EVE

1x01: Secrets & Lies

Created & Written by: S.A.Goodman

(c) 2009 S.A.Goodman John_Doe583@hotmail.com

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EXT. JOHNSON & MABLE STREET (ALLEYWAY) - NIGHT

FADE IN:

Puddles of water splash as the RAIN continues to pour down. A few dim, flickering lights try to bring some safety to the darkness of the alley.

At the far end, a BURLY MAN, 40, in dark clothing, is crouched on his knees, hunched forward.

WOMANS VOICE (V.O)

For a long time I have brought peace between the two tribes.

A trail of BLOOD slips away under the burly man's legs. It combines with the water running down, to disappear into a drain several feet away.

WOMANS VOICE (V.O)

But on occasions, someone tries to change the rules. That's when I have to step in.

The bright lights shine down from the main street, at the entrance, where a few feet into the darkness, someone is stood.

The burly man remains unmoved, unaware he is being watched.

We see the voice belongs to:

EVE

You broke the rules.

The burly man's head snaps back at the voice. Slowly turning to see the watcher.

Through the darkness, two rich blue eyes peer towards him.

BURLY MAN

I follow my own rules.

EVE

You must be new. They didn't tell you.

BURLY MAN

No one tells me anything. I do what I want, when I want. Why not come and join the party.

A break of flickering light shines down, as the watcher takes a few steps forward.

CONTINUED: 2.

The watcher is EVE, 19. Dressed in an outfit of black leather covered by a white coat stretching down to her high boots.

Her jet black hair has small streaks of rich blue mixed within as it stretches down her back.

BURLY MAN

Your a pretty one, will be a shame to kill you.

The burly man stands upright. A light shines down to reveal a pale complexion upon a rugged face, an uncleanliness about his appearance.

BLOOD trickles down from the corner of his lips.

EVE

(sarcastic)

You wanna party... or just gonna stand there and drool?

His tongue licks every inch of his lips, cleaning the blood away.

BURLY MAN

Juicy.

EVE

(sarcastic)

Not exactly a turn on for a girl.

A LOUD groan of anger breaks. His arms outstretched, his mouth open as he rushes forward, stopping just a foot away from Eve.

Eve backs off a foot, as his right arm swings, but MISSES.

Eve ducks down and under as his left arm follows up. MISSES.

Eve's clenched fist SMASHES into his chest. The punch sends him backwards a few feet, splashing down into a small puddle on his back.

GROAN. He groans out from the Impact shot. Clenching his chest, he leans forward.

Eve steps forward, kneeling down to face her attacker.

EVE

You have two options here. You either accept the rules...

CONTINUED: 3.

BURLY MAN

Or?

EVE

I'm sorry but I need to go with Option two.

He looks up at Eve. His eyes open fully. His head shakes briefly.

BURLY MAN

(scared)

I didn't mean to hurt anyone, I swear.... PLEASE! It's not my fault.

Eve's left hand disappears behind her coat.

EVE

It isn't. I'm sorry.

His head SNAPS backwards. BLOOD seeps from his open mouth.

He slowly collapses backwards to the ground.

Eve is left holding a BLOODIED KNIFE.

Eve takes a deep breath, closing her eyes for a moment.

Her hand moves to close his glazed over eyes.

Rising to her feet, Eve slides the tips of her fingers across the blade.

BOOM-BOOM, BOOM-BOOM. The smell of the blood on her body, sends her heart beating stronger.

She licks the tips of her blood soaked fingers.

EVE (V.O)

Tasting someone else's blood isn't exactly hygienic in these days. But, their blood is a scent I can follow. When your turned, the sire's blood mixes with your own. It's like, an uncool way of testing DNA amongst them.

In an instant, her eyes close, her head snaps back as her breathing gets heavier. An ORGASMIC sensation runs through her body.

After a moment, she regains her composure. Her breathing back to normal.

CONTINUED: 4.

Opening her eyes, a red BLOODSHOT flashes across the white of the pupil.

Wiping the weapon clean with a cloth, she returns the weapon, out of sight once more.

Stepping over her attacker, she walks to the back of the alleyway.

A MAN'S BODY, 20's, smartly dressed, is laying on the cold, wet floor.

Crouching down, she checks the pulse. Leaning forward, she continues to close the man's eyes before rising up.

The rain continues down. Eve looks over at the attacker.

Pulling out a slick phone from her inside pocket, she hits a button and dials.

RING RING. RING RING. The phone rings twice before a female voice answers.

OPERATOR (V.O)

Good Evening and thank you for calling the Office. How may I direct your call?

EVE

It's Eve. I need a clean up. Two. Alleyway behind Johnson and Mable Street.

OPERATOR (V.O)

A clean up is on it's way. Have a nice evening.

The line goes dead as Eve hangs up. Putting the phone away in her pocket.

Eve makes her way towards the bright lights of the entrance, past the victims left behind.

She stops at the entrance. The flickering light shining down on her back.

EVE (V.O)

He broke the rules, and paid the ultimate price. The scent I got from his blood will lead me to his maker. Then, me and them will have to have a long talk.

In the blink of a flicker, Eve DISAPPEARS from view.

CONTINUED: 5.

FADE OUT:

CREDITS:

INT. HOME (BATHROOM) - NIGHT

FADE IN:

Perfume bottles and cosmetics adorn the shelves and sink area.

Water splashes down inside the shower, as the smoke rises from within. A woman's back turns slightly through the frosted glass.

Eve runs her hands through her hair. The soapy suds washing away as she squeezes it all out. Shaking her head.

Her hands against the wall, her head drops down. A heavy breath of sigh released.

The water runs down over her arched back. Swirling around into the plughole of the floor.

INT. HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Eve enters from the bathroom. A towel wrapped around her hair. A long white nightdress drops down to just above her knees, the slogan 'Sleep...' across the front.

A large bed takes up some of the open spaced room. A small comfortable chair sits in one corner.

The room is dimly lit from a lamp sat upon a small bedside table. She removes the towel from her hair, throwing it onto the end of the bed.

EVE (V.O)

This is the longest time I have stayed in one place. One day, I will have to move on, it always happens.

Eve makes her way over towards the cornered dressing table, as she sits down in front.

She stares at her own appearance in the mirror. Her hand rising as she touches her reflection, closing her eyes.

INT. HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The bedroom is in darkness.

A TALL MAN, 39, in old 1800's style suit, stands over the bed, as Eve sleeps within.

Sitting down upon the sheets of the bed, he is careful not to awaken her.

His hand brushes the hair away from the side of her face.

A small groan breaks through her lips, as she turns her head to the side, brushing past his hand.

The tall man's head leans down towards her neck.

INT. HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Opening her eyes, she sees herself looking back. Removing her hand from the mirror.

EVE (V.O)

Memories. I have too many, some I wish I could forget.

