crawled out of this morning.

GABRIEL
Lets just go, alright?

JENNY
Fine.

Gabriel opens the door and gets in the driver's seat. Jenny walks around, opens the passenger door and is about to get in:

JENNY (CONT'D)
 (low voiced)
 This your car huh, compensate much?

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

NOT MOVING

GABRIEL
 What was that?

JENNY
 Nothing.

Gabriel puts on his seat belt, then looks at Jenny with expectation.

JENNY (CONT'D)
 What? Oh, belt, right.

Jenny puts on her belt too and Gabriel starts the engine and the car speeds off.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

MOVING

Gabriel is driving the car and Jenny is sitting next to him. They are both completely silent and looking uncomfortable.

CUT TO:

A little while later, silence still reigns, but Jenny is starting to get tired of it.

JENNY
 So - what did you do last night then?

GABRIEL
 Slept.

JENNY
 Me too, what a coincidence.

Gabriel can't help but smile.

JENNY (CONT'D)

So how come the boss's name is Churchill when he looks more like a Zorbas?

GABRIEL

He's a Brit-phile, and, he had like a very long, unpronounceable Greek surname. He wanted something shorter.

JENNY

Oh, right. Like Hatzigeorgiakopoulos or something?

Gabriel smirks.

GABRIEL

Maybe.

They fall silent once again.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

So - last night, why didn't you just tell me that you were there for business?

JENNY

I didn't know who you were. Look, I'm sorry if I came across all cold and all, I was nervous about the meeting.

GABRIEL

No, I mean, it's completely understandable, you don't have to apologise.

JENNY

Also, I don't like clubs much.

GABRIEL

No, what do you like then?

JENNY

I like small, smelly bars, you know, proper drinking joints.

GABRIEL

What, like grimy, dirty drinking holes?

JENNY

Yep, that or fancy restaurants. Go figure eh?

GABRIEL

We all have our preferences.

JENNY

What's yours?

GABRIEL

Honestly, I'm a cook you dinner, snuggle on the couch with wine and a film type of guy.

JENNY

Oh God, I bet you've broken a few hearts Gabriel.

Gabriel looks at Jenny and they lock eyes.

GABRIEL

If I have, I never meant to.

They both smile at each other.

CUT TO:

The car comes to a stop in front of a gymnasium.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Is this the right place?

JENNY

Yes it is.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Jenny and Gabriel are walking through an old-school style gym, full of ancient equipment.

They walk in the mens changing room, Gabriel looking surprised and slightly uneasy, Jenny as comfortable as can be.

A bodybuilder, MARCUS is wiping himself dry with a long towel, having just walk out of the shower.

JENNY

Looking good Marcus.

MARCUS

Jenny, been a while girl.

JENNY

You know me, always on the move.

Jenny and Gabriel stop at the back end of the changing room, in front of a door. Jenny knocks six times. The door has a sliding eye level latch that swings open and eyes appear. It swings back shut and the door opens.

Jenny and Gabriel walk into a storage room and a large build man, GUNTER, opens his arms and embraces Jenny.

GUNTER

I've missed you Jenny.

JENNY

Same here Gunter. How's training, you going to the European Open?

GUNTER

Yeah I am, I'm about 230 and more shredded than ever. I'm winning it this year.

JENNY

That's great. Here, this is Gabriel.

The two men shake hands.

GUNTER

Hello.

GABRIEL

Pleasure to meet you.

GUNTER

So, you want to see some of the merchandise?

GABRIEL

Sure would.

Gunter takes out two sports bags and puts them on a bench. He unzips one bag, revealing hand-guns within.

GUNTER

These are Heckler and Koch USP Compact 45 Tacticals, with extended barrel threaded for sound suppressor. They pack serious power. Please, check them out.

Gabriel and Jenny both pick a piece up and check it.

GUNTER (CONT'D)

Double action, 8 round capacity,
720g weight. Short recoil operated,
locked breech pistol with polymer
phrame. Same as the German army
uses. With these, you go to war
smiling.

GABRIEL

Good, cause it looks like we're
heading there.

GUNTER

You like them?

GABRIEL

I like them.

GUNTER

Good, you gonna love these then.

Gunter opens the other bag revealing submachine guns.

GUNTER (CONT'D)

Heckler and Koch MP5s. Best
submachine guns in the world.
Reliable, easy to handle and
extremely accurate.

Gabriel and Jenny put the pistols down and grab the MP5s.

GUNTER (CONT'D)

Calibre 9x19, 15/30 rounds, rate of
fire: 800/min.

GUNTER (CONT'D)

How many of these can you supply?

GUNTER (CONT'D)

30, and 50 of the USPs. Plus
ammunition.

Gunter opens a cupboard and picks up some liquid capsules.

GUNTER (CONT'D)

Hell, cause you're with Jenny I'll
throw in some Dianabol just for
you, free of charge.

GABRIEL

Hell is that?

JENNY

Steroid anabolic, old-school style.

GABRIEL
Thanks but no need, the weapons
will do just fine.

GUNTER
So we're in business?

GABRIEL
Lets talk numbers.

GUNTER
Excellent.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

MOVING

Gabriel is driving the car and Jenny is sitting next to him.

GABRIEL
That went quite well.

JENNY
I thought it would.

GABRIEL
Why don't you come work for us?

JENNY
What, full time?

GABRIEL
Yeah.

JENNY
No, no, I don't do that. I'm a
freelancer, I don't stick to one
place.

GABRIEL
How come?

JENNY
I don't like to have a boss.

GABRIEL
Shame, you're really good.

JENNY
You're not bad yourself.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

NOT MOVING

Gabriel brings the car to a stop.

GABRIEL
Is this your neighborhood then?

JENNY
For now.

They go silent. Gabriel looking at Jenny and she looking back expectably.

Gabriel breaks contact and looks away.

GABRIEL
Well it was interesting getting to know you.

JENNY
Likewise.

Jenny opens the door.

GABRIEL
Take good care.

JENNY
You too.

She closes the door, a tad too hard, and walks away.

Gabriel lets out a big sigh.

GABRIEL
Damn.

There is a KNOCK on his window, which startles him. It is Jenny, she signals to him to lower the window and he does. She leans in, putting her elbows low.

JENNY
How come you didn't suggest we get a drink?

GABRIEL
You kinda knocked me off my game last time I guess.

JENNY
Too bad, the job went well, we should celebrate.

GABRIEL
I guess we should.

JENNY
Come, I'll take you to my local.

GABRIEL
Well OK then.

Gabriel gets out of the car.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Gabriel and Jenny are in a small, rock-bar which is decorated with music memorabilia and symbols of rock bands from the seventies and eighties. There is a bottle of whiskey in front of them and a couple of shot glasses.

They are both laughing hard.

JENNY
Shut the hell up. No way.

GABRIEL
Honest to God, he was sitting there, the couch and his trousers blatantly wet from piss, girl passed out right next to him.

JENNY
What did you do?

GABRIEL
What any friend would have done in that situation. I left.

JENNY
Oh you bastard.

GABRIEL
Wait, I did come back, but you should have seen his face, it was hilarious.

JENNY
So how long have you known George for?

Gabriel fills up their glasses.

GABRIEL

Long time, since we were both 15. Churchill took me in and gave me a home with George and his mother, I stayed there till I was 21. He is practically a brother to me.

They both drink the shot.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

So tell me about yourself.

JENNY

What do you want to know?

GABRIEL

Everything.

Jenny smiles.

CUT TO:

Gabriel and Jenny are now dancing away. Gabriel is all awkward and drunk but really into it, Jenny moves better but is amused by his energy.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I don't usually dance.

JENNY

Could have fooled me.

GABRIEL

Is that sarcasm? Look, I'm into Jazz and classical music.

JENNY

Well, it's time you tried something new.

Jenny moves in close to him and starts to dance more provokingly, then starts rubbing her body on his.

They start kissing.

They are dancing away again but Gabriel falls into a man, MATT, and makes him drop his beer to the ground.

GABRIEL

Oh sorry.

MATT

Fucking watch where you're going asshole.

GABRIEL
What did you say?

Another man, BEN, stands next to Matt.

JENNY
Oh shit.

BEN
He said you're a piece of shit
motherfucker, who should watch
where he's going.

Gabriel pushes Ben and Matt pushes Gabriel. Jenny gets
between them.

JENNY
Cut this out, come on, we'll get
you another drink, we don't want no
trouble.

BEN
Too late for that, he needs to be
taught a lesson.

GABRIEL
Lets go outside then.

JENNY
Gabriel no.

GABRIEL
It's fine Jenny, won't be a minute.

JENNY
You're too drunk for this.

GABRIEL
I'm fine, sweetie, two minutes,
you'll see.

The three men walk to the exit and Jenny follows them out.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Gabriel is standing in front of Matt and Ben, Jenny looks on
annoyed.

GABRIEL
Come on then, I'll kick both your
asses.

Matt moves forward and Gabriel swings at him but misses and Matt punches him in the gut, knocking the air out of him. Jenny puts her hand in front of her face. Matt and Ben take turns punching Gabriel till he falls to the ground. Ben is about to kick Gabriel while he's down but Jenny rushes over and pushes him away.

JENNY

That's enough, you won, now go back inside, alright.

Ben moves close to her and she moves right to his face.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You're going to hit me fuckface, you coward piece of shit?

GABRIEL

No, Jenny, I've got this, I'm just warming up.

Ben raises his hand but Matt grabs it.

MATT

It's not worth it man, lets go get a drink.

Ben lowers his hand, then both men turn and walk away.

Gabriel is half way up and Jenny helps him rise fully.

JENNY

You OK?

GABRIEL

I'm fine, just give me a second - and look away please.

JENNY

Huh?

Gabriel starts throwing up.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Oh, don't worry about it.

Gabriel takes out a handkerchief and wipes his mouth.

GABRIEL

Sorry about that.

JENNY

It's fine.

