

ACT OF LOYALTY

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

GABRIEL, dressed in a fine suit, smile on his lips, is walking down the street and the rays of the sun seem to beam down right on top of him. He's in his late-twenties, handsome, with rugged features and intense eyes. His walk is slow, steady, and confident.

INT. CAFE - DAY

A man in his late-twenties, 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're 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're marvelous, thank you so much  
for asking. And yourself, Jessica?

JESSICA

OK, I guess, maybe a tiny 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's 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 sighs.

GABRIEL  
Have you spoken to her then?

George feels 'busted' and returns his attention to his meal.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
Weren't you supposed to ask her  
out?

George ignores him.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
George - Georgie, Geo-

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

GABRIEL  
Oh 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  
Ohhhh, that's just divine. What  
would I do without you, Jessica?

Jessica moves close and whispers in Gabriel's ear.

JESSICA

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

George looks on seething and Gabriel smiles at him.

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 red 1970 Volkswagen Beetle  
which has seen better days. George is behind the wheel.

GABRIEL

I can't believe you still drive  
this pile of junk.

GEORGE

Take that back.

GABRIEL

It's the truth, look at it.

GEORGE

I'm always gonna drive her.

GABRIEL

Oh right, you still think this  
actual model was your old man's  
first-ever car.

GEORGE

Good chance it was.

GABRIEL

You're so delusional.

GEORGE

At least my car isn't a large penis.

GABRIEL

Valkarie isn't a large penis.

GEORGE

Looks like one.

GABRIEL

It's a she fuckface, so she can't have a penis.

GEORGE

Oh yes, she can.

GABRIEL

Shut the hell up. Look, in our line of work, we need to maintain a certain image, to be taken seriously. At least clean her up you grimy lazyass.

GEORGE

There's nothing wrong with Amber, you facile pea-brain.

GABRIEL

She stinks, fat-boy.

GEORGE

You stink.

GABRIEL

Oh, wow, what a comeback from Mr. Shitbreath with his shit-smelling car.

GEORGE

Bite me, oh king of Narcissists worldwide who drives a large cock for obvious inadequacy issues.

The old Volkswagen takes a corner.

GABRIEL

Slab of pork.

GEORGE

Vainglorious.

GABRIEL

Fuck you.

GEORGE  
 Fuck you, too.

EXT. ROGER'S BAR - DAY

The two men get out of the car in front of a building with the sign that says: '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's sweating 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 the premises.

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

ROGER  
 No, I - 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 guess I can sympathize. So what can I get for you, my friends?

GABRIEL  
The money for starters.

ROGER  
Of course, of course, let's go to  
the bar. Come, follow me.

INT. ROGER'S BAR DELIGHT - CUSTOMER AREA - DAY

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 from behind the bar. These are VADIM, VLADIMIR, and IVAN, who's the tallest and largest built of them all. They speak with a heavy Russian accent.

Roger moves away from a surprised Gabriel and George.

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

GABRIEL  
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 your boss 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 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 gun, takes the clip of the pistol out, and puts it 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 he smashes onto a tabletop, then hits the ground. He's in clear pain but still conscious.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Gab - let's switch.

Gabriel grabs Vladimir, brings him close and headbutts him, then pushes him on Vadim, then follows up with a sidekick to Vadim's mid-section and a jump-knee to the face. Vadim falls in pain but Vladimir has recovered enough and gets a punch in that moves Gabriel back.

George gets to his feet as Ivan approaches him then jabs him a few times but the big Russian doesn't seem bothered by the hits. He lifts 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 here. Pick yourselves up and tell your boss that we mean no disrespect to him and that we can set 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 your dietary habits, don't you?

George grabs the handkerchief and wipes his mouth.

GEORGE

Blow 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 had no choice, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. Believe me, please. I'm really 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

Better not. And Thursday's whiskey  
shipment, you're giving us an extra  
20 percent discount for that.

ROGER

Twen-

Gabriel gives him a look.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Yes, no problem, done.

GEORGE

It better be. And no more giant  
Russians waiting jump us, OK?

ROGER

Of course. Thank you, thank you.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Gabriel and George are sitting on a bench eating. George is  
digging into a juicy burger, while Gabriel is having 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's Churchill keeping things from us?

GABRIEL

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

GEORGE

Not smart going up against the Russians. There's no need to expand operations right now. Not like this anyway.

GABRIEL

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

It's a fucking movie George, it's not the same.

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

GEORGE

It so is though. Pacino had money, power, and fucking Michelle Pfeiffer as a wife, 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 apple and nods Yes.

He stands up.

GABRIEL

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's 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. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The MUSIC is blasting away as a very pretty and athletic woman, MIESHA, dances on a platform that is situated on top of a packed 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

Still seeing Miesha?

GABRIEL  
Nah, 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 over and locates BETTY BONKERS. She is an attractive woman, but her dancing look awkward and wild, and not too many men are taking a chance with her.

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

GABRIEL  
Grow some balls and go for it.  
You'll be fine.

George sighs.

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

GABRIEL  
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. So, 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 and 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

A fellow whiskey lover?

JENNY

Maybe.

GABRIEL

Single malt?

JENNY

Always.

GABRIEL

You got class, I like that in a girl.

JENNY

Good for you.

Gabriel smiles.

GABRIEL

You waiting for someone?

JENNY

What's it to you?

GABRIEL

Oh no, don't tell me you're one of those girls that just love to be rude cause they always get their own way, are you?

Jenny turns to face him.

JENNY  
I'm not a girl, I'm a woman,  
besides, that 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, so walk away.

