

EXTORTION OPENING - REDRAFT 08/01/20

By

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1. INT. HOTEL BATHROOM. MORNING.

[JACK KNOX, PAUL MCKISSACK]

**KNOX's** hand trembling.

He uses both hands to bring a hip flask to his mouth gulping furiously, calming his agitation, as he bobs in and out of focus.

He places the flask down by the basin, picking up a bottle of mouthwash, gargling and spitting it out into the sink.

He takes out a stick of gum and begins chewing catching his reflection in the mirror, quickly looking away.

A thump on the door startles him, upon turning he knocks the hip flask on its side, the spirit pouring onto his trousers.

**MCKISSACK**

(OC)

**We're on, let's go.**

**KNOX**

**Just coming.**

Beads of sweat form around his neat crew cut, grasping at a towel, he futilely dabs at the trousers of his navy suit.

With little recourse, he grabs a bottle of cologne, unscrews the lid and liberally sprinkles it onto the stain, before tugging at the white coiled wire to attach his earpiece.

2. INT. HOTEL LIFT. MORNING.

[JACK KNOX, PAUL MCKISSACK, FAIREH SIDDIQUI, BODYGUARD]

Their client, **SIDDIQUI** your standard business type, is hemmed into the corner between **KNOX** and **MCKISSACK** as another **BODYGUARD** stands directly in front of the lift doors.

**VOICE**

(oc in earpiece)

**Concourse clear, ETA 30 seconds.**

**KNOX's** cologne offends **SIDDIQUI's** nostrils, making him gravitate towards **MCKISSACK**.

3. INT. INDOOR CARPARK. HOTEL. MORNING.

[JACK KNOX, PAUL MCKISSACK, FAIREH SIDDIQUI, BODYGUARD]

The lift pings open, the **BODYGUARD** steps out, scoping the deserted car lot, he nods to the others inside who exit.

Once they're clear of the elevator, they're blinded by floodlights from the front and side.

The **BODYGUARD** dies instantly with a bullet to the head **KNOX** shoves **SIDDIQUI** between two cars as he draws his Glock.

Bullets pockmark nearby vehicles as **KNOX** aims towards the lights and fires...nothing, the safety is on.

**KNOX** is double tapped in his bullet proof vest, falling backwards.

Winded, he scrambles backwards to give himself cover behind a car, firing over the bonnet indiscriminately towards the lights, again nothing.

**KNOX** removes the clip from the gun, WTF no bullets, he replaces it with a full one.

The lights vanish, **KNOX** peers over a bonnet, the assailants are gone, he makes for the slumped bodies of **MCKISSACK** and **SIDDIQUI**.

**MCKISSACK** dutifully lays on top of **SIDDIQUI**, **KNOX** pushes him aside turning **SIDDIQUI'S** lifeless corpse over.

**MCKISSACK** coughs as **KNOX** crawls towards him, cradling him as he applies pressure to a shoulder wound.

**KNOX**  
(into the com in his sleeve)  
Man down! Man down! Where are you?

4. FIVE YEARS LATER. INT. HALL. AA AND SUBSTANCE ABUSE MEETING. DAY.

[KNOX, WILLIE (COUNSELLOR), MAUREEN, TAM, FRANK, DANNY]

The chairs are arranged in a circle each person stands up and introduces themselves.

**KNOX** is now bald with a goatee

(CONTINUED)

TAM

I'm Tam, I am an alcoholic. 'Been sober six years this September.

DANNY

My name's Danny, I used to take drugs I've been clean fur eight weeks.

KNOX

Jack I'm an alcoholic been clean for five years.

WILLIE

Everyone this is Maureen. Would you like to introduce yourself?

MAUREEN

Ma name's Maureen I'm addicted tae Valium. It aw started when ma husband left me, fur another man. Then ma boy got hooked on heroin. Then ma daughter she goat pregnant at eleven...tae ma boy...wie twins.

WILLIE

Go on Maureen you're doin' great.

MAUREEN

Then ma wee dug Boaby goat run over last week by the Tally van...

WILLIE

Go on Maureen.

KNOX and TAM share a look of incredulity.

MAUREEN

Now ma washin' machine's oan the blink.

WILLIE

You're doing great Maureen.

MAUREEN

So I went tae the doctor.

WILLIE

And did he help?

(CONTINUED)

MAUREEN

No really, he prescribed me twenty  
Valium.

KNOX gives an exasperated look that no one picks up on.

