

Advance Britannia

Written by

Billy James

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First Draft

(+44) 07740056215 - Bilbo945@Gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON DOCKS - DAY

Mist and fog everywhere. Crows scream and argue with one another. Fighting with gammy legs. The dock is fresh with frost. Brutal looking. A container ship's blow-horn in the distance.

The worn out, fierce and calm voice cuts in.

ABBIE (V.O.)
Democracy has spoken in the United Kingdom. Doesn't resemble it, but this is the Kingdom, I promise.

Through the fog, in the background is a Victorian, wooden ship. Looking like one of the very first Royal Navy ships.

Walking forward, is a figure of a man, elderly but proud. A large, proud army suit, looking like it came from the 1700's. Becoming more clear bleeding rich colors; Into focus - this is King Charles, (97) fragile, yet respectful.

ABBIE (V.O.) (cont'd)
A republic now. This is what happens to a country that's frustrations spread outwards. The final reaction to nail down the realism of our new Britannia. the 'revolution' of 2042 started with the abolishment of the Monarchy. The majorities choice mind you, but sometimes the majority don't know what's good. Good for themselves.

SUPER IMPOSE: LONDON 2042.

King Charles looks straight past us. Upwards. A strong, confrontational look to someone.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (O.S.)
I hope you have everything packed.
This Great Nation will miss your presence.

Roland Greenwood, (47) A natural leader, insane smile, with a fur cloak worn by old high lords. A smile from a toothpaste commercial. The dictator. Standing upright in the mist. In a horse and carriage, looking down at the king.

The King and Roland face off. Back and forth stare down. Security for both sides standing by.

ABBIE (V.O.)

And the majority's voice was
channeled by our new head of state;
The fascist propagandist; President
Roland Greenwood.

KING CHARLES

You almost look like royalty. But
you're wearing it wrong.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

I'm rather alternative with my style.
It's going to look a whole lot
different in this place without you.

KING CHARLES

You'll burn it all to the ground.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

Yeah. Just before starting from
scratch. I got you a sending off
present.
(Claps hands)

The security faff about, with procedure, opening a compartment of the horse carriage and taking out a guild-ed golden box. Greenwood's two security men pass the box onto Elizabeth's security. They open it, presenting the IMPERIAL STATE CROWN.

KING CHARLES

(To security)

Put it in the safe.

Elizabeth's security pass it to more trained employees.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

You're welcome. Not so bad after all
am I? Farewell Charles.

INT. T.V STUDIO, AIRING STAGE - DAY

President Greenwood sits onto a chair. Green screen of big Ben behind him. A DIGITAL COUNTDOWN TIMER behind him, set at 10:37. Makeup artists pamper him, preparing him.

T.V PRODUCER (O.S.)

Live in ten. Places everyone. Camera
three.

Besides the pampering makeup artists, MR. COLLINS (36), the presidents ass kissing P.A and winning campaign manager, creeps around his ear, as the makeup artists finish off, leaving.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
Getting so sick of all these little
pesty jobs. So annoying. I don't
stop.

MR. COLLINS
(Pulling out note)
I know, Mr. President. You're doing
so well though, just a few more days
and the transition will be over.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
Such hard work.

MR. COLLINS
I know, sir. But the people love you.
Just a quick memo, the televised
execution of the convicts --

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
-- I remember. The Britannia show!

MR. COLLINS
Yes, nearly, Britannia games. And the
people are all hyped up for it. We
have to prove to the people you'll
stick to your word. It's due to be
aired tomorrow daytime. Live.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
(Admiring)
Britannia games... Catchy.

MR. COLLINS
I've been in contact with the
producer and everything's a go. I've
set up a meeting with him beforehand
to run through everything.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
Do we need to?

MR. COLLINS
Health and safety, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
Never fucking ends.

T.V PRODUCER (O.S.)
Just the president in the frame
please!

Collins slithers to the side.

INT. BT TOWER, STUDIO 1 - STAGE (NEXT DAY) - DAY

The studio is empty. Impressive amount of seats and lights hang dimly. Greenwood on his phone, each press of a key echoing. Mr. Collins, a meter away taking in the magnitude of the room.

A bleacher light smashing the stage, blinding the president.

DAVINA O'NIEL (O.S.)
(Microphone)
Welcome to the stage - our Commander-
in-chief... President. Geeeeenwood!

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
(Blinded)
Will you cut that out?

Davina (35), a charismatic, friendly seeming T.V presented makes her way to the stage. Climbing up the steps, now looking a little nervous as she approaches Greenwood.

DAVINA O'NIEL
Sorry, I'm a big fan-

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
(On phone)
- Supporter.

MR. COLLINS
Mr. President, the host of the
Britannia games; Davina --

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
-- Yes I know who she is.

DAVINA O'NIEL
You do? I'm flattered.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
Yeah. Me too. Look, is this going to
take long? I have a spa appointment
later I really can't afford to miss.

DAVINA O'NIEL
 We're set to air at 14:00, but we can
 start earlier sir. The audience are
 queuing around the block.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
 Bring them in. Lets get this show on
 the road.

INT. STRANGWAYS PRISON, CELL 33 - DAY

We see posted all around the cell walls posters, badges. "I
 voted Greenwood", "Greenwood #1" - This must be a psychotic
 supporter.

VICTOR 'DESISTER' HARRISON (34), sits on his bottom bunk,
 bouncing his knees his wild eyed and manic. A glare of
 admiration in his stare. We hear the T.V fading in, Davina's
 voice.

A 19" T.V plays in the background, lighting the dingy cell,
 and annoying the - The Desister's top bunkee, struggling to
 sleep with the fuzzy sounds from the shit speakers.

DAVINA O'NIEL (O.S.)
 (Filtered On
 television)
 Welcome to the stage, the first
 president of the United Republic -
 President Greenwood.

INSERT IN: ON T.V, GREENWOOD ENTERING ON STAGE. ALONGSIDE A
 PATRIOTIC SOUNDING BRASS BAND. EVERYONE IN THE CROWD
 CLAPPING.

The Desister rises to his feet. A loyal soldier to
 Greenwood. A tear in his eyes. Meaning. Applauding to the
 T.V show.

BUNKEE
 Man, would you shut the fuck up?

SNAP goes The Desister, erratically climbing the bunkbed,
 punching Bunkee.

BUNKEE (cont'd)
 What the fuck?

DESISTER
 (Gritting teeth)
 You have some fucking respect for our
 president.

PRISON OFFICER (O.S.)

Victor.

The Desister twisting his head, looking right at the PRISON OFFICER in the black metal armor.

PRISON OFFICER

Don't make me come in there and zap you.

The Desister grunts. Jumping back down from the bunk-bed ladder. Continuing to watch the show.

The prison officer, now stepping back, deactivating the TASER ROD. The buzzing cuts out.

INT. BT TOWER, STUDIO 1 - DAY

An on air light blinks. Applauds coming to an end. Crowds of full supporters, no spare seats available.

Three big cameras catching the live event.

The stage has a backdrop screen. But the main specter being TWO TIED CONVICTS, 50's looking, restrained in chairs - nailed to the ground. Binded by leather and looking terrified.

A large barrel fire slightly behind them, along with a super sized monitor screen.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

(Takes stage)

Thankyou all generously. Davina, you're a great host. Lets give it up for Davina, everybody!

An uproar throughout the audience.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (cont'd)

And secondly, I want to thank my supporters. Without you, non of this could be made possible. You stood with me through thick and thin, and for that - I am grateful.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

We love you Greenwood!

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

(Pointing him out)

I love you! All of you. Patriots.

Everyone in the crowd cheers.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STRANGWAYS PRISON, CELL 33 - CONTINUOUS

The television show, being the loud center of attention.

BUNKEE

God, I can't believe this shit!

THE DESISTER

Excuse me. The president is speaking.
So would you shut you're fucking
mouth?

PRISON OFFICER (O.S.)

-- Victor!

CUT TO:

INT. BT TOWER, STUDIO 1 - CONTINUOUS

Greenwood spreads his hands. Resembling a prophet or saint whilst preaching. The people watch him, as a God.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

.... My patriots that pushed me to
the summit. Now we look down at how
far we've come. What we've taken.

(Crowd applause)

We've taken back Britain, and we've
begun molding it back to it's
greatness. But even greater. Heading
to our destiny of pure perfection.
The communist left have lost the
fight. And we, my friends, have won.

(Crowd applause)

Benefits of the poor scum stopped to
a halt. Tax cuts for British
businesses. A new booming economy.
Relief to the NHS as we cleanse the
mental health facilities. Disability,
social security, ripped from the
weak. Terminating the ill. A
deportation scheme, the likes of
which this country has never seen.
And safety. And freedom. And power.
All back to you, the people.

The crowd, raising to their feet. Clapping wildly with awe.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (cont'd)

(Raises fist)

To the future of the united republic!
May we enter with strength and
purity! In the flame cleansed, our
new Britannia.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS

(All in unison)

In the flame cleansed. Our new
Britannia.

The lights dimming. The convicts begin to dreadfully moan.
Hopelessly trying to wiggle free. The screams masked out by
the loud orchestra playing through speakers.

INSERT IN: PRESENTER TELEVISION PRE- MADE VIDEO.

Emotional piano music playing in front of edited video of
news coverage. Old and vintage looking.

DAVINA O'NIEL (FILTERED, O.S)

(Pre - recoded)

35 years ago today, a three year old
boy; Perry Newman was abducted by
two young boys - soon to be
monsters - Ron Generals and Jared
Compton, led to an abandoned train
line and was brutally beaten and
mercilessly tortured to death. In
return for their punishment, the old
government handed down the two
monsters: Ten years behind bars,
followed by lifelong anonymity.
Not under Greenwood's government.

The video cuts to Greenwood, parading to the masses on his
campaign rally.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (FILTERED)

Let me tell you something, nobody
would go harder on these criminals
then I would. I remember...

(Crowd quietens)

I remember 34 years ago when two
sick. Sick, little boys killed a
three year old and our pathetic
excuse of a government gave them a
measly 10 years. Let me tell you
something. Those boys have it lucky.
Because with me in charge, it would
be a whole other story. Fresh new
identities my ass.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (FILTERED) (cont'd)

What should we do?
 (Crowd booing)
 Burn them alive on live television.
 Fuck'em. It'll entertain me, what
 about you?
 (Feeding off crowd)
 You like that? I like that.

INSERT CUT: VIDEO CHANGES TO MASS RIOTS OUTSIDE PARLIAMENT.

DAVINA O'NIEL (O.S.)

(Pre-recorded)

It wasn't long before Greenwood's
 appeal latched onto a public hype.
 Gaining popular attention and finally
 getting offered a platform hosted by
 CBC studios. And here we are.

The screen cutting to black. BACK TO SCENE. Davina on stage.
 The convicts sweating, red eyed terrorized.

DAVINA O'NIEL

We are back live at the Britannia
 games. We ask our audience members
 and convicts, please do not swear. If
 you've just tuned in you may be
 wondering, who are these tied
 restraint men behind me? Only the
 killers of that young boy on that
 tragic day. Two twisted warped souls.
 Lets begin the process. Please
 welcome to the stage the father of
 Perry Newman; Micheal Newman.

The patriotic music repeating itself. Brass to the
 introduction of Micheal Newman (70's), hunched back and
 crooked, waddles over, crowbar in hand. Greenwood's hand on
 his shoulder, comforting.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

Micheal, do you have anything to say
 to these two tyrants?

MICHEAL NEWMAN

(Kneels to convicts)

I've been waiting my whole life for
 this moment. It's time.

Micheal's eyes piercing the convicts. The convicts moaning
 in agony.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
 Just before you take it away, we have
 a little surprise for you, Micheal.
 (To audience)
 These monsters chucked bricks at
 Perry. He was helpless. We'll ask you
 all take a look under your seats,
 audience.

ON AUDIENCE - each reaching under their chairs, pulling out
 a basket with broken bricks each. A excited happy gasp from
 them all.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (cont'd)
 We thought it would be a good feature
 as part of the show's commencement -
 to have our T.V audience stone these
 killers to death.

MICHEAL NEWMAN
 (Hugging Greenwood)
 Thank you. Thank you so much!

President Greenwood giving Micheal a firm pat on the back.
 In the background, everyone going crazy. The television
 cameras panning back to the stage.

President Greenwood and Micheal, moving back to a safe
 distance.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
 (Demanding)
 Don't hold back!

INSERT TV CAMERA: WE LOOK THROUGH THE LENS, THE PROJECTILES
 OF BRICK.

Flying rock. Bloodstains. Whimpering. Death creeping up on
 the convicts. The pain on their faces tells us it cuts deep.

Bruises of the bricks becoming apparent as Greenwood calls a
 hold to the bricks. Waving his arms. Allowing a chance for
 Micheal a crowbar and a chance to bludgeon the killers.

Micheal stops for a second before going.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. All we hear brutally. No voices in the
 audience. Just the sound of metal to skin brutally.

INT. STRANGWAYS PRISON, CELL 33 - CONTINUOUS

The thumping continues ominously off screen. The dim pixels reflecting off The Desister's pale face. Watching in complete awe.

INT. BT TOWER, STUDIO 1 - CONTINUOUS

A wicked smile on Micheal's face. Blood and flesh in the grooves of the crowbar. Micheal dropping it to the ground. The convicts holding onto life through a struggling breath.

MICHEAL NEWMAN

What... What a cathartic experience.
Ha ha!

It's a moment of bizarre unity. The crowd sportively cheering. A reassuring smile from the Greenwood back to Micheal, as he goes out of frame retrieving something.

A behind the scenes staff comes out with lighter fluid, dousing the murderers all over.

President Greenwood comes back with a FLAMING TORCH, much like the Olympic one. Passing it to Micheal. A firm grip.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

Do it, it's time.

MICHEAL NEWMAN

(Passing back torch)
You should do the honors. Mr. President.

Greenwood shrugs to the audience members.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

Should I do it?

AUDIENCE MEMBERS

(Chanting)
Do it. Do it. Do it.

Greenwood taking back the torch. An evil smile. Pausing to speak providentially into the camera.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

In the flames, cleansed, our new
Britannia.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS

In the flame, cleansed, our new
Britannia.

Just like that, Greenwood leans the flame into contact with each killer. Igniting them brightly. Their last struggling banshee breathes. Fading out of life. Burnt to crisps.

Greenwood takes Micheal's hand, raising it like a winning boxer champion.

CLOSE UP: PRESIDENT GREENWOOD INTO CAMERAS.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

A new Britannia, born through the
games.

INT. LONDON PUB - NIGHT

Dark, grand but still a little rough in the setting. Cigarette smoke slightly masks a few dozen pint drinking costumers, drinking at individual round tables, spread out.

JAMES BARON (32), strong facial features, an underdog posh boy, sits alone at a table with three empty pint glasses. Finishing his fourth.

James watches on the flat screen television, his expression - disgusted.

INSERT: NEWS COVERAGE OF BRITANNIA GAMES.

JAMES

Fucking joke.

ON DRUNK STRANGER. A table away from James.

DRUNK STRANGER

Not a joke. In the flames we cleanse.
I supported him through thick and
thin.

Sloppily rising to his feet, James knocks over an empty glass.

JAMES

You fucking sheep. Britain, a
republic? That "President" has
poisoned this country.

The drunken stranger begins playing of James's insecurities. All the pub goers pay full attention to the interaction.

DRUNK STRANGER

(Mocking)

Fucking snowflakes. Lost an election,
all sour.

JAMES

It's not just an election. It's a
country we've lost. We've all lost.

