

Margin Walkers

By

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INT/EXT. GLASGOW STREET - NIGHT

A foul night.

Rain pelts down, high winds scream along deserted streets.

Lights blaze from a packed Chinese basement restaurant.

O.S: DRUNKEN VOICES BELT OUT CANTONESE POP (C-POP)  
NUMBERS.

A YOUNG WOMAN, NICOLE FUNG SHU, (about 18-21), a pretty young student, emerges from the steps in to the squall.

Slightly drunk, she tightens her hooded jacket, opens a pink umbrella.

She struggles off down the street.

A GREY SALOON with private taxi markings pulls up alongside her.

The driver, LIAM RENAGHAN (40-45) lean, grey haired and Scottish, lowers the window.

RENAGHAN (O.S)  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
You called for a cab?

NICOLE  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
You speak Chinese?

RENAGHAN (O.S)  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
Where do you stay?

NICOLE  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
West End, near the subway.

RENAGHAN  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
Get in, I'll get you home for  
five pounds.

Nicole gets inside.

She chatters away to the Renaghan.

The minicab drives off.

Another car follows at close distance.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

A bright, wintry morning.

A few early risers slog away on machines in the gym, others trudge across the quadrant.

Stapled to various noticeboards, posts, walls etc, are a series of weathered multilingual 'POLICE SCOTLAND' posters.

The banner reads 'MISSING PERSON'.

At the centre of the poster are pictures of Nicole.

EXT. HARBOUR TOWN - DAY

A quiet coastal town, early morning, only a few boats moored by the harbour.

Very picturesque at first glance, a bit rundown on closer inspection.

A lone police sergeant - JENNIFER LOUISE KWAN (25-30), Hong Kong-British, good looking and athletic - walks her beat.

She passes a small newsagent.

The daily headlines outside reads:

'TRIAD GANG WAR: DEATH TOLL MOUNTS'.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer lies in bed, sweat pours down her face and body.

She's restless, her sleep's tormented.

She springs awake with a CRY of fear.

Jennifer grabs an automatic pistol the from under the pillow, she aims blindly into the darkness.

She lowers the weapon, fumbles around on the beside table, knocks over a glass of water, eventually finds the lamp.

She switches it on.

Jennifer breathes a little more easily.

Blood starts to ooze from her nose.

She GASPS, raises her fingertips to edge of her nose.

She puts the gun down, heads for the bathroom.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

It's a late night immigration raid.

A small group of handcuffed kitchen workers are led from a tiny restaurant-cum-takeaway.

Jennifer, in uniform, watches from a doorway.

Her mobile phone BUZZES - she checks it.

The display illuminates with an incoming message.

She opens the text message:

'REPORT TO GLASGOW.'

Jennifer bites her lip.

She deletes the message and replaces her phone back on her belt.

She takes a packet of cigarettes and lighter from her uniform.

She lights her cigarette with shaky hands, takes a deep drag of smoke and exhales.

EXT. BEARSDEN SUBURB - DAY

Jennifer walks along a quiet, well tended residential street.

She smokes, glances around nervously.

She stops outside the driveway to a large, modern townhouse.

A 'FOR SALE/UNDER OFFER' sign sits in front garden.

She stubs out her cigarette, walks up the driveway.

Jennifer stops at the front door, rings the bell.

She waits.

A WOMAN, FIONA KWAN - MCDONALD (60 - 65 yrs), Hong Kong - British, pleasant featured, answers the door.

Fiona sees Jennifer - she stops in surprise.

FIONA  
Jennifer?

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

It's me.

FIONA

Why, yes, of course it is. Your sisters are here, I'm sure they would be delighted to see you.

JENNIFER

If it's all the same I'd rather pass. It's you I came to see.

FIONA

Come in, please.

Jennifer enters.

Fiona closes the door behind her.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Fiona leads Jennifer down the hallway.

O.S: WOMEN AND CHILDREN LAUGHING.

FIONA

Are you sure you don't want to go in?

JENNIFER

No thanks.

Fiona closes the door over.

Fiona guides Jennifer into a small room off the hallway.

INT. STUDY - DAY

There are photographs on the walls and mantelpiece:

- Jennifer in her graduation gown.
- Jennifer's siblings (x2 brothers and x 2 sisters) in their gowns.
- The siblings pose with their families and children.
- Fiona and her Scottish husband, ALEXANDER McDONALD, on their wedding day.
- Fiona and Alexander posing with Jennifer and her siblings as children.

Fiona and Jennifer enter.

(CONTINUED)

FIONA

You never told me you were back  
in Glasgow.

JENNIFER

I see you're selling up.

FIONA

The house is too big for me now.

JENNIFER

Your idea or theirs?

FIONA

Jennifer, please.

JENNIFER

Where will you go?

FIONA

I'm not sure, not yet.

JENNIFER

I wasn't told what happened, if  
there was anything I could have  
done...

FIONA

That's in the past.

JENNIFER

Did he ever talk about me?

FIONA

Towards the end? All the time,  
you were always his favourite.

JENNIFER

I wanted to say sorry, for what  
happened...

FIONA

When those policemen came to the  
house I was so frightened. They  
wouldn't let us see you.

JENNIFER

There was a reason for that, one  
I can't tell you about, but it  
wasn't my decision -

FIONA

You're still young enough to do  
something else. I never wanted  
you involved -

JENNIFER

I wanted to give something back.  
Is that so bad?

FIONA

No, it's not, it's honourable in fact. But there are other ways, especially with your education. I worry about you, your father did as well. It wasn't just about being embarrassment, it was about you. And as for the police force? What they need you for? A Chinese face on their recruitment posters?

(pause)

How long will you be in Glasgow for?

JENNIFER

I can't say.

FIONA

Can we try and meet?

JENNIFER

I can't make any promises.

FIONA

Jennifer, please come home. The past is the past. You said you needed to find yourself, but you'll always have a place here, you're family -

JENNIFER

I've got to go.

FIONA

Are you mixed up with these murders in the newspapers?

JENNIFER

I can't tell you that. I'll stay safe, talk you again. And soon. I want to make amends...

(pause)

Tell my sisters I was asking for them

Jennifer and Fiona awkwardly embrace.

Jennifer exits.

INT. COVERT INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - DAY

The office is spartan and functional.

The windows are blacked out with heavy drapes.

A plain clothes officers hunch behind workstations.

There are white boards fixed to the walls, the banner reads OPERATION JADE WHITE.

Underneath the banner is an elaborate maze of mug shots, charts and organizational graphs:

- custody photos of hard faced suspects, all young men in their twenties, all from various ethnic backgrounds.

- photographs of elaborate gang tattoos on the prisoners forearms, wrists, necks and shoulder blades.

Crime scene photographs:

- murder victims, mostly Chinese, some British.

- Chinese gang slogans scrawled in blood, margin notes on the photos: 'Translated as: 'Death to spies and traitors'.

- photos of discarded guns, knives and martial arts implements.

Nicole's photo is tacked to one side with its own miniature galaxy of graphs and notes.

Jennifer stares at Nicole's photograph.

The senior officer's D.C.I COLIN STRATTON (about 35 -40), a big, stockily built detective.

STRATTON

So how were the sticks?

JENNIFER

An improvement on London.

STRATTON

Are you match fit? Had enough helping old ladies across the road?

JENNIFER

I'm ready to go.

STRATTON

That's what your psychiatric assessment says. But I'm asking if you are ready for operational duties?

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

I said, I'm ready. I've completed the rehab course, the shrinks are satisfied. Besides, good luck trying to find a Chinese speaker in a hurry -

STRATTON

Hsin Fung Shu, what do you know about her?

JENNIFER

Well, she's called Nicole. She's a student, from Beijing, disappeared a few weeks ago.

STRATTON

An undercover I'm running reckons he's found her. He's reasonably confident she's alive and being held against her will.

Stratton hands Jennifer a file.

It's stamped:

'OPERATION JADE WHITE - SECRET - NOT TO BE REMOVED FROM SECURE PREMISES.'

She opens it and flicks through it.

Nicole's life in the UK, official as well as personal:

- photocopies of her passport and visa.
- academic papers.
- documents in Chinese and English.
- photos culled from social media.
- photos of her parents and family members.

JENNIFER

Has there been a ransom?

STRATTON

Not as yet, but that might be about to change. Nicole's father, Shu Zi Chen, has arrived in Glasgow.

JENNIFER

Thought we didn't allow deals.

STRATTON

Chen plays his own rules, this intervention is strictly unofficial...

JENNIFER

And unauthorized.

Stratton points to the organizational graph on the wall.

One of the photos shows SHU ZI CHEN (55-60), a grey haired and hard faced man, used to driving hard bargains.

- Chen's picture sits near the pinnacle of the graph.
- beneath his photo, an outer display of minions, several crossed out and marked 'Deceased'.

There are more surveillance photographs:

- Chen on the street.
- getting in and out of cars, surrounded by sharply dressed bodyguards and aides.
- entering a luxury hotel in Glasgow City Centre.

JENNIFER

I've heard of Chen. A Reform Era success story, near the top tier, very wealth and influential...quite the respected philanthropist both in China and the UK.

STRATTON

Yeah, but we suspect he's a key organizer behind a major trafficking network - drugs, electronics, guns, people. He's also closely affiliated with the Wo Shin Wo.

JENNIFER

The Triads break heads, sell drugs and extort, whilst he washes their money and provides legitimacy. Sounds like a sweet deal. So now his daughter's been abducted?

STRATTON

By this unidentified team, the same ones who have been tearing up Chen's organisation in Glasgow.

JENNIFER

What have you got on them?

STRATTON

Very little. We don't numbers, their structure or their leadership. Even by Triad standards their internal security's tight. It's taken us months to get anywhere near them

JENNIFER

Whose been hit so far? The papers just hinted -

STRATTON

Suspected Triad enforcers and racketeers on Chen's payroll, key members of his business infrastructure. They've extended control of what used to be Chen's empire. What they haven't taken over, they've destroyed.

JENNIFER

So they know who and where to aim for. What about the Chinese? Any chance of co-operation?

STRATTON

Officially nothing, so no inter-agency approach - either with us or Police Scotland. The Chinese Embassy's refused to comment. Chen's holed up in a five star hotel behind a battery of minders and lawyers. There's a news blackout, but social media's swarming with rumours...

JENNIFER

And the local force?

STRATTON

Keeping a lid on it, barely. They've deployed high visibility patrols in hot spot areas. They've made a few arrests, but the usual sources have dried up - either dead, turned or intimidated.

JENNIFER

Is Nicole mixed up in Chen's dirty laundry?

(CONTINUED)

STRATTON

No, but I'd imagine she doesn't ask too many questions about where daddy earned his money.

JENNIFER

So Chen's on the ropes, ready for the payoff...

STRATTON

Don't underestimate this guy - our main concern is a further escalation in violence. It's only a matter of time before he regroupes...

JENNIFER

Why did he send her to Glasgow anyway?

STRATTON

Not the same risks as Beijing, or even London, I'd like to think. Her personal security was non-existent here, the girl had no known enemies. Scamming and mugging's one thing, but abduction's a different league...

JENNIFER

What about the undercover?

STRATTON

Eight months in situ, he's trying to set up a weapons deal - Ingram MAC 10s. He stumbled on to this by accidental coincidence.

JENNIFER

So you think a Chinese girlfriend will boost his credibility?

STRATTON

No, but a fixer will get things moving again. The deal's stalled, he's on his own and he's getting anxious. You take the lead, you find that girl and learn who's been orchestrating these killings.

JENNIFER

Has the undercover been briefed?

STRATTON

He knows the score.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

How's he bearing up?

STRATTON

Coping, but under pressure. I don't want him cracking, so watch him closely. If you feel the need, you pull him out.

JENNIFER

Look, I've got say I think we're sailing close to the wind on this, the protocols state -

STRATTON

You're here because the clock's running and your gangland knowledge and your language skills are essential. But if I could look elsewhere I would.

JENNIFER

I'll remind you, again, sir, I was investigated, cleared and re-instated. Ferguson's death could have been avoided if my warnings -

STRATTON

I read the report. You were let off, nothing more, and you put this agency's reputation on the line. There's no room for another screw up, so I'll ask again, are you match fit?

Jennifer hands her warrant card to Stratton.

He takes it, opens a desk drawer, hands her a hefty sealed manila folder marked:

'RESTRICTED - OPERATION JADE WHITE'

STRATTON

This is the last chance - it's either us or a full scale war.

Jennifer takes the folder.

INT. SAFE HOUSE, SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer sits hunched behind a desk.

She's tired and hollow eyed from lack of sleep.

The desk is cluttered with coffee cups and food wrappers.

(CONTINUED)

A holstered gun lies on the desk.

A lamp beams hot light on to her paperwork.

Her photograph's attached to a summary of her new identity  
- in English and Chinese.

She checks surveillance pics of her targets:

- Liam Renaghan.

- affiliated enforcers and thugs of all ethnic persuasions  
on the streets, outside hangouts, etc.

- MICHAEL JAMES DEVERAUX (aged 30 - 35), intense and  
rugged, the undercover cop who'll be her partner,  
interacting with various killers and lowlifes.

Jennifer flicks through more photos of Deveraux:

- Deveraux in uniform.

- relaxed and smiling with his wife and three children.

- on the street, in his undercover role, looking strained  
and haggard.

She picks up a second picture:

- a distance surveillance shot, a hulking silhouette in a  
doorway, no discernible features visible.

The margin notes: 'Suspect remains as yet unidentified.  
Believed known as 'The Dragon Master', now designated  
'TARGET#1'

She replaces the photos, stubs out her cigarette.

Jennifer yawns, stretches, leans back...

EXT. ENGLISH DOCKLANDS - NIGHT.

FLASHBACK

A group of tough looking Chinese hoods stand in a circle  
around an open shipping container.

Jennifer, in dark clothes, baseball cap and wire glasses  
watches as a group of illegal Chinese immigrants are  
herded out.

BILLY FERGUSON (25-35), an unshaven, gap toothed and  
'chavvy' herds the migrants out.

The migrants are scared, dirty, cold and hungry.

The men shout and push the migrants roughly.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
Come on! Come on! Move it! Get  
over here and keep quiet. No more  
talking!

The men are roughly separated from the women.

The women are groped and prodded, subjected to various indignities.

A couple of hoods check the interior of container with torches.