5. INT. THE SHIRE GYM. MORNING.

[JACK KNOX, RAB - GYM OWNER, KIERAN (BOY), TAM, TERRY]

KNOX is pretend sparring with a young boy KIERAN in the  
boxing ring pulling his punches.

In the background, a subdued RAB makes his way to his  
office. KNOX clocks RAB's demeanour and throws the fight  
pretending to take a knock out blow.

KNOX

(to KIERAN)

I nearly had ye there.

KIERAN

Aye so you did.

KNOX

The moment when you think you've  
won is when you're most vulnerable.

TAM

I thought you said you could kill  
someone with your bare hands and  
feet, what happened?

KIERAN gives KNOX a hand up.

KNOX

I didnae huv time tae take ma shoes  
and socks aff. Nice whan wee man.

6. INT. OFFICE. THE SHIRE GYM. DAY.

[JACK KNOX, RAB, TERRY]

RAB is nursing a whiskey in a tumbler.

KNOX

Alright?

RAB

Does this bother you?

(CONTINUED)

KNOX

The drink, naw naw. I don't crave it anymore.

KNOX sits down.

KNOX

It's bit early aw the same, no?

RAB

I need it. I'm jist back fae the bank, they're no gonna extend me any mair credit.

KNOX

The gym?

RAB nods and sips.

KNOX

What do we dae?

RAB

You're no gettin' involved it's ma problem Jack.

KNOX

If it wiznae fur you I'd be oan the streets. How much dae ye need, I've goat about sixteen grand and change, it's yours.

RAB

I appreciate it mate, I really do but it's a drop in the ocean as far as this place is concerned. I need at least a hunner or they'll foreclose on me.

KNOX

A hunner grand?

KNOX looks out the window, we rack focus to **TERRY**, a brick shit house pounding a punchbag.

7. INT. THE SHIRE GYM. DAY.

[KNOX, RAB, KIERNAN, WILLIE, TERRY, EXTRAS]

Twenty grand in neat piles of small denominations are regimented on a table in front of **KNOX** as he holds court.

(CONTINUED)

TAM

Why can't we just put oan a twenty grand bet?

KNOX

We don't want to arouse suspicion. You put on a bet like that, a bookie 'ill think the fight is rigged.

TAM

But it is.

KNOX

Aye in our favour and the less folk know about it the better. That's why we get forty folk to spread bet a pony each to all the bookie's involved.

RAB

You sure about this Jack, we're all in on this?

KNOX

We can't lose, Terry's goat fists of iron.

8. INT. BOXING RING. BOXING VENUE. NIGHT.

[TERRY, SMALL CROWD, EXTRAS]

We follow TERRY's face as it hits the canvas, a cheer goes up from the crowd out of focus in the background.

9. INT. BOXING VENUE. NIGHT.

[KNOX, PUNTER, EXTRAS]

KNOX mimics TERRY's descent as he slumps in his chair as a PUNTER rips up his betting slip.

PUNTER

(looking at KNOX)

That boy's jaw's made of glass.

10. EXT. BOXING VENUE. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT.

[KNOX, TERRY, RODDY KINCAID, CRAIG, DERREN]

In the foreground hidden, **KNOX** sits on a bin contemplating an unopened half bottle and his mobile phone, oblivious of two black SUV's pulling up in the background.

**KNOX** unscrews the lid, inhaling the vapor then pours the contents of the bottle onto the pavement in front of him.

**KNOX** dials a number, as **CRAIG** gets out of the car opening the back door for a clean shaven **RODDY KINCAID**.

**KNOX**  
(preoccupied on the phone)  
Rab...it's me. I'm sorry. I dunno  
what tae say. I understand if you  
don't want tae talk...

In the middle ground, a fire door is pushed open **TERRY** emerges triumphantly.

**KNOX** clocks him, as **KINCAID** approaches him shoving a thick envelope into his hand.

**KINCAID**  
...and the Oscar goes to. Darren'll  
take you to the airport.

**KNOX**  
(on the phone)  
I'll drop by the gym tae pick up ma  
stuff.

**TERRY** quickly jumps in the back of the second SUV, it circles the yard soon followed by the first as **KINCAID** gets into the back.

As fast as they appeared the SUV's are gone leaving **KNOX**, shrinking in their side mirror dumbfounded.

11. INT. THE SHIRE GYM. NIGHT.

[KNOX, RAB]

**KNOX** sheepishly enters the darkened space, taking stock, looking about until his eyes fall on **RAB's** legs as they dangle in the foreground.

(CONTINUED)



KNOX  
(rushing forward)  
Rab no!!!!