DRUNK STRANGER

(Patronizing)

Just settle down and finish your
drink, mate.

JAMES'S POV: PUB COSTUMERS, SNEERING AT HIM.

Everything settles down. James, trying to take a breath as
he walks back to his almost empty drink. Sipping it. No. He
can't let this go. Now, stumbling up to the drunk strangers
chair.

Kneeling down to the drunken stranger's sitting level. James
gives a drunken grin.

JAMES

So... You love what he's done for
this country? You... Voted for him?

DRUNK STRANGER

Yep and yep.

JAMES

Supporting his cause to the end. What
did you say through?...

DRUNK STRANGER

(Self assured)

.. Through thi--

-- James has already moved. So quickly, shards of glass in
the drunken stranger's eyes. A little blood but a lot of
screams.

JAMES

-- THICK, CUNT.

Pub goers in shock. Crowding round. We see a bartender slyly
talking to the manager, who comes over, pissed and in
charge.

PUB MANAGER

That's enough of you. Bloody
socialist. Out of my pub. Now!

EXT. WEST LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

Pouring rain on Georgian houses. Making puddles in the blocked drains. We see a Mini Cooper pulling over to where James is. He races over to it, climbing in.

INT. MINI COOPER - CONTINUOUS

The windscreen wipers violently sweep across the glass. Torrential droplets tapping on the roof.

A soaked James turning to his pissed off pregnant girlfriend; ABBIE (28), frowning in the driver seat, looking 7 months in.

JAMES

Thanks for getting me.

ABBIE

What the bloody hell is wrong with you, Anthony?

JAMES

I had one too many, that's all. And that guy was a prick.

ABBIE

Oh bullshit! You've had one too many everyday since he's won.
(Tearing up)
It's starting - it's starting to take a toll, James.

James's approaching hand, pushed away.

JAMES

Abbie.

ABBIE

-- Don't touch me. Don't fucking touch me.

James punches the dash, frustrated in the little space.

JAMES

Well what the fuck am I supposed to do? The whole country has lost it's fucking mind. There's no law. There's no order. Just Greenwood and his thug business partners. I just - I just can't --

ABBIE

-- No. I can't, James. You think I need this right now? You think we need this? Some dad you'll be.

JAMES

How, by showing them that this isn't normal, that this is what society is?

ABBIE

And how would you do that, drink a few more beers and get into a few more fights, that'll teach our son. Pathetic. What happened to you?
(Nothing)
You don't like the way things are? Do something about it.

JAMES

(Mumbling)

OK.

ABBIE

What?

JAMES

I'll do something about it.

ABBIE (V.O.)

He really meant it. He would fight against Greenwood. Take on the impossible. What a mistake.

Abbie looks stunned by the clueless-ness of James. Sighing in disbelief, she starts up the car.

ABBIE

Just get sober first. God.

James thinks to himself in the passenger seat.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The room is magnolia colored. With 80's flowery wallpaper. The window open, blowing the curtains to the side.

Faded yellow sheets. Clean and ironed looking. And James at the end of the bed. He holds a hand made demonstrator sign.

INSERT CUT: JAMES HOLDING SIGN - "GREENWOOD FOR GREED"

Now looking up to his reflection in a wardrobe mirror.

[PAUSE]

Footsteps come up the stairs.

James jumps, tucking in the sign to the low gap under the bed. Sliding across the carpet, hidden.

Abbie comes into the room, rubbing her belly. James looks up. A smile.

JAMES

Hey.

ABBIE

What are you upto?

JAMES

Nothing... We should repaint this room by the way.

ABBIE

One thing at a time.

Abbie leans against the doorway, crossed arms.

ABBIE (cont'd)

Do you want to come to the birthing lesson? I'm going in ten.

JAMES

Yeah. Hey let me show you something.

James jumps up. Walks past Abbie and into the hallway. We hear a loft door open and stairs slide down.

ABBIE

Alright. But we need to be quick.

JAMES (O.S.)

(Walking up steps)

It will be.

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Both standing in front of the wardrobe mirror. Abbie stands in front of James.

Swinging what he's holding from behind his hands, James places A REVOLVER into Abbie's hands.

ABBIE
No. I'm not.

JAMES
I'm not saying you need to use it now.

ABBIE
I'm not.

JAMES
You may need to use it one day. If I go.

ABBIE
Where did you even get this?

JAMES
My great grandparents. If the police get to have them, we get to have them.

From the reflection of Abbie, shaking, James wraps his hands around hers. Takes a deep breath.

JAMES (cont'd)
It's easier than it looks. Stand with legs, shoulder width apart.

Abbie gaps her feet the same as James.

JAMES (cont'd)
Pull it up. Aim.

James pulls up the gun to the mirror. They are pointing it at themselves.

JAMES (cont'd)
Fire.

CLICK. Nothing. Abbie takes a sigh of relief.

JAMES (cont'd)
It's empty. But the bullets are in the box.

On the bed, a cardboard box, the flaps loosely closed.

Abbie nods. Gives James the revolver.

ABBIE'S POV: JAMES PUTTING AWAY THE GUN.

ABBIE
Can we go to the birthing lesson,
now?

JAMES
Sure. Lets go.

INT. STRANGWAYS PRISON, CELL 33 - MORNING

The rustic cell doors slam open.

The Desister winces his eyes, waking up in confusion.
Raising his head from his pillow on the bottom bunk.

The Bunkee on the top sits up in the top bunk. Two prison
officers walk in, MARK (33), the natural leader of the duo
and GERRY (30), his shorter partner in crime.

MARK
(Ignites taser)
Victor. Up. Now.

DESISTER
Do you know what time it is?

MARK
It looks like it's your lucky day.

GERRY
We're taking you to see your best
friend.

Mark stays a little amused by his partners joke.

MARK
President Greenwood.

GERRY
He wants to see you, he does.

DESISTER
Elaborate. Now.

The amusement runs thin. It's just sad now. Mark takes a
knee, getting level with The Desister.

MARK
Greenwood's picked you to be on the
Britannia show.

DESISTER
As a host, you mean?

GERRY
No, you tosser, you'll be fighting to
the death with other pieces of shit
just like you. Me and Mark, here have
already bet on you. What did we say?

MARK
Dead on the first game.

DESISTER
There's been some sort of mistake.
I'm a supporter. He wouldn't.

BUNKEE
(Amused)
Classic!

-- The Desister punches the mattress above him, nudging
Bunkee.

DESISTER
-- SHUT UP.

GERRY
Cut the shit, Victor. Pack your
toothbrush and jammies and come with
us.

DESISTER
Give it a go, you weak little midget.

Gerry lunges forward with the black taser. The Desister,
still lying down, maneuvers his arm to the side of the tool,
grabbing the handle of the taser and punching Gerry in the
head with his other hand. Gerry falling to the floor in
agony.

The Spectator jumps to his feet - all footwork. Mark and The
Desister squaring off, taser in each hand ready to attack.

Mark goes for a jab, the Desister moves out the way, Gerry
taking Mark's taser hit. Shocking him.

GERRY
OAAACCHHHH!

MARK

Sorry, Gerry.
 (Calling out)
 Can I get some backup in here?

A whistle blows. We hear multiple footsteps coming closer.

Bunkee, sitting upright in his bed, covers over his crossed knees, entertained. We hear the other officers, right around the corner now.

DESISTER

Yeah, that's right, get the army.
 (Lunges)

Mark gets tasered by The Desister, flinching and jerking on the floor, The Desister keeps going, mercilessly zapping him.

SIX POLICE OFFICERS running in with batons, tasers and even thicker metal armor than Mark and Gerry's. Tackling the screaming Desister to the floor. The Desister war cries.

DESISTER (cont'd)

Get the fuck off! Get off!

BUNKEE

(Unfazed)
 This is golden, bruv!

The Desister, getting forcefully dragged out the cell by the surrounding officers.

INT. PRISONER VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The Desister is chucked into the vehicle, smacking his back against the back wall. Falling to his feet with handcuffs. Mark and Gerry, with small burn marks climb in the back too.

With all three in, the back door slams shut.

DESISTER

Sorry about the loss.

MARK

We got you in here, looks like we won.

GERRY

Bring your signature book for Greenwood, super-fan?

MARK

Ha. Bet you can't wait to meet him,
"Desister".

DESISTER

He betrayed me. I'm going to cut off
his face.

MARK

Yeah. Sure.

DESISTER

I will.
(A beat)
And you two wont be around to see it.

Mark and Gerry hide their swallow as best as they can.
Looking down.

INT. AUDIENCE SEATS, MANCHESTER ARENA - DAY

Cheering crowds. Standing more powerful than the Roman
coliseums.

We see James's face, close. Looking serious in blue
clothing.

ZOOMING OUT - we see he's a fish out of water, practically
everyone else wearing red, laughing and drunk.

Davina O'Niel is on the stage. Rattling the cages of the
emotional public, with the microphone in - hand.

DAVINA O'NIEL

Are you ready to be entertained?

The audience of a thousand members cheer.

James looks pissed. Keeping his mouth shut. It's go time.

James raises out of his seat, passing everyone to the steps.
Beginning to walk down them towards the stage. It's
overwhelming with drunk supporters. Passing them in the
background.

DAVINA O'NIEL (O.S.)

I can't hear you?

CROWD (O.S.)

Yeah - yes! - Wahooo!

James walks faster, agitated, passing two heavily armored security guards at the bottom of the steps.

James jumps over the rail, onto the stage.

MANCHESTER SECURITY
Hey, what do you think you're doing?

DAVINA O'NIEL
Are you ready for the Britannia games? --

-- The mic is snatched from Davina's hands into the hands of James.

JAMES
(Into Mic)
-- Fuck your Britannia games. We all need to stand up to what is right. What is just.

Everyone is booing, angrily.

The Manchester security guards jump over the rails.

JAMES'S POV: LOOKING UP TO PRESIDENT GREENWOOD'S BOX.

INT. GREENWOOD'S BOX, MANCHESTER ARENA - CONTINUOUS

President Greenwood rises to his feet, looking down. Two supermodels stay seated either side of Greenwood.

JAMES
Instead of being run by this tyrant.

Still looking down, everyone like ants. The Manchester security about to snatch James and then -

Greenwood takes his megaphone.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
(Through megaphone)
STOP!

Everyone stays still, including the Manchester security. Everyone looking up to the President.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (cont'd)
Let us listen to what this traitor has to say.

Everyone goes wild, cheering up the hype.

INT. STAGE, MANCHESTER ARENA - CONTINUOUS

For a moment, James swallows. His trepidation fades as he starts his speech.

JAMES

Look at what has become; The western
dictator we thought couldn't exist,
stands before us. You're all
following him blindly into the abyss.
You already have. This isn't the
United Kingdom anymore.

Everyone boos James.

INSERT CUT: GREENWOOD SMILES. THE SUPERMODEL TOUCHING HIS
LEG.

JAMES (cont'd)

He rules over us. Greenwood rules
with an iron fist.

James isn't winning anyone over. The booing continuous.
Rubbish is chucked to the stage in overwhelming amounts.

JAMES (cont'd)

Don't you see?

Everyone looks to Greenwood for a response. Only a stage
light shining upon Greenwood shows us where he stands in
the distance.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

You talk about ruling. But you have
it all the wrong way round. I don't
rule the people. The people rule the
people. I'm just the voice.

The patriotic audience applaud with ear drumming volume.
Greenwood continues to speak above the cheers.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (cont'd)

And you're right. This is not the
United Kingdom anymore. This is the
United Republic. And there will never
come the day where the people don't
rule again.

(A beat)

What's your name, son? Don't be
afraid.

JAMES

James --

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
 -- Speak up.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JAMES'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abbie is painting the livingroom, watching the Britannia games on T.V.

She sees James, dropping her paint brush.

JAMES (FILTERED)
 (On T.V)
 James. My name is James.

INT. STAGE, MANCHESTER ARENA - CONTINUOUS

James doesn't stop glaring at Greenwood. Both strong men.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
 I admire your values, James. But I don't respect them. Look around, these patriots would give their lives for our cause.

JAMES
 And I wouldn't for mine?

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
 Prove it. Play the Britannia games. Prove your cause is worth your life?

James looks around, and then looking straight into the camera -

INSERT CUT: VIEW FROM CAMERA - JAMES DEAD ON.

JAMES (FILTERED)
 (Through camera)
 Fine. I'll play your game.

BACK TO SCENE. The Manchester arrest James. James keeps staring up to President Greenwood - giving him a death stare as the crowd goes wild in the background.

DAVINA O'NIEL (O.S.)
 (Into microphone)
 Well, talk about entertainment!

INT. BACKSTAGE, MANCHESTER ARENA - NIGHT

The Desister is in chains, rubbing his clammy palms together. We hear the cries of the audience outside, cheering - ruining our eardrums. Davina's voice orchestrates their erratic behavior.

DAVINA O'NIEL (O.S.)
Tonight we have something special
planned, our killers will be facing
of with each other in teams of two.

INT. STAGE, MANCHESTER ARENA - CONTINUOUS

The republican flag hangs high, proudly on the ceiling. No seats empty. Greenwood watches, seated from his box high above the audience. Sipping on champagne and sitting in between two super models.

DAVINA O'NIEL
(On mic)
There are two teams. Blue and red. In
blue team we have -

Davina looks up to a large screen, visible to everyone in the arena. It displays statistics and profile pictures of the killers. MILO SANTINI (25), skin head and fierce looking and ADRIAN FOSTER (47), measly and lanky looking.

DAVINA O'NIEL (cont'd)
Milo Santini; The Chapel High school
shooter. And his running mate;
Millionaire and family annihilator -
Adrian Foster.

INSERT: SCREEN DISPLAYING A SNAPSHOT OF THE KILLER'S FACES - WITH STATS OF AGE, STRENGTHS, CRIME DETAILS.

INT. BACKSTAGE, MANCHESTER ARENA - CONTINUOUS

The Desister hears some chains rustling from behind him - another convict in prison clothes - JOHNATHAN GREEVES (31), sex offender, antisocial looking. Greeves gets his handcuffs removed by two ARENA SECURITY members.

The Desister looks over to Greeves's, with an unwelcoming stare. Greeves looks back but quickly looks back towards the floor, avoiding eye contact.

Greeves and The Desister are pushed towards the stage door by the same security guards.

DAVINA O'NIEL (O.S.)
And in the red team we have the antihero - who murdered the man who raped him as a child, and serial killer of 19 pedophile rapists... The astonishing Victor Desister!

The crowd cheer, the door to the stage lifts, revealing the bright lights on the Desister's face. Walking out proud.

NEW ANGLE: PRESIDENT GREENWOOD'S BOX.

The President is upset and agitated.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
Why do they love him? He's a sick freak.

One of the super models grabs the president's crotch, gaining his attention.

SUPER MODEL
Don't worry about it, he has nothing on you.

STAGE

The Desister looks up to the box where Greenwood is, sticking up his middle finger, defiantly up to him. Half the crowd laugh.

PRESIDENT'S BOX

The other supermodel laughs and Greenwood slaps her face - shocking the other supermodel.

DAVINA O'NIEL
(Microphone)
And to throw in abit of a mix, The Desister's running mate will be Johnathan Greeves - the disgusting child molester. That'll be some interesting chemistry wont it?

The crowd pander, laughing on cue. A security guard comes behind the Desister, realeasing the handcuffs.

Greeves, keeping his head down and The Desister looks to him - still and eerily.

We see in the center of the stage there is a wooden rack with different types of fighting knives and swords displayed.