GABRIEL

So why the hell did you scare them
off for? I was about to turn it up.

Jenny smiles.

JENNY

I felt sorry for them, thought I'd
cut them a break. Now, lets get you
cleaned up.

INT. JENNY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Gabriel is sitting on a couch and Jenny is applying some ice
underneath his eye.

JENNY

That was really foolish of you.

GABRIEL

Yeah, maybe it was, but they
started it.

Jenny leans in, close to his ear.

JENNY

But we could have continued
dancing, and, you know, kissing.

GABRIEL

Boy, I was such an idiot. Wasn't I?

Jenny puts the ice down, grabs a cloth, then sits on top of
Gabriel. She wipes blood from his lips, then kisses him
lightly.

JENNY

Better?

Gabriel nods his head yes. Jenny proceeds to unbutton his
shirt, then kisses his chest a few times.

JENNY (CONT'D)

How about now?

GABRIEL

I feel super now.

JENNY

Strong enough to take me to bed?

GABRIEL

Fuck yeah.

Gabriel puts his hands around Jenny's thighs and stands up.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Hmm, which way?

Jenny points with her hand, then starts kissing his face, as Gabriel takes them to the bedroom.

Gabriel lays Jenny on the bed, takes his shirt off as Jenny unbuttons her own. They finish undressing each other and make love.

INT. JENNY'S PLACE - DAY

Jenny comes into the bedroom with a towel wrapped around her body, fresh from a shower. She's also holding a big cup of coffee. Gabriel is still sleeping in bed.

Jenny places the coffee near Gabriel's nose and he grumbles but turns around continuing to sleep.

JENNY
Wake up lazy bones, carpe diem and
all that Jazz.

Gabriel opens his eyes and sees Jenny sitting there with the towel and wet hair.

GABRIEL
Well, hello there.

Gabriel slides over to her and kisses her right thigh.

JENNY
What are you doing?

Gabriel continues kissing.

GABRIEL
Kissing you good morning.

Jenny pulls his head up from her legs.

JENNY
Playtime's over lover-boy, time for
you to leave, I've got places to
go, people to see.

GABRIEL
Let's lie in for a bit.

JENNY
Not happening.

She hands him the coffee.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Here, drink this and get dressed.

EXT. JENNY'S PLACE - DAY

Gabriel and Jenny exit the building and look at each other.

GABRIEL
Can I drive you somewhere?

JENNY
No thanks, I have my own car.

They stay silent.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Well, I better go.

Gabriel comes forward and grabs her hand before she can turn.

GABRIEL
Wait, damn it.

JENNY
What?

He kisses her hard.

GABRIEL
I want to see you again.

JENNY
OK.

GABRIEL
When are you free?

Jenny smiles, then turns around and starts walking away.

JENNY
Who knows?

Gabriel watches as she walks further on and takes a corner.

He sighs.

GABRIEL
Goddamn Gabriel.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

MOVING

Jenny is driving her car in a highway.

CUT TO:

Jenny pulls into a large carpark and kills the engine.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

NOT MOVING

Jenny takes out a flapjack from her bag, unwraps it and bites into it.

The passenger side door opens and a middle aged man, DETECTIVE TAYLOR, comes in and sits next to her.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Really good to see you again Jenny.

JENNY

OK. How is everything?

Detective Taylor moves in for a kiss, and as his lips touch Jenny's, she pulls back, dropping the rest of her flapjack to the ground.

JENNY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Just wanted to kiss you.

JENNY

My flapjack's on the ground.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Sorry.

JENNY

You can't - it's - we've talked about this. We agreed to keep it professional, especially now, with me taking on this assignment.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

I'm sorry, I just - I didn't think I would miss you this much, I'm sorry.

Jenny picks up the flapjack and blows on it.

JENNY

It's alright, just get your head in the game. OK?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Let me-

JENNY

OK detective?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Yes, OK. What do you have to report?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Gabriel and George are in a park, in athletic attire and are jogging along. Gabriel is slightly in front, breathing steadily, while George is lagging behind and is already out of breath and sweaty.

George puts up more effort and reaches Gabriel.

GEORGE

Going to the club then tonight?

GABRIEL

Can't, got a date.

GEORGE

Who with?

GABRIEL

Jenny.

George starts slowing down.

GEORGE

Wait, slow down.

GABRIEL

You're tired already?

GEORGE

What is this, ten laps now?

GABRIEL

Not even three.

GEORGE
Whatever. You're still seeing
Jenny?

GABRIEL
Sure.

GEORGE
You must really like this one. You
usually move on after a couple of
weeks.

GABRIEL
I'm not that shallow.

GEORGE
Sure you are.

GABRIEL
Screw you fat boy.

GEORGE
I'm not fat, I carry extra muscle,
slows me down a bit.

GABRIEL
It's the extra fat that slows you
down.

GEORGE
What am I going to do tonight then?

GABRIEL
Why don't you ask Betty out, she's
really into you, it's a sure thing.

GEORGE
Fuck it, maybe I will. How bad
could it be?

GABRIEL
That's the spirit. Now, can we
start running, I've warmed up
enough.

Gabriel starts picking up the pace and leaving George well
behind.

GEORGE
Hey, hey, Gab, fuck. Nobody's
entering a freaking marathon here.

George stops and puts his hands on his hips and breaths in
deep.

A group of very attractive WOMEN run past and George starts running again after them but soon his side starts to hurt and he stops once gain.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Nah, screw it, not worth it.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gabriel and Jenny are in a Chinese restaurant and are having a meal.

GABRIEL

I can't believe you were laughing.

JENNY

I just find it funny, I don't know why that is, I've always been this way.

GABRIEL

A man's face was bitten right off him, blood spraying everywhere and you were giggling away.

JENNY

You laughed too.

GABRIEL

That's because of you and the look on the faces of people turning around and looking at you in total bewilderment.

JENNY

I find horror films funny, don't know why, always have.

GABRIEL

You know what I find funny?

JENNY

What?

GABRIEL

Comedies.

JENNY

Oh, right.

GABRIEL

Cause they're meant to be funny.

JENNY

Cock. At least I don't cry watching films like you do.

GABRIEL

What? I don't do that.

Gabriel looks around apprehensively.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

When did I cry?

JENNY

When we watched that documentary last week.

GABRIEL

What?

JENNY

You know what I'm talking about.

GABRIEL

I do not.

JENNY

The Senna film, remember? Those were tears you were trying to hide at the end of it, don't-

GABRIEL

Fuck off.

JENNY

Don't pretend they weren't, I know what I saw, you cry baby.

GABRIEL

I did not - Jesus, listen to me, I did not cry. I had a sore eye and I was rubbing it that day, it was red as fuck, you know this. You know.

JENNY

I know waterworks when I see them, you're a crier, it's no big deal, I still fancy you.

GABRIEL

I did not-

JENNY

Sure, sure, keep saying it, it might stick.

GABRIEL

I - at least I'm not certifiable.

JENNY

No, you're just sensitive.

Gabriel looks at Jenny angrily, she looks back at him, the edges of her mouth starting to form into a smile. Gabriel can't help himself but break into a laugh.

GABRIEL

It was a heartbreaking story OK.

JENNY

I know, I know.

GABRIEL

Bitch.

JENNY

Asshole.

They drink more wine.

JENNY (CONT'D)

So what's George up to tonight?

GABRIEL

Oh he's on a date with Betty Bonkers.

JENNY

Really?

GABRIEL

Yep.

JENNY

Wonder if he'll get some.

GABRIEL

Oh, me too. Me too.

INT. GEORGE'S PLACE - NIGHT

George and Betty walk into George's apartment, drunk and merry - with Betty dancing away.

GEORGE

Would you like a drink, I have wine, I think.

George looks in the fridge, then looks around the kitchen and opens a cupboard.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
No, scratch that, there's, um,
lemonade?

Betty shakes her head No and dances her way to George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What would you like then?

Betty pushes George up against the wall.

BETTY BONKERS
I'd like you, nothing else.

GEORGE
Oh.

Betty starts kissing him passionately. Then grabs his bottom lip with her teeth and bites him. George screams in pain and pushes Betty back.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What the hell Betty?

George touches his lip, there is blood.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'm bleeding here.

BETTY BONKERS
Chill out you little sissy, I bleed
each and every month like clockwork
but you don't see me bitching about
it.

GEORGE
What?

BETTY BONKERS
Come on, let me kiss it better.

Her lips reach his and George tenses up.

BETTY BONKERS (CONT'D)
Relax baby.

Betty starts to softly kiss George on the sore lip a few times, then she tenderly kisses him all over the face.

BETTY BONKERS (CONT'D)
Let ol' Betty make it all better.

George relaxes, passion between them resumes and the kissing intensifies. Betty takes off George's shirt and he takes off her top but then Betty slaps him.

GEORGE
What are you doing?

BETTY BONKERS
Just go with it, do it to me too.

GEORGE
No, I don't want to.

BETTY BONKERS
I said do it you sissy.

GEORGE
No.

Betty trips George to the ground, and sits on top of him.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What is happening right now?

Betty puts her finger on his lips.

BETTY BONKERS
Shush, you're all mine now.

She kisses him, George looks like he is screaming inside his mind.

INT. CAFE - DAY

George is sitting in his usual seat, having his usual breakfast; which he is nearly finishing. Gabriel enters the place and Jessica beams her smile at him and Gabriel winks at her in return. Gabriel takes his spot at the table.

GEORGE
You're later than usual.

GABRIEL
Sorry, Jenny insisted on fooling around.

GEORGE
You've found yourself a new scapegoat.

GABRIEL
Get bent.

GEORGE

So listen, I wish you were on time,
we...

Jessica brings over a tray with Gabriel's usual breakfast on it. She looks at Gabriel expectantly.

GABRIEL

You've read my mind.

Jessica places the items on the table.

JESSICA

Is there anything else you might
want?

GABRIEL

Perhaps later.

George sighs.