12. INT. CHAPEL. CONFESSIONAL. NIGHT. EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER.

[KINCAID, PATRICK-PRIEST]

KINCAID sporting a five day stubble, kneels, as in the adjacent booth, the PRIEST rolls up his newspaper.

KINCAID  
Alright, you open for business?

PRIEST  
What happened tae Bless Me Father  
fur I have sinned?

KINCAID  
Geezus peace.

PRIEST  
Is that no whit yer here fur, peace  
of mind?

KINCAID  
That's what Valium's fur.

PRIEST  
Absolution comes through humility.  
Prostrating yourself before God.

KINCAID  
I here tae talk tae you, a flesh  
and blood person, no tae get  
embroiled in your racket.

PRIEST  
That's like goin' tae a brothel tae  
admire the decor Roddy.

KINCAID  
God... who's he anyway, jist Santa  
Claus wie better PR.

PRIEST  
Ok I'll change the subject shall I?  
How's the drug trade, still selling  
smack tae weans?

(CONTINUED)

KINCAID  
You're one tae talk.

PRIEST  
How's that?

KINCAID  
You lot.

PRIEST  
Whit about us?

KINCAID  
You're the biggest pushers in  
humanity. You sell folk the most  
potent drug known tae man.

PRIEST  
Oh aye and whit's that?

KINCAID  
Hope.

PRIEST  
If we're so repugnant why do you  
keep coming here?

KINCAID  
'been asking masel the same  
question, it's gonny change.

PRIEST  
What is?

KINCAID  
My life.

PRIEST  
What about it?

KINCAID  
I'm getting out, getting clean.

PRIEST  
Laundering isn't cleaning. You  
can't just expunge your past by  
ignoring it.

KINCAID gets back on his feet.

KINCAID  
What dae ye whant aff me eh? An  
apology?

PRIEST

It's no me you need to apologise  
tae.

KINCAID reaches the door, his hand on the knob.

PRIEST

If you can't apologise, at least  
forgive yourself.

KINCAID

'Easier said than done Pat.

PRIEST

'About the roof.

KINCAID

What about it?

PRIEST

Thanks.

KINCAID

Your welcome.

PRIEST

Don't be a stranger Roddy. I  
believe you can change even if you  
don't...

KINCAID leaves.

13A. EXT. CHURCH. STREET. NIGHT.

[KINCAID]

KINCAID dials a number on his mobile as he strolls to his  
awaiting SUV.

KINCAID

(to the mobile)

It's me, if I don't git ma money by  
Friday; I'll slit yer belly open,  
grab yer intestines, and squeeze  
the livin' shite out of yea, goat  
that?....Sorry sweetheart is your  
Daddy in? Can you tell him Roddy  
phoned? .. Thanks hen...Bye bye.

13B. EXT. ROOFTOP ABOVE STREET. NIGHT.

[RANDELL, KINCAID]

**KINCAID** is being tracked through a green night vision sniper's scope as he meanders along the pavement.

**RANDELL's** finger caresses the trigger.

Through the sniper's scope **KINCAID** vanishes behind a van that pulls up beside him.

13C. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

[KINCAID, MASKED MEN X 2]

**KINCAID** hangs up cursing under his breathe when the slide door of the van beside him opens, and a **MASKED MAN** points a sawn off at him.

**KINCAID** ducks as the window of a nearby car is blasted out.

14. EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT.

[KINCAID, KNOX (TRAMP), CRAIG, DARREN, MASKED MEN X 2]

**KINCAID** runs around the corner, hiding behind a wheelie bin, patting himself for a gun that isn't there.

**KINCAID**

Shit.

A shadow grows along the wall as **KINCAID** looks around for a make shift weapon, grabbing a discarded ginger bottle.

**KINCAID** jumps outs from behind the bin.

**KINCAID**

C'moan then!!!

He smashes the bottle against the side of the metal bin and is left only with the stump of the lid.

A trigger is cocked behind him as two **MASKED MEN** have a clean shot at him.

From nowhere, a brick flies into the face of the **MASKED MAN** in front as the figure of a **TRAMP** wrestles the gun from **MASKED MAN 2's** hand foiling the assassination attempt.

(CONTINUED)

**MASKED MAN 2** pulls a RAMBO knife attempting to slash the **TRAMP** who performs kote mawashi: a wrist turn in on him, forcing him to drop the blade.

Un-deterred, the **MASKED MAN 2** throws blows at the hooded **TRAMP** none of them connecting.