Standing up, she makes her way around to the bed.

Pulling back the covers, she sits on top, sliding her legs underneath, and bringing the covers back up and over her body.

Reaching over, she switches the lamp off to darkness.

Laying down on her side. She closes her eyes.

FADE OUT:

INT. HOME (BEDROOM) - DAY

FADE IN:

Light tries it's best to break through the gaps in the thick blue curtains. The room still in some darkness.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Eve's eyes open at a sound coming from inside her room.

A flicker of a flame switches on and off constantly, giving a flash of light in the room.

CONTINUED: 7.

Eve remains calm, unmoved. The clicking stops.

JOHN DANSON (O.S)

I was beginning to think you were gonna stay there all day.

A break of the daylight catches the man's face as he leans forward. He is JOHN DANSON, 32.

EVE (V.O)

John Danson. Work colleague... and friend. Thirty-Two and still single, even with his dashing good looks.

Eve's lips curl up slightly for a moment.

EVE

(jokingly)

I think it's about time I changed those locks on my door.

JOHN DANSON

That hurts. It's like you don't trust me.

Eve leans forward, seeing Danson sat on the chair in the corner of the room. Danson smiles.

EVE

I trust you John.

JOHN DANSON

Well, work is calling. He wants answers.

EVE

Why? I did my job. Their's nothing to talk about.

JOHN DANSON

(inquisitively)

He wants to know more about the attacker?

EVE

Their's nothing to tell. I did what I had to.

Danson nods his head for a moment.

CONTINUED: 8.

JOHN DANSON Maybe. Get up will you. I've got the car waiting.

Danson rises in his dark suit, making his way into the living room.

Eve rubs her hands into her face. Turning, she sees the time on the clock on her bedside table. Seven O'Clock AM.

She crashes back down into the comfy mattress. A sigh breaks out.

INT. CAR (BACK SEAT) - DAY

The black tinted windows keep the daylight from inside the car.

Danson sits, looking out of the window.

Cars drive by, buildings fade into the background behind them.

Eve, casually dressed in jeans and shirt, watches the people rushing around the streets on their travels to work.

EVE (V.O)

If you knew the truth of what lurked in the darkness, you would all be rushing much faster.

INT. THE OFFICE (UNDERGROUND CAR PARK) - DAY

A black car drives around the corner.

Driving down, it stops as it reaches the bottom of the underground car park.

The back door opens. Danson steps out first, holding the door open as Eve follows.

Slamming the door shut, the car drives off and pulls in a space ahead.

EVE (V.O)

An old FBI building. Now it holds more secrets than even the President knows of. Not as much I know though. One day I'll write my memoirs. That will be one hell of a book.

CONTINUED: 9.

Danson and Eve stand side by side. An elevator door blocking them going any further.

At either side of the elevator stand TWO CAR PARK GUARDS. Silent and dressed in black suits, their breasts pockets bulging from a guarded weapon beneath.

After a few silent moments, the doors slide open.

Stepping inside the gray dull chamber, Eve is followed by Danson.

Danson places his open hand on a large box which protrudes from the far wall inside.

Within seconds, lights flash around the shape of his hand.

When all are lit, they turn from a bright red to blue.

Switching off, Danson removes his hand.

The doors slide shut behind them. The guards unmoved by their actions.

INT. THE OFFICE (CORRIDOR ENTRANCE) - DAY

The elevator doors slide open to the underground entrance. Danson and Eve step out.

Making their way down a long, white corridor. The only light coming from a line of strip lights shining down from the ceiling.

At the far end of the corridor, TWO LOWER DECK GUARDS, stand watch next to a heavy metal door. Similar appearance and composure of the guards above.

Reaching their destination, they stop at the door.

Above a small numbered panel, a round glass globe slides out from within the wall.

Danson punches in a code.

3 2 6 7 6 6 (D A N S O N)

Danson leans forward, as a laser scans the iris of his eye, before standing straight once more.

CLICK. CLICK. Two loud clicks sound out, as the door swings open slowly.

CONTINUED: 10.

Inside a large almost isolated room, a woman (SECRETARY), 60, smartly dressed, sits behind a desk, typing away on her computer. Files piled up at the edge.

CLICK. CLICK. The door secures them inside.

INT. THE OFFICE (HUNT'S OFFICE) - DAY

A busy medium sized office contains several filing cabinets towards the back. A few shelves containing more files and other items embrace the walls. A large desk sits in the center of the room.

With his fingers rubbing the forehead in his hand, reading the reports behind the desk sits JASON HUNT, 45. Medals and colored badges brighten his dull green army uniform.

EVE (V.O)

Jason Hunt. My Boss for over a year now. He's a quiet man, but war is his passion. He'd much prefer to be on a battlefield than sat behind a desk.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Hunt continues reading his report as a knock comes from his office door.

JASON HUNT

Enter.

The door opens, as Eve enters inside. Danson closes the door behind her, remaining outside.

Eve makes her way to Hunt's desk, standing at ease in front.

Hunt fails to take his eyes away from the report. His fingers sliding along the paperwork, line by line.

JASON HUNT

You disobeyed orders again.

EVE

Sir. I didn't disobey. I was told to hunt him down. No talk about alive or dead.

Hunt raises his head, to look at Eve.

CONTINUED: 11.

JASON HUNT

(strict)

Wisecracks don't help.

EVE

Sir. I'm the one out there. He killed an innocent, so I made a decision.

JASON HUNT

You could have brought him in to us.

Eve looks at Hunt, who has returned to reading more of the report.

EVE

Remember the last time I did that, SIR!

Hunt looks up at the insubordinate Eve.

JASON HUNT

I remember it all too well. That's why we improved our security around here. Let's get back to last night.

EVE

Sir. I made a call in the moment, that's why I'm here, to keep both sides safe.

JASON HUNT

Your here because for some reason, you were chosen. I think you know that no one really trusts you.

EVE

(wisecracking)

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

JASON HUNT

What do you want me to say? You want me to say how grateful humanity is for what you do?

EVE

A little gratitude sometimes wouldn't go amiss, SIR.

CONTINUED: 12.

JASON HUNT

If it's gratitude you want, your in the wrong profession. You are given jobs, I expect you to do them to both of our satisfaction, do I make myself clear?

EVE

Yes sir!

JASON HUNT

What about the innocent?

EVE

Single guy, no family on record. His property is being taken care of now.

JASON HUNT

What can you tell me about the attacker last night?

Hunt looks back into his report.

EVE

Not a lot, recently turned, few hours maybe, first kill was the innocent.

JASON HUNT

Have you found who turned him?

EVE

No, but I got a ... tip, I'm gonna go and check it out.

Hunt flips the page over, his finger sliding along once more. Eve looks down at her boss.

EVE (V.O)

A tip. Yes it's a lie. I have to. If he ... if they knew the truth about how I can get the scent, things would be different.