DAVINA O'NIEL

The rules of the game are simple.
Both teams must work together in a
fair fight of blades and knives. The
objective - to survive. The goal - to
fight to the death.

INSERT IN: A TIMER COUNTS DOWN FROM 20...19...

DAVINA O'NIEL (cont'd)

Contestants, please pick your weapon
of choice.

The Desister and Greeves walk up to the knife stand. The
Desister takes a pair of long, SPANISH NAVAJAS. Greeves
taking a combat knife.

Milo Santini picks a VIKING SWORD. And Isaac takes two axes.
Quivering and uneasily.

The team mates back off, each pair away from the other.

The audience and Davina counting down.

AUDIENCE

Three, two, one.

An air horn blows - the game begins.

Desister swings the navaja horizontaly, lodging it into
Greeves's neck.

DAVINA O'NIEL (O.S.)

The Desister has just killed his own
teammate - that might have cost him
his survival.

PRESIDENT'S BOX

Greenwood stops the supermodel from wanking him off. Looking
down, disgusted and shocked.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

Who does he think he is?

STAGE

The Desister dislodges the navaja from Greeves's bloodies
gurgling neck.

Greeves drops to the ground, fading out.

The Desister, showing off, swinging the knives in an attempt to deter Santini. Only intimating Foster.

MILO SANTINI

Wow that looks so pretty. You know I'm gunna stick this sword up your ass so far, you'll be wishing it was that priest's cock.

Furiously, the Desister takes one swipe - cutting Santini's cheek.

DESISTER

(To Santini)

You gunna keep that piece of shit around?

Santini turns to Foster, who looks edgily back. Santino shrugs.

DESISTER (cont'd)

Anything to win, right? Well, at least we know you're half a man. No guns around here - your fucked mate.

The Desister pushes forward to decapitate Foster but his navaja is blocked by Santini's sword. Foster backs off, leaving them to it.

MILO SANTINI

(To Foster)

Get back here.

Milo, looking more nervous now. Shaking he and The Desister circle each other. The Desister loving the fear.

DESISTER

Fish out of water.

Milo Santini swings his sword's blade into The Desister's, igniting sparks against the navajas.

The Desister, trying to hit Santini, coming from either sides of his waist. No luck. Santini keeps blocking each attack, but with fatigue growing. Heavy breathing.

Santini, just before giving in the the tactics lifts his leg, springing it out. Kicked in the chest with force, The Desister is forced back.

Milo Santini has seconds to regain his energy. Deep breaths. Prepping the sword in his sweaty hands.

With a deep inhale, The Desister moves forward with a strong cry, his navaja blades in parallel to each other. The hit is so strong, that Milo Santini's sword is flung out his hand.

Santino is trapped. Vulnerable. His lip quivering. Body shaking.

Swallowing his fear, Acting tough;

SANTINI
(Confident)
No weapons. Fists. Man on man.
Well?... Are you a man?

The Desister looks to the crowd. Then down to his weapons. Everything becomes bassy, sounds blurred.

In complete silence, The Desister turns back to Santini - with a tense, serious face.

DESISTER
I'm an animal.

SANTINI
What?

Like a vinyl record picking back up to it's regular speed, sounds of the arena become clear and normal.

The Desister moves forward, a chopping motion.

The blade cleanly cuts Santini's left arm off from under the socket of his shoulder.

Santini looks across to his bloody shoulder, with this look of complete shock horror.

Elegantly, Milo's other arm is chopped off the same way, with one clean swing. The arm grossly dangles with flesh by a thread. Then falling off.

Milo Santini drops to his knees. A Wobbling, bloody amputee. Now beginning to scream. The pain overrides his adrenaline.

The Desister turns away like it was nothing, facing the crowd. Bowing to them.

Walking in a slow pace back to Santini, with both navaja blades the Desister furiously stabs Santini's chest and abdomen. So quickly it's ten piercings in five seconds.

Santini's body flops to the side.

CORNER OF THE STAGE

Adrian Foster jumps across the stage. Making nervous noises and freaking out.

ADRIAN FOSTER

Fuck! Fuck!

DESISTER (O.S.)

Come here, I won't hurt you.

The Demister comes into frame, walking with towards Adrian with speed.

Every time The Desister takes a step forward, Adrian Foster takes a step back. The Nastily walk transforms to a run.

The Desister chases after Adrian, getting bored.

DESISTER

Come on, stop this, Adrian!

ADRIAN FOSTER

No, you're just going to kill ,me
like you did him!

A slow step to Adrian but he steps back. Back to running.

The Desister takes a breath.

DESISTER

Would you stop, that guy tried to put
up a fight. You're not. Why would oI
want to hurt you? I just want to see
if you're OK? You look scared.

Looking sorry for himself Adrian shreds a tear and then begins to run again.

The Desister pounces, each step as a long jump, gripping the neck of Adrian's prison shirt.

The smirk from Resister's face is stone-cold evil.

Adrian, with his shoulders tense, head down is stiff.
Frightening.

The chant of a thousand shit stirrers reckons from the audience. They love it.

The Desister loves it, spinning around, dragging Adrian, raising his sword.

DESISTER (cont'd)

(To crowd)

I'm a gladiator. I am and you fucking love it!

We stay on Adrian's face, in the grip, sweating. Unable to breathe.

DESISTER (O.S.)

I'm a gladiator and you fucking love me.

Pushing Adrian to the floor, The Desister readies Milo's sword across Adrian's neck.

The quivering lips of Adrian babble. Nervous and dry.

Taking a swing with both hands.

Adrian Foster is beheaded.

The crowd dance and sing.

PRESIDENT'S BOX.

Greenwood steps up. Infuriated. Getting his coat on. The two supermodels follow him out the box. Two bodyguards talk into radios.

BODY GUARD

POT-R is leaving the building. Secure stairwell nine.

AUDIENCE POV: THE DESISTER RAISING ADRIAN'S HEAD. CHEERS.

INT. CAFE, BELMARSH PRISON - DAY

James sits alone at the table, eating pudding and keeping his head down. His chair wobbles unevenly at the leg.

BIG BOY (57), a balding, fat/bulky, scarily looking convict, eyes up James across the room. Obviously laughing at him.

DESISTER (O.S.)

(Sitting down)

You know your chair legs wobbly. I can fix it for you, I used to be a carpenter.

James wipes his mouth with a paper napkin. Putting it down to the side.

JAMES
Why are you talking to me?

DESISTER
Your first time in prison?

JAMES
That's not an answer.

DESISTER
Because you know, everyone needs
allies in prison.

JAMES
I don't want to be your ally.

The Desister, now looking insulted. Sucking air through his
teeth. Looking rigid.

DESISTER
I'm being pleasant. Say that again.
To my face. Say it to me again, I'm
begging you.

James looks slightly worried.

DESISTER (cont'd)
We both have the same enemy.
Greenwood. He should be dead.

JAMES
All the news coverage of you, made it
seem like you were a super-fan of
his.

The Desister looks a little embarrassed - psychotically
twitching.

DESISTER
That was before... This all happened.

James looks behind The Desister, over to Big Boy; who's
swinging his arms back and forth, in preparation. Big Boy
gives James a nasty look.

DESISTER (cont'd)
(Looks back)
What, you're scared of Big Boy?
(Nothing)
Look, we're the same.

JAMES
-- We're not.

Big Boy comes over, fists ready.

DESISTER

We're both traitors. And we can
wallow in it or we can fight back. I
can teach you --

JAMES

(Sarcastic)

-- Really?

Big Boy looks threateningly violent. Swinging a punch as James gets up, dodging it.

The Desister raises to his feet, rolling his eyes. Bored already.

BIG BOY

Stop staring, pretty boy.

Big Boy picks up the entire table that James and The Desister were sitting at. Ramming it towards James so the surface is crushing him against the wall. Ramming it a second time. Ramming it a third --

-- James ducks underneath the table. The surface crashes to the wall and James raises back up. Now inbetween Big Boy and the table he holds.

James moves forward and punching, uppercutting Big Boy's lip.

Whilst this all happens, The Desister takes James's chair and begins to unscrew the wooden leg. Taking it apart.

BIG BOY (cont'd)

(Painfully)

You little rat!

Big Boy goes for one last punch.

James reacts quickly, forcefully bashing Big Boy with a clenched fist.

Big Boy falls to the floor.

With Big Boy behind James, James steps over to The Desister, pressing a pointed finger against Desister's chest.

JAMES

I have nothing to learn from you.

DESISTER

Except from.

We see Big Boy rise again, about to attack James from behind. But The Desister moves past James.

Just before Big Boy makes contact with James. The Desister, smashing the wooden leg into the skull of Big Boy. Over and over again, cracking open his skull. Blood dripping as Big Boy lies on the floor.

James watches the execution - murder. Still faced.

DESISTER (cont'd)

You can always learn to kill.

The Desister drops the bloodied chair leg. It rolls towards Big Boy's corpse.

INT. VISITING ROOM, BELMARSH PRISON - DAY

Abbie sits at one of dozens of empty tables.

A perky prison officer - OFFICER POLLY (60), sticks his head through the door, checking the coast is clear.

James walks in front of officer Polly, straight to Abbie, embracing her.

OFFICER POLLY

No contact. You have five minutes.

JAMES

Abbie, I missed you so much.

ABBIE

James, you need to get out of here.
This is crazy, it's too much.

JAMES

There's only one way out. I need to win.

ABBIE

You're not going to win. The only battles you've faced are legal ones!

Abbie reaches into her bag, pulling out BUSINESS CARDS of lawyers, laying them all out on the table.

James looks down, saddened.

ABBIE (cont'd)

Look, I found a few guys that can help.

(Taps on cards)

This one here says he can easily get you out. All we need is a statement from you --

JAMES

-- I'm not getting out.

ABBIE

Don't be stupid. I just said --

JAMES

-- I just said I'm not getting out. I want to fight for a cause. I've never been more sure about anything in my life.

Abbie gives James a blank face, then starting to chuck the business cards back in her bag, upset.

ABBIE

You are the most selfish, irresponsible, most stupid, pathetic --

JAMES

(Outbreak)

-- I'M DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT. Remember that night, what you said in the car? You were right.

ABBIE

I didn't mean fight to the death on a game show. You're a lawyer for God's sake.

JAMES

I used to think violence was never the way to solve anything. But in Greenwood's nation, it's the only way.

(A beat)

I'm doing this for society, so no man has to do it again. So our kids can learn from our mistakes. I'm fighting for the right cause.

Abbie doesn't know what to say, getting up in a loss.

ABBIE

I - I don't know what to say. I can't believe you're doing this.

Abbie turns to walk away.

A fierce, loving grip from James's hand on her wrist stops her.

OFFICER POLLY

No contact.

JAMES

(To Abbie)

This wasn't some drunken decision. I'm fighting for justice.

OFFICER POLLY

I said no contact.

ABBIE

(To James)

I need to go. I'll be at my mum's if you need to call.

Abbie pulls away, wiping a tear and leaving through the back door.

James releases his head, looking down.

OFFICER POLLY (O.S.)

Don't worry mate. They always come around.

INT. GYM, BELMARSH PRISON - DAY

Jolts of metal from weight apparatus. Twenty or so prisoners exercising. All tough looking and buff.

The Desister is sitting down on the pull down machine. Sweating and concentrating.

James walks up in front of him. Looking a little humble, scratching the back of his head.

JAMES

Hey. Thank you for what you did back there. For... Saving my life.

Stopping and raising up to his feet, The Desister steps towards a punching bag. Letting it have it, aggressively.

JAMES (cont'd)
Anyway, thank you.

DESISTER
(Stops)
You were pretty cocky back there. But
we all see you're weak. You're
welcome for the saving, though.

The Desister goes back to punching with a grin. The conversation over.

James looks around at the tough-guy prisoners laughing at him. James takes a breath, uncomfortably walking out.

JAMES
I owe you.

The Desister stops punching, holding the bag. Beginning to punch again.

CUT TO:

EXT. EXERCISE FIELD, BELMARSH PRISON - AFTERNOON

Sunshine and grass hoppers. Everything hazy looking, like a sepia photograph. Prisoners are in the background on the grass, walking back in. But James stays;

Looking up at the thirty meter barbed fence, in front of him. A look of overshadowing.

The Desister makes James jump.

DESISTER (O.S.)
It's not about right and wrong.
Animals don't think morally before
hunting prey. We shouldn't be any
different.

JAMES
You see yourself as a predator?

DESISTER
(A beat)
Soon I'll be at the top of the chain.

James looks to the over confident smile on The Desister. Now turning back to the fence.

DESISTER (cont'd)
Greenwood once said - "The voice of
which captures the crowd, rules. The
sympathetic whimper, withers."

JAMES
You really believe that bullshit?

DESISTER
It may be the only thing I believe in
now.

A rattle is shot in the background. The guardsman screams
across the field.

GUARDSMAN
(To them both)
Get your sorry asses over here now!

The Desister begins to walk, but leans into James, a cold
smile.

DESISTER
He could be your prey.

EXT. EXERCISE FIELD (NEW AREA) - MOMENTS LATER

The Desister and James walk the prison perimeter, still on
the grass but nearer to the prison.

JAMES
So, if you don't mind me asking; Your
victims --

DESISTER
-- They weren't victims.

JAMES
The people you killed, child
molesters - somehow that's acting
moral though? Am I wrong, I mean
through a serial killer's mind?

DESISTER
Now you get it. You've just graduated
killer class 101 - we always have a
reason. I'm not as crazy as I seem.

The guardsman paces on the spot, waiting for their slow walk
to pass him.

GUARDSMAN

Enjoy your stroll in the park, love
birds?

A pat on the dusty ground as The Desister goes in to punch the guardsman. Stopping short as the guardsman flinches - unable to use his gun.

The Desister scoffs to himself, points out the guardsman to James.

DESISTER

Look at that weak neck. It can snap
without much force. Easy prey, if you
want it.

INT. JAMES'S CELL, BELMARSH PRISON - NIGHT

The bars look like they have frost all over them. James shivers in a thin sheet, rolling over in his sleep. The cell only lit by the moonlight.

Metal screeches quietly enough. Metal keys dangle in the keyhole.

James stands up, frightened and threatened.

Now, un-clenching his fist, James calmly takes a breath.

NEW ANGLE: DOORWAY

The Desister stands leaning in the open doorway. His arms by his side and a PRISON KEY-HOLDER stands next to him, part of the gang.

They both take a step into the cell.

DESISTER

Look like you nearly shat yourself.

Across the walls are Christmas cards with kittens wearing seasonal hats on the covers.

DESISTER (cont'd)

(Whispers)

I like what you've done with the
place.

JAMES

(Louder)

It's homely --

DESISTER
 (Hushing)
 Shhhh! Keep your voice down.
 Get up.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON WALKWAY, BELMARSH PRISON - MOMENTS LATER

Tinsel hangs from a few cell doors. Christmas decorations of shiny cheap plastic hangs from the high, daunting ceiling.

The Desister walks James to the end of the walkway with the key-man, escorting them, just a few steps behind.

They reach an elevator door at the end of the walkway.

Desister stepping aside, allowing the key-holder to insert it into the elevator lock.

The doors spring open.

DESISTER
 (To James)
 After you.

James steps inside, then The Desister.

The doors close with the key-holder outside. But the doors get stopped by the key-holder's foot.

The doors open again.

KEY-HOLDER
 You said I could get a selfie?

DESISTER
 Oh. Come on then.

NEW ANGLE: THE DESISTER AND JAMES INBETWEEN THE KEY-HOLDER.