GABRIEL  
What're you here for then?

Jenny lifts 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

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. NIGHTCLUB - CHURCHILL'S 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 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, The Beatles memorabilia, a poster from the 1948 Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger film *The Red Shoes*, a poster of the actual Churchill, etc.

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

CHURCHILL

So the Russians made their move,  
did they?

GABRIEL

Why the fuck weren't we informed  
that we're venturing into the  
cocaine business?

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, if 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're weak and pathetic, 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

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

Betty nods.

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 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.

GEORGE  
I don't think it's a wise move.

CHURCHILL  
I don't fucking care what you  
think.

Churchill stares hard at George.

GEORGE  
I ...

George looks down.

CHURCHILL  
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  
What about you?

GEORGE  
I'm free.

CHURCHILL  
Take the day off.

GEORGE  
What?

CHURCHHILL  
You deaf? Sit on your fat ass, I  
don't give a shit.

GEORGE  
Um, fine.

They stand there in silence.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I'm - not fat.

CHURCHILL  
You are what I say you fucking are.

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

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)  
Alright, get the hell out of here.  
Go chase some tail or something.

The two men nod and head for the door.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)  
George?

GEORGE  
Yeah?

CHURCHILL  
How's your mother?

GEORGE  
She's OK. Took up yoga recently.

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

GEORGE  
Sure, boss.

Churchill clicks on the speaker button of his phone unit:

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)  
Let her in.

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

Gabriel and George walk outside, 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 gi- woman.

GEORGE

What, you fucked her as well?

GABRIEL

No, it's not that - never mind.

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

GABRIEL

Why can't somebody else do this? I don't get it. What do you mean what's the problem, Gary? Couldn't George or Betty do this? Well, fine, OK, thanks for nothing.

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

CUT TO:

Gabriel is halfway 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 considered 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

Let's 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)

Nice 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 look 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

Anglophile, and, long-ass surname, I'm guessing.

JENNY

Heh, right. Like Hatzigeorgiakopoulos or something?

Gabriel smirks.

GABRIEL

Or something.

They fall silent once again.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

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

JENNY

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

GABRIEL

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

JENNY

Also, I don't like nightclubs much.

GABRIEL

No, what do you like then?

JENNY

Small, smelly bars, you know,  
proper drinking joints.

GABRIEL

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 smile at each other.

EXT. CAR/GYMNASIUM - DAY

The car comes to a stop in front of an old-looking gymnasium  
building.

GABRIEL

Is this the right place?

JENNY

Sure is.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

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

INT. GYMNASIUM - CHANGING ROOMS - DAY

They walk into the men's changing room, Gabriel looking surprised and in slight unease, Jenny as comfortable as can be.

A bodybuilder, MARCUS, is wiping himself dry with a long towel, having just walked 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 a pair of eyes appear. It swings back shut and the door opens.

INT. GYMNASIUM - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

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're going to the European Open?

GUNTER

Yeah, I am, I'm about 230 and more shredded than ever. It's in the bag 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 pistols within.

GUNTER

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

Gabriel and Jenny both pick a piece up.

GUNTER (CONT'D)

Double action, 8 round capacity, 720g weight. Short recoil-operated, locked breech pistol with polymer frame. 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?

GABRIEL

I like.

GUNTER

Good, you will 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)  
20, and 40 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's 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  
Let's 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  
Don't usually do that.

GABRIEL  
How come?

JENNY  
Don't like having no boss.

GABRIEL  
Shame, you're really good.

JENNY  
You're not bad yourself.

BEAT

JENNY (CONT'D)  
I'll think about it.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

NOT MOVING

Gabriel brings the car to a stop.

GABRIEL  
Is this your neighborhood then?

JENNY  
For now.

They go quiet.

Gabriel looks at Jenny and she looks back expectably.

Gabriel breaks contact and looks away.

GABRIEL  
Well, it was interesting getting to know you.

JENNY  
Likewise.

Jenny opens the door and steps out.

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 glass-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, a confused and desperate expression on his face.

JENNY  
What did you do?

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

JENNY  
Oh, you asshole.

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

JENNY  
So how long have you known George  
then?

Gabriel fills up their glasses.

GABRIEL  
Since we were both 15. Churchill  
took me in and gave me a home with  
George and his mother, I stayed  
there till 21. He's 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.

INT. BAR - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT (LATER)

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  
Don't usually dance.

JENNY  
Could have fooled me.

GABRIEL  
Sarcasm? Look, Jazz and classical  
are my grooves.

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 large  
bald man, MATT, and makes him drop his beer to the ground.

GABRIEL  
Oh sorry.

MATT  
Fucking watch where you're going,  
cocksucker.

GABRIEL  
What did you say?

Another large man, BEN, stands next to Matt.

JENNY  
Oh shit.

BEN  
He said you're a piece of shit  
motherfucking sucker of cocks who  
should watch where he's going.

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

JENNY  
Cut it 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  
Let's go outside then.

JENNY  
Gabriel, no.

GABRIEL

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

JENNY

You're too drunk for this.

GABRIEL

I'm fine, babe, 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, asshole, you coward piece of shit?

On the ground, Gabriel spits out blood.

GABRIEL

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

Ben raises his hand towards Jenny but Matt grabs it.

MATT

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

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

Gabriel is halfway 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

Felt sorry for them, thought I'd  
cut them a break and save em from  
you. Now, let's 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, was such a 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 with her.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Hmm, which way?

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

INT. JENNY'S PLACE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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 - BEDROOM - 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're you doing?

Gabriel continues kissing and goes higher.