GEORGE

He's seeing someone honey.

Gabriel gives George a 'what the hell' type of look.

Jessica gets embarrassed and distressed and leaves.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I could use some coffee. Hello?

GABRIEL

What is wrong with you?

GEORGE

She's really into you man, it was
for her own good, you were leading
her on.

GABRIEL

Was just playful flirting.

GEORGE

Trust me, it wasn't for her.

GABRIEL

Whatever.

Gabriel drinks some juice.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

So what happened with Betty Bonkers
then?

GEORGE

You don't want to know what happened.

GABRIEL

No, I really do. I actually want to know now more than I want to know the meaning of life.

GEORGE

Fine. Well, basically, we ended up back to my place and things really heated up.

GABRIEL

OK, nice.

GEORGE

Hold on, it suddenly became like - how to explain. It was like trying to make it with Glen Close from Fatal Attraction, but you know, not the start of the film when she's sexy and lustful but when she's boiling pet rabbits and wielding around butcher knives.

GABRIEL

I want full details.

GEORGE

It'll have to wait.

GABRIEL

No it doesn't.

GEORGE

Yes it does. Listen, the restaurant was shot up in the early hours of the morning.

GABRIEL

What? And you just tell me now?

GEORGE

You - I mean - fuck off.

GABRIEL

Russians?

GEORGE

Yep, sending us a message. We're on high alert now. Churchill wants payback.

GABRIEL
Cool, bring it on.

GEORGE
You say this now, but the shit is
gonna really hit the fan soon and
we'll be covered in brown and
running for cover.

GABRIEL
It's the nature of the job George,
you know this.

GEORGE
Do I?

GABRIEL
It's just a storm, it will pass.
Stop worrying about it, it's
nothing we can't handle. Now, what
exactly happened with Betty
Bonkers? Details Greek boy,
details.

George sighs.

GEORGE
Fuck sake.

INT. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Churchill dials a number on the phone and places it to his
ear. The dialing tone RINGS three times, then a woman
answers.

ANASTASIA (O.S.)
Hello?

Churchill puts the receiver down in a hurry. He picks up a
glass of whiskey and downs it.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

ANASTASIA, mid fifties, is holding the phone and listening to
the line on the other end as it BEEPS away, indicating that
the connection has been terminated. She places the receiver
down.

INT. PARK - DAY

Gabriel, Jenny and George are running together in the park.

George starts to fall behind.

GEORGE
Hey, how about we slow down a bit?

Jenny and Gabriel take the corner.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Guys?

Jenny and Gabriel look at each other.

JENNY
Bet I can beat you down the
straight.

GABRIEL
You're dreaming.

Just as George puts in an effort and catches up to them,
Jenny takes off and Gabriel smirks and runs after her.

George stops running.

GEORGE
Fuck this shit. I hate running. Who
likes running? Psychos maybe,
that's who.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

NOT MOVING.

Detective Taylor is sitting low in his car, at the far end of
the street, watching as Jenny and Gabriel, in their athletic
attire, and being overly familiar with each other, walk into
Gabriel's building.

INT. GABRIEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jenny and Gabriel walk into the apartment, clothes covered in
sweat. Gabriel heads to the kitchen and opens the fridge. He
takes two small juice bottles and throws one at Jenny.

GABRIEL
You want to hit the shower first?

Jenny shakes her head No.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Alright, I'll go first.

JENNY

That won't do either.

Gabriel looks at her perplexed, then smiles.

GABRIEL

You want to have one together?

JENNY

Save water, it's the responsible thing to do.

CUT TO:

Gabriel and Jenny are in the shower, kissing, but as they try to have sex, elbows hit on taps, soaps and shampoo bottles go flying to the ground and the shower door gets kicked open. The two loves stop.

GABRIEL

This isn't working, is it?

JENNY

We gonna need a bigger shower.

INT. GEORGE'S PLACE - NIGHT

George is in his bedroom, in his pyjamas, playing a video game, smoking marijuana and snacking on junk food. He seems to be going through the motions and seems bored. The cellphone RINGS and on the fifth ring, he pauses the game, picks up the device and looks at it. The name of the caller says: Psycho Woman. George clicks on the cancel button and the ringing stops. He picks up a bag of nachos, dips one in chilly sauce and eats it, then continues with the game.

The phone RINGS again, this time he switches it off and tosses it to the side.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Detective Taylor is sitting on the bar of a striptease club with a bottle of whiskey that he keeps drinking from. As he downs some more firewater, one of the dancers, KITTY, walks up to and sits on the stool next to him.

KITTY

Pour me one Mickey boy.

Detective Taylor reaches across the bar, picks up a glass, pours Kitty a drink and hands it to her.

KITTY (CONT'D)

You seem even more of a buzz kill than usual. What's wrong?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Don't you worry your cute little ass about it.

KITTY

You used to be fun once.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Sorry to disappoint.

KITTY

You never disappoint Mickey. How about we go to the back and I make you feel better?

Detective Taylor nods his head Yes.

CUT TO:

Detective Taylor is sitting down on a cushioned chair, in a booth, bottle of whiskey in hand, as Kitty stands in front of him and begins her routine.

Kitty turns, sits down on Detective Taylor's lap, grinds onto him, then takes the bottle and drinks from it.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

George is walking up the steps of a house and stands in front of the door. He looks around to make sure everything looks OK and that he isn't being watched, then KNOCKS on the door. Anastasia, opens the door, then embraces and kisses George on either side of his face.

GEORGE

Mamma, I told you, always answer with the chain on, you can never be too careful.

ANASTASIA

But I knew you were coming.

GEORGE

Doesn't matter, always be careful.

ANASTASIA

I'm so glad you could make it after all.

GEORGE
You're not even listening.

ANASTASIA
Come, I've made so much.

GEORGE
I bet you have.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

George and his mother are sitting at the dining table, which is covered with different dishes. George is digging into his Pastichio, while Anastasia looks on happily. He then washes it down with a soft drink.

GEORGE
You still doing the yoga?

ANASTASIA
Every Wednesday and Friday nights.
It's done wonders to my body, I
feel thirty years old.

GEORGE
That's good.

ANASTASIA
How is work, you keeping safe?

GEORGE
It's OK, I guess..

ANASTASIA
Why don't you move on now? I can
have a word to Sotiris about it,
he'd listen to me.

GEORGE
I don't know what else to do with
myself to be honest.

ANASTASIA
You're such a talented young man,
you could do anything you wanted.

GEORGE
You're my mamma, you're supposed to
say nice things to me. By the way,
it's Churchill now, he'd hate to be
called Sotiris.

ANASTASIA
He's always been up his own ass.

They both laugh.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)
Have you met a nice girl yet?

GEORGE
Don't even ask.

ANASTASIA
Oh but I'll always ask, so you
better do something about it.

GEORGE
I'm trying.

ANASTASIA
Try more. A nice Greek girl is what
you need. The foreign girls don't
know how to care for a man.

GEORGE
Mamma, come on.

ANASTASIA
What I say is true.

GEORGE
Jesus.

ANASTASIA
(Annoyed)
Eh?

GEORGE
Sorry.

CUT TO:

George is about to open the front door, when Anastasia runs up to him holding plastic bags full of food containers.

ANASTASIA
Hold on Georgaki.

GEORGE
Mamma, what?

ANASTASIA
Take.

GEORGE
What is all this?

ANASTASIA
Take it, you need to eat, you lost weight.

GEORGE
I have not.

ANASTASIA
You have. Just take it.

George reluctantly takes the bags from her.

GEORGE
We're not in the great depression you know, there's still food in the supermarkets.

ANASTASIA
Not as good as that.

GEORGE
That's true.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Have a good night mamma.

Anastasia kisses George goodbye.

ANASTASIA
Be careful out there.

She then does the sign of the cross before him three times.

GEORGE
Mamma.

ANASTASIA
It's protection.

GEORGE
I'm just go to work, I'm not going off to fight the armies of darkness tonight.

ANASTASIA
Take care my boy.

GEORGE
See you next week.

EXT. MASSAGE PARLOUR - NIGHT

George, wearing glasses, sporting a fake beard, and dressed in a very casual way, walks up to the side window of the front of a massage parlour. Before he reaches it he puts down what looks like one of those plastic containers found in petrol shops.

A big bellied, grubby, Eastern European looking man, YANOUSKA, stands behind the window of the establishment. George stands in front of him and tries a polite smile.

YANOUSKA

First time?

GEORGE

What, here?

YANOUSKA

No, Disneyland. Yes, here.

GEORGE

Sorry, Yep, first time.

YANOUSKA

15 for entrance and 60 for regular service. 20 for each extra.

GEORGE

Sure.

George hands him money.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Um, the women here, are they nice, I mean friendly? I just want to talk a bit first, get to know each other.

YANOUSKA

What?

GEORGE

You know, I don't want to be just impersonal, you know?

Yanouska is looking at him with a perplexed look.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Never mind.

The door opens and as George enters, Gabriel grabs the door with one hand so it's held in place and with the other, points a gun at Yanouska.

GABRIEL
I want free entry.

CUT TO:

GUN SHOTS are heard and half dressed men and women run out of the massage parlour and into the street in panic.

George and Gabriel exit the building with Yanouska and George takes a bottle Molotov and lights it.

GEORGE
Tell your boss to back off or we're going to burn his ass next.

George throws the bottle in the building and fire explodes inside. Gabriel kicks Yanouska in the groin and he bends forward in pain. He then hits his head with the back of his gun, knocking him unconscious to the ground.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

MOVING.

Gabriel is behind the wheel, George is sitting next to him and takes off his fake beard.

GABRIEL
What's with the beard, you a master of disguise now?

GEORGE
I thought I'd try something, that's all.

GABRIEL
And what was that you were asking about the girls back there?

GEORGE
Just curious.

GABRIEL
Why, you thinking of going to such a place?