They all look cramped and uncomfortable as the key-holder leans into his phone. Angling it.

KEY-HOLDER
 Say cheese.

JAMES
 Cheeese.

DESISTER
 Cheeeese.

A white flash.

The key-holder, delightedly steps out of the elevator. Eyes stuck on his photo.

KEY-HOLDER (cont'd)
I'll wait here for you both.

The Desister nods, the doors closing and the sound of the elevator mechanics starting up.

EXT. ROOF TOP, BELMARSH PRISON - NIGHT

The lights from all the London houses illuminate the icy cold night. Skyscrapers soar in the sky. Christmas trees lit up in markets. Christmas music plays from one of the houses in the distance. Up here we mostly hear the wind.

A fire door slams open. Smashes into the concrete wall outside.

James and The Desister step outside. Their warm breaths are seen in the frosty air.

James goes straight to look out over the side of the roof.

CLOSE UP: FAN MADE LIGHTER OF THE DESISTER'S FACE.

The lighter sparks up a cigarette. The Desister walks over to the edge of the roof too, leaning across the packet of cigarettes.

JAMES
No thanks.

James keeps looking out to the city. Smiling with awe.

DESISTER (O.S.)
London, the living place of all
that's cold.

The distant music gets louder. Some drunk singing and bottles getting smashed.

JAMES
This is what you wanted to show me?

Twitching his head, The Desister makes a grunt.

James follows The Desister to the other side of the roof.

NEW ANGLE: LOOKING DOWN TO THE ROOF BELOW.

The Guardsman from the exercise field is there with his rifle. All alone smoking a cigarette.

JAMES (cont'd)
 (Whispers)
 The guardsman.

DESISTER
 No. The guy with the weak neck. Your prey.

James looks nervously over to The Desister.

DESISTER (cont'd)
 See. I do like you, James. We could work together. We could say fuck you to Greenwood and team up. But you need to prove you're a killer. I only work with killers.

JAMES
 You want me to take him out?

DESISTER
 Kill your prey.

James swallows, The Desister stumping on his cigarette butt.

DESISTER (cont'd)
 Do it. And we fight together. Brothers.

JAMES
 I don't know. I'm not sure I'm a killer.

DESISTER
 You are. You know you are. You just need to spread your wings --

JAMES
 -- What are you doing?

-- With a forceful push, James loses his balance, chucked off the roof onto the roof, ten meters below.

EXT. LOWER ROOF, BELMARSH PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Thumping to the floor. James raises his face out of the dirt. The guardsman spinning around towards him.

GUARDSMAN
What the fuck?

A fist smashes into the jaw of the guardsman, cracking it. James retracts to give another punch.

The guardsman dodges the seconds punch, kneeing James in the balls.

Both grapple with the riffle, fighting over it. The guardsman keeps tries to fling James off, but he keeps a firm grip.

Stomping on James's feet with his heavy duty boots, the guardsman backs off with the gun in two hands.

The guardsman aims the riffle at James. Finger on the trigger as James charges at him.

James grips the gun. It's barrel, pointed in the air as it fires.

James begins crushing the gun horizontally against the guardsman's neck to the wall, crushing his breath.

The guardsman gurgles. Painfully crushed until;

James pulls away with the gun, flailing it off the roof, falling down a height.

James watches it. Keeps looking away as the guardsman goes in for one last strike.

James turns his head in time, efficiently taking all of the guardsman's charge along with him.

Both James and the guardsman are heading to the side of the flat roof. James stops last second but with a hold, swings the guardsman, propelling off the roof.

James looks down, watching the guardsman's fall. Heavy thud. Sound of breaking bones on a hard surface.

We see the devastation of the high fall; The guardsman's crushed body.

TRACK ON: JAMES IN SHOCK.

Behind James, a makeshift ladder made out of tied up clothes falls to the floor, leading upwards.

DESISTER (O.S.)
Quickly! Climb up!

INT. ABBIE'S PARENTS, SITTING ROOM (MONTAGE) - DAY

Everything looks calm in the house. There's two Labradors either side of a flowery coach.

Abbie walks into the room, a cup of tea on a saucer and a letter in her other hand. She takes a seat in the single chair.

ABBIE (V.O.)

Life was hard without James. I missed him. But he made his choice, too bad he had no idea what he was in for.

Abbie opens up the letter envelope, tearing away. She pulls out James's letter.

We stay on Abbie's face, concentrating on the letter.

JAMES (V.O.)

(On the letter)

Dear Abbie... I think I fucked up. I killed someone, and now I'm going to die.

Abbie covers her mouth, worried. She continues reading.

INT. JAMES'S CELL, BELMARSH PRISON (MONTAGE) - DAY

James looks frightened. A shadow of a bulky prison guard overcomes James, there in the cell.

James looks up to the unseen prison guard.

JAMES (V.O.)

I killed a prison guard, who just so turned out to be the brother of the warden. Nobody has no idea that I did it apart from one guy I trust. But something tells me they'll be finding out soon. They have their ways.

INT. HALLWAY, BELMARSH PRISON (MONTAGE) - DAY

James is shoved into a line with The Desister and ten other convicts. They line up like soldiers. Silent and waiting, hands by their sides.

The WARDEN (51), a dark haired, short tempered small man with no time to smile, walks up and down the line of convicts. Stopping to shout in the convicts faces.

WARDEN

I know that one of you killed my baby brother. And I am a beast. We will torture you. I won't stop until I know who did it and make them fucking wish they were dead.

The Warden stops at a bald, random 30 something year old convict. Eyes him up and down, continuing to walk and ramble.

WARDEN (cont'd)

You smug little fucks think you're safe. That there won't be any retaliation. You're in a whole new world under Greenwood. The chief has scraped human rights. I can do what I like, when I like.

A lined up convict kneels down to scratch an itch. He gets back up, unaware he shouldn't have moved. The warden stops in front of him, kneeling him in the balls. The convict falls. The warden keeps pacing.

WARDEN (cont'd)

You're going to wish there was a way out. But there isn't. I will torture each and every one of you.

Now stopping in front of The Desister, who stares down the warden.

WARDEN (cont'd)

You got something you want to say to me?

DESISTER

Your brother deserved to die. And it was funny that he did.

WARDEN

Wait here, sir.

The warden goes to a standing by officer, with a riffle in his hands.

WARDEN (cont'd)

(To officer)

May I?

The officer hands warden the gun.

The warden makes his way back to The Desister. Smacking the base of the riffle up against The Desister's jaw. Blood streaks across The Desister's face but he stands in line, salutes.

Laughter in the row of convicts.

WARDEN (cont'd)
 (Screaming)
 You all think that's funny, do you?
 Drop and give me fifty!

Every drops. Beginning sit ups.

JAMES (V.O.)
 They won't stop until they know I'm
 the one that did it. And I'm scared.
 I'll definitely break eventually.
 It's human nature.

WARDEN
 This is going to be a fun few days.

INT. TORTURE CELL, BELMARSH PRISON (MONTAGE) - DAY

Grey, and gloomy. The walls looks moldy and sickly looking. There's a patch of blood on the floor that looks dried up.

James is trapped on a medieval torture device. A chair with spikes all over it. He's strapped down with leather and has knuckle crushers attached to his thumbs.

The TORTURER (unknown), masked and tall looking, screws the knuckle crushers again.

JAMES
 (Wailing)
 fuuuuuuuuuck!

The knuckle crushers get taken off. James's hand is pulsing red. He nearly passes out from shock.

JAMES (V.O.)
 I haven't broke yet. It won't be long
 though.

INT. CAFE, BELMARSH PRISON (MONTAGE) - DAY

James is in the line with some milk on his tray. The other convicts are lined up with him, waiting to get to the food.

Out of nowhere, the warden and two other prison officers come barging into the line, grabbing James and pushing him to the floor.

They kick James in his stomach as he lays on the floor, coughing blood.

The other prisoners back away, keeping to themselves.

James looks into us, as if we're there.

JAMES (V.O.)

I just want it to end. I feel sick.

The milk from James's tray gets poured over him. He lays in agony.

The warden and the officers leave James on the floor, walking away laughing.

INT. TORTURE CELL, BELMARSH PRISON (MONTAGE) - NIGHT

The Desister is tied, standing upright to some chains. Bound by his wrists to the high wall.

The warden finishes a cigarette. Walking over to The Desister and putting it out on his bare stomach.

JAMES (V.O.)

The worse part is waiting. Not knowing if you've been ratted out. There's no way of knowing.

The cigarette sizzles in The Desister's skin.

DESISTER

(Biting lip)

AHHHH! You fuck'n prick. You stupid little bastard.

WARDEN

I'm so sorry.

DESISTER

I didn't kill your pig shit brother. But you know what, I laugh every time I think of him splatting on the floor. Big fat piggie.

As The Desister is about to laugh, the warden smashes his palm against Desister's face. A loud smack and a red mark.

DESISTER (cont'd)
That's gunna kill in the morning.
Hahha.

NEAR THE WINDOW.

A bucket of water with a brandishing iron are sitting on the floor. The warden crouches next to it, pulling out the iron.

Then reaching in his back pocket, pulling out The Desister's fan made lighter with his face on it.

A spark and a flame are made. The warden lighting up the base of the iron, used for cattle marking.

The iron begins to glow.

DESISTER (O.S.)
What are you doing? What are you
doing? Hey!

The warden stops, the iron as hot as it can glow. Stepping back towards The Desister, until he's in frame.

Leaning away as far as the chains let him, The Desister begins to laugh-panic. The chains rattle.

DESISTER
What are you doing? Stop. Stop!

WARDEN
Do you know what this is?

JAMES (V.O.)
It's cruel.

The iron creeps closer to The Desister's skin.

DESISTER
Stop it. Keep that away.

The warden steps closer. Ready to brandish.

WARDEN
Now would be the time to confess your
sins. Before you burn in hell.

Centimeters away from Desister's stomach. He shakes with the chains. His skin reflects the glowing iron, now millimeters away.

JAMES (V.O.)
But torture does work here.

DESISTER
 Alright! Alright! What do you want to
 know?

The iron skims The Desister.

DESISTER (cont'd)
 I SAID I'LL TELL YOU!

Warden grunts with a smile, chucks the brandishing iron
 across the room, into the bucket. Sizzling, steam rising out
 of the boiling water.

The Desister looks nervous around the warden.

WARDEN
 Who killed my brother?

DESISTER
 I'm going to tell you.
 (A beat)
 You fucking psycho!

INT. JAMES'S CELL, BELMARSH PRISON (MONTAGE) - NIGHT

The rusty cell doors opening. James scurries up from the
 floor, edgy.

JAMES (V.O.)
 Never trust anyone, Abbie.

Two guardsmen step inside, dragging James out as he screams,
 struggling to escape.

JAMES
 Get off! Fuck off!

OUTSIDE JAMES'S CELL

Pushed against the brick wall and held down, James is
 helpless.

The warden thuggish, calmly walks up to James.

The warden begins punching James in the stomach, endlessly.
 In the face, bloodying James.

The warden retracts his fist, holding his hurt knuckles.#

WARDEN
 Fuck. What are you made from son,
 iron?

Out of breath, James spits on the warden. It runs down his uniform.

WARDEN (cont'd)

Oh, yeah?

Hit after hit, James is abused by the warden. His body, used like a punching bag.

The warden kicks kneels James in the balls, down to the floor he goes. Kicking him now on the floor.

James can't breath, making winded noises as he holds in the pain.

JAMES (V.O.)

Best lesson anyone can teach you,
hands down. Don't trust anyone.

INSERT CUT: ABBIE'S EYES, READING THE LETTER.

JAMES (V.O.) (cont'd)

I miss you. I love you. James xxx.

END MONTAGE

INT. JAMES'S CELL, BELMARSH PRISON - MORNING

Outside the door, morning news is playing on the television.

The door opens, heavy hand-edly. Two advanced prison officers in metal armor push James into the cell. He falls on the floor.

The door slams shut and James is locked in. Getting up and wiping off the dirt from his trousers.

James limps towards the bars at the door, gripping them and watching the news.

T.V ANCHOR (FILTERED)

(On T.V)

So we asked the president what he
thinks about Victor Desister and
James Barron working together --

JAMES

-- What the?

T.V ANCHOR (FILTERED)

And this is what he had to say:

INSERT CUT: PRESIDENT OUTSIDE NUMBER 10 DOWNING STREET.

A reporter runs after the president. Mr. Collins is by the presidents side.

REPORTER (FILTERED)

(Pre- recorded)

Mr. President, what is being said about the joint effort to take you dwn between Victor Harrison 'Desister' and James Barron?

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (FILTERED)

(Pre-recorded)

All I can say is they both deserve what's coming to them. A face off. Desister Vs. James.

Mr. Collins edges into the camera screen.

MR. COLLINS (FILTERED)

(Pre-recorded)

They'll be no conspiring under Greenwood's presidency.

BACK TO SCENE

James. Resting his hands on the bars. Lowering his head. Praying silently.

INT. CAFE, BELMARSH PRISON - NIGHT

James takes the opposite seat of The Desister's. Who's eats his pudding, keeping his head down.

JAMES

So what's the plan for tomorrow?

DESISTER

I can't believe this. It's a shame this is what they're doing. Making us face off.

JAMES

Well Greenwood's an idiot if he thinks we're going to kill eachother.

The Desister gives back no response. Eating his pudding.

JAMES (cont'd)
 That's not going to happen is it?
 (Nothing)
 HEY! --

DESISTER
 -- It's designed against us. We'll
 have to play their game. It's a
 necessary sacrifice.

JAMES
 A necessary sacrifice? That's so
 weak.

James looks hurt. The Desister taking another bite. James
 slaps the pudding onto the floor. The mess goes over The
 Desister but he doesn't react.

JAMES (cont'd)
 (Leaning in)
 Fucking try and kill me. You're not
 the only psychopath.

James getting up, storming out.

DESISTER'S POV: PUDDING MESS ON BLACK AND WHITE TILES.

INT. 02 ARENA - DAY

'Billy Squire - The Stroke' plays through the speakers. The
 lively crowd clapping along. It's a showdown.

The weapons in their stands await, lonely on the stage.

BACKSTAGE

With the security holding both James and The Desister, we
 see there's an unstable tension in James's body.

The Desister gets his handcuffs released by a security
 member.

02 SECURITY
 All ready, Desister?

DESISTER
 I'm all showbiz. Watch this.

The Desister runs onto the stage to the 50/50 adoring/hating
 crowd.

James watches him go with contempt.

STAGE

The Desister takes the stage like he owns it. Trying to hype up the crowd. He runs to the weapons - taking his two Navajas again.

 DAVINA O'NIEL (O.S.)
 (Through microphone)
 And here he is; The villain, the
 monster --

 CROWD (O.S.)
 (In masses)
 DESISTER!

The other half of the crowd, the hating side, chuck rubbish down to the stage. We see it all fall like rain.

A full slushy cup flies directly to him but The Desister swings the navaja - slicing it in half, simultaneously dodging it.

Seven teenagers in black T-shirts spelling - D.E.S.I.S.T.E.R stand and cheer him. Mad superfans.

Then, the all glance up to Greenwood in his box - televised on the stadium screen.

A look of intimidation coming from Greenwood. The teenagers all sit down.

 DAVINA O'NIEL (O.S.)
 That's right, it's the serial killer
 himself. Desister. And what a treat
 we have in store for the audience
 today. More coming up after a quick
 word from our sponsors.