One gestures towards Jennifer.

FERGUSON  
Check it out in there, eh kiddo?

Jennifer walks over.

She takes a torch looks inside the container.

JENNIFER  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
Is anyone there?

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. SAFE HOUSE, SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

Jennifer lies slumped over the desk asleep.

She awakens with a start, scattering papers and photographs across the floor.

She rubs her eyes.

She brushes the ash from Nicole's photograph.

EXT. GLASGOW CAR PARK - DAY

Deveraux pulls up in a parking bay.

He stops, looks around checks his watch.

The radio's on SPORTS COMMENTRAY fills the car.

Deveraux takes out a half bottle of whisky from the glove compartment.

He nips from the bottle, replaces it in the glove box.

From his jacket, he takes a WRAP OF COCAINE and sprinkles it across the dashboard.

(CONTINUED)

He snorts the coke up - one, two three, lines...

He rubs the remainder on his gums.

He switches off the engine, get out the car, he exits.

EXT. GLASGOW PARKLAND - DAY

Deveraux sits on a bench overlooking the rolling hills and a small loch.

He's got an excellent view of his surroundings.

A BRUNETTE WOMAN (30 - 35), KATHLEEN DEVERAUX, approaches. She wears a raincoat, headscarf and sunglasses.

Kathleen carries a folded newspaper.

She sits beside Deveraux, stares straight ahead. Neither of them make any sort of eye contact.

DEVERAUX

You alright?

KATHLEEN

Am I putting you in danger doing this?

DEVERAUX

No, we're safe. I wouldn't have asked for you otherwise.

KATHLEEN

I'm not cut out for this, if thought the children were at risk...

DEVERAUX

Do you really think I'm as stupid as all that?

KATHLEEN

I work in a bank. I'm not used to being mixed up with your work. Let's face it, you're not an ordinary policeman -

DEVERAUX

I miss you.

KATHLEEN

What have they got you doing? What filthy bloody sewers do they have you crawling through now?

(CONTINUED)

DEVERAUX

You know I can't tell you that  
but it'll be over with soon  
enough. This is a big case.

(pause)

How are the kids?

KATHLEEN

I left them with your mother.  
They've stopped asking about you,  
when you're coming home. You  
frightened them that last visit.

DEVERAUX

It'll be soon, I promise. Look,  
is there enough money? Has The  
Job been in touch -

KATHLEEN

My God, I lie awake at night  
wondering if you're coming home.  
When I see you, you stink. You  
spend your time with junkies and  
prostitutes -

DEVERAUX

Do think this is any easier for  
me?

KATHLEEN

You lurk around the house at all  
hours, day and night. The  
neighbours think you're a drug  
dealer. Why us? Does this happens  
to any other policeman's family?

DEVERAUX

This is my job.

KATHLEEN

And I hate it. I hate it. I hate  
the fucking police force and what  
they're doing to you. This gang  
war, the one the papers are  
talking about, are you mixed with  
that? I couldn't care less how  
many filthy hoodlums die. I hope  
they kill each other.

(pause)

I want my husband back, the man I  
married. Not this shell that I'm  
looking at. Micheal, they are  
bleeding you dry for God's sake.  
Come back to us.

(CONTINUED)

DEVERAUX

I can't, not yet.

KATHLEEN

When? When then? Your children  
need a father, not a hero in a  
coffin -

DEVERAUX

What do you want from me? You  
married a copper, you knew what  
to expect -

KATHLEEN

I married you not a gangster.

Deveraux stands up.

DEVERAUX

When this is over, they've  
promised me a desk. This'll be  
the end of it, no more undercover  
work.

KATHLEEN

I try to believe that but I  
can't.

He embraces Kathleen who bursts into tears.

Deveraux hugs her again.

He exits, looking around him as he does so.

Kathleen dries his eyes, watches him go.

EXT. BORDELLO #1, REAR GARDEN - DAY

The rear garden is weedy and neglected.

Deveraux raps on the rear door - a series of coded knocks.

He smokes, carries a sports bag, looks nervously around.

The back door opens - YEE (40 -45), plump and shrewish,  
wearing a tracksuit, opens the door a cautious inch or so.

YEE

Yes? What do you want?

DEVERAUX

Marian sent me.

Yee closes the door.

O.S: SECURITY CHAINS RATTLE.

(CONTINUED)

Yee opens the door, gestures Deveraux inside.

Deveraux ditches his cigarette, enters the house.

Yee closes the door after him.

INT. GLASGOW BORDELLO #1, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A TV's on in one corner - a CHINESE SOAP OPERA blares out.

The curtains are drawn, only a minimum of daylight seeps in.

A Chinese lady, MARIAN WENG (35 -40), tall and attractive, bobbed hair, sits on the couch.

Marian smokes, she occasionally flicks it into an ashtray on the coffee table in front of her.

A mobile phone sits beside the ashtray.

Beside the mobile is a small tray with lines of cocaine with a rolled up ten pound note.

Deveraux enters, followed by Yee.

MARIAN

(in Chinese Mandarin)

You disappear, I want those girls working harder. Too much chit chat. Remember, it's your licence at stake.

Yee exits, shuts the door behind her.

O.S: FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS, VOICES, A TOILET FLUSHES.

Marian pats the couch.

Deveraux sits down, dumps the sports bag at Marian's feet.

Marian nods - Deveraux leans in scores a couple of lines of drugs, inhaling with the ten pound note.

MARIAN

How is my favourite young man?

DEVERAUX

I'm getting by.

Marian crushes the cigarette in the ashtray.

She takes the rolled up tenner, scores a line herself.

MARIAN

You got what we asked for?

DEVERAUX

Yeah, I did.

Deveraux takes out his cigarettes.

He takes one, offers another to Marian.

She accepts, produces her lighter, lights up.

She offers Deveraux a light - he accepts.

Marian opens the sports bag - inside is a plastic wrapped bundle.

Marian unwraps the bundle - it contains four 9mm pistols.

Marian examines the hand gun with an expert's ease.

MARIAN

Not bad, not bad at all. You're getting better, Deveraux.

DEVERAUX

Two grand for the lot, as agreed. There's more where that came from.

MARIAN

We'll see.

Marian smiles, fishes out a bundle of cash from her jacket.

Deveraux takes it, counts it, pockets it.

Marian nods - Deveraux scores another line of coke.

MARIAN

My husband has his doubts about you, Deveraux. But I like you, I might even start dealing with you big style...just think we could do together.

DEVERAUX

The fixer's arrived, I'm seeing her today.

MARIAN

Bring her to my husband. You've got an hour. Oh, and Liam would like a little pick me up. I expect you to find him something on the way.

Deveraux scores another line of cocaine.

O.S: FOOTSTEPS DOWNSTAIRS, FRONT DOOR SLAMS.

He opens the living room door.

Outside, in the hallway, two tired looking prostitutes in their 'working attire'.

At the sight of Deveraux, the girls instantly crack bland, lifeless smiles.

MARIAN

You want to stay for a little party with us Deveraux? You fancy that, hmmm?

DEVERAUX

Any chance of a cup of tea?

Marian laughs, stubs out her cigarette.

Deveraux exits via the back door.

MARIAN

(in Mandarin Chinese)  
Get back to work.

The girls exits.

Marian picks up the tray of coke, she takes another line.

She picks up her phone, hits speed dial.

MARIAN

(in Mandarin Chinese)  
He's one his way, one hour, and they'll be a newcomer - so look sharp.

INT. GLASGOW UNDERPASS - DAY

The underpass is dingy, awash with brackish water. The walls are scarred with graffiti, litter lies scattered.

Jennifer, clad in chavvy designer labels, strolls cautiously down the underpass, a cigarette hangs from her lips.

Her casual demeanor masks an alertness.

Deveraux, unshaven and anxious, waits for at the far end of the underpass watches her approach.

His collar's turned up, he clutches a mobile in one hand, a second phone clipped to his belt.

(CONTINUED)

Jennifer approaches, she stops, hands in pocket, leans back against the wall.

DEVERAUX

You're late.

JENNIFER

Would you rather I was followed?

DEVERAUX

I'd rather you weren't here at all.

JENNIFER

Don't start by pissing me off, this is hard enough -

DEVERAUX

Listen, they say you're good, that's fair enough, but if you think I'm going to -

JENNIFER

Hey, all I want is Nicole back alive and these animals locked up. So you can stow the politics. Save it for someone who gives a fuck.

DEVERAUX

All you're doing is risking my cover.

JENNIFER

That's fucking bullshit.

(pause)

Look, Deveraux, I know what you're going through. It's been eight months on the inside and it's been tough on you, and we couldn't have gotten this far without you -

DEVERAUX

Am I supposed to be grateful for this pep talk?

JENNIFER

No, you're supposed to listen. I guarantee the credit for this investigation will be yours. But I need your help, Nicole needs your help. Look, Deveraux, come on, what have you learned?

DEVERAUX

This organisation is like nothing I've seen before. They're a network, spreading across Glasgow. I don't even know how long they've been waiting. Years, probably. They're patient, cautious, disciplined. They gather information, learn and wait...until they land that first strike at the just the right time.

(pause)

See, there's this wasp that lays an egg in a caterpillar. It grows and grows and when it's ready it takes over and hatches from the inside...

JENNIFER

Whilst the host remains aware and paralyzed, very fucking poetic.

DEVERAUX

They've embedded sleeper cells right across Glasgow. Some are active, others are just waiting. Burn one, another replaces it. Their intelligence is high grade, accurate - there isn't a brothel, a restaurant or gambling den they haven't infiltrated.

JENNIFER

How many members?

DEVERAUX

Maybe about eighty or so, I can't say for certain. They've been recruiting steadily, and not just Chinese either. And no-one, I mean no-one, ever talks, especially if they've been nicked.

JENNIFER

I've seen the reports - they meditate in prison, eighteen years standing on their heads.

(pause)

Tell me about the Dragon Master. Have you seen him?

DEVERAUX

No-one has apart, from a handpicked few. He's supposed to be a ghost, or a demon, he can't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEVERAUX (cont'd)  
be killed, bullets and knives  
have no effect on him. Maybe it's  
just superstition, designed to  
intimidate, but I'll tell you  
what - it's fucking working.

(pause)

I've heard a rumour he makes an  
exception for initiates taking  
their blood oath, the real killer  
elite. No outsider sees their  
ceremonies, before you even think  
of asking.

JENNIFER

Do you think he's real?

DEVERAUX

I don't know, but they're willing  
to kill for him...and to die for  
him. He's their driving force,  
when they invoke his name -

JENNIFER

What about Nicole?

DEVERAUX

Alive, but I don't know where.

JENNIFER

Have Chen's people made contact  
with the kidnappers?

DEVERAUX

Chen's 'people' are either dead  
or in hiding.

JENNIFER

What's the score with the macs?

DEVERAUX

Look, they don't entirely trust  
me yet. I'm kept at arms length -

JENNIFER

I'll make my move then.

DEVERAUX

Move too fast they'll get  
suspicious.

JENNIFER

Tell that to Nicole, because we  
don't have time to tiptoe around  
anymore. We've got to get this  
pipeline set up.

(CONTINUED)

DEVERAUX

The deal stalled when they started pushing for a more hardware at a cheaper rate. If started flooding the place it draw suspicion. So far I've kept them supplied, but it's getting difficult to keep control. I put your name in the frame, said you were connected and you could be trusted - and they were intrigued.

(pause)

OK, no bullshit. Have you ever taken any stuff? Gotten high?

JENNIFER

On the job or otherwise?

DEVERAUX

Just answer the fucking question.

JENNIFER

I've faked needlework, but I'm a realist. I've done my share to maintain cover, I'm not proud -

DEVERAUX

Have you got what I asked for?

Jennifer produces a couple of cocaine wraps from inside her jacket.

She gives these to Deveraux.

He pockets them.

JENNIFER

This doesn't impress me.

DEVERAUX

We're drug dealers, remember? Now, We're meeting one of the front men in about fifteen minutes.

JENNIFER

What's his name?

DEVERAUX

Liam Renaghan.

JENNIFER

The armourer, right?

DEVERAUX

He's the highest ranking member I've made contact with, my best route for the guns and to finding Nicole. Officially, the rank and file are clean and sober, but Renaghan supplies as a sideline - strictly unauthorised.

(pause)

I sure as hell hope you're not wearing a wire?

Deveraux moves forward, palms readied, as if to search Jennifer.

She knocks his hands away, pushes him back.

JENNIFER

Don't patronize me again, you fuck.

DEVERAUX

Then get ready to be felt up - I've been pat searched whenever we have a meet.

They exit.

INT. DEVERAUX'S CAR - DAY

Deveraux and Jennifer get into his car - a modest silver/grey BMW.

He starts the engine, they drive off towards the East End of Glasgow.

He keeps pace with the traffic all the while he checks his mirrors for tails.

They make their way along The Gallowgate towards The Barras, Glasgow's vast open air market.

JENNIFER

What's Renaghan's story?

DEVERAUX

Ex-British Army, the Wo Shin Wo initiated him in Hong Kong. He sold dope to the squaddies, smuggled out hardware. After The Handover, he was sent back to Glasgow.

JENNIFER

Did they have a lock on him?

(CONTINUED)

## DEVERAUX

I assume so. At some point, he defected to these new guys. He's given them everything on Chen's operations. Just watch this guy - he's a fucking stone killer.

Deveraux parks in side street.

They get out, he locks the car.

They head towards the market.

## EXT. GLASGOW BARRAS - DAY

Deveraux and Jennifer mingle with the crowds.

The open air market teems with activity.

O.S: YELLING AND SHOUTING.

They snake through a network of stalls, going deeper into the interior.

They approach a stall selling plants and garden ornaments.

They hang back as Renaghan, wearing a brown jacket, attends to an elderly couple looking at plants.

Renaghan's two hulking 'employees' (18-21), white and male, stop to observe Jennifer and Deveraux.

Deveraux discreetly nudges Jennifer.

She spots other sentries - Chinese and non-Chinese - stationed around the stall at different points.

All pretend to be doing something else, all of them scrutinize Jennifer and Deveraux's every move.

Jennifer takes out a cigarette, lights it.

Renaghan makes a sale with the elderly couple who depart happy with their purchases.

Renaghan nods at Deveraux and Jennifer.

Deveraux heads a down a narrow lane towards a dilapidated building.