Eve looks straight on again as Hunt closes the report.

He leans back in his chair, looking up at Eve.

JASON HUNT

(authoritatively)

I want this one brought in alive, do you understand the order this time.

CONTINUED: 13.

EVE

Yes sir.

JASON HUNT

I want them brought in and retrained. I won't have THEM walking around, taking innocents and bringing forth a war that both sides don't need.

EVE

(angry)

Yes sir.

JASON HUNT

Dismissed.

Eve leaves, the door closing behind her.

Hunt rises from his seat, clutching onto the report he has just read. Turning he steps back, opening a filing cabinet, sliding the report inside and slamming it shut.

INT. THE OFFICE (UNDERGROUND CAR PARK) - DAY

Eve steps out from the elevator as the doors close behind her.

The daylight breaks inwards at the top of the ramp. Eve makes her way up, walking.

JOHN DANSON

(shouting)

EVE! STOP!

Eve stops, halfway up the ramp. Turning, she sees Danson rushing towards her. A piece of paper clutched in his hand.

Catching up, he stops a foot away in front of her.

EVE

I'm in a hurry, what do you want?

JOHN DANSON

We just got a tip, this address.

Eve takes the paper from Danson's hand. She looks at it.

JOHN DANSON

A new visitor to the area. He wants you to go and check it out, inform them of the rules.

CONTINUED: 14.

EVE

(frustrated)

Fine!

Turning, Eve tries to continue her journey once more. Danson's eyes narrow.

JOHN DANSON

Eve.

Eve is halted. Turning, she faces him once more.

JOHN DANSON (CONT'D)

He doesn't mean to upset you. He doesn't know this war like you do.

EVE

He knows war. He's seen it all his life. This isn't much different. I'm growing tired of him, of this job.

Danson shakes his head briefly.

JOHN DANSON

(worried)

You don't mean that, do you?

EVE

(snaps)

He sees me as just a foot soldier, someone to send out and not care if I don't return. I don't like what I have to do, but I know I should do this. One day I could just up and leave this place, lead a normal life, as much as we all possibly can.

JOHN DANSON

I'm sorry alright, I know you have feelings for some of these....

Danson pauses as Eve's stares at him.

EVE

(angry)

Be very careful of what your next words are John.

JOHN DANSON

I was going to say creatures. Us humans are creatures also. We all (MORE)

CONTINUED: 15.

JOHN DANSON (cont'd)

need to learn to live together in this world.

EVE

Yes we do. He needs to learn it fast though before it's too late.

Eve turns, continuing her journey. Danson watches as she walks away.

A line separating the shadow of the underground to the light of the outside as Eve stops.

Eve pulls out a pair of sunglasses from her inside pocket of a leather jacket.

Placing them on her face, Eve steps into the light and disappears into the world above.

FADE OUT:

INT. VELVET APARTMENT BLOCK (HALLWAY) - DAY

FADE IN:

Eve turns the corner, after arriving at the top of the stairs.

Stopping at one end of the corridor of doors, she inspects the piece of paper Danson gave her.

EVE (V.O)

Velvet Apartment Block. Room 313. Hopefully this is a quick visit. I still have a hunt to track.

Walking along, inspecting the numbers on each flat door. Odds on the left, evens on the right.

BABIES CRYING. TELEVISIONS LOUDLY PLAYING. COUPLES ARGUING. Sounds break through the thin walls from within the apartments.

Reaching her destination, Eve stops looking at the door on the left. Room 313.

KNOCK KNOCK. Eve knocks on the door twice.

Turning her head, left and right, Eve waits for a reply.

A young mans voice comes from behind the door.

CONTINUED: 16.

JIMMY JOHNSON (O.S)

Who is it?

EVE

It's your very own protection unit. Just open the door.

SILENCE.

CLICK. RATTLE. Several locks and chains are unlocked one after another.

The door opens slightly. A chain blocks it from opening further.

Peering out through the small gap is JIMMY JOHNSON, 17. He has a goth like appearance about him.

JIMMY JOHNSON

(scared)

What do you want?

EVE

I'm here about the rules.

JIMMY JOHNSON

(confused)

Rules? I haven't broken any rules, I pay my rent and I don't bother anyone, go away.

Johnson attempts to slam the door shut, but is stopped.

JIMMY JOHNSON

What the...

Johnson peers out again, seeing Eve's foot blocking the door.

JIMMY JOHNSON

Move your foot will you?

EVE

Just open the door kid?

JIMMY JOHNSON

No chance, move your foot or I'm phoning the police.

EVE

Go, phone them. Then you can explain why you have bottles of blood in your apartment?

CONTINUED: 17.

JIMMY JOHNSON

(confused)

Wait, how the....

EVE

(pissed off)

I'm just here to talk, now open the damn door because your beginning to piss me off now.

JIMMY JOHNSON

How did you know I had blood. Are you....?

EVE

One. Two.

Johnson slides the chain off the door, as he swings it open. He stares at Eve, as she stands in the hallway.

JIMMY JOHNSON

You know what I am. Which means you are.... you can't come in without an invite.

Eve shakes her head.

EVE

Grow up kid.

Johnson's eyes widen as Eve steps into the flat.

INT. VELVET APARTMENT BLOCK (ROOM 313) - DAY

Eve inspects the apartment.

Junk food of pizza slices, empty fast food boxes line the floor and tables. Clothes are thrown around the place.

The room light is on, as the curtains keep the daylight out from the room.

EVE

I like what you've done with the place, very.... homely.

JIMMY JOHNSON

(shocked)

How did you?

Eve smiles.

CONTINUED: 18.

EVE

You don't know much then. When did it happen?

JIMMY JOHNSON

A couple of months ago. Someone jumped me on my way home. Next thing I know, my parents think I'm dead as I've been missing for several days, and been moving around since looking for the guy.

EVE

You followed them here?

JIMMY JOHNSON

Yeah, but lost him in the city. Since then I've been living off whatever I can find. I don't want to be like this.

EVE

Sorry, but their's no cure for it... yet. What this person look like?

JIMMY JOHNSON

He calls himself, Mr. Big.

EVE (V.O)

Mr. Big? Can't anyone come up with originality anymore?

EVE

What he look like?

JIMMY JOHNSON

Well he's ... BIG.

EVE

You mean big isn't just his name?

JIMMY JOHNSON

Yeah, he must weigh a hell of a lot.

EVE

(strict)

Alright kid. Since he's a hit and runner, some rules you need to learn quickly in order to survive. You do not attack or feed on any innocent.

CONTINUED: 19.

JIMMY JOHNSON

I haven't, I promise.

EVE

Good. The last guy who broke that is being cleaned up off the street somewhere.

JIMMY JOHNSON

(scared)

You mean you killed him?

EVE

I enforce the rules in the city. Break them, and you'll get a visit from me, you don't want that kid. Now, got blood?

