

CONTRABAND

Fade IN:

A completely black phone screen.

The voice of TOBY (20s, male, American accent) cuts through the silence.

TOBY (V.O.)

My phone still gets clogged with spam. Texts, photos, videos, tons of viral stuff.

The phone powers on. The camera moves inwards as binary text populates the screen. The viewer is taken through the inner workings of the internet. Pictures and clips appear among the text, vanishing on all sides as the shot continues deeper and deeper. The shot pauses on certain videos as the narrator describes them.

TOBY (V.O.)

The mates sent me all the classics. That great white shark, the one snapping at the soldier hanging from the helicopter.

(beat)

That mullet-haired kid tied to a pole over the four-lane highway. An absolute classic.

(beat)

And that Serbian general whose troops blasted bullets into a thousand villagers a couple decades back. I'm sure they would have all been top ranked videos on CONTRABAND if it was around back then.

A video appears in the center of the text, minuscule at first. As the shot moves closer, it becomes clear that the video is following an armored truck as it moves through the streets of an Afghani city.

TOBY (V.O.)

Everyone's on that app these days. And right now they're only talking about one thing. Those videos of

CHARLOTTE.

The video overtakes the screen.

MATCH CUT TO:

Ext. Afghani city - day (years prior)

An armored truck drives through the sandy streets. At the wheel is TUCKER (20s, male, British accent), a strong, brutal man. Beside him is CHARLOTTE (20s, female, British accent). She is physically fit and her analytical eyes flit over the streets they pass without betraying her emotions.

TOBY (V.O.)

CHARLOTTE worked as a mercenary in Afghanistan, helping control key urban hot-spots.

As they drive, both keep on close lookout. For what, we are uncertain.

TOBY (V.O.)

And how? By making sure warring factions spent their resources fighting each other and not us.

TUCKER focuses on a passing truck. CHARLOTTE follows his gaze. An AFGHANI MAN (50s) is driving, and his wife and children sit in the back.

CHARLOTTE

You want this guy? His kids are in the back.

TUCKER

And I care?

They pass the truck, cutting it off in front. The wife and children look on anxiously as CHARLOTTE and TUCKER exit their car.

TUCKER, carrying a large machine gun, approaches the driver as he emerges from his car. CHARLOTTE watches on, one hand holding her handgun, the other filming the events on her mobile.

TOBY (V.O.)

So agitators like her were targeted by enemy militants, local police...

even normal civilians.

TUCKER brandishes his gun at the Afghani man, SPEAKING IN PERSIAN as the driver exits.

TOBY (V.O.)

Pretty much anyone. But with all the schemes contractors had going on over there...

The man YELLS SOMETHING IN PERSIAN and punches TUCKER in the face.

TOBY (V.O.)

Guess you can't say they didn't deserve it.

TUCKER falls to the ground and the man sprints down the closest alleyway.

CHARLOTTE

I say we leave him.

TUCKER

No fucking chance!

He gets back to his feet, enraged.

TOBY (V.O.)

Especially TUCKER.

He brandishes his machine gun as he and CHARLOTTE head into the dark alleyway with its cramped shops and tenements piled on top of each other.

They move through the maze of buildings.

TOBY (V.O.)

By the final day of CHARLOTTE's contract, TUCKER had over a thousand hours of video footage. Close-range combat casualties, gruesome retaliatory attack gore, roadkill from roadside bombings, all sorts of live leader executions.

He moves ahead, but a SUDDEN NOISE makes CHARLOTTE turn, gun raised. She peers through the darkness on high alert. She moves towards the noise carefully.

TOBY (V.O.)

He was addicted to sniffing out any kind of tiny skirmish. Street scraps. Family quarrels. Minor incidents of domestic violence.

A dog runs in front of CHARLOTTE, startling her. As it runs off, she smiles and shakes her head to herself.

CHARLOTTE glances around and realizes she is now alone.

CHARLOTTE

TUCKER?

A soft scratching noise comes from around the corner. She approaches on guard and sees a curtained doorway behind which the noise is coming from.

TOBY (V.O.)

But like most addicts, his behavior dropped those around him in a whole heap of shit.

CHARLOTTE sighs and steels herself as she approaches the doorway with her mobile and gun both raised. She pulls back the curtain.

A kind-looking AFGHANI WOMAN (50s) is standing at the front of a group of civilians.

TOBY (V.O.)

I always knew this clip could make CHARLOTTE famous...

CHARLOTTE smiles kindly when-

THUP!

She is whacked on the back of the head by an unseen assailant. She crumbles, unconscious, to the ground. Her phone and gun fall beside her head.

TOBY (V.O.)

But I never thought I'd need it to help find her again.

A pair of army boots stand beside CHARLOTTE's head.

Blackout.

Ext. Brussels train station - day (Present)

TOBY sits on the platform, staring at his phone. On the ground beside him is a backpack and a motorcycle helmet. His light, shaggy hair falls down around his young face, which is twisted with concern.

The video of CHARLOTTE in Afghanistan is frozen on his screen.

A young man (ROLLERBOY, 18) comes by on roller skates, singing along to the rap music pumping through his headphones.

His jacket displays a Marlboro cigarette ad next to a Ferrari logo.

TOBY (V.O.)

Back in London, that jacket could  
be an ironic statement about sports  
team sponsorship...

Rollerboy pulls out his phone and makes a quick call.

TOBY (V.O.)

...But this is straight-up  
Brussels, so my guess is he didn't  
have the cash for a real Marlboro  
Ferrari skin.

The young man continues singing along to his music as two more TEENAGE THUGS arrive at the station and rally behind him.

TOBY (V.O.)

Even the cleverest teens are done  
with irony. They now just choose  
not to react.

The three surround TOBY, who now realizes the trouble he is in. Both of the newcomers have weapons, while the original thug is filming on his mobile.

TOBY sits up straighter, eyes flickering among the trio.

Suddenly, a stern voice comes from behind them all.

Policeman 1 (O.S.)

(In French)

Arrete'!

The trio separates and TOBY sees two armed policemen behind them. A train pulls in and the two thugs scurry on, though ROLLERBOY approaches the police.

TOBY (V.O.)

Why would Rollerboy risk arrest by filming a shit kicking just to impress his mates? Unless... He wants to be arrested?

Rollerboy whistles as he skates by the police.

TOBY (V.O.)

Saw this set-up a few times when TUCKER first came to London.

As Rollerboy passes, one of the policemen sticks his foot out. Rollerboy falls flat on his face.

TOBY (V.O.)

Convinced an attack is on the cards, the police 'catch' him just in time.

Rollerboy is grabbed and searched by one of the police officers. He is grinning all the while.

TOBY (V.O.)

Rollerboy hurls a bit of abuse, resists arrest. So they rough him up ...

The two teenage thugs are standing in the doorway of the train. One of them is filming the whole affair.

TOBY (V.O.)

...Meanwhile his mate films all the action on his phone.

The police let go of Rollerboy and sends him off. TOBY watches as he is welcomed back by his conspirators. Seconds later, TOBY's phone beeps with a notification.

He opens his phone to CONTRABAND, where a video of the events he just witnessed is playing.

TOBY (V.O.)

Amateurish footage is usually auto-deleted. But he let this

through. Maybe it's just another ego-fueled tactic to tell users he's finally gone global. He's arrived in Belgium!

TOBY's phone beeps again. This time, he immediately sits up straighter when he sees the notification.

A "LATEST FROM CONTRABAND" screen appears along with a menacing voice.

MYSTERY MAN (on screen)  
When video mobiles first arrived, lack of memory capacity and poor camera pixelation limited kids from capturing high quality clips.

The video switches to live feed.

Ext. Egmont park - day

CHARLOTTE lays in fetal position on the ground with her back to the camera. All that is visible is her hair and her tied hands.

Behind her, the legs of a MYSTERY MAN are visible.

He reaches down and grabs CHARLOTTE's hair, yanking her up and revealing her to the camera.

MYSTERY MAN (O.S.)  
But today's challenge? Capturing sensational enough video to appeal to a cash-rich, time-poor audience.

Two singular tears leak from CHARLOTTE's fear-stricken eyes.

MYSTERY MAN (O.S.)  
Sure it's tough, harder than herding cats in fact. But please - for her sake?

CRACK

He jams his elbow into CHARLOTTE's back, knocking her to the ground.

MYSTERY MAN (O.S.)  
Don't ever send such staged dogshit to me again. You want to know what

you're aiming for? I'll show you.

The video cuts out and the CONTRABAND logo reappears.

Cut to:

Ext. BRUSSELS TRAIN STATION

TOBY studies the screen with intensity.

A new voice comes from the phone.

STACY STAINS (o.s)  
Are we on? Yes or no? Christ, Jack!  
Why do you have to fuck around  
every time we cover carnage?

The CONTRABAND logo overlaying a city building

Ext. Whisper building - day

Police cars, fire trucks, and a news van are all parked on the city street. The Whisper building is standing, barely, and a haze of thin smoke still fills the air.

STACY STAINS (40s, female) glowers at her cameraman from in front of his shot.

STACY STAINS  
(surprised)  
What? We are live?  
(news-anchor voice)  
Good morning, I'm STACY STAINS,  
reporting live from outside the  
offices of mobile operator Whisper.  
The body found in a next door  
basement early this morning has  
been identified as PLUGGER JONES.  
Sources suggest the basement was  
used by an anti-violence group led  
by controversial activist, JARVIS  
STEVENS-

Stacy glances to the side and holds her earpiece, listening to an interruption on the other side.

STACY STAINS  
(to earpiece)

Wait a minute. Okay. Don't move.  
Give us 30 seconds.  
(to camera)

It appears we've been granted  
exclusive access to enter the  
basement.

Cut to:

Int. Dilapidated cavern

Down in the cavern, Stacy and her cameraman JEFF (30s)  
navigate around police officers securing the scene.

STACY STAINS

Forensic officers are examining  
components of a modified cell  
phone, purported to have triggered  
off a bomb similar to that used in  
the Madrid train attack -  
(then ...)

Woah! We've got a body! Jeff, come  
zoom in on this!

Jeff swings his camera around to zoom in on a BODY on the  
ground. It is covered with a bloodied tarp. The only parts  
of the corpse visible is his black hair and a dark-skinned  
hand.

STACY STAINS

Initial reports suggest JONES died  
while rescuing two trapped  
individuals from the debris.

As Jeff focuses on the hand of the corpse, a police officer  
yells from somewhere behind them.

POLICE OFFICER

You can't be down here!

Jeff stands, causing the camera to swing around with him. He  
catches the skewed figure of a TEENAGE BOY with his mobile  
out. The boy looks petrified to be caught by the officer.

POLICE OFFICER

Turn the camera off and get the  
hell out - and take your media  
chums with you!

The video feed cuts out.

Ext. EGMONT PARK

The live stream from CONTRABAND resumes. CHARLOTTE is slumped against the base of a tall statue. Her captor speaks from off screen again.

MYSTERY MAN (O.S.)

To capture compelling content today, you need to be patient. And persistent. That kid skived off half a day of school to follow that news crew around with his mobile...

The footage pulls back, revealing the entirety of the statue CHARLOTTE is leaning against.

Ext. BRUSSELS TRAIN STATION

TOBY sits up straight, eyes wide.

TOBY

Edgemont Park!

He grabs his backpack and his helmet and takes off away from the platform.

Ext. Brussels street

TOBY guns his motorcycle down the streets of Brussels.

Ext. EGMONT PARK

TOBY speeds into the park, skidding to a stop in the grass right in front of the statue.

CHARLOTTE is nowhere to be found. TOBY looks about in every direction. But no sign.

TOBY

Shit.

Fade out.

Int./ext. london Internet cafe (Months Earlier)

Converted from an old church, the cafe is a cozy, hip place full of people working on desktops. Tables are set up outside. One wall is open to lead into another room.

The place is full of anti-establishment paraphernalia and posters; there are leaflets outlining legal loopholes in the purchase of magic mushrooms, rusted comic book stands stacked with marijuana magazines, etc.

TOBY is in a corner overlooking the main space. He stares over the top of his computer screen at a couple of GIRLS he likes the look of, hoping he's not being too obvious about it.

But now a voice from outside distracts him.

TUCKER (O.S.)

A crying shame! Internet cafes used  
to be ideal places to meet  
females...

TOBY peers out the window and sees TUCKER sitting at a table with PLUGGER JONES (20s), a dark-skinned man built like a tank. Between them is a BLONDE WOMAN (20s) with her head in her hands.

TUCKER continues on his misogynistic soapbox.

TUCKER

The women were far more switched on  
than the drunken birds you chat up  
in bars. But now, chance'd be a  
fine fucking thing. State of this!

Rolling his eyes, TOBY turns back towards his screen. But TUCKER's voice floats through the large space again.

TUCKER

In the red corner, slimy cyber scum  
live messaging with underage  
English schoolgirls.

TOBY glances over to the man TUCKER is rather aptly describing.

TUCKER

And in the blue corner, forty-plus  
gamers with receding chemical  
brothers hair reinventing

themselves as wizards to slash  
short silver swords against wild  
wolves and white knights.

Suddenly - SLAM!

TUCKER brings his hand down hard on the table. He glowers at  
the blonde woman, who continues to look exasperated.

TUCKER

And you? Can't deliver shit! You  
call. We come. CHARLOTTE's gone  
every time. My options? Can think  
of a few - But do you have any  
recommendations?

BLONDE WOMAN

I'm going to scream.

TUCKER

Interesting choice... PLUGGER, make  
her scream.

PLUGGER grabs her thigh with one large hand and digs his  
fingers into it.

She SCREECHES

BLONDE WOMAN

Hands off, asshole!

TOBY, watching in surprise, stands and walks outside.

Ext. London internet cafe - CONTINUOUS

TOBY walks out to the outdoor eating area of the internet  
cafe. TUCKER, PLUGGER, and the woman are the only patrons,  
leaving a few empty tables.

He walks past a table near them, glancing over to make sure  
they aren't taking notice of him.

BLONDE WOMAN

(painfully)

Please stop!

TUCKER waves his hand and PLUGGER releases her leg.

TOBY places his phone with the camera aimed at TUCKER's  
table, propped up with an empty water glass.

TUCKER slings his arm around the woman's shoulders in a show of faux friendliness. She shakes under his touch.