The **TRAMP** returns the compliment, unleashing an onslaught at his attacker's chi centres and vital organs.

**KINCAID** makes to grab the first **MASKED MAN** only catching his jacket as he stumbles to his feet before running off.

**KINCAID** picks up his fallen gun and aims at the fleeing **MAN** who turns the corner.

**KINCAID** turns his attention to his second assailant but can't put a bead on him as his rescuer, the **TRAMP** is in his way, the second **MASKED MAN** turns tail running off as well.

**KINCAID** approaches the **TRAMP** who lowers his hood to reveal a heavily bearded **KNOX**.

**KINCAID**

Where did you come fie?

**KNOX** points at a sleeping bag underneath some air conditioning units.

**CRAIG**

Are you ok boss?

**KINCAID**

Where the fuck did you get tae?

**DARREN**

They goat away.

**KINCAID**

Really, no shit?

**CRAIG**

Who's he?

**KINCAID**

This guy saved ma life.

**KNOX**

(retreating)

I don't want any trouble.

KINCAID

It's okay mate. I want to repay you.

KNOX

I don't want anything.

KINCAID

How you handled they guys, where did you learn that shit?

KNOX

The army.

KINCAID

Look I'm getting you a room for the night. I'm no taking no fur answer.

KNOX

It's alright.

KINCAID

After what you did. I insist. C'mon, I'm Roddy, these arseholes are Craig and Darren. You are?

They begin walking.

KNOX

Jack. My sleeping bag?

KINCAID

I'll get you a new whan. You goat a surname name Jack?

KNOX

Knox.

KINCAID

Huh? Hard Knox right enough.

15. INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

[KNOX, BARBARA]

**KNOX** is dozing in bed when there's a chap at the door. He gets out, going to the peep hole, then opens the door.

A young **WOMAN**, **BARBARA** in a trench coat stands in the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

**BARBARA**  
Roddy sent me.

**KNOX**  
I'm sorry?

She opens her coat to reveal she's wearing a corset and suspenders as she brushes passed him, **KNOX** tries to put his tongue back into his mouth as he shuts the door.

16. INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

[KNOX, BARBARA, KINCAID, CRAIG, DARREN]

As **KNOX** snores **BARBARA's** feet trot across the room, picking up her trench coat and putting it on.

She glances back at **KNOX** who is out for the count then creeps to the door.

As she opens it, **KINCAID's** henchmen: **CRAIG** and **DARREN** bookend the entrance, as the **BARBARA** passes by them, **CRAIG** shoves a roll of notes into her hand.

**CRAIG** pulls out a black jack as **DARREN** secures a knuckle duster onto his fingers as they descend on the form in the bed, pummeling it...pillows.

**KNOX** emerges from the behind the curtains, headbutting **DARREN** then clotheslining **CRAIG's** throat, twisting the black jack from his hand.

Before **CRAIG** can regain his composure, **KNOX** piston whips him into submission with the black jack.

**KINCAID**  
(entering)  
Alright calm down, we're all friends here.

**KNOX**  
What's your fucking game?

**KINCAID**  
The boys were suspicious.

**KNOX**  
Of what?

**DARREN**  
You ya prick.

(CONTINUED)

KINCAID

There's a cognitive dissonance.

KNOX

In English?

DARREN

(holding his burst nose)

How someone as resourceful as you  
is living rough.

KNOX

Bad luck n'bad choices.

CRAIG

What the fuck where you daein' in  
that alleyway?

KNOX

(to KINCAID)

It was you who insisted in putting  
me up for the night, I didn't want  
to come.

DARREN

I think Barbara would disagree.

KINCAID

Nothing else will happen tae ye  
Jack. We're all jittery. It just  
seemed coincidental you were in  
that particular alleyway when I  
goat jumped.

KNOX

'You regret what I did?

KINCAID

Naw naw.

KNOX

(to CRAIG)

Need a hand?

KNOX offers CRAIG his hand as he struggles to get on his  
feet, but at the last minute he slow claps him.

CRAIG

Prick.

KNOX

I was in that alley because there's  
vents. N'like your boys, they blow

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



KNOX (cont'd)  
out a lot of fucking hot air,  
satisfied? Go look if you don't  
believe me.

DARREN  
How did you know we'd dae this tae  
ye?

KNOX  
I worked in security.

KINCAID  
You were a bouncer?

KNOX  
Close protection.

DARREN  
Whit's the difference?

KNOX  
Several IQ points.

KINCAID  
How'd you like to work for me?