GABRIEL

Thought I'd work my way up.

Jenny pulls his head up from her legs.

JENNY

Playtime's over lover-boy. I've got places to go, people to see.

GABRIEL

Let's lie in for a bit. Ten mins.

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

Drive you somewhere?

JENNY

No thanks, I'll take my 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

Wow.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

MOVING

Jenny is driving her car on a highway.

CUT TO:

Jenny pulls into a large, empty open parking lot and kills the engine.

INT/EXT. CAR - PARKING LOT - 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  
Good to see you again, Jenny.

JENNY  
How's everything?

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

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Hell you doing?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR  
Trying to kiss you.

JENNY  
My flapjack fell.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR  
Sorry.

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

DETECTIVE TAYLOR  
Shit, 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  
Alright - just get your head in the game. OK?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR  
Let me-

JENNY  
OK, detective Taylor?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR  
Yes, OK, fine, detective McCall. 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 to suffer trying to keep up.

GEORGE  
Wait, slow down.

GABRIEL  
You're tired already?

GEORGE  
What is this, ten laps now?

GABRIEL  
It's lap three, man.

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 breathes in  
deep.

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

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Nah, screw it, not worth it.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

GABRIEL  
Can't believe you were laughing.

JENNY

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

GABRIEL

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

JENNY

You laughed too.

GABRIEL

Because of 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

Dick - least I don't cry watching films like you do.

GABRIEL

What? I've never done that.

Jenny makes a 'yeah right' face. 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

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, look, 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 ease up.

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, 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 home, 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)  
Some - water then?

Betty pushes George up against the wall.

BETTY BONKERS  
Just 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 every month like clockwork but you don't see me bitching about it.

GEORGE  
What?

BETTY BONKERS  
Come on, let me kiss it better.

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, the 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  
Do it.

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 his neck and George looks like he is screaming inside his mind.

INT. CAFE - DAY

George, large hickey evident on his neck, 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 then takes his spot at the table.

GEORGE  
You're later than usual.

GABRIEL  
Sorry, it was Jenny - she, well, you know.

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 in a rush.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I could use some coffee. Hello?

GABRIEL  
What's wrong with you?

GEORGE  
It was for her own good, you were leading her on.

GABRIEL  
Just some innocent flirting.

GEORGE  
Not for her.

GABRIEL  
Whatever.

Gabriel drinks some juice.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
What happened with Betty Bonkers then? I see she left her mark on you.

George touches his neck.

GEORGE  
You don't want to know what happened.

GABRIEL  
No, I really do. More than I want to know the meaning of life.

GEORGE  
We have pressing issues.

GABRIEL  
No, we don't. Tell me.

George sighs.

GEORGE

Quick then. Ended back at my place, started fooling around but 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 bunnies and wielding butcher knives.

GABRIEL

I want full details.

George sighs in frustration.

GEORGE

It'll have to wait, the goddamn restaurant was attacked in the early hours of the morning. Right side of the wall's all burned up, glass everywhere.

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'll pass. Stop worrying about it, it's nothing we can't handle. Now, what exactly happened with Betty Bonkers? Details, Greek boy, details.

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 is about to speak but hesitates.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

ANASTASIA, mid-fifties, is holding the phone. She can hear that there is someone there.

ANASTASIA

Hello? -- Theodore?

INT. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE - DAY

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

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Anastasia listens as the line on the other side 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, 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. He is 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, she catches it and starts drinking.

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  
Have one together?

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

INT. GABRIEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Gabriel and Jenny are in the shower, kissing, but as they try to have sex, elbows hit on taps, arms knock upon soaps and shampoo bottles - which go flying to the ground and the shower door gets kicked open.

The two lovers stop.

GABRIEL  
This isn't working, is it?

JENNY  
To paraphrase Brody: You're 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 tortilla chips, 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 buzzkill than usual. What's up?

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 truly disappoint, Mickey. How about we go to the back and I make you feel better?

Detective Taylor nods his head Yes.

INT. STRIP CLUB - BOOTH - NIGHT

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 off him and drinks from it.

EXT. ANASTASIA'S 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, 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 side with caution.

ANASTASIA

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

GEORGE

You're not even listening.

ANASTASIA

Come, I've made you your favorites.

GEORGE

You always make my favorites.

INT. ANASTASIA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - 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. In front of them, on a mantlepice, are various photos. One is of a thirty-year-old Anastasia next to a young MAN, (George's father), they are both smiling away and holding on to a four-year-old George.

GEORGE

You still doing the yoga?

ANASTASIA

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

GEORGE

That's good.

ANASTASIA

How's work, you keeping safe?

GEORGE

It's OK - I guess.

ANASTASIA

Why hasn't Theodoros promoted you yet?

GEORGE

Don't know. I don't blame him, to be honest. I wouldn't promote me either.

Anastasia slaps her son.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hey...

ANASTASIA

Don't you dare feel sorry for yourself, ever! I thought I taught you better than that.

GEORGE

Um - sorry, I guess.

ANASTASIA

If you truly don't like the work maybe move on now? I can have a word with Theodoro 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 Theodoros.

ANASTASIA

He's always been in darkness.

GEORGE

What'd you mean?

ANASTASIA

Lost up his own ass.

They both laugh.

They eat some more.

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

No, come on, no.

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 a 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 not going off to fight the  
armies of darkness.

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

GEORGE  
Sure.

George hands him money.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
So, the women here, they're nice, I  
mean, like friendly? They like  
their work? I like to talk first,  
to get to know each other.

YANOUSKA  
Huh?

GEORGE  
I don't want things to be  
impersonal and - ho-hum, you know?