Jennifer follows.

Renaghan nods at his goons - they close shop.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

A musty room packed with boxes, crates and sacks full of gardening supplies, etc.

Jennifer and Deveraux wait.

Deveraux can barely conceal his agitation.

Renaghan and his two associates enter.

They discard their work jackets, their body art displayed in all its terrible glory.

RENAGHAN

What have you got?

Deveraux nods to Jennifer, who produces the cocaine wrap from inside her jacket.

She hands it to Renaghan, who, in turn, hands it to one of his goons.

RENAGHAN

This her? The one from London?

DEVERAUX

Yeah, it is.

RENAGHAN

You speak English do you?

JENNIFER

Yes I do.

RENAGHAN

You're Scottish?

JENNIFER

On my father's side, my mother's from Hong Kong.

RENAGHAN

I was stationed there, I made some good friends.

JENNIFER

I'll bet you did.

Renaghan's man slits opens the bag with a razor blade.

He takes a ceramic tile, he forms the coke in a neat line.

Deveraux fidgets.

(CONTINUED)

RENAGHAN

He says you're here to negotiate.  
Are you for real?

JENNIFER

You'd better believe it.

The goon lays the lines of coke on the table.

Deveraux takes a nervous step towards the table.

Renaghan holds his hand up.

Deveraux halts.

RENAGHAN

What have you heard about us?

JENNIFER

You're big news down south.  
You've frightened a lot of  
people, the Tongs are watching.

RENAGHAN

How'd you get by down there?

JENNIFER

Ducking and diving.

RENAGHAN

Were you on the game?

JENNIFER

What if I was?

RENAGHAN

You ever been nicked?

JENNIFER

Never got my feet wet.

RENAGHAN

Is that so?

JENNIFER

Ask around, I'm known. I always  
get the job done and I've never  
ripped a customer off.

Renaghan pulls a blade from his waistband.

One hood abruptly pins Deveraux to the wall - he SHOUTS in pain.

The second goon pushes Jennifer violently across the room.

Jennifer stays on her feet - barely.

(CONTINUED)

RENAGHAN

Who runs you?

JENNIFER

Look, the money's good -

RENAGHAN

I'm not interested in your money.  
Now, who runs you?

JENNIFER

No-one, I'm freelance.

RENAGHAN

Someone's paying you, who is it?

JENNIFER

Same ones who are paying him -  
none of us knows the pipeline in  
this game.

RENAGHAN

Is that so? Now, get your fucking  
clothes off.

JENNIFER

You want a show? Is this what  
it's about? A cheap fucking  
thrill?

RENAGHAN

You fucking do it - don't make me  
ask you again.

Jennifer strips.

Seething, she keeps eye contact with every last one of  
them, she displays no fear, shame or revulsion.

Her only expression is a disgusted, angry scowl.

When she's down to underwear, she pirouettes.

On her back and shoulder blades are her gang tattoos,  
spelling out her affiliations.

RENAGHAN

That's enough.

He gestures to one of his men.

The hood thoroughly searches her discarded clothes.

He checks her phone.

When he's done he nods at Renaghan - all clear.

(CONTINUED)

RENAGHAN

Get your clothes back on.

Jennifer dresses, glaring at Renaghan as she does so.

JENNIFER

Hope you enjoyed that.

RENAGHAN

What was the story about your boyfriend? I heard a few things about him.

JENNIFER

He died - violently.

RENAGHAN

Tell me.

JENNIFER

Billy Ferguson. It was in Manchester, he was pimp, a drug dealer and a grass. He was a middle man, setting up deals for

-

RENAGHAN

You service him?

JENNIFER

What if I did?

RENAGHAN

(in Chinese Mandarin)

So what happened to him?

JENNIFER

(in Chinese Mandarin)

He got too greedy and too careless. I didn't kill him and I don't know who did.

RENAGHAN

You set him up?

JENNIFER

He'd made a lot of enemies.

The first goon forces Deveraux to strip to his shorts.

The goon vigorously checks Deveraux's clothes and phone - when he finishes with an 'all clear'.

Renaghan thrusts a rolled up ten pound note at Deveraux.

Deveraux crouches over the table, he puts the rolled up tenner in his nose.

(CONTINUED)

He snorts the line of cocaine.

After Deveraux finishes, the goon pins Deveraux's hand on to the table.

Renaghan prepares another line of drugs.

DEVERAUX  
For fuck's sake!

RENAGHAN  
You next or I'll take his hand  
off.

Jennifer takes the rolled up tenner.

She calmly scores the line of cocaine.

Renaghan brings the cleaver down with a BANG - inches from Deveraux's hand.

The heavy releases Deveraux, he hits the deck on his hands and knees.

Renaghan nods - the goon throws his clothes at Deveraux.

Deveraux dresses.

JENNIFER  
We've got twenty macs at a grand  
a piece. Five hundred rounds per  
unit. All untraceable. I'm  
offering you a fucking bargain.  
Now, if you're serious, I'll send  
you enough hardware to take down  
Glasgow.

RENAGHAN  
You want to know if we're  
serious? Is that right? I am  
reading you correctly?  
(pause)  
Go outside, go on.

Jennifer and Deveraux exit.

Renaghan and his men follow.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

A filthy, stinking alleyway piled with black bin bags,  
damp cardboard boxes and overflowing dumpsters.

Deveraux and Jennifer open a door and walk into the  
alleyway.

The two young men block their way.

(CONTINUED)

Deveraux and Jennifer stop.

Lying on the ground, wrapped in plastic sheeting, is the corpse of a tattooed Chinese man.

He's been garroted and repeatedly stabbed.

Renaghan and the other two goons emerge from the building behind them, blocking their exit.

The goons force Jennifer and Deveraux to their knees.

Renaghan shoves Jennifer's face inches from the dead man's.

RENAGHAN

I'll show you how fucking serious we are. You take a look at him, fucking look. That's how we deal with traitors. Now, who the fuck do you work for?

JENNIFER

They run me through a cut-out, I don't know his name or face. Do you think he would tell me?

DEVERAUX

Fuck's sake, we're on the level -

JENNIFER

There's thirty odd grand on the line here!

DEVERAUX

You welsh out and the other Tongs will stop hedging bets. You'll have a fucking war on all fronts  
-

RENAGHAN

And I'll tell you when when we're ready to deal. Got it?

(pause)

Now get the fuck out of here.

Deveraux and Jennifer stumble over the body and exit.

Renaghan points - 'follow them.'

Two of his men comply.

Renaghan and the remaining goons wrap the corpse, seal it then drag it inside.

INT. DOJO - NIGHT

About thirty young men (20 - 30) of various ethnic background (Chinese, white, black, etc) engage in intensive training.

The trainees wear red head bands, sweat lashes from their bare torsos.

Most sport elaborate body art or scars - or both.

The class drill in near perfect synchronization - disciplined, regimented and highly aggressive.

At the head of class stands LIU ZHI QIANG (35 - 45), the Dragon Master, intimidating in Triad master dress.

He stands in front of an altar covered with a red cloth, small gold statues, incense sticks, etc.

Renaghan and two hit men enter the dojo.

All three bow in the Dragon Master's presence - Qiang acknowledges the newcomers with the slightest of nods.

Renaghan gestures to his men and they exit at once.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

O.S: SHOUTED COMMANDS, SHOUTED REPLIES.

The room is in darkness, silent except for some terrified WHIMPERING.

The door opens, the lights are switched on revealing a terrified and tear mottled Nicole.

She's bound, gagged and blindfolded.

Renaghan enters, his men grab her and haul Nicole to her feet.

RENAGHAN  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
Get up and keep quiet.

Renaghan and his men frog march Nicole from the storeroom. They switch off the lights and close the door.

INT. DOJO - NIGHT

The trainees continue their balletic display of deadly force shattering bottles, planks of wood, etc, with their fists and feet.

(CONTINUED)

The instructor BARKS instructions, the trainees halt and snap into line.

Qiang inspects his shock troopers.

QIANG

I drew you from the ranks of the lost and unwanted. You had no place in this society. I give you purpose, you give me loyalty. It was this loyalty that saved my life.

Renaghan and his men lead the blind folded Nicole through the dojo.

Qiang looks at Renaghan. Renaghan and the escort halts.

Qiang approaches Nicole.

Renaghan takes off Nicole's blindfold.

Qiang stares at the terrified girl.

QIANG

(in Mandarin Chinese)

Your father is here. Now I will destroy him...body, mind and soul.

Qiang dismisses Renaghan and the escort.

They replaced Nicole's blindfold and the group exit.

The instructor BARKS orders at the front four trainees.

The trainees rush forward and kneel before the red alter.

Qiang approaches the alter.

He picks up an ornate ceremonial dagger.

The four recruits rise as one, bow before Qiang.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

The flat's modern, but poorly furnished, and hardly any signs of being lived in.

Deveraux enters.

Jennifer stands in the doorway, she watches him.

Deveraux takes off his jacket, throws it on the floor.

He collapses on to the sofa.

(CONTINUED)

He takes out his mobile phones, dumps them on the table.

Jennifer removes her own jacket, sits on a chair across from Deveraux.

DEVERAUX

You want a drink?

JENNIFER

Yeah, I need one.

Deveraux hunts around, finds a bottle of vodka and a couple of glasses in the sideboard.

He pours a couple of hefty measures, gives Jennifer a glass.

Jennifer accepts the glass.

She takes a drink, puts the glass on the floor.

She takes out her cigarettes and lighter, lights a cigarette.

She offers one to Deveraux, who accepts.

Deveraux takes out a wrap from his jacket.

He slits it open, pours it on the tabletop.

He forms a line with a folded tenner he takes from his shirt pocket.

JENNIFER

How long?

DEVERAUX

How long what?

JENNIFER

Listen, I've been on the inside.  
Fifteen months in London and  
Manchester -

DEVERAUX

How deep?

JENNIFER

Too deep.

DEVERAUX

So they sent you here.

JENNIFER

How much does Stratton know?

DEVERAUX

After eight months, he bloody well ought to.

JENNIFER

Deveraux, the protocols are there

-

DEVERAUX

Don't be so naive. When this game demands it, you sleep with them, you get high with them, conspire with them and do everything short of -

JENNIFER

Short of murder.

DEVERAUX

Yeah, yeah, short of fucking murder.

JENNIFER

Have you told Renaghan anything?

DEVERAUX

Fuck no!  
(pause)  
Are you afraid of him?

JENNIFER

Yes, yes I am.

DEVERAUX

You fucking should be. He'll chop you and feed you to his pit bull.

JENNIFER

Is he squeezing you?

DEVERAUX

I'm not bent, got it?

JENNIFER

You're taking one hell of a risk.

DEVERAUX

You think I don't know what I'm doing? I know about you, don't start getting all self-righteous on me. I've maintained my cover, I made the deal. I can handle it, right? I can kick this shit anytime I please. A couple of nights of cold sweat and that's it. Finished.

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEVERAUX (cont'd)  
You're the one who was nearly  
binned, not me. You're lucky to  
still be in the job.

JENNIFER  
You need to tread carefully.

DEVERAUX  
We're covered, right? What are  
you anyway, fucking girl scout in  
Manchester? Do us both a favour  
and and fix deal. Right?

Deveraux finishes his drink and exits.

Jennifer finishes hers, takes out her mobile.

She sends a text: 'NEED CACHE READY.'

The reply: 'WHEN?'

She replies: 'A.S.A.P & I NEED A MEET - URGENT.'

The reply: 'STAND-BY.'

Jennifer tucks her phone away.

She stares at the lines of cocaine on the tabletop.

She picks up Deveraux's jacket, searches, digs out another  
wrap of coke.

She pockets the wrap and exits.

INT/EXT. ENGLISH DOCKLANDS - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

A car sits parked in a maze of steel containers.

Jennifer sits in the driver's seat.

She turns a pair of designer glasses over in her hands -  
the glasses contain a miniaturized camera/microphone.

She takes out a wrap of coke from her jacket, arranges a  
line on the dashboard and scores it.

Once finished, she puts on black leather gloves.

She opens the glove compartment.

Inside is a GLOCK PISTOL, which she checks and tucks into  
her jacket.

(CONTINUED)

She rolls up her trousers, checks her ankle which conceals a HOLSTER and SNUB NOSED PISTOL.

She puts on the glasses, and a skip cap, gets out of the car.

She heads into the gloomy concourse.

She stops at a particular junction under under a flickering lamp.

Billy Ferguson waits under the light.

Ferguson smokes a joint, which he drops as Jennifer approaches.

A group of Chinese men emerge from the shadows, they flank both Ferguson and Jennifer.

The SNAKE HEAD LEADER (about 25 - 30) steps forward.

FERGUSON

Are we ready?

JENNIFER

(in Chinese Mandarin)

Are we ready?

SNAKE HEAD

(in Chinese Mandarin)

Follow us, the goods are prepared.

JENNIFER

He says to follow us, the goods are ready.

The Chinese acknowledge Jennifer.

The Chinese party start off, Jennifer, Ferguson and the others follow.

They approach a large steel container, the door's marked with a small Chinese symbol.

The Chinese men unlock the container.

The heavy door opens with a LOUD SCREECH.

About thirty or so men and women emerge from the container, holding their hands above their heads.

All of them are exhausted, dirty and frightened.

JENNIFER

(in Chinese Mandarin)

Get moving, get moving! Don't look at anyone and keep quiet.

(in English)  
There's about twenty eight, maybe  
thirty in here.

FERGUSON  
Right, that's what we want.

Jennifer instructs the men and women to line up, men  
separately from women.

Ferguson runs his eye over the defeated line of grubby  
illegals.

FERGUSON  
Not bad, not bad, I know a lot of  
people who make good use of  
these.

JENNIFER  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
The customer is pleased with  
what's on offer.

SNAKE HEAD  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
If his associates are satisfied,  
we can easily supply more...fit  
and healthy livestock.

JENNIFER  
He says there's more where they  
came from, if the price is right.

FERGUSON  
OK, chief, let's talk. Girls for  
the massage business and the blue  
stuff, labour on the fields and  
the dope farms -

O.S: A SHOUT.

Two Chinese men aim torches into the container's gloomy  
interior.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. DOJO - NIGHT

The trainees fill the dojo with RITUALISTIC CHANTS.

On the instructor's command, the last initiate snaps to  
attention and races to the altar.