TUCKER

I know this man-with-van Gonzo chap. He's going to love your female feline impression. Although I guess he's the only one who'll hear you. Manny soundproofed the interior with double mattresses - like those ones you see in spooky docs about crack-house squatters-

He is cut off by a loud, metal ringtone blaring from his cellphone. He checks the screen. As soon as his arm is off her, the blonde woman slumps in her chair and sobs with her face in her hands.

TOBY glances back at them from where he is hovering by the sidewalk.

TUCKER

Forget Manny.

PLUGGER

What?

TUCKER stands and reaches into his pocket for his wallet.

TUCKER

Change of plan. And this one's leaving right now.

PLUGGER

But I have this money on the line-

TUCKER

We're going!

He pulls out some cash and tosses it into the woman's lap.

TUCKER

Here's some cash. Go hail a cab. Now.

She grabs her purse and stands, fuming.

BLONDE WOMAN

You fucking tosser.

TUCKER and PLUGGER head inside the building. He picks his phone up from the table and watches the blonde woman as she tries to hail a cab.

A taxi finally pulls up and she gets in the backseat.

TOBY (V.O.)

This classic should lighten her mood...

TOBY sends her something from his phone. She checks her notification, chuckles a bit and smiles at TOBY before her cab pulls away.

TOBY smiles back as he watches the car recede. But his mood is suddenly interrupted by a notification on his phone.

A text message from an unknown number appears: 'Time to pay up TOBY Hester. Stay at our table!'

TOBY freezes in fear just as the door opens behind him and he hears TUCKER.

TUCKER (O.S.)

You never approach C-listers,  
PLUGGER.

TOBY turns around to look at the pair warily.

TUCKER

Don't get me wrong, the English are as star-struck as anyone, but they have this politeness, like you should be considerate, not bug them. They have no clue! Both fake and real famous folks want you groveling at their feet.

As TOBY stays rooted, TUCKER bee-lines for him.

TUCKER

Hey, TOBY, this whole celebrity-spotting thing? Never happens in my hometown. There, you'd be lucky to bump into that puny pecker who delivers the weather at 7:35 a.m.

PLUGGER moves the other side of TOBY, circling ...

TUCKER

Tell me, Tobes, what do they pay you here? My math says ten computers earn your owner a tenner each hour, max. Rent's gotta be at least double that. Therefore the owner must be using this cafe for black market schemes. Drugs? Arms? Moonshine?

TOBY

I never see the guy.

TUCKER

What do we owe you?

TOBY

18.80

TUCKER pulls out his wallet and hands TOBY a large bill. He moves closer as he speaks, towering over TOBY.

TUCKER

Keep the change. But here's a bit of advice: Put the tip towards a new mobile. Yours is looking a little weather-beaten. You into making mobile movies, TOBY?

TOBY

I- I don't know what you mean.

TUCKER

(speaking over him)

PLUGGER!

PLUGGER wrenches TOBY's arm behind his back and herds him towards TUCKER's Land Rover with TUCKER following behind them.

TOBY

Please, you're not on my device!

PLUGGER shoves TOBY into the backseat.

TUCKER

Tonight, we should illustrate to TOBY the proper methodology to make real mobile movies.

Int. land rover

TOBY is pressed close to the seat, his eyes darting between TUCKER, PLUGGER, and the road. The light outside is starting to dim, the traffic growing thinner.

TOBY

Where are you taking me?

TUCKER

Three lads cruising in London.  
Could say we're hanging out, eh  
PLUGGER? I say a pleasant evening  
drive first. Then we hit the park  
right after dark.

TUCKER pulls out his phone and does a quick search as he drives.

TUCKER

And the big TOBY mobi-search  
brings- Ba-da-boom!

(beat)

What? One measly result? How  
pathetic. 'Citizen journalist  
uncoveres pedophile ring'. Last  
night, police arrested...

(shows PLUGGER phone  
screen)

Seems TOBY caught some bloke  
navigating through boys' trousers a  
few months back. This is you, isn't  
it?

TOBY

Yeah.

TUCKER

Come on, tell us more! Surely  
you're capable of coughing up at  
least one twisted tale.

TOBY

I don't remember much about it.

TUCKER

I suppose I'd give a shit you're  
feeding me bollacks if I gave two

shits about that fiddled little kid. He probably ended up a street person, some 24-year-old failed suicide victim in shabby sneakers, ripped hoodie with homemade neck and arm tattoos. Probably drones on about his God or having no parents as he loops round and round the circle line. Mental hospitals should hand out hands-free headsets to all those muttering monkeys. At least they'll look like they're talking to someone else!

(beat)

PLUGGER, get me his mobile.

PLUGGER reaches back and plucks TOBY's discarded mobile off his lap before he can even react.

TUCKER's tone suddenly becomes dead serious.

TUCKER

Why did you film us?

TOBY

I didn't.

PLUGGER hands TUCKER TOBY's phone. He looks through it as he drives.

TUCKER

I spoke straight into your camera. Remember the sugar dispenser? Ketchup bottle? Salt and pepper shakers?

TOBY

I was filming the girl.

TUCKER

Why? You like her?

TOBY

I don't know her.

TUCKER

Well, don't bother. She's roadkill. Once, she was a stunner! Kind you'd mug a paraplegic for his wheelchair piss bag just so you could pay 100%

attention to her at the bar. But then along came mobile porn - and now she's a doe-eyed deer chasing headlights.

TUCKER continues scrolling through TOBY's phone.

TUCKER

So what've we got? Anti-violence blogs? Bollocks. Charity streaming events? More bollocks. Look PLUGGER, he stores clips of crying third world mothers on his phone.

(waves the phone at TOBY)

This supposed to be some sort of arty shit? I really did expect more from you, chum.

Ext. Park - EVENING

The Land Rover turns into a large park.

It is now dusk, and the trees cast eerie shadows on the grass TUCKER drives through.

Int. Land rover - EVENING

TUCKER peers up ahead, checks the time.

TUCKER

Right on time. Should be a few dozen boys bumming around tonight.

TUCKER comes to a stop among the trees on the edge of a clearing.

They look out to see a pair of men talking on a park bench.

TUCKER

Send out the location.

PLUGGER takes out his phone as TUCKER twists around to face TOBY.

TUCKER

Listen up, you might learn something. Lesson one: Before capturing compelling mobile video, you must think about the audience.

People want fresh snacks, tasty bits to devour in short periods. Down time. Waiting on trains, sitting on the bog. Plenty of videos can make people laugh, cry, wince, rage, vomit. But the best stuff can draw out every type of emotion. The best clips are sensational...

As he speaks, TOBY glances out of the window to see the park slowly populating. Groups of young men loiter around the clearing.

TUCKER

The video should show people acting upon their instinctive urges. Of course, the action's pumped up a tad, for that larger-than-life angle.

TUCKER hands TOBY his mobile back with a nod over towards some bushes.

TUCKER

Take this into those shrubs. Don't return until you get 30 seconds of high-res footage.

TOBY

I can't go in there-

TUCKER

PLUGGER, break his fingers.

TOBY gasps as PLUGGER reaches back and grabs his wrist harshly.

TUCKER

Ensure he's holding his phone. It adds a unique crackling tone to that cracking sound.

TOBY

No, no wait! What do I film?

PLUGGER releases his wrist.

PLUGGER

Switch your settings to landscape

and night light, TOBY. Stay 10 meters back. You'll be fine.

Ext. Park - EVENING

TOBY climbs out of the car shakily. As he shuts the door behind him, TUCKER rolls down his window.

TUCKER

You try bolting? This video features alternative content. It's title: PLUGGER mangles TOBY behind Land Rover.

TOBY swallows and nods.

TUCKER nods his head in the direction of a group of teens on the other side of the clearing.

TUCKER

See that little scene over there? A few blokes buzzing around under a willow tree? No big deal, huh?  
(in new direction)  
Now see those kids over there?  
(in new direction)  
And them ones too?

The different groups slowly start emerging from the treeline. Some are carrying bats or pieces of pipe. All look ready for a fight.

They converge on the unsuspecting man.

TUCKER

You're about to capture what I call very engaging interactive video content.

Suddenly, as though on some sort of cue, it all kicks off.

The muggers pile in and ATTACK their victims.

TOBY scrambles to catch the carnage on video. He simultaneously records and watches on with horror.

Once their victim, now bloodied and divested of his clothing, slumps unconscious to the ground, the muggers flee the scene.

TOBY is left filming the battered, skull-shattered guy, struggling to contain his terror and horror.

TUCKER and PLUGGER approach silently from behind TOBY as he panics. TUCKER has a grin and a gleam in his eye that says he is more than pleased as he evaluates the bloody victim, standing over him.

TUCKER

Notice how pro athletes always look  
10 years older? It's the exact  
opposite for these kinds of guys.

TUCKER holds out his hand to TOBY.

TUCKER

It's probably best I hold your  
mobile for you, TOBY. Your device  
isn't required for our next little  
activity, so why risk damaging it,  
eh?

TOBY meekly hands off his phone. TUCKER re-watches the footage as he walks back towards the car, taking his own phone out.

Then he pulls up as something he sees on it displeases him greatly.

TUCKER

Fuck me!! PLUGGER! What happened to  
CONTRABAND?!

PLUGGER pulls out his phone.

PLUGGER

Give me a minute, TUCKER.

TUCKER heads furiously for the Land Rover.

Int. Land rover - EVENING

As he zooms down the streets towards their next destination, TUCKER glances continuously at PLUGGER, who is staring at his phone with a concentrated frown.

PLUGGER

Signal's being jammed by someone  
accessing a Whisper cell site in

North London.

TUCKER

Fix it! Do it now!

PLUGGER

Once I find the site I can reset the playout application. But it's going to take about eight hours.

TUCKER

Tomorrow?

PLUGGER

Mid-morning at the earliest,  
TUCKER. Sorry.

TUCKER

Fuck me!! I know it's that bastard!  
STEVENS! JARVIS STEVENS.

He slams the steering wheel in fury. TOBY's eyes widen at the name.

Ext. roadway - later

It is now fully night. The Land Rover is parked on the side of a street overpass. PLUGGER marches TOBY around to the stairs with his arms behind his back. TUCKER follows.

TUCKER

So PLUGGER, tell TOBY what inspired you to build my new phone.

PLUGGER

Croatian police officers made a huge drug bust a few years back. Broke into a seaside villa, shot a few heavy-hitting drug dealers, and they confiscated 4kg of heroin, 1.5 million cash, dozens of fake passports - and one homemade mobile device able to shoot .22 mm caliber bullets.

TUCKER

Somebody actually made a phone gun! I mean, how incredible is that?

PLUGGER

From mobile news footage and a few designs I pinched from Whisper, I developed an advanced version for TUCKER.

TUCKER

And I must say the results were astonishing.

Now under the overpass, PLUGGER shoves TOBY to the ground.

TUCKER

Tell him about its 'value adding' capabilities.

TUCKER pulls out his phone. The metal glints in the dim light offered by street lamps above them.

PLUGGER

Ambush includes a multi-switchblade locking system, pepper spray discharge, a 1000-volt electric stunner and a fully functioning pistol complete with 6-round cartridge and detachable silencer.

TUCKER

That's the bit of functionality I'm keen to demonstrate.

TUCKER opens the back of his phone, revealing the cartridge. He loads the mobile gun, then removes the silencer from the side.

As he screws it on, TOBY gets up from the ground and raises his hands in surrender.

TOBY

Look, I didn't mean to piss you guys off. I promise, I won't say anything. About the girl, or those men in the park...

TUCKER

The park bench partners prancing around in Pinocchio pajamas with the bottom cut out? Hey, you can say whatever you want.

He grabs TOBY and shoves the gun against his temple.

TUCKER

But what I say is if they're so confused what their backsides are for - they should eat Mexican for a week.

TOBY

Please... I'm so sorry.

TUCKER

We're going to have to kill you now...

He twists the phone around to reveal a video paused on the screen.

TUCKER

...Unless you help us.

He plays the video.

JARVIS STEVENS (50s, male) is speaking to a large crowd at an outdoor rally. Behind him on the stage is CHARLOTTE in her fatigues.

JARVIS (on screen)

There are immoral individuals using technology to take advantage of our children's insatiable desire to create and consume sensational content. A multi-billion dollar spy-cam industry has emerged. Celebrity-obsessed youths are prowling the city streets to secretly film strangers and broadcast mobile videos on blog channels that are sensational, erotic or violent enough to earn money and status.

TUCKER pauses the video, rolling his eyes.

TUCKER

The fucker used to post this shit on CONTRABAND, then PLUGGER learned how to filter it out.

He shows TOBY a zoomed in version of the video, focused on JARVIS.

TUCKER

This guy's JARVIS STEVENS.

He moves the frame slightly to reveal CHARLOTTE behind JARVIS.

TUCKER

And see the girl behind him? Her name is CHARLOTTE... And I want her found.

PLUGGER

STEVENS has been sabotaging CONTRABAND with device and network applications. Latest version is sophisticated enough to temporarily bring us down. In an ideal world, we'd find his server bunker... But for some reason, TUCKER thinks we should find this CHARLOTTE woman first.

TUCKER

Shut it, moron. If we get her first, he'll be easy to hunt down.

TOBY

Is she a soldier or something?

PLUGGER

Ex-special forces mercenary. Surveillance support.

TUCKER

After completely screwing up her mission in Afghanistan a few months back, she now hangs with do-good dickhead activists like STEVENS. Lately she's been recruiting new supporters in bars and cafes around your area.

TOBY

She hasn't been in mine. I would've seen her. Why don't you just wait for her outside-

TUCKER

You cheeky little prick!

PLUGGER steps between the two before TUCKER can lash out.

PLUGGER

Every time we get close, she senses we're around. We've checked out mobiles, the Rover, everything's clean. Still-

TUCKER

Doesn't matter now. Cos you're gonna find her for us.

TUCKER collects himself and then pulls up a different video on his phone.

He shows TOBY his screen. The video is paused on a shot of TOBY recording the mugging on his mobile.

TUCKER

That is you filming the action this evening, isn't it?

TOBY's eyes widen.

TUCKER

Remember Gretta, PLUGGER? She filmed the last brilliant below-the-bridge kick-about. Bless her heart, poor girl went away for 10 years - but at least half a million videos of that bludgeoned bloke got downloaded. Don't think this clip's gonna go big-time, but it should interest a few bodies of authority keen to stamp out such criminal behavior.