GEORGE
Fuck no - well, you know, it's-

GABRIEL
Oh my God, you actually considered it.

GEORGE

No, no, wait.

GABRIEL

How can you be this desperate?

GEORGE

I didn't consider it. I was just genuinely curious about the whole process of paying for sex. And look, I have had a run of bad luck lately when it comes to the ladies. We can't all be a Gabriel can we?

GABRIEL

Fuck you.

GEORGE

Blow me, you egomaniacal asshole.

They stay silent for a bit.

GABRIEL

So, should I drop you off at your place?

GEORGE

I thought we would hang out, grab a few beers. It's what we always do after a job.

GABRIEL

I'm sorry man, I can't, Jenny's waiting for me.

GEORGE

You know, ever since you hooked up with her, I never really see you anymore. Just saying.

GABRIEL

What, what about today?

GEORGE

That was work, I only see you for work related matters or when you go for your stupid runs.

GABRIEL

You're acting like a jealous housewife.

GEORGE

Fine, fuck it.

GABRIEL

Look, you want us to go for beers,
we can go for beers.

Gabriel takes out his phone.

GEORGE

I want you to want to go for beers
with me.

GABRIEL

I do want to. I'll just text Jenny,
so she doesn't wait up for me.

GEORGE

No, don't do that, just forget it.

GABRIEL

No, it's OK, she won't mind.

GEORGE

Look, no, I will feel like a shit,
lets just organise something soon
instead.

GABRIEL

It's no problem.

GEORGE

No, look, I'm tired tonight, truth
be told. Lets do it another night,
she's waiting for you.

GABRIEL

OK, but what the hell, do you have
your man period or something?

GEORGE

Screw you.

GABRIEL

Should we stop someplace for
tampons?

Gabriel can't contain his laughter, George can't help but
smile a bit.

GEORGE

You're such an asshole.

INT. CANAL - NIGHT

Jenny and Detective Taylor are alone in a closed off corner next to a canal.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
That's a very good development then. Let them all kill each other off. They all fucking scum.

JENNY
War is never a good thing. Too much collateral.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
Is there another reason you don't like this development?

JENNY
What do you mean?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
Don't play coy with me.

JENNY
What are you on about?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
I've seen you leave his place repeatedly, you're fucking him and I don't think that is part of the job.

JENNY
You've been spying on me?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
Just keeping tabs, incase-

JENNY
In case what? All that can come from it is that you compromise me and this case. Are you out of your fucking mind?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
Yes.

Detective Taylor grabs Jenny and plants a big wet kiss on her lips. She struggles to free herself and manages to push him off her.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Look, I've fallen for you bad, I
want you. Forget this fucking case,
let's get away, start over
someplace new, just the two of us.

JENNY
Oh my God, you're fucking crazy.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
Crazy for you, yes.

Jenny swings and punches Detective Taylor on the jaw. He falls back, not having expected the punch.

JENNY
I told you not to touch me like
that again, didn't I? There is no
us, get that into your shit for
brains head. Get your fucking act
together, what I'm doing is hard
enough as it is. Goddamn it.

Jenny turns and leaves.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

George is standing in the adjacent room outside of Churchill's office and is looking at the people dancing on the dance floor.

Maria comes and stands next to him.

MARIA
How are you George?

GEORGE
Fine, I guess. How's little Rick?

MARIA
Doing a lot better now, thank you
for asking, you practically the
only one that does.

GEORGE
Where is everyone tonight?

MARIA
They are at a private function. Did
you want to see Churchill?

GEORGE
I want to ask for some time off.

MARIA
He won't like that.

GEORGE
He never likes anything I say.

MARIA
I know the feeling.

Maria's hand lightly touches on to George's.

Maria turns and looks at George.

MARIA (CONT'D)
If you're not that happy here
George, why don't you leave?

GEORGE
Leaving this world we're in is
never simple or easy.

MARIA
That's true.

GEORGE
And I'll be leaving too much
behind.

MARIA
Maybe all that is needed is the
right incentive.

They stare at each other.

GEORGE
I'm going to go get a drink.

INT. CAFE - DAY

George is sitting in his favourite booth at the cafe, having
breakfast.

Suddenly, Betty Bonkers takes the seat opposite him. George
sees her and nearly chokes on his food.

He downs some coffee.

GEORGE
Betty, what a surprise.

BETTY BONKERS
I think you have been avoiding me.

GEORGE

What - what makes you say that?

BETTY BONKERS

You never return my texts or calls.

GEORGE

I've been meaning to, it's just that - that...

BETTY BONKERS

What? Tell me.

George looks down to his plate.

BETTY BONKERS (CONT'D)

George, look at me.

George looks up.

BETTY BONKERS (CONT'D)

Why don't you want to be with me?
Is it, is it cause I'm so short?
I'm tiny aren't I?

GEORGE

What? No, no, your height has nothing to do with it.

BETTY BONKERS

What then?

GEORGE

It's, it's just that we are very different people.

BETTY BONKERS

So, opposites attract.

GEORGE

I know, but, look, it's because I'm fucked up and you deserve someone better than me.

BETTY BONKERS

But I just want you. You make me feel...

GEORGE

What?

BETTY BONKERS

Sane.

GEORGE

I'm so sorry.

Betty Bonkers turns her head and looks outside, visibly trying to hold back the tears. She stands up, tears rolling down her face.

BETTY BONKERS

I'm sorry, I'll never annoy you again.

Betty runs to the exit.

George is about to call after her but stops himself. He looks at his food and pushes the plate away.

GEORGE

Goddamn it.

INT. GABRIEL'S PLACE - NIGHT

Jenny and Gabriel are flushed and sweaty, under the sheets, holding each other.

JENNY

Tell me something I don't know about you.

GABRIEL

Oh, hmm, OK, I used to be a heavy smoker.

JENNY

Shut up.

GABRIEL

True. I started smoking when I was 14, gave it up 3 years ago. How about you?

JENNY

Um - I - kissed a girl once.

GABRIEL

And you liked it?

Jenny smiles sheepishly.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Come on, can't you do better than a pop song?

She shakes her head NO.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Liar.

Gabriel sits up and plants his feet on the ground.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Need to rehydrate. You want anything?

JENNY

Apple juice.

GABRIEL

Get it yourself.

JENNY

Oh come on.

GABRIEL

Nope.

CUT TO:

They are in bed again. Gabriel is drinking from a carton of orange juice and Jenny from a carton of apple juice.

JENNY

I think I'll take that job offer if it's still on the table.

GABRIEL

What made you change your mind?

Jenny wipes her mouth, then looks at Gabriel.

JENNY

I think it might be fun to work together.

Jenny starts stroking his chest.

GABRIEL

I've been thinking about that, the timing is really bad, with the Russians and all.

JENNY

You think I can't handle myself? Is that it eh?

GABRIEL

Not at all.

JENNY

What then?

GABRIEL

I don't want to - have to worry about you.

JENNY

That's sweet, but I can take care myself, OK?

GABRIEL

I know it.

JENNY

Good.

GABRIEL

OK.

JENNY

Besides, that goes both ways, you know.

Jenny stares at Gabriel, she seems about to say something but stops herself at the last moment.

GABRIEL

What?

JENNY

Nothing.

GABRIEL

It seemed like you were about to say something.

JENNY

Was I? I don't think I was.

GABRIEL

Are you sure, you're positive there's isn't something, a few words you want to tell me?

JENNY

I'm sure. Maybe you're projecting on me something you were thinking of saying.

Gabriel laughs, grabs her and tickles her.

GABRIEL

Oh is that right?

Jenny tries to push him off.

JENNY

Stop that.

GABRIEL

Just say what you were going to say.

JENNY

I know nothing. Nothing. Nada.

She tries to wrestle him off her but he grabs her hands and gets on top of her.

GABRIEL

See, I think you were definitely going to say something, but you kinda chickened out.

JENNY

Oh yeah, is that what you think? This is what I think.

Jenny kisses him. Gabriel eases his hold and their hands explore each other, as passion reignites between them.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Churchill is sitting by his table at the back of the restaurant, about to have his dinner. Maria is sitting opposite him and she pours wine in his glass. There are a couple of guards stationed nearby and around the restaurant.

Pavlos enters the place and walks up to Churchill's table, holding on to a file.

A waiter brings a plate with warm food to the table. Churchill turns to Pavlos.

CHURCHILL

Can't this wait?

PAVLOS

I'm afraid it definitely cannot.

Pavlos offers Churchill the file, he wipes his hands and takes it.

INT. GEORGE'S PLACE - DAY

Gabriel takes a seat on a sofa chair.

GEORGE
I'm brewing some strong coffee,
want some?

Gabriel gives him a look.

GABRIEL
You know I don't touch the stuff.

GEORGE
Right, no coffee, no smoking.
Forgot.

George heads to the kitchen.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I could definitely do with some.

GABRIEL
So what's up? You have that look on
your face.

George pours himself a cup of coffee.

GEORGE
What look?

GABRIEL
Same as that time with Elvira.

GEORGE
God, I loved that God. Bring that
up for?

GABRIEL
Sorry.

George comes over with a giant cup of coffee and sits
opposite Gabriel.

GEORGE
Fuck it.

George stares at the coffee.

GABRIEL
Well, is it the fucking Russians?

George looks up.

GEORGE
You want some juice?

GABRIEL
Just tell me already.

GEORGE
OK, OK, it's not easy, alright.

GABRIEL
What the hell, you got Betty
knocked up or something?

George takes a deep breath.

GEORGE
It's about Jenny.

GABRIEL
What about her?

GEORGE
She's not who you think, she's -
she's a cop.

Gabriel doesn't move or speak for a few seconds.

GABRIEL
Fuck you she's a cop. What the hell
you playing at, is this some kind
of stupid joke?

GEORGE
It's not a joke. I double checked
the information myself. First
background check came in negative
but a follow was more revealing.
She's an undercover detective,
there's no doubt about it.