JIMMY JOHNSON

I have a little bit left, last me a day maybe.

EVE

Alright. Take this.

Johnson takes hold of a white business card that Eve pulls from her back pocket.

JIMMY JOHNSON

What is this?

Johnson inspects the card. Blank on one side, a phone number on reverse.

EVE

Self service for people like you. You give that number a call if you run short of blood, a delivery comes around every night.

JIMMY JOHNSON

You mean they deliver to my door?

EVE

That's right kid. We call him the ... Blood Man. He's kind of like a Milk Man only he delivers something a lot fresher.

JIMMY JOHNSON

Thanks.

CONTINUED: 20.

EVE

For now that's all you need to know. Tomorrow you'll get a parcel in the post, it won't be postmarked, and will come in a large brown envelope.

Johnson smiles.

EVE

It's not porn kid so don't get your hopes up. Other rules for you to follow. Fill in the forms inside and send them back, simple as that. You follow the rules and they'll be no problems.

JIMMY JOHNSON I'll be left alone?

EVE

Yes. If you have any problems though, give that number a call and ask for Eve.

Eve checks her watch. SHE'S LATE.

EVE

I gotta go. Remember, the rules are there for your own protection as well as the innocents. Take care of yourself and...

Eve inspects the room once more.

EVE

Maybe get a cleaner in or something will you.

Eve exits the room. Shutting the door behind her.

Johnson inspects the card again.

A number on the card in black typewritten ink states: 25663 2265 999. (BLOOD BANK 999).

FADE OUT:

EXT. MABLE STREET - DAY

FADE IN:

Trash bags and bins rattle around the empty roads and streets.

A black taxi slowly makes its way down the road, grinding to a halt at the side of the road.

The back door opens, as Eve steps out, inspecting her surroundings. She closes the door behind her.

Stepping forward, Eve hands some money over to the TAXI DRIVER, 40, Asian.

TAXI DRIVER

(worried)

No one comes here anymore, sure this is where you wanna be?

EVE

Thanks, but I'll be fine.

The taxi drives off, disappearing around the corner ahead.

Eve looks around, a series of houses line the street across the road. All seem empty and boarded up.

TWO MEN, 25 and 29, stand guard outside one of the properties, in the shadows of the porch of the property.

They watch Eve as she crossed the road, heading in their direction.

EVE (V.O)

When you follow a scent, it can take you to places you don't really want to go to. And meet people you'd rather stay clear of.

Stopping at the bottom of the stairs leading up to the house. The two men move to protect the entrance, blocking it.

MAN #1

(threatening)
I think your in the wrong neighborhood lady?

EVE (innocently)

(MORE)

CONTINUED: 22.

EVE (cont'd)

And here's me, Miss Little Red Riding Hood all alone in this big bad world.

MAN #2

And we're the big bad wolves?

EVE

(serious)

Tell your boss there's someone here to see them.

MAN #1

Don't know what your talking about.

MAN #2

We're here alone. This is our neighborhood.

EVE

You couldn't even spell the word. Tell him Eve is here.

MAN #1

You mean, your.... her?

EVE

Want an id card or something? Just go and tell your boss that I'm here to talk.

MAN #2

Wait here.

Man #2 disappears inside the home. Man #1 stands guard still, keeping a close eye on their visitor.

Eve keeps an eye in return on him. After a few moments, Man#2 returns.

MAN #2

Alright, he'll see you.

EVE

Sure he can fit me in his busy diary?

Eve walks up to the entrance, disappearing inside.

The two men go back to keeping watch on the surrounding area.

CONTINUED: 23.

MAN #1

You know. I'd so do her.

MAN #2

Like she'd let you man. Do you even know who she is?

MAN #1

Nope. All I saw was that perfect ass from behind.

MAN #2

Let me tell you bro, you wouldn't even get to first place. The things I have heard on the streets about her would make even you scared to go out at night.

INT. MABLE STREET (ABANDONED HOUSE) - DAY

A low pitched sound of the television comes from the living room, as Eve enters inside.

The room is almost empty, although a large flat screen television takes pride and place in one corner.

A HALF NAKED WOMAN, 26, lays unconsciously on her stomach, on a badly damaged sofa. Her back is bare, and skirt is high showing off her underwear.

On a large comfortable chair in one corner is Mr. Big, 50. A very large guy, dressed in business suit so that he can impress his customers.

EVE (V.O)

I guess we found our Mr. Big in the city.

Mr. Big inspects Eve out. A smile cracks across his face at the pretty woman in front of him.

MR. BIG

So your her?

EVE

That's what they tell me. I like what you have done with the place.

Eve checks the room out for any more visitors. Noticing a painting on the wall of a girl holding a flower.

CONTINUED: 24.

EVE

Has that woman's touch to it, but a little pricey for me.

MR. BIG

Ha! They told me you had a mouth on you.

EVE

We all got mouths, some of us use them for thing's we shouldn't.

MR. BIG

No idea what your talking about.

EVE

Caught your handy work last night. Not far from here.

MR. BIG

(smiles)

Not my handy work.

EVE

I'm pretty sure it was. Also met a friend of yours, visiting from another city.

MR. BIG

No idea what you talking about. I think it's about time you left.

EVE

I can't I'm afraid. I've been asked to take you in for ... retraining.

MR. BIG

That what you call it now? Retraining? In the old days they just use to call it neutering a guy.

EVE

You should have had yours cut off a long time ago.

MR. BIG

Maybe I should teach you a lesson.

Mr. Big looks past Eve.

CONTINUED: 25.

MR. BIG (CONT'D)

(shouts)

BOYS!

Eve's eyes move to the right slightly, as Man #1 and Man#2 appear at the entrance to the room. Eve smiles as she goes back to look at Mr. Big.

MAN #1

Yeah Boss!

MR. BIG

Take the trash out will you. Quickly, my favourite show is on and I don't want any distractions.

The two men step forward, standing either side of Eve looking at her.

MAN #1

Let's go lady.

The men smash their fists into their hands.

Eve keeps focusing on Mr. Big.

EVE

You had your chance.

Quickly, Eve's clenched fists rise up.

SMASH. Her fists smash into the men's faces.

SCREAM. The two men scream out, covering their bloody noses and face with their hands.

Eve drops down, bending to one knee.

She takes a hold of one leg of both of the men, pulling it forward.

CRASH. The men fly backwards, smashing down onto the floorboards below.

Holding their heads slightly as they try to rise up.

BANG. Eve swings in a roundhouse kick on one foot. Connecting with the faces of the two men knocking them out cold.

Eve stops, composing herself as she stares directly at Mr. Big. $\,$

CONTINUED: 26.

MR. BIG

(angry)

You little bitch.

Mr. Big struggles to rise from his seat.

Eve rises to her feet, smiling at his attempt to get up.