Yanouska gives him a perplexed look.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Never mind.

The door opens and as George enters, Gabriel appears, he  
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:

GUNSHOTS 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 cocktail and lights the clothed top.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
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 him on the 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're 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.

GABRIEL

Why, you writing a book?

GEORGE

Blow me, you egomaniacal asshole.

GABRIEL  
You wish, flabby boy.

GEORGE  
Fuck you.

GABRIEL  
Fuck you first.

GEORGE  
Fuck you times infinity.

GABRIEL  
Fu- ah, fuck it.

They stay silent for a bit.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
So, should I drop you off at your  
place?

GEORGE  
I thought we'd hang out, grab a few  
cold ones. It's what we always do  
after a job.

GABRIEL  
Sorry man, 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  
job-related matters or when you go  
for your stupid runs.

GABRIEL  
You're acting like a jealous  
housewife.

GEORGE  
I - fine, screw 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 for me.

GEORGE

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

GABRIEL

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

GEORGE

Look, no, I'll feel like a piece of shit. We'll do it another time.

GABRIEL

It's no problem.

GEORGE

No, look, I'm tired tonight, truth be told. Raincheck, she's waiting for you.

GABRIEL

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

GEORGE

Fuck you.

GABRIEL

Should we stop someplace for tampons?

George can't help but smile a bit.

GEORGE

You're such an asshole.

EXT. CANAL - NIGHT

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

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Good, let all them fucking scums kill each other.

JENNY

War's never good. Too much collateral.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Any other reason you're opposed to this scenario?

JENNY

What'd you mean?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Don't play coy with me.

JENNY

What're you on about?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

You're such a pro, McCall, willing to do anything for the job, including spreading your goddamn legs.

Jenny's taken back.

JENNY

You've been spying on me?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Just keeping tabs, in case-

JENNY

In case what? In case you compromise the whole operation? 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 swigs a punch at Detective Taylor. He falls back, not having expected the punch.

He grabs hold of his jaw.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Fuck me, it's him, isn't it? You care about him.

JENNY

Jesus, you really are insane.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR  
Insane for you maybe.

JENNY  
I told you not to touch me like  
that again, didn't I?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR  
You used to want me to.

JENNY  
Used to, asshole.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR  
What happened, we were so close?  
You even testified for my ass.

JENNY  
Not a day goes by that I don't  
regret doing that.

Detective Taylor gets to his feet.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR  
Don't fucking say that.

JENNY  
We're done here. And from now on,  
we only speak on the phone. I don't  
want to see you again.

She turns and starts walking away.

When she's at a good distance, Detective Taylor says softly:

DETECTIVE TAYLOR  
If I can't have you, no one fucking  
will.

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're you, George?

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

MARIA

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

GEORGE

Where's everyone tonight?

MARIA

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 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 is never simple or easy.

MARIA

That's true.

GEORGE

And I'll be leaving too much behind.

MARIA

Maybe all that's needed is the right incentive.

They stare at each other.

Their heads inch closer to each other.

GEORGE

I'm going to go get a drink.

INT. CHURCHILL'S RESTAURANT - DAY

A bottle of wine nears a glass.

ANASTASIA (O.S.)  
I don't want any.

Churchill is holding the bottle, he's standing next to a  
sited Anastasia, at a table situated at the end of the  
restaurant, a distance away from the other tables.

There are men painting a wall and restoring part of the  
venue.

Churchill pours a glass for himself and sits opposite her.

CHURCHILL  
I'm surprised to see you, Anastasia  
- but glad. You've been keeping  
well.

ANASTASIA  
You were always honey-tongued,  
Theodore, but I'm not here for  
pleasantries.

CHURCHILL  
I guess getting you to call me by  
my chosen name is a lost cause.  
Never mind. So, what is the nature  
of your visit?

ANASTASIA  
My boy's miserable. Why do you  
treat him like he's no good?

CHURCHILL  
I don't!

ANASTASIA  
Ase tis malakies alu. (GREEK) -  
(Cut the crap).

Churchill stares at her. He then drinks some wine.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)  
Well?

CHURCHILL  
Cause he's a reminder, OK.

ANASTASIA  
A reminder?

CHURCHILL

That you were never mine. That you chose Andreas instead.

ANASTASIA

I thought that was all behind us. You said that when you invited us over here.

CHURCHILL

Some things you can't forget.

ANASTASIA

Ha. Yes, that's very true.

CHURCHILL

What does that mean?

ANASTASIA

I will have that drink now.

Churchill fills up her glass and Anastasia downs it.

She gets to her feet.

ANASTASIA (CONT'D)

Treat my boy right. Don't make me come back here.

CHURCHILL

I give the orders, I don't take them. Besides, I like you coming here.

Anastasia turns and walks to the exit.

EXT. CHURCHILL'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Anastasia exits the restaurant and walks away.

Detective Taylor watches her leave, cigarette in mouth, hidden across the street.

He throws the cigarette down, looks carefully around, then crosses over and heads to the restaurant's entrance.

INT. CAFE - DAY

George is sitting in his favorite booth at the cafe, having lunch.

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've been avoiding me.

GEORGE  
What - what makes you say that?

BETTY BONKERS  
You never return my texts or my calls. You avoid me at work.

GEORGE  
I've - had things on my mind, it's just that - that...

BETTY BONKERS  
What? Tell me.

George looks down at his plate.

BETTY BONKERS (CONT'D)  
George, look at me.

George does so.

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

Normal.

GEORGE

I'm so sorry.