Gabriel gets to his feet.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'm really sorry man.

Gabriel breaths in deep. Stays silent.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
There's one more thing.

Gabriel looks at George.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Churchill has ordered for you to -
to take care of this.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

He said it had to be you, you have to do this as an act of loyalty to him and the organisation.

Gabriel keeps still, brewing.

Then he explodes in rage.

GABRIEL

Fuck!

Gabriel picks up a vase and smashes it to the ground, then turns the coffee table right over.

GEORGE

Hey, stop it.

Gabriel kicks the X-box that is on the ground in front of the television.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

No, not the X-box.

Gabriel walks towards the door.

GABRIEL

I'm sorry, I need to get out of here.

George is on the ground, holding on to the games machine.

GEORGE

What will you do?

GABRIEL

I don't know, I'm sorry about the mess.

GEORGE

I'm here for you, OK.

Gabriel nods, then turns and leaves.

George looks at the mess around the living room, then tenderly pats his X-box.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I should have told him in the fucking park.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Gabriel is walking along the pavement and crosses the street to his car. He opens the car door, gets in and slams it hard.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

NOT MOVING.

Gabriel breathes in deep, then slams his hand hard on the steering wheel, twice.

He starts the ignition and speeds off.

INT. GABRIEL'S PLACE - NIGHT

Gabriel is sitting on the ground, a bottle of Vodka in his hands. He drinks from it.

INT. GABRIEL'S PLACE - DAY

Gabriel wakes up on the couch in his living room. He struggles to sit up, he seems to have a bad hangover.

He splashes water on his face.

He downs a bottle of orange juice.

Gabriel starts hitting his punching bag. As time goes by, his hits become stronger and stronger, he builds up a good sweat until he punches himself out and hangs on to the bag.

Gabriel shaves, showers and puts on a clean shirt.

He straps his gun holder on, cleans his Glock 17 gun, holsters it in place, puts on a jacket and leaves.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Gabriel is standing in the hallway outside of Jenny's front door.

He KNOCKS on the door and waits.

He KNOCKS again and ends the knocking by turning the knock into a punch, then holds his fist in pain.

He looks around to make sure he is alone, takes out a lock opening device and picks the lock.

He opens the door and walks in.

INT. JENNY'S PLACE - DAY

Gabriel walking around the place, throwing things to the ground. He heads into the bedroom and starts opening drawers and looking through Jenny's belongings.

INT. JENNY'S PLACE - NIGHT

Jenny opens the front door and walks inside holding on to a shopping bag. The place is dark and she switches on a light. The room illuminates and she gasps and drops the shopping to the ground. Gabriel is sitting on a couch, a stone cold look on his face.

JENNY

Gabriel? You scared the absolute fuck out of me. What are you doing in the dark?

Jenny goes on one knee, puts her handbag down and starts picking up groceries scattered on the floor.

JENNY (CONT'D)

And how did you get in here anyway? You pick the lock or something? Bet the fucking eggs are all broken.

GABRIEL

I know what you are Jenny.

JENNY

What are you on about? And why is this place in such a mess?

Gabriel stands up.

GABRIEL

I know what you are. A liar, a deceiver, a manipulator, a whore -- a fucking cop.

Jenny's hand goes over her handbag, Gabriel notices and takes out his gun.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Push the bag away.

Jenny does so.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Stand up.

JENNY

What about the eggs?

GABRIEL

Fuck the eggs.

Jenny stands up.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Put your hands in the air.

JENNY

Wave them around like I just don't care?

GABRIEL

Just fucking do it.

JENNY

Fine, take a chill pill already.

Jenny puts her hands up, Gabriel comes over to her and starts frisking her with his free hand.

Jenny lets out a soft moan.

JENNY (CONT'D)

If this is some sort of elaborate, sexual game, it's really damn hot.

GABRIEL

Shut up.

He moves away from her.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Put your hands down. I want to hear it from your lying lips. Say it.

JENNY

Say what?

Gabriel points the gun at her.

GABRIEL

I'm not playing around here. Say the words.

Jenny breathes in deep.

JENNY

This doesn't change anything.

GABRIEL

It fucking changes everything.

JENNY

Not the way I feel about you.

GABRIEL

Just say it!

Jenny sighs.

JENNY

I'm a cop.

Gabriel's fingers wrap around the trigger.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Shoot me if you have to but what we have, everything that happened between us, it was all true, it was all real.

GABRIEL

You expect me to believe that?

Jenny walks forward.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Stay put.

JENNY

Look into my eyes, you know I'm telling the truth.

GABRIEL

All you have done is lie to me.

JENNY

About my fucking work. Not cool, I know, but, and I swear to God here, I would have just made a case against Churchill and his inner circle, you and George would have walked.

GABRIEL

Right, just like that.

JENNY

Yes.

GABRIEL
I don't buy it for a second.

JENNY
Doesn't matter, I don't have
anything anyway.

Gabriel looks at the gun and then at Jenny.

GABRIEL
And then?

JENNY
What?

GABRIEL
You put Churchill away and
everything is cool, then what? We
would continue on, you would just
turn a blind eye to the way I make
a living?

JENNY
I don't know, we would just figure
it out. I'm telling you the truth,
you know I am.

GABRIEL
Shut up. Just shut the fuck up.

They look at each other in silence.

Gabriel lowers his gun.

He lifts it back up and shoots Jenny.

Jenny looks at Gabriel in complete shock.

JENNY
I can't believe you shot me.

A trickle of blood appears on Jenny's arm.

GABRIEL
I missed.

Jenny walks up to him.

JENNY
You still pulled the trigger you
asshole.

GABRIEL
What the fuck, you're upset at me?

She pushes him hard and he pushes her back and she lets out a painful cry.

JENNY
Jesus. It hurts you know.

GABRIEL
Sorry.

JENNY
You shot me.

GABRIEL
You're a cop and I'm a criminal and
you fucking lied to my face. What
did you expect me to do?

Jenny thinks for a while.

JENNY
Are we even then?

GABRIEL
Don't know.

Jenny gets even closer. They are almost touching now.

JENNY
You shot me, I'm bleeding.

GABRIEL
It's a scratch, you cry baby.

She pushes his shoulder, then grabs him and kisses him. Their lips part for a second, they catch their breath, only to start kissing passionately, and start undressing each other. They make love right there on the on the spot.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

George and Gabriel are sitting on stools by a bar counter and are having drinks.

GEORGE
This is all so messed up.

GABRIEL
I know it is, I'll think of
something.

GEORGE

You better think fast, Churchill is going to find out about this, if he hasn't already.

GABRIEL

I'll have a word with him.

GEORGE

You do realise he's not the most understanding or forgiving person out there, right?

GABRIEL

I think I can convince him to let this go.

GEORGE

You're very optimistic by nature, aren't you?

Gabriel smiles.

GABRIEL

More like you're a pessimist.

GEORGE

Sure, I'm a realist.

George shakes his head.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Talk about forbidden love.

GABRIEL

Yeah.

GEORGE

I'll drink to that.

They clink their glasses and down their drink.

INT. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Maria opens the door and Gabriel walks in Churchill's office. The boss stands up and walks to his mini bar.

CHURCHILL

Gabriel, please take a seat. Drink?

GABRIEL

Um, sure, thanks.

Churchill pours two whiskies.

MARIA

Would that be all Mr. Churchill?

CHURCHILL

Yes, thank you Maria, you can go.

Maria closes the door behind her. Churchill hands Gabriel his drink, then walks behind his desk and sits down.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

I guess this is about the order I gave you regarding a certain individual you have become quite intimate with?

Gabriel nods his head Yes.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

And you are upset that I chose you to handle this problem?

GABRIEL

I never thought my loyalty was in question.

CHURCHILL

My intention was not to insult you. It was to challenge you and see what you're truly made of. In our line of work action speaks louder than words.

GABRIEL

I've proven myself enough over the years.

Churchill BANGS his hand on the desk.

CHURCHILL

Wrong, we all constantly have to prove ourselves till the day we die. Some more so than others. The alpha wolf is always fighting off the young pretenders to his throne. You gotta constantly bare your fangs son, I need to know if you're made of fire and brimstone, I need to know you have what it takes.

Churchill gets up and stands next to Gabriel. He puts his hands on his shoulder.

CHURCHHILL

Who the hell do you think I'm gonna
leave all this to one day?

Gabriel looks at him with surprise.

GABRIEL

I don't know what to say. I'm
honoured.

Churchill moves back to his desk and stands in front of it.

CHURCHILL

Keep your cock in your trousers,
I'm not going nowhere for a long
while yet and you still have much
to learn. Take this situation now,
there's a perfect lesson there for
you if you care to listen.

GABRIEL

What's that?

CHURCHILL

Never underestimate the lure and
power of the cunt. A thousand ships
set sail and burnt the topless
tower of Ilium because of it.

GABRIEL

Whatever was between me and her is
over now. I just feel it is bad for
us to get in the habit of killing
cops. It's too much heat. Let this
go, she doesn't have anything on
us.

CHURCHILL

Even if that was true, it would be
taken as a sign of weakness by our
enemies.

GABRIEL

By the time I'm through we won't
have any enemies to speak off.
Please, I haven't ask for anything
before. I am asking you now.

Churchill sighs. He grabs his glass and downs his drink.

CHURCHILL

OK, fuck it, because it's you
Gabriel, I will let this be.

GABRIEL

Thank you Mr. Churchill, I really appreciate it.

CHURCHILL

Shut the hell up. You're going to have to make up for this. I want the Russian situation dealt with asap.

GABRIEL

You got it boss, I'm on it.

CHURCHILL

Good, that's what I like to hear.

Gabriel gets up.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

Finish your whiskey, that stuff is not cheap.

GABRIEL

Sure.

Gabriel finishes his drink.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

And once again, thank you.

Gabriel exits the room and Churchill picks up the phone.