TOBY gulps as TUCKER turns his back, watching the video again on his phone. The low sounds of the mugging can be faintly heard.

TUCKER

Go on, TOBY - give yourself another minute to think about it.

TOBY listens to him watch the video, torn.

Fade to black.

End of act one.

Act two

Ext. Belgian countryside - day (Present)

TOBY rides his motorcycle through the countryside. The bright and sunny day is counterintuitive to his intense mood.

He stops outside of a pretty brick cafe and gets off his motorcycle.

Int. Small cafe

Inside, the OWNER (60s, male) is sitting behind the counter, reading a newspaper. Aside from TOBY, he is the only one in the cafe.

TOBY shows him his phone, with a photo of CHARLOTTE.

TOBY

This woman left with a man fifteen minutes ago. Which way did they go?

The owner stares at him stoically.

Growing irritated, TOBY zooms in on the photo and points out the individuals shown.

TOBY

Ok. This here is your cafe. And that's your face. And those are your beady eyes staring directly at her arse. Surely you can tell me which road they took?

The man's stare is unflinching.

TOBY turns and walks away in frustration.

TOBY (V.O.)

Tosser!

The man mutters a curse in French.

Ext. BELGIAN COUNTRYSIDE

TOBY paces by his bike with his arms crossed.

His phone BEEPS.

He pulls it out and opens CONTRABAND. The Mystery Man's voice plays from his mobile.

MYSTERY MAN (O.S.)

Sheep-cows? Ass-goats? Pig-bunnies?  
Christ, as if those genetic  
re-engineering whack-jobs need any  
more innovative ideas for making  
new species! The man who presented  
the platypus was nearly decapitated  
for fraud because his king thought  
he'd sewn a duck's face and feet  
onto the ass of a large mole.

TOBY's foot taps impatiently. Finally, CHARLOTTE appears on the screen.

Intercut:

Ext. Windmill - day

CONTRABAND is broadcasting live from a field in Belgium. A rustic windmill can be seen in the background.

CHARLOTTE, looking worse for the wear, is on her knees with her hands tied behind her back. The Mystery Man speaks from behind the camera.

MySTERY MAN (O.S.)

You can see from CHARLOTTE's  
freshly battered body that my ban  
on mammal spam now extends beyond  
pulverized puppies and cute kittens  
with Hitler haircuts.

(beat)

Hey, CHARLOTTE. Stop fucking around  
and focus. It's time to talk.

CHARLOTTE

(quietly)

Time to talk? Ok.

CHARLOTTE snaps her head up to look directly into the camera, a defiant gleam in her eye.

CHARLOTTE

Good evening! I'm the corporate attorney representing the \$15 million estate of deceased Nigerian oil baron Charles STEVENS Mohamed II. After and extensive search, you've been identified as the legitimate next of kin-

SMACK!

The Mystery Man slaps CHARLOTTE across the face.

MYSTERY MAN

You cocky little shit!

He towers over her, partially obscuring the camera with his back.

MYSTERY MAN

Introduce the clip. Now!

CHARLOTTE

Fuck off. He's innocent.

The Mystery Man shoves a weapon into her face. It is the exact same mobile-gun TUCKER had threatened TOBY with once.

MYSTERY MAN

It would be tragic to kill you so soon after reaching the continent. But I guess a little live coverage of your retina and eardrum riding a bullet blasted out the side of your head might make me 15 grand... Now let's see that incriminating footage.

TOBY

(recognising him ...)

TUCKER!

The CONTRABAND feed switches to a grainy video. As the camera focuses, it becomes clear the video was taken inside the cavern under the Whisper building.

Two men are seen further into the cave with their backs to the entering camera. One is in a suit and is supporting the other, larger man, who appears unconscious. Both are covered

in blood.

The man in the suit spins around, revealing his identity.

JARVIS STEVENS stands frozen, looking at the camera in fear, holding PLUGGER's body.

JARVIS drops the body and sprints out another exit.

The video freezes on him running away and TUCKER resumes his host duties.

TUCKER (O.S.)

This bloke shows all the symptoms  
of an idiot savant, eh Char honey?  
He's gotta be one of those twisted  
geniuses? His brain's so packed  
with knowledge he forgets how to do  
basic shit. Like finding his keys,  
or tying his shoes. Or leaving a  
building before he bombs it to  
shit!

TUCKER laughs cruelly.

The video cuts back to CHARLOTTE in the field. A banner at the bottom reads: 'CONTRABAND'S TOP VICIOUS VIDEO. STILL NUMBER ONE!'

Comments start flooding in at the bottom of the screen in various languages, mostly hate directed at JARVIS or CHARLOTTE.

TUCKER strokes CHARLOTTE's hair with the silencer of his gun.

TUCKER

Now tell everyone his name.

CHARLOTTE

PLUGGER's killer... His name...  
JARVIS didn't do it! Despite what  
this asshole wants you to believe.  
PLUGGER's dead because of-

SMACK

TUCKER slaps CHARLOTTE once more.

She screams hysterically at the camera as TUCKER tries to shut her up.

CHARLOTTE

TOBY! Near a bridge, a narrow canal-

The video feed cuts out.

TOBY shakes his head in desperation as his mobile screen darkens. He leans against his motorcycle, defeated.

CRACK

Thunder sounds from above and then, all at once, rain pours down in a thick sheet.

TOBY sighs heavily.

End intercut.

Ext. Under the bridge - night

TOBY huddles himself under a small bridge to take respite from the rain. On his phone he checks a poll from CONTRABAND.

'I THINK CHARLOTTE WILL DIE - 66%'

'I WANT CHARLOTTE TO DIE - 72%'

TOBY shuts his phone and hunkers down, watching the rain fall.

Int. Barn - night

CHARLOTTE is tied to a tractor inside a dusty barn. Outside the rain pounds. She watches it fall from the sky.

Fade TO BLACK.

Int. INTERNET CAFE - day (Past)

TOBY clears tables in the cafe, listening in on the conversations happening around him.

At one table, a man named SUND (40s, male) speaks with his friend BILL (50s, male) and CHARLOTTE, who is TOBY's focus.

TOBY places down his bus-tray and takes his mobile out. He surreptitiously perches it on one of the decorated

doorframes with the camera aimed at CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE

Your boys' contribution last week was shocking. Those public school girls shouldn't have been within meters of JARVIS, Sund. I thought you cared about him.

Sund

I do. We underestimated their numbers. There were dozens of them CHARLOTTE, we simply got caught out.

CHARLOTTE

We're not gonna blow our chance of convincing the political jacks we need to bring our bill proposal to Parliament, because you can't provide proper protection at a pep rally!

Her phone BEEPS -

CHARLOTTE

After all the lobbying and making people aware of mobile video abuse-

Now she checks the screen.

CHARLOTTE

Fuck!

TOBY hovers near them with his tray.

Sund

What?

CHARLOTTE

CONTRABAND's back up. PLUGGER's implemented a new security layer from Whisper.

BILL

Who's PLUGGER?

CHARLOTTE

Never mind. Sund, select smarter lads for Friday's event. We'll have

over five thousand there so the mobile mob monkeys will make an appearance-

TOBY

Can I get you anything?

The three turn to look at him and he stammers.

TOBY

Like some, uh, food perhaps? We have ... all sorts.

CHARLOTTE narrows her eyes at him in suspicion.

BILL

Triple shot decaf latte, water boy. And try making it hot this time.

CHARLOTTE

No, we're leaving now. Pay him, Sund.

Sund immediately stands and hands TOBY a few bills. CHARLOTTE points at Bill.

CHARLOTTE

At least four of your best on JARVIS this time. And don't bring this muppet.

They walk away, leaving TOBY alone at their table.

TOBY

(quietly)  
Shit.

Int. Cafe bathroom

TOBY uses the urinal in the cafe bathroom, muttering slightly to himself.

TOBY

(mumbling)  
Well, hello! My name's TOBY! Do you like food? Well, you're in luck! We're the only internet cafe ever offering a personalized, overly-friendly table service!

He buttons himself back up, pulling out his mobile.

TOBY (V.O.)

Christ! Any other verbal sewage  
could've leaked out the corner of  
my mouth... Stupid! Stupid!

He opens a text from TUCKER which reads: *'that tank-top u  
filmed in the park survived. lucky 4 u. his jaw's wrecked &  
won't talk again. we dropped a good-will 3k into ur mpay  
account. call the sec u spot charlotte! tucker'*

And then, just as he's making to delete it -

WHAM!

TOBY is hit in the throat from behind. He stumbles back,  
dazed.

His assailant takes this opportunity to put him in a  
variation of a headlock, his phone in her hands.

TOBY realizes it is CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE

Your phone's geo-location matches -  
which means you were filming us.  
Tell me why you were spying! Now!

TOBY

I was ... I was just filming you.

CHARLOTTE

I know you were, fuck wit. That's  
why I'm gonna carve you into-

TOBY

Please, I film lots of women. No, I  
mean not that many women. I filmed  
you because, well, I guess I found  
you sort of interesting.

CHARLOTTE

Planning to post that onto some  
fetish website to earn a little  
cash, were you? Maybe CONTRABAND?!

TOBY

No, it was for me.

CHARLOTTE

Tell me what you heard.

TOBY

Nothing. I would never try to expose you-

CHARLOTTE

Expose me?

TOBY

I mean, talk about what I heard. If I heard anything. Which I didn't. I never repeat anything discussed on these premises. No, what's said here remains strictly confidential.

CHARLOTTE pulls him to his feet, crowding him up against a wall.

CHARLOTTE

Bet you think you're all balls, huh?

She drops a knife down from her sleeve and presses it against TOBY's side.

CHARLOTTE

What would a doctor prescribe for a lad missing two bollocks? Because the moment you try to film me again, this blade disappears back up my sleeve with yours firmly affixed to its jarring teeth.

She steps away from him and puts the knife away.

She straightens his collar and then releases him, turning away. The second she does, TOBY collapses onto the toilet under him.

CHARLOTTE

You got that, fuck wit?

She storms out of the bathroom.

TOBY rakes his hands through his hair and picks up his mobile from where she had dropped it on the ground.

He texts TUCKER: 'hi tucker. still no sign of charlotte.

toby'

FADE TO:

CHARLOTTE sits with her back to the camera, tied to a chair. Through the window, the logo of XXX Mobile Emporium.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. XXX MOBILE EMPORIUM

TOBY's phone screen displaying this photo. He moves it away, revealing the logo on the side of the building.

TOBY stands outside XXX Mobile Emporium, a small building covered in graffiti, tucked between other shady businesses on a seedy alleyway.

TOBY approaches the door, but it swings open revealing a suited bouncer IVAN (50s, male).

He stares TOBY down.

Int. XXX Mobile Emporium

IVAN and another bouncer, MIROSLAV (50s, male) lead TOBY through the building, along dark grimy halls.

They usher him into one of the rooms and point at a place for him to stand.

TOBY looks around. There is a chair, a dresser, a table. And a dog laying in one corner, growling lowly.

IVAN and Miroslav empty TOBY's pockets. IVAN grunts and points at the chair for TOBY to sit.

He sits.

The pair begin browsing through his things.

IVAN

No money and no credit. A very big problem. Cimay!

The dog gets up from the ground and barks.

IVAN

Our boy Cimay has a sensitive nose.  
But he's not actually searching for  
anything.

MIROSLAV

No, he's only interested in what's  
missing.

IVAN

Because if at the sight of his  
teeth your testicles crawl up your  
anus...

MIROSLAV

Cimay knows it's time to bite you  
because he can't smell them hanging  
between your legs anymore!

The dog advances on TOBY where he sits, then sticks his nose  
in TOBY's groin.

TOBY freezes as Cimay growls softly.

Miroslav shoves TOBY's mobile in his face, the screen open  
on a picture of PLUGGER.

MIROSLAV

This photo on your phone. This is  
PLUGGER? He is your friend?

TOBY

Um, yeah. We're great pals.

IVAN calls back the dog and hands TOBY his things back.

MIROSLAV

This man launched our live service  
at Whisper Mobile. It is very  
profitable. Yes, PLUGGER's friend  
is our friend so please select a  
premium option at no charge.

IVAN produces an I-pad and a menu open on it.

IVAN

Perhaps a Friesian woman? Very high  
quality. Confident. Beautiful.  
Their fine looks can be attributed  
to the high level of respect they  
receive from the males in their

society.

MIROSLAV

This makes sense. If you treat women nice, they're happy. If they are happy they're confident. And they stay very attractive.

TOBY holds up the photo of CHARLOTTE at XXX.

TOBY

I'd like to see this woman.

IVAN

Ah, yes, she has been made available for 30 mins. You can bring in medicine - and a weapon.

TOBY (V.O.)

TUCKER's left her alone?

IVAN picks up a briefcase from the table and opens it to reveal a cache of blades.

TOBY points hesitantly at a pronged item.

TOBY

I'll take that one.

MIROSLAV

The devil's tale? An exotic but very painful selection. And take all these treatments to ensure you last the evening.

He hands TOBY a first aid kit and points him to a door down the hall.

MIROSLAV

Through that door.

TOBY approaches the door and enters into a dark room. It is exactly like the one in the photo and, right in front of the window, sits a woman with her back to the door.

FAKE CHARLOTTE

You won't need that knife in here.

She turns around and TOBY gasps.

FAKE CHARLOTTE

Mate, I said drop the tail. No blades allowed this eve. I'm not in the mood.

TOBY (V.O.)  
You're not CHARLOTTE!

It is indeed not CHARLOTTE. Instead it is an older, but still beautiful woman in a robe, JO MIDDLESEX (40s, female).

JO  
So who am I?

TOBY is clearly trying to place her.

TOBY  
Don't you do lad's mags?

JO  
(dry)  
One or two.

TOBY  
Going out with some footballer who sued a dodgy junkmail firm for a botched penis enlargement?

JO  
Alien cock shock was the headline. Listen, he's not just some scouser football tosser. He owns dozens of properties in North England. I dated him while hosting post orgies for the West End chins.

TOBY begins recording her.

JO  
...Not standard cock-tease fests like those Chelsea bitches pull to turn blokes on. These were full-on leg, lips, and tongue wrap-fests.  
(beat)

She relaxes on the bed, her robe just loosely around her.

JO  
So, how is my boy PLUGGER?

TOBY  
He's dead. Murdered three days ago.

Stabbed with a bayonet.