INT. SITTING ROOM, ABBIE'S PARENTS - DAY

On the coach, Abbie holds her womb, breathing in pain.

Abbie's mother; SANDRA (60), skinny and fussy, comes in with a hot water bottle, passing it to Abbie and stroking her hair.

We see Abbie's father; PETER (61), fat and slobbish, lounging on the arm chair, eating popcorn and drinking ale.

The T.V suddenly raises in volume.

DAVINA O'NIEL (FILTERED)

(On T.V)

Welcome back to the Britannia games.
I'm you're host, Davina O'Niel.

Sandra grabs the remote from Peter, switching over.

SANDRA

Right. Enough of that, thank you.

PETER

Oi! I was watching that.

SANDRA

Don't be so bloody insensitive, James
is on there!

PETER

And I'm supporting him.

ABBIE

Mum.

Sandra and Peter both turn to Abbie. All focus on their daughter.

ABBIE (cont'd)

It's OK, mum. Leave it on.

PETER

(To Sandra)

See!

Sandra shakes her head, off on one, out the room.

SANDRA

Poor James. You lot are bloody
morbid.

PETER

(To Abbie)

He's going to win.

Abbie nods, switching back to the Britannia games. Both turn back to the T.V.

INT. O2 ARENA, BACKSTAGE - DAY

James is angry. Veins showing and foaming at the mouth.
Agitated and ready to fight.

The security guard starts to un-handcuff James. James holds back the fury inside himself for a moment.

-- as soon as he's free, James blasts a punch into the security guard's nose. Leaving him with a nose bleed.

James runs out onto the;

STAGE

The Desister is still pandering to the crowd.

James runs behind him, punching The Desister in the back of the head - forcing him to the floor.

James is manic, running to the weapon selection, gripping a MEDIEVAL HALBERD SPEAR.

The Desister is on the ground still, Navajas in his knuckles, pressed to the floor. He wickedly grins.

Both of them, ready for a showdown. The Desister gets up.

DESISTER

(Charging)

I'm going to cut you up.

As The Desister leads his navaja in for an impact, James maneuvers, pushing The Desister away in one direction.

JAMES

Top of the food chain? You're going to die here. Today, in front of everyone.

James leans in, his Halberd spear slicing close to us as we transition.

INT. ABBIE'S PARENTS, SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Abbie are cheering James on the edge of their seats. The T.V is on the loudest setting.

INSERT SCREEN: JAMES PUSHES OFF THE DESISTER.

Sandra leans in the doorway - unable to look away or watch.

SANDRA

I can't believe you both can watch such a thing.

PETER
Sandra, come and watch, James has got
him on his toes.

SANDRA
No, I can't.

ABBIE
(Invested)
GO ON JAMES!

INT. STANDS, 02 ARENA - CONTINUOUS

The heavy metal songs stop. And everyone in the audience
begins to clap their hands in sync.

For a moment, James and The Desister are captivated,
watching the crowd. Unable to fight.

In The corner of the stage, a rustic metal door opens.
Lifted by chains with chain lifting sound effects.

The doors reveal THREE KOMODO DRAGONS. Each black Komodo,
slowly slithering to the center of the stage.

STAGE

Out of nowhere, the floor that The Desister and James are
fighting on lifts upwards. Raising them on a platform.

They both wobble, finding their footing.

DESISTER
Komodos. At least you get to go out
in style.

JAMES
Fuck you!

The Desister goes in for mid-length slashes. Each getting
blocked by James.

Until; James looks down. His abdomen is sliced open. Blood
dripping down his skin.

Before James can look back up, The Desister kicks him. James
falls. But not before taking one of The Desister's navajas
with him.

Falling off the high platform, James hits the ground. His
Halberd spear falling next to him.

A Komodo dragon comes around the base of the platform. Chasing James around. The walls are closing in.

The Komodo finally has James trapped, going in for a bite but James slices into the beasts throat before it can come any closer.

The dragon dies, mouth open with a gasp.

James takes a moment to realize; The audience are cheering him on. Mostly supporters, now.

James picks up his spear, flaunting, playing to the crowd. Growing to love the attention.

INT. SITTING ROOM, ABBIE'S PARENTS - CONTINUOUS

The picture quality on the T.V goes a little fuzzy - losing signal.

Peter climbs to his feet, speedily walking over and giving the screen a little punch.

The signal comes back.

INSERT IN T.V: JAMES STARING DOWN THE DESISTER.

They both look fearless at one another.

ABBIE

Oh my God. Go on James! END HIM!

PETER

END HIM JAMES!

SANDRA (O.S.)

I can't watch.

INT. STAGE, O2 ARENA - CONTINUOUS

James does some laps around the base of the platform. Jumping over the dragons, cutting off their arms.

The Desister looks down from him playform, trying to swing his sole navaja blade down the side to slice James. Each swing useless.

James has had enough of the run. Using his spear as a high jump stick, James pierces the blade into a dragon's skull, pushing it to the ground. With the handle over the spear, James pushes himself up and onto the platform.

Now James stands next to The Desister again. Both with one navaja blade each. James drops the spear on purpose. Falling down the platform.

DESISTER

A fair game.

JAMES

Impressed?

DESISTER

Not in the slight--

-- There's a livelihood being chanted in the audience. Now 75% of the masses cheering for James.

AUDIENCE MEMBERS

(To James)

FINISH HIM. FINISH HIM.

James can't believe his luck, smiling back to The Desister, who looks uneasy.

JAMES

Are you ready to be finished?

DESISTER

Try me.

They go head on again. Slicing and cutting, each; Equal to each other.

The navaja is slung out of James's hand.

A moment of shock in James's face. James looking done for.

JAMES

(To himself)

It's over.--

-- The Desister plunges the only navaja he has into James's chest. It cuts clean through his body, sticking out at the other side.

The audience gasp.

The Desister, now able to rest, puts a hand on James's shoulder, leans into his ear.

DESISTER

(Whispers)

To the top of the chain. I told you,
I am a predator.

Focusing on James's face. Now his eyes. Wet and glassy, he stares off into a T.V camera in the corner. A look of wonder on his face. The euphoria.

INT. ABBIE'S PARENTS, SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

INSERT: T.V SCREEN, JAMES'S EYES, GLASSY LOOKING.

Abbie watches closely. If we can lip read, James is clearly saying Abbie's name over and over but we can't hear. Just see his televised lips.

Knees hitting the carpeted floor in front of the television screen. Abbie breaks down, inconsolably.

ABBIE

No. No, James!

Peter goes to the floor, wrapping his arm around his daughter. Still disturbed, not looking away from the screen.

PETER

(Outburst)

FUCK!

INT. O2 ARENA, STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Pulling the navaja out of James with a stiff yank, The Desister stands proud. Dominantly pushing out his chest.

The corpse of James falls first to his knees, then falling off the platform to the bottom stage.

The last komodo dragon, a hundred yards away from the corpse, slithers over, approaching James's lifeless body.

Now, the loud fifty percent of James supporters start to disappointingly boo. The whole stadium echoes negativity.

DESISTER

(psychotically)

Oh yeah? Oh yeah?
(To the audience)
I'm the victor!

They boo more.

DESISTER (cont'd)
Who's next? Who do I have to kill
next? I will never stop!

Some of the supporters start to champion cheer Desister's name, calming him a little.

BOTTOM STAGE

The komodo dragon is three meters away from biting James's body.

The (O.S) cries of the audience keep going on.

A meter away from devouring James, three rounds of semi-automatic riffles are shot into the dragon's back. The beast slumps over, dead.

Everyone hushes.

UPPER PLATFORM

The Desister looks up to the glow of the President Greenwood's box, The fancy drapes hanging from the balcony.

Holding up a middle finger straight facing the box, The Desister doesn't give a fuck.

INT. ABBIE'S PARENTS, SITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Following Abbie getting up, wiping her eyes as she walks through the corridor past her mother, who tries to hug her.

SANDRA
Come here, darling.

Abbie pushes past her, straight to the landline phone. Begins to dial a number. Now ringing. Abbie's eyes - raging red.

INT. O2 ARENA - DAY

Microphones echo distressingly. Everybody still looks shocked. The crowd don't know where to look.

The Desister looks around the arena, trying to catch his breath in the silence, wiping the blood on his pants.

The bleacher lights all smash on, displaying Anthony's dead corpse on the floor even clearer. Gasps in the crowd, followed by awful boo's to The Spectator.

The sound of a new microphone being connected, like an aux cable being inserted.

DAVINA O'NIEL (FILTERED)
 (Over microphone)
 I know you're all probably in shock.
 We weren't expecting this outcome.
 Hold that - we have an incoming call
 from James's expecting wife: Abbie
 Barron.

A dial tone plays over the speaker system. Abbie picks up.
 Everyone can hear.

ABBIE (V.O.)
 (Through phone)
 I'm here.

DAVINA O'NIEL (FILTERED)
 Abbie, welcome to the Britannia
 games. Let me remind you that we are
 live on air. Please - do - not -
 swear.

ABBIE (V.O.)
 Go fuck yourself, Davina. And that
 skirt makes you look like such a
 slut.

Laughter in the audience. Davina goes red.

DAVINA O'NIEL (FILTERED)
 Well, that's --

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (O.S.)
 (Through microphone)
 Well, we all understand why you may
 be upset, Abbie.

GREENWOOD'S BOX

Greenwood rises from his red velvet seat. Looking over the
 balcony as if he were to see Abbie. Speaking with heart.

On the arena television, hanging above everyone - President
 Greenwood is televised in his box. Speaking with a false
 pander of sympathy.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
 Abbie, I'm so sorry for your
 husband's loss. He was a great man.
 Mark my words - you will be looked
 after.

(MORE)

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (cont'd)
 We have a fund set up for you right now, at the bottom of the screen, viewers can text in to send £5 to widower Abbie Barron.

INSERT IN: STADIUM SCREEN - UNDER GREENWOOD, "TEXT IN TO"..

ABBIE (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 I despise it all so much.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
 I know, the games are cruel, but James will have justice. Believe me.

Everyone in the audience claps. Being emotional.

Greenwood cries an obviously fake tear.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (cont'd)
 That monster - Victor - will pay for what he's done.

The sound of Abbie crying gets more and more inconsolable over the speaker system. But then in freakishly transitions to a manic laugh.

The audience react to this uneasily, not knowing what their reaction should be.

ABBIE (V.O.)
 (Filtered)
 Justice? Your right about that, Greenwood. But you and Desister are the monsters that did this to my husband. You both killed him. And if you think I'll forget....
 (Outraged cry)
 I won't forget.

The phone hangs up. Everyone gasping.

Nothing but everything being said, the gossiping audience.

The arena television showing the President disconnects.

GREENWOOD'S BOX

Greenwood gets up, disruptively. He snatches his drink from the arm cup holder.

Greenwood pushes through the way of Mr. Collins as he exits the box.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
Fucking cock up!

Mr. Collins doesn't acknowledge Greenwood's strop. Instead, walking up to the box balcony. Collins peers down to the stage.

MR. COLLIN'S POV: THE DESISTER BEING DRAGGED AWAY BY SECURITY. DOWN INTO THE UNDER ARENA PASS WAY.

Collins takes a breath.

INT. BACK CORRIDORS, O2 ARENA - DAY

Cold white brick holds condensed sweat all the way across the wall. We still hear the booing.

Mr. Collins escorts The Desister alone, towards the fire door exit towards the back. Collins keeps looking over his shoulder, paranoid in case anyone is watching.

DESISTER
Why are they so angry? I don't get it.

Mr. Collins is unresponsive, keeps looking out with edgy eyes.

DESISTER (cont'd)
Hello?

MR. COLLINS
He was the protagonist. James was supposed to win.

Mr. Collins looks around once more, all clear.

MR. COLLINS (cont'd)
It's all a load of bollocks - the game, the system. What if we could clear it all, reset everything?

DESISTER
What are you talking about?

MR. COLLINS
We are an elite group that's been growing for some time now. You could help change the course of history. Help run things more efficiently than the current president; If he were to go.

DESISTER

Treason. Overthrow the government?

(A pause)

This is a test.

MR. COLLINS

Oh yeah?

Reaching in his coat pocket, Collin's paranoia grows a little - pulling out a PLASTIC CAPSULE, a few inches long and wide, containing some rolled up paper.

The Desister getting handed it, studying it.

MR. COLLINS (O.C.)

Yeah, it's a test. But not one from Greenwood, from us and our campaign. For you and your leadership.

The Desister keeps looking down, gripping the capsule.

DESISTER

But you're Greenwood's right man?

MR. COLLINS (O.C.)

Well isn't that a benefit to us both? Don't get so superficial. Fake emotions won't slide past me, Desister. We need to stick together. Psychopath, sociopath - we're all the same. We win. Every time. Now, if you want to survive, go hide that capsule somewhere and wait for instructions from Sally.

DESISTER

Sally? Hide this where exactly?

NEW ANGLE: MR. COLLINS - HOLDING THE MEN'S BATHROOM DOOR OPEN WITH ONE HAND.

MR. COLLINS

(Sarcastic)

Where do you think?

The Desister clocks it, his eyebrows raised, a little trepidation on his face.

EXT. COURT YARD, O2 ARENA - DAY

The fire exit door pounds open, smacking the brick wall behind it. Shouts coming from all directions from the paparazzi. Flashes from their cylinder scoping cameras.

The Desister supporters start cheering, his haters starting to riot as they see Mark and Gerry coming out the door.

The Desister exits, limping with a look of discomfort on his face.

REPORTER (O.C.)

(High volume)

Mr. Desister - what makes you think you deserved to win today's game against Anthony Baron? Surely he was the righteous champ we all wanted to see win?

DESISTER

Nobody survives with righteousness. Only the powerful thrive, it's in my blood. I won. Forget righteousness.

Everyone goes mental. A fight of dozens of reporters, the media pushed into the middle of it all.

Out of nowhere, a LONE GUNMAN comes out of the crowd, aiming at The Desister.

LONE GUNMAN

You lost this time.

BANG. Screams and chaos. Dread everywhere, The Desister is in a moment of shock, looking down to see his body - not shot, unharmed. We hear the deafening ringing of the ears that The Desister hears.

In the background, we see Gerry has been shot by the gunman. Mark aims his pistol and fires back at the gunman - head shot. The hysteria in the crowd quietens for a second, then continues.

We TRACK WITH The Desister, ringing still in his ears, dizzily walking around as if it were a flash bang.

A LEAN INDIAN LADY wearing a sari, reaches out of the crowd, clinging to The Desister and leaning into his ear.

LEAN INDIAN LADY
 (Whispering)
 Under the pillow and down the alley,
 that's where you'll meet Sally.

For The Desister, everything starts to go back to normal speed.

MARK
 (To Indian lady)
 Oi! Off him now!

The Desister's face grows ashen as the lean Indian lady is pulled by Mark and a few other security members back into the crowd.

MARK (cont'd)
 (To Spectator)
 In the car, now!

INT. POLICE CAR, O2 ARENA - DAY

Gerry, in the back with The Desister, moans holding onto his bullet wound stomach, blood pouring from it onto his pants and the leather seats.

Mark gets in the driver seat, frustrated, slamming his door closed and silencing the riots outside by a slight amount.

GERRY
 I'm going to die. I've been hit.
 Fuck.

MARK
 You're going to be fine, we're
 getting you to the hospital now.

The Desister puts on his seat belt. Still in deep thought, looking out the window unresponsive.

MARK (cont'd)
 You got something you want to say to
 Gerry?
 (Nothing)
 Victor?

DESISTER
 Oh, sorry. Thank you Gerry.