Qiang cuts the trainee across the chest with the dagger.

The trainee does not flinch or scream.

(CONTINUED)

Qiang then hands the trainee an ornate SILVER CUP by the instructor.

The trainee drinks swallows without flinching or gagging.

The initiate hands the goblet back to Qiang.

QIANG

Now you stand ready as an army of brothers. You will bring fear to my enemies, they will tremble at presence. For if anyone here should betray his brother...let him die by the cut of a thousand knives.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

A damp, windy evening.

The rear of the apartment building looks out on to a row of bin sheds and a small courtyard.

The scene is illuminated by security lights, one or two of which flicker erratically.

Jennifer exits from a rear door, she peers out from behind cover, towards the car park at the front.

She spots a parked in a corner - two men sit in the front seat.

Jennifer crouches low, slips into the shadows.

She carefully exits.

EXT. CANAL BANK - NIGHT

Jennifer stands on a towpath underneath a bridge, barely visible in the poor light.

She anxiously chain smokes, lighting one cigarette after another, butt to tip.

D.C.I Colin Stratton emerges from the darkness.

STRATTON

This had better be good. Were you followed?

JENNIFER

I burned them.

She hands him the wrap of coke.

JENNIFER

Here's what Deveraux should have turned in.

STRATTON

What are you trying to say?

JENNIFER

The man's got a coke habit.

STRATTON

Is he compromised?

JENNIFER

He thinks he can handle it.

STRATTON

Do you want him off the investigation?

JENNIFER

He's a security risk.

STRATTON

Can't be done, not at this stage. How will look if he suddenly disappears off the scene?

JENNIFER

Fuck's sake! How will unauthorised drug use stand up in court? He needs help, not an enquiry -

STRATTON

Deveraux's actions were as per protocols and within acceptable guidelines -

JENNIFER

Are you serious? You should have pulled him out before it got to this stage.

STRATTON

We needed more intelligence, and given it escalated to an abduction -

JENNIFER

Listen, we witnessed a fucking murder this afternoon and Deveraux had one hell of a rough time -

STRATTON

Who was the victim? Did you -?

JENNIFER

I didn't get a make on him, no.  
He was some Chinese guy,  
Renaghan's men carved him up in  
front of us.

STRATTON

Why did they kill him?

JENNIFER

Renaghan said he was a spy - one  
of Chen's I assume.

STRATTON

We'll get him for that one, you  
can believe that, but if you were  
compromised...

JENNIFER

He's suspicious, but he let us  
go. We're meeting his wife next  
so. They need weaponry and quick.  
Besides, Nicole's still alive, we  
can still find her -

STRATTON

What makes you think that?

JENNIFER

She's the key to this.

STRATTON

Therefore Deveraux remains in  
situ, until the assignment is  
completed or I'm told otherwise.  
The guidelines are being followed  
to my satisfaction. Now get on  
with it.

Jennifer grinds her cigarette under her heel and exits.

Deveraux enters, he scans the empty room.

DEVERAUX

Where the hell are you?

Deveraux bends over the table.

He scores the lines of coke.

He searches his jacket for the other wrap.

No result.

Frustrated, he hurls the jacket across the room, he YELLS an incoherent string of insults.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Marian, now elegantly dressed, strolls towards the CCTV Control Room.

She passes a young maid with cleaning trolley.

The maid momentarily acknowledges her.

In one movement:

- the maid passes Marian a plastic wrapped 9mm PISTOL with a silencer and a key card.

- Marian palms it, slips them in her handbag.

- the maid walks on with her trolley.

Marian reaches CCTV Control.

The door has an electronic lock.

She breathes, once, twice, kicks off her shoes...she swipes the key card.

The door clicks open.

Marian rushes in.

Two security men turn in their swivel chairs.

Marian shoots them, they die in a spray of blood.

Marian darts into the Control Room, closes the door behind her.

EXT. GLASGOW ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A dimly lit, rubbish strewn alleyway, to the rear of swanky club. Neon lights illuminate potholes, dumpsters, piles of garbage, etc,

The the kitchen door opens.

A weary Chinese kitchen porter emerges, sweat stained and exhausted, takes out a cigarette, gratefully sparks up.

O.S: KITCHEN ACTIVITY, A HEAVY DOOR SLAMS.

Renaghan steps from the shadows, throws a choke hold around the porter's neck.

(CONTINUED)

A hard eyed Scottish youth steps forward, he points a knife at the terrified porter's face.

RENAGHAN  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
Open your mouth and you're dead.  
You know who we are?

The porter drops his cigarette, nods frantically.

RENAGHAN  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
Are they in?

The porter nods.

RENAGHAN  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
How many guards?

The porter holds up a hand, spreads his fingers.

RENAGHAN  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
Is there a code? A series of  
knocks?

The kitchen porter nods frantically.

RENAGHAN  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
If you betray us, you die. Got  
it?

The porter nods in terror.

Renaghan's men emerge from the shadows, tooled up and ready for action.

Renaghan frog marches his hostage down the steps to the entrance.

At the bottom of the steps is a sturdy, reinforced door.

An electronic keypad is attached to the door.

Renaghan pushes the porter and gestures 'come on'.

The porter keys in a number, turns the lock

The door opens fractionally from the inside...

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The dining room is quiet, staff and call girls out-number the handful of diners present.

In the furthest corner booth sits a group of middle aged, hard faced, well heeled Chinese men play mahjong.

A female singer stands with a microphone, she belts out karaoke numbers with a forced enthusiasm.

Marian enters.

She sits at the bar, puts her purse on the bar, orders a drink.

The double doors BURST open - Renaghan and his men CRASH IN expertly wielding guns and martial arts implements.

The non-Triad staff and diners dive to the floor in panic.

The singer breaks off, SCREAMS, ducks for cover.

Marian produces her guns from her handbag, she shoots a nearby bodyguard.

Two of Renaghan's men spray the room with machine gun fire - glasses, bottles, statues EXPLODE.

Walls and furnishings are shredded.

A few Triad bodyguards produce pistols, they duck behind overturned tables.

They get off a few shots before being gunned down by Renaghan's men.

Renaghan's team secure the room.

Renaghan approaches the alcove.

RENAGHAN  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
On your feet.

The Chinese men emerge into the dining area with hands raised.

RENAGHAN  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
You were warned.

He paces the room, his men cover him.

RENAGHAN  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
We know one of you has made a  
secret alliance with Chen - your  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RENAGHAN (cont'd)  
spy admitted this under  
interrogation.

Renaghan nods at one of his henchmen.

The young man lunges forward - he STABS the oldest crime boss in the heart with a vicious looking knife.

The crime boss GASPS in agony.

He collapses to his hands and knees, convulses in a pool of his own blood, the knife juts from his wound.

Renaghan spits in the dying man's face.

RENAGHAN  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
Stay out of our affairs. Chen betrayed his brother. When that debt has been settled, and the Dragon Master satisfied, the sooner business will be resumed. We will have our revenge - and it'll be with Chen's blood. You won't be warned again.

Still holding his gun level, Renaghan grabs Marian by the waist.

He kisses her full on the mouth, with an animal intensity.

MARIAN  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
Death to spies and traitors.

The young killer grabs the dying man's hand - there's a distinctive gold/green ring on the middle finger.

The killer pulls the limp hand back by the wrist.

INT. BORDELLO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole lies on the bed, bruised and traumatized.

She's in her underwear.

Various items of drug paraphernalia lies beside her on a bedside cabinet.

She whimpers, mutters to herself insensibly.

Marian enters.

She sits on the edge of the bed, strokes the frightened girl's hair.

(CONTINUED)

MARIAN

(in Mandarin Chinese)

All will be well, you've nothing  
to be afraid of. You've been so  
very, very brave.

Nicole stares uncomprehendingly at Marian.

Marian takes a fresh syringe from the cabinet.

She prepares the hypodermic.

She finds a vein, injects Nicole.

Nicole slumps into a blissful coma.

Marian exits with the paraphernalia.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

Jennifer enters the apartment.

She stops, shocked at the trashed condition of the living  
room.

JENNIFER

Deveraux? Deveraux where are you?

Deveraux crawls on all fours in the middle of the living  
room.

He's covered with sweat, tearful and trembling.

DEVERAUX

Tell me you brought something?  
Where have you been? I want the  
good stuff, not that fucking  
junk...

She approaches her partner.

She crouches down and wraps her arms around him.

Deveraux struggles feebly.

JENNIFER

Come on, come on. It's OK, it's  
going to be OK.

With some effort, Jennifer lifts him up and directs him to  
the bathroom.

DEVERAUX

Tell me you've got something.  
You've got have something.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

No, I don't. I'm sorry.

DEVERAUX

I just need a taste.

JENNIFER

Shh, easy, take it easy now.

DEVERAUX

Just one more, come I know you've got something.

JENNIFER

Deveraux, just calm down.

With some effort she leads him into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer propels Deveraux into the shower cubical.

He slumps into shower, restlessly twitching.

DEVERAUX

You've got some coke on you, I fucking know it.

JENNIFER

I don't.

DEVERAUX

You're a fucking liar!

JENNIFER

I'm not carrying, and even if was  
-

DEVERAUX

Fuck you! You fucking lying bitch, I know you killed him! You fucking set him up, didn't you? Didn't you? You lied to the enquiry, now you're lying to me! I know you've got stuff! And if you think you're going to set me up -

She turns the shower on full blast - ICE COLD.

Deveraux HOWLS as the water batters him.

Jennifer pins him down.

Deveraux struggles.

Deveraux starts to sob.

The freezing water pounds Jennifer.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

Deveraux's lies on the rumpled couch. Still feverish, a blanket draped over his body.

Jennifer sits across from him, a line of mobile phones lie in front of her.

She anxiously smokes.

DEVERAUX  
Where did you go?

JENNIFER  
I saw Stratton.

DEVERAUX  
What did you tell him?

JENNIFER  
That you're a good cop on  
treading a fine line.

DEVERAUX  
Don't lie. Don't you fucking lie  
to me. I know what you told him.  
I'm not fucking junkie. So what  
gives you the right to judge me?

JENNIFER  
You could get us both killed,  
that's what. I wasn't ratting you  
out, I was trying to help you.

DEVERAUX  
Like hell you were.

JENNIFER  
I don't give a fuck what you  
think. The point is your still on  
the job, they trust you - to a  
point.

A mobile phone RINGS.

Jennifer stubs her cigarette, grabs the ringing phone.

MARIAN (O.S)  
Meet tonight, half an hour.

Marian hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

DEVERAUX  
Was that Renaghan?

JENNIFER  
A woman.

DEVERAUX  
Renaghan's wife.

JENNIFER  
What's her name?

DEVERAUX  
Marian. She and Renaghan married  
in Hong Kong, he brought her back  
to Glasgow. She's from mainland  
China, some factory town  
somewhere in Guandong, fuck knows  
what it's called.

JENNIFER  
You met her before?

DEVERAUX  
Yeah, she's shrewd, runs their  
intelligence network, she knows  
all the secrets. Be careful - one  
wrong step, she'll have you  
gutted.

JENNIFER  
She get you hooked, right? A few  
hits here and there. And you went  
along with it...out of  
operational necessity. What else  
did she offer? Cash? A good time  
with some Chinese whores?

DEVERAUX  
Fuck you. I'm not bent.

Deveraux painfully struggles to his feet.

JENNIFER (CON'T)  
You must be joking.

DEVERAUX  
They'll be expecting me.

JENNIFER  
You're on the long way down.

DEVERAUX  
And you can help me get well,  
right?

JENNIFER

Not that way I won't.

DEVERAUX

You fucking bitch.

Jennifer grabs her jacket and her phone.

She slips her jacket on, stuffs her phone in her pocket, grabs her cigarettes.

Deveraux starts to whimper - part fear, part frustration, part wheedling.

DEVERAUX

All I'm asking for is one fucking taste. It'll be the last, I swear. Listen, I'm on the level, the protocols -

JENNIFER

I've got to go.

DEVERAUX

You can't leave me like this -

JENNIFER

I'll be back as soon as I can.

DEVERAUX

For Christ's sake, give me something! Help me, help me get well! Who the fuck are you to lecture me? You had some fucker killed -

JENNIFER

And you are out of order, so get a fucking grip.

(pause)

You're my partner. I'm not going to leave you. I have to find Nicole and I'll do what it takes. And I swear, I fucking swear, they'll pay for what they've done to you.

Devaraux collapses, he starts to sob.

Jennifer hugs him, puts him in the recovery position, calms him down.

Once he's settled, she backs off.

She leans under the couch, searches, pulls out a Beretta pistol.

She checks the weapon, ensures it's loaded, shoves it in her waistband.

She takes one last look at Deveraux, now twitching and moaning on the floor.

She exits.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jennifer enters by a rear door.

she weaves her way down the narrow aisles.

The kitchen's furnace hot, crowded with staff, incredibly noisy and chaotic.

Waiting staff rush around with orders.

Kitchen porters chop veggies with expert precision, sweat pours from their foreheads.

Senior chefs YELL and SHOUT instructions (in Cantonese).

Barring the senior people, most staff are exhausted and stressed.

No-one looks at Jennifer as she makes her way through the hot house.

A chef blocks her way with his arm, his free hand holds a knife.

Jennifer stares at him, her hand brushes aside her jacket, exposes the gun on her hip.

The chef backs down.

She exits via a set of double doors.

INT. RESTAURANT'S FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer enters the room, she pushes aside a plush curtain.

The function room's deserted, lots of stacked tables and chairs, a closed bar.

Marian waits on a raised dais, she sits behind a table, on which sits a tea set.

She's flanked either side by two hulking bodyguards and two glassy eyed waitresses.

The minders halt Jennifer.

(CONTINUED)

They take of her jacket, they pat search her top to bottom, roughly, professionally and methodically.

O.S KITCHEN NOISES.

A minder dumps the contents of Jennifer's pockets on the white linen tablecloth - cigarettes, lighter, cash roll, keys, etc.

The minder finds Jennifer's gun, he holds it up.

Marian nods - let her through.

The guards finish their search, Jennifer's admitted.

Minder #1 unloads the weapon, keeps the clip, puts the weapon on the table.

MARIAN

Sit down.

Jennifer sits.

The minders flank her.

Jennifer picks up the empty pistol.

She empties the breech - and with a LOUD CLICK - ejects the bullet, places it upright on the table.