CHURCHILL

Roper? Get me The Ottoman. What? No, you heard me, I said get me The Ottoman.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

SCREAMING is heard coming from within the building.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A bruised and bloodied man, FERNANDO, is gasping for air, and seems to be in a lot of pain. Blood is dripping from his chair to the ground. In front of him, wearing black gloves, is a short but strangely imposing man, with sharp facial features, piercing, pale hazel eyes and a scar on his forehead. This is THE OTTOMAN.

THE OTTOMAN

Feel free to keep screaming, that is perfectly acceptable. Your cacophony adds ambiance that helps me concentrate.

FERNANDO

Please - please stop.

THE OTTOMAN

Begging works well too.

The Ottoman punches him in the face, breaking the man's nose. Fernando's YELLS in pain as his nose starts oozing blood, and his eyes water.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)

That was the best punch of the evening, I think. What do you think Fernando?

FERNANDO

Please...

THE OTTOMAN

Excuse me for a second.

The Ottoman walks away from Fernando, but soon returns holding on to a metallic case.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)

I bet you can guess what is in the case, can't you?

The Ottoman places the case on the ground, and goes to one knee.

FERNANDO

Please, I will do anything you want, please stop hurting me.

The Ottoman looks at Fernando, gets to his feet and gets close to him.

The Ottoman sighs.

THE OTTOMAN

Fine, OK, I'll stop now. That was enough. That's it. I'm done.

FERNANDO

Really? Thank you, thank you.

The Ottoman stares at him.

THE OTTOMAN

Nah, I'm only joking. We've barely started really, got a lot more torturing to get up to.

Fernando looks at him totally distraught.

The Ottoman pats him tenderly on his face.

FERNANDO

But I told you everything.

THE OTTOMAN

I know, but I like doing this. Just being honest with you. You spilled your guts - metaphorically - after the first punch, look at it from my side.

FERNANDO

What?

THE OTTOMAN

Anyway, hope me being honest with you helps.

The Ottoman returns to his suitcase and opens it revealing a whole bunch of gruesome torturing tools.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)

I have to add though, this is not as fun as it used to be. I'm kinda burned out. It's as - it's as if I'm barely going through the motions. It's sad really.

The Ottoman stands up, picks up a sledgehammer, walks up to the tied up man and aims at his knee.

FERNANDO

No, no, no, no.

The Ottoman hits him there, shattering the knee. Fernando starts YELLING out in agonising pain as The Ottoman's phone RINGS.

He answers.

THE OTTOMAN

(on phone)

Hello?

Fernando keeps YELLING.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)
OK, hold on a second please.

The Ottoman takes out a cloth and walks up to Fernando.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)
Where are your manners, can't you
see I'm on the phone?

He stuffs the cloth in Fernando's mouth, punches him once more, then resumes talking on the phone.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)
I'm here. Sorry about that. Aha,
hmm, yes, that sounds interesting.
Send me over the details. Goodbye.

The Ottoman puts the phone away and turns to Fernando who is crying away, making a grunting noise and who looks close to passing out.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)
Now, where were we?

INT. JENNY'S PLACE - DAY

Jenny and Gabriel finish getting dressed.

They both have some coffee in the kitchen and Jenny grabs a piece of toast.

EXT. STREET - DAY

They walk outside and turn to each other, Jenny having just finished her slice of toast.

Gabriel smiles, then reaches the corner of her mouth with his finger and wipes some crumbs away.

GABRIEL
Crumbs.

JENNY
Thanks.

She picks up his finger and gives it a soft bite.

They stare at each other.

GABRIEL
I really have to go.

JENNY

So do I.

GABRIEL

After this, we can't be seen together for a while.

JENNY

I know.

GABRIEL

OK. Be careful.

JENNY

I thought you said you sorted things out.

GABRIEL

I did, but still.

JENNY

Gabriel, I'm a cop.

GABRIEL

You don't have to remind me.

JENNY

Get out of here before I arrest you.

GABRIEL

Funny, you were the one with the cuffs on last night.

Jenny smiles slyly.

JENNY

You got me there.

GABRIEL

I'll text you in a few days were we can meet.

They kiss and go their separate ways.

INT. JENNY'S CAR - DAY

NOT MOVING.

Jenny starts the engine.

The Ottoman appears in the back seat and puts a wet cloth over Jenny's face. Her eyes roll and she passes out.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jenny is inside the old abandoned warehouse. She is tied up to a chair and passed out.

Smelling salt is placed underneath her nose and she quickly comes to her senses.

Her eyes are all blurry but soon they come to focus and she sees The Ottoman smile at her in a very off way.

JENNY

Who the fuck are you?

THE OTTOMAN

I'm The Ottoman.

JENNY

No shit.

THE OTTOMAN

I have something to show you.

JENNY

Please let it not be your penis.

THE OTTOMAN

Hmm, you're not like the others.
Excuse me.

The Ottoman returns holding on to his metallic case, which he places on the ground in front of Jenny.

JENNY

What do you know about Churchill
and his operation?

JENNY (CONT'D)

The fat English guy in world war 2?

The Ottoman smiles and points at the case.

THE OTTOMAN

I bet you can guess what's in
there, can't you?

JENNY

Beauty products you swear by?

The Ottoman lets out a laugh.

THE OTTOMAN

This is great, you acting all tough and like - a female Daredevil, the woman without fear, you're going to make this so worthwhile for me. Lets see how long it'll take for piss to trickle down your thighs.

JENNY

You're making a terrible mistake, I'm a police officer, you don't want my blood on your hands.

THE OTTOMAN

You're righton that point.

The Ottoman takes out a pair of black leather gloves and puts them on. He walks up to Jenny and stands real close to her. He notices two strains of hair that are over her face and almost in a tender manner, places them with the rest of her hair, then traces two fingers across her face, till he reaches her chin.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)

You're a pretty one, I bet your screams will be pretty too. I encourage screaming, no one can hear you here.

JENNY

I'm not the one that's going to be screaming.

Jenny reaches with her mouth and bites down hard on The Ottoman's wrist and he lets out a loud CRY.

He pulls his bitten arm back and with the other, punches Jenny on the nose.

He holds his sore wrist and sees that the skin is broken.

THE OTTOMAN

Fuck me.

A trickle of blood runs down Jenny's nose and as it reaches her lips, she tastes it with her tongue, then smiles.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)

You're fucking crazy.

JENNY

Yeah, I am.

THE OTTOMAN

Good. You'll present somewhat of a challenge then.

JENNY

So let me guess, this is the only way for you to be alone with a woman, isn't it?

THE OTTOMAN

Shut up bitch.

JENNY

Or what, you're going to torture me?

THE OTTOMAN

Um...

The Ottoman punches her again, and her head tilts back.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)

There, how did you like that?

Jenny spits out blood on him.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)

Goddamn it.

The Ottoman takes out some wipes and rubs his face clean

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)

You filthy animal.

JENNY

You punch like a sissy by the way, Ottobitch, or whatever the fuck you're called. Untie me and I'll show you how a woman can punch.

THE OTTOMAN

Oh yeah?

JENNY

Untie me and lets see who can make the other bleed the most.

The Ottoman looks at her surprised and intrigued.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Unless of course you are what I suspect, scared shitless.

THE OTTOMAN

I assure you I'm not. And I'm not about to untie you.

JENNY

Don't you want to feel truly alive, to beat on me while I'm fighting back, to kill me like a wild beast would kill its prey in the jungle? Untie me, it'll be so much more fun, I promise.

The Ottoman stays silent in thought.

He then kneels down, opens the case and picks out a sharp looking blade. He walks to Jenny, branding the knife near her face, then touching the edge of it on the flesh just below her right eye.

THE OTTOMAN

Fuck it. Don't move or I'll slice your throat.

The Ottoman walks behind her and proceeds to cut the rope that binds her to the chair. He keeps the knife pointed at her neck and walks back in front of her.

Jenny springs to her feet, grabs the chair and breaks it over The Ottoman. His sharp blade flies off his hand and lands to the ground.

JENNY

Can't believe you fucking went for it.

Jenny proceeds to punch him twice and kick him on the leg and the head, moving him back. But The Ottoman braces himself, blocks her next strike and punches her back in the gut, dropping her to the ground.

THE OTTOMAN

Oh what fun we will have indeed.

He bends low and punches her and she falls to her back. The Ottoman gets on top of her and punches her again. Jenny is close to passing out.

Blood is also visible now from a fresh cut on the edge of her left eyebrow.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)

You know what my dilemma is now miss police officer?

The Ottoman waits for Jenny to reply. When she doesn't he lightly slaps her face repeatedly.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no time for sleep now.
I want you to hear this. Do you
know what my dilemma is?

JENNY

What?

THE OTTOMAN

Glad you asked. My dilemma is
wether I should beat you to death
and then fuck you, or if I should
fuck you, then beat you to death.

JENNY

I have a solution for you.

THE OTTOMAN

Oh yeah? I'm all ears.

Jenny grabs The Ottoman by his clothes and elbows him on the nose, then shifts her body so her knee is in the right position and she hits him in the groin. The Ottoman howls in pain.

JENNY

You can't fuck if your balls are
busted up.

Jenny then twirls her legs over, while grabbing hold of The Ottoman's arm and gets into a arm bar position. She starts to pull the arm in a bending position, making The Ottoman CRY OUT in pain.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Feel free to scream all you want, I
encourage screaming, no one can
hear you here.

Jenny breaks his arm, making him SCREAM even louder.

She then drops the arm and gets to her feet.

THE OTTOMAN

You broke it, you whore.

JENNY

That's not all I'm going to break.

THE OTTOMAN

No, wait, I'm sorry I swore at you.
You won, you won, you can go now.

JENNY

Excuse me a second.

Jenny walks away from The Ottoman but stops to pick up the metallic case, which she brings near the fallen man.

THE OTTOMAN

What are you going to do?

Jenny opens it and takes out the sledgehammer.