GERRY
 Victor, I can't wait for you to
 die --

MARK

-- Gerry!

GERRY

(To Mark)

-- Take a bullet for this cunt? How much more trouble will he cause us? Better off dead.

Gerry keeps holding his bleeding stomach, moaning in agony. The Desister goes back to staring at nothing, daydreaming.

MARK

What a day!

Red and blue beacon flashes. Mark gets the car going, the protesters still wild, fighting The Desister's supporters and police - trying to attack the car.

INT. LOBBY, RITZ HOTEL - NIGHT

CLOSE UP: THE DESISTER'S SHAKING HANDCUFFS.

The bigger picture - The Desister being escorted by Mark and Gerry in armored uniform, down the grand lobby.

Men in top hats, high end tuxedos, women in fine silk and cocktails all rubber neck at the sight. Hushing down as The Spectator passes by in his prison uniform.

NEW ANGLE: FROM THE FRONT DESK.

The Desister's escorted to check in. A thirty something year old male desk clerk - TOBY looks up from his file.

TOBY

Mr. Victor Harrison.

(Extends hand)

I'm Toby, nice to meet you. I'm a big fan.

DESISTER

(Shakes)

Please, call me The Desister, lets not be too formal.

Mark and Gerry can't believe the bullshit.

GERRY

Big fan? He's a serial killer for cries sakes?

TOBY
 But only a killer of scum that has no
 place of belonging anywhere, surely.

The Desister can feel the jealousy in Mark and Gerry,
 projected onto the back of his head, as he stands slightly
 in-front of them. Looking righteous.

MARK
 Alright then, we just want to check
 in with our friend, here. Which room
 are we in tonight, Toby?

TOBY
 (To officers)
 Unfortunately for you both, the pair
 of you will not be staying with us
 tonight. We only have a penthouse
 room for Mr. Desister.

DESISTER
 Ah. Fancy that.

MARK
 Wait, what? We're security, what are
 you talking about?

Toby signals for TWO SECURITY STAFF MEMBERS to come over,
 creeping behind Mark and Gerry, shades on and PISTOLS in
 belt holsters.

TOBY
 Here at the Ritz, we already have our
 own security for Mr. Desister booked.
 I'm so sorry.

GERRY
 No way sunshine, we have orders from
 the top to keep this psycho under our
 thumb. 24/7.

TOBY
 Direct orders from President
 Greenwood. I think that may be the
 top.
 (Calls over other clerk)
 Derek, would you show these two
 gentlemen Greenwood's order?

DEREK
 Yes, one moment.

Derek walks off.

TOBY
 (Polite)
 He'll be one moment.

Derek comes back with a signed document and seal. Mark snatches it from Derek, Gerry leaning in to read it too. They look at a loss. Passing back the document to Derek.

TOBY (cont'd)
 Like I said, you weren't on the itinerary.

DESISTER
 (To Mark and Gerry)
 Well. Suppose that's good evening, then.

The two prison officers walk the cocky Desister. All the same richly clothed citizens watch The Desister, escorted privately.

The Desister looks back to his old chaperon prison officers. A huge grin. Chewing his cheek.

DESISTER (cont'd)
 (Shouting)
 So long boys..... You fuck'n dickheads.

Mark and Gerry frozen in the moment, Jaws hitting the floor.

INT. CORRIDOR, RITZ HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

One of the security guards opens the door to the single premium guest room - room 133. A single room, flowers by the bed stand and conservative; No T.V.

DESISTER
 It's beautiful.

RITZ SECURITY 1
 Just to let you know, there's CCTV everywhere in that room.

RITZ SECURITY 2
 -- Including in the en-suite

DESISTER
 I'm a humble man. I'll cope. Thank you, gentlemen.

A charming smile from The Desister. A respectful nod goodnight to both the Ritz security guards. The door closing with The Desister in.

INT. ROOM 133, THE RITZ - NIGHT

The Desister grunts in pain, holding his belly. Looking at the digital radio clock on the nightstand - 22:13.

The Desister sits on the bed, feeling underneath the pillows with stealth. Pulling out a piece of card, hiding it under his thumb.

INSERT IN: CARD READS '23:30'

INT. ROOM 133, THE RITZ (LATER) - NIGHT

CLOSE UP: DIGITAL CLOCK SWITCHES TO 23:29

On the bed, still trying to hold his pain. The Desister rubs his belly. Getting up and limping to the bathroom.

INT. EN SUIT, ROOM 133 - CONTINUOUS

Although it's the Ritz, the bathroom fluorescent cylinder light blinks on the ceiling. The Desister pushes down his pants down, climbing on the toilet. Wincing in pain.

The Desister looks up to the CCTV camera looking down at him from the corner at him. The Desister looks down, pale and sickly.

INT. CCTV ROOM, THE RITZ - NIGHT

The 90's looking monitor boxes stacked on top of each other in the dark room. We hear two sets of snoring - the two Ritz security guards, leaning on tables, which hold empty lager cans and a pizza box. Dribbling in their slumber onto their shirts.

INT. EN SUIT, ROOM 133 - CONTINUOUS

NEW ANGLE: LOOKING OUT THE TOILET BOWL TO THE SPECTATOR.

He looks down, reaching into the water and pulling out a clear tube, that he just shat out. Separating it and pulling out the contents - a photograph. The Desister smiles with a huge grin, wiping the sweat from his head.

INSERT IN: PHOTOGRAPH: DEEP-FAKE OF THE DESISTER SHITTING.

CUT TO:

INT. CCTV ROOM, THE RITZ - NIGHT

Ritz security 1 wakes up, halfway through a snore. Eye's getting fixated on something. Not blinking to make sure he's sane and judging his sight right.

INSERT IN: CCTV, STILL IMAGE OF THE DESISTER CLENCHING OVER THE TOILET.

The footage doesn't move. Ritz security 2 still snoring in the background as we focus into Ritz security 1's eyes. Waiting for The Desister to move.

Ritz security 1 blinks.

RITZ SECURITY 1
(Nudges 2)
Oi, Reggie. Rej! Wake up.

Ritz security 2 shocked as he breathes into being awake.

RITZ SECURITY 1 (cont'd)
Oi, that don't look right.

RITZ SECURITY 2
Bett'a check that out.

Ritz security 2 rises to his feet. Grabs his RADIO from his belt.

RITZ SECURITY 2 (cont'd)
(Through radio)
Call 999. We need back up.

Both Ritz security 1 and 2 grab their guns, running out the dark room. Fire door closes behind them.

INT. ROOM 133, THE RITZ - NIGHT

Three bangs on the door. The sound of wind and sirens outside. Nobody in the room, The Desister's prison pajamas left on the bed, folded.

Now we hear a polite knock on the door.

TOBY (O.S.)
 (Outside)
 Mr. Desister, are you decent?

Nothing. A pause. BANG - the door open, Toby standing aside as Ritz security 1 and 2, bearing guns raid the room.

Aiming, nobody in the room.

TRACK WITH: SECURITY 2'S STEPS.

Walking into the bathroom. Opening the door to the open window. Looks to CCTV camera - and photograph covering it. The window is open, looking down into the alleyway.

EXT. RITZ ALLEY WAY - NIGHT

SUPER IMPOSE: 5 MINUTES EARLIER.

Large industrial waste bins. Puddles on the floor. Stacks of full waste bin bags in a pile.

At the end of the dark alley, smoking cigarettes, Gerry and Mark mumble to each other. Their words inaudible.

One of the large waste bins rattles, shaking - startling Gerry.

MARK
 Relax. It's probably just a rat. You need to get some counseling for your nerves.

GERRY
 That's a big rat.

MARK
 Fine, it's a fox.

The bin lid raises, swinging around to the other side and leaving the top uncovered.

The Desister climbs out the bin, in his prison uniform jumping into a shallow puddle on the cobbles and dusting himself off - not noticing Mark and Gerry. But they see him.

GERRY
 You have got to be mugging me off!

The Desister spots them. Hunter eyes.

MARK

Fuck. Run.

The Desister races after them. Mark and Gerry's breaths start to struggle in the stress of survival. All of them splashing frantically through puddles.

The Desister catching up, gripping Gerry by his collar, forcefully smashing his head to the ground. Unconscious next to some more industrial waste bins.

MARK (cont'd)

(Running)

Get away, get away.

The Desister, gray hound sprinting - after Mark, reaching him before he gets to the end of the alley and pulling him to the ground.

The Desister wrapping his hands around Mark's neck. Mark is on his back, looking up to The Desister, flinching to push The Desister's hands to the side. But failing to do so.

We see the life fade out of Mark's eyes. Blood vessels pop. Dead.

GERRY

(Waking up)

You - you monster. You - you killed him. You killed Mark.

Gerry is tearing up in shock, almost inconsolable. He walks backwards into the industrial waste bin, gonging it. The sound echos, The Desister is slowly strolling to Gerry. Killer calmly.

GERRY (cont'd)

That's disgusting. Oh my God.

DESISTER

You look pretty weak now. Remember what I said when we headed of to the games?

GERRY

You - you killed Mark. Oh no.

DESISTER

I told you I was going to tear the face off Greenwood. I also told you'd not be around to see that happen.

Gerry slightly coming out of his shock - defensive and edgy.

GERRY
Greenwood's gunna fuck you up. You'll see.

There's a change in Gerry's focus. Looking behind The Desister, hope in Gerry's eyes.

GERRY'S POV: A WOMAN'S FIGURE AT THE END OF THE ALLEY. STANDING STILL. A RUNNING TAXI BEHIND HER.

GERRY (cont'd)
(Calling out)
Help! Get help! Miss!

The Desister clocks the girl, reacting efficiently by taking Gerry and smashing Gerry's head into a metal hook on the side of the industrial waste bin. Bludgeoning Gerry's skull, messily to death.

Now it's time to kill the witness. The Desister, running towards the dark shadowed figure at the end of the alley. Smashing through the puddles, but the female figure stays still, not in shock.

The Desister, now meters away, ready to kill her -
- The figure speaks.

SALLY
Under the pillow and down the alley,
that's where you'll meet Sally.

SALLY (35), slender and all dressed in black, lights her cigarette. She looks confident in boots. The taxis engine running, letting the exhaust fly into the cold air.

DESISTER
You're Sally?

SALLY
A member of the group, yes. Are you ready for stage one of our plan?

DESISTER
What might that be?

SALLY
I can't say unfortunately.

The Desister looks down to his blood stained prison uniform, then back towards Mark and Gerry's bodies.

DESISTER

One moment.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RITZ ALLEY WAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Desister in Mark's shiny shoes and police uniform, straightens everything back. Dragging Gerry's almost naked body to the sides of the bins and lifting the waste bin lid to chuck his prison uniform in.

Standing to the side, Sally gestures to a BLACK TAXI CAB, the door open with the engine running.

The driver looking over his shoulder and then straight back forward.

SALLY

Get in.

DESISTER

Why?

SALLY

This is the plan.

DESISTER

What's the plan?

SALLY

An opportunity has been given to you - are you going to take it?

The Desister climbs into the back seat. Closing the door.

EXT. BLACKWALL TUNNEL, LONDON - NIGHT

Taxis drift in and out of lanes. We hear the thumping of tires on the gaps of the road. The white painted line flashing.

INT. BLACK TAXI CAB, BLACKWALL TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The Desister holding his head - the tunnel lights fading as they exit.

The Desister turns on the taxi T.V.

INSERT IN: NEWS SHOWS DISPLAYING THE MANHUNT FOR THE
DESISTER.

INT./EXT. TAXI CAB/ OUTSIDE BT TOWER - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up on the curb. We hear the old crocked
handbrake being applied.

DESISTER
Why are we here?

TAXI DRIVER
(A beat)
I'm not supposed to talk.

DESISTER
Says who?
(Nothing)
So this is on overtaking coup and
you're what exactly? My right hand
man? A fat, overweight.

TAXI DRIVER
-- You'll be president.

The taxi driver, now looks back to The Desister; Who's in
his seat, baffled.

TAXI DRIVER (cont'd)
You'll be president, if you stop
yapping and respect your allies.
She's here now, get out.

A tap on the taxi window. SALLY#2 (45), cold looking in a
yellow coat stands outside.

EXT. ENTRANCE, BT TOWER - NIGHT

All lit inside, a few cleaners pack up their bits.

The Desister stands outside, looking in.

Sally taps her security card on the touch pad, opening up
the sliding entrance doors - stepping inside, herself.

SALLY #2
Davina's on floor 27, her office.
She's having an affair with a
producer up there. We thought this
time, is her most vulnerable.

DESISTER

What am I to do?

SALLY #2

I suppose if you want to survive, you need to eliminate her from your life. The Britannia games would not continue without her. Well, they'd be a mourning period.

The Desister takes a breath, stepping inside.

SALLY #2 (cont'd)

And if the police do find you, I can assure you, they'll be the least of your problems.

DESISTER

Go back to the car and leave me to do what I do best.

Sally#2 nods, steps outside the doors and locks it with her keys.

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY, BT TOWER - NIGHT

In his police uniform, The Desister fiddles with the police radio. Tuning in to the other cop's talk.

The bell signifies the opening doors of an elevator. The Desister walks into the elevator, pulling out car keys and practicing to use them as a weapon. Taking out the hand cuffs too and feeling the length of the chain.

INSERT CUT: THE DESISTER'S FINGER ON THE 27 BUTTON, LIGHTING IT UP.

INT. 27TH FLOOR, BT TOWER - NIGHT

We see The Desister walk into a dark office corridor. He stops. Listening to the pleasurable moans of Davina O'Niel, coming from down the corridor.

BEGIN SONG: 'SANDMAN - BRONCHO'

DUKE (O.S.)

Say it again.

DAVINA O'NIEL (O.S.)

Do I have to?

DUKE (O.S.)

Do you want to host another season of Saturday dates? If so then yes. You have to say it again.

The Desister frowns, curiously walking towards the origin of their love making. Tip-toeing.

INT. DAVINA O'NIEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Davina is bent over her desk by DUKE (56), a fat, out of shape producer. Duke's sweat pours over his naked body, down his belly onto Davina's upper arse. Humping away and shaking the desk.

DUKE

I said say it!

DAVINA O'NIEL

(Faking it)

Wow, your cock is so big!

DUKE

Not that! The other thing!

DAVINA O'NIEL

You did it Duke! You're the strongest man! The prize is me and you did it! You're the victor of the Britannia games!

Duke is just about to orgasm.

The Desister walks through the door, taser in hand.

Davina and Duke both look over - interconnected, shocked.

DESISTER

No you're not. I am.

DAVINA O'NIEL

Get help!

Duke pulls out, waddling to a FIRE ALARM, with his trousers around his ankles.

The Desister takes, from a nearby shelf, BROWN SUPER TAPE - pushing Davina into her WHEELIE OFFICE CHAIR and wrapping her up.

Duke, whose hand is on the fire alarm, looks over to The Desister.

DESISTER
Don't you fucking da --

-- Duke's hand smashes down the fire alarm. Automated sirens and sprinklers activate.

Meanwhile, The Desister takes the KEYBOARD from Davina's desk. Ripping it out by the wire. The Desister runs to Duke.

NEW ANGLE: DUKE GETTING READY FOR CONTACT.

The Desister smashes into Duke, wrapping the keyboard wire around Duke's neck. Duke takes hold of the keyboard itself, smacking it against The Desister's forehead. Over and over.

DESISTER (cont'd)
Fuck.

The Desister backs off, feeling his head, taking the pain.