Jennifer replaces the gun on the table.

Marian glares at minder #1.

The waitress pours green tea.

Jennifer picks up her cigarettes.

She puts one in her mouth.

Picks up her lighter, sparks up, leans in...

MARIAN

No smoking.

Jennifer closes the lighter, puts it on the table.

She replaces the cigarette in the packet, puts the cigarette and lighter on the table.

MARIAN

Where's Deveraux? No sign of my favourite young man tonight?

JENNIFER

It's just me.

MARIAN

Is he ill? If he is, tell him I'm so sorry.

JENNIFER

Just me.

MARIAN

Oh, a tough girl are we? Drink your tea, then we talk.

The women drink.

Marian daintily holds her cup.

Jennifer grips her more tightly.

Marian carefully replaces the cup with a gently clink.

JENNIFER

The consignment will be ready shortly. The price is thirty grand, cash on delivery. And something else, I don't appreciate being followed - so I want those tails lifted.

MARIAN

You think so?

JENNIFER

Call it a precondition. It's my neck as well, so I'd rather keep the attention to a minimum.

Marian sips her tea.

She takes Jennifer's hands, examines them, puts them down.

Marian scrutinizes various items on the table - Jennifer's cigarettes, her phone, lighter, pocket knife, etc.

MARIAN

I'm not sure I trust you.

JENNIFER

That cuts both ways.

MARIAN

You could be selling us junk.

JENNIFER

I've never ripped off a customer.

MARIAN

Good, because we'd kill you if you did.

(CONTINUED)

(pause)

My husband says you are half Chinese, is that correct?

JENNIFER

On my mother's side.

MARIAN

Where did her people come from?

JENNIFER

Newton Means.

MARIAN

Which part of China?

JENNIFER

Kowloon, Hong Kong.

MARIAN

A rich girl gone bad? What did your father do? Did he meet her over there I wonder? Looking for a good time on a business trip?

JENNIFER

What difference does it make?

MARIAN

They valued your education, didn't they, tough girl? There's a little trace of that refined accent, under the slang, behind those counterfeit labels and your hard pretty face.

JENNIFER

And what about you? Where did they find you? The unemployed of Guandong? Some Fujianese peasant, the family farm busted? Or were just a Beijing call-girl got lucky?

MARIAN

You visited Hong Kong, yes?

JENNIFER

When I was a kid.

MARIAN

Did you feel at home there?

Marian delicately sips her tea.

(CONTINUED)

MARIAN (CONT'D)

You must have broken their hearts, when you avoided school, when you came home reeking of cannabis and cigarettes...the long nights with the wrong crowd on these cold, hard streets...

JENNIFER

The offer still stands. We can do business, I can equip you with enough hardware to take down Glasgow.

Marian waves her hand dismissively.

MARIAN

You're here to negotiate, so we negotiate...

JENNIFER

This has been straightened out -

MARIAN

Not with me, tough girl.

JENNIFER

You told Deveraux -

MARIAN

I changed our terms. I don't trust him and I don't know you. Deveraux runs little errands for us - fine, but the bigger deals are different. These require more patience.

(pause)

You spot our tails and burn them, that means you must be good. Perhaps even very good, in fact. But why...?

JENNIFER

I don't like being leaned on.

Marian claps.

The waitresses steps forward.

One has a silver tray with four lines of cocaine on it.

MARIAN

My husband said you like a few lines.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Is this a test?

MARIAN

Indulge me, you want to do  
business, you get a little high.

Jennifer hesitates - before she snorts up two lines.

MARIAN

And the rest, tough girl, you'll  
feel a lot better, lift that chip  
from your shoulder.

Jennifer takes the rest.

She leans back in her seat, trembles as the cocaine's rush  
hits home.

Marian takes a small grain, delicately rubs the coke into  
her gums.

MARIAN

I heard you set up your boyfriend  
down in Manchester. He must have  
had it coming.

JENNIFER

My so-called boyfriend.

MARIAN

Did you do it?

JENNIFER

It never hurts to let people  
think you sorted out a grass.

MARIAN

I think you slept with him, he  
got you off the streets, but  
treated you badly, didn't he? He  
was a bit of a sadist? Like a bit  
of rough stuff?

JENNIFER

You know nothing.

MARIAN

I know that type of man. So you  
tipped them off, after he hurt  
you one too many times... I  
wonder, did you enjoy arranging  
his death?

JENNIFER

It was business - theirs not  
mine.

MARIAN

Where you with him when the  
bullets found their mark?

JENNIFER

I didn't set him up.

MARIAN

Maybe you had some pretend  
wrestling match with the gunman?  
Feel his last breath on your  
cheeks, as his blood oozed  
through your fingers?

JENNIFER

I was in London when he was  
killed. If you want inside my  
head, at least get the facts  
straight.

Marian claps.

The second waitress steps forward - she carries a medium  
sized heavily taped up cardboard box.

Marian slides a folded piece of paper over to Jennifer.

Jennifer opens the slip - the address of an obscure  
Chinese restaurant in the far outskirts of Glasgow.

MARIAN

You deliver. Do it and you're one  
step towards being bona fide.

JENNIFER

What's my end?

MARIAN

Two thousand for your trouble.

JENNIFER

Make it five.

MARIAN

You get two.

JENNIFER

I'm here to fix a deal, not run  
errands.

MARIAN

I'm hiring you for one night, on  
a sub-contract basis.

JENNIFER

Five grand - I could be walking  
into a trap.

(CONTINUED)

MARIAN

You get two, plus a commission...

Jennifer nods.

Marian hands over a roll of bank notes.

Jennifer takes the roll, counts it, pockets the cash.

Marian returns Jennifer's pistol.

She takes the cash roll, counts it, pockets it.

Jennifer carefully picks up the box.

JENNIFER

What's in here?

MARIAN

You don't ask questions.

JENNIFER

I don't take sides, either. If I'm going to do this -

MARIAN

You're hired help, you ask no questions.

Marian hands Jennifer a couple of wraps of coke.

MARIAN

A nice bonus, take them or sell them. I don't care..but if you run with that money, we'll find you and I'll cut your heart out.

Jennifer hesitates, she accepts the wraps.

Jennifer replaces her things back in her pockets.

Before Jennifer exits, the guard returns her clip.

Jennifer reloads the pistol, shoves it back in her jacket.

MARIAN

I'll expecting many things from you.

JENNIFER

One last question.

MARIAN

Yes?

JENNIFER

Are you still sending money back  
to Guandong?

MARIAN

Try to stay alive, tough girl.  
I'm counting on you.

Jennifer exits.

INT. GLASGOW STREET - NIGHT

Jennifer drives, a cigarette hangs from her mouth.

Every once in a while she takes a little hit of cocaine  
from a small glass vial.

The coke hits home - she struggles to focus on the road  
ahead of her, traffic blurs by in an unrecognizable sea of  
colour.

The box sits in the foot well of the front seat beside  
her.

She checks her mirrors - nobody's following.

She slows, parks in a quiet lay by.

She checks for tails again - nothing.

Jennifer stubs out her cigarette, picks up the box,  
starts to examine it cautiously.

She opens the glove box, brushes aside papers and junk.

She finds a Swiss Army knife, she opens the largest blade.

Jennifer takes a deep breath - carefully slits the  
wrapping tape and pushes open the lid with the blade.

Inside some plastic wrapping, a few wispy swirls of vapour  
escape into the air.

Jennifer probes with the knife, she pushes aside plastic  
with the blade...

When she sees the contents, she recoils, opens the door  
and vomits on to the road.

She shakes all over, wipes her mouth, steadies herself.

She closes the door, reseals the box.

She drives off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jennifer pulls up outside a Chinese takeaway, deserted except for a couple of staff behind the counter.

Jennifer takes the box, she gets out.

She hesitates for a second.

She heads off down an alleyway beside the takeaway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The alleyway's piled with cardboard boxes, overflowing dumpsters and similar rubble.

A kitchen door lies open, light and heat blaze from it.

A CCTV camera is attached to the wall above the door.

O.S: SHOUTS, KITCHEN ACTIVITY.

Jennifer edges around the corner - a porter dumps a rubbish sack.

The porter goes back inside.

Jennifer walks forward slowly.

She places the box in front of the kitchen door.

She starts to slip away.

Four young men step from the shadows and block her path.

JENNIFER  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
I don't want any trouble.

The gang start to circle her.

JENNIFER  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
Just back off.

The youths produce martial arts weapons from their jackets - knives, blades and nun chucks.

Jennifer draws her gun.

The youths freeze.

JENNIFER  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
Let's be having you.

The youths back off.

(CONTINUED)

Jennifer retreats down the alley, keeps her weapon leveled at the young men.

She runs to her car, drives off...

INT. LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The expensive suite is spacious, well furnished with an excellent view of the River Clyde.

Shiu Zhi Chen sips from a tumbler of expensive whisky.

Aides and bodyguards dot the room.

The box sits on a glass topped table.

Their leader is ZHANG (aged 25 - 30), a lithe yet muscular young man, dressed in designer gear, bristling with aggression.

Chen nods - Zhang takes out a flick knife.

He extends the blade.

Zhang slits it open - he tips it upside down.

Dry ice swirls.

A plastic wrapped USB STICK falls out.

There's an object wrapped in plastic.

Zhang cautiously unwraps it.

Inside a bloodied hand - with a distinctive green/gold ring on one finger.

Zhang recoils, he drops the hand on to the table.

CHEN

(in Chinese Mandarin)

When did this arrive?

ZHANG

(in Chinese Mandarin)

About thirty minutes ago.

Chen unwraps the USB stick.

CHEN

(in Chinese Mandarin)

Increase the reward.

ZHANG

(in Mandarin Chinese)

No-one will risk going near you,  
not for any amount of money.

(CONTINUED)

CHEN  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
Then find him and kill him!

ZHANG  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
He's blinded us, he's a ghost, we  
have no-one left on the streets -

CHEN  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
All I've heard from you is  
excuses! No results! Find better  
spies! Find men who can stand and  
fight! Not these posing fools.

ZHANG  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
We're doing that now.

CHEN  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
You've become soft! Soft and  
lazy! All of you! Now get out and  
do what I pay you for. Find him  
or the next execution squad will  
be after you!  
(pause)  
And get rid of that!

Zhang replaces macabre contents in the box.

He and his men exit.

Chen pours another drink.

He plugs the USB into the laptop, powers it up.

A window opens.

The quality's grainy, slightly out of focus.

Nicole appears on screen, lying on bed, sandwiched between  
Marian and another woman.

Nicole's drugged and catatonic.

Marian and the other woman start to undress Nicole, they  
caress her writhing body.

Marian smiles, winks at the camera.

Chen SLAMS his fist on to the table - the thick whisky  
tumbler SHATTERS, cutting his hand.

He knocks the laptop from the table.

INT. DOJO - NIGHT

Qiang sits in a lotus position.

The dojo's completely deserted, a few wisps of smoke rise from the table behind him.

He's stripped to the waist, his back a mass of scar tissue, torture marks evident.

Head bowed, he's immersed in concentration.

A rivulet of sweat trickles down his bare torso, a tick starts to pulse on his face.

O.S: SCREAMING, TAUNTING CHINESE VOICES.

Qiang trembles, every muscle on his body pulses.

Renaghan enters, he bows.

Qiang opens his eyes.

RENAGHAN

There will be no alliance.

QIANG

And the message?

RENAGHAN

Delivered to your enemy.

QIANG

His rage will drive him to his grave, just as his greed spurred him to betrayal.

RENAGHAN

What about the weapons?

QIANG

We need them urgently.

RENAGHAN

Master, the man's weak, but this girl...

QIANG

They can be of service to us - and they will.

Qiang lowers his head.

Renaghan bows, he exits.

Qiang returns to his meditation.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

Jennifer enters the apartment, sweat pours down her face, she trembles all over.

Deveraux lurches into the living room, hollow eyed, flushed.

He's got a Beretta pistol, he vaguely points it in Jennifer's generally direction.

Jennifer holds her hands out.

DEVERAUX

What the fuck? Where you followed?

JENNIFER

No-one's followed me.

DEVERAUX

Are you sure?

JENNIFER

I got something.

DEVERAUX

What the fuck happened? What did Marian say?

JENNIFER

We're on, but there was a condition.

DEVERAUX

What condition?

Jennifer takes her jacket off.

She takes out her own weapon.

JENNIFER

Are you going to shoot me or what?

She takes out the wraps, opens them, arranges them in lines.

Deveraux lowers his weapon with reluctance.

Jennifer squats over the table, she takes a out a ten pound note, rolls it up.

She scores a line of coke, then another.

(CONTINUED)

DEVERAUX  
Where did you get this?

JENNIFER  
Part payment, I made a run for  
them.

Deveraux kneels beside her.

Jennifer gives him the rolled up tenner.

He takes a line of coke, then another.

DEVERAUX  
What kind of a run?

JENNIFER  
I delivered a fucking human hand,  
a message to Chen.

DEVERAUX  
What kind of message?

JENNIFER  
Don't fuck with us? Surrender or  
die? What do you think?

DEVERAUX  
What about the girl?

JENNIFER  
We'll find her, I know we will,  
I'll stake my life on it -

DEVERAUX  
We're partners, right? So I want  
to know why some gangster's  
daughter is such a big deal to  
you.

JENNIFER  
What does it matter to you?

Jennifer scores another line of coke.

Deveraux joins her.

EXT. ENGLISH DOCKLANDS - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Jennifer peers into the dank, gloomy exterior of the  
shipping container.

Her torch light pierces the darkness, she takes a step or  
two inside.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
Hello? Is anyone there?

She winches at the smell.

She sees two women lying dead at the container's rear.

Jennifer crouches down, examines both women - they've been dead for sometime.

FERGUSON  
Just a minor fuck up, eh lad?  
Nothing that can't be fixed.

The men wrap the bodies in plastic sheeting.

The corpses are dragged outside by the snake heads.

Jennifer exits.

Jennifer watches as the bodies are weighed down by the snake heads.

They are thrown into the filthy waters where they quickly sink without a trace.

The remaining undocumented immigrants are hustled off to a waiting box van by Ferguson's associates.

Jennifer lights a cigarette.

FERGUSON  
Well, lads, do we have a deal?

JENNIFER  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
Are we willing to come to an arrangement?