JENNY

My very worst.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Screaming is heard coming from inside the building.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jenny, covered in blood, is looking into the pockets of The Ottoman's dead body, She takes his phone- his face is a blur of red.

She dials a number.

INT. DETECTIVE TAYLOR'S PLACE - NIGHT

Detective Taylor's phone starts RINGING, he answers in the third ring.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Hello?

JENNY

It's Jenny, I was attacked.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Jesus.

JENNY

I'm OK but I need to lay low.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
Go to the place we discussed . I'll
send someone over to guard you.

JENNY
OK, thanks.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
Jenny?

JENNY
Yeah?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
It's Gabriel, he gave you up,
didn't he?

JENNY
No, I don't believe it was. Not for
a second.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
That's foolish, I bet it was him.

Jenny hangs up.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Hello, Jenny?

Detective Taylor puts the phone down.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Goddamn stupid bitch.

He gets up, paces up and down for a few seconds, then grabs
his jacket and leaves.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The table is full of rich dishes as George and his mother
Anastasia are having dinner. George though is hardly eating a
bite and looks lost in thought.

ANASTASIA
What is it Georgaki. Are you coming
down with a cold?

GEORGE
What? Oh no, I'm alright, I'm fine.

ANASTASIA
I'm your mother and I know you well
enough to know something is wrong.

George sighs.

GEORGE

It's work. Gabriel might be in serious trouble and I don't know if I can help him.

ANASTASIA

You know I never told you this, but your father and Churchill were friends back in the old land. They were in the business together, and your father was boss. But he died and - well, things changed. Sotiris - he - he tried to force himself on me. I told him I was pregnant, he apologised and soon after left for London.

GEORGE

Why didn't you mention any of this before.

ANASTASIA

It never felt the right time.

GEORGE

Why now?

ANASTASIA

You've always felt uncomfortable in this line of work you're in but know that it's in your blood, and it's your birthright to be the king. I thought you should know this before making any of the important decisions you will have to make soon.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jenny, clothes and face covered with blood, is sitting on the gravel, at the edge of a dirt road as a car pulls up and a frantic Gabriel comes out.

GABRIEL

Jenny.

She stands up.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Oh fuck me.

JENNY
You had one job Gabriel.

GABRIEL
I'm so fucking sorry.

Gabriel embraces her.

JENNY
Ouch.

GABRIEL
Sorry.

JENNY
It's OK, it's - moistly not my
blood.

GABRIEL
What happened?

JENNY
I took out The Ottoman.

GABRIEL
Christ.

JENNY
You know of him?

GABRIEL
Yeah, supposed to be a psychotic
nightmare.

JENNY
Turns out he was a pussy.

Gabriel goes all quiet and turns away from her.

JENNY (CONT'D)
What?

GABRIEL
Goddamn it. I thought you were
safe. I'm so sorry.

JENNY
It's fine.

Gabriel looks at Jenny.

GABRIEL
It's not, I fucked up big time.

JENNY

Don't worry, just please get me the hell out of here.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

NOT MOVING.

Gabriel and Jenny are getting into the car. Gabriel takes out his phone and dials a number.

INT. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Churchill is sitting behind the desk, Maria on top of him, his hand under her dress, they are kissing passionately.

The desk phone RINGS.

They stop kissing, Maria looks at Churchill expectably and he nods Yes to her. She leans over and answers the call.

MARIA

Yes? Hmm, OK, let me check.

Maria puts her hand over the speaking part of the phone.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(to Churchill)

It's Gabriel, says it's very important.

Churchill gestures for her to give him the phone and she does. She is about to get up but he grabs her shoulder, so she stays put.

CHURCHILL

(talking on the phone)

I'm busy, so make this quick.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Gabriel is on the phone, Jenny is on the back changing into a new pair of clothes.

GABRIEL

You're a fucking dead man.

Gabriel hangs up the call.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Churchill is holding on the phone as the dead TONE is heard. He seems to contemplate something, then hands the phone back to Maria and she places it on its resting position on the desk.

MARIA
Is everything OK?

CHURCHILL
Of course.

He puts his hands around her and grabs her buttocks hard, making Maria gasp.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
Lets get on with it.

INT. SAFE BUILDING - DAY

Gabriel and Jenny are in the bathroom and Gabriel is gently taking care of Jenny's injuries - applying ice on her face and cleaning her scrapped back. He kisses her nape.

He puts his arms around her and she grabs his hands and squeezes them.

GABRIEL
Well, all set.

JENNY
Thanks.

Jenny puts her shirt back on.

GABRIEL
I have to go out for a bit, will you be OK?

JENNY
Yeah. Where are you headed?

Gabriel takes out his gun and gives it to her.

GABRIEL
Keep a hold of this, I'm going to go and get us some more.

INT. NIGHT CLUB OFFICE - DAY

Churchill is in his office with Roper and Pavlos standing on either side. In front of them are George, Betty and four other men, FIN, RANDY, SUNNY and JUSTIN.

CHURCHILL

OK, listen, I've called you all in here cause we have just been informed as to the whereabouts of that fucking whore cop.

GEORGE

Where did that info come from?

CHURCHILL

What the fuck do you care where it came from?

GEORGE

Just asking. Do we know its reliable?

CHURCHILL

Do we know it's reliable? Shut the hell up George, will you?

GEORGE

But...

Churchill stares at him, George goes silent.

CHURCHILL

Now, where was I?

BETTY BONKERS

Dead lady cop.

CHURCHILL

Right. You are going to go deal with this. Bring me her fucking heart on a stick if you want to. I want her as dead as...

Churchill tries to think of a word to finish the sentence.

CHURCHILL

As...

BETTY BONKERS

Oh I know, as dead as any Sean Bean character ever.

CHURCHILL

I was going to say disco but yeah,
why not.

BETTY BONKERS

What if Gabriel shows?

Churchill looks directly at George.

CHURCHILL

You kill him too.

INT. CAR - DAY

MOVING.

Gabriel is behind the wheel, driving along the road. His phone BEEPS informing him that he has received a message. Gabriel picks up the phone and reads the message 'Jenny Found', which freaks him out.

GABRIEL

Oh fuck, shit.

He turns the car around, steps on the accelerator and dials Jenny's number.

INT. SAFE BUILDING - DAY

Jenny's phone is RINGING in the bedroom but she is not there.

Jenny is in the shower.

INT. CAR - DAY

MOVING.

Gabriel hears his call go to the answering machine and hangs up.

GABRIEL

God fucking damn it.

He starts typing a message.

INT. SAFE BUILDING - DAY

Jenny is walking into the bedroom, fresh from a shower, towel wrapped around her body.

She picks up a brush and starts to comb her hair.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

MOVING.

George, Betty and the rest of Churchill's men are in a vehicle, heading towards their mission.

From far behind on the same road, a van's engine ignites and it speeds down the same road.

INT/EXT. VAN - DAY

MOVING.

Vladimir is behind the wheel of the van, Vadim is next to him, and behind them is Ivan with 2 more MEN.

Ivan loads a shell into a shotgun.

INT. SAFE BUILDING - DAY

Jenny has finished brushing her hair and she notices that she has received a message on the phone.

She picks it up and reads the message which says: 'Get out, coming for you!'

JENNY

Oh shit.

Jenny starts to get dressed fast.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

MOVING.

Gabriel is speeding in his car, passing a red light and nearly causing an accident.

INT. SAFE BUILDING - DAY

Jenny, now fully dressed, is picking up the gun Gabriel gave her and is heading for the front door.

She looks through the door's peephole. There is no one outside. She slowly opens the door and goes into the hallway, looking carefully at both sides.

Jenny makes her way to the buildings front entrance, the door is wide open and George is standing in front of it.

JENNY

George?

George brings his hand up, revealing a gun in it.

GEORGE

I'm sorry Jenny.

Betty Bonkers, Fin, Randy, Sunny and Justin all walk in, all holding weapons.

JENNY

What the fuck George?

BETTY BONKERS

Put the gun down bitch.

JENNY

Why don't you come here and take it off me?

BETTY BONKERS

Oh I like her, pity she is going to die. We could have been friends, best friends even.

INT/EXT. VAN - DAY

NOT MOVING

The van with the Russians is parked outside the building. They are all looking at the action taking place inside the building.

VADIM

Should we make a move?

VLADIMIR

Wait, lets see how this plays out.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

Betty Bonkers points her gun at Jenny, the rest of the gang do likewise.

BETTY BONKERS

Time to die cop girl.

GEORGE
Betty?

BETTY BONKERS
Yeah?

George turns and points his gun a Betty Bonkers head.

GEORGE
Drop it.

BETTY BONKERS
Oh great, should have known what a treacherous piece of dog poo you are. You lack a proper set of man-balls after all, don't you?

INT/EXT. VAN - DAY

NOT MOVING

The Russians watch closely the latest developments, like they are at the movies.

IVAN
The idiots are going to kill each other.

Fin, Sunny and Justin turn in surprise and look at George. Jenny fires her gun and hits Betty Bonkers who falls back and to the ground. George fires and hits Sunny but is hit in the shoulder by a bullet from Fin's gun. George falls to the ground and drops his gun. Justin shoots at Jenny but misses as she rolls on the ground and fires back at him and misses too.

Justin is in a better position, his gun pointed right at Jenny. Fin is above George, pointing a weapon to his head.

Two shots are HEARD, then Justin and Fin drop to the ground, dead. Gabriel has entered the building and has shot them both in the head.

Jenny gets up and walks towards Gabriel. They embrace and kiss.

GEORGE
Hey, hey, how about you two get a room. No, wait, first maybe help me stop the freaking bleeding.

Jenny and Gabriel stop kissing, look at George and smile.

GABRIEL

It's just a flesh wound you sissy.

GEORGE

Flesh wound? How bout I shoot you the same eh?

GABRIEL

It's all right cry baby, we'll get you some ice cream. Thanks for the warning by the way.

A GUNSHOT goes off.