Betty Bonkers turns her head and looks outside, visibly  
trying to hold back the tears.

She stands up, tears now 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

Hmm, I used to be a heavy smoker.

JENNY

Yeah?

GABRIEL

Started when I was 14. Gave it up  
three years ago.

JENNY  
Good for you.

GABRIEL  
Your turn.

JENNY  
I never smoked.

Gabriel gives her a look of annoyance.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
What?

GABRIEL  
You're not going to tell me something?

JENNY  
Um - I - kissed a girl once.

GABRIEL  
And you liked it?

Jenny smiles sheepishly.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
Can't you do better than a pop song?

She shakes her head NO.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
Such a weasel.

Jenny playfully pulls her tongue out.

Gabriel sits up and plants his feet on the ground.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
Need to rehydrate. Want anything?

JENNY  
Apple juice.

GABRIEL  
Get it yourself.

JENNY  
Oh, come on.

Gabriel walks away.

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 (CONT'D)

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

Might be fun to work together.

Jenny starts stroking his chest.

GABRIEL

Been thinking about that, timing's really bad, with the Russians and all.

JENNY

You think I can't handle myself?

GABRIEL

Not at all.

JENNY

What then?

GABRIEL

Don't want to - have to worry about you.

JENNY

That's sweet, but I can take care of myself.

GABRIEL

I know that.

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

Seemed like you were about to say something.

JENNY

Was I? Don't think I was.

GABRIEL

You sure, you're positive there's isn't something, a few words perhaps, 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

Wasn't gonna say nothing. Nix. 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. 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 dog. Why did you  
bring that up for?

GABRIEL  
Sorry.

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

GEORGE  
It's OK.

George stares at the coffee.

GABRIEL  
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. Hell you  
playing at, is this some kind of  
stupid joke?

GEORGE  
Not a joke. Information came from a  
detective Taylor, Michael Taylor,  
they used to be partners.

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. Said it had  
to be you, you have to do this as  
an act of loyalty to him and our  
organization.

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'll you do?

GABRIEL  
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 the door hard.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

NOT MOVING.

Gabriel breathes in deep, then hits 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 strikes become stronger and stronger, he builds up a good sweat until he punches himself out and hangs on to the bag.

INT. GABRIEL'S PLACE - BATHROOM - DAY

Gabriel shaves.

He showers.

INT. GABRIEL'S PLACE - BEDROOM - DAY

Gabriel puts on a clean shirt.

He straps his pistol-holster on, picks up his *Glock 19* pistol, holsters it in place, puts on a jacket, and leaves.

INT. JENNY'S 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 is 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 onto 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're 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 face tenses up.

JENNY (CONT'D)

How'd you...?

GABRIEL

Detective Taylor.

JENNY

That motherfucker.

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 job. 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'd 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.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
I have no choice here.

JENNY  
We always have a choice.

He lifts the gun back up.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
Gabriel?

GABRIEL  
Fuck you for making me do this!

He pulls the trigger.

Jenny looks at Gabriel in complete shock.

Blood colors in fabric.

JENNY  
I can't believe you shot me!

A trickle of blood runs down Jenny's arm.

GABRIEL  
I fucking 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.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
Your name isn't Jenny, is it?

JENNY  
Stacy. But you can call me Jenny if  
that helps.

She's closer still. They are almost touching now.

JENNY (CONT'D)  
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 spot.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

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

GEORGE  
This is so messed up.

GABRIEL  
I know, I'll think of something.

GEORGE  
You better think fast, Churchill's  
going to find out, if he hasn't  
already.

GABRIEL  
I'll talk to him.

GEORGE  
You do realize 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 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

Let's drink to that.

They clink their glasses and down their drink.

INT. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Maria opens the door and Gabriel walks into Churchill's office. The boss stands up and walks over to the 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.

They stare at each other.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)  
You haven't done it, have you?

Gabriel nods his head No.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)  
I can tell. You're angry but not  
enraged.

GABRIEL  
I never thought my loyalty was in  
question.

CHURCHILL  
My intention was not to offend. 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 bear 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.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)  
Who the hell do you think I'm gonna  
leave all this to one day?

Gabriel looks at him surprised.

GABRIEL  
I don't know what to say. I'm  
honored.

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

Yeah, 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's 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 asked 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  
appreciate it.

CHURCHILL

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

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's  
not cheap.

Gabriel finishes his drink.

GABRIEL  
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  
fucking 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 - a certain 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)  
Best punch of the evening, I think.  
What do you think, Fernando?

FERNANDO  
Ple-ase...

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't guess what's in  
here, can you?

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

FERNANDO  
Please, I'll 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  
R--eally? Thank - you, thank you.

The Ottoman stares at him.

THE OTTOMAN  
Nah, I'm only joking. We've barely  
started, you weakling.

Fernando looks at him distraught.

The Ottoman pats him tenderly on the face.

FERNANDO  
But I told you everything.

THE OTTOMAN  
I know, but I like doing this. Just  
being honest with you.  
(MORE)

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)

You spilled your guts -  
metaphorically - after the first  
punch, look at it from my side.

FERNANDO

What?

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

THE OTTOMAN

Have to say though, this isn't as  
fun as it used to be. 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, 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 the details. Goodbye.

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

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

INT. JENNY'S PLACE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jenny and Gabriel finish getting dressed.

INT. JENNY'S PLACE - KITCHEN - DAY

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.

Gabriel smiles, then reaches to 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 where  
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 nose. 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  
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.

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)

What do you know about Churchill  
and his operation?

JENNY

Fat English guy, loved cigars,  
hated the Nazis.