JO

Jesus. Who by?

A fella called JARVIS STEVENS has been identified but-

JO

Christ! JARVIS! But he was here! Sat right on that sofa. I've got him on my phone. Thought I was a dead ringer for the latest woman being tortured live on CONTRABAND.

She shows TOBY a picture of JARVIS in the same room they now stood in. He looks at it, conflicted, as she walks to the window.

Jo

My hair, clothes... Wait, you thought I was her too?

TOBY

Well, you're trying to look like her.

JO

Sure, she's famous now. But I was just as big once - sat in the top five for five weeks on CONTRABAND. Real artsy stuff - but a hard shoot... See these cuts and scrapes?

She pushes her robe aside to show TOBY the scars covering her side.

JO

They're all real.

(beat, then sadder)

He's gone. The darling...

TOBY hands her back her phone somberly. She stares out the window mournfully.

Fade to:

Ext. Belgian city - later

TOBY rides his motorcycle through the dark city.

He notices a large car following him.

He ducks down an alleyway. The car follows down, but he has vanished.

As the car passes through the alleyway, TOBY emerges from behind a building.

As he walks his bike along, his phone BEEPS with an incoming livestream from CONTRABAND.

He opens to a statistic showing the top five videos currently, with CHARLOTTE's capture at the top. TUCKER's voice comes over.

TUCKER (O.S.)

Ah, she's still holding onto the number one slot. Do you see that JARVIS?

The video switches to show CHARLOTTE limply dangling from TUCKER's hands. His face is obscured.

TUCKER (O.S.)

You've really surprised me, STEVENS. I thought that bomb clip might inspire you to make contact, that you'd be keen to try to clear your name. But you've gone really quiet on me. Thing is, I know you're watching. I've tapped into your mobile's SIM and geolocation and it's telling me you're about 20 kilometers outside Ghent.

The video displays a map with a beeping pin indicating JARVIS's location.

TUCKER (O.S.)

See that flashing icon? Yup, that's you!

The feed switches back to CHARLOTTE. TUCKER is holding her head up by her hair.

TUCKER

Listen, JARVIS. Hand over PLUGGER's memory chip and I'll hand back your

rather shabby-looking comrade. All  
you gotta do is drop me a line!

The feed cuts off.

TOBY puts his phone away, gets back on his bike and speeds  
off into the night.

Ext. Rally - day (past)

JARVIS stands on the stage at a large outdoor rally. A sign  
reading 'Don't incite, let's unite' is hung behind him.  
Matching and similar signs are being held aloft by members  
of the crowd.

JARVIS

Thousands of special forces  
mercenaries in Afghanistan are  
doing whatever the hell they want.  
Killing, maiming, stealing. And  
selling videos of their crimes on  
CONTRABAND. Innocent civilians  
murdered in cold blood.

CHARLOTTE and Sund stand to the side of the stage, looking  
about warily.

JARVIS

So while our young soldiers risked  
their lives in a futile attempt to  
bring peace, a number of their  
Special Forces colleagues  
capitalized on chaos.

TOBY also watches JARVIS's speech from the outskirts of the  
crowd.

JARVIS

These agents captured enough  
abusive and violent warfare events  
to populate 24-hour mobile video  
channels. But they're running out  
of footage. So they're now  
propositioning us citizens to  
submit our own user-generated  
videos! Hundreds of children, many  
under ten years old, have posted  
clips on channels like CONTRABAND.  
This one is simply titled

'Revenge'.

Every phone in the crowd beeps as a mass message of the video is sent out. As crowd members watch, JARVIS continues his impassioned speech.

JARVIS

The aggressors? Eight elementary school boys. The mobile owner? Eight-year-old William Campbell. And the victim? Thirteen-year-old Clarkie McManus.

TOBY watches the video of eight preteens pulverizing a young boy. A voice speaks from behind the camera.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL (O.S.)

This is for all the times big kids pick on little kids.

JARVIS holds the video aloft on his own phone.

JARVIS

CONTRABAND broadcasts dozens of videos like this every single hour, but what has our government done to help prevent youths from consuming, emulating, and recording this content? Absolutely nothing.

TOBY looks over at a group emerging from the rest of the crowd. It is the muggers from the park.

JARVIS

People - I say we've had enough! Today we will present this petition which demands our politicians pass legislation to ban channels like CONTRABAND from propositioning our children. We demand they acknowledge the need to eliminate the growing scourge of widespread mobile abuse!

The crowd cheers and begins chanting.

The group of muggers zero in on a WOMAN holding her young son.

TOBY struggles to get through the now excited crowd.

He catches glimpses of the muggers nearing the woman, but is blocked by the crush of bodies.

Suddenly-

CHARLOTTE appears and takes down the muggers one by one.

She and Sund each restrain one of the muggers. CHARLOTTE takes the phone of the one who had been recording and deletes the video.

CHARLOTTE

Form a barrier around them. Focus  
on the front segment. I'll be there  
in thirty seconds.

Sund pushes the mugger away and leaves to secure the perimeter.

CHARLOTTE crushes the mugger's phone under her boot before shoving him aside and working her way through the crowd back to JARVIS's side.

A car comes through the area, heading to the nearby legislative house.

A few crowd members bang on the windows and doors of the car, but JARVIS speaks above the rowdy crowd.

JARVIS

People, I need you to back away! If  
they're to examine our bill, we  
must enable the government  
representatives access. Please, I  
beg you to push back!

CHARLOTTE leans closer to him.

CHARLOTTE

Drop the bill. It's not going to  
happen today.

JARVIS

(quietly)  
Are you kidding?

CHARLOTTE

Let's go! We have to move now!

JARVIS

But the reps are inside that car. I just need a few more minutes.

CHARLOTTE

Look!

She points across the crowd and JARVIS follows her finger with his gaze. His face hardens in fury.

JARVIS

It's him?!

TUCKER and PLUGGER BARREL THROUGH the crowd in the Land Rover. They mow down a few crowd members and their signs.

In the chaos, CHARLOTTE and JARVIS flee. TOBY follows, ducking behind other protesters to avoid being seen by the party-crashers.

The Land Rover comes to a halting stop in the middle of the now chaotic crowd.

TUCKER and PLUGGER climb out with swagger. As he strolls through the violent mob that has formed, TUCKER looks sickeningly pleased.

TUCKER

Ouch! Looks painful, buddy! But that's what you get for trying to fend off ambitious teenagers and bat-wielding cops with cardboard signs and Zippo lighters!

PLUGGER

TUCKER-

TUCKER

Christ PLUGGER, would you back off! I'm trying to take this in!

PLUGGER is tracking movement on his phone.

PLUGGER

They're moving north up the side street behind the town hall.

TUCKER grows serious, though no less satisfied.

Ext. Behind town hall

TOBY emerges around the side of the town hall. Shouts and cheers from the mob can still be heard.

Ahead of him, CHARLOTTE and JARVIS are making a hasty escape. So hasty, in fact, that they do not notice a spooked horse CHARGING AT THEM.

TOBY  
CHARLOTTE!

Her head spins around and she pulls JARVIS aside just in time to avoid being trampled.

TOBY only has a split second of relief before he is BLINDSIDED by another horse and KNOCKED to the ground.

Cut TO BLACK.

Ext. Behind TOWN HALL - SOON AFTER

TOBY comes to inside of a dumpster. The complete darkness is sliced with light as CHARLOTTE swings open the lid of the dumpster.

TOBY starts and flinches at the sudden light, but has no time to collect himself as CHARLOTTE shoves her phone in his face. A picture of TUCKER in Afghanistan is on display.

CHARLOTTE  
(demanding)  
Do you know this man?

TOBY  
Huh?

CHARLOTTE  
His name is TUCKER Scott. He runs  
the mobile application CONTRABAND.

TOBY  
Uh, no. Why?

CHARLOTTE's expression softens and she helps TOBY climb out of the dumpster.

CHARLOTTE  
He probably set those horses on us.  
Even cop steeds will bolt after an  
electric shock. He has a 1000 volt

node built into his device.

As TOBY steadies himself, he notices a small cut on his forehead. Touching it, he winces.

TOBY

1000 volt phone, huh?  
(looks at the dumpster)  
How did I end up in there?

CHARLOTTE

You were sprawled on the pavement.  
Put you in until things cooled  
down. That wound is superficial so  
don't bother with the hospital.

TOBY

Did you take that picture in  
Afghanistan?

CHARLOTTE

(suspiciously)  
Who said I was in Afghanistan?

TOBY

(backtracking)  
JARVIS served there - and I saw you  
protecting him. I assumed you knew  
him from the-

CHARLOTTE grabs him by the collar.

CHARLOTTE

Why were you at the rally?

TOBY

(stammering)  
I follow JARVIS's blog. His views  
about mobile abuse. How folks use  
phones to create and transmit  
abusive content... I can see why  
his message reaches so many people.

CHARLOTTE releases him but snorts in disdain.

CHARLOTTE

What people? Self-righteous  
conservative moms? Phish-scammed  
hippies? Chuggers? Please! His  
message is a tad nanny state for

the normal guy, don't you think?

TOBY

No. I mean ... I wouldn't have said  
so ...

They start walking together down the street.

CHARLOTTE

JARVIS isn't just another  
missionary seeking salvation in  
some war-torn hell. It's a miracle  
the evangelical cult he's always  
worked around hasn't stopped him  
being a cool, honest bloke. Unlike  
most people, JARVIS never  
bullshits. Anyone.

TOBY glances about. It is eerily quiet compared to the prior  
chaos. A man sits on a bench, playing guitar.

CHARLOTTE

He's helping me make the world  
aware of what TUCKER's doing. That  
mobile terrorist generates  
thousands each day on CONTRABAND.  
Soon it could be millions.

CHARLOTTE stops them on a street corner.

CHARLOTTE

This is as far as you go.

She walks away unceremoniously, leaving TOBY standing  
awkwardly on the corner. He begins to walk away with his  
head down.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)

(calling out to him)

Hey, dipshit!

TOBY turns back and she gives him a genuine smile.

CHARLOTTE

Cheers for taking one in the head  
for me.

She turns back around and walks off without another word.

TOBY smiles as he watches her go.

Int. INTERNET CAFE - EVENING

TOBY stands at one of the counters at the cafe. His phone is out and he is re-watching the video he had taken of CHARLOTTE in that same spot.

TUCKER (O.S.)

And where art thou holy cross?

TOBY starts when he hears TUCKER speak from behind him. He quickly puts away his phone as the other man approaches him.

TUCKER

Knocked off the front fascia,  
replaced with a rusty satellite  
dish spattered in seagull and  
pigeon shit. Spiritual stuff  
indeed!

TOBY

I'm sorry, TUCKER, but I still  
haven't seen CHARLOTTE yet. I was  
set to text you an update in a  
bit...

TUCKER claps his hand on TOBY's shoulder, waving off his words.

TUCKER

Relax! Guess what? We're heading to  
a 'plub' tonight. Part pub, for the  
pints. Part club for the dance  
floor. Perfect for pulling.

TOBY

Uh, no. Thanks. I need to shut up  
shop tonight. The manager never  
lets me leave early.

Nods over to another worker -

TUCKER

Don't worry about it. That Betty's  
gonna cover for you.

TOBY

If I lose my job, how can I help  
you find CHARLOTTE?

TUCKER pays him no mind.

TUCKER  
Grab your gear! We're off.

TOBY, stammering, follows TUCKER's lead.

Int. Plub - night

The plub is your typical night scene. Sweaty bodies on the dance floor, flashing technicolor lights, beer spilled all over the floors.

A group of 'Ben Shermans' lads strut around through groups of horny hen-night women. It's loud, edgy, drunken, loaded.

TUCKER, PLUGGER, and TOBY make their way slowly through the crowd.

TUCKER  
This place is perfect. Send out the message PLUGGER.

They have reached a table by the bar and stand around it, though TOBY hangs back a step.

As PLUGGER takes out his phone and sends a mass message, TUCKER notices his shoes and grimaces in disgust.

TUCKER  
Why're you still wearing those work boots?

PLUGGER  
What's wrong with 'em?

TUCKER  
Jesus, PLUGGER, you look like an illegal immigrant straight off the build site.

(casting him a look, up  
and down)

I mean, maybe your grubby gear could make a comeback with this redneck dirt-boy trash bin trend I see too much of. See TOBY, that's what happens. Fashion fads loop back around every few years. So you better hang onto your rat-arsed

attire, just like PLUGGER.

PLUGGER rolls his eyes and shakes off TUCKER's hand on his arm.

PLUGGER

TUCKER believes everyone should practice his metro-hetero sexual prep workout before heading out. Push-ups, bicep flex poses, shoulder shrugs. And then a hazelnut cream face massage to kill off his sprawling crow's feet. And his final little trick? He bites into an old black belt - like some redcoat soldier in a battlefield tent while an eighteenth century surgeon digs a musket ball out of his arse.

PLUGGER leaves the group to chat up a lone WOMAN (20s) at a nearby table.

TUCKER scowls after him.

TUCKER

The belt's ideal for squaring up the jaw line. I thought only soap stars, razor models, and polo players were born with them, but you can actually work this look into your face.

He watches PLUGGER talk with the woman.

TUCKER

Look at him. Just praying those alcohol, salt, sugar, caffeine, and MSG-saturated brain cells will squeeze out solid topics. The sad bastard! He simply lacks top topics to work with.

TUCKER takes out his phone and shoves it into his pants. TOBY watches, eyes wide, as a flash comes from his trousers.

TUCKER pulls back off the phone and starts typing out a message.

TUCKER

I'm sure she'll think he's sweet at first. But watch him tank on the middle bit where she expects him to make her laugh.

Almost as soon as TUCKER presses send on his phone, the woman's phone beeps. PLUGGER cuts off awkwardly as she checks it.

TUCKER

You see, women think PLUGGER's a bit like that cool sounding song you hear first on the alternative radio stations, the one that rips up the charts - until everyone realizes it's really a Christian rock tune, and the singer's crying out lyrics about Christ, or the Virgin Mary. Then they hate it and change the station whenever it comes back on.

If TOBY weren't so shit scared at this point, he would risk asking TUCKER what it is about the sound of his own voice that he's so in love with.

The woman smiles pityingly at PLUGGER and gets up from the table. He stomps back over to TUCKER and TOBY.