FERGUSON  
You know I can open doors for you, I know a lot of people. Maybe you want some good quality motors, drugs, guns is it...?

JENNIFER  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
I can facilitate a great deal of business on your behalf. I'm well connected in this region, I can assist with the expansion of your operations.

SNAKE HEAD LEADER  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
I'm willing to negotiate with your friend and his  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SNAKE HEAD LEADER (cont'd)  
associates...if his organisation  
can deliver.

JENNIFER  
He says they're impressed - and  
they're willing to trade.

Ferguson and the snake head leader shake hands.

Both parties exit.

One of the snake heads shuts the container door with a  
final CLANG.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. GLASGOW BORDELLO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Renaghan and Marian squat over a table counting large  
quantities of cash.

The transactions is watched by the hard faced Yee.

Two of Renaghan's men wait in the background.

Four Yee's 'misses' (working girls) sit on a couch, they  
nervously watch the transaction unfold.

In the corner of the living room is a small shrine (to  
Mammon) with a ten pound note rests at the base.

O.S: DOORBELL RINGS.

Yee gets up and exits.

O.S: DOOR SLAMS, VOICES.

Renaghan stuffs the thick bricks of cash into a money  
belt.

He puts the money belt around Marian's waist.

Yee enters the room, she carries cash.

Yee points at a 'miss' perched at the end of couch.

The girl lowers her head, she hastily exits.

MARIAN  
(in Mandarin Chinese)  
Not bad, but do better - more  
trade means a bigger cut for you.

RENAGHAN

Any problems with that arrangement?

YEE

The misses know what to do, they are good girls, they work hard for you -

RENAGHAN

It's your license on the line.

MARIAN

Any trouble of late?

YEE

No-one, it's all quiet here.

RENAGHAN

We're going to transfer your girls.

YEE

When?

RENAGHAN

Tomorrow.

YEE

Tomorrow?

RENAGHAN

Got a problem with that?

YEE

No, whatever you think best.

MARIAN

There's a special visitor arriving. She goes in the room upstairs. No-one sees her, you don't speak of her to anyone. Got that?

YEE

How long will she stay for?

MARIAN

That's our concern.

RENAGHAN

Don't worry about security - you'll be watched.

MARIAN

You'll get a high risk rate - two thousand a day, plus a bonus. You

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARIAN (cont'd)  
cook, clean and look after her.  
Otherwise I'll collect your head.  
(pause)  
Now, get these misses working.  
And be ready for tonight's new  
consignment.

Yee nods.

Marian, Renaghan and their thugs exit.

As soon as the door closes, Yee turns on the watching  
misses.

YEE  
You idiots! You lazy cows! You  
think it's funny? You enjoyed me  
being insulted by that stuck up  
bitch? Her foreigner boyfriend.  
What do you think she'll do to  
you? You'll be no good to your  
families if your marked or dead!  
Now get back to work!

The working girls exit.

Yee walks over to the shrine.

She bows her head, takes out a ten pound and places it on  
the foot of shrine.

She lights incense sticks, kneels before it.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Chen sits on a sofa, he studies a series of enlarged,  
glossy photographs.

The pictures are grainy, slightly blurred - but Jennifer  
is clearly identifiable from the earlier drop-off.

Chen stares at Jennifer's image.

Zhang stands in front of his boss.

CHEN  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
This was the one?

ZHANG  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
She was.

CHEN  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
And she was alone.

ZHANG  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
They said she spoke with an  
accent, perhaps she's a half  
breed. I don't think she's one of  
his -

CHEN  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
Find her.

ZHANG  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
Kill her?

CHEN  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
Bring her to me.  
(pause)  
And double the reward.

ZHANG  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
Are you sure? There's no-one left  
alive whose willing to claim it -

CHEN  
(in Chinese Mandarin)  
Never underestimate greed,  
they'll be someone who will bite.  
Don't question my orders. Now,  
get out and find this one.

Zhang exits.

EXT. GLASGOW BORDELLO, SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole lies supine on the bed.

She's drugged, beaten and haggard.

Yee enters, closes the door behind her.

She examines Nicole's wounds, turns the catatonic girl's  
face over in her hands.

Yee takes her out her phone, photographs Nicole's face  
from several different angles.

Yee dials a number on her phone.

Yee attaches the pictures, sends them off.

(CONTINUED)

She sends a TEXT:

'HOW MUCH FOR INFORMATION?'

Yee exits the room.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

Deveraux sits with his back to the wall, his gun hangs loosely in his hand, a bottle of vodka sits beside him.

He's half covered with a blanket.

Jennifer lies beside him, head on his shoulder. She smokes, an ashtray sits on the floor beside her.

Her gun lies beside the ashtray.

On the table - lines of cocaine, mobile phones.

Deveraux occasionally nips from the bottle, he passes it to Jennifer who does the same.

DEVERAUX

You married?

JENNIFER

No, never did.

(pause)

But you are, right?

DEVERAUX

I am.

JENNIFER

Miss them?

DEVERAUX

Yeah. I worry sometimes, that I can't remember their faces. I tried to see them, but I frightened them. I told Stratton, he said I was covered. Told me not worry, that I was doing a great job. Fuck, sometimes I look in the mirror, realise that I sold out my family.

(pause)

Why'd you become a cop?

JENNIFER

Thought I could make a difference. My family disowned me, they didn't want me joining. My sisters were the worst, said it was beneath me.

(CONTINUED)

(pause)

They were right, undercover work turns you bad. I thought it would be a career maker, all I was just another fucking dope runner with an accent.

DEVERAUX

Do you think about him?

JENNIFER

Think about who?

DEVERAUX

Billy Ferguson.

JENNIFER

A crack dealing pimp? The world's a better place now he's just another unsolved. You know what he did to keep women in line, the kind of scum he was?

DEVERAUX

You sleep with him?

JENNIFER

He opened doors for me, so I used him as I saw fit, but I had lines, or I thought I did...

Deveraux takes a line coke, Jennifer a belt of vodka and a drag on her cigarette.

DEVERAUX

Lines come and go. You really set him up? Was that your revenge for having to -?

JENNIFER

What the fuck does it matter? The guidelines, the protocols were followed. I did what your doing when you go undercover - whatever it takes to survive.

DEVERAUX

But you knew they'd kill him.

JENNIFER

The Moss Siders suspected a leak, he was getting greedy, he skimmed herion profits, put the wrong names around...he was registered informant, for the local C.I.D? To the Serious Crime Squad? Did you know that?

(CONTINUED)

DEVERAUX

You didn't warn him what was coming. You knew, you might have been in London by then, but you knew...

JENNIFER

I didn't set him up either. They never acted on my warnings...I mean, would everyone had been happier if it had been me?

Deveraux prepares a line on the table top.

Jennifer eagerly snorts it up.

Deveraux snorts up another couple of lines.

DEVERAUX

When did you hit the buffers?

JENNIFER

When I learned that another group of migrants suffocated in some lorry a couple of months later. I'd been promoted to drugs trafficking by then. I picked up a taste for it. You know those poor bastards weren't found for a week - twenty six people died and no-one gave a fuck.

DEVERAUX

Did you fix that deal for him?

JENNIFER

Yeah, I did. My last one before London.

DEVERAUX

You felt responsible?

JENNIFER

See, the pipeline was closed after Ferguson's murder - his bosses thought it was too risky, given his grassing. But no-one thought to tell the snakeheads, the deal went ahead.

DEVERAUX

You were doing your duty.

She takes another line of coke.

JENNIFER

I was complicit, I left those people to die.

Jennifer's mobile RINGS.

She grabs it, Deveraux scores another line.

JENNIFER

Yeah?

STRATTON (O.S)

Consignment has arrived.

JENNIFER

What's the location?

STRATTON (O.S)

Apartment complex, near Alexandra Park and Edinburgh Road. The game plan's about to change. And stay sharp - there are eyes everywhere.

The line goes dead.

JENNIFER

The hardware's ready.

Jennifer picks up the the Beretta.

She checks it, shoves it her waistband.

Deveraux does likewise.

He rubs the remains of the coke on his gums.

DEVERAUX

Is this it? Have we reached the fucking edge?

JENNIFER

I just can't let her go.

(pause)

Of all the jobs I was involved with, all the immigration rackets, there was always someone left behind. No-one gives a fuck about these people. That girl's not responsible for her father's dirty laundry. She doesn't deserve to die.

DEVERAUX

So she's your penance is she? You'll take that risk?

JENNIFER

Just for once, before this job turns me completely bad, I'm going to do what's right by another human being.

DEVERAUX

I've got one last question.

JENNIFER

So ask.

DEVERAUX

You told Stratton everything?

JENNIFER

He ordered me to watch you.

DEVERAUX

But you didn't recommend my removal?

JENNIFER

They need a scapegoat, someone to redeem themselves for their fuck-up in Manchester. I got away with it, but you did the ground work for this one...so why should you burn?

DEVERAUX

Maybe we ought to.

Deveraux and Jennifer exit.

EXT. APARTMENT COURTYARD - DAY

The yard's deserted, surrounded by half built apartment buildings, some partially sealed off.

Litter swirls, plastic sheeting flaps in the breeze.

Deveraux and Jennifer anxiously wait, hands in pockets, watching every possible hiding place...

Stratton emerges from inside an empty doorway.

Jennifer and Deveraux spin and face him, they take their hands from their pockets, weapons aimed and readied.

STRATTON

I don't like staring at those.  
I'm a friend, remember?

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

It's hard to tell these days.

Stratton lowers his hands.

STRATTON

Hard night was it?

Deveraux and Jennifer lower their weapons, just.

JENNIFER

The hardware's ready?

STRATTON

You made contact?

JENNIFER

Last night. I went alone, met Renaghan's wife, made a little run on their behalf.

STRATTON

Where to?

JENNIFER

Fucking Lennoxton of all places, this box to one of Chen's business fronts.

STRATTON

What was in the box?

JENNIFER

A human hand and a USB stick.

STRATTON

Jesus Christ. What was on the data stick?

JENNIFER

I don't know. Nothing nice. A message for Chen I'd assume.

STRATTON

You took a risk doing that.

(to Deveraux)

And where the hell were you?

JENNIFER

It wasn't his fault. We've not been tumbled, but I think we're under loose surveillance.

STRATTON

Is it Chen or the targets?

DEVERAUX

Hard to say.

JENNIFER

Where's the hardware?

Stratton produces a shoulder bag from behind a wall.

He kicks it over to Deveraux.

Deveraux stops it with his foot, squats down, opens the bag.

Inside - two MAC 10, INGRAM MACHINE PISTOLS.

Plastic bricks - tightly wrapped bundles of drugs and cash.

Deveraux crouches down, checks the weapons with expert ease.

DEVERAUX

Yeah, we're good to go.

STRATTON

Try not get lifted carrying it. You've got three days, maximum. After that the heavy brigade Blitz them - armed units, riot gear, dogs, the fucking lot.

DEVERAUX

What the hell's going on?

STRATTON

Chen's deploying more of his people on the streets. Imported from England, Hong Kong, God knows where else...they're out getting ready for the Big Push.

JENNIFER

I guess the subtle approach is out.

STRATTON

Renaghan, his mail order wife, and as many foot soldiers as we can nick, are going down. As of that moment, your assignment will be terminated.

DEVERAUX

Wait a minute, I spent eight months on this. Eight months mapping this firm out and we're being shut down?

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Priorities shifted, have they  
'sir'?

STRATTON

I've got my orders, now I'm  
giving you yours. The level of  
violence has been deemed  
unacceptable - we've been ordered  
to halt any escalation.

JENNIFER

What about the Dragon Master?

STRATTON

Have you found anything else  
about him? Does he even exist?

DEVERAUX

I'm not sure, I've not seen him.  
He's a ghost -

STRATTON

So you've got no evidence.

DEVERAUX

Look, this is bullshit. This  
outfit are more than just another  
gang with some Oriental window  
dressing. We need more time -

DEVERAUX

You don't have it.

JENNIFER

So what happens to Nicole?

STRATTON

You know she's probably dead.

DEVERAUX

If they'd have killed her, Chen  
would have retaliated by now.

JENNIFER

She's integral to their plans,  
not just some makeweight -

STRATTON

It's out of my hands. Now, do  
what you're paid to do - fix the  
fucking deal and leave the rest  
to the Special Support Units.

Jennifer and Deveraux exit with the shoulder bag.

EXT. GLASGOW STREET - DAY

Deveraux drives along the street, his eyes dart from the road to the mirrors.

Jennifer snorts cocaine from a tiny vial.

Deveraux takes a small hit from the vial himself, Jennifer conceals the vial in her jacket.

He slows at some lights, barely stopping in time.

His eyes flick anxiously around the waiting traffic.

Behind him, at a safe distance, another car pulls up behind them.

Zhang sits in the front passenger seat, beside the driver, a third man sits in the back.

Deveraux glances in the mirror, sees Zhang's car.

DEVERAUX

Hold on.

Deveraux looks left and right.

Ahead, to the left, another car sits in a side street (the 'crash car'), faces the main road, two men behind the wheel.

The crash car edges forward..

The lights change to green.

Deveraux waits.

JENNIFER

What are you...?

DEVERAUX

Just shut up.

Deveraux waits.

He abruptly throws the car into reverse, swerving past Zhang's vehicle, just missing it.

The crash car shoots forward, swerves sharply and starts a pursuit.

Zhang's driver executes a turns in the road.

Zhang grabs his mobile phone.

Deveraux races down the main road, he turns off into a side street.

EXT. GLASGOW SIDE STREET - DAY

Deveraux speeds down the narrow side street.

Zhang and the second car purse them.

Deveraux works on sheer instinct, he pumps the brakes, changes gear expertly.

JENNIFER

Are these Renaghan's people?

DEVERAUX

Keep your head down. If they start getting too close, cap a couple off.

Deveraux swerves sharply...

EXT. GLASGOW STREET - DAY

Deveraux races right across, he ignores braking traffic, the HORNS and YELLS from irate drivers.

Zhang and the other pursers are forced to hit the brakes.

Deveraux zigzags around obstacles, he briefly mounts the pavement, swerves back on to the road.

Deveraux grips the steering wheel, sweat rolls down his forehead.

He turns into a one way street - the wrong way.

From the opposite direction, at the other end of street, another car full of Chen's men race towards them.

Deveraux floors it.

His opponent does likewise.