Duke quickly unties the wire from his neck.

The Desister reaches in his pocket, pulling out the taxi driver's car keys, stabbing it deep into Duke's neck on the ground. Duke tries to push Desister off but there's no use. Duke's bloody neck is punctured. Duke's hands dropping.

In the background, Davina manages to wriggle out of her trap, running for the door, still covered in brown tape.

DESISTER (cont'd)
(To Davina)
Hey. Oh no you don't.

Davina keeps running. The Desister, preoccupied with Duke's squirting blood, takes the taser - activating it and lobbing it at Davina through the air.

The taser rod rotates, spinning and finally hitting Davina, getting stuck to her skin from the brown tape.

DAVINA O'NIEL
(Shocked)
AAAA--FUUU----UUUUUUUCK!

Davina spasses about on the floor.

The Desister looks back down to Duke, who's somehow still breathing.

DESISTER
Jesus, what keeps you going?

With one hand, The Desister reaches up to Davina's desk. We see The Desister's hands - feeling about on the surface - grabbing a PAIR OF SCISSORS.

We see The Desister plunge the scissors into Duke's throat.

Duke's blood gurgling and spraying everywhere, all over the floor and The Desister's trousers. Duke dies in pain.

THE DESISTER'S POV: DAVINA SQUIRMING IN ELECTRIC JOLTS.

With the keyboard in his free hand, The Desister uses his other hand to pull the taser off Davina. Struggling with the brown tape.

DAVINA O'NIEL
(Squirms)
AHHH-AHHH.

DESISTER
Hold still. Stop moving. It's not so bad.

Ripping off the taser and some brown tape skin, The Desister looks down, pulling up Davina's head - just to socker punch it back down. Her face is blood covered.

DESISTER (cont'd)
What do you say, we have some entertainment, Davina?

DAVINA O'NIEL
You nasty --

-- The Desister fiercely stretches the keyboard wire around Davina's throat. Chocking her and burning her skin.

We see Davina's red face, growing pale.

DESISTER
Naaaaa.

The Desister releases the strangling hold. Davina gasps, falling to the floor.

DESISTER (cont'd)
Not enjoyable enough.

The Desister pulls Davina up by her neck, pushing her backwards - back into the wheelie chair. Davina is breathless.

The Desister begins to wrap Davina in brown tape, to the chair.

The Desister stops, proud of his work and walks towards the full length windows at the end of the office hallway. Davina wakes up from her unconscionable state.

DAVINA O'NIEL

Kill me. Fucking have it over and done with.

DESISTER

Patience, Davina, we need our ratings to be higher then ever right? Money is the name of the game.

We see Davina, wriggling about in her trap, freaking out in the wheelie chair.

The Desister laughs, turns to the skyscraper window and starts to punch it so it's almost shattered. Almost cracked.

The Desister slyly makes his way back to Davina.

NEW ANGLE: THE DESISTER BEHIND DAVINA'S CHAIR - READY TO PUSH.

DESISTER (cont'd)

Ready for prime-time? After this stunt, I have a feeling our ratings will go through the.... Window.

The Desister pushes Davina in the wheelie chair straight down the hall, staying with her for momentum build up of speed. Davina screams as much as she can.

DAVINA'S POV: THE WINDOW COMING CLOSER, CLOSER - SMASH. FALLING TO THE GROUND.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE BT TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Firefighters are gathered and geared up, we hear the fire alarm from above.

We hear a falling scream from above.

FIREFIGHTER

Get out the way!

All the firefighters run to the side. Davina pancakes into the pavement. A bloody, messy, mesh of flesh. Pins of glass fall around her as well, making a twinkle sound.

FIREFIGHTER

Holy fuck. It's Davina! Call the police.

INT. 27TH FLOOR, BT TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The Desister looks down at all the emergency services. The police cars pulling up to the fire engines. Adrenaline kicking in, he runs to the 27th lobby.

DESISTER

Oh, fuck.

INT. LOBBY, 27TH FLOOR, BT TOWER - MOMENTS LATER

The Desister runs to the elevator doors. Smacking all the buttons impatiently, lighting them up.

DESISTER

Come on. Hurry up.

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY, BT TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Teams of police officers and advanced police officers, in armor and guns wait near SERGEANT FIERCE (59), an experienced, white bearded veteran, with a short temper. And Fierces's right hand man ROGER (31), tubby looking officer.

They all face one of the only two elevators - waiting.

SERGEANT FIERCE

For God's sake, we're not all going to fit into the lift. Me and Roger will wait for it. You fat pigs take the stairs. NOW!

The group of officers look at one another, shamed but follow the orders. All making their way to the directions of the stairwell.

INT. LOBBY, 27TH FLOOR, BT TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The Desister sweating, his sticky hands holding onto a banister. Tapping his fingers on it, getting nervous.

DESISTER
Come on, for fuck sake.

The Desister turns to the doors at the end of the lobby. Running over, opening the door onto the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL, BT TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The Desister leans out the door. We hear shouting coming from the police, with their barking police dogs and old timey police whistles, all marching up the stairs.

The Desister sprints back into the 27th floor lobby.

INT. LOBBY, 27TH FLOOR, BT TOWER - CONTINUOUS

A bell sound. Lights spring out of the open elevator. The Desister running into it.

DESISTER
Thank you. Thank --

-- Doors close on him.

INT. ELEVATOR, BT TOWER - CONTINUOUS

The doors close with the soothing music, somewhat calming The Desister, put still panting.

CLOSE UP: DESISTER PRESSING 'GROUND FLOOR' BUTTON.

DESISTER
It's nearly over. It's nearly over.
Just breath.

The elevator suddenly jolts to a stop. From the LED MONITOR; We see floor 19 displayed in digits.

The doors open to; GINGER OFFICE GIRL (26), catty looking, a little timid.

She steps inside the elevator with The Desister. Doors close. Going down.

GINGER OFFICE GIRL
Is that fancy dress?

DESISTER
No. Very real.

The Desister turns on the POLICE RADIO RECIEVER on his police jacket.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)
 (Through radio)
 Sergeant, come in. We have a man down
 on the 27th floor. Where the fuck are
 Mark and Gerry?
 (Radio bleep)

The Ginger office girl spots a name tag on Desister's police outfit.

INSERT IN: NAME TAG : GERRY DUNES.

GINGER OFFICE GIRL
 Oh my gosh, that sounds serious.
 Shouldn't you go and help?

DESISTER
 No. I'm - on a break.

GINGER OFFICE GIRL
 Oh.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)
 (Through radio)
 Sergeant. Call back up. Victim has
 cut throat. Punctured. This has
 Victor Desister written all over it.

SERGEANT FIERCE (V.O.)
 (Through radio)
 Stay there. All other officers close
 down the perimeter. NOW!

DESISTER
 That's enough of that, heh?

With a twist on the dial, The Desister turns off the police radio.

The Ginger office girl suspiciously looks at The Desister, up and down. Blood on his police hi-vis.

Ginger office girl's lip trembling. She wants to scream but can't. The Desister covers her mouth from saying a word, keeping her gagged. Looking threateningly into her eyes.

The doors open onto the ground floor lobby. The Desister, backing his back against the elevator walls, taking ginger office girl with him - unseen to anyone so far.

The Ginger office girl's eyes fill with tears, her mouth covered.

SERGEANT FIERCE (O.S.)
(Outside elevator)
Police. Hold that lift door!

The Desister can't take the pressure. Pulling out a ARMED POLICE COMBAT KNIFE and slicing the ginger girl's throat. She falls to the floor, not a sound.

The Desister walks out quickly, not facing the sergeant and officer roger.

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY, BT TOWER - CONTINUOUS

TRACK WITH: sergeant Fierce and roger, walking quickly a hundred yards behind The Desister; This 'rogue police officer'.

SERGEANT FIERCE
Stop right there, officer.

NEW ANGLE: THE DESISTER'S FACE, WALKING AWAY, UNCOMFORTABLE.

SERGEANT FIERCE (cont'd)
That's an order!

OFFICER ROGER
Serg - look!

Roger points into the elevator. The body of the ginger office girl - her blood against the walls.

Sergeant Fierce and officer Roger draw their guns.

OFFICER ROGER (cont'd)
That's him!

SERGEANT FIERCE
Fire!

We hear a suspenseful thumping. All sound is a distant blur - chaos everywhere.

TRACK WITH: DISISTER RUNNING.

The Desister looks back - the bullets skimming past his head. The glass doors in front of The Desister are smashed by the bullets.

Seargent Fierce - angered and red.

SERGEANT FIERCE (cont'd)

GET HIM!

To the side of the sergeant - two EXO-SKELETON ADVANCE POLICE officers, speedily sprint for The Desister.

The Desister, running towards the smashed glass doors, leaping through the frame of them - cutting his leg over broken . His blood on the shards.

EXT. COURTYARD, BT TOWER - CONTINUOUS

We glide through the air of the courtyard, chasing after The Desister.

The two Advanced police officers guided by computer eyes track The Desister. Spotting him and sprinting, terrifyingly.

DESISTER'S POV: TAXI, THE TRUNK OPEN.

The taxi idles. Waiting but ready to pull off.

The Desister jumps over planted bushes, and a water feature in the pots, onto the road.

DESISTER

Wait! Wait for me!

The taxi revs. The Desister, now 50 yards away.

The advanced police chase, getting closer. Their exo-skeleton, steel feet, slamming into the ground.

Gaining rapidly. But with not a second to lose, The Desister jumps into the open boot of the taxi. The taxi races off down the street - loosing the advanced police.

The two advanced police officers aim their arms (with lasers) on The Desister.

INT./EXT. TAXI TRUNK/ STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Desister pulls the boot cover over himself. He's locked inside, the bullets from the police hit the trunk. The Desister is inside, sweating. Safe.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

The television sits on a table across the room.

INSERT TELEVISION: A MEMORIAL OBITUARY FOR DAVINA O'NEIL

The coverage is dramatic, false. Pianos play as people cry and scream for Davina.

Then a new clip plays: 'The hunt for Desister' but we zoom out into the room.

The T.V switches off.

Abbie puts down the remote control, looking at herself in the mirror. She wears black all over. The widow look.

She brushes her long hair slowly. A pale look of nothingness on her face as she combs.

A black and white photograph of James holding her, both with smiles that glow, sits in a frame on the side of the table, near the window.

The door bell rings. Abbie stands, walking over to the window, peering out.

ABBIE'S POV: A CONVEY OF POLICE CARS AND A BENTLEY.

One of the police cars opens the door of the Bentley. Vice President - Mr. Collins steps out. Looks up to the sky and expands an umbrella.

SANDRA (O.S.)

(From downstairs)

Abbie, I think someone's here to see you!

ABBIE

Mum, tell them to go away, I don't want to see anyone.

SANDRA (O.S.)

I think it may be important, dear.

ABBIE

No --

The bedroom door pushes open.

Mr. Collins is there, standing alone.

MR. COLLINS

May I?

Abbie steps aside, letting him enter the room with his leather shoes on.

Near the window, Collins picks up the photograph, running his fingers gently down the glass.

MR. COLLINS (cont'd)

I'm sorry about your husband.

ABBIE

Don't touch that, it's valuable.

MR. COLLINS

I'm so sorry, forgive me, Abbie.

As he places the photograph down, he aligns it, freakishly perfect with the edge meeting the edge of the desk.

MR. COLLINS (cont'd)

I'm affraid I do things over the top. Always have had these tendencies since I was a boy. To get things perfect. There we go.

His fingers leave the photo.

MR. COLLINS (cont'd)

Perfect.

ABBIE

I don't know why you're here. I don't want your money, Vice President.

MR. COLLINS

Please, call me Collins --

ABBIE

-- I don't want your money, Mr. Collins.

(Pause)

What President Greenwood did, no amount of currency could make up for James's life. He's gone and there's no coming back.

MR. COLLINS

(Prying)

What if I could compensate you.... In another way.... Emotionally?

Abbie doesn't say a word. Standing back, in a stance that's stand off-ish.

MR. COLLINS (cont'd)
The words that are about to escape my mouth, if spoken again to the untrained ear could get you the death penalty for treason.

ABBIE
Then don't say them.

MR. COLLINS
Does James still have his revolver, he was given?

ABBIE
(Nervous stutter)
I -- I don't know what you're talking about.

MR. COLLINS
Oh don't act so fucking coy, Abbie. We have files on everyone and everything in this day and age.

ABBIE
Like I said, I don't know what you're talking about.

MR. COLLINS
(Un-bothered)
OK then, Abbie. Sure thing. But if you were to turn up at say... I don't know, the ministry of health in central London... With a gun you may or may not have. There may be an open door leading to an opportunity.

ABBIE
I think you should leave.

MR. COLLINS
(Chuckle)
OK.

He takes a step to the door, then point blank in Abbie's face.

MR. COLLINS (cont'd)
(Points)
That's a nice photograph of you and James by the way.
(MORE)

MR. COLLINS (cont'd)
Seems like he was fighting for the
right cause. Anyways...

Mr. Collins steps out the door.

Abbie closes the door, gasping for air, too overwhelmed.

INT. STAIRCASE, JAMES'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Narrow steps, Mr. Collins walks down them. The floor
creaking as he does.

Bodyguards, police officers and personel are at the bottom
of the stairs, crowding the landing.

Abbie's mom, Sandra is at the bottom of the stairs, waiting
for Mr. Collins with two cups of steaming tea in her hands.

MR. COLLINS
(To Sandra)
Oh, no thank you, we really should
get off.

Abbie runs to the top of the stairs, frantically.

Everyone looks up to Abbie. Listening with importance.

Still walking down the stairs, Mr. Collins gives a cool
smile.

ABBIE
(To Collins)
What time?

MR. COLLINS
(Lazily)
Eight O'clock?

Abbie nods, a deep stare. Her breathe is thin and frantic.

MR. COLLINS (cont'd)
Brilliant. Just in time for the
president's speech. I'll see you
there, Abbie.

Sandra looks to her daughter, worried.

Abbie looks back to her. Then leaves the frame.

INT. LOUNGE, MINISTRY OF HEALTH - DUSK

The oil paintings on the wall blend in with the calm, classical music.

President Greenwood is getting eyeliner and makeup applied by two makeup therapists, looking at himself in the desk mirror, and glancing down to the paper in his hands - GREENWOOD'S SPEECH.

A little beauty therapist is down cutting Greenwood's toe nails and shaping them. She looks nervous.

Greenwood mimes the words, practicing.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

(To Nail therapist)

Go easy, you're getting close to the skin.

(Reading speech)

We have never been more powerful and more strong, as a nation, then we have now.

INT./EXT. BACK DOOR, MINISTRY OF HEALTH - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Collins opens the door. The Desister is outside, tired looking. Taking a step inside.

MR. COLLINS

Were you followed?

DESISTER

Where is he? I'm ready.

MR. COLLINS

You wait here. It's taken a hell of an effort to get this far and I'm letting you're erratic impulses ruin everything.

The Desister takes a breath, leans to Mr. Collins with a pointed finger.

DESISTER

When he's dead and I'm king, you speak to me with respect.

Collins looks down, ashamed and disappointed. The Desister slams Mr. Collin's neck into a brick column, crushing his breath.

DESISTER (cont'd)
 (Dire)
 Do you understand?

Mr. Collins, rigidly nodding.

DESISTER (cont'd)
 I hope for you're sake, you do.

The Desister releases him. Mr. Collin's neck red, coughing - trying to gasp for air.

MR. COLLINS
 Wait here for my signal please. And please, get changed.