PLUGGER

(mocking)

'Oh, you like PLUGGER, do you? Well, he was born with a tiny pecker!'

(normal)

Thanks mate!

TUCKER

I wasn't even there. How could I tell her you have a small dick?

PLUGGER

I would have preferred that to you mobi-flashing her your captain cock and balls.

TUCKER

Mate, she was never going to be a flag.

PLUGGER rolls his eyes as TUCKER shows TOBY a map on his phone.

PLUGGER

Oh Christ, here we go!

A good amount of the map is full of yellow flags. A greater part is full of red ones.

TUCKER

The yellow bits show the countries I've been to. The red bits show the countries I've been 'right up inside of'. Actually, I've earned nearly all of those reds right here in London. That's the beauty of this city. You can score women from all over the planet and you never have to leave the congestion zone.

TUCKER puts away his phone and starts leading them through the club. Along the walls, couples are hooking up with no regard for the other patrons. TUCKER watches, pleased.

TUCKER

You can get away with anything here! Outside, if you mention some nasty or derogatory shit to anyone, you get charged, lose your job, get a criminal record, and you're shoved into all sorts of cop databases. And if you touch them? Fucking forget it.

TOBY begins realizing that almost all of the men currently engaged in one of these aforementioned acts has his cellphone out behind the woman.

TUCKER

Y'see, not so long ago Tobes, people were getting scared, so the number of clips coming into CONTRABAND started to plummet.

TOBY even catches sight of one man entering the women's bathroom with his phone out.

TUCKER

But user expectation levels

increase every day. We needed to keep our quality levels high. We couldn't just shove users that same inbox-clogging chain mail. New offshore hangover pharmaceuticals, guides for making Johnny as big as a baseball bat, celebrity urban myths, like Rod and Elton having semen pumped from their stomach after collapsing at a party.

They watch from the sidelines as DICK (20s, male) a young man with a spiked hairdo takes a photo under the skirt of the woman he is presently engaged with.

TUCKER

Rich, marketable content needs to be fresh, reverent - but also arbitrary. Unfortunately, we can't rely on random events occurring often enough to sustain a high level of profitability.

Dick is pleased with his clip, and immediately abandons the woman.

TUCKER

So we offer incentives.

TUCKER catches PLUGGER's eye and jerks his head towards the door. He loops his arm around TOBY's shoulder and speaks lowly to him as they make their way towards the exit.

TUCKER

You see, TOBY? It's a simple process: offer enough cash and strong content arrives. Reward often and users will submit increasingly higher quality stuff. And around and around it goes.

They exit the plub.

Ext. Plub

TUCKER, PLUGGER, and TOBY walk out of the plub and onto a quieter street, passing two SECURITY GUARDS. As the door opens for them, music from the club suddenly fills the air, then cuts off again as it's shut.

The door opens and shuts once more as Dick follows them out. They ignore him.

DICK

Hey! You're the CONTRABAND guy, aren't you? It must be you. Hey look - I won! My clip hit the top twenty! You sent out a message. '5k upfront - and half on any videos we sell.'

TUCKER finally turns back and smirks at him.

TUCKER

Any videos we sell? You think we're both running the operation now?

PLUGGER watches the clip on his phone.

PLUGGER

The clip's strong, TUCKER. High-quality subject. Young and legal. It's a clear shot and the resolution is surprisingly high considering the time of night. Might make top five.

TUCKER

You're quite quick off the mark, huh? You cocky little entrepreneur...

He hands Dick a few bills out of his wallet.

TUCKER

Keen to triple your winnings?

He starts walking towards and alley, Dick following like an excited puppy. PLUGGER and TOBY go along more warily.

DICK

Shit yeah! I'm not sure I'll be able to get much more video out of here, is the only-

TUCKER

Your up skirting skills are no longer required. This new proposition is very simple indeed.

If you can drop my friend TOBY here, we'll drop an extra ten grand into your mPay account.

TOBY startles, shocked.

TUCKER leans in close to him sinisterly.

TUCKER

Considering how shit you are at finding CHARLOTTE, I'm keen to see if scrapping's your core competency.

As TOBY stammers, TUCKER starts digging through a pile of garbage.

Dick rolls up his sleeves.

DICK

I'll apologize now, because when I put you out, I'll feel bad. But mate, I've been in fights for nothing, let alone ten grand. Offer accepted!

TOBY

Please, TUCKER. This isn't on.

TUCKER

Relax, you're gonna come out on top. Tell me, when's the last time you won a fight?

TOBY

TUCKER, stop.

TUCKER stands up with a wooden plank in his hands.

TUCKER

By the way, there's one rule: there's only one weapon. And my boy TOBY gets it.

He puts the plank into TOBY's stunned hands.

DICK

That's bollocks! Screw this shit!

TOBY

Come on, TUCKER. He's bailing.

TUCKER

Wrong! He accepted the offer. A verbal contract is binding so he must execute on his requirements based on the agreed terms.

Dick offers TUCKER the cash back.

DICK

Here, forget it.

TUCKER smirks and pulls Dick under his arm. Once he's close, TUCKER shoves his phone-gun into Dick's ribs.

TUCKER

Here's what's gonna happen: TOBY will bounce this bat off your skull a few times. Sure, it'll probably hurt and you might feel stupid for a few weeks. But don't worry, new brain cells do regenerate to replace those killed off.

TUCKER releases a shaking Dick and gestures at TOBY with the gun.

TUCKER

Swing the fucking bat - now! Or I hand it to him.

TOBY inhales and raises the bat above his head.

He SWINGS DOWN -

The bat is caught in PLUGGER's hand before it can reach its mark.

Dick and TOBY both stand in shock as TUCKER fumes at his partner.

TUCKER

Would you look at PLUGGER. Glaring. Judging. His left eyebrow halfway to his hairline.

PLUGGER

Sometimes it's good to understand how others perceive you. My advice? Read the outgoing texts in your mobile mail and you'll realize just

how much of a prick you can be.

TUCKER

(incensed)

Shut up! Just shut the fuck up!  
Capture me a clip for CONTRABAND  
right now - or I post this one  
instead!

TUCKER holds up his phone, displaying a thumbnail of a much younger PLUGGER holding a shotgun, horror etched onto his face.

TUCKER

Maybe I should do it anyway? Come  
on Plug, it's our all time fave!

PLUGGER glowers at him, but consents. He throws down the bat and moves back around the front of the building, where two SECURITY GUARDS are standing outside of the plub.

He approaches them with his shoulders back. TUCKER films from afar.

PLUGGER

Hey fellas! How about a  
shit-kicking for being a pair of  
complete dickheads? Always wanted  
to set a bouncer on his arse. Now I  
get to double up.

The security guards chuckle.

Security guard 1

You think so?

WHAM!

He punches PLUGGER in the jaw. PLUGGER falls to the ground.

BAM!

He kicks PLUGGER in the stomach.

The two guards chuckle as PLUGGER gets back to his feet and limps back to TUCKER, who is smiling gleefully.

TUCKER

Great stuff PLUGGER. Fab  
performances like these normally  
generate a whole fiver, max! So

let's see, one bollocks park clip,  
plus one clearly premeditated  
bouncer beating, equals two wasted  
evenings with two complete idiots!

He turns on TOBY angrily.

TUCKER

As for you, fuck-wit. The second  
you see CHARLOTTE, you call, or  
your park beating performance plays  
out on CONTRABAND. And you won't  
believe how well I'll promote it!

TUCKER storms off towards the car parked across the street.  
As TOBY stands by quietly, PLUGGER sits down heavily on the  
ground.

A screech breaks through their silence as TUCKER peels away  
from the curb.

TOBY

Why d'you let him treat you like  
that?

PLUGGER looks at him and for a second it feels dangerous.  
TOBY regretting opening his mouth. Then -

PLUGGER

I grew up on his farm in South  
Africa. His father took me in when  
I was nine after my old man died.  
Right from the start, we loved  
filming stuff.

Ext. Farm, south africa - day

Flashback. YOUNGER PLUGGER and TUCKER sneak up on a small  
shack in a housing compound. Inside we hear the sound of a  
couple shagging.

The two boys get close and find a little crack in the door  
and start filming. After a moment or two, the WOMAN glances  
over and sees them.

She yells out. The MAN is off her in a flash and coming for  
the boys, pulling his pants on. He grabs up a machete.  
TUCKER and PLUGGER turn and leg it.

They jump on to their bikes and start to move off, but the

man is on them, raging. He wildly swings the machete, grazing TUCKER and sending him off his bike.

PLUGGER is armed. Terrified, he pulls out his gun, but hesitates with it. TUCKER yells at him - still filming the whole while -

TUCKER

Kill him. Fucking shoot him!

PLUGGER is stood there. The Man is coming at TUCKER again, the machete raised high and coming for his head.

TUCKER

Do it!

The Man closes in on TUCKER, who's on the ground, still filming. PLUGGER fires. Once, twice. The man spins violently and hits the ground hard - dead by the time he gets there.

Ext. Plub - NIGHT

PLUGGER hauls himself to his feet.

He and TOBY begin walking towards the street.

PLUGGER

TUCKER keeps the clip on his phone  
and sometimes likes reminding me  
it's there. Like tonight.

PLUGGER hails a cab and, almost immediately, one pulls up to the curb. He opens the door, but before climbing in turns to look at TOBY solemnly.

PLUGGER

After you find CHARLOTTE, do  
yourself a favor and do everything  
you can to get away from TUCKER.  
You shouldn't have gotten roped  
into this.

He climbs in the cab and shuts the door.

TOBY sends him a video off his phone.

TOBY (V.O.)

But this one cheers him up.

Inside the cab, PLUGGER watches the video. He smiles sadly

and gives TOBY a half wave out the back window before the cab whisks him away.

Int. Belgian bar - night (present)

TOBY comes in and checks the place out. It is quiet, the tables and bar sparsely littered with men watching a football game. World War I memorabilia decorates the entire space. TOBY eyes the décor in alarm.

He approaches the BARTENDER (50s, male) and holds up a picture of JARVIS on his phone.

TOBY

I'm looking for this guy.

The bartender looks at the photo stoically for a moment, then puts down his rag and moves off out of sight.

TOBY's phone beeps as the bartender leaves and he checks CONTRABAND. CHARLOTTE still comes up as the top video.

TOBY checks the live feed.

CHARLOTTE is positioned in front of the camera, TUCKER standing behind her with his face cut off as usual.

TUCKER (O.S.)

Quite a strong contender crawling into number four, darling! Seems some lifer's missus shoved a tiny mobile inside a dead pigeon before tossing it over the prison wall. The guy's turning hoax text messages into an art form! Renegade melons injected with aids in Qatar, mad pig diseases spreading through China.

(laughing)

He's convinced a few hundred thousand peasants they've caught a sickly virus transmitted through their mobile.

CHARLOTTE

Actually, idiot, the bacteria jumping from the mouth onto a phone receiver makes most people's mobiles filthier than a public loo.

TUCKER GRABS HER FACE angrily.

TUCKER (O.S.)

In which case, you better hope he stops climbing up the charts before JARVIS sends that memory chip. Because as soon as your clip slips into second, you're no longer useful. So you're dead!

The feed cuts out suddenly.

TOBY throws his phone down on the bar in frustration.

The bartender comes back and nods to TOBY to follow him out back.

Ext. Belgian bar - CONTINUOUS

The bartender opens the door for TOBY and he steps outside. The day has grown dark and the trees and shrubs behind the bar cast eerie shadows.

The bartender shuts the door behind TOBY without a word, leaving him alone outside.

TOBY looks around for a moment, unsure and wary.

Suddenly, a man comes up from behind and GRABS HIM. A knife is pressed against TOBY's throat.

It is JARVIS.

JARVIS

Was time to leave London. Even before they started looking for me. You get too many conflicting emotions when you live somewhere like that. Too many enemies.

JARVIS starts dragging TOBY away from the bar.

JARVIS

Nights full of cool mates, incredible clubs, underground galleries, days with gray skies, gloomy pedestrians, and those bloody packed trains-

TOBY

TUCKER has CHARLOTTE - and I'm looking for them. Just like you.

JARVIS

Ha, who said I was looking for them?

TOBY

I know you were at the XXX Mobile Emporium-

JARVIS

Ah, good old Jo Middlesex. Vivid visual representation of the cell phone's effect on our superficial society.

TOBY

Uh, that knife's sharp, JARVIS...

JARVIS

It's a bayonet.

TOBY

You gotta help me find CHARLOTTE!

JARVIS

I think I finished with that little quest.

TOBY

I know you didn't kill PLUGGER.

JARVIS looks at him suspiciously for a moment. Finally, he releases him.

Int. Belgian bar

TOBY and JARVIS sit together in a secluded corner of the bar. It is quieter now, and they pour their own drinks from a large bottle on the table. They are both slightly drunk.

TOBY

Quite the Dutch War theme your uncle has set up here.

JARVIS

Actually, he's Flemish. But folks

everywhere mistake him for being Dutch. Or even worse - German.

TOBY

I thought you North Euro chaps lined up next to the Germans. Like the Austrians and the Swiss.

JARVIS

As a kid, my great-uncle talked about Aryan propaganda the Nazi Reich used to try swaying public sentiment. Their posters showed a muscular, perfect-looking man standing next to a tall, goofy guy with a crooked black merchant hat and crumpled briefcase. People were asked how they'd like to see themselves.

(beat, drinks)

Hm, let's see. That gangly chap looks like a successful businessman. Let's fight the Nazis!

TOBY

Who are these guys in the photo? Relations of yours?

JARVIS

That's my great-grandfather and his brother. Some family tree freak found them buried in an American cemetery while hunting down dead folks' names off gravestones for his own little genealogical society.

He gazes at the photo --

JARVIS

Imagine that for four years? Up to your knees in mud, urine, blood, feces. 24/7.

TOBY

Your tour in Afghanistan. That wasn't some church mission, was it? You were following in their footsteps...

JARVIS

My eight-hour-a-day news-watching addiction led me to the Middle East. Couldn't hear enough about all the reports of military assaults resulting in civilian deaths. Soon as I got there it was clear the numbers were twenty times higher than what was being reported.

(somberly)

The West had created a manure-spouting propaganda machine - built specifically for those self-righteous suburbanites, the ones armed with fake mud canisters used to 'ruralize' their greenhouse gas spouting SUVs. So while these sedate citizens see footage of dogs carrying babies 2kms to her litter after finding them in a rubbish bag, the nasty tales like doctors pulling major kick-backs from prosthetic limb manufacturers for amputating the legs of locals suffering from minor rashes... Those stories never make the light of day.