The Ottoman smiles and points to the case.

THE OTTOMAN

You know what's in here?

JENNY

Beauty products you swear by?

The Ottoman lets out laughter.

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.  
Let's see how long it'll take for  
urine to trickle down your thighs.

JENNY

I'm a police officer, you don't  
want my blood on your hands.

THE OTTOMAN

True.

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, hopefully,  
your screams are pretty too. I  
encourage that, screaming, no one  
can hear you here.

JENNY

You first!

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

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

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

THE OTTOMAN

Bloody Hell.

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

THE OTTOMAN (CONT'D)

Butter my butt and call me a  
biscuit, you're kinda insane,  
aren't ya?

JENNY

Yeah, I am.

THE OTTOMAN

Well, that's refreshing.

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.

JENNY

Or what, you're going to torture  
me?

THE OTTOMAN

Um...

The Ottoman punches her again, in frustration this time 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)  
Filthy animal.

JENNY  
You punch like a sissy, by the way, Ottobot, 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 let's 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 try desperately to fight back, to kill me like a wild beast would 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

To hell with 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 she was on 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 in the gut, dropping her to one knee.

THE OTTOMAN

You were right, this is fun.

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, young lady cop?

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

Wh-at?

THE OTTOMAN

Glad you asked. The quandary pertains to whether 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

Can't fuck if your balls are all busted up.

Jenny then twirls her legs over, while grabbing hold of The Ottoman's arm and gets into an 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 disengages 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 beat me, 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're 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.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

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. ANASTASIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The table is full of rich dishes as George and 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 OK, I'm fine.

ANASTASIA

I'm your mother and I know you well enough to know something's 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 good friends back in the old land. They were in the business together and your father was boss. But he died and - well, things changed. Theodoros - he was drunk - he tried to force himself on me. I fought him off. He apologized profusely and soon after left for the US. A few years later he invited us over.

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 in 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 sorry.

Gabriel embraces her.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

You're hurt?

JENNY

It's - mostly not my blood.

GABRIEL

What happened?

JENNY

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 OK.

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 get into Gabriel's 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 speaker.

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

NOT MOVING.

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. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Churchill is holding 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)  
Let's get on with it.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Gabriel's car comes to a stop in the parking lot of a cheap-looking motel establishment.

INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - 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 hold of this, I'm going to go and get us some more.

INT. CHURCHILL'S 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 up, we have a situation. One of our own, Gabriel, has turned against us, siding with a fucking cop of all things. I want you all to bring me her fucking heart on-

GEORGE

How do we know for sure?

CHURCHILL

How do we - cause I said so that's fucking how.

GEORGE

It's just - this is Gabriel we're talking about, we need to be absolutely certain.

Churchill stares daggers at George.

CHURCHILL

Will you shut the fuck up George and let me get on with it?

GEORGE

I was just ask-

CHURCHILL

Shut the fuck up!

Churchill grabs an item from his desk and slams it on the ground.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)

Now, where was I?

BETTY BONKERS

Dead lady cop.

CHURCHILL

Right. I want that cop cunt killed. 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 Sean Bean in films.

CHURCHILL

Right.

GEORGE

And Gabriel?

Churchill looks directly at George.

CHURCHILL

Bring him back here - dead or alive.

EXT. STORAGE CONTAINER - DAY

In a wide-spaced gravel-ground expanse, an open storage container is located.

INT. STORAGE CONTAINER - DAY

Inside the container are bundles of cash, jewelry, art pieces, passports and other ID cards, clothes, food supplies, shovels and other digging equipment and a large assortment of weapons.

Gabriel is checking out a *Heckler & Koch SL8* semi-automatic assault rifle. Satisfied, he places it in a duffel bag he sports around his right shoulder.

He notices a presence at the entrance of the container, it is George.

GEORGE  
What're you doing, man?

GABRIEL  
What'd you think?

Gabriel picks up a *Glock 17*.

George walks up to him.

GEORGE  
You can't take Churchill on.

GABRIEL  
Watch me.

Gabriel takes the pistol from Gabriel and places it down.

GEORGE  
It's suicide.

GABRIEL  
Maybe.

GEORGE  
You like this broad that much?

Gabriel looks at George, then nods Yes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Fuck, She's a goddamn cop, Gab.

Gabriel picks the pistol back up and puts it in his bag.

GABRIEL  
No one's perfect.

George sighs.

Gabriel picks up a *KM 2000* knife.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm not asking you to help.  
Just - just maybe stay out of this -  
for old time sake.

GEORGE  
Yeah, like that's feasible.

GABRIEL  
Take mother and go to Rhodes for a  
few days.

George runs his hand through his hair.

GEORGE  
Think I like womanizer Gabriel  
better. He was safer to be around.

EXT. DIRT ROAD/GABRIEL'S CAR - DAY

Gabriel places his duffel bag in the backseat of his car,  
George is standing next to him.

GABRIEL  
So - what will you do?

GEORGE  
Don't know yet.

Gabriel walks to the driver's side and opens the door.

GABRIEL  
Sorry it's gone this way.

GEORGE  
Fuck it. What is life without  
drama?

GABRIEL  
Yeah.

Gabriel gets in the car. George walks over to the driver-side  
as Gabriel puts the car in gear.

GEORGE  
Gab?

GABRIEL

Yeah?

GEORGE

Take care of yourself.

GABRIEL

I'll try, George. I'll try. See you around.

Gabriel steps on the gas and drives away.

George looks on as Gabriel's car goes into the distance.

Just as he's ready to go to his own car, a motorcycle rushes up and stops beside him. It's driven by Betty Bonkers.