The Desister now grinning, fearlessly ready.

DESISTER
 Changed?

Mr. Collins points down to a canvas, a painters apron and painting kit.

INT. LOUNGE, MINISTRY OF HEALTH - DUSK

President Greenwood continues looking at himself in the mirror. Miming the speech, looking at himself with admiration.

The other beauty therapists are all gone apart from the nail therapist, finishing off his toe nail pedicure.

The nail therapist slips, frightened.

CLOSE UP: NAIL CLIPPER CUTTING INTO GREENWOOD'S TOE.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
 Ah! You fucking bitch. What did I say?

The nail therapist raises up from her kneel, quivering and backing off to a corner.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (cont'd)
 Answer me. Now!

Greenwood psychotic. Reaching in his desk drawer and pulling out a REVOLVER HANDGUN.

NAIL THERAPIST
 No, please. I'm sorry. I - I didn't
 mean to.

Now aiming, President Greenwood is ready on the trigger.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
 (Quietly)
 What did I say?

NAIL THERAPIST
 Please. Don't kill me. I have a
 family --

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
 -- Yeah, and I have a fucked toe.

NAIL THERAPIST
 (Crying)
 I'm sorry, please don't shoot.

There's a knock from outside the lounge door.

The nail therapist teary eyed takes a breath of relief.

A lady P.A sticks her head in.

P.A
 Mr. President.

The therapist scoots out the room, keeping her back to the walls. We see Greenwood watching her leave - bird of prey style.

P.A (cont'd)
 Vice president Collins has got your
 appointment with the portrait painter
 set up. He's downstairs.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
 Send him up.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE, MINISTRY OF HEALTH (LATER) - DAY

Greenwood pouts his face, facing different angles in front of the mirror. Catching different light. The gun still sitting at the side of the desk. A display of ignorant power.

A knock.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

Enter.

The door slowly swings open. The Desister, scooting in with just his painters overalls on. Carrying two large tubs on paint, a canvas tucked underneath his arm. He drops them all carelessly.

The thump doesn't stop Greenwood from being entranced by his own reflection. Vainly pointing out his mouth, unnoticing who the painter really is.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (cont'd)

Might want to be more careful. An artist with the privilege of painting me. Best President this country will have.

DESISTER

Sorry, sir.

Going back out of the room, leaning on the door frame, The Desister picks up an easel, dragging it into the room, across the carpet.

Greenwood stays fixated on himself. Humming and being pre-occupied.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

(To himself)

Who is the fairest of them all?

The Desister bites his lip, enviously. Walking out the door once more.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Leaning down to the ground, The Desister picks up his navaja knife.

LOUNGE

Stepping up to the easel, The Desister pokes the blade into the back of his painting overalls, cutting a hole and leaving it in the back of his belt.

Now, leaning down, setting up the easel to waist height.

DESISTER

It's strange, I thought you'd look taller in person.

Greenwood rythmly taps his fingers on the desk. He hums with pleasure. The gun just to the right of his hand. Sitting there.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
Rude painter aren't you? The nosey
type. But yes they do say that.

Greenwood looks to the mirror, trying to catch a glimpse of this painter's face, but The Desister sees, picking up the canvas and catching it - covering his face from the reflection.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (cont'd)
Are you going to paint me or just
stand there? Paint or leave....

DESISTER
(Under breath)
Certainly, Mr. President.

Placing the canvas carefully carefully and precisely on the easel, The Desister secures it in. Ticking and nervous jitters climb up his neck.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
Do I turn?

DESISTER
Stay where you are, in the mirror.
Let's make it have a Salvador Dali
taste to it.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
As long as it makes me look good.
That's all I care.

DESISTER
(Gritty)
You'll look admirable.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
Always have.

There's silence. The Desister begins to analyses the paintbrushes. Dabbing paint of the canvas. Poking his head around the corner, observing the President.

[PAUSE]

A few brushes of the horse hair paintbrush. Peace. The Desister's face is calm. Hypnotised by the tranquil moment.

He stops, looking at Greenwood with a frown. Struggling to paint. A frustrated groan.

DESISTER

Hmmm.

This concerns the president. Looking at his own face, confused and agitated.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

What? What is it?

DESISTER

Nothing it's just - Are you pulling a face?

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

(Concerned)

-- What? Speak you invalid.

DESISTER

It's just - you're face. It's a little uneven.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

(Overreacting)

What are you talking about? Where?

DESISTER

It's just off putting. It's small. It's nothing, don't worry.

The President frowns in the mirror, self-consciously. Examining his face. Narcissistic-ally frowning.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD

Never got bad feedback on my face. You're lucky I don't shoot you on the spot, painter.

Greenwood's hands are on the desk. Ready to grip the gun, waiting.

The Desister reaches behind, his fingers gripping the handle of the navaja.

DESISTER

Just because of you're asymmetrical face?

Greenwood's tone grows dire. His hand on the gun. Trying to eye up the painter behind the canvas.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
You spiteful, bitter shit.

DESISTER'S POV: SPOTS GREENWOOD ON THE GUN.

DESISTER
Seriously, look at you're face and
tell me it's perfect. Look at
yourself!

Greenwood's eyes twitch back to his reflection. Entrapped.
Forced to listen.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
You have got to be blind?

Tapping his face, feeling it out in the reflection,
Greenwood grows more frustrated. Ignoring everything.

The Desister begins creepily moving slowly towards
Greenwood. Sinister, slowly reaching for his Navaja.
Withdrawing it in a dramatic fashion.

DESISTER
(Upset)
Look at you. Too wrapped up in
yourself and you're own problems.
You're not even listening to me!
You're a fake!

No communication is established. Greenwood keeps staring at
himself, examining himself.

One psychopath, the other a sociopath. Two narcissists
failing to communicate.

The Desister has tears welling in his eyes. Taking steps
forward.

DESISTER (cont'd)
(Louder)
Not even listening to me! You used me
as a pawn. I was your ally!

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
(To himself)
Don't see any faults?

We stay in the reflection, The Desister standing behind the
sitting Greenwood. The navaja blade creeping around
president Greenwood's neck. The blade facing inwards.

Greenwood is in a self centered tunnel vision. Unaware of the threat.

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD (cont'd)
 Asymmetrical? Liar!
 (Furiously)
 LIAR! Greenwood resembles strength.
 Power. That's right.
 (Shouts)
 I'm faultless!

DESISTER
 Not today you're not.
 (Calmly)
 I am.

Still in the mirror. Greenwood clicks. Suddenly aware of the moment. The blade in front of him. The adrenaline starting up.

Greenwood's eyes pin up. Surprised. Identifying the painter!

PRESIDENT GREENWOOD
 Desiste--

DESISTER

-- The Desister pulls on the blade inwards with all his might. In his blood splattered face, the aggression hastens. Pure evil in his eyes.

With his other hand, he pulls the other side of the blade. Digging deeper into Greenwood's neck. He moans as he struggles.

Blood everywhere.

CLOSE UP: DESISTER'S BLOOD SPLATTERED FACE.

Staying focused on his face. The struggle in his effort as he cuts. The moaning as he cuts away. Side to side, we can tell by his body language the blade must be deep.

Suddenly; A thud on the floor.

The Desister, relieved and calm. Still.

NEW ANGLE: PRESIDENT GREENWOOD HAS BEEN BEHEADED.

His corpse head, laying a foot away from the body. The eyes open, unresponsive.

Breathing. Desister lays down the navaja on the desk. Picks up the president's gun. Deep breaths.

In a moment of peace, The Desister stays staring at Greenwood's chopped off head, euphorically.

Then kneeling down, weirdly observing it.

The Desister reaches over to the desk, retrieving back the navaja knife.

Proceeding, he careful starts to carve out Greenwood's face. Surgically. His eyes in wonder.

DESISTER (cont'd)
 (To himself)
 New government. Same face.

We stay on The Victor 'The Desister' Harrison's concentrating face as he carves.

Making little struggling noises. Winces in his breath.

Disturbingly psychotic.

INT. LOUNGE, MINISTRY OF HEALTH - MOMENTS LATER

Cheers and partying can be heard off screen outside, in the crowd. Covered by a curtain and single pane glass window; The Spectator is hidden from the adoring citizens of Greenwood's.

NEW ANGLE: ON THE DESK - A MEGAPHONE AND MAKEUP.

Leaning over a desk with a folding mirror, The Desister feels Greenwood's blood drenched face, on his own face. Reacting hurt from the superglue.

Two knocks from the room door. We see it's been barricaded by chairs and sofas. The Desister jolts up, sensitive.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (O.S.)
 The crowd out there is bigger than it was for Churchill, Mr. President.
 Ready to go out there in five?

DESISTER
 (Greenwood voice)
 I was born ready.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (O.S.)
 Yes you were, sir. Could I just tell
 you - well, I know it may be
 inappropriate, sir but well, I'm a
 huge fan of the Britannia games and
 well, I think you do a great show,
 Mr. President.

DESISTER
 (Greenwood voice)
 Uh.... Thanks?

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (O.S.)
 And don't worry about that scummy
 Victor Desister - we'll catch that
 cunt in no time!

DESISTER
 Piss off, I need to get ready.

The Desister cracks open a beer.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN (O.S.)
 Certainly, sir! Good luck with the
 speech.

DESISTER
 I said fuck off.

Alone. The Desister's glued to his new mask in the mirror.
 He puts his hands in his pockets, quickly pulling out some
 paper, unfolding it we see THE SPECTATOR'S HANDWRITTEN
 SPEECH.

Now looking down to GREENWOOD'S PRINTED SPEECH, he had
 prepared. The Desister pulls out a lighter, igniting
 Greenwood's speech and a cigarette.

The burnt Greenwood speech falls to the floor in flames. The
 Desister, stamping out the embers.

EXT. STREET, MINISTRY OF HEALTH - DUSK

Crowds of excited people stand in chattering groups. Waiting
 impatiently, looking up to the balcony that Greenwood should
 be standing on soon.

Posters and flags of the Republic administration fly around
 on lamp posts. Cotton candy and Irish cider stands host some
 of the crowd. A true British event. Greenwood's face
 everywhere.

The lights at the balcony switch on. Everyone turns, seeing the full length curtain move.

CITIZEN
Look everyone, it's Greenwood.

Everyone begins chanting in preparation: "Greenwood, Greenwood...." All in passionate unison.

INT. LOUNGE, MINISTRY OF HEALTH BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The chants continue outside. The Desister stands upright and proud, holding onto the curtain to the balcony. Slow and powerful breathing, he's a little nervous. The Megaphone hanging in his hand.

The Desister rips the curtain aside, walking onto;

EXT. BALCONY, MINISTRY OF HEALTH - DUSK

The Desister with the president Greenwood's face steps out, displaying his self to the masses of adoring supporters.

Shock sighs in the crowd. They're all horrified at the image. Mothers cover their children's eyes from the disturbing mask The Desister wears.

DESISTER
(In megaphone)
Hello, London. Same old face, new man, new plan, new state. A shiny new leader, and some fucking good shoes! Seriously, they look alright.

EXT. STREET, MINISTRY OF HEALTH - CONTINUOUS

The front door of a police car opens into the booing. SKINNY POLICEMAN walks out, pushing through the angry crowd to look up at the balcony.

SKINNY POLICE OFFICER'S POV: THE PEELED FACE OF THE PRESIDENT ON SOME PSYCHO.

Skinny police officer goes pale, worried and runs back to the police car - opening the door and looking to FAT POLICEMAN in the passenger seat, eating a big Mac.

SKINNY POLICE MAN

(To fat policeman)

Skip, call in for armed forces, this is bad.

Fat policeman calls it in.

EXT. BALCONY, MINISTRY OF HEALTH - CONTINUOUS

Everyone in the crowd down bellow is moaning with sickness. Gasping. Looking to one another for some sort of answer.

DESISTER

I'm going to show you how Greenwood fucked it all up, and on a huge scale. How he miscalculated - underestimated and now he's gone and I wear his face. I am the Victor. And let me be very clear this is not 'our' Britannia - it is all mine.

BANG on the door The Desister turns around - not shocked.

ARMED FORCES (O.S.)

(From outside)

Open this door or we will kill you. Comply and you live.

The Desister rolls his eyes. Half yawns and facing back to the crowd.

DESISTER

One thing that wont be altered is the attitude towards you sick, pests. You disgusted Greenwood, and you disgust me.

CROWD MEMBER

(Shouting up)

Who are you.

DESISTER

Just a Desister. Just the Victor of it all.

The crowd get explode in outrage.

DESISTER (cont'd)

(Bowng)

Thank you, thank you.
You dumb fucking dogs at the bottom of the pile. Scum. Can I continue?

(MORE)

DESISTER (cont'd)

Un-permitted, The Desister carries on reading into the megaphone.

DESISTER (cont'd)

You don't understand. You all accepted capitalist strength over socialism. Greenwood over Davies. Strength - You got it, with Greenwood, and now, The Desister - you're new president.

The crowd try to chuck debris and waste, beer bottles up to The Desister - remaining unfazed, each attempt missing.

DESISTER (cont'd)

Germany had it coming with the Nazis. America had it coming with Trump, and now, Britain will get what it deserves. Me.

STREET OUTSIDE

In a black and red hood, a woman's face looks up to The Desister on the balcony - Abbie Barron, thirsty looking. a black widow.

We see her holding James's gun, readying it in the hood pocket.

She steps forward, pacing towards the head of the outraged crowd. Weaving through the gaps of Londoners until reaching the front.

Her hand, feeling the metal of the pistol.

MINISTRY LOUNGE

The door smacks open. Plenty of wood pieces fly through the room of the broken door. It's destructive and loud.

Armed police run into the room, aiming towards the balcony.

MINISTRY BALCONY

The Desister takes Greenwood's revolver from the balcony ledge. Spinning around to the armed forces and firing - killing the first two soldiers that storm the room.

The rest of the soldiers back down, retreating back behind the door, momentarily.

The Desister looks back to the masses below, aiming his gun and firing onto everyone he can.

STREET OUTSIDE

Everyone runs, dodging bullets.

Abbie is pushed back by the retreating public, everyone bumping into her. But Abbie keeps pushing forward, her head down and hood covering her face.

She stops still, the crowd dispersed.

[PAUSE]

Abbie raises her hand. Steadies James's gun. Firing once. Hitting The Desister.

CLOSE UP: DESISTER'S FACE. IT'S OVER.

The Desister's spec of a body falls into the street. Cracking on the cobbles below. Still breathing. Bleeding bad.

Old air raid sirens begin to chant. We hear Big Ben begin to chime. Eight continuous bells.

ABBIE (V.O.)

The head of state once said - "The voice of which captures the crowd, rules. The sympathetic whimper withers."

Abbie steps across the ground towards the wounded Desister. We hear her feet on the cobbles. A sway in her step.

Abbie steps over The Desister's bleeding body. Her gun's sight set right below.

The Desister's blood covered mask looks up at her. A look of an epiphany in his eyes. He raises his shaking hand.

ABBIE (V.O.) (cont'd)

I unfortunately can't disagree.

DESISTER

Wait, plea--

DESISTER'S POV: THE GUN FACING HIM. BANG. FIRED. DARKNESS.

The Desister's infamous body lies of the cobbles. A puddle of blood around him.

ABBIE

Two evils with one bullet. That's for
you, James.

Abbie looks up at the balcony. We see Mr. Collins from up
there, in a grey suit menacingly looking back. A nod from
himself.

Abbie in her hood nods back.

ABBIE (V.O.)

Our Britannia. Born again.

FADE OUT.