Both vehicles race at each other, a head-on collision seems inevitable -

The pursers break off at the last second.

Deveraux just manages to pass their pursers by a hair's breadth.

Deveraux turns again, down another street.

Zhang's driver skids to a halt, he blocks the road ahead.

Deveraux brakes.

Zhang and his men pile out, aim automatic weapons at Jennifer and Deveraux.

(CONTINUED)

Deveraux tries to reverse back - he's blocked off by the crash car coming from the rear.

Jennifer and Deveraux climb out, hands raised in surrender.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK, DAY

Jennifer and Deveraux kneel, foreheads touching the tarmac, wrists bound by plastic bindings.

Zhang and his men stand in a semi-circle around the two prisoners, weapons leveled.

The bag and its contents lie at Zhang's feet.

A high performance car enters the car park.

It stops, a driver gets out, opens the rear door.

Chen emerges from the car, he wears an expensive overcoat and business suit.

He walks over, inspects Jennifer and Deveraux.

He nods at Zhang.

Zhang produces a LARGE KNIFE.

ZHANG

You will keep quiet.

Zhang cuts their plastic bindings, the minders grab the captives pull their foreheads back.

CHEN

(in Chinese Mandarin)

You are Chinese?

JENNIFER

(in Chinese Mandarin)

On my mother's side.

DEVERAUX

Don't say anything.

Zhang slaps his face.

ZHANG

Speak when spoken to! You will show respect! Murderers! Killers!

JENNIFER

We know who you want.

ZHANG  
Murdering scum! Killers!

Zhang lifts a hand, ready for another slap.

Chen gives the 'cut-off' sign - a sharp glance - Zhang desists.

JENNIFER  
You've been looking for us?

CHEN  
We know what you are doing.

JENNIFER  
This is business, nothing more.

CHEN  
You sell guns to my enemies.

DEVERAUX  
We had nothing to do with her abduction, or the killings.

JENNIFER  
As I said, business.

CHEN  
If I thought you were involved, you would be dead - many times over.

JENNIFER  
What do you want?

Chen takes out an expensive mobile phone, he holds it out.

The photos show a beaten and abused Nicole, captions are in Mandarin Chinese.

CHEN  
I have learned where she is. Qiang's organisation has its spies - and I have mine.

DEVERAUX  
Who is Qiang?

CHEN  
Their leader.

JENNIFER  
The so-called Dragon Master?

ZHANG  
You ask too many questions, you half breed bitch!

CHEN

Enough!

Chen motions to an aide holding a briefcase.

The aide opens the briefcase - stuffed with bricks of cash.

CHEN

You are mercenaries, you work for money. I offer you one hundred thousand, to split whatever way you please, if you rescue my daughter.

ZHANG

(in Chinese Mandarin)

We don't need bounty hunters, you trust this scum, yet you -

JENNIFER

(in Chinese Mandarin)

We can find her and we will. But it will cost you more than a hundred thousand pounds. If we're going to accept a suicide mission -

Zhang shoves his pistol under Jennifer's chin.

Chen motions to 'halt' - the gesture's sharper this time.

Zhang backs off - reluctant.

JENNIFER

(in Chinese Mandarin)

How did you know how to find us?

CHEN

(in Chinese Mandarin)

I ordered your surveillance after you delivered that package to the restaurant. I knew you were not one of Renaghan's killers.

JENNIFER

(in Chinese Mandarin)

He works for Qiang.

CHEN

(in Chinese Mandarin)

And his master - an old enemy of mine, my former protegee.

JENNIFER

(in Chinese Mandarin)

Tell us about him.

(CONTINUED)

ZHANG

Shut your mouth!

JENNIFER

(in Chinese Mandarin)

I fix deals, no contract murder.  
We've got no loyalty to Renaghan  
- and you've got nothing to  
lose...or do you value reputation  
over your daughter's life? So  
what's it going to be?

EXT. GLASGOW PARK - DAY

Jennifer sits on a park bench, she's exhausted, washed out.

She smokes, takes a drink from a can of fizzy juice.

She pats her pockets down.

Inside, she finds another wrap of coke.

She opens the wrap, pours it away, grounds the white powder with the heel of her boot.

She finishes her fizzy drink, and her cigarette, and exits.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

A gaunt Jennifer stands chopping vegetables on the kitchen worktop.

An enormous pot of soup boils on the stove.

She dumps in the veggies, hacks off rough slabs of bread from a hedgehog loaf.

When the broth's ready, she spoons it up and takes it through to the bedroom.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

Deveraux lies in bed, racked with sweats and fever.

Jennifer sits beside him.

She carefully serves him the soup.

Deveraux sips it, he's occasionally wracked by a coughing fits.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

How are you feeling?

DEVERAUX

All of this, look I'm sorry -

JENNIFER

Don't worry about it.

DEVERAUX

Has Renaghan contacted you?

JENNIFER

Not yet, we've still got time to get you straightened out.

DEVERAUX

I can't believe we're going into certain death.

(pause)

What did you tell Chen?

JENNIFER

We bargained, the Chinese always bargain. He can't risk an all-out assault to get Nicole, so he'll do what he always does - get some lackeys for the dirty work.

Jennifer wipes his mouth.

DEVERAUX

Do you trust him? Chen I mean?

JENNIFER

I don't know.

DEVERAUX

What about Stratton?

JENNIFER

He'll want to hit them too soon. We leave him out - for now.

She lies beside him on the bed.

Deveraux sinks back in exhaustion.

JENNIFER

Now we wait.

DEVERAUX

What if it all goes wide?

JENNIFER

They'll kill us.

INT. DOJO - DAY

Qiang kneels in front of the shrine.

Incense sticks and candles smolder.

He's stripped to his shorts, head bowed deep in meditation.

His back is covered with body art - beautiful, frightening and intimidating.

The body art competes with ugly and deep running scar tissues.

Qiang finishes his meditation.

He starts a complex series of stretches and exercises.

Renaghan bows, enters.

Renaghan watches and waits.

QIANG

Move the girl, then prepare.

INT.UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - DAY

FLASHBACK

Jennifer and Deveraux now sit upright, hands behind their heads.

Zhang and the other bodyguards stare relentlessly at the hostages.

Chen paces, he smokes, pauses every so often to draw from his cigarette.

CHEN

The Drgaon Master is real. I created him, he was closed, like a son.

(pause)

It was during the Reform Era, so much money to be made. He was a young spy. He had worked extensively abroad, established espionage networks. I saw his hunger, his potential, his contacts...

MONTAGE: CHEN AND QIANG.

EXT. BEIJING PUBLIC PARK - DAY - Qiang and Chen wear sunglasses and suits, in covert discussion.

(CONTINUED)

INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT - Qiang displays a huge cache of heavy weapons, explosives to impressed Chen.

INT. AIRCRAFT HANGER - NIGHT - Qiang trains with his men, blacked out faces, head bands, combat gear.

EXT. BEIJING STREET - DAY - Masked men with automatic weapons hijack a security van, bullet riddled guards lie on the street, raiders cram gem stones into bags.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT - rural peasants are rounded up, Qiang's renegade soldiers torch their houses.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT - drugs and cash on a table, Chen and Qiang celebrate the result.

CHEN

We were close. He was like a son to me, We made so much money in those early days, we smuggled anything - drugs, weapons, electronics, cars...

JENNIFER

People.

CHEN

We built cities and roads where there none. It was progress.

JENNIFER

It was extortion, people smuggling and land grabbing.

CHEN

I initiated Qiang into the brothers, they were impressed, those were great days.

JENNIFER

He killed for you?

CHEN

Many times over. But he became greedy, he was wealthy but he wanted more.

JENNIFER

So you tried to kill him, didn't you?

CHEN

He was out of control, binging on drugs, gambling and whoring. He had forgotten the art of discretion, he was...an embarrassment to my associates.

(CONTINUED)

MONTAGE: QIANG'S ARREST.

EXT. -BEIJING STREET -DAY- plainclothes security agents drag Qiang to a car.

INT. -INTERROGATION CELL -NIGHT- assorted security heavies give Qiang a harsh 'third degree'.

EXT. -PLAYING FIELD - DAY - a battered Qiang's parades with a row of filthy and ill-treated detainees.

He wears a card around his neck.

The card around his neck reads (in Chinese Mandarin):

'A TRAITOR TO THE CHINESE PEOPLE.'

CHEN

He was scheduled to die.

JENNIFER

And he escaped.

CHEN

I underestimated the power of his network.

DEVERAUX

Where does Renaghan fit in?

CHEN

He was one of Qiang's contacts in Hong Kong. He operated a drug ring in the garrison, initiated suitable soldiers into the brothers...and he was a killer, a bad one at that, he mistreated prostitutes, murdered some transient. He was fully initiated brother...and he Qiang's first sleeper.

JENNIFER

Qiang's operation has been years in the making, hasn't it?

CHEN

He knew the value of patience. His network smuggled him into Hong Kong. Then he vanished.

JENNIFER

He was waiting.

DEVERAUX

In the darkness, for his shot at revenge.

(CONTINUED)

CHEN

His initiates started to infiltrate the Wo Shin Wo - my brothers. This took place over many years. He recruited from the lost, the wretched, the dispossessed. Renaghan was his high priest. Now, after many years, he stands ready...

JENNIFER

(in Chinese Mandarin)

You betrayed him, so now he's going to destroy you, humiliate you...the rackets are just an afterthought, you can handle a business fall-out, but not a blood feud.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

EXT. FACTORY SITE - DAY

FLASHBACK

The factory is deserted, eerie and filthy.

Jennifer leans on the bonnet of the grey BMW.

Deveraux stands beside his won car - a dark blue Audi.

Marian and two of Renaghan's men stand behind their car, a dark grey Mercedes.

They watch as Renaghan test fires the machine pistols.

The ROAR is deafening, ORANGE-WHITE muzzle flashes tear through the gloom.

Jennifer and Deveraux watch as Renaghan completes his inspection.

Both are agitated, haggard and unkempt.

Renaghan stops firing.

RENAGHAN

Not bad.

JENNIFER

So we're good to go?

RENAGHAN

How soon can you set it up?

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Six hours, tops.

MARIAN

You look a little rough,  
Deveraux.

DEVERAUX

I'm not in the mood.

MARIAN

Like that is it?

RENAGHAN

Have you got a problem?

JENNIFER

I just stuck my neck out for your  
firm. Three grand or not, I was  
exposed. So just in case there's  
any repercussions, I might want  
to know who's knocking my fucking  
door.

RENAGHAN

You're hired help, got it? When I  
say jump, you do it.

JENNIFER

Are we good to go or what? You've  
seen the goods, we've met on your  
turf, we've played your rules.

(pause)

Now it's crunch time - are we on  
or do I head south?

Renaghan glances at Marian.

Marian claps her hand.

One of Renaghan's men takes a hold all from the boot.

He opens the hold-all - its filled with cash.

The minder kicks the hold-all over to Deveraux.

RENAGHAN

Six hours from now, twenty macs,  
with five hundred rounds each.  
I'll text the meeting place.

MARIAN

If you're not there, we'll come  
looking for you tough girl.

Renaghan and Marian climb into the back seat of their car,  
their men in the front seat.

(CONTINUED)

They gun the engine and drive off.

Deveraux packs away the weaponry and hold-all, he slings them into the boot of the Audi.

Jennifer's phone PINGS - incoming text.

Jennifer checks it, pockets it.

JENNIFER

Got her.

DEVERAUX

Do you want me to go with you?

JENNIFER

Contact Stratton, the deal goes ahead. I'm going after Nicole.

DEVERAUX

You're crazy.

Jennifer's phone PINGS again.

JENNIFER

You'll be needed to make the final delivery. If we're both dead, then it won't happen.

DEVERAUX

If you're caught -

JENNIFER

The final deal goes ahead, it has to - I want Renaghan on those charges. I'll be fine, Chen's got someone on the inside, I check it out, his back-up goes in...

Jennifer's phone PINGS once more.

DEVERAUX

You can't trust him, he's a fucking gangster.

JENNIFER

This is our last chance, before it really turns into a blood bath. Chen's people can secure Nicole - then he pays for creating his fucking monster.

INT. BORDELLO'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jennifer enters the kitchen.

A pot bubbles on the stove unattended, half empty wine bottles lie on the worktops, drawer half open, etc.

The floor's splattered with foodstuffs, the fridge door lies half open.

Spots of blood on the tiles floor.

Jennifer pulls her gun, cocks it.

She creeps across the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

No sign of anyone in the living room.

Jennifer glances in.

Half eaten meals on the dining table, used drug paraphernalia on the coffee table.

More spots of blood on the car, a spritz of the whitewashed walls.

INT. BORDELLO'S HALLWAY/LANDING - DAY

More blood trails on the stairs.

Jennifer shuffles along the landing, again more blood.

On the landing - a woman's stiletto lies abandoned.

Empty bedrooms - doors ajar.

She checks each room - unmade beds, clothes spill from cupboards, open wardrobes.

Bedside cabinets with various sex aids, condoms, poppers, etc.

In front of her, a stairwell.

The blood trails stop.

Jennifer goes upstairs.

INT. BORDELLO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer pushes open the bedroom door.

She see Nicole lying on the bed.

Nicole stares at Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Oh my God.

Jennifer rushes over and tries to help Nicole up.

Nicole is traumatised, sluggish and unresponsive.

JENNIFER (CON'T)

I'm here to help. I'll get you  
out of here.

(in Chinese Mandarin)

Can you understand me? What the  
hell did they do to you?

Jennifer puts her weapon on the bedsit cabinet.

She grabs Nicole, wraps her in the sheets and attempts to  
lift her.

At the same time she tries to take he phone out of her  
jacket.

She freezes.

More bloodspots, this time on the base of the door -  
leadign to an en-suite bathroom.

Jennifer puts Nicole on the bed.

Jennifer open the door.

Yee lies dead in the shower cubical - wrapped in plastic  
sheeting, her throat slit.

Jennifer stifles a scream.

Nicole uncomprehendingly stares at the dead woman.

MARIAN (O.S)

She begged for her life, but we  
have rules...

Jennifer spins, aims her weapon...

Marian stands in the doorway.

Marian has a gun - pointed straight at Jennifer.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER

Get the fuck out of my way.

MARIAN

Oh, so tough, even at the end.

JENNIFER

I'm warning you...