GEORGE

Betty, what the fuck?

BETTY BONKERS

Hop on, George.

GABRIEL

I have my car here.

BETTY BONKERS

Pick it up later. Hop on, he's getting too far away.

George reluctantly mounts the motorcycle behind Betty.

EXT. BETTY'S MOTORCYCLE - DAY

MOVING

Betty is driving the motorcycle on the highway, keeping a safe distance behind Gabriel's car.

GEORGE

You followed me?

BETTY BONKERS

I thought you wanted me to. Now Gabriel will take us to cop-lady. That was the plan, right?

GEORGE

Um - yeah.

BETTY BONKERS

Cool. I'll send word to the guys to meet us at our destination.

INT/EXT. VAN - DAY

MOVING.

At that moment, on the road directly behind Betty and George, a van follows.

Vladimir is behind the wheel of the vehicle, Vadim is next to him, and behind them are Ivan with two more MEN.

Ivan loads a shell into a shotgun.

INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - DAY

Jenny comes out of a hot shower feeling refreshed and wraps a towel around her body.

She looks at her face in the mirror - all bruised up - and sighs.

JENNY

You gonna need some foundation,  
girl.

INT. MOTEL - DAY (LATER)

A dressed Jenny is lying on the bed eating takeaway noodles while Gabriel is sitting by a table loading ammunition into weapons.

JENNY

So what's the plan then?

GABRIEL

I'll take the fight to them. Storm  
Churchill's mansion guns blazing.

JENNY

I like it but what's this I  
bullshit?

Gabriel sighs.

GABRIEL

You're not injured?

JENNY

Just a bit banged up, nothing more.

GABRIEL

You're not gonna sit this out, will  
you, no matter my objections?

JENNY  
Of course not.

GABRIEL  
Might be suicide.

Jenny puts the food down and walks over to Gabriel. She puts her hands on either side of his face.

JENNY  
Don't you wanna *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* this shit out with me?

GABRIEL  
Depends, will you say the words you chickened out saying to me last time?

Jenny smiles, she's about to speak when Gabriel's phone BEEPS.

Gabriel picks it up and sees that he has a message from George.

GEORGE: *Compromized. Get out now!*

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
Shit!

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Gabriel and Jenny, both with a pistol in their hand, walk into the parking lot and find George with a worried look in his eyes, standing in front of a car and holding on to a pistol.

GABRIEL  
George, what's going on?

George aims his gun at them.

GEORGE  
I'm sorry.

Right then, the car doors open and Betty Bonkers, Fin, Randy, Sunny, and Justin all come out, all holding weapons.

JENNY  
What the fuck, George?

BETTY BONKERS  
Drop your weapons, bitches.

JENNY

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

BETTY BONKERS

Oh, I kinda like her, pity she's an oink oink piggie who's gonna die. We could have been friends, best friends even.

INT/EXT. VAN - DAY

NOT MOVING

The van with the Russians is parked outside the entrance to the motel's parking lot. They are all looking at the action taking place outside the motel.

VADIM

Should we make a move?

VLADIMIR

Wait, let's see how this plays out.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Gabriel quickly points his pistol at George and George turns his and aims it back at him. Everyone tenses up.

Jenny's about to raise her weapon but Betty Bonkers points her gun directly at her.

BETTY BONKERS

Don't think or dream about it, Ms. Piggie.

Gabriel and George keep pointing their pistols at each other.

GABRIEL

Snake in the fucking grass.

GEORGE

Don't put this on me, damn it.

GABRIEL

Thought we were brothers but you're just a backstabbing dirtbag.

GEORGE

Shut the fuck up!

BETTY BONKERS  
Boys, chill it, we just need porky  
cop girl dead.

GEORGE  
Betty?

BETTY BONKERS  
Yeah?

George turns and points his gun a Betty Bonker's head.

GEORGE  
Drop it.

BETTY BONKERS  
Ohhhhh what? You really are a snake  
in the grass piece of dog poo poo.

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.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Fin, Sunny, and Justin turn in surprise and look at George.  
Sensing it's their chance to act, Jenny fires her gun and  
hits Betty Bonkers who falls back and to the ground and  
Gabriel shoots Justin to the head.

George fires and hits Sunny who drops dead but is hit in turn  
on the shoulder by a bullet from Fin's gun.

George falls to the ground and drops his gun but both Jenny  
and Gabriel blast Fin away with their guns.

Jenny turns to Gabriel.

JENNY  
Nice shooting, partner.

GABRIEL  
Likewise, ma'am.

They embrace and kiss passionately.

GEORGE

Hey, hey, get a room why don't ya,  
there are plenty just behind you.  
I'll just lie here bleeding to  
death.

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

JENNY

Sorry, George.

GABRIEL

I kinda want to get that room to be  
honest.

JENNY

Me too, but our friend has been  
shot.

GABRIEL

That's a flesh-wound at best, he  
just wants attention like the man-  
child he is.

A GUNSHOT goes off.

Jenny looks at Gabriel in shock and fear, her top starting to  
be colored in with 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 pistol and shoots her  
dead.

Jenny drops to the ground and Gabriel rushes to her side and  
holds her.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Jenny? Oh fuck, fuck.

Blood trickles from her mouth.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

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

Jenny looks at him with warmth.

JENNY

I - love you - see - not - a  
chicken.

Jenny's body goes stiff.

GABRIEL

Jenny?

She's unresponsive.

Gabriel lowers his head.

George gets to his feet.

SIRENS are heard in the far distance.