EVE

(cocky)

Take your time, I've got all day.

Mr. Big looks up, his face in anger.

Turning to his side, he opens a draw on a small table.

Pulling out a GUN. Turning back, he points it directly at Eve. Finger on the trigger.

BOOM. The gun explodes into the ceiling as Eve's foot catches the gun, smashing it out of his hand.

A piece of the ceiling crashes down from the shot, landing on the floorboards.

Eve follows up.

SMASH. Her fist connects with the thick face of Mr. Big, as he crashes back into the chair unconscious.

SMALL GROAN. Eve turns her head at a faint groaning coming from behind her.

The half naked woman's eyes are open slightly, seeing Eve stood there.

Eve walks over, bending down at the sofa where she lays.

EVE

Go back to sleep.

Eve takes hold of a blanket over the back of the sofa, sliding it down over the woman's body.

EVE (V.O)

Someone's daughter. A missing child. Who knows who she is. She's safe now.

Pulling out her phone, Eve hits a button and dials. Placing the phone to her ear.

CONTINUED: 27.

OPERATOR (V.O)

Good Morning and thank you for calling the Office. How may I direct your call?

EVE

I've got three ready for pick up, retraining. Abandoned house on Mable Street, you can't miss it. There's a fourth, woman. Give her a bed for the night and send her on her way.

Eve hangs up, placing the phone away back in her pocket.

Looking at the carnage in her wake, Eve walks off leaving the team to come and clean it up.

FADE OUT:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - HOME (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

FADE IN:

Carrying a bag of groceries in her arm, Eve takes the last step up the stairs and turns the corner.

Looking up, Eve sees a teenage girl (LAURA), 15, sitting outside her apartment.

EVE (V.O)

Laura. A Neighbor. The one piece of sanity in my life. She's had a troubled life, but considers me a friend. Something I've tried to avoid lately in my life.

Walking down the corridor, Eve stops at her apartment door.

Placing the bag on the floor, Eve bends down to look at Eves face, marks of tears noticeable on her cheeks.

EVE

Hey hun, what's wrong?

Laura wipes her face and looks at Eve.

LAURA

(upset)

They've been at it again.

CONTINUED: 28.

EVE

Arguing?

LAURA

Yes. I wish it would stop. I would run away if I could.

EVE

(caring)

Hey, don't say that. I'm sure your parents love you, but sometimes people ... well sometimes people are just stupid and don't see what's in front of them. If you disappeared they would miss you a lot ... so would I.

LAURA

Really?

EVE

Have I ever lied to you?

LAURA

No.

EVE

Your like the little sister I never had.

Laura leans forward. Hugging Eve.

LAURA

(happy)

Thank you.

They break apart.

EVE

I tell you what, I was just gonna do myself some dinner. You wanna come in and have some with me?

LAURA

Sure.

Eve rises, pulling a key from her pocket and unlocking the door.

Eve enters as the door swings open.

Laura rises, picking up the bag and following inside, shutting the door behind her.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

The living room of Eve's home is similar to her bedroom. Open spaced with little furniture within.

A large sofa is the main attraction of the room. Laura and Eve are sat upon it watching the television in front of them.

Laura is asleep, her head leaning against the arm rest. Eve has her bare feet perched on a small table in front, a glass of wine in her hand.

The television is showing the local city news.

INT. THE OFFICE (THE WHITE ROOM) - NIGHT

A large white room contains a medical chair bolted down in the center.

Laying in the chair, at a sixty degree angle, is the half naked woman. Wearing a light blue gown on her body.

Strapped to the chair, she looks around for any sign of life within the room.

HALF NAKED WOMAN

(scared)

Hello? Anyone there?

A crack in the wall opens a door to the outside.

A MASKED MAN, 47, steps inside the room. Wearing a doctors long white coat, medical gloves and a mask covering his identity.

Stepping over, he stops behind the chair. Next him is a small metal trolley. A Needle, small bottle of orange liquid sit upon it.

Following not far behind, Jason Hunt follows inside the room.

He paces around to stop at the side of the half naked woman, looking down at her. Turning her head, she sees the first sign of life in the room.

HALF NAKED WOMAN

(scared)

What do you want with me, I haven't hurt anyone I swear.

CONTINUED: 30.

She is ignored by both in the room. Hunt turns his head and looks at the Masked Man.

JASON HUNT

Is it ready?

MASKED MAN

Yes Sir.

JASON HUNT

Good, start her on it. I want a report as soon as possible.

Hunt looks at the victim once more, before turning and heading towards the door.

MASKED MAN

If it doesn't work Sir?

Hunt stops as he is about to exit.

JASON HUNT

Then... make her disappear. She won't be missed.

Hunt walks out of the room, disappearing as the door closes behind him.

The Masked Man picks up the needle off the trolley. Inspecting it, he then slides it inside the bottle, withdrawing the orange liquid within the syringe.

Placing the half empty bottle back on the trolley, he flicks the needle end. A flicker of orange flies up, out of the needle point.

Walking around, he stops at the side of his victim.

Turning her head, she sees the Masked Man. Her eyes widen at his appearance.

HALF NAKED WOMAN

(frightened)

What are you doing? What is that ... please don't. I haven't done anything wrong, PLEASE!

MASKED MAN

(uncaring)

I know you haven't.

CONTINUED: 31.

HALF NAKED WOMAN

(frightened)

Please let me go, I promise I won't tell anyone.

MASKED MAN

(uncaring)

No you won't.

Sliding the needle inside her soft skin of her bare arm. He injects the liquid inside of her body.

HALF NAKED WOMAN

(pain)

AGHHHHHHHH!

Withdrawing it, her screaming stops.

Placing the empty needle back on the trolley.

Taking a few steps back towards the wall, the Masked Man prepares himself.

The half naked woman struggles, back and forth trying to break the straps holding her down.

After a moment, she stops, falling back into the chair. SILENCE.

A few seconds pass, before she starts to convulse. Her body shaking violently.

Her throat gargles, gasping for air.

BLOOD starts to trickle down from her mouth, eyes and nose. After a moment it starts to pour out much faster, down her neck and to the chair, dripping down onto the floor below.

Stopping all movement in the blink of an eye, she collapses back into the chair. Her mouth and eyes wide open. Blood still pouring out from her face.

MASKED MAN

(disappointed)

It's failed. Clean up the room and get me the next subject. I'll report to Mr Hunt, and be back in an hour to try again.

The Masked Man exits the room through the door in the wall, opening and closing behind him.

CONTINUED: 32.

A light on the ceiling switches on. Getting brighter and brighter every second until the room has disappeared into the light.

Seconds pass, before the light switches off to darkness.

A standard light clicks on. The room almost unchanged, but now upon the chair lies a pile of ash.

Blood continues to drip down on the floor from the chair.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Laura is asleep on the sofa. Head resting on the cushions.

