

FROM HERE TO ALBION

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"In waking a tiger, use a long stick." - MAO

FADE IN:

INT. UNDER WATER/CAR - DAY

NICK GREENE (40), blood stained jeans and sweater. Life sailed by and he missed the boat. His bruised and bloody body sits upright in the driver's seat of a submerged car.

Parked at the bottom of the sea.

Eyes open. Staring straight ahead. Nick Greene is dead.

GREENE (V.O.)
Tide rolls in, tide rolls out...

EXT. BRIGHTON SEA BED - DAY

A glassy-eyed fish flounders on the packed, wet sand. A literal fish out of water. Suffocating.

Its tail flicks furious, jerking it closer to a small pool of water. Salvation merely inches away --

-- Crushed by a fat tire.

GREENE (V.O.)
... That's what my brother Jackie said when they asked him, 'how do you plead.' No one could understand it. Sure Jackie was no stranger to trouble, but he was a darling. Same couldn't be said for Morris Ercolano. He was 62 years old when they found his body. Had to identify him through dental records, given that most of his head was on my brother's carpet. But by my estimation, Morris Ercolano had more than earned his plot in the church yard. Simply put, he was a bad man. That's what Jackie meant. It all comes around - whether it's a boot to the head or a bullet in the back. Throw enough rocks in the water, and sooner or later, you're staring down a tidal wave.

SUPER: 1997

PULL OUT TO REVEAL -

A rusted Range Rover drags a horse trailer across the vast and empty sea bed. An almost alien landscape.

Miles and miles from the shore. Low tide.

INSIDE RANGE ROVER -

SAMUEL (50s) at the wheel - sloped shoulders and dead-eyes. He's seen enough of the world to know it's all for shit.

He pulls the Range Rover to a stop. In the passenger seat, TERRY (20s) sleeps off a hangover.

Samuel lays on the horn - Terry jolts awake. He fumbles for a smoke, gathering his bearings --

-- Samuel snatches the cigarette out of his mouth, motioning him to the horse trailer. Terry shuffles out.

Terry bangs on the side of the trailer before landing at the padlocked door. He slides open the lock. Light creeps inside, where:

17 CHINESE IMMIGRANTS in heavy water-proofs crouch in the back. They jump to their feet, filing out past Terry.

ALL MEN except for one boy, TRUNG (13). They carry buckets and rakes.

Terry checks his watch and turns to one of the men, LIN (60s), the leader. Terry indicates with his fingers - see you in 12 hours.

Lin *whistles* the rest of the crew to work.

Terry hops back into the Range Rover. Lin watches as the caravan turns back, driving toward the distant shore.

Lin motions for Trung to follow him. They set to work.

They rake COCKLES from the small pools of water left in the sea bed. Lin tosses a handful of cockles into his empty bucket.

TIME CUT:

Lin's bucket nearly full, he watches Trung scoop up a handful of cockles.

Trung winces - cutting himself on the sharp shells.

LIN
 (In Mandarin)
*Not the little ones. We leave them
 to grow.*

Lin reaches into Trung's bucket, pulling out a couple of smaller cockles. He tosses them back into the pool of water.

He marches to the next pool. Trung follows, struggling with the heavy bucket. Lin nods him on - you have to be strong for this job.

Lin sets to raking over the next pool. He stops short, noticing:

Water seeps into the pool.

He looks up to the water line. A lot closer than before. The tide closing in and the sun lowering in the sky.

Lin looks back toward the shorehead:

No sign of the Range Rover.

A horrible feeling washes over Lin. He *whistles*, waving down the other WORKERS.

LIN (CONT'D)
 (In Mandarin)
Time. Let's go.

TRUNG
 (In Mandarin)
Should we wait for the van?

LIN
 (In Mandarin)
They're not coming.

Lin, an urgency in his movements, grabs the bucket from Trung, pushing him toward the shore.

TIME CUT:

Heavy boots slosh through knee-high water. Lin leads the Men back toward the shore. Trung struggles to keep up.

Lin falls back to him. He drops the bucket, leaving it. He pulls Trung forward.

TIME CUT:

The sun now barely over the horizon.

The Men wade through waist-high water, clutching their buckets. The heavy silence of fear caught in all their throats.

Lin stops, winded. He pulls off his water proofs, calling out to his Men.

LIN (CONT'D)
(In Mandarin)
DROP EVERYTHING.

The Men ignore him, keep trudging forward. Lin lashes out, grabbing a MAN'S bucket. He rips it from his hands, tossing it aside.

The MAN scrambles, scooping up his lost livelihood. Lin yells at him, but it's no use. He turns to Trung.

LIN (CONT'D)
(In Mandarin)
Stay with me.

Trung obeys, terrified.

TIME CUT:

Nightfall. The water up to their necks. Trung clutches onto Lin's back, shivering.

Shouts from the dark. Men slumping, carrying each other. Lin, exhausted, urges them forward.

LIN (CONT'D)
(In Mandarin)
Let yourself float. SWIM.

But they don't know how. A SHARP SCREAM gives way to furious *splashing*, someone dragging someone else under.

Lin can only listen as the TWO MEN go down. DROWNING. He turns Trung away from them.