Jenny looks at Gabriel in shock and fear, her clothes on chest level, starting to color in red.

Betty Bonkers, on the ground, is holding the fired gun and is laughing. She points the gun at Gabriel but before she can pull the trigger, George picks up his gun and shoots her dead.

Jenny drops to the ground and Gabriel rushes to her side and holds her. Blood trickles from her mouth.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Jenny? Oh fuck, fuck.

Blood trickles from her mouth.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Jenny, it's OK, stay with me, you're gonna be OK.

Jenny smiles at him.

JENNY

Only - thing that mattered - is I loved you. Only - thing - mattered.

Jenny's body goes stiff.

GABRIEL

Jenny, Jenny?

Gabriel lowers his head.

George gets to his feet.

GEORGE

I'm sorry man. We have to go now, we have to.

The Russians enter the building. George turns to them.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What the fuck do you want?

VLADIMIR
I think we should talk.

INT. VET'S SURGERY - DAY

George is lying on a vet's surgery table and a female vet, OLGA, is finishing sewing up his shoulder. George flinches as smoke reaches his nostrils from the cigarette in the vet's mouth. Gabriel is standing further back, head to the ground, lost in thought.

GEORGE
Excuse me, doc, sorry what was your name again?

OLGA
Olga.

GEORGE
Yes, Olga, is it possible for you not to smoke while you're so close to my face please?

OLGA
No, not possible. My surgery, my rules.

Olga looks directly at George.

OLGA (CONT'D)
OK?

GEORGE
Yeah, OK, I guess.

OLGA
No guess. My rules.

She finishes the sewing and gets a bandage.

OLGA (CONT'D)
No rough or sudden movement's for a few days or the stitches will rip and it'll be very bad.

GEORGE
I'll do my best.

As Olga applies the bandage, she lowers her voice.

OLGA
What's up with your friend?

GEORGE
Better not to ask.

OLGA
Maybe I can make him feel better.

GEORGE
It would be a lost cause.

OLGA
That bad eh?

GEORGE
Worse.

CUT TO:

George and Gabriel are in the reception area of the vet's place. Olga is sitting behind a desk, smoking and petting a cat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Are you ready for this?

GABRIEL
Yeah.

GEORGE
OK.

George looks hesitant.

GABRIEL
Just do it already.

GEORGE
Ah, fuck it.

George punches Gabriel in the face.

INT. NIGHT CLUB OFFICE - DAY

Churchill is sitting at his office, Roper and Pavlos are sitting on chairs in front of him.

ROPER
George is still not answering.

PAVLOS

I think he sided with his friend.
The shoot out points to that.

CHURCHILL

Wouldn't put it past him. I always
thought he was a weasel.

There's a KNOCK on the door. It is Maria, a look of surprise
and apprehension evident on her face.

MARIA

Apologies Mr. Churchill, but George
is here and he's got Gabriel with
him.

CHURCHILL

Well, bring them in then.

George enters holding on to Gabriel and pointing a gun to his
rib cage. Gabriel's face is bruised up.

GEORGE

Sorry I'm late.

CHURCHILL

What the hell happened?

GEORGE

Gabriel surprised us, there was a
big shoot out, then he tried to
make a run for it but I tracked him
down.

ROPER

What happened to his face?

GEORGE

He didn't want to come quietly.

PAVLOS

Is that right?

GEORGE

Yes.

CHURCHILL

Give Roper your gun George.

GEORGE

Don't you trust me?

CHURCHILL

Just do it.

George gives Roper his gun.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
Maria, pat them both down.

GEORGE
This is ridiculous.

Maria frisks Gabriel but doesn't find a gun, she then proceeds to search George, very thoroughly, then turns to Churchill and nods her head No.

CHURCHILL
Thank you Maria, you can go.

Maria leaves the room.

Churchill opens a drawer and takes out a cigar and matches. He puts the cigar in his mouth and lights it.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
See, you George, I knew you were a spineless, toothless piece of shit, so your behaviour is of little surprise-

GEORGE
Is that right?

CHURCHILL
But you Gabriel, I had such high hopes for you, but you ended up being a disloyal little bitch. That hurt.

GABRIEL
Why did you do it, why couldn't you just let it go?

Churchill stands up and bangs a fist on the table.

CHURCHILL
I'm the boss, I can do whatever the fuck I want and you have to go along with it, with a big cheesy smile on your fucking face.

GABRIEL
Actually, I think I know why.

CHURCHILL
Oh really?

GABRIEL

Yep. It's simple. You're just a sadistic asshole, that's all.

CHURCHILL

Maybe so, but see I'm still going to be the boss, and you're just going to be worm food.

GEORGE

You don't deserve to be boss though, do you?

CHURCHILL

What are you saying George?

GEORGE

You know exactly what I'm saying.

GUN SHOTS are heard inside the main area of the night club.

ROPER

Fuck is that?

More GUN FIRE.

CHURCHILL

We're under attack.

Gary opens the door, gun drawn, while Roper cocks George's gun and Pavlos takes out a pistol of his own.

GARY

Boss, it's the Russians.

CHURCHILL

How many of them?

GARY

Looks like the whole of fucking Russia.

CHURCHILL

Go kill them.

Gary nods half heartily and closes the door.

George takes out a gun and shoots Roper in the chest, and then shoots Pavlos dead in the forehead.

George points the smoking gun at a surprised Churchill.

Churchill nods his head disapprovingly.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)
Ah, fucking women.

GEORGE
Anastasia says hello.

George fires the gun until all the bullets are spend and Churchill pummels backwards, hits his chair hard and falls to the ground.

CUT TO:

Vladimir, Vadim and Ivan are in the office, with some more RUSSIAN MEN, and with Gary, Maria, Gabriel and George.

George and Vladimir shake hands.

VADIMIR
You'll have to come over to my club soon, for some vodka, so we can properly celebrate our new partnership.

GEORGE
I very much look forward to that.

VADIM
Goodbye.

The Russians leave and George looks around the room at the dead bodies.

GEORGE
Gary, can you please get some of the men and get the garbage out of here and dispose of it.

GARY
Sure Geo- sure boss.

George looks at the chair behind the desk, then at Gabriel.

GEORGE
That could be yours too.

GABRIEL
No, go for it.

George walks around the desk, moves the chair away from Churchill's dead body and sits in it.

GEORGE
What will you do?

GABRIEL

I have someone I need to pay a visit to.

George nods in agreement.

GEORGE

And then?

GABRIEL

Don't know.

George gets up and walks to Gabriel.

GEORGE

I'll always be here for you, remember that.

GABRIEL

Thanks.

The two men hug, then Michael heads for the exit.

GEORGE

Take care of yourself.

Gabriel nods and leaves.

George goes back to his seat and puts his arm out for Maria to join him. She walks over and sits on his lap. They start kissing passionately.

INT. TAYLOR'S PLACE - NIGHT

Detective Taylor comes in his apartment and switches on the light.

He walks on from a few seconds but then reaches under his jacket for his gun.

GABRIEL (O.S.)

Don't.

Detective Taylor looks at the direction of the voice and sees Gabriel sitting on a chair, pointing a gun at him.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Slowly take your gun out and slide it on the floor towards me.

Detective Taylor does just that, his weapon coming to rest in Gabriel's left opened palm.

He picks it up, takes the bullet chamber out, and places gun and clip on the table top behind him.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
I'm a fucking police officer.

GABRIEL
I don't care.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
OK, fine. Can I make myself a drink? Been a long day.

Gabriel gives him a "What do you take me for?", look.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)
I promise not to try anything, just need the drink.

Gabriel nods Yes.

Detective Taylor heads over to his mini bar, starts to pour whiskey in a glass.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Are you here to avenge Jenny, is that it? Ha, you live in your own private fairyland, don't you?

GABRIEL
Why did you do it?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
It seemed reasonable at the heat of the moment.

Detective Taylor downs his drink.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You want one?

GABRIEL
No.

Detective Taylor stares at the gun in Gabriel's hand.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR
Is that how you'll do it, shoot me? Isn't it slightly lazy and terribly impersonal of you?

Gabriel stays silent.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I mean, I fucked Jenny long before you came around and I then signed her death warrant, the least I'd expect is that you'd want to get your actual hands on me.

Gabriel starts to pull on the trigger but at the last second stops. He stands up, un-clips the bullet chamber of his weapon and places it and the gun on the table.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

That's more like it.

Both men proceed to take their jackets off, unbutton the wrist of their shirts and roll their sleeves up.

They meet in the middle of the room and square up, hands into fists in front of them.

They start fighting, Detective Taylor connects first with sharp jabs.

Detective Taylor seems classically trained in boxing, whereas Gabriel sports a more street fighting style. Detective Taylor starts to get the better of Gabriel on the feet, and soon Gabriel has a cut on his eyebrow and his nose starts bleeding.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You know what Gabriel?

Detective Taylor scores with a jab and cross combo, and Gabriel is on wobbly feet.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I really needed this.

Detective Taylor hits Gabriel in the stomach, then follows a right cross upstairs, that moves Gabriel's head back.

Detective Taylor comes in for a left hook but Gabriel ducks and goes low, taking Detective Taylor to the ground. Gabriel mounts on top of him and starts showering him with punches.

Detective Taylor tries to cover up but Gabriel continues to punch away, until exhaustion kicks in. Detective Taylor's face is a bloody mess but he is still conscious.

Gabriel gets off him and back to his feet. He heads to the table, grabs his gun and loads the bullet chamber back into it.

He walks back to Detective Taylor, leans down and presses the gun right on his forehead.

GABRIEL

Is this personal enough?

Gabriel pulls the trigger, killing Detective Taylor and getting a lot of blood on himself in the process.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Gabriel exits the building and heads to his car. When he reaches it, he thinks about getting in but changes his mind.

He reaches in his pocket, takes out a cigarette, places it on his lips and lights it.

Bruised and dishevelled, he starts walking down an empty road.

THE END