Eve enters from the bedroom. A duvet cover wrapped over her arms.

Stepping forward to the sofa, she throws it out as it slowly falls down upon Laura's body, covering her from neck to feet.

Eve kneels down in front, looking at Laura.

Her hand moves up, brushing a piece of hair away from her face.

Rising back up, Eve walks and exits into the bedroom. The door pulled slightly behind her. A small gap from the light shines into the living room still.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

Eve, sat at her dressing table looks into the mirror at her own reflection.

The mirror changes image, as a little girl (YOUNG EVE) looks back at her.

INT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK - 1831)

An old style 1800's home is lit up by a fire burning in several rooms.

A young girl (YOUNG EVE, 8) peers around a corner. Her white flowing dress fluttering as she runs room to room.

Turning one corner, running, Eve crashes into the legs of a tall man, 39. Distinguishably dressed.

Lifting her head, she looks up towards the man. She smiles.

CONTINUED: 33.

YOUNG EVE

Daddy!

Eve is lifted up into the air. Hands grabbing tightly around her waist.

Their faces meet, it's the man in Eve's dreams. He smiles at her glowing face.

TALL MAN

My baby girl.

He hugs her. Kissing her on the cheek.

Brushing her hair away from her face, her rich blue eyes shining out.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

The image in the mirror changes back to her own reflection.

Reaching across to the right, she opens a draw in the table.

Placing her hand inside.

CLICK. Something is pushed underneath the draw.

A small HIDDEN COMPARTMENT opens in front of her under the mirror.

Reaching in the small area with her fingers, Eve retrieves a GOLD CHAIN. Sliding it out, a HEART SHAPED LOCKET falls out, swinging back and forth.

Holding it in the palm of her hand.

CLICK. The locket opens.

Inside, on either side of the locket, a pencil drawing of two people. A Man, 39, and a Woman, 35.

A tear falls from Eve's eyes, sliding down her cheek and dropping onto the dressing table.

Looking into the locket, Eve then looks up at the mirror.

The image alters, as the same young girl appears, frozen in time reaching out with her arm.

INT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK - 1832)

Young Eve, 9, fights through the SMOKE pouring through the old house. Fire is burning around her.

Parts of the ceiling begin to CRASH down at her side.

Eve avoids the crumbles, climbing and walking over pieces of rubble. Tears running down her face.

A voice calls out from within the smoke.

FATHER

(shouts - concerned)

EVE! EVE!

Young Eve looks around, everywhere.

COUGH. COUGH. The smoke thickens as Eve struggles to see through it, coughing her way as she collapses to the floor on her hands and knees.

GRAB. She is grabbed and pulled back with force by a pair of hands across the floor.

SMASH. A piece of the ceiling crashes down where she once knelt.

Turning, and looking up. As she rises up off the ground, she sees her Father once more. He hugs her.

FATHER

(grateful)

My baby girl. We need to leave now.

YOUNG EVE

(concerned)

What about mother.

FATHER

She is safe, we must go.

He runs through the smoke and debris of the collapsing building, Young Eve held tightly in his arms.

Arriving in a room, shelves full of books adorn the walls along with relics of past times.

A small block has been pulled away in one corner of the room. It reveals a secret exit to a hidden tunnel.

Running over, he drops Eve to her feet.

CONTINUED: 35.

BANG. BANG. Several loud bangs echo through the house.

SHOUTING. Voices start shouting, screaming. Eve is unable to make the words out of what they are saying.

Eve's Father looks back, at the entrance. His eyes widen, eyes raised, mouth open slightly.

Turning back, he looks at Eve.

Raising his hands, across her face, brushing her hair back.

FATHER

Go. Follow the path and you will be safe.

YOUNG EVE

(scared)

Come with me daddy. Please

FATHER

Go. I'll be right behind you. I LOVE YOU AND ALWAYS WILL.

He hugs her once more time. Eve crawls on hands and knees inside the hidden tunnel.

SLAM. The door behind her feet closes shut. The tunnel is dark and cold.

BANG. BANG. Eve turning, bangs on the door.

YOUNG EVE

(crying)

DADDY! DADDY!

Smoke breaks through the gaps in the entrance of the door.

SCREAMS. SHOUTING. A sound of screaming and shouting, unable to recognize what they are saying echoes into the hidden tunnel

Young Eve, tears running down her face, alone and scared stops banging on the door.

SMASH. BANG. CRASH. The sound of a fight, items being smashed around inside the room play into the tunnel.

Eve starts to feel something touching her hands, gripping against the floor.

Lifting her hands up to a small break of light shining in, her hands are covered in BLOOD. Dripping down.

CONTINUED: 36.

SCREAMS. Young Eve lets out an awful scream.

Turning in the small area, she crawls off into the darkness, trying to follow its direction.

She slowly disappears into the darkness for good.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - HOME (BEDROOM) - NIGHT.

The darkness of the tunnel fades into the mirror. Her own reflection reappears once more.

CLENCHING her fist, the locket closes in her hand.

A tear drops from her eyes, sliding down her cheek.

Moving her hand, Eve slips the Locket back into it's hidden compartment under the mirror. Shutting the door behind it.

Wiping away the tear, Eve rises up and turns heading to the bathroom.

The bathroom door is pushed shut as she enters the room.

FADE OUT:

INT. THE OFFICE - CORRIDOR (HUNT'S OFFICE) - DAY

FADE IN:

Eve causally walks down the corridor, heading towards a door at the farthest end.

She stops outside the door. Raising her hand, she goes to knock.

She is stopped as the door opens first.

A man, head bowed, steps out from the room, brushing past Eve and walking off the way she came.

Turning her head, to follow the man, she watches him walk away.

Half way down the corridor, he turns his head, and looks back at Eve.

His eyes are dark, and mysterious. It is the Masked Man from the White Room experiments.

He turns back looking in the direction he is walking. Eve turns her head to Hunt's office.

She enters, shutting the door behind her.

INT. THE OFFICE (HUNT'S OFFICE) - DAY

Hunt is sat in his chair, focusing on reading a report in his hands over the desk in front.

JASON HUNT

You did well last night. Brought in three for us to retrain.

EVE

That's what you asked wasn't it?

Hunt raises his head to look at Eve.

JASON HUNT

Yes. Nice to see you following orders this time.

EVE

Is there anything else Sir?

JASON HUNT

Yes. Had a report come in a short time ago. The new visitor you saw yesterday.

EVE

(concerned)

The kid's place? What happened?

JASON HUNT

Not sure yet. Police got a call last night, checked out the place but nothing of interest.

EVE

Want me to check it out Sir.

JASON HUNT

It's not our priority right now. We are concerned about another visitor to the city. It's understood he's on a ship arriving this morning.

EVE

Who is it?

CONTINUED: 38.