GEORGE

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

The Russians walk into the parking lot. George turns to them.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The fuck you want?

VLADIMIR

I think we should talk.

INT. VET'S SURGERY - NIGHT

George is lying on a veterinarian's surgical table as a female vet, OLGA - heavy Russian accent - 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 movements 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 wrong 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.

INT. VET'S SURGERY - BACKROOM - NIGHT

George and Gabriel are sitting on a mattress each on the floor. Olga enters, cigarette in mouth, holding on to a couple of blankets and she hands one to each of them.

OLGA

Good night, gentlemen.

GEORGE

Good night, Olga, and thanks.

INT. VET'S SURGERY - RECEPTION - DAY

George and Gabriel are at the front of the vet's office.

GEORGE  
Are you ready for this?

GABRIEL  
Yeah.

GEORGE  
OK.

George looks hesitant.

GABRIEL  
Just do it already.

George punches Gabriel in the face.

INT. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE - DAY

Churchill is sitting at his desk, 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  
Not surprising. 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  
Speak of devils and they appear.  
Bring them in!

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

GEORGE  
Sorry, I'm late.

CHURCHILL  
Care to explain what exactly  
happened?

GEORGE  
I tracked down Gabriel and the cop  
as you requested. Big shoot-out  
followed. Gabriel and I were the  
last men standing and then the  
Russians showed up.

PAVLOS  
The Russians?

GEORGE  
Yeah, they took us at gunpoint into  
their van. They were going to take  
us to some hold-up place but we  
fought them in the vehicle and made  
an escape.

ROPER  
(Pointing to Gabriel)  
What happened to his face?

GEORGE  
He didn't want to come quietly with  
me.

PAVLOS  
Is that right?

GEORGE  
Yes.

CHURCHILL  
Give Pavlos 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 behavior 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 actually 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 boss while you - you're just going to be worm food.

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

CHURCHILL  
What did you say?

Churchill looks intensely at George, George looks back, not giving an inch.

GEORGE  
You heard me.

GUNSHOTS are heard inside the main area of the nightclub.

ROPER  
Fuck is that?

More GUNFIRE.

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?

GARY  
The whole of Russia maybe?

CHURCHILL  
Don't just stand there, go kill  
them.

Gary nods halfheartedly 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 in realization.

CHURCHILL (CONT'D)  
Ah, fucking women.

GEORGE  
Speaking of - Anastasia says hello.

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

INT. CHURCHILL'S OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

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.

VLADIMIR

You'll have to come over to my club soon for some vodka, so we can properly toast 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 seat is yours too.

GABRIEL

No, it isn't.

GEORGE

You sure?

GABRIEL

Go claim it, George.

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

GEORGE

(to Gabriel)

What will you do?

GABRIEL

I have something to take care of.

George nods.

GEORGE

And then?

GABRIEL

Doesn't matter what happens after.

George gets up and walks to Gabriel.

GEORGE

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

GABRIEL

I know.

The two men hug, then Gabriel 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 into his apartment and switches on the light.

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

GABRIEL (O.C.)

Don't.

Detective Taylor looks in the direction of the voice and sees Gabriel sitting in a chair, pointing a pistol 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 open palm. He picks it up, takes the clip out, and places both of the weapon's items on the tabletop behind him.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Drink?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

No.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Didn't peg you for a straight to the point kinda guy, Gabriel.

GABRIEL

People change.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

You're here to avenge Jenny, I take it.

GABRIEL

Why'd you do it?

DETECTIVE TAYLOR

Because of you. She'd still be alive if you didn't exist, never forget that.

Gabriel stands up and points the gun at the detective.

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

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

You gonna shoot me? Isn't that lazy and terribly impersonal of you?

Gabriel stays silent.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I mean, I fucked Jenny - balls deep - long before you came around and 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 takes out his weapon's clip and tosses it and the pistol away.

Detective Taylor smiles.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR (CONT'D)

That's more like it.

Both men then proceed to take their jackets off, unbutton the button-cuffs of their shirts and roll their sleeves up.

They meet in the middle of the room and square up.

Their hands close into fists.

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 connects a right cross upstairs that moves Gabriel's head back. He follows up with a hard hook to the ribs, a CRACK is heard.

Gabriel winces, placing his arm in that area protectively.

Detective Taylor, smirking, goes forward. He fakes a jab, then throws a perfectly placed right that connects on Gabriel, then hits him on the ribs once more, and Gabriel CRIES OUT in pain.

Detective Taylor comes in for the kill, too overconfidently, and Gabriel gets him in a clinch, then throws a heavy elbow on his forehead, opening up a deep gush.

Blood starts to run down the detective's face. The eyesight in one eye gets compromised.

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 throwing punches and elbows. The detective gets bloodied up but manages to get Gabriel in a triangle lock with his legs.

Gabriel is in sheer pain but manages to bite into the detective's leg and he lets go of the lock.

They scramble for a bit and finally both men return to the feet. They are bloodied and bruised and breathing hard.

Detective Taylor goes on the offensive connecting with a punch but Gabriel kicks him hard on the knee making him BARK, then gets behind him, grabs him in a headlock and drags him to the ground.

Gabriel is squeezing away at the neck and the detective's face gets all red. Gabriel adjusts his lock in order to be able to perform another move.

GABRIEL

Tell me - is this personal enough?

Gabriel twists Detective Taylor's head hard to the side and a large CRACK is heard as he breaks the neck.

He lets go of a lifeless detective and his body hits the floor.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Gabriel exits the building into a cloudy day 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, bloodied, disheveled and full of anguish, he starts walking down an empty road.

THE END