TOBY

And you never saw anything about the special forces mercenaries?

JARVIS

As a new intelligence officer, my first task was to provide a 'Consultative Assessment' of these agents' profiles. Who they were, where they went. What they were really getting up to. I discovered no one was policing these guys. Many were ex-cons, rapists, killers, ultra-racist paramilitary goons. They loved raising hell. And they loved recording it too. And then one agent started selling this stuff.

TOBY  
TUCKER Scott.

JARVIS nods and drinks deeply.

JARVIS  
Is CHARLOTTE still number one?

TOBY  
Yeah, but some convict's closing in quickly. Last time I checked, he'd moved into third.

JARVIS holds his hand out for TOBY's phone. He unlocks it and gives it to him, hesitantly.

JARVIS  
Had to dump mine after TUCKER picked up my signal. Should be able to triangulate CHARLOTTE's SIM location. Take a few hours to configure this tracking application on your phone.

He stands, finishing his drink.

JARVIS  
I reckon they're still in Belgium, so if we can pick up these settings, we might be able to reach them before noon tomorrow.  
(beat ...)  
You look like you haven't slept in days.

He gestures towards a couch tucked in one corner.

JARVIS  
Crash out here while I get this sorted.

TOBY nods and moves to the couch. As soon as his head hits the pillow, he is asleep.

Ext. Pizza Piazzazz - day (past)

TOBY stands outside a chain pizzeria, his bike parked beside him. He watches a video message on his phone.

CHARLOTTE

(on video)

JARVIS wants to meet you. Pizza  
Pizzazz, St. Thomas Way. 7:00 p.m.

TOBY checks the time. It is 6:45.

He begins walking towards the building, but a voice from behind stops him in his tracks.

PLUGGER (O.S.)

I supposed I should be terrified  
that my employer knows my favorite  
kind of pizza.

PLUGGER comes up and swings his arm across TOBY's shoulders, showing him a coupon on his phone.

PLUGGER

50% off a deluxe meat lover's  
provided by Whisper Mobile. Those  
spamming vultures knew I was  
standing in front of this  
restaurant. Well, let's go in! My  
company's covering half.

PLUGGER tries to lead TOBY inside, but he ducks away from him.

TOBY

Can't. I need to get to work. Some  
new stock has come in. New desktops  
- with free mobile access-

PLUGGER slaps him hard across the back.

PLUGGER

I thought you'd be keen to catch  
up!

TOBY

I am. It's cool to see you  
PLUGGER, but-

PLUGGER

Ah fuck it! Just tell me where  
CHARLOTTE is.

TOBY backs away.

TOBY

I'm still trying to find her-

PLUGGER

Really? Well, TUCKER thinks you already have.

He holds up a video on his phone of TOBY at JARVIS's rally.

PLUGGER

Look at you, one of the faithful at JARVIS's rally last week. Why did you lie to me?

TOBY

I tracked her there but couldn't make contact. You think it's easy getting near her?

PLUGGER

It doesn't matter what I think, it's what-

TOBY

I know, it's what TUCKER thinks! Yeah, sure. That guy who threatens with a video that shows you saving his life?!

PLUGGER explodes, CLUTCHING TOBY around the neck and lifting him off the ground.

PLUGGER

You ungrateful little prick! I spent an hour today convincing TUCKER I should come meet you on my own. He's been swinging his pistol around all day screaming your name.

TOBY

(struggling)

Screw him! He can post that park assault video. TUCKER won't own me!

PLUGGER drops him to the ground and turns his back.

PLUGGER

That's old news. He wants blood now. You better call him with

CHARLOTTE's location within the hour or you'll be dead before the day's out!

TOBY waits for him to turn the corner, catching his breath.

Suddenly, the door swings open behind him and CHARLOTTE emerges.

CHARLOTTE  
You're late.

TOBY looks at her in annoyance, rubbing his throat.

Int. JARVIS's Gallery - Later

JARVIS, CHARLOTTE, and TOBY talk in his gallery. Computers and monitors fill every table. A few others loiter around, smoking, chatting, and playing video games in one corner.

JARVIS  
So how did you find the paedophile?

TOBY  
I saw a message scratched next to a couple of swastikas on a bus. 'Young boys? Looking for virgins? And a number. So I text and get a bunch of messages back, trying to figure my age. I go with it and I end up at this warehouse in North Acton. The banker already had a young boy in his lair. I snuck up, filmed him on my mobile, then sent the video to the police.

JARVIS  
Did you get a reward?

TOBY  
Some government agency gave me five grand. And a news aggregator kicked in a scoop credit.

TOBY points at a large wall displaying blueprints of Whisper's systems and technology.

TOBY  
You've cracked into Whisper?

JARVIS

We can track content being broadcast to and from CONTRABAND. We used to pipe our content right onto the channel to highlight its malignancy.

He shakes his head a little.

JARVIS

But these days kids aren't cool unless they know the latest hot clip on CONTRABAND. They're desensitized to sex and violence. They're falling over themselves to put more stuff on there, the more extreme the better. And guys like TUCKER are only too happy to cough up cash to foster this phenomenon's growth.

CHARLOTTE stands abruptly and storms off, pushing between the pair.

JARVIS sighs heavily.

JARVIS

CHARLOTTE's kept an eye on me since we returned to the UK. I know she thinks I'm too idealistic. But we've built a strong bond. And ever since her last night in Afghanistan, she'll do anything to shut CONTRABAND down.

TOBY

There's some video of her being abducted in the Middle East circulating around, right?

JARVIS

Whoa! A video? Yes. Circulating? No chance. I can't see anyone getting within twenty meters of her mobile to see it.

TOBY

CHARLOTTE showed me a clip of TUCKER robbing dead hotel guests.

Did she record that too?

JARVIS

No, that sender was anonymous. But the video's no good to us anyway. It's radical and condemning, but it's difficult to prove that it's him. Anyway, if we did post the video...

TOBY

He'd make money from it.

JARVIS

Exactly.

(beat)

So while exhausting every sabotage scheme to take TUCKER down, the answer was staring us in the face. We need to keep CONTRABAND running forever.

TOBY

Huh?

JARVIS

The top-ranked user changes about four or five times each day. Sometimes big 'stars' hang around for a while, but no one's been number one for more than 48 hours. The person who emailed us TUCKER's carnage clip delivered a little present to us yesterday: an alpha-level mobile application.

He directs TOBY's attention to a monitor with lots and lots of code streaming across it. A couple of TECH GUYS are working on it.

JARVIS

It's raw, but workable. I already returned beta version requirements to them. Once uploaded, it will shift CONTRABAND control from TUCKER to any number one ranked user. Including all access, content management, marketing, and billing rights.

TOBY

(shocked)

You're gifting a community of violence fanatics to some renegade user?

JARVIS

Working out CONTRABAND's most basic functionality is like being thrown into a cockpit and made to land the plane. It'd take a top code analyst to understand how it's built and how it works. But we don't think we need to.

TOBY

Why not?

JARVIS

No one's going to control it for that long. Based on our profiling analysis, all top users are likely too greedy to pay a revenue share to people sending in clips. And that's going to piss folks off. So when these guys stop submitting videos, there'll be nothing for folks to watch. Within weeks, CONTRABAND will land in that heap of dead mobile applications.

TOBY

But why wouldn't TUCKER simply re-code his service?

JARVIS

TUCKER can't program anything. It's PLUGGER who develops all of CONTRABANDS' applications and systems.

TOBY

PLUGGER sent you that alpha-level code?

JARVIS

We're pretty sure it was him. Nothing will be more satisfying than watching the same market

forces exploited by TUCKER working against him to bring CONTRABAND down.

He smiles proudly at his work.

Int. CHARLOTTE's van - evening

CHARLOTTE and TOBY ride in silence through the darkening streets of London. TOBY is deep in thought, staring out the window.

Then he turns to her.

TOBY

So, you and TUCKER...

CHARLOTTE

Whoa! Did you just say 'me and TUCKER?!'

TOBY

Sorry, I wasn't thinking.

CHARLOTTE

No! Please, do go on.

TOBY

You and TUCKER... You were together in Afghanistan?

CHARLOTTE

I broke it off soon after we started dating. I must have suffered temporary insanity to make such a bad call. This guy had the entire wanna-be young-guy kit. Baggy voluminous jeans that couldn't hide his scrawny ass, bad bleached blonde footballer haircut, deep tan. He used to wear this ripped red and white DOB number t-shirt every night at the bar. As if anyone with a brain would believe he was born five years before his real birthday.

CHARLOTTE checks her phone. She grimaces.

TOBY

So how long has he been chasing you guys?

CHARLOTTE

JARVIS for nine weeks. Me for five. And you...? About twelve minutes.

TOBY

What?!

CHARLOTTE shows her a picture on her phone, posted by CONTRABAND. It shows TOBY talking with JARVIS. The large caption reads: 'contraband contract capture for these two clowns for 10k!'

CHARLOTTE

He knows we'd never let just anyone close - so he'll assume you're part of our inner circle. We expected an offer for your assault to hit CONTRABAND within the hour. That's why I'm taking you outside the city.

TOBY settles back against his seat, sitting low to avoid detection, as they exit London.

Ext. English Countryside - later

CHARLOTTE drives the car through a small, sleepy village. The streets are quiet so late and the sun has almost fully set.

She stops in front of a small inn.

CHARLOTTE

There's hardly anyone under 60 around here, so you shouldn't be recognized. Still, it's best not to leave your room.

TOBY climbs out of the car, but lingers by the driver's side window with his phone out.

TOBY

Just sent you something.

She checks her phone and watches it with a blank expression.

CHARLOTTE

(quietly)  
Why did you send me this?

TOBY  
I wanted you to have it.

CHARLOTTE smiles sadly at her phone.

Quickly, she reaches over the window and kisses TOBY's cheek. He smiles, surprised, and she returns the gesture.

TOBY gives her a half-wave as she pulls away and drives off.

Ext. gas station - day (Present)

TOBY stands next to his bike at the quiet gas station, checking his phone. JARVIS walks over from the attached convenience store.

TOBY  
Still, nothing. You said it would  
be a text with a-

Just then, his phone BEEPS. He checks the incoming notification.

TOBY  
A message with a map link?

JARVIS  
It's them. Let's go.

JARVIS settles himself onto the motorcycle with a determined look.

Ext. Warehouse - later

JARVIS and TOBY creep around the back of a decrepit warehouse, covered with graffiti and broken windows.

TOBY keeps an eye on the CONTRABAND feed, obsessively checking CHARLOTTE's place in the ranking.

TOBY  
That convict's up to number two.  
Only 10k off CHARLOTTE?!

JARVIS  
(hushed)

The nearest cell site reading puts them in that building. You stay here, and keep an eye on your mobile. We need to know what's going on in there.

JARVIS finds an abandoned gas canister on the ground. He picks it up and starts creeping towards one of the broken windows.

He opens the canister and quickly THROWS IT through the window.

JARVIS runs away from the building towards TOBY.

BANG! BANG!

They hear two quick gunshots come from inside the building.

TOBY

CHARLOTTE!

He makes to run into the building, but JARVIS grabs him by the shoulders.

JARVIS

TOBY, stop!

CRASH!

TUCKER's Land Rover plows through the building, causing gas, dust, and bricks to fly everywhere.

He speeds away.

TOBY

I think he shot her!

JARVIS holds his hand out for TOBY's phone. He tosses it to him.

JARVIS

Not picking up her SIM location.

TOBY

She might be with TUCKER.

JARVIS

Your call.

TOBY

I think he has her.

TOBY hops onto the bike and JARVIS gets on behind him. Before JARVIS is even fully seated, TOBY ZOOMS away.

Ext. BELGIAN COUNTRYSIDE

As TOBY speeds through the countryside, JARVIS keeps checking his mobile.

JARVIS  
(shouting to be heard)  
There's only one road out. He had less than 500 meters on us. We can't have lost him already!

All of a sudden, the Land Rover emerges behind them, gaining on them quickly.

JARVIS  
He must be tracking us! But how?  
(beat)  
Have you ever tried texting CHARLOTTE?

TOBY  
(shit!)  
Two days ago... When she was being hit - I sent one SMS into CONTRABAND.

JARVIS  
TUCKER's running an application based off a message-sent confirmation!

SCREECH!

The Land Rover hits the back wheel of the motorcycle, causing TOBY to spin out and JARVIS to go flying off.

As JARVIS thuds to the street a few yards away, TUCKER gets out of the car in his sleek suit.

He storms over to where JARVIS is weakly attempting to pick himself off the ground. He is thumping a bat in his hands.

TUCKER  
Took quite the spill there! It's kinda tough navigating these roads,

huh? Seems your beer-boasting  
Belgian buddies aren't too bothered  
about posting road signs. See, I  
didn't know when I might see  
another spot permitting me to pass,  
so I figured it'd be safer to run  
straight through you!

He raises the bat above his head-

A KNIFE presses against his throat.

TOBY

Drop the bat.

TUCKER glares at TOBY over his shoulder. The knife presses  
harder against his skin, and he finally drops the bat.

TOBY

Where's CHARLOTTE?

TUCKER

She escaped, monkey. Surely you  
caught that?

TOBY

Give it to me.

Reluctantly, TUCKER hands his mobile over to TOBY.

TUCKER

(to JARVIS)

You should have just sent me that  
code. Would have saved us this  
boring four-day getaway.

(then -)

Shit. Should have just killed her  
live on CONTRABAND. The ratings  
would have soared. And it would  
have been fair retribution for  
PLUGGER. That bloke was like a  
brother to me. You know that?

TOBY shoves TUCKER towards JARVIS, who grabs his shirt  
collar aggressively.

A pick-up truck emerges from the treeline with the Bartender  
inside.

JARVIS

I didn't kill PLUGGER!

TOBY races over to the Rover, but finds it empty.

TOBY  
CHARLOTTE's not in here!

He checks his phone quickly.

TOBY  
She's still number one on  
CONTRABAND...

He looks up at JARVIS and TUCKER in determination.

TOBY  
We have to get back to that  
warehouse.

Cut TO:

Int. Country inn - day (PAST)

TOBY in the small inn room that has become his temporary home. It is quaint, and decorated for middle aged couples trying to save their marriage. TOBY has kept it clean, but the bed is hastily made.