JASON HUNT

An old friend of

yours..... Jonathan Green.

Eves face tightens up.

EVE

(angry)

I told him not to return. I guess he didn't get the message.

JASON HUNT

(authorative)

We can't have people like him coming here. Go to the docks and send him back where he came from. Make sure he understands this time he is not welcome here anymore.

EVE

Yes Sir.

JASON HUNT

Dismissed.

Eve turns and leaves, as Hunt checks his report once more.

As Eve leaves, the door shut behind her. Hunt brings out a phone from his pocket.

Dialing a number, he slides the phone to his ear, turning the chair to face the cabinets.

JASON HUNT

It's set.

With just a short message, he hangs up. Placing the phone back in his pocket of his jacket.

Files are layered upon his desk. One file stands out in brown as other colors stand over it.

Hunt turns to his desk, pulling the brown file out and placing it on top of the pile.

The file reads: EVE

Underneath a file stamp claims: CLASSIFIED.

Hunt opens the file.

Several photos of Eve in present day are attached to the left side by a clip.

CONTINUED: 39.

On the right is a print out, attached by another clip. It gives details of Eve's abilities and training she has been on over the past year.

Hunt's finger rises up the report, stopping at one point of notice.

BIRTH DATE: UNKNOWN? is printed.

Stamping his finger several times, staring at the query over this answer.

Shutting the file. Hunt falls back, relaxing into his chair.

FADE OUT:

EXT. DOCKLANDS - DAY

FADE IN:

Eve hides, as she crouches down behind some large containers and crates at the edge of the docklands.

Looking down, a boat (THE QUEENSLAND) is docked at harbor.

Lots of WORKMEN pace back and forth up and down the ramp to the boat. Many carrying boxes, and crates of various sizes.

After a few minutes, the workers all start to disappear inside a warehouse. The large metal doors sliding down behind them.

Eve looks around, the area is vacated.

Making her way forward, she maneuvers herself between containers before finally ending up near the ramp leading up to the Queensland.

Looking around once more, Eve runs hitting the ramp leading up and reaching the top of the boat within a few seconds.

Crouching down, on deck of the boat, Eve checks the surrounding area. No sounds or sign of life are around.

Seeing a door ahead, Eve opens it and disappears inside. The door sealing shut behind her.

INT. DOCKLANDS - THE QUEENSLAND SHIP (CARGO ROOM) - DAY

CREAK. A door swings open high up from the base of the ship cargo room.

Eve peers around the corner, before stepping inside.

Down below in the cargo area, darkness looms around, apart from a single large wooden box. A spotlight shines down from above on it.

EVE (V.O)

Bingo! Something, or SOMEONE of importance inside.

Eve makes her way down the steel steps, stopping as she reaches the box.

Her eyes narrow, as she scours the area surroundings, but darkness is all that appears.

Grabbing a piece of the lid, with one swift pull shes tears a piece of wood from the box.

Eve's eyes light up, bright and wide open.

JONATHAN GREEN, 39, is laying inside the box.

His smart outfit of jacket and white shirt is ruined, by a red patch of blood seeping from beneath them.

Tearing the other lid pieces off the box, throwing them aside, Eve rushes to try and check Green.

Pieces of the wood is soaked with red dye from the blood.

EVE

(worried)

Jonathan?

Green's hazel colored eyes open slowly to see Eve stood over him.

JONATHAN GREEN

(softly)

Eve. This was a mistake.

COUGH. Green coughs and splutters his words. Blood seeps from between his lips down the side of his mouth.

EVE

(worried)

What? Who did this?

CONTINUED: 41.

JONATHAN GREEN

(softly)

They took me.

EVE

(angry)

Who?

JONATHAN GREEN

(softly)

Hunting us down. Everywhere. Now here.

COUGH. Green coughs louder, struggling to speak. Blood splatters out from his mouth, splashing onto Eve's blouse.

Reaching in, Eve's hand clenches Greens tightly.

EVE

Hang in there, I'll get help.

JONATHAN GREEN

No.... Time. Here. THEY WANT YOU

COUGH. Green starts coughing profusely. Blood pours out much worse than before from his mouth. Not stopping.

BANG. Green's head crashes down back into the wooden box. His eyes start to close.

Green's hand loosens its grip of Eve's hand, as it falls back into the box at his side.

EVE

(shouting)

Jonathan!

SILENCE.

Eve reaches in. Stroking the side of Greens face. Her eyes close, as a tear falls down.

CLAP. CLAP. A slow loud clapping sound echoes around the large room.

Wiping the tear away, a male voice bellows out from the darkness above where she came entered the room.

MR. BLUE (O.S)

He said you wouldn't come. But I knew you couldn't resist seeing an old friend once more.

CONTINUED: 42.

Eve turns, looking around the area but unable to see where the voice is coming from.

Shadows start to form in the darkness. A group of ARMORED MEN break from the black into the small of the light shining down.

Eve turns full circle. No escape. Nowhere to run. Each of the armored men aiming a gun at her.

She stops as she looks up at the entrance to the room.

EVE

And you would be?

MR. BLUE.

Call me Mr. Blue.

EVE

Mr. Blue? You've seen too many old Tarantino films.

MR. BLUE.

Ha ha. He told me you had humor. Eve... do you mind if I call you that?

EVE

Only my friends call me Eve.

MR. BLUE.

But surely we are. I did bring an old friend back to see you ... one last time. I probably know more about you, than you know yourself.

EVE

Really? So you know what I'm capable of.

MR. BLUE.

That is why I'm keeping my distance.

EVE

What do you want?

MR. BLUE.

I'm here with a question.

EVE

The answer is NO.

CONTINUED: 43.

MR. BLUE.

You don't know what it is?

EVE

I already know I'm not gonna like it.

MR. BLUE.

Too bad. Maybe you could have saved your friends. It's a shame Eve. We could have worked well together. A damn shame.

SILENCE.

After a moments of silence, the armored men start to withdraw, disappearing into the darkness from where they once came.

Eve stands. Alone. No sound from within the room but her own heartbeat.

EVE (V.O)

We'll meet again. Next time, I will be ready. That will be a date you never forget.

Eve brings out her phone, hitting and number and dials.

EVE

Danson. We have a situation. Green is dead.... I don't know, get a team down here at the docks.

Eve hangs up, placing her phone back away in her inside pocket.

Turning, she looks at the peaceful Green. Asleep forever in his box delivered to her.

EVE

Bye Jonathan. I'm sorry.

EXT. DOCKLANDS - DAY

A large van is parked at the docks near the ramp leading up to the Queensland boat.

Several UNIFORMED MEN make their way down the ramp. Each taking a careful hold of the box found inside.

CONTINUED: 44.

One Uniformed Man opens the back doors to the van, as they slide the box inside. Slamming the door shut behind them.