The distant *rumble of an engine*:

A light races across the darkness ahead. A BOAT.

The MEN wave and scream and splash. Whatever they can do. Lin the loudest, screaming his throat dry.

But it's too dark. The howl of the wind too loud.

The last of the light slips away.

Their screams give way to desperate cries and prayers.

Lin hoists Trung up onto his back - rubbing down the shivering boy. It's okay... it's okay.

He kicks forward. Trung holding on to him for dear life.

TIME CUT:

PITCH BLACK. Trung stifles his cries as he clings to Lin's neck. He looks behind them... no one left.

The others lost to the sea.

Despair giving way to doom as the frigid Channel waters lap at them. Inviting them to their deaths.

Lin paddles forward. The current dragging them, the waves tossing them. Lin spits up water, Trung getting too heavy...

A gentle *ringing* ahead. Trung lifts a finger, pointing to:

A buoy rocks in the waves. A lifeline.

Lin kicks with renewed fury for the tiny bit of hope ahead.

He perches Trung onto the buoy, clinging on to him. But the light is fading from Trung's eyes. Lin slaps him hard.

LIN (CONT'D)
(In Mandarin)
Don't close your eyes.

Trung can't even nod, his body convulsing from the cold. Lin hugs him tight, softly singing an old *Mandarin folk song*.

His voice carries above the winds...

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - NIGHT

The Range Rover tugs the horse trailer to a stop on the dunes.

Terry stumbles out of the driver's seat - five drinks too many. He guzzles from a can of Lager as he stomps up to the water's edge...

He stares out to the sea - what the fuck is this doing here?

Terry fumbles out his Nokia cellphone, dialing...

EXT. BUOY - DAWN

A *squawk*. An Albatross perched on the buoy looks down on:

Lin gasps awake, still clinging to the buoy. His hands frozen to the iron rungs. He laughs, the desperate joy of survival.

But it's short-lived. Lin is alone.

He splashes around, frantically searching for Trung... but he's gone. Taken by the sea.

Lin, devastated. Too exhausted even to mourn.

He sees the twinkling lights of Brighton Beach not far away. He lets go of the buoy and drifts once more into open water.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - DAWN

A tinted Mercedes parked on the pier. A FIGURE silhouetted in the back seat.

ON THE BEACH -

The Range Rover and Trailer still parked on the dunes. The pebbled beach dotted with the flashlight beams of a makeshift search party:

GALEN (40s), a Pitbull of a man. PATRICK (30s), a skinhead in a shell suit. Terry, sobered-up quick. And Samuel along with them.

Patrick skips rocks on the water - a rare moment of reflection.

PATRICK

Bloody big innit? The sea, like.

Terry follows Patrick's gaze, jolting up --

TERRY

Oi - there's one --

-- And he's off, bounding into the cold, choppy waters. Terry dives into the waves.

The rest of the search party wait by the shore - not interested in getting wet.

Terry fumbles, dragging a body onto the beach... LIN. Terry scrambles to strip him out of his clothes.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Come on - breathe with me -
breathe.

Samuel nudges Lin with his foot.

SAMUEL

Where's the other lot? WHERE - ARE -
YOUR - FRIENDS.

Lin turns over, convulsing and coughing up sea water. He breaks down, *rambling in Mandarin*.

LIN

(In Mandarin)

Where were you? WHERE?

GALEN

What's he saying then?

VOICE (O.S.)

They're all dead.

The group turn around to find:

PHIL ERCOLANO (40s), his Italian suit tucked into his Rubber Wellies, he strolls towards them like it's Sunday afternoon.

ERCOLANO

(Sighs)

Bit of a pigs ear, Terrence.

All eyes on a nervous Terry.

TERRY

They drowned - nothing I could do -
caught by the tide - *musta come*
back early --

ERCOLANO

Come back early? The tide? What
time were you here then?

TERRY

On the dot like - eleven.

ERCOLANO

Alright, *musta been your twin*
brother propping up the bar down at
the Garibaldi...

TERRY

I was here --

ERCOLANO

17 men, Terrence. 17 fucking men
out there wishing you took it easy
on the Bacardi Breezers, pal.

TERRY
 (Motions to Lin)
 16 - he'll pull through look -
 needs a pump - water in his lungs
 probably...

Terry trails off, noticing:

Ercolano pulls out a PEARL-HANDLED REVOLVER from his waistband.

ERCOLANO
 Come on, use your noggin. He's a witness.

TERRY
 Nah, nah, nah - he don't even speak a lick of English...

ERCOLANO
 You're the one that's meant to pick them up. On your hands this is.

Ercolano empties the bullets from the Revolver and offers it to Terry.

ERCOLANO (CONT'D)
 Go on then.

TERRY
 What am I supposed to do with this?

ERCOLANO
 Bullets is evidence.

Terry takes the gun as Ercolano turns around.

Samuel, Galen and Patrick all follow suit, turning their backs on Terry... see no evil.

Terry, gun in his shaking hand, stares down at:

Lin, barely conscious, flounders at his feet.

Terry raises the butt of the revolver - Lin claws at his feet - Terry searches for the courage - he swallows back the bile rising in his throat...

Terry hammers down the butt of the revolver --

-- CRACK.

INT./EXT. GREENE'S CