EXT. SMALL TOWN - ALLEYWAY - DAWN

Rats are shooed away from nibbling on MO (50s), flat out on the ground, bullet hole in the forehead and half the back of the skull missing, by homeless alcoholic, JEFF (60s).

Warily, Jeff prods him with a dirty toe that sneaks its way through a hole worn through the faux leather of his boot.

Not getting any reaction, he checks Mo’s pockets, retrieves a wallet, then his watch.

A sudden groan from Mo has Jeff fall backwards, mouth open in shock.

Mo sits and clutches his forehead, moans with pain, his hands go to the back of his head, slaps around in the mush of blood, brain and obliterated skull.

MO’S POV:

[EVERYTHING SHOT AT 48 FRAMES PER SECOND THEN SLOWED TO 24 AND SOUND SLOWED TO MATCH.]

Hands covered in blood. Heavy breath echoing

BACK TO SCENE.

Mo staggers to his feet, sees Jeff.

MO

What did you do?

MO’S POV:

Jeff shakes his head, fear on his face.

JEFF

Nnootthhiinngg Mmiisstteerr. Nnoott mmee II sswweeaarr.

BACK TO SCENE.

[FROM HERE ONWARDS I SHALL MOSTLY LEAVE THE SLO-MO POV SHOTS UP TO DIRECTOR DISCRETION]

Mo groans, leans against the wall.

Jeff gets to his feet.

JEFF

Doctor... lives across the street.
MO
What?

JEFF
You need help.

Jeff reaches out as though to take him by the shoulder.

At twice normal speed, Mo snatches Jeff’s hand away, holds it in a vice-like grip that threatens to crush bone.

Fear pours from Jeff in rugged, raspy breaths.

MO
Something is wrong with me.

JEFF
Yes sir, I just want to help.

Mo releases his grip and lets out another cry of pain as his head rings and pounds.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

A SHOPKEEPER, opening up, stops and stares as Jeff helps Mo across the street.

SHOPKEEPERS
Bastards must be breeding.

Shopkeeper goes back to opening up, muttering curses.

Mo staggers, Jeff barely able to support him.

JEFF
It ain’t far from here. The bars bring him some good business.

Jeff pulls Mo’s wallet out of his pocket and opens it, inside is several hundred dollars and a driving license. He sneaks it back into his pocket.

Mo drops to one knee.

Jeff helps him to his feet.

JEFF
Just up ahead.

Jeff points to a house.
INT. PRIVATE PLANE - DAY

JOSEPH SCALLION (30s), blond, blue eyes, clean shaven, wearing a black skydiver jumpsuit, sits on an expensive, leather swivel chair, sipping mineral water from a plastic bottle.

On his knees, MIKESH KHAN (20s), expensive suit, young entrepreneur of the year, sobs uncontrollably, snot dribbling onto his expensive suit.

Making sure Mikesh can’t go anywhere, two THUGS, in equally expensive attire, stand over him, one of them holding a parachute pack.

MIKESH
What are you going to do?

TARQUIN KNIGHT (30s), dark, bear-like but extremely athletic, also in a jumpsuit, places a tender, lovers, hand on Scallion’s shoulder. Scallion pats it appreciatively.

SCALLION
It’s out of our hands now. You understand.

MIKESH
I’ll pay you double.

Scallion points to the parachute pack.

SCALLION
Count to five and pull.

Mikesh wipes sweat from his brow.

MIKESH
What do you mean? I’ve never jumped out of a plane before.

A Thug opens the main door and they push Mikesh to it as air violently roars around them. First they throw out the parachute pack, wait a few seconds then throw out Mikesh.

EXT. ABOVE CLOUD LEVEL - DAY

Mikesh plummets with an eardrum piercing scream.

Scallion jumps out. Knight follows quickly afterward.

Takes a while for Mikesh to stop panicking and spread his arms to reduce velocity. He spots the parachute pack and heads towards it, trying to remain calm.
Wings at the lats of their suits help Scallion and Knight soar above Mikesh, like hawks circling prey.

With a whoop of triumph, Mikesh grabs the parachute pack and begins securing it to his back.

Scallion and Knight lock hands, then look into each other’s eyes for a few seconds before letting go and closing their arms in, pointed like arrows towards Mikesh.

Mikesh doesn’t secure the pack properly and decides to search for the pull chord... pulls it.

Nothing.

MIKESH
Bastards.

Knight pummels into Mikesh, sending them both in a spin.

Scallion chases after them.

Knight hits Mikesh in the face as they struggle for the parachute.

Knight eventually wins, kicking Mikesh away from him just as Scallion arrives.

One hand on the emergency chord and the other outstretched for Scallion, Knight urges him to take hold. Scallion refuses with a shake of the head and flies towards Mikesh.

Left without any other option, Knight pulls the safety chord and the parachute flies out, sucking him back up someway into the sky.

Screaming all the way, Mikesh plummets faster and faster. Scallion lands atop him, feet placed as though on a surf board.

Mikesh tries to wriggle away but the velocity holds him tight.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

With the ground almost upon them, Scallion jumps into the air and soars, arms outstretched toward the upper tree line while Mikesh smashes sickeningly into the ground.

Scallion hits the trees and falls through them, clinging onto branches that break his fall, eventually lands hard, not far from Mikesh’s body that is half-buried in a grave-like crater.
A splash in the distance as Scallion groans and gets painfully to his feet.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

The parachute floats atop the water.

No sign of life.

The tip of a knife appears through the center of the parachute and slices a gap large enough for Knight to pop his head through.

A darkened SUV pulls up at the bank.

Knight swims towards it.

CHARMAINE (30s), 250lbs of muscle, climbs out and opens the back door. Waits for Knight to arrive.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The SUV pulls up and Knight jumps out to support Scallion who is staggering, concussed.

KNIGHT

I thought...

Scallion laughs, then winces with pain from his broken ribs.

SCALLION

I knew. I just knew.

Knight helps Scallion into the back of the car.

EXT. DOCTOR’S HOUSE - DAY

Jeff pounds the front door while doing his best to support Mo at the same time.

The door opens.

DOCTOR FALLOWS (60s), grizzled with capillaries bursting all over through drink, drunkenly surveys the scene.

FALLOWS

What happened?

Jeff shrugs.
JEFF
I just found him.

Mo collapses inside the doorway.

INT. DOCTOR’S HOUSE - SURGERY - DAY

Fallows and Jeff struggle to lift Mo onto a wooden table, heavily stained with blood. They turn him onto his stomach and Fallows steps back, aghast.

JEFF
It looks pretty bad.

FALLOWS
He’s only got half his head left.
Of course it’s bad. Jesus Christ!
It’s any wonder he’s still alive.

Fallows pours himself three fingers of neat scotch, knocks it back in one, waits for it to go down a while.

FALLOWS
I can clean him up, provide some pain relief. Also something to help keep his heart beating. After that, he’s not my problem. He got any I.D.?

JEFF
Nope.

FALLOWS
Once he’s cleaned up, I’m gonna have to tell Sharpelli. So if this is anything to do with you, it’s best that you...

JEFF
Nothing to do with me. I just want to help.

Fallows pours himself another three fingers.

FALLOWS
Well, you’re in the right place.

Fallows knocks it back in one... shudders.

FALLOWS
We’re going to need some privacy.

Jeff gets the idea and leaves the room.
With Jeff gone, Fallows turns to Mo, appraises him for a while, takes a deep breath, then pours himself another three fingers, knocks them back and waits briefly for a shudder that never arrives.

FALLOWS
Right then.

Fallows prepares a syringe and approaches Mo, ready to stick it in.

Mo grabs Fallows by the throat.

MO
Who the fuck are you?

Fallows smiles and his eyes drift to where the syringe is already stuck into Mo’s neck.

FALLOWS
It’s fine, I’m a doctor.

Mo passes out.

Fallows casually removes Mo’s hand from his throat.

EXT. FOREST - DISTILLERY - DAY

A large, rickety wooden building, smoke pouring from several crudely welded together chimneys.

Two HILLBILLIES sit near the entrance, playing chess, a shotgun, within reach, rests against the building.

SHERIFF SHARPELLI (50s), calm, confident, in good shape, steps from the trees, sidearm in hand.

SHARPELLI
Boys.

The Hillbillies remain concentrating deeply on their game, one of them makes a move.

HILLBILLY1
Check.

HILLBILLY2
Well, I’ll be.

Hillbilly2 leans back.
HILLBILLY2
I have to admit on first glance, it looks like you got me.

HILLBILLY1
Why you always gotta talk this bullshit? Just make your goddamn move.

Hillbilly2 grabs the shotgun and fires it at Sharpelli, both Hillbillies rolling out of the way.

Sharpelli rolls too, firing twice as he does so, bullets going wild... takes cover behind a tree.

SHARPELLI
Tell Crater Face to get out here. This don’t need to go down like this.

HILLBILLY1
You on our land, Sheriff. Shouldn’t be here without a warrant.

Hillbilly1 runs inside.

Hillbilly2 takes cover by the side of the building.

CRATER FACE (19), short, bad acne, hurries outside, holding up his dungarees with one hand, a cracked-open shotgun in the other.

CRATER FACE
What the fuck?

Sharpelli steps out from the tree, gun pointed at the air.

SHARPELLI
I warned you several times now.

CRATER FACE
I ain’t going to jail.

SHARPELLI
Why make things worse?

CRATER FACE
With you dead, I don’t what’s so worse about that.

Crater Face closes up the shotgun and fires.

Sharpelli dives, landing hard behind a bush.
Crater Face hurries inside the distillery.

**SHARPELLI**

checks the clip then rubs at his aching leg.

The bush rustles.

Sharpelli fires three times into the bush, hears a groan followed by a dull thud.

**INT. DISTILLERY - DAY**

Large vats of moonshine.

A half naked **WOMAN**, lipstick smeared across her face, tracks on her arms, rests on her knees, tugging at Crater Face’s dungarees while he desperately stashes large amounts of cash into a suitcase.

Hillbilly1 stands guard, now armed with a six shooter.

The main door flies open.

In a panic, Hillbilly1 fires five times at the doorway. The gun-smoke clears. Nobody there.

Crater Face snatches the gun.

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CRATER FACE
Carry the case.
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Crater Face knees woman in the head, leaving her stunned, then moves to the back door, opens it... waits.

Hillbilly1 walks outside with the suitcase, looks around, turns with an ‘all’s fine’ smile on his face.

Sharpelli appears behind, puts a gun to his head.

Crater Face fires wildly, hitting Hillbilly1 in the shoulder, then slams the door closed and hurries towards the other exit.

**EXT. DISTILLERY - DAY**

Crater Face runs out of the building and almost makes it to the tree line when a shot is fired and he goes down, clutching his leg, howling in pain.
Dragging Hillbilly along with him, Sharpelli stops at Crater Face.

SHARPELLI
We could have figured all this out.

Crater Face laughs as smoke pours from the distillery.

CRATER FACE
Like to see you charge me without evidence.

Sharpelli frowns.

SHARPELLI
She still in there?

CRATER FACE
Not if she’s got any sense she ain’t.

Sharpelli kicks him in the head.

INT. DISTILLERY - DAY

Woman comes to as thick smoke plumes around her. One of the vats explodes into rapidly spreading flames.

SHARPELLI
kicks open the main door, shields his face from the smoke before stepping inside.

WOMAN
crawls across the floor, hacking up black phlegm.

Sharpelli rips off his shirt, places it against her mouth and leads her to safety.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Crater Face limps along, whimpering with pain, a sudden punch to the head knocks him to the ground with a scream.

CRATER FACE
My daddy’s gonna kill you.

Sharpelli grabs him by the hair and drags him backwards.
EXT. DISTILLERY - DAY

The building is burning with odd explosions. Woman and
Hillbilly1 are sitting in the back of the 4x4.

Sharpelli drags Crater Face to the 4x4.

CRATER FACE
The evidence is gone. It’s gone.

SHARPELLI
Endangering lives, assault,
resisting arrest. Attempted murder.

CRATER FACE
Now that’s bullshit.

Sharpelli smashes Crater Face’s head off the door before
opening it and shoving him roughly inside.

INT. DOCTOR’S HOUSE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Fallows enters from the SURGERY, drying his hands.

Jeff reads a magazine, a cup of coffee on the table in front
of him.

FALLOWS
I see you found the coffee.

Jeff nods his appreciation and takes a sip.

JEFF
How is he?

FALLOWS
Sedated. Cleaned him up, tried to
operate to remove the bullet, but.

Fallows shows his shaky hands.

FALLOWS
Besides, he needs a brain surgeon.
Well beyond my capabilities even
were they steady as a rock.

JEFF
Is he going to die?

FALLOWS
Should be dead already. I suppose
it’s just a matter of when.
A noise from the surgery.

FALLOWS
I gave him enough to put out a small elephant.

Fallows throws open the surgery door.

INT. DOCTOR’S HOUSE – SURGERY – DAY

Head in bloody bandages, Mo staggers against the wall as Fallows enters. He wards him off with one hand.

MO
Are you a doctor?

FALLOWS
I treated you... yes, I am a doctor.

Fallows hides his shaky hands.

MO
What happened?

FALLOWS
You’ve been shot in the head.

Mo feels the back of his head.

MO
What did you do to me?

FALLOWS
You were shot.

MO
I’m not seeing things right.

FALLOWS
Most likely a side effect.

MO
My head hurts.

FALLOWS
I’m really not surprised. I have medication for you.

Fallows produces a syringe and moves towards Mo.

Mo takes Fallows down with a super-fast combination before kicking down the door and leaving the surgery.
INT. DOCTOR’S HOUSE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Unable to find the exit quickly enough, Mo jumps through a glass window.

Fallows, stands in the surgery doorway, clutching himself in pain. Looks around for Jeff who has disappeared, coffee half drunk.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

Sharpelli screeches to a stop as Mo flies through the window of the Doctor’s house, rolls to his feet and runs away at twice the speed of a normal man.

Sharpelli jumps out of the 4x4 and stares after him.

Fallows arrives in the front doorway of his house.

FALLOWS
It’s a strange story.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Breakfast, appreciatively devoured by both NIAMH (9) and CASSIE (7), dressed ready for school, while JENNY (40s), attractive, applies makeup in front of a large mirror.

The front doorbell rings.

Jenny looks at the girls as though they are to blame.

Both shrug their shoulders.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Jenny opens the front door.

DAVID ROGERS (60s), $2000 suit, handmade Italian leather shoes, fake Hollywood smile, throws out his arms.

DAVID
How are you? I’m David Rogers.

JENNY
Yeah, I’ve seen your posters around.
DAVID
Sure you have, and on TV too.

Jenny nods.

DAVID
So, can I count on your vote this term?

Niamh and Cheryl appear beside her.

David grins at them overbearingly.

DAVID
Wow, your sisters?

JENNY
Daughters... look, we have to go. They’re due in school.

DAVID
OK. Well, I can call back later. Maybe pop by for a coffee?

Jenny looks at him strangely.

JENNY
Maybe you should talk to my husband about that.

DAVID
Oh, no.. I wasn’t... I didn’t mean...

Jenny nudges past him, locks the door and heads to her car.

David watches her drive away. Then, once out of sight, he checks the front door to make sure it is locked and eyes the closed windows before walking around the back.

INT. SMALL TOWN JAILHOUSE - DAY

Two small cells, a desk, two wooden chairs, century-old dust.

Sharpelli locks Crater Face and Hillbilly into a cell.

SHARPELLI
You guys get comfortable.
EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Mo stops running, pants for breath.

Behind him, an engine roars. Sharpelli’s 4x4 appears.

Mo waits.

Sharpelli pulls to a stop and leans out of the window.

SHARPELLI
You covered twelve miles in a little under half an hour.

MO
Is that good?

SHARPELLI
Some wound you got there.

MO
Yes. It is.

SHARPELLI
Doctor Fallows is a good man. You should accept his help.

MO
How do I know it’s not you trying to kill me?

SHARPELLI
You’d be dead by now.

They look into each others’ eyes for a while.

MO
I’m not sitting in the back.

SHARPELLI
Wouldn’t expect you to.

Sharpelli opens the passenger door and Mo walks around, climbs in.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - UPPER LANDING - DAY

Half way up a set of pull-down stairs leading to the attic, David freezes as he hears a car pull onto the drive.

He quickly climbs down and has an issue lifting the stairs back into place, eventually leaving them crooked.
INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Jenny walks in through the front door and closes it. A shiver and she looks to the kitchen, walking into it.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The back door is wide open. She closes it and looks around suspiciously before heading into the living room.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A few hundred dollars sits untouched on the side assuaging her suspicions.

INT. SMALL TOWN JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Mo works out in a cell next to the Hillbillies who watch him, disgust etched into their faces.

Sharpelli enters, holding Mo’s wallet.

    SHARPELLI
    Recognize this?

Mo’s face says no.

Sharpelli removes Mo’s driving license.

    SHARPELLI
    Took it off Jeff... he saved your life, so I figure you don’t mind the missing money.

    MO
    Give it to me.

    SHARPELLI
    Maurice Mancuso, you’re fifty-two and live...

    MO
    Anything else? Family pictures?

    SHARPELLI
    You think you have a family?

    MO
    I don’t know.

Sharpelli shows him the empty wallet.
MO
Do your checks.

SHARPELLI
System is down, has been for a week or so now. Luckily we don’t get to use it much out here anyhow.

MO
So what now?

SHARPELLI
My sister’s a big shot in the city, I can find out what she knows. At the moment though son, you’re in my custody.

Mo does some push ups.

MO
I need a hospital.

SHARPELLI
You look fit enough to me.

A commotion from outside and the door flies open.

Sharpelli takes out the first couple of HILLBILLIES but is quickly overpowered. He manages to kick the cell keys from the desk as he is dragged outside.

The keys land a short distance from Mo’s cell. He reaches through the bars and picks them up.

CRATER FACE
My pa’s gonna get him good.

Mo opens his cell door and walks outside.

CRATER FACE
Hey, open us up!

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

Three HILLBILLIES, egged on by old JED (60s), as crazy as they come, drag Sharpelli to a tree, intent on hanging him.

Jed hobbles along after them with a further eight Hillbillies as back-up, armed with shotguns and farming implements.
JED
  I warned you what would happen if you ever took one of mine. Eye for an eye Sharpy.

Mo takes down two Hillbillies with a fast combination, disarming them... a shotgun now in hand, he takes aim at Jed’s head.

JED
  This ain’t your fight mister.

Hillbillies ready their weapons.

Mo catches every slight movement, every nervous tic played out at half normal speed.

JED
  Drop em, boys.

Reluctantly the Hillbillies drop their weapons and let Sharpelli go.

JED
  Making a bit of moonshine ain’t no big deal Sheriff.

SHARPELLI
  If it was just that I’d have let him go. You know that. Small fine for the fund.

JED
  What else he do?

Crater Face appears in the doorway of the jailhouse.

CRATER FACE
  Don’t listen to him pa’.

SHARPELLI
  He almost burned a young girl to death.

Jed’s head reddens in anger.

CRATER FACE
  Bullshit I did!

Woman pushes her way through the crowd.
WOMAN
It’s true. Sheriff Sharpelli saved me from the flames, if not for him I’d be...

Jed breaks free and attacks a cowering Crater Face.

JED
What I told you about hitting on women?

Jed finishes, panting for breath.

JED
Come on dear.

Jed takes Woman’s hand and leads her away, the other Hillbillies follow.

Crater Face watches them go.

CRATER FACE
Pa!?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Knight stands, a rope around his neck, chokes, head purple, veins bursting at the neck, while, on his knees in front of him, Scallion performs oral sex, both of them dressed in bondage gear.

The telephone rings and Knight ejaculates into Scallion’s mouth. Scallion gags and hurries into the bathroom where he can be heard retching.

Knight removes the rope from his neck and picks up the phone, listens.

KNIGHT
Send him up.

The sound of an electric toothbrush from the bathroom.

Knight busies himself chopping and snorting cocaine.

A knock at the door as Scallion enters, a scowl on his face.

KNIGHT
Sorry... the phone.
SCALLION
Who’s that?

The door opens and David walks in clutching a briefcase, takes in the scene, unable to hide his disgust.

SCALLION
Don’t screw your face, honey. We’ve all got our shit.

David straightens his face immediately.

DAVID
Sorry, it’s just not...

SCALLION
And we all know what is, don’t we.

DAVID
I couldn’t find it.

KNIGHT
Maybe he hid it somewhere else.

DAVID
He couldn’t trust anywhere else.

KNIGHT
Then maybe she knows where it is.

David swallows.

DAVID
I’ve considered that.

SCALLION
You should let us take care of it.

DAVID
I’ve already hit the fund too much.

David places the briefcase on the bed and opens it, inside is a couple hundred thousand in cash.

SCALLION
And that concludes our business.

David nods nervously and leaves.

KNIGHT
Seems he may have a problem.
SCALLION
Poor David.

INT. DOCTOR’S HOUSE - SURGERY - NIGHT

Mo sits while Fallows prepares vials of liquid.

FALLOWS
Be careful with these.

MO
What is it?

FALLOWS
Adrenalin. The other’s morphine. Should keep you alive till we can get you to hospital in the morning.

MO
I’m leaving tonight.

Fallows injects the adrenalin. Mo tenses as a rush of energy travels his body.

FALLOWS
And... back down.

Fallows injects the morphine and Mo visibly relaxes.

FALLOWS
You wouldn’t last five minutes out there. You need real medical help.

Fallows eyes the whiskey.

FALLOWS
A lot more than I could give.

MO
I’ve got to keep moving.

Mo stands.

MO
If I stay still, I’m going to die. I know it.

FALLOWS
That’s insane. You need rest.

Mo’s heart beat increases rapidly.
MO

No!

Mo pushes past Fallows, snatching a syringe alongside a few vials of adrenalin and morphine as he goes.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT

Mo jumps into a wagon, the keys in the ignition he guns the engine and spins away before Fallows can stop him.

FALLOWS

Shit.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jenny curled up on the couch laughing at a show on TV.

Niamh and Cheryl stare at internet tablets, each wearing a set of individualized headphones and colorful nightwear.

A commercial break on the TV.

Cheryl perks up, removes her headset.

CHERYL
Mom, did you get my old baton?

JENNY
What? Why didn’t you remind me earlier?

CHERYL
I did. You’ve been thinking about dad all day.

Jenny laughs, about to brush it off with a denial, glances to a photo of her and Mo

JENNY
I guess I have.

She checks the clock.

JENNY
Hey, it’s late. You girls go on up to bed and I’ll have it ready for morning.
CHERYL
Yeah, buy me a new one tomorrow too.

Cheryl pulls her sister into awareness and they head to bed.

Jenny sighs and switches off the TV before standing and heading upstairs.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - UPPER LANDING - NIGHT

While the girls finish in the bathroom, Jenny reaches up for the pull chord for the stairs to the attic and notices them not closed properly. She frowns.

JENNY
Hey, didn’t I tell you girls not to come up here.

The sound of electric toothbrushes and giggles, the girls oblivious to her.

Jenny pulls the chord and the stairs flop down.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Well lit. Boxes and hazards everywhere.

Jenny takes a deep breath and scans, looking for something specific, something that stands out. She spots it.

A box, hidden behind a pile of other boxes. BS crudely written on it in marker pen.

She confidently heads towards it. Stretches and almost reaches it, then she falls, lands against the pile of boxes and hits the floor hard, her elbow smashing into a loose floorboard, dislodging it.

She groans... then laughs and rubs her sore elbow before noticing the dislodged floorboard.

She puzzles for a moment or two then curiously lifts the floorboard right out. Inside is a plastic CD case.

CHERYL (OS)
You OK, mom?

Jenny lifts the CD case out and brushes away the dust.
JENNY
Yeah, I’m fine. Just slipped.

Written on the CD inside is a date.

CHERYL (OS)
You found it yet?

Jenny looks at the BS box, now easier to get to without the pile of boxes in the way.

JENNY
Yes, I’ve found it.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

An SUV, blacked-out windows, slows to a stop next to the Small Town sign.

Two follow-up cars full of armed THUGS stop just behind.

Charmaine leans out of the SUV window to survey the town, then waves his arm forward.

The SUV and follow-up cars roll slowly into town.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - JAIL HOUSE - DAY

Sharpelli waits, a shotgun in each hand.

Charmaine’s SUV stops, the follow-up cars doing likewise.

Charmaine climbs out. Grins.

CHARMAINE
You got that warm welcome thing going on.

Charmaine notices the blood in the street.

SHARPELLI
I’m guessing you boys ain’t sight-seeing.

CHARMAINE
FBI. Heard something may have went down here.

SHARPELLI
Why would the FEDs care about a bunch of hillbillies? They been growing cocaine or something?
Charmaine looks at him strangely.

CHARMAINE
Mind if we take a look around?

Sharpelli watches bemused as Charmaine and his men fan out. Charmaine immediately heads to the alleyway.

Sharpelli frowns.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - ALLEYWAY - DAY

Jeff sleeps at the far end.

Charmaine spots a puddle of congealing blood, flies hovering around it, enjoying the meal.

Sharpelli arrives.

CHARMAINE
Can you explain this?

SHARPELLI
Can you?

CHARMAINE
I shouldn’t have to remind you of the consequences of impeding a federal investigation.

SHARPELLI
And I shouldn’t have to remind you gentlemen of procedure. Can I see some identification?

Charmaine looks suddenly edgy.

CHARMAINE
You’ll be hearing from us.

Charmaine pushes past him and climbs into the SUV.

EXT. CITY - RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Mo climbs out of the wagon and looks at the, apparently, derelict building.

Black GANGSTERS, hanging on a corner, eye him suspiciously as he walks inside.
INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

CRACKHEADS sit at the top of the stairwell, smoking.

Mo walks past them, notices that every room is abandoned, many doorless, barren, cold.

Mo turns back.

MO
What happened here?

CRACKHEAD
What you talking about?

MO
I live here.

Crackhead laughs uproariously.

CRACKHEAD
Nobody lived here for a long time.

MO
How long?

CRACKHEAD
Years.

Mo shows them his driving license.

MO
I live here.

Four of the Gangsters from the corner enter and stand at the bottom of the stairwell.

CRACKHEAD
He’s trying to rob us, he’s trying to rob us!

MO
Rob you? What the fuck?

The Gangsters reach for guns tucked into their waistbands.

Mo rolls away as they open fire, watching bullets whizz by at varying speeds.

Mo heads into one of the abandoned apartments.
INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Holes in the walls large enough for a man to walk through, damp, rotten and stinking.

Mo looks around for a place to hide, jumping through a broken down wall into

APARTMENT2

he looks around frantically for a weapon.

A wooden chair, three legs left.

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

A Gangster, Uzi forward, walks cautiously into

APARTMENT2

where a wooden chair leg comes down on his arm. Mo snatches the Uzi, points and shoots. Gangster goes down as several bullets hit him in the chest at close range.

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

The other three Gangsters take cover while the Crackheads find suitable hiding places.

Mo appears from behind the door and opens fire, killing one of the Gangsters before rolling, to avoid gunfire from the others, to a crouched position and killing another.

The final Gangster sees his chance to kill Mo and moves out from cover, opening fire.

Mo’s ears twitch and he drops to the ground as a stream of bullets spray over him, he rolls onto his back, takes careful aim and fires three short bursts, many of the bullets hitting the final Gangster in the chest.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Niamh and Cheryl eat toast while Jenny frantically searches for her car keys... locating them in the fruit bowl.
JENNY
Hurry up girls, you need to wipe your faces before we leave the house.

CHERYL
It’s just toast. I can eat it without getting it all over my face you know.

Jenny, CD and keys in hand, shoos the girls outside

EXT. JENNY’S HOUSE - DAY
and into her car, quickly driving away.
A darkened SUV pulls up.
Four armed men in SKI MASKS jump out and run to the front door, kicking it in without hesitation.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT
Jeff, fast asleep, barely puts up a fight as he is bundled into a sack and carried away by men in dark clothing.

INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT
The Crackhead, cup of hot tea in hand, recounts what happened to a Detective CHARLENE SHARPELLI (30s), designer suit, fashionable haircut, who takes notes while Police search for evidence, collect shells, measure bullet holes.

CRACKHEAD
He was like superfly. You ever seen the way a fly moves?

Charlene nods her head, looks in another direction, wishing she was elsewhere.

CRACKHEAD
Just like that. Not as quick as a fly, but that zip-zip kinda movement. It got me thinking.

Crackhead checks his pipe... empty... he scours the floor and finds a small white piece of... something... he sticks it on the pipe.
CHARLENE
Do you mind.

Crackhead hides the pipe, carefully.

CRACKHEAD
Anyway. Maybe his injury.

CHARLENE
Injury?

CRACKHEAD
Some kinda head injury. Bad. Looked like half the back of his skull was missing.

Crackhead shivers.

CRACKHEAD
You might be able to get some blood samples.

Charlene writes down the information.

CRACKHEAD
Maybe it like speeded him up somehow. Like a fly. Sees everything in slow motion.

CHARLENE
What are you talking about?

CRACKHEAD
No bullshit man. They know what you’re going to do before you do.

Charlene chuckles but writes it down anyway.

CRACKHEAD
They live fast. Faster they live, quicker they die. That’s why it’s good to be like me. Take shit easy... like a king, that’s me dog.

Crackhead grins revealing rows of blackened, missing teeth.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Mo walks by WHORES, PEDESTRIANS, DRUG DEALERS, suddenly dropping to his knees as the pain in his head becomes unbearable.
He crawls into a doorway and readies the syringe, first injecting himself with morphine. As he prepares the adrenalin a...

Squad car flashes its siren and a COP shines a flashlight onto Mo.

COP
Stay where you are.

Cop gets out of the car just as Mo hits the adrenalin.

Mo stands, as though struck by lightning, and takes off along the street.

Cop, struggles to get out of the car, then gives chase.

EXT. CITY - SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Mo hides in the shadows and watches the squad car go past.

He breathes out, then the squad car reverses back and shines the light right on him.

Mo takes off, ducks into a...

EXT. CITY ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Where things go suddenly dark... and quiet.

Mo stops. Considers going back, because... up ahead...

just doesn’t look right.

Mo continues on regardless.

A metal can, carried by a breeze, tinkers against concrete.

Behind him...

several GANGMEMBERS appear, guns at the ready.

In front of him, TWANITA JACKSON (30s), black as midnight, shapely, dreadlocks, dressed to kill... armed with an assault rifle.

The squad car shines a torch down the alleyway, then quickly moves on.
Twanita
Good to see you again, Mo.

Mo relaxes his grip on the gun.

Mo
You know me.

For Mo, things suddenly go super fast forward then back again, then super fast forward then back again, leaving him unable to understand what Twanita is saying. He drops to his knees.

Mo
It won’t stop.

Mo clutches his head in agony.

Twanita
Get him inside.

Gang members lift Mo from the ground.

Ext. Alleyway - Day

Sharpelli, carrying a hot coffee and packaged sandwich, stops when he sees that Jeff isn’t there.

Fallows walks past.

Sharpelli
You seen Jeff?

Fallows
He not there?

Sharpelli
Would I ask otherwise.

Fallows
Nope, sorry.

Sharpelli frowns and takes a sip of the coffee. Searches the area. Finds scuffle marks in the dust.

Sharpelli
Sons o’ bitches.

Fallows
What is it?
SHARPELLI
I’m not sure yet.

INT. TWANITA’S BLOCK – DAY

Kilo bags of coke and heroin are vacuum sealed and packed ready for shipment in several innocuous-looking cars, driven by ordinary-looking, middle-class people.

Everything’s done in a calm environment. No guns on show. Laughs and smiles, an ordinary day at the grocery store.

INT. TWANITA’S BLOCK – BEDROOM – DAY

Twanita tokes on a huge blunt and shakes the DOCTOR’S hand as he leaves.

TWNITA
Wanna hit?

He shakes his head, takes his payment in cash and leaves.

In the blood-stained bed, Mo stirs.

Twanita smiles at him.

TWNITA
Doctor tells me you a dead man walking.

Mo sits up in agony.

TWNITA
Voodoo.

Mo falls off the bed onto his knees.

MO
Please.

TWNITA
Your special medicine is gone.

A Gangmember appears with a syringe.

TWNITA
But the Doctor tells me you can get by just as well with the real kind.

Mo offers up his arm and the Gangmember injects him. Almost instantly the pain subsides.
Gangmember produces another syringe filled with cocaine.

TWANITA
Snowball motherfucker.

Twanita laughs as Mo is injected. His pupils dilate and he takes a deep inward breath of absolute ecstasy.

Several Gangmembers point guns at Mo.

TWANITA
Now... you zombie fuck, what went down?

EXT. SCALLION’S OFFICE BUILDING – ROOFTOP – DAY

Jeff sits joking, drinking a hot coffee with Charmaine and several THUGS in suits next to the roaring blades of a helicopter.

Scallion and Knight arrive, dressed in skydiver jumpsuits.

SCALLION
Why isn’t he ready?

Coffee goes everywhere as Jeff is manhandled to the ground and a parachute tied to his back.

KNIGHT
What happened to the man in the alleyway. The guy shot in the head?

JEFF
Maurice?

SCALLION
He fucking survived.

Scallion and Knight climb into the helicopter.

KNIGHT
Time to clean house.

Charmaine and a couple others help drag Jeff in too.

INT. HELICOPTER – DAY

Scallion sits opposite Jeff, held by Knight, as they rise up into the sky.

Scallion produces a handgun and offers it to Jeff.
JEFF
You don’t have to do this. I’m just a stupid old man. Nobody would believe a word I say anyway.

SCALLION
You think we’re doing this because we don’t want to get found out?

Scallion looks to Knight incredulously.

SCALLION
We’re doing this for the challenge.

JEFF
What challenge?

KNIGHT
Take the gun.

Scallion holds a small black, drawstring bag in front of Jeff’s face.

SCALLION
Diamonds. A million dollars worth. Back on top again, Jeff, imagine that.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. BUSY WALL STREET OFFICE - DAY

A YOUNG-FRANK (30s), being cheered, wolf-style, by his COLLEAGUES.

SCALLION(VO)
The good ol’ days.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Young-Jeff drinking champagne, laughing and joking with a couple of PORN STARS.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Young-Jeff, threesome, drugs.

BACK TO SCENE.

Scallion places the gun and diamonds on Jeff’s lap.
SCALLION
And we all know how that story ends.

JEFF
I’m just an old man.

SCALLION
You have a gun. We’ll be unarmed. All you have to do is escape. If you see one of us, shoot.

Jeff squeezes the grip.

SCALLION
It’s just a game.

JEFF
If you didn’t believe you could win, you wouldn’t be doing it.

KNIGHT
That’s not true, Jeff.

Jeff opens the chamber, sees it is fully loaded.

JEFF
Let’s just get this over with.

SCALLION
That’s the spirit.

Scallion and Knight kick him out of the helicopter.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Gun in one hand, diamonds in the other, Jeff searches for a chord, finds it and pulls. The parachute flies out of the pack and he quickly descends into a dense forest.

Scallion and Knight, wearing only jumpsuits, follow out after him.

Scallion and Knight, arms spread, wings slowing their velocity, soar towards the tree line. Knight slows a little.

KNIGHT
Slow down!

Scallion doesn’t listen, rushing with adrenalin, he plummets far more quickly, hitting and bouncing across the tops of branches before sinking beneath them.
EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jeff breathes hard, a heavy footprint in damp grass, beating at vines and grasses that whip at his face.

He has to stop... and he does. Barely able to breathe, sweat pouring down his aged face, he rests his back against a large tree, slides down it. So exhausted he feels sick.

He clutches at his chest... massages it.

Finally, Jeff gets his breath back, but his legs are still weak. He resigns himself to staying put.

A thud from the dense foliage ahead.

Jeff unassuredly aims the gun.

A rustle of bushes from another direction.

Jeff’s breathing gets bad again. He clutches at his chest... wincs in agony.

JEFF
Fuck you. Fuck you.

He tosses the bag of diamonds. Puts the gun in his mouth. Closes his eyes.

Fires.

SCALLION

hears the gunshot and runs towards it, coming upon the tree and Jeff’s dead body.

SCALLION
You think this beats me?

Scallion kicks at Jeff’s body.

SCALLION
I won without even touching you.

Scallion hesitates, doubtful.

SCALLION
It’s very gratifying.

Scallion paces up and down, trying to regain control of himself as adrenalin courses through his body.
SCALLION
How dare you.

Scallion gets in what’s left of Jeff’s face.

SCALLION
How fucking dare you! I’m going to eat you. I’m going to fucking eat you.

Knight arrives.

SCALLION
He cheated.

KNIGHT
We’ve got more work to do.

SCALLION
This isn’t fair.

Knight shrugs.

KNIGHT
We can’t afford any more games.

INT. TWANITA’S BLOCK - BEDROOM - DAY

Mo is chained and being beaten by a TORTURER while Twanita watches on.

She waves her hand and the Torturer stands off.

TWANITA
You know how much that deal cost me?

MO
What deal?

Twanita gives the nod for the Torturer to continue.

TWANITA
This is bullshit.

MO
I’ve been shot in the head and I keep seeing shit in slow fucking motion. What do you expect?
TWANITA
Slow motion?

MO
Something like that.

TWANITA
So what's keeping you alive?

MO
I don't know.

TWANITA
Dead men don't rise for nothing.

MO
I'm not dead.

Twanita sucks her teeth and shakes her head incredulously.

TWANITA
We always did good business. Why did you fuck me? Makes no sense.

Twanita motions for Mo to be unchained.

INT. CITY POLICE STATION - RECEPTION - DAY

Sharpelli shows his badge to the desk SERGEANT, who checks it over disdainfully before handing it back with equal disregard.

SHAREPILLI
Charlene, same surname, she in?

SERGEANT
Wait here.

Sharpelli turns to look at the comings and goings.

Crackhead is sitting on a bench with a bunch of other REPROBATES, gesticulating wildly.

CRACKHEAD
So, I told him. You're like superfly. Flies see things in slow motion, super slow motion, that's why you can never catch 'em.

SHARPELLEI
What you talking about?

Crackhead shuts up.
CRACKHEAD
I ain’t sayin’ nuthin.

Charlene Sharpelli walks in, drawing admiring glances from every male in the place. She smiles upon sight of Sharpelli.

CHARLENE
How’s Claudia and the kids?

SHARPELLI
Had to move them out quickly.

CHARLENE
Trouble? Figured this wouldn’t be a social call from big brother.

SHARPELLI
Sorry, I’ve been busy.

CHARLENE
Don’t worry about it, so have I. So what’s up?

SHARPELLI
Can you let me know what you have on a Maurice Mancuso.

CHARLENE
Maurice Mancuso. Name’s familiar. I’ll see what I can do.

SHARPELLI
Thanks. Oh, this bum here. What’s he in for?

CHARLENE
Nothing, he’s free to go now.

CRACKHEAD
Hey, I’m a witness. A damn good one.

SHARPELLI
Mind if I take him with me?

CHARLENE
Sure.

CRACKHEAD
Hey, I know my rights.

Sharpelli drags Crackhead outside just as Jenny enters with Niamh and Cheryl in tow. She goes right to the desk.
JENNY
My husband is missing, and my house has been broken into, everything smashed up.

Charlene’s ears perk up and she approaches Jenny.

CHARLENE
His name wouldn’t be Maurice by any chance would it? Maurice Mancuso?

JENNY
No. His name is Carl Beckford.

Charlene is about to turn away.

JENNY
He said that something like this might happen one day, and that I should come here when it did.

Charlene stops.

CHARLENE
Do you want to come through? We can chat privately.

Jenny nods gratefully.

EXT. CITY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Sharpelli drags Crackhead outside.

SHARPELLI
Where did you see him?

CRACKHEAD
Superfly?

Crackhead grins.

CRACKHEAD
You believe me, don’t you. I been thinking. This has got to be worth something, right. Like, thousands of dollars.

Sharpelli pins him against a wall.

CRACKHEAD
But I’d settle for twenty bucks.

Sharpelli holds him there a little longer.
CRACKHEAD
It’s not easy being a crackhead, man. Come on. Give me something.

Sharpelli pulls a crumpled twenty and places it into Crackhead’s pocket.

CRACKHEAD
I can show you. It’s not far.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - NIGHT
Several, armed men wearing GASMASKS fan out, surrounding the jailhouse.

The door is kicked down and tear gas thrown in.

Gasmasks enter.

INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT
Hillbillies cough and splutter from their cells.

Gasmasks kill the Hillbillies and an all-clear signal is given. Gasmasks move out.

EXT. SHARPELLI’S HOUSE - NIGHT
Gasmasks surround the doors and windows, launching gas canisters through them simultaneously. Following in quickly afterwards.

INT. SHARPELLI’S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT
Pictures on the wall of Sharpelli, his WIFE and two young CHILDREN.

Gasmasks move through the house, laser sights piercing the smoky rooms.

INT. SHARPELLI’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT
Knight takes off his gasmask and looks around.

Wardrobe doors wide open, clothes strewn here and there.
Scallion enters, removes his gasmask, coughs.
KNIGHT
He must have known we were coming.

SCALLION
He’s smart. Just makes the hunt more fun.

KNIGHT
It’s not a game any more.

SCALLION
Same game, just different rules.

INT. TWANITA’S BLOCK - NIGHT
Drug processors ignore the proceedings.

MO’S POV:

Mo sees everything in super slow motion that stops and starts. A Gangster reaching for an automatic rifle, ready to hit him.

Mo snatches it from his hand, fires it into his gut.

BACK TO SCENE.

Twanita raises her gun to fire, but Mo is faster, shooting her in the shoulder. She drops her weapon and falls to the floor while Mo takes out everyone before her head hits the ground.

Twanita crawls across the floor.
Mo appears, standing above her.

TWANITA
Voodoo.

Mo walks past her.
She scrambles to reach a gun.
Despite hearing her, Mo continues without looking back.

MO
Don’t do it Twanita.

Twanita drags the gun into a comfortable firing position.

Mo’s ears prickle at the sound of the trigger being squeezed. He waits until the last moment, until she fires.
He drops to the floor, spins and fires. The bullet travels slowly, boring through her forehead.

Her own bullets zip past Mo and embed themselves in the wall behind.

Drug Processors, sensing it is all over come out of hiding, hands raised.

MO
Just go home. Police coming.

Drug processors leave.

Mo takes a kilo bag each of cocaine and heroin, also filling his pockets from other bags he rips open.

INT. CITY POLICE STATION - RECEPTION - NIGHT
Charlene walks out of the building, clutching a coffee and a file.

Knight, who had been leaning at the desk, chatting to the Sergeant, follows her out.

Charlene climbs into a sports car.

Knight climbs into a darkened SUV a few cars behind.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT
Charlene places her coffee in a holder and changes the radio station to something soothing before pulling away.

She relaxes back in the seat, closes her eyes for just a second, enough to assuage the sleep she needs.

She opens them and notices the SUV headlamps in the rear view mirror.

She takes a turn and the headlamps follow.

She indicates left.

The SUV does the same.

She turns right.

The SUV follows.
CHARLENE
You’re messing with the wrong car boys.

Charlene pulls a handgun, places it on her lap and accelerates.

EXT. CITY STREETS – NIGHT

Charlene’s sports car accelerates toward the city boundary. Hills and stars the offering.

The SUV picks up speed but isn’t a match.

INT. SPORTS CAR – NIGHT

Charlene checks the rear view, glances to the file on the passenger seat.

Headlamps, full beam, from up ahead. Something big blocking the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD – NIGHT

Desert either side and two large trucks blocking the road.

The sports car veers off road, into the desert where dirt bikes and quads give chase.

INT. SPORTS CAR – NIGHT

A bumpy ride with knocks and scrapes that don’t bode well for the chassis.

A bike rides alongside, the RIDER takes aim with an Uzi but loses control and crashes out.

Another quickly takes its place, the more EXPERT rider able to fire off shots, shattering windows.

Charlene turns the wheel hard, ramming Expert wide, who loses control and dramatically flips off the bike.

Gunfire from behind. Charlene ducks low in the seat, reaches out the window with her handgun, fires blind.
EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Gunfire exchange between Charlene and her pursuers.

The wheels of the sports car are blown out and it goes into a spin, flips several times before landing on its roof.

The Pursuers hold back, engines growling, guns aimed.

The SUV arrives and Charmaine, along with a few MEN, jump out, guns ready.

They fan out and approach the sports car cautiously.

Charmaine is the first to the driver’s side.

Charlene has gone.

A helicopter flies in and lands.

Scallion, piloting it, opens the door and switches off the engine before climbing out. Knight alongside.

Scallion moves to the rear of the helicopter and opens a metal case.

   SCALLION
   What’s she armed with?

   CHARMAINE
   Nine millimeter automatic. Not sure of her ammo situ’. But I’m guessing she’s about empty in one clip and probably has a spare.

Scallion removes a crossbow, tosses one to Knight.

   KNIGHT
   May the best man win.

Scallion aims the loaded crossbow, checking the sights.

   SCALLION
   Indeed.

INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Sharpelli holds his nose from the smell of urine and excrement as he scours the area of the shooting.

Crackhead swallows, trying to avert his eyes from the ADDICTS shooting up all around him.
CRACKHEAD
Just like I said, he took them all out. Can I go now?

Crackhead scratches, the first effects of cold turkey.

SHARPELLI
Where else do they go?

CRACKHEAD
Who go?

SHARPELLI
Crackheads. When they want to shoot up. Where else do they go?

CRACKHEAD
I know a place, but I ain’t going there, it’s dangerous. Cannibals down there. No shit.

Sharpelli grabs him by the throat.

CRACKHEAD
At least let me get a hit on the way.

SHARPELLI
Can’t let you do that.

CRACKHEAD
OK, but this going to be quick, then I’m gone. OK? Deal?

Sharpelli lets him go.

SHARPELLI
Show me.

EXT. ABANDONED RAIL YARD - NIGHT

Lying on the floor, Mo’s head spins as the slow motion effect decelerates to a point where he can barely move.

In the shadows, hiding behind old carriages, eyes watch him intently.

Mo sticks his hand into the bag of cocaine and shovels it into his mouth, doing the same with the heroin.

Eyes look on hungrily and, unable to take it any longer, they emerge. The HOMELESS, eyes pinned to the bags of drugs, in their droves, shuffling towards him like zombies.
Takes a few seconds for the drugs to have an effect and Mo rises to his feet.

The Homeless hold back, suddenly unsure... but the lure of the drugs is too much and they close in.

Mo tucks the drugs safely into his clothing and this sends the Homeless into a rage, they storm towards him.

Mo reacts like a fly, dodging blow after blow and taking down the Homeless one after another. But they are relentless and eventually take him down.

Mo disappears amidst a mass of salivating, filthy, homeless bodies.

A gunshot.

Sharpelli, smoking gun in the air. Crackhead next to him trying to act like he’s not really there.

The Homeless separate and back away with their hands raised.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The moon offers little light as Charlene hides out behind a rock, catching her breath. She checks her gun, only one bullet left. She sighs.

A crossbow bolt suddenly hits her in the shoulder and she cries out in pain before trying to pull it out.

Scallion appears, several yards away, crossbow aimed.

SCALLION
I didn’t think it would be this easy.

CHARLENE
I’m out of ammo.

Scallion frowns, shakes his head.

SCALLION
That’s not true. I’ve won... fair and square.

Charlene’s gun hand hangs at her side.

CHARLENE
I forgot the spare.
SCALLION
Nothing left in the gun?

CHARLENE
I know you kept count.

Scallion steps forward warily.

SCALLION
What can I do to make things even?

Scallion, ever-so-slightly, drops his aim.
Charlene raises the gun and fires.
Scallion drops to the ground and lies still.
Charlene throws the gun to the ground.
Scallion stands, a slight bullet wound to the shoulder.

SCALLION
Evens.

Scallion flips forwards, ending in a drop kick to the chest that sends Charlene reeling backwards.

Scallion waits for Charlene to find her balance then attacks quickly with a flurry of kicks and punches that ends with Charlene flat on her back.

Scallion picks up the file and opens it.

SCALLION
What’s this?

Blank pages float out from the folder as Knight finally catches up.

SCALLION
She’s fucking with us.

Knight aims his crossbow at Charlene’s head.

CHARLENE
It’s just a matter of time.

Knight fires a bolt into her forehead, she dies, staring.
EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT
Sharpelli’s 4x4 roars past a sign declaring, SMALL TOWN.

INT. SHARPELLI’S 4X4 - NIGHT
Mo wakes as they screech to a stop.

MO
Where are we?

SHARPELLI
Safest place I know.

Sharpelli throws open the door, jumps out and runs around to the passenger side, opens it.

Mo realises that they are outside Fallows’ house.

SHARPELLI
I’ll explain inside.

Mo climbs out of the car.

EXT. DOCTOR’S HOUSE - NIGHT
No lights on in the town as it sleeps soundly.

Sharpelli pounds on the front door.

Almost reluctantly, a light comes on somewhere in the house, noises behind the door.

Fallows, eyes full of sleep, in a dressing gown not wrapped tightly enough about his otherwise naked body, stands before them, disgruntled.

FALLOWS
It’s late.

Sharpelli pushes past him into the house, dragging Mo with him. Fallows sighs and shuts the door.

INT. DOCTOR’S HOUSE - WAITING ROOM - DAY
Sharpelli helps himself to a drink and offers Mo one.

MO
Don’t think I should with the...

Mo shows the bags of drugs.
Fallows enters.

SHARPELLI
Drink?

FALLOWS
Don’t mind if I do.

Fallows pushes Sharpelli out of the way and pours himself several fingers.

SHARPELLI
Remember that time we found Clarke wondering through the forest with no memory as to how he got there?

Fallows looks up in surprise.

FALLOWS
I may have lost my touch.

SHARPELLI
I’m sure it will come back to you.

INT. POLICE STATION - CUSTODY BLOCK - NIGHT

Several cells with CRIMINALS in them. In a cell on their own, Jenny, Niamh and Cheryl wait patiently.

Sergeant spots them, frowns.

Jenny looks away, hugs Niamh and Cheryl close to her.

Sergeant approaches the bars of the cell.

SERGEANT
Someone is here to see you.

JENNY
Detective Sharpelli said we should wait here till she got back.

With a shake of the head, Sergeant gets the cell keys and opens up.

JENNY
Who’s here?

He ignores her, walking away. Jenny follows, pulling the girls along with her.
INT. DOCTOR’S HOUSE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Mo relaxes back in a large leather chair, eyes closed, while Flanders sits, leaning towards him, staring intently.

Sharpelli’s phone goes off. He checks it and apologizes before leaving the room.

Flanders goes back to Mo.

    FLANDERS
    The clock on the tower reads
    midnight. You lay on the ground.

EXT. CHURCHYARD - NIGHT

Mo falls backwards slowly, gently hitting the ground till he is staring up at the clock tower.

    FLANDERS(VO)
    The tower is high above you,
    getting higher and higher.

The ground opens up and Mo is enveloped, the clock tower receding quickly till just a speck on a darkened horizon.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Mo, bandages gone, awakens in a comfortable bed and stretches. Then...

a look of surprise crosses his face.

    MO
    I shouldn’t be here.

Jenny wakes, as fresh as she went to sleep.

    JENNY
    You’re allowed a little time off.

    MO
    Not when I’ve got work to do, honey.

Mo kisses her on the lips, she holds his head.

    JENNY
    One more.

Mo chuckles, kisses her once more and extracts himself.
MO
Once this job’s done...

JENNY
I’ll believe it when I see it.

Mo dresses into rough clothes.

JENNY
You should wash those.

With a shake of the head, Mo leaves the room.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - LANDING - DAY

Mo closes the bedroom door, Cheryl and Niamh run into the bathroom.

NIAMH
We’re here first.

Mo stands in the doorway and watches them brush their teeth.

MO
You know daddy loves you, right?

Cheryl turns to him, toothbrush still in mouth.

CHERYL
Course, daddy. Stop being silly.

MO(VO)
Then I left the house.

Mo walks down the stairs and opens the front door.

EXT. JENNY’S HOUSE - DAY

Mo walks to an enclosed garage and drives out soon after in a beat-up old car.

FALLOWS(VO)
And where did you go from there.

MO(VO)
I just drove.
EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Mo cruises around with the windows open, listening to music.

MO(VO)
Took me a while to get into things, you know?

Mo whistles at some sexy GIRLS, pulls up alongside.

MO
Party?

Mo shows them a pile of crack.

MO(VO)
I had to get into my part.

FALLOCES(VO)
Your part?

They giggle and climb in. Mo drives away.

INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Sharpelli pulls a print out from his machine that has a picture of Mo along with the headline, MAURICE MANCUNO.

After studying it for a while, Sharpelli leaves.

EXT. TWANITA’S BLOCK - DAY

Girls still in the car, Mo, pulls up.

Doors to the block are open and Twanita stands, gun at the ready, while Gangsters wait with several suitcases.

MO
Gift for the boys. They’re high as fuck, ready for anything.

Twanita checks them out and winks at one of the girls suggestively.

TWNITA
We’ve worked hard for it.

MO
Some booze in the back.

Gangsters unload the booze and put in the suitcases. Three Gangsters climb into the car with him.
MO
I can deal with this.

TWANITA
Insurance ain’t always a scam, feel me?

Twanita enters the block with her arm around one of the girls and the doors are closed.

Mo drives away.

INT. MO’S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT
Mo notices that the Gangsters all have automatic weapons held ready on their laps.

MO
Things will go a lot smoother if you hid those, know what I’m saying?

Gangsters ignore him.

MO
Great.

INT. DOCTOR’S HOUSE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT
The door flies open, Sharpelli bursts in and grabs Mo. Fallows tries to pull him away.

FALLOWS
He’s still under.

Sharpelli slaps Mo across the face.

SHARPELLI
You with me?

He slaps him again and Mo comes around, sees Sharpelli’s face contorting with rage, barely able to understand a word he says.

SHARPELLI
Where is it?

FALLOWS
We were getting there.

Mo extracts himself and pins Sharpelli’s arm behind him.
SHARPELLI
You’re a criminal, Mo. A scumbag.
It’s in my pocket.

Mo pats Sharpelli’s pockets, feeling something in one of them, he retrieves it, unfolds a piece of paper.

Reads.

Releases Sharpelli.

SHARPELLI
They’ve got Charlene.

Mo throws the sheet onto the floor.

Sharpelli pulls his gun.

FALLOWS
What are you doing?

Sharpelli pushes the gun into Mo’s head.

FALLOWS
I won’t be a party to this sheriff.

SHARPELLI
They want the disk.

MO
I wish I knew what you were talking about.

FALLOWS
Let me take him back under.

A pause while Sharpelli thinks.

SHARPELLI
You confident?

FALLOWS
He’s very susceptible. Just take a seat and let me do my job.

Sharpelli nods and Mo gets back into the seat.
INT. CITY POLICE STATION – RECEPTION – NIGHT

Sergeant leads Jenny through where Charmaine, in a suit and carrying a brown leather attache case, is waiting for her.

CHARMAINE
Mrs Beckford.

He smiles, holds out his hand.

CHARMAINE
My name is Charmaine, your attorney.

Jenny frowns.

JENNY
We have our own attorney.

Charmaine makes a show of looking at paperwork from his case.

CHARMAINE
Seems I’ve been appointed by mistake. Would you mind coming to my car, sign some paperwork?

Sensing something is wrong, Niamh and Cheryl almost hide behind her.

JENNY
I don’t understand.

CHARMAINE
A signature, that’s all. It would make my day go a lot easier.

Niamh tugs at her arm, shakes her head.

JENNY
OK. Just a minute.

CHARMAINE
No more than thirty seconds, I promise.

Charmaine smiles and leads her outside.
EXT. CITY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Niamh and Cheryl hang back near the doors while Jenny heads towards an SUV.

Charmaine opens the back door and steps to one side.

She frowns questioningly.

CHARMAINE
Be more comfortable signing inside.

Jenny steps into the car and Charmaine shuts the door, quickly running to the driver’s side and climbing in.

INT. CHARMAINE’S SUV - NIGHT

Jenny tries the doors but they are child-locked.

JENNY
What’s going on, who are you?

CHARMAINE
We want the disc.

Jenny looks through the window and spots Sergeant appear on the steps of the precinct. She bangs on the windows as Charmaine starts the engine and pulls away.

CHARMAINE
They’ll be fine so long as you cooperate.

EXT. CITY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Niamh watches, puzzled, as the SUV pulls away. Cheryl glances behind and spots the Sergeant. She tugs her sister’s arm and they make the sudden decision to run.

Too late, Sergeant realises what they’ve done and gives chase.

INT. CHARMAINE’S SUV - NIGHT

Through his rear view mirror, Charmaine spots the girls run and spins the car around to give chase.

JENNY
Not my girls, not my girls, you bastard.
She launches herself from the backseat, hands around Charmaine’s face, clawing at his eyes.

Having no choice but to let go, Charmaine grabs at her hands and, after a brief struggle, manages to pull them away.

Too late to avoid an illegally parked lorry dropping off food produce.

They smash into it at speed.

EXT. CITY ROAD - NIGHT

Charmaine’s SUV flips into an awkward spin before landing upon a parked car.

Sergeant stops his pursuit upon sight of the crash.

SERGEANT
Jesus.

Ordinary CIVILIANS head over to the crash site.

Niamh and Cheryl stop, look back at the crash. Niamh shows Cheryl the CD. Cheryl nods and they stare at the crash site a while longer.

Jenny climbs out from the wreckage and stands, blood pouring down her forehead. She spots Sergeant heading towards her, cries out and runs.

Seeing that their mom is alive, Cheryl and Niamh climb into the back of a Hillbilly trailer that pulls away.

Despite the airbag deployment, Sergeant finds no pulse on Charmaine’s neck. He watches Jenny hobble off along the street while he pulls out a mobile phone.

INT. DOCTOR’S HOUSE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Totally relaxed, Mo sinks further and further into a state of semi-consciousness.

Sharpelli watches on impatiently.

FALLOWS
Where were you going?

MO
Driving... just driving, I like to drive.
FALLOWS
Specifically after leaving Twanita’s with the drugs.

MO
It was a large deal, so I was expecting some gangbangers, or something.

INT. MO’S CAR - DRIVING - DAY
Mo turns the music down as he takes a left turn.

EXT. WAREHOUSE COMPLEX - DAY
In the car park, not a single car under a hundred thousand.
Mo drives slowly parking outside a building with a single metal door. An armed LUMP standing guard.

MO (VO)
Something not quite right.

INT. MO’S CAR - DAY
Mo quietly pulls up the handbrake.

GANGBANGER
What you say?

MO
Seems like something isn’t right.

GANGMEMBER
Nothing new. You’ll see.

Uneasily, Mo climbs out of the car.

FALLOWS (VO)
Why were you so uneasy?

EXT. WAREHOUSE COMPLEX - CAR PARK - DAY
Security cameras eye Mo and the three Gangbangers, suitcases in hand, as they make their way to the Lump at the door.

MO (VO)
I don’t know. Just an instinctive dread that something bad was going to happen.
The Lump stops them, pats them down, removes their weapons and lets them inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Rave music, makeshift areas sectioned off for all kinds of depravity.

Mo notices that there are cameras everywhere.

MO(VO)
Why so many?

Old rich men in masks, and little else, chuckle as they pleasure young men and women, some of them mere children.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Mo and the Gangbangers walk past a security room where Charmaine stands over a bank of monitors, a small pile of CDs with dates written on them.

They stop outside an office. One of the Gangbangers knocks the door.

KNIGHT (OS)
It’s open.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

A sado-masochist den, two naked young MEN tied like whole roasted hogs to a long table laden with food.

Knight and Scallion dine heartily.

SCALLION
Just place it over there.

MO(VO)
Then it hit me, the drugs were for the perverts. Something I was never prepared for.

Scallion eyes Mo warily.

SCALLION
I trust you gentlemen will be availing yourselves of what we have to offer before you leave?
Gangbangers nod and agree heartily, aside from Mo, finding it difficult to hide his distaste.

SCALLION
We have something to suit all tastes.

Mo’s eyes drift to one of the young Men on the table, tears pouring down his face.

MO(VO)
I had to get some evidence on these guys, so I said...

Mo meets Scallion’s eye.

MO
I’m up for something new.

SHARPELLI(VO)
Wait. Why would he look for evidence?

MO(VO)
I had to do what’s right.

Scallion’s eyes narrow.

SCALLION
Security is mostly a superstition.

MO
Life is either a daring adventure or nothing.

Scallion applauds.

SCALLION
You’ll fit right in.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Mo walks past the security room again, led by another LUMP to a private area.

MO(VO)
I had no choice.

Mo walks into the private area.
INT. WAREHOUSE - PRIVATE AREA - DAY

A young GIRL, fifteen or sixteen, hands tied, looks up at him from a single bed with a thin mattress atop it.

GIRL
(Romanian)
Please be gentle with me.

MO
How did you get here?

She sobs, unable to understand, the foreign language as good as a threat to kill.

MO
It’s OK. I don’t want to hurt you.

Mo pokes his head into the corridor and finds it all clear.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Mo taps the door to the security office.

Charmaine opens it.

MO
Girl down there, choking to death.

Charmaine shrugs.

MO
I’ve paid for her. I want her alive.

Charmaine sighs.

CHARMAINE
Which room?

Mo punches Charmaine in the throat, takes his back and chokes him. As he falls unconscious, Charmaine manages to hit an alarm.

Mo grabs the pile of discs.

MO(VO)
They still didn’t know who I really was.
FALLOWS (VO)
Who are you?

Mo makes it to the main door and dispatches the Lump.

MO (VO)
I’m Carl Beckford, a federal agent.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Knight and Scallion, dressed in winged jumpsuits, race to the top without climbing equipment.

David arrives, gets out of his car and looks up.

DAVID
Crazy bastards.

David lights a cigar and waits.

Scallion surges ahead then slips, begins to slide down the mountain.

Knight reaches out and catches him, enabling him to catch a grip on the face.

SCALLION
You should have let me fall.

Knight ignores him and presses on.

SCALLION
What’s the point if you don’t want to win?

Knight slips, manages to catch himself.

Scallion skips past him.

SCALLION
Now you will lose.

Scallion makes it to the top and raises his hands in victory before jumping off.

David shakes his head incredulously as Scallion soars above them, taking less than a minute to land quite heavily.

Knight lands soon after.
SCALLION
What a rush!

David waits for Scallion to approach who removes the top half of his suit, revealing a heavily scarred body.

DAVID
This is a complete mess. Your man is dead. Crashed his car like something straight out of Hollywood. I cannot cover that up.

SCALLION
Things happen.

DAVID
His wife walked into the federal building earlier today and told them about the disc.

SCALLION
It is all in hand.

Knight joins them.

KNIGHT
Her girls have the disc. Police are searching everywhere.

DAVID
And that doesn’t worry you? It’s not just me on that disc.

Scallion grabs him by the throat and trips him onto the floor.

David scrambles backwards on his ass.

DAVID
What are you doing?

Scallion and Knight approach menacingly.

SCALLION
As said, all is in hand.

Scallion and Knight kick and stamp David to death.
INT. JED’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – DAY

Niamh creeps to a cupboard, opens it, takes some food. She’s about to creep through the back door when MAUD (50s) suddenly walks in and catches her. Maud screams.

Niamh runs.

EXT. JED’S YARD – DAY

Niamh sprints towards an outhouse where Cheryl waits for her at the doorway.

    MAUD (OS)
        Jed! Jed!

Niamh looks back, spots Jed arrive, breeches in one hand, loaded shotgun in the other.

Jed manages to do up his breeches, takes aim and fires.

Niamh squeals as the pellets whizz by her then screams as Cheryl is hit.

Cheryl goes down amidst a spray of blood.

Niamh hurries over to her.

Cheryl groans, a shoulder wound, but it’s bleeding bad.

    NIAMH
        You shot her, she’s just a kid.

Jed arrives, concern all over his face.

    JED
        I didn’t know, I thought... Maud!

Nimah cries and kicks at Jed as he carefully lifts Cheryl into his arms and hurries back to the house.

INT. 4×4 – DAY

Mo snorts cocaine and heroin, drawing strange glances from Police Officers as he waits for Sharpelli to leave the police station and climb into the driving seat.

Sharpelli sits in silence.
MO
What’s wrong?

SHARPELLI
They got Charlene.

Mo sighs angrily, lost for words.

SHARPELLI
Ran her off the road and ended her life.

MO
I...

SHARPELLI
It’s my fault. I shouldn’t have gotten her involved.

Holding back tears, Sharpelli starts the engine.

SHARPELLI
Now ain’t the time for grieving.

INT. JED’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Cheryl, in bed asleep, a bandage around her shoulder. Niamh sits next to the bed crying.

Jed is mad.

JED
What the hell were you doing in our house? I could have killed you, killed you both. What then?

Maud arrives with a hot cup of cocoa and hands it to Niamh.

NIAMH
We were hungry.

MAUD
Now Jed, calm down, they’re just children.

JED
What am I going to do?

MAUD
It’s just a flesh wound. I know they’re kids but they were trespassing on our property. People will understand.
JED
Look what the crazy redneck’s gone and done now, that’s what they’ll say, Maud.

MAUD
Sheriff Sharpelli will understand.

Jed becomes indignant.

JED
Hell no. No way. Nope.

MAUD
Then what?

JED
I need enlightenment.

Jed walks out of the room.

Maud bends low to reassure Niamh.

MAUD
It’ll be OK.

EXT. JED’S YARD - DAY

Jed walks towards the outhouse, muttering to himself.

JED
They better not had no sticky fingers on my stash.

He opens the outhouse door and steps inside.

INT. OUTHOUSE - DAY

Farming implements and tools amongst boxes of junk, everything covered in a thick layer of dust.

Jed knows where he is going.

He retrieves a large plastic bag full of weed and rolls up a huge joint, lights it... waits for enlightenment.
EXT. JENNY’S HOUSE - DAY
Mo and Sharpelli get out of the car and look at the house.
Mo tries the front door, it’s locked.

SHARPELLI
You normally leave your door open?

Mo rings the doorbell while Sharpelli looks through the windows.

SHARPELLI
Step back.
Sharpelli kicks the door in.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY
Mo surveys the damage.

SHARPELLI
You think they found it?

Mo lingers at the photographs of his family, picks one up.

SHARPELLI
Beautiful family.

MO
Thank you. Niamh, the older one, wiser than a lot of adults. The other one’s Cheryl. Tough as old boots.

Mo places the photograph back. Sharpelli places a friendly hand on his shoulder.

SHARPELLI
It’s OK my friend. We’ll figure this out.

They head upstairs.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - LANDING - DAY
Mo looks up at a hatch in the ceiling leading to the attic.

SHARPELLI
You want me to get it?
MO
I’m good.

Mo climbs into the attic.

Sharpelli hears a noise from outside, looks out of the window.

EXT. JENNY’S HOUSE - DAY

Four armed MEN get out of a darkened SUV.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - LANDING - DAY

Sharpelli moves away from the window and draws his gun.

SHARPELLI
Mo.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

Mo scrambles around looking for the disc, the place is a mess and it doesn’t seem to be there anymore.

SHARPELLI(OS)
We got company.

MO
It’s gone.

His heart rate increases to the point where it threatens to rip from his chest and he drops to the floor in agony, clutching his chest.

SHARPELLI(OS)
Mo!?

Sharpelli pops his head through the hatch.

SHARPELLI
Jesus.

Sharpelli climbs all the way in and performs CPR on Mo.

Mo eventually gasps into life.

SHARPELLI
That shit is killing you.
MO
Damned if I do, damned if I don’t.

SHARPELLI
Ready?

His pallor gone, Mo shovels some cocaine up his nose.

MO
Will be.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE – HALLWAY – DAY
Two Men walk in through the front door, guns at the ready.
The other two break their way into the kitchen.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE – LANDING – DAY
Sharpelli leans over the banister and fires.
Gunfire is returned.
Sharpelli ducks behind a wall.

SHARPELLI
Now would be a good time, Mo.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE – ATTIC – DAY
Mo jumps through the hatch.

MO’S POV
A Gunman on the stairs slowly takes aim with his gun as Mo
lands and goes into a roll.

BACK TO SCENE.

INT. JENNY’S HOUSE – LANDING – DAY
Gunman fires wildly, the bullets flying over Mo as he rolls
to his feet and takes hold of the gun.
Mo follows through with a kick to the groin, disarming him
then knocking him unconscious with the gun butt.
Mo takes aim down the stairs and takes out another Gunman.
Sharpelli follows Mo down the stairs.
INT. JENNY’S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Gunman fires wildly.

Mo disarms him, from behind, spins him around and points his own gun at his face.

GUNMAN

How?

Mo smashes the gun butt into his face and beats him several times in rapid succession until he falls unconscious to the floor.

Gunshots as Sharpelli takes out the final gunman.

Police sirens in the distance.

MO

They’ve got my family.

SHARPELLI

If that’s true, we don’t have long.

MO

I don’t even know where to start.

Sharpelli’s cell phone rings, he answers.

INT. JED’S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Maud hangs up an old fashioned telephone and looks in, face full of concern, on Niamh and Cheryl.

INT. JED’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Cheryl has developed a fever. Niamh holds her hand and mops her brow.

INT. SUV - DAY

Knight climbs into the passenger side and places a DVD into the player. A heavily armed DRIVER starts the engine.

Scallion sits in the back and watches the screen.

KNIGHT

CCTV footage from a street near to where Charmaine died.
Scallion sits forward in his seat as he watches footage of Niamh and Cheryl climb into the back of a wagon.

SCALLION
You traced the plates.

Knight winks and the Driver accelerates away.

INT. OUTHOUSE - DAY

Jed finishes smoking a large joint and starts the makings of another when a shaft of sunlight glances off something plastic, mostly hidden underneath a box.

He stares at it while he finishes rolling the joint. He lights it, takes a few puffs, then curiosity finally gets the better of him and he scoots over to take a look.

He pulls out the CD and looks at it strangely.

The sound of a vehicle pulling up outside. He looks for his trusty shotgun, but it isn’t there. So, angry face on, he storms outside, CD in hand.

EXT. JED’S YARD - DAY

Jed stops as several vehicles, full of armed men, sit, engines idling.

JED
What in the hell?

Knight and Scallion climb out and approach him.

JED
Don’t you come no closer.

They ignore him.

KNIGHT
You have something that belongs to us.

Jed looks at the CD in his hand.

JED
Well... perhaps we can come to some sort of deal.

Jed licks his dry, stoner lips.
INT. JED’S HOUSE – HALLWAY – DAY

Maud moves away from the window and picks up the phone.

EXT. JED’S YARD – DAY

Scallion produces a garrotes and wraps it around his hands.

Jed looks at it strangely, not recognizing it, only half turning his head, slightly bemused as Scallion moves behind him. One eye on Knight and the others.

SCALLION
How about we don’t kill you if you hand it over?

JED
Sounds fair enough to me.

Jed tosses the CD to Knight who deftly catches it.

JED
Now, if you gentlemen don’t mind. I got some high grade to get through.

Jed makes to walk away. Scallion wraps the garrotes around his neck and holds him, slowly choking and slicing into his neck. Scallion bends around to look at Jed’s eyes.

Jed drops to his knees and Scallion relaxes, allowing him to breathe.

JED
Please.

Scallion chuckles and kicks Jed in the head.

KNIGHT
I’ll check the house.

With a wave of the hand, several armed men follow Knight to the house.

INT. JED’S HOUSE – HALLWAY – DAY

The front door is shot to smithereens and Knight enters, notices the handset dangling free, picks it up, listens. Nothing. he looks to the Bedroom and sees it empty.

The men search through the house, smashing things, but find nothing.
EXT. JED’S YARD - DAY

With cries of pain, Jed crawls across the ground leaving a trail of blood.

Scallion leaps high into the air and lands sickeningly on Jed’s head, silencing him.

    SCALLION
    Is that it?

Blood pours quickly from Jed’s head.

    SCALLION
    Children are harder to kill.

Knight exits the house, shakes his head.

    KNIGHT
    Nothing. Not even a PC.

Scallion smiles.

    SCALLION
    Good.

    KNIGHT
    Burn everything.

The men pour fuel over the house and outhouses before setting fire to it.

Gunfire, one of the men is hit.

Armed HILLBILLIES swarm from the edges of the forest.

As Scallion and Knight head back to their vehicle a hand grenade rolls underneath it. They stare at it in surprise for a short time before jumping out of the way.

The SUV explodes.

Knight and Scallion share a wtf expression before standing with a whoop, drawing their guns and firing, taking out several Hillbillies in one swoop.

EXT. FOREST - CLEARING - DAY

Unseen gunfire and explosions in the distant background.

The 4x4 skids to a stop and Sharpelli jumps out, moves to the back, opens it.
Mo falls out of the passenger side.

Sharpelli moves to help him up.

**SHARPELLI**
Think of your family.

Sharpelli searches Mo and finds the bags of depleted drugs, much of it caked around Mo’s stomach. Sharpelli uses his finger and forces heroin and cocaine up Mo’s nose and into his mouth.

**SHARPELLI**
Come on!

Mo stands quickly.

**MO**
OK. I’m ready. Let’s go.

Sharpelli takes a moment before walking to the back of his 4x4 where he has an assault rifle, shotgun and several handguns stashed where the spare tire should be.

He tosses Mo a shotgun, two handguns and plenty of ammo.

Mo’s jaw grinds like crazy, his eyes glow like he is crazy and he has crackhead jitters.

**SHARPELLI**
You sure you’re OK?

**MO**
I can’t stop till this is over.

**SHARPELLI**
OK, well just follow my...

Mo sets off at a rapid run towards the gunfire.

**SHARPELLI**
...lead.

**EXT. HIDDEN IN THE TREES - DAY**

Maud tends to Cheryl who looks really ill.

**NIAMH**
She’s getting worse.
MAUD
I don’t know what to do.

Maud looks as though she is about to break down.

A bullet splits bark nearby.

NIAMH
We can’t stay here.

Maud collects herself, reassures Niamh with a friendly pat and lifts Cheryl into her arms.

EXT. JED’S YARD – DAY

The Hillbillies suffer heavy casualties and many retreat, some of them dragging family members with them.

Everything Jed ever owned, burns.

EXT. FOREST – DAY

Sharpelli catches up to the retreating Hillbillies who stop once they see the Sheriff.

HILLBILLY
War zone up there Sheriff. They killed ol Jed.

SHARPELLI
Maud?

Hillbilly points to the smoke.

SHARPELLI
OK. This is what we’re gonna do.

EXT. FOREST – DAY

Mo snatches MAN’s gun and fires into the vehicle, killing MAN2. Driver floors it, accelerating too fast and crashes into a tree.

Mo approaches the vehicle and fires into the passenger side killing SHOTGUN and DRIVER before running away at speed.
EXT. JED’S YARD - DAY

The commotion is heard by Knight and Scallion and they, alongside several armed men, head towards it.

Short bursts of gunfire to their left as two of their Men drop to the ground dead.

A blur of movement as Mo makes it to the house, launching himself through a window.

KNIGHT
He’s in the house.

Several Men head towards the house.

SCALLION
What the fuck was that?

Knight readies a rocket launcher.

KNIGHT
It’s over.

SCALLION
Wait.

KNIGHT
This place will be swarming with police... the army.

Scallion chuckles and holds out his hand.

SCALLION
May the best man win.

Knight hesitates.

SCALLION
This is it, the finale.

Scallion kisses him tenderly and Knight relaxes.

SCALLION
Rules.

Scallion takes a handgun and offers one to Knight.

SCALLION
One clip. Weapons can be gathered along the way.

Knight hesitates, then takes the gun.
INT. JED’S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Thick smoke impedes visibility as Mo makes his way through, searching room to room.

    MO
    Niamh! Cheryl!

He looks upstairs where the fire is far worse, then heads up them.

EXT. JED’S YARD - DAY

Scallion shoots one of his own Men in the back of the head and takes his assault rifle before entering the house.

INT. JED’S HOUSE - LANDING - DAY

Mo searches from room to room and finds them all empty.

A sound from behind and he rolls instinctively. Bullets fly past him as Scallion chuckles with delight.

    SCALLION
    What has happened to this guy.

Mo fires from behind a doorway, taking out two henchmen.

Knight and Scallion return fire, making Mo duck behind the doorway again.

Increased gunfire from outside.

EXT. JED’S YARD - DAY

The Hillbillies, led by Sharpelli, attack from all sides, confusing and pushing back the Henchmen.

A Hillbilly takes aim with a rocket launcher. Sharpelli spots him too late. Hillbilly fires and the rocket goes wayward.

INT. JED’S HOUSE - LANDING - DAY

Scallion and Knight stand in full view.

    SCALLION
    Why don’t you come out and face us.
Mo takes a deep breath then launches himself around the corner, towards them.

Knight and Scallion open fire but are not fast enough as Mo barrels into them... just as the wayward rocket careens into the house and explodes.

EXT. JED’S YARD - DAY

Sharpelli can only watch in horror as the house explodes, but he presses on.

From beneath the rubble, Scallion pushes out a hand like a zombie rising from the grave and pushes himself free.

Not far from him, Knight, head partially severed, gurgles his last breath.

Scallion kisses his lips.

SCALLION
I’ll be with you soon.

Scallion picks up two assault rifles, rises with a roar and unleashes hell.

Hillbillies fall quickly.

Sharpelli takes a hit to the leg and drops to the ground.

Seeing their boss still in the fight, the Henchmen return fire with renewed vigor.

Beneath the rubble, Mo stirs.

The Hillbillies retreat into the forest with the Henchmen giving chase.

Scallion stands over Sharpelli.

SCALLION
I’m going to kill everyone you know. Even if you merely spoke to them in a pleasant manner.

Scallion drops to his knees and raises the assault rifle, ready to beat Sharpelli to death with it.

The sound of a child crying.

A henchman drags Niamh and Cheryl from the forest.

Sharpelli sees them and groans.
SCALLION
See. In real life, the good guys never win.

Scallion hits Sharpelli in the head once, knocking him unconscious and splitting his skull, then stands, hands out for the girls.

SCALLION
Hello girls. Come to daddy.

Mo scrambles around and his hand falls onto a bag of drugs, empty aside from what he can scrape from the inside of the bag with his tongue.

Henchman drags the girls to Scallion.

HENCHMAN
Hiding out with some stupid bitch. She dead now.

SCALLION
Very pretty. Sisters no less.

Scallion chuckles.

SCALLION
So naive. We will soon change that.

Mo finds the energy to stand and fires instinctively, killing two Henchmen before arming himself with an assault rifle and killing several more.

Scallion drags the girls towards a vehicle that is still operational.

Mo rolls and fires, taking out a few more henchmen. His gun jams. A henchman takes aim at Mo’s head.

A gunshot.

Henchman falls.

A smoking gun, Sharpelli winks before opening fire again.

Mo runs at speed towards Scallion.

Sensing him coming, Scallion hits Niamh hard across the head and throws Cheryl to the ground before turning with a spinning axe kick that breaks Mo’s collarbone.

Mo slumps to the floor and groans.
SCALLION
Look at you... all fucked up.

Scallion walks to the vehicle and pulls a handgun from the back, takes aim at Sharpelli – who is still firing – and shoots him in the chest.

Mo roars and manages to half stand. Scallion chuckles sarcastically.

SCALLION
Oh... my.

With only one good arm, Mo throws several punches and kicks that Scallion easily evades before landing a right hook to Mo’s jaw, snapping it.

Again, Mo hits the deck, his jaw now hanging awkwardly and dribbling profusely, each breath ending in a whistle.

SCALLION
Why don’t you just die.

Scallion aims at Mo’s head.

Niamh throws herself at Scallion, skewing his aim, the bullet hitting dirt.

Scallion punches her then points the gun at her head.

Mo stands.

An incredulous look crosses Scallion’s face as he senses Mo’s breath on the back of his neck.

Scallion throws an elbow back, connecting only with the air as Mo leans back to evade it, following with a wild left then a right hook that connects with Scallion’s cheekbone.

Scallion staggers back, unable to believe he’s just been hit. His gun hand twitches. Then... he drops the gun and raises his hands, ready to fight.

SCALLION
May the best man win.

Scallion sticks out his hand for Mo to shake.

Mo stares.

Scallion shrugs, and rolls his shoulders.

An FBI helicopter flies in.
MEGAPHONE
FBI, nobody move.

Hillbillies and Henchmen scatter.

FBI vehicles pour in containing armed AGENTS ready to kill.

Scallion throws a flurry of moves that Mo evades.

Scallion evades the first few punches, but then is caught with three in rapid succession, ending with an uppercut that lifts him several inches from the floor where he lands hard, twitching while his brain misfires.

JENNY(OS)
Carl!

Mo turns at the sound of her voice and his face says it all.

Jenny breaks away from the safety of the SENIOR AGENTS and embraces Mo.

Sharpelli is lifted onto a stretcher.

Scallion comes around, reaches for a handgun, places it in his mouth then pulls the trigger before Agents can get to him.

Mo collapses in Jenny’s arms and, too heavy for her, he drops to the floor.

Agents hurry over and begin CPR.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Niamh and Cheryl play happily with other children in the play area.

Jenny feeds the ducks near a large pond.

Mo, on crutches, severely bandaged, hobbles over to her.

JENNY
How is he?

MO
He’s here.

Sharpelli, in a wheelchair, approaches with a huge smile.
SHARPELLI
You can't keep a good man down.