He puts down the bags of groceries he is carrying and moves to turn on the TV.

A voice comes from the corner of the room.

CHARLOTTE  
Three thousand, huh?

TOBY turns to look and is promptly SLAPPED ACROSS THE FACE.

CHARLOTTE  
Surely my ass is worth more than  
that?!

TOBY  
CHARLOTTE?

CHARLOTTE  
TUCKER's three grand is showing in  
your bank account - but I know  
TUCKER loves tossing his big wad  
around so I bet he also tucked a

wad into your front pocket, huh?  
And there's 200 texts from him  
rotting in your archived folder!  
'Slapper'? 'Knacker'? 'Banger'?  
Such a classy selection of  
nicknames used for yours truly.

TOBY

I never told him where you were.  
Come on, think about it. I've spent  
hours with you at JARVIS's gallery.  
If I wanted you found, TUCKER  
would've been there in less than  
ten minutes.

CHARLOTTE glares at him for a moment before her face  
softens. She sits down heavily on the bed with her hands  
over her face.

Finally, she hands him her mobile.

CHARLOTTE

I think you need to see what  
happened in Afghanistan.

TOBY looks down at the screen. On the screen, CHARLOTTE is  
unconscious in front of the camera with her hands tied in  
front of her.

TOBY looks up at the real CHARLOTTE, eyes wide, and she  
gives him a nod of affirmation.

He presses play.

MATCH CUT TO:

Int. Afghani church - past

CHARLOTTE wakes up slowly and groggily.

Behind the camera, her captor is speaking.

TUCKER (O.S.)

Psst! Hey, wake up.

CHARLOTTE groans, her eyes unfocused.

TUCKER (O.S.)

I was just telling our guests about  
that flick we saw. 'Jesus Versus

the Buddha'. Yet another  
dumbed-down remake of a soon-to-be  
classic Chinese martial arts movie.

The camera zooms out slowly, revealing in turn THREE MEN in their underwear, on their knees with their hands behind their backs and black sacks over their heads. A man in dark army fatigues steps into frame behind CHARLOTTE, though his head is not visible in the shot.

TUCKER (O.S.)

All the lads around us were leaping  
up off their seats like gorillas  
with their arses on fire every time  
there was a thorough shit-kicking.  
The acting was appalling and the  
dialogue far too predictable. But  
the bone-snapping brutality was  
certainly vicious enough to  
distract me for a solid hour and a  
half.

The camera continues to pull away, finally revealing TUCKER standing in front of the hooded men.

CHARLOTTE, finally having regained her senses, makes to lunge towards him, but the man behind her pins her shoulders against her chair. As the camera finally stops across the room from the action, we see it is PLUGGER restraining her.

TUCKER

A Christian and some other god-type  
going at it? Hey, you boys would  
just love to watch that, huh?  
PLUGGER, help her hold that mobile.  
CHARLOTTE needs to be the one  
filming.

PLUGGER takes the camera from its post and puts it in CHARLOTTE's hands. She struggles, but when TUCKER points his gun at her she relents and holds the camera steady with a clear view of him and his captives.

TUCKER

Ah ha! Mine seems to be fully  
powered up!

Smiling at the camera, TUCKER zaps one of the men in the back with the Taser attached to his mobile. The man falls onto his side with a cry of pain.

TUCKER

Wow, you boys are fucking babies!  
PLUGGER, bring in those ladies.

PLUGGER leaves and comes back with TWO OLDER WOMEN. One of them is the woman CHARLOTTE encountered before she was knocked out.

TUCKER

CHARLOTTE's always had such excellent gear. Superb screen resolution, solid form factor. Poor little girl can't go anywhere without her mobile.

TUCKER bends down and tugs at the woman's dress.

TUCKER

Anyone keen to see if they've hidden a few little sisters up in there somewhere?

He stands, chuckling.

TUCKER

Watch the Rushdie-style death threats roll in once this hits the airwaves!

Suddenly - JARVIS BURSTS IN WITH A GUN. TUCKER smirks casually at him.

TUCKER

How you doing, captain?

JARVIS

I'm giving you three seconds to wipe that smug grin off your face!  
Now move over next to your chum!

AFGHANI WOMAN

Please! Don't shoot them!

JARVIS looks at the woman.

TUCKER takes advantage of his momentary distraction and pulls his phone-gun.

BLAM!

He shoots JARVIS in the shoulder.

One of the hooded men gets to his feet and RUSHES at TUCKER.

BLAM!!

TUCKER shoots the man through the throat.

CHARLOTTE and the woman both gasp as the man falls to the floor.

The woman collapses onto her knees, sobbing and cradling the body in her arms. CHARLOTTE films her grief, TUCKER and PLUGGER just dimly audible in the background of her cries.

TUCKER (O.S.)  
Where's soldier boy?

PLUGGER (O.S.)  
He got away.

TUCKER (O.S.)  
He's gone?! How could you let him  
split, you fucking idiot? I'm  
making you kill that bloke!

The crying woman looks directly into CHARLOTTE's camera, her gaze piercing.

Match CUT TO:

Int. Country inn - present

TOBY stops the video and shuts the phone. CHARLOTTE is sobbing on the bed.

He moves closer and reaches out as if he wants to comfort her, but doesn't know if it would be accepted.

She throws her arms around his waist, burying her face in his shirt and sobs.

Int. Country inn - that night

TOBY lays in the bed, looking over at CHARLOTTE. She slumbers peacefully beside him, bare underneath the covers.

He smiles down at her.

Int. Country inn - the next morning

TOBY wakes in the bed. He turns over, but CHARLOTTE has vanished.

Ext. countryside cafe - morning

TOBY sits at an outdoor table at a small cafe, checking his phone obsessively over coffee and a sandwich.

At the table next to him, an elderly couple named MARV and PAM (70s) complain loudly about Pam's phone. TOBY listens in casually.

PAM

I can't work out how to use this phone.

MARV

It's the network coverage. Appalling in this village.

TOBY chuckles then checks his phone again, frustrated as well.

PAM

(loudly)

Oh, now I've pressed the wrong button!

Her phone begins loudly playing the news.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

Today the government is examining a new bill to regulate user-generated mobile applications.

PAM

(speaking over news)

I can't turn it off!

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

Strict censorship and content filtering rules will help reduce the increase in random street violence related to the development and creation of violent and sexual content on mobile devices. Skeptics

say the real challenge will be to-  
It cuts out.

PAM

Oh, I hate these bloody things!

TOBY's phone beeps and he checks it eagerly.

A message pops up from CONTRABAND: 'CONTRABAND ALERT! 20K FOR CLIP OF JARVIS DEATH AT ANTI-VIOLENCE CONCERT TONIGHT. 10K FOR CHARLOTTE'

TOBY reads the message in alarm. Then he abandons his meal and races away from the cafe.

End of act two.

Act Three

Ext. Concert - night

A large crowd is gathered around an outdoor stage as a rock band plays. Many people are filming the concert on their mobiles and jumping around.

TOBY struggles to break through the crowd as the band finishes their set.

LEAD SINGER

Whoa! Thanks for coming out tonight. Now, to introduce the next band, the reason why we're all here today... JARVIS STEVENS!

JARVIS walks onto the stage and takes the mic as the crowd cheers. He thanks the crowd and waits for them to quiet.

JARVIS

Thank you, thank you all. Our day has finally arrived. This morning our government announced they will vote on key mobile privacy and distribution clauses outlined in our bill.

As JARVIS speaks, TOBY works his way to the backstage area. He is stopped by a BODYGUARD (30s, male) covered in tattoos.

JARVIS

(on stage)

People, this is the most crucial stage in ensuring we reach our goal of making violent user-generated video content illegal. And I want to thank everyone for their support and welcome to the stage...

Attacking Midfielder!

BODYGUARD

Sorry mate, you can't come backstage.

TOBY

But I'm a friend of JARVIS!

The crowd cheers again as the next band comes out.

JARVIS exits the stage and he and CHARLOTTE spot TOBY with the security guard.

CHARLOTTE

TOBY!

TOBY

TUCKER's offering 10k for a video of your deaths here tonight!

CHARLOTTE begins to lead JARVIS away from him.

CHARLOTTE

Look, dipshit... you can't be seen anywhere near us.

TOBY

But I've been trying to call you for days. I thought...

CHARLOTTE

Goodbye, TOBY.

They turn their backs and walk away.

TOBY opens his mouth to call out to them, but PLUGGER's hand suddenly GRABS his throat.

PLUGGER pins TOBY against him as he talks on the phone, his eyes cutting through him.

PLUGGER

Yeah... I found him alone  
backstage... Ok, I'll meet you  
outside the gates.

He hangs up.

TOBY

I know you sent JARVIS the mobile  
code to kill off CONTRABAND. You  
gotta get that beta version to him  
now!

PLUGGER

No chance. He's getting an empty  
memory chip. And I'm killing all  
functionality of that  
owner-shifting app. Control will  
remain on TUCKER's phone  
permanently.

TOBY

What?

PLUGGER

(beat, then hushed)

I can't go through with it. I  
created CONTRABAND for TUCKER-

TOBY

TUCKER doesn't give a shit about  
you!

PLUGGER

You think I don't already know  
that? The only reason I haven't  
killed that sack of shit is his old  
man. Come on, we're going-

BAM!

PLUGGER is whacked from behind. He falls, revealing  
CHARLOTTE behind him with a crowbar.

She grabs TOBY's hand and pulls him away.

CHARLOTTE

Well, come on!

They run, but before they can get far, they are stopped by TUCKER's phone-gun pressing up against her temple.

TUCKER

You're not leaving now, are you? I  
absolutely hate how fit women  
always split from concerts first.

She steps back as he holds them at gunpoint, quickly dropping TOBY's hand.

A PAIR OF TEENAGERS emerge around the bend, running at CHARLOTTE with a bat.

TUCKER

Whoa, too late...

They don't stop.

TUCKER

I said fuck off!

TUCKER shoots at the ground in front of them, forcing both to stop in their tracks.

TUCKER

A winner has already been selected.

He pulls TOBY closer by the shoulders, jamming the gun against his chest.

TUCKER

Right on time to collect, huh chum?

TOBY

What?

TUCKER hands TOBY a wad of cash.

TUCKER

Here's your finders fee for  
bringing me CHARLOTTE. Two grand.  
Sorry, you don't get the whole ten.  
After all, she's not dead. Well,  
not yet anyway... So I halved it to  
five. And less the three grand I  
gave you in advance a few weeks  
back. The clip you sent's one of  
the best we've ever had. Just now

it's crept into the top five. I reckon she'll be number one by the day's end.

TUCKER shows them both the video of her capture in Afghanistan on his phone, playing live on CONTRABAND.

CHARLOTTE looks at TOBY in pure betrayal.

TOBY  
I didn't send that!

TUCKER  
What say I confirm the sender's identity? I'll just hit reply and we'll see the user is no other than...

TOBY's phone BEEPS, damning.

TUCKER  
TOBY! Right, so there we are. Shall we go now CHARLOTTE?

With one last hurt look at TOBY, CHARLOTTE allows herself to be led away at gunpoint.

TOBY follows helplessly, looking around for any weapon he could use.

Before he can move, though, they are in the Land Rover and peeling away.

Int. JARVIS'S GALLERY

TOBY sprints into JARVIS's gallery, where the man is furiously working on his computers. A screen in the background shows the top five videos on CONTRABAND. CHARLOTTE is already at number two.

TOBY  
TUCKER's got CHARLOTTE!

JARVIS  
He brags about it every time her clip is played. She's up to number two already-

TOBY  
No, I mean now. He's got her!

But JARVIS is focused.

JARVIS

Alpha version application  
upgrade-ready. Inbox is clear,  
memory card inserted for file  
download. But that beta should have  
arrived 45 minutes ago. Come on  
PLUGGER, I need that code now!

TOBY

JARVIS, please!

JARVIS

I need this equipment to launch the  
beta version. CHARLOTTE knows  
PLUGGER's application takes top  
priority. Now.

TOBY

But PLUGGER-

JARVIS

Just help me gather this gear.

A voice comes from the feed of CONTRABAND.

TUCKER (O.S.)

Hey, ho STEVENS! And I bet that  
monkey TOBY's there too, huh? Mate,  
you gotta pick sides one of these  
days!

An image of CHARLOTTE, unconscious and tied to a chair,  
appears on the screen. TOBY and JARVIS both have their eyes  
glued to the screen.

TUCKER (O.S.)

Love to tell you CHARLOTTE's fine,  
but as you can see, that's simply  
not true. This tough bird held out  
for a good while. Finally, this  
little tart leaked out a number.  
45. So I start thinking, 45. Why  
45? Then I remembered I sent mob  
kiddies out for a reward at 45 St  
Thomas Way. The address of a  
warehouse right next to the Whisper  
head offices. Could that be

JARVIS's little hideaway?

A message pops up on the screen: '50K FOR JARVIS STEVENS  
BODY IN GALLERY'

TUCKER (O.S.)

See this? I reckon you've got about  
fourteen seconds until your asses  
go sailing over the Whisper  
building.

JARVIS and TOBY begin scrambling. TUCKER's taunting voice  
continues to float through the gallery.

TUCKER (O.S.)

Hey boys, I promise I'll 'pull a  
Bonny' and report you to missing  
persons-

BOOM!

AN EXPLOSION TEARS APART THE GALLERY.

Ext. WHISPER BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

THE WHISPER BUILDING EXPLODES FROM ITS FACADE.

Cars swerve, honking. People pour onto the street coughing  
and hacking.

Out of the settling dusk, PLUGGER and TUCKER emerge in front  
of the Land Rover's headlights.

TUCKER

Just think, PLUGGER. If CONTRABAND  
wasn't so successful, we might have  
worked here at Whisper together.  
Me? The marketing executive. You?  
My chief technical officer. Come  
on, get your mobile ready. I want a  
clip of JARVIS's crispy corpse.

PLUGGER

I'm not going in there.

TUCKER

Ah, I see Mr. Happy's on the town  
again. Let me remind you why I  
don't post your poacher buddy's  
murder video. Motive number one?

It's old footage so it won't make me much money. Motive number two? My best friend becomes a wanted criminal. But I assure you, it will go live unless you get your fucking meat bag ass in there!