MARIAN

So who do work for? Is it Chen?  
Like that piece of scum over  
there? Did he promise you money?  
A new life?

JENNIFER

I'm going to walk out of here.  
I'll put a bullet right through  
your head if I have to...

MARIAN

I'm scared, I really am. Don't  
worry about Chen's cavalry, they  
were always on our side.

(pause)

Maybe you're a cop? Am I right?

JENNIFER

(gestures to Nicole)

You sadistic cow, what did you do  
to her? She's innocent -

MARIAN

Her father's betrayed the man who  
saved all of us.

JENNIFER

I'm going to count to to three...

Marian drops her gun, it clatters to the floor.

She raises her hands - no harm meant, she backs off.

MARIAN

I helped him, he pulled me from  
the gutters. A peasant's  
daughter, I gave him life when he  
hid from the policemen on Chen's  
payroll, his wounds were infected  
-

JENNIFER

Keep your hands where I can see  
them.

Marian complies.

MARIAN

Join us, let us help you. We can take your pain away. You can truly feel part of a greater purpose...and I'll make you rich as well.

Jennifer walks out the bedroom, she gestures to Marian with her pistol - 'Get Out'.

Marian backs off down the stairs.

Jennifer stands in the doorway.

JENNIFER

Your 'greater purpose' is making money, by whatever fucked up means. The rest is just window dressing -

Renaghan steps out, floors her with a single haymaker to the jaw.

Jennifer crashes to the deck, out cold.

RENAGHAN

Wanted to do that since day one.

Renaghan picks up Jennifer phone, starts to check it.

MARIAN

Window dressing to you but not us.

Marian picks up Jennifer's gun.

She nods to Renaghan's men - they file into the bedroom, haul the catatonic Nicole to her feet.

EXT. PUB CAR PARK - DAY

The car park is at the rear of a one story pub, obscured on all by high hedgerows, trees, etc.

There's only one entrance into the car park.

Deveraux waits beside his car.

A small white van enters, it pulls up beside Deveraux.

Stratton and one of his men get out of the small white van.

STRATTON

When's the payoff?

(CONTINUED)

DEVERAUX

Tonight. They'll let us know when.

STRATTON

We'll be close by. How are you bearing up?

DEVERAUX

I don't want to hear it, I just want this over with. Just make sure you're ready.

Deveraux gets into the van.

He drives off.

Zhang emerges from the rear entrance to a nearby shop where's he's been watching the transaction.

He takes out his phone, hits speed dial, walks over to a nearby car.

EXT. GLASGOW STREET - DAY

Deveraux drives along a nondescript residential street.

He sees a telephone box.

He stops and gets out the small white van.

Deveraux enters the telephone box, he picks up the receiver, dials a number and feeds money in.

The phone RINGS...

Kathleen picks up at the other end.

KATHLEEN (O.S)

Hello?

DEVERAUX

It's me, I can't talk for long.

KATHLEEN (O.S)

Where are you? Are you coming home?

DEVERAUX

I can't say, but I'll be home soon. The kids, are they all right?

KATHLEEN (O.S)

Yes, they miss you. I miss you.

(CONTINUED)

DEVERAUX

All the things that went wrong,  
I'm sorry. You have to know that.  
(pause)

Look, when things were better,  
between us I mean, I need to know  
one thing.

KATHLEEN (O.S)

What?

DEVERAUX

Was it all real, any of it?

KATHLEEN (O.S)

Of course it was, you always  
counted. I love you.

He hangs up.

Deveraux shakes all over, he wipes his eyes.

Hee leaves the phone box, gets into the small white van  
and drives off.

Zhang steps from a doorway where he's been observing  
Deveraux.

He takes his mobile from his pocket, dials a number.

INT. INDUSTRIAL PREMISES - NIGHT

The skyline is dominated by huge rusting sheds, choked  
with weeds, litter and rubble.

Jennifer and Nicole kneel on the ground, ringed by  
Renaghan's men.

Marian tends to Nicole.

Jennifer has been beaten, Nicole is near catatonic.

Renaghan crouches over Jennifer, offers her a cigarette.

Jennifer accepts.

Renaghan offers a light, Jennifer accepts.

JENNIFER

This my last request?

RENAGHAN

Not so smart now are we? Look, it  
doesn't matter who you're working

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RENAGHAN (cont'd)  
for. Listen, you're going to die  
- and soon.

JENNIFER  
We can still deal on this.

RENAGHAN  
Too late now, even if I wanted  
to...which I don't. Make it easy  
on yourself, save yourself pain.  
Did Chen send you?

JENNIFER  
Chen's men were going to pay us a  
quarter of a million to kill you  
and your wife. And your boss. He  
told us everything - the whole  
story, about Qiang, I mean...?

RENAGHAN  
You don't ever say his name, got  
it?

JENNIFER  
What's his hold on you? Drugs?  
Money? He fix you up with your  
wife?

RENAGHAN  
It's about loyalty, blood ties. I  
was a network man in Hong Kong,  
he used his influence. I was Wo  
Shin Wo for many years, until  
they sent me home. When Qiang  
learned where his daughter's  
enemy was going, it was time to  
serve my true master.

JENNIFER  
You mean he stopped you from  
going to jail you mean. I know  
about you, Renaghan. Behind all  
the fancy dress, the Oriental  
bullshit, you're just another  
fucking prick who hates women and  
who wants to get rich quick.

Renaghan balls a fist, gets ready to swing it.

MARIAN  
Hold it!

Renaghan freezes.

Marian points ahead, into the gloom.

O.S: WATER SPLASHES, SHOE SCUFFLE ON CONCRETE.

Renaghan lowers his fist.

Renaghan, Marian and their team stiffen in anticipation.

Qiang emerges, halfway cloaked in darkness, the gloom half obscures his face, like a crescent moon.

Renaghan grabs Jennifer's hair, pulls her head back...

MARIAN

(in Mandarin Chinese)

This isn't money, you half breed bitch. This is about power. .  
We're bleeding Chen, he's losing face every day.

RENAGHAN

(in Mandarin Chinese)

He won't die by our hand either.

The small van swings into the overgrown courtyard, Deveraux behind the wheel, no-one else.

Renaghan releases Jennifer.

Qiang steps back into the shadows.

DEVERAUX (O.S)

Hello?

Renagahn and his men snap to attention.

Deveraux enters cautiously, hands behind his head, fingers locked.

Renaghan nods - two of his men rush over and thoroughly pat search Deveraux.

They drop his gun and phone on the ground, kick them aside, give Renaghan a thumbs up - he's clean.

The hitmen shove Deveraux towards Marian, Renaghan, Jennifer and Nicole.

RENAGHAN

The stuff, where is it?

DEVERAUX

Out there, in the van.

They haul out boxes, place them on the ground.

The hitmen rip the boxes open, throw aside layers of clothing on top.

They fish out the machine pistols, hold one up.

MARIAN

How's my favourite young man?  
Hope we're feeling better?

RENAGHAN

You're fucking dead, pal. There's  
not going to be a pay-off.

DEVERAUX

It was always going to end like  
this, wasn't it?  
(to Jennifer)  
Are you OK?

JENNIFER

Couldn't be better.

RENAGHAN

Shut up the pair of you.

DEVERAUX

Chen gave us money.

RENAGHAN

So what?

DEVERAUX

We play it back. Sell us the  
girl, we'll lead you straight to  
Chen - I'll shoot the fucker  
myself.

Renaghan's men grab Deveraux in a brutal hold.

He GASPS in pain, crumples to his knees.

Renaghan pulls a knife from a sheaf on his belt.

JENNIFER

Let the girl go.

RENAGHAN

You're persistent, I'll give you  
that. Did you think you could buy  
your way out of this?

JENNIFER

Revenge is the same as money.

MARIAN

And power, tough girl.

JENNIFER

Do you buy into the spiritual  
side of it, really?

RENAGHAN

I do, yeah. But there's fringe benefits as well.

JENNIFER

You're going to meet a bad end, both of you.

Renaghan grabs Jennifer by the hair, pulls her neck back ready to slice her throat.

The goon SHOUTS in alarm - he holds up AN ELECTRONIC TRACKING DEVICE hidden in a machine pistol.

RENAGHAN

You fucking bastards!

A SPOTLIGHT cuts through the darkness.

Red TARGETTING LIGHTS appear, dotted across faces and torsos, settling on their targets like flies.

STRATTON (O.S)

Freeze! This is the police! Throw down your weapons and surrender.

Everyone freezes.

There's a SHARP CRACK, followed by second SHARP CRACK - the heads of Deveraux's guards abruptly EXPLODE.

Both men fall lifelessly to the ground.

STRATTON (O.S)

Who fired? Who fired? I order you to halt-!

RENAGHAN

Sniper! Get the fuck down!

STRATTON (O.S)

Stand by all units!

DEVERAUX

Bullshit!

Deveraux grabs a fallen pistol.

Renaghan dives for cover, a SHARP CRACK and the bodyguard behind him collapses - a gaping hole where his face was.

The dead man collapses beside Jennifer.

DEVERAUX

Get the girl!

A SHARP CRACK - another bodyguard falls dead, the bullet rips a huge tear in his chest.

(CONTINUED)

Jennifer throws herself over Nicole prone figure.

STRATTON (O.S)  
Open fire! Open fire!

Renaghan and his men start firing blindly at the mystery sniper.

STRATTON (O.S)  
Take them down! All units go!

Heavily equipped and black clad police marksmen emerge from cover and advance, firing as they go.

Renaghan's men fire back.

Deveraux crawls forward on his chest towards Jennifer.

JENNIFER  
Deveraux! What's the hell's going on?

O.S HELICOPTER HOVERS OVERHEAD, DOGS BARK.

Renaghan sees the crouching party, fires on them.

Deveraux's hit - he SCREAMS, fires back, hits Renaghan.

Renaghan reels under the impact.

He drops his gun, charges like some wounded bull, blood pouring from his wounds.

STRATTON (O.S)  
You there! Drop the weapon! Drop the fucking weapon and on the floor.

Renaghan charges Deveraux.

Deveraux FIRES, hits him.

Renaghan stabs Deveraux in the stomach and chest.

Both men grapple, blood pours from their wounds.

Deveraux fires into Renaghan's torso - point blank.

Renaghan staggers back, the marksmen open fire, riddle him with bullets, he dies instantly.

He falls to the floor in a bloodied heap.

Deveraux collapses, he turns pale, clutches at multiple stab wounds, writhing in agony.

Stratton and some plainclothes officers, now in body armour and high visibility caps, push their way forward.

STRATTON  
He's ours! Get a medic!

Stratton and his men quickly tend to Deveraux, they pry the wounded man from Nicole.

Uniformed officers wrap Nicole in a blanket, lead her to safety.

Jennifer frantically tries to staunch Deveraux's wounds - she sprayed with blood.

Uniformed cops drag her off.

STRATTON  
She's ours! Get a medic over here! Officer down!

A couple of uniformed officers apply dressings and bandages to his numerous wounds.

Marian lies on the floor, handcuffed and guarded by uniformed cops.

O.S: TWO TONES, SHOUTS AND YELLS, DOGS BARK.

Stratton and his men apply bandages and dressings to Deveraux's wounds, blood spills across their hands and faces.

Jennifer roles across the floor.

JENNIFER  
He's here!

Jennifer grabs a handgun, she stumbles off into the semi-darkness...

STRATTON  
Hold it! Wait! Wait!

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

O.S: SHOUTS AND YELLS, TWO TONES, DOGS BARK.

Jennifer advances down the corridor, her pistol at the ready.

It's dank, bare concrete, the floor's awash with water.

Rubble and concrete lie strewn in clumps.

The lights flicker erratically.

O.S: RATS SQUEAL.

(CONTINUED)

Jennifer keeps low, she zigzags, uses whatever cover she can.

She pauses every so often.

Ahead an open doorway.

She cautiously enters...

INT. ANTE ROOM - NIGHT

The room's almost completely bare, except for pools of stagnant water.

Doorways lead off into different directions, the lighting's poor.

Jennifer enters, glances all around, pistol at the ready.

Ahead, in a gloomy chamber, a VAGUE SHAPE moves.

Jennifer freezes, drops to one knee.

To her left, a SHADOWY OUTLINE steps from behind a doorway.

Jennifer spins, faces the threat...

Jennifer fires, shot after shot, her warning drowned by GUNFIRE and the ECHO.

The FIGURE collapses.

A high powered rifle, complete with night sight, CLATTERS to the floor.

Jennifer cautiously approaches.

The figure lies face down, blood mingles with the filthy water.

She kicks the rifle aside, she turns the corpse over with her foot.

The dead man's none other than Zhang - Chen's henchman.

Jennifer steps back, she shakes all over.

O.S: FOOT SCUFFLES ON CONCRETE, RATS SQUEAL.

The lights start to flicker.

Jennifer levels her pistol in the direction - straight ahead, into yet another gloomy, reeking chamber.

Cautiously she walks forwards, she checks left and right...

(CONTINUED)

She enters the chamber.

She vanishes into the darkness.

O.S: A SHOT.

FREEZE FRAME.

CAPTION: MARIAN WENG - FOUND GUILTY OF CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT MURDER, CONSPIRACY TO IMPORT FIREARMS, PEOPLE TRAFFICKING AND CONSPIRACY UNLAWFULLY DISTRIBUTE CONTROLLED SUBSTANCES.

SENTENCE - LIFE IMPRISONMENT, DEPORTATION APPEAL PENDING.

FADE OUT.

CAPTION: SHI ZHI CHEN - NEVER CHARGED WITH ANY OFFENCE. ALLOWED TO LEAVE UK.

NOW LIVES IN CHINA.

FADE OUT.

CAPTION: HSIN FUNG ('NICOLE') SHU - CURRENTLY RECEIVES PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT IN AN UNDISCLOSED PRIVATE CLINIC.

FADE OUT.

CAPTION: LIU ZHI QIANG WAS NEVER CAUGHT. HIS WHEREABOUTS REMAIN UNKNOWN.

FADE OUT.

CAPTION: JENNIFER KWAN AND MICHAEL DEVERAUX BOTH RECEIVED COMMENDATIONS FOR THEIR UNDERCOVER ROLES. SUBSEQUENTLY REASSIGNED TO UNIFORM DUTIES.

BOTH LATER RESIGNED ON MEDICAL GROUNDS.

FADE OUT.

THE END.