KNOX  
As what?

KINCAID  
A fucking shepherd, whit dae you  
think? ...Look, rest easy, nothing  
else is gonny happen tae ye the  
night. Come roon to mines the morra  
at ten, we'll talk.

DARREN and CRAIG head for the door.

KNOX  
Hey.

Tossing the blackjack at CRAIG who clumsily catches it.

KNOX  
You forgot your dildo.

KINCAID  
Oh and one other thing.

KNOX  
Whit's that?

KINCAID  
Loose the beard, you look like a  
fanny.

17. INT. HOTEL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

[KINCAID, CRAIG, DARREN]

They stride along the corridor, **CRAIG** slightly behind holding his head with a hanky pressed against his wounds.

DARREN  
You really offering him a joab?

KINCAID  
Run a check on him. His story's  
that unbelievable, it might just be  
true.

18. INT. SYMPOSIUM NIGHTCLUB. MORNING.

[KNOX, CRAIG, DARREN, KINCAID, SLOANE KINCAID (RODDY'S DAUGHTER)]

CRAIG  
Wait here.

**KNOX** now bald and clean shaven walks a few feet to the left.

KNOX  
Can I wait here instead? The  
light's more flattering.

CRAIG  
Cunny funt.

**CRAIG** walks off to reveal **SLOANE KINCAID**, a young woman sat in a booth, in a shirt and pencil skirt doing the accounts, she looks up scrutinizing **KNOX**.

SLOANE  
'You the new bouncer?

KNOX  
Naw I'm a pole dancer... I've goat  
dem moves like Jagger.

SLOANE  
(giving him the once over)  
'Sure you don't mean Brian Jones?

**KINCAID** in a tracksuit enters with **DARREN** by his side.

(CONTINUED)

KINCAID  
You're here, did you sleep?

KNOX  
Like a baby, I cried all night and  
shat masel.

KINCAID  
C'moan.

19. INT. RODDY'S OFFICE. SYMPOSIUM NIGHTCLUB. MORNING.

[KNOX, KINCAID]

KINCAID  
Sit doon. 'Drink?

KNOX  
No fur me.

KINCAID  
Of course, you quit...You and I  
have something in common.

KNOX  
Oh yeah, 'you on the Sex Offenders  
Register as well? Small world.

KINCAID  
I mean we were both in the army.  
Tours of the gulf, Afghanistan,  
commendations up the arse. Black  
Diamond private security; then it  
all goes pear shaped, what  
happened?

KNOX  
Undiagnosed PTSD, I fucked up.

KINCAID  
Pity.

KNOX  
Yeah I'm thinking of writing a  
poem.

KINCAID  
You're alright though..now?

KNOX  
'Depends who you ask.

(CONTINUED)

KINCAID

Who can I ask?

KNOX

No one.

KINCAID

Then I'll need tae take your word fur it. So, what do you think of my security detail?

KNOX

'Non existent, you're an open goal.

KINCAID

Craig is in charge of the bouncers.

KNOX

That explains alot.

KINCAID

Like what?

KNOX

Putting him in charge is like giving a monkey a chainsaw.

KINCAID

There's something you need to understand about me, loyalty is very important to me. Craig and Darren started at the bottom.

KNOX

Yeah and they liked it that much they decided to stay there.

KINCAID

(sitting back in his chair)

What do you suggest smart arse? Go on, enthrall me with your acumen.

KNOX

(looking at his tracksuit)

You like to keep fit?

KINCAID

I'm at the gym every morning, keeps me sharp, so what?

KNOX

So your movements are as regular as ma bowels. Why don't you jist put

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KNOX (cont'd)  
an ad in the paper announcing where  
you'll be, cut oot the middle man?

KINCAID  
What do you suggest?

KNOX  
Mix up your schedule. Arrange  
something then at the last minute  
cancel it. See who gets pissed aff,  
that's your man.

KINCAID  
'You implying last night wiz an  
inside joab?

KNOX  
Your boys were just late enough for  
the damage tae get done, did that  
no occur tae you?

KINCAID  
Craig and Darren, nah never.

KNOX  
Who suggested they gee me a doin'  
last night?...

KNOX lets the insinuation hang in the air like perfume, as  
KINCAID computes the implication.

KINCAID  
Okay you're hired.

KNOX  
Who said I wanted the joab?

KINCAID  
I did.

KNOX  
If I take it, I need carte blanche.  
If I tell you no to dae something  
you huv to dae as yer telt, I'll  
huv a reason, understood?

FIN.