PLUGGER stares at the file on his phone: 'file name: contraband top-user transfer. beta version 3.1'

PLUGGER

Fine.

TUCKER claps him happily on the shoulder and they approach the building.

Int. Whisper building

TUCKER and PLUGGER walks through the smoldering building, filming injured people and corpses on their mobiles.

While TUCKER is absorbed in getting a close up of a bleeding man trying to stumble his way out of the building, PLUGGER sneaks away towards a staircase leading to the basement.

Int. Dilapidated cavern

PLUGGER cautiously walks through the ruined space. There is no other sign of life.

PLUGGER

JARVIS?

The sound of slow movements comes from behind him and he swirls around.

PLUGGER

What the- No, stop!

Someone unseen attacks him.

Int. Dilapidated cavern

JARVIS pulls himself up from beneath the rubble in his former gallery.

JARVIS

(coughing)

TOBY! TOBY! Are you okay? Where are you?

He rounds a corner and finds PLUGGER leaning against a broken computer. He is bleeding profusely from a gaping wound in his stomach.

JARVIS  
PLUGGER!

PLUGGER  
JARVIS... My mobile...

PLUGGER tries to stand, but he stumbles and JARVIS catches him.

JARVIS  
Mate! You're bleeding everywhere!

PLUGGER  
Doesn't matter... Get my mobile...  
It's got the beta.

JARVIS  
Where is it? Where is your mobile?

PLUGGER  
CONTRABAND... Run...

TWO MEN come running into the room behind them armed with bats and mobiles. JARVIS spins around towards them.

Man 1  
It's STEVENS!

JARVIS drops PLUGGER's body and sprints out another exit.

The two men give chase.

Once the three have disappeared and the gallery is quiet again, TOBY crawls out from behind a pile of rubble.

He approaches PLUGGER's body slowly, but he can see that PLUGGER has died.

He digs PLUGGER's mobile out of the man's jeans and takes off out the same exit as JARVIS.

Ext. Alleyway

TOBY runs out into the alleyway just in time to see JARVIS reaching the driver's door of a large van.

The two men who were chasing him are close behind, almost at the van.

TOBY

JARVIS!

JARVIS looks up and TOBY launches the mobile through the air.

It lands safely in JARVIS's hand.

He dives into the van and slams the door shut just his pursuant smashes against it with his bat.

The van turns over and JARVIS SPEEDS AWAY. The two men try chasing after him, but TOBY just watches him go, panting.

Int. Dilapidated cavern

TUCKER stands over PLUGGER's body in the cavern, his arms crossed. A young TEEN is filming the body beside him.

TUCKER

What am I gonna tell the old man?

Teen

Hey, man, I'm getting some great footage here!

TUCKER rolls his eyes and checks the newsfeed on his mobile.

Newscaster (O.S.)

Initial reports from one eye witness suggest that JONES died while rescuing two trapped individuals from the debris.

TUCKER

Well, mate, this is where we part ways.

He checks the CONTRABAND rankings and sees that CHARLOTTE has reached number one.

TUCKER

Ha! CHARLOTTE's number one... Just

as I predicted.  
(beat, then confused)  
What? What's going on? The controls  
aren't working...  
(beat)  
I've lost it... I've lost  
CONTRABAND...

His mobile drops to the ashen floor.

Int. Warehouse - day (PRESENT)

The warehouse TUCKER had been keeping CHARLOTTE in is even more run down and graffiti covered on the inside than the exterior.

TOBY watches the live CONTRABAND feed on his mobile.

CHARLOTTE, now looking much better, speaks freely to the camera.

CHARLOTTE (on screen)  
Stats show our jailbird is crashing hard! I gotta say, the boy was on a roll. But buddy got sloppy and sold his spare SIM card to an early-release prisoner. The cops traced it back to his phone in seconds.

TOBY  
She's alive!

CHARLOTTE (on screen)  
And what about our new number two? 'Princess nose and lips'? Unfortunately, her face fell off after her kidnappers flushed her post-facial transplant drugs down the toilet. I'm sure happy this fine looking lad hasn't gone down that route yet.

JARVIS emerges from another room, looking defeated.

JARVIS  
No sign of her anywhere.

TOBY opens his mouth to respond, but his own voice on video

interrupts him.

The feed has switched to a shot of TOBY's profile as he lays in bed at night.

TOBY  
(on video)

I try video recording a call to the folks just to ensure I look and act nothing like them anymore. But it's dangerous. Once and a while I feel like I'm staring in the mirror.

CHARLOTTE (on screen)  
Some sobering insights from this mild-mannered man. People, I've said all along my old chum JARVIS wasn't PLUGGER's killer. And I have a video clip confirming this chap is the culprit.

A clear photo of TOBY appears on the feed.

TOBY  
Shit. No!

JARVIS reaches for TOBY's mobile. But TOBY fumbles it and it falls to the ground. They both reach down to grab it, but JARVIS beats TOBY there.

TOBY  
I think I better explain that CHARLOTTE and I-

JARVIS looks at the photo on the screen.

In the video, CHARLOTTE is now passing in front of a big warehouse.

JARVIS  
I know that brewery! It's in a village near the French border. We can be there in under an hour.

He hands TOBY back his phone and races out of the warehouse.

TOBY speeds after him.

Ext. French/Belgium border

Near the brewery that CHARLOTTE was in front of, JARVIS and TOBY talk to a FATHER and his YOUNG DAUGHTER. TOBY's motorcycle is parked nearby.

JARVIS shows the father a picture of CHARLOTTE.

JARVIS

Have you seen this woman?

TOBY's phone BEEPS and he slips away to check it.

Father

Oh, my little Aime's a big fan of hers.

TOBY opens the CONTRABAND feed.

CHARLOTTE is now sitting on the grass in front of a beautiful chateau. She is wearing a breathtaking black dress and the whole scene looks beautifully peaceful.

CHARLOTTE (on screen)

When they catch this chap, I reckon he'll sit near the top of the ankle chip priority list. Probably come in a bit after mass murderers and peodophiles, but he'll hit higher priority than rapists, stalkers, child abductors, and those dads charged with kidnapping for returning kids back to their ex-wives two hours late after their weekend visits.

A KID (13, male) walks by TOBY with his backpack, also watching the stream on his phone. TOBY stops the kid.

TOBY

Hey, do you know where this chateau is?

Kid

Sure. It's about a kilometer out of the village that way.

The feed switches to the video of TOBY recording the park mugging.

CHARLOTTE (on screen)

Another vivid clip showing our

menacing culprit on one of his mobile man hunts. This time his park-prowling victim was a cosmetic pediatrician. The poor bugger lived, but as we all know, PLUGGER JONES wasn't so fortunate.

The kid double takes at TOBY.

KID  
Hey! That's you, isn't it?

The feed switches back to CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE (on screen)  
So free up some memory on your phone. Because in exactly one hour you'll be able to download compelling video which illustrates how this man took the life of his good mate below Whisper Mobile's head offices.

SNAP!

The kid takes a photo of TOBY on his mobile.

KID  
Wow! What a close up!

TOBY balks back and starts running to his bike.

JARVIS, leaving the father now, notices.

JARVIS  
TOBY!

Ignoring him, TOBY jumps on his bike and speeds off.

JARVIS  
What are you doing?

TOBY is already vanishing around a corner.

TUCKER emerges behind JARVIS. He has a black eye and a rumpled suit, but his face is pure arrogance.

TUCKER  
Why if it isn't JARVIS STEVENS!

JARVIS's eyes widen.

Cut to black.

Fade IN:

Ext. Chateau

CHARLOTTE swings serenely under a tree on the lawn of the Chateau. In the background, TOBY approaches across the large expanse of greenery until he reaches her.

TOBY

What's going on CHARLOTTE?

She doesn't look at him. Instead, her eyes are drawn to the treeline. TOBY follows her gaze.

The Land Rover parks on the lawn and TUCKER gets out. He leads JARVIS forward.

JARVIS

(baffled)

CHARLOTTE's still top on  
CONTRABAND!

TUCKER

Of course she is! She's controlling  
CONTRABAND - just like she always  
has.

CHARLOTTE smirks and gets off the swing to stand by TUCKER.  
TOBY watches, bewildered.

TUCKER

Sorry mate, you've only ever been  
used to help generate interest.  
Nothing creates controversy better  
than a good conflict. It focuses  
folks' attention and gets them  
really fired up. The minute some  
self-righteous stooge tells someone  
not to do something, they and ten  
of their friends want to give it a  
go. Hey, I think I heard you say  
that - apologies if I misquote.

TOBY

You've been together all along?  
How? What about that video - In  
Afghanistan?

The awful truth falling into place for JARVIS, now -

JARVIS

They both staged it.

TUCKER

Well, that was me, actually.  
CHARLOTTE's not a big fan of  
surprises. That being said, she  
does relish the occasional  
improvised event - like this one!  
If TOBY would've looked into the  
back of my truck, your uncle here  
would have seen CHARLOTTE and that  
rock coming.

JARVIS lunges at CHARLOTTE.

JARVIS

You bitch!

TUCKER keeps him back by his jacket collar.

TUCKER

Bitch? Whoa, you better watch that  
language, God-boy!

TOBY

They're revealing PLUGGER's killer  
in three minutes...

TUCKER

So let's have that chip returning  
CONTRABAND to me - and your head  
might remain intact.

JARVIS sets his jaw and pulls out his phone.

JARVIS

Fine. I'll forward this on to you.

TUCKER

See CHARLOTTE, I told you he'd  
deliver.

TUCKER checks his phone and his face twists in anger.

TUCKER

What is this bullshit?!

JARVIS

It's the bill CHARLOTTE helped me get ratified in Parliament. Seems it's slated for an international legislative approval process. Please allow me to recap a few key clauses:

(reciting)

'Mobile video violence must not detail or place emphasis on injuries or blood.

As JARVIS talks, TUCKER marches to the Land Rover, flings open the door ..

JARVIS

All sexual violence may only be implied or briefly indicated and without any physical detail, verbal or graphic, given or explicitly implied.

And extracts a bat. He slams the door shut and marches towards JARVIS, hefting the bat. JARVIS keeps reading -

Phone applications must not broadcast use of contraband materials, or film combat, hanging, suicides, and should contain no imitable detail. All realistic and contemporary weapons should not be glamourized. No gratuitous violence against or by children shall be permitted for the sake of commercial gain-'

TUCKER reaches JARVIS and WHACKS HIM ACROSS THE FACE.

JARVIS falls to the ground.

TUCKER grabs him up by the collar and hauls his bloodied head up and sets off on an embittered rant branded deep in to him.

TUCKER

Listen arsehole! Legislation will come and go. All sites eventually die anyway - and get replaced, because at fifteen, lads are happy

being content users. By twenty five, they're downloading and retailing it, so that by thirty five, they're so desperate to still seem cool they'd pay money to direct some vicious action. At forty five they fancy themselves as chain-chested, double-digit mega-pixel packing videographers. But by 55, they'd give their third grandchild to be asked to take part in the action. By 65, they all look up and thank their lucky stars if their emotions are stable enough to still be users. But you, JARVIS? You'll never get the chance to slide anywhere into this little business model ever again!

TUCKER raises the bat over his head and JARVIS braces for impact.

Click.

A small sound, but it stops TUCKER in his tracks.

The silencer of his own phone-gun is pressed against his temple.

He glances over his shoulder to find TOBY holding the gun with a determined look.

TUCKER

Aw, are you getting all sentimental over your activist chum-bum? Hey, how long before you're confirmed as PLUGGER's killer. About 30 seconds?

JARVIS

Shoot them! Before they kill us both!

CHARLOTTE walks forward with her phone out and a slick smile on her face.

CHARLOTTE

Why would we kill TOBY? After all, this final clip? It's going to make him... number one.

BLACKOUT.

BANG!

BANG!

FADE IN:

INT. DILAPIDATED CAVERN - night

Another angle of the video of JARVIS and plugger reveals TOBY hiding behind a pile of rubble with a bloody knife.

Ext. ChATEAU - continuous

TUCKER, CHARLOTTE, and JARVIS have all ducked to avoid TOBY's gunfire.

They raise their heads to see the tires blown out on the Land Rover and TOBY walking calmly away from them, almost halfway across the large lawn now.

TUCKER grabs JARVIS again in a rage.

TUCKER  
The memory chip!

JARVIS fumbles in his pocket for PLUGGER's mobile. TUCKER snatches it from his hand and checks for the memory chip.

TUCKER  
It's not in here!

Across the lawn, TOBY plugs in the memory chip to his own mobile.

TOBY  
I'm quite sure PLUGGER would prefer  
I use this.

A screen pops up showing the video of him in the cavern has reached number one on CONTRABAND already.

Another screen appears confirming his new ownership of CONTRABAND. As he heads towards his bike --

TOBY (V.O.)

I'm getting a tad bored of this Belgian countryside. For my next trip? I think I'll hit Route Heinz 57. Yeah, I'll tour my bloodline, and stay an exact number of days in each of my banished ancestor's nations based on the amount of O-Negative running through my veins.

He reaches his motorcycle and climbs onto it, still on his phone. He sends out a mass message before pocketing the device.

Across the lawn, CHARLOTTE's phone beeps. She and TUCKER both check the screen before looking up, terrified.

TOBY (V.O.)

England and France for twenty-five days. Twelve and a half days in Germany and Scotland. Ireland for around seven. Trinidad, Norway, Austria, Wales, and the States for a day or two each. I could have a two-hour bon voyage party in Newfoundland. And end it with a night on that native reserve in Northern Quebec. Hm, maybe their casino has some good odds.

TOBY revs up his bike and pulls away. He passes a bus letting middle school kids off.

One checks his phone and sees TOBY's new message to CONTRABAND users: '50k MINIMUM GUARANTEE AND 50% REVENUE SHARE FOR FIRST CLIP OF TUCKER AND CHARLOTTE'S DEATHS!'

The students share the message around each other.

KID

Cool! Come on! Let's get them!

As the students start racing to the chateau's lawn, TOBY passes them by and starts leaving the village.

As he rides, he pulls his mobile out again.

TOBY (V.O.)

Ah-ha, here's my all time favorite video! I'm sure it'll cheer

everyone up!

The viral clip of a student from the beginning, now known to be TOBY, tied to a pole in his underwear and surrounded by bullies.

TOBY pockets his phone and rides off into the distance.

**End of act iii**

**The end.**