Danson puts his signature to some paperwork on a clipboard, handing it back to the DRIVER.

The Driver makes his way back to the van, climbing inside the front.

Danson walks over, to join Eve who is leaning against the bonnet of a car.

He perches next to her. The van driving off into the distance. Other workers make their way back up the ramp, disappearing onto the boat.

DANSON

So, what happened?

EVE

Green paid a visit. A short one.

Eve rubs her fingers against her forehead for a moment. Her eyes closing for a moment.

EVE (CONT'D)

They were waiting for me. They knew me. It was a set up and I walked right into it.

DANSON

You couldn't have known?

EVE

I should have. Killers without a conscience. Their eyes, I could see it in their eyes.

DANSON

What about the one who spoke?

EVE

Mr. Blue. I'd say mid thirties, not from around here by his accent. He knew I would be here.

DANSON

How?

EVE

It was like, he was informed.

Eve looks down at the ground beneath her. Her eyebrows furrow, as she thinks.

CONTINUED: 45.

DANSON

What is it?

Eve turns to look at Danson.

EVE

You alright to clean up? I gotta check something.

DANSON

Sure, that's what I do?

EVE

Thanks. I'll contact you if I need you.

Eve walks away, as Danson goes and joins the other team members talking at the top of the boat.

INT. EVE'S CAR - DAY

Eve's car speeds down the empty road, breaking the limit.

EVE (V.O)

Only one person knew where I was going to be.

Eve's fingers touch the phone, placed strategically on the front of the inside of the car.

Hitting a button and dials.

RING RING. RING RING. It rings. A woman's kind voice breaks through the receiver.

OPERATOR (V.O)

Good afternoon and thank you for calling the Office. How may I direct your call?

EVE

It's Eve, is he in?

OPERATOR (V.O)

I'm sorry but he's out at the moment. Do you wish to leave a message.

EVE

No. When did he leave?

CONTINUED: 46.

OPERATOR (V.O)

An hour ago, I believe he has headed home miss. Can I help you....

Eve hits the disconnect button, cutting off the operator sharply.

Looking out at the streets ahead, she speeds off faster down the country roads.

EVE (V.O)

It's time we had more than a little chat.

The car drives off at speed into the distance.

INT. JASON HUNT'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door to Hunt's apartment is open, slightly.

Eve's face peers around the corner. Looking around inside the home.

Pushing the door open, the apartment has been turned over. Furniture tossed over, books and glass smashed onto the floor.

EVE

(worried)

Sir, it's Eve, are you here?

SILENCE.

Eve enters the room, carefully avoiding any broken glass and objects on the floor.

Turning the corner into the next joined room, Eve stops. Her eyes widen open fully.

Hunt's neck is tied by a length of rope, looped around a hook placed into the ceiling. His body turns slowly sideways.

Hunt's face is very pale. His tongue protruding from his mouth, eyes glazed over.

Eve looks around the emptiness of the room. No furniture is close by.

Looking past Hunt's body, Eve sees a piece of paper pinned to the far wall by a knife.

CONTINUED: 47.

Eve pulls the knife out, gripping onto the paper. Throwing the knife away, Eve turns, leaning back against the wall.

The paper in her hand, she reads it.

EVE (V.O)

Dear Eve. Mr Hunt is unable to join us today, as he is a little TIED UP after our meeting. Your decisions, you must learn, have consequences. I implore you to reconsider your decision, before more innocents closer to you are lost. Yours. Mr. Blue.

CRUNCH. The paper is crunched tightly in Eve's fist. Eve looks up at Hunt's lifeless body swinging briefly.

EVE

(angry)

You got off lightly you son of a bitch.

Eve steps away from the room, as she enters back into the main room that has been trashed.

Pulling out her phone, she calls up a number and dials.

SILENCE.

EVE

Danson. Send a team to Hunt's home. You can take your time. He's not going anywhere.

Eve hangs up, placing the phone away as she looks around the room.

FADE OUT:

INT. JASON HUNT'S APARTMENT - DAY

FADE IN:

An OFFICE FORENSIC TEAM are working in the murder room.

As one member is stood on a chair, cutting the rope, Hunt's body falls over the shoulders of another member of the team.

Danson walks around the corner, as Eve is sat upon a wooden chair placed upright. Stroking her mouth with her hand.

Seeing Danson walk forward, Eve rises up to look at him.

CONTINUED: 48.

DANSON

(worried)

What the hell is going on Eve?

EVE

I don't know.

DANSON

Are the same ones you met responsible for this?

EVE

I'd put my money on it. I found this, read it.

Danson takes the note from Eve as she pulls it out from her pocket.

Danson scans through it quickly, before looking back up at Eve who takes the note back sticking it in her pocket.

DANSON

(whispering)

Jesus. Who is this guy?

EVE

(whispering)

Not sure. Hunt set me up. He was working with them, and god knows who else could be.

DANSON

(whispering)

I'll do a new security check when I get back. We'll have a total lock down.

EVE

(whispering)

No. We keep this between us right now.

DANSON

(whispering)

The Management will have to be informed about Hunt's death?

EVE

(whispering)

Yes, I'll deal with that tomorrow. For now we keep this quiet about what's gone on today. I need to go home, I'll check in with you tomorrow.

49. CONTINUED:

Eve turns as she exits the room through the front door.

Danson is left alone, as he turns looking at each of the other members of the Office team inside Hunt's house.

INT. THE COMPLEX (MR. BLACK'S OFFICE) - NIGHT

A large desk carries most of the space in the room. A tall leather chair resides behind it. A light shining from behind the chair.

A man (MR. BLUE) stands at ease. Dropping a brown folder onto the empty desk below from his hands.

The same brown folder which contains Eve's name on the front Hunt held in his office.

MR. BLUE.

It's done.

MR. BLACK. (O.S)

Any problems?

MR. BLUE.

She refused... as you expected. The message has been delivered. Mr Hunt has been ... taken care of.

 $$\operatorname{MR.}$$ BLACK. (O.S) I never really liked the guy. He was too ... old fashioned for our times. He did have his uses though.

A hand pulls around from the leather chair, still facing away. It picks up the brown folder, pulling it towards the hidden person sat.

MR. BLUE.

How do you know she will join?

MR. BLACK. (O.S)

She will. Once she knows what we have.

Mr. Blue steps to the side, as he looks upon a large television in front of the chair.

The screen on the monitor shows several small boxed screens.

CLICK. A finger pushes a button on a remote control in his hand at the side of the chair.

CONTINUED: 50.

The image on the screen changes, to one large picture, as the distance of the image starts to move closer.

A Man is chained to a brick wall with shackles around his wrists. His clothes are torn, and dirty. Unshaven for years, and a pale complexion in his skin tone.

Raising his head, the man shows his face to the camera watching him.

Eve's Father is ALIVE.....

FADE OUT:

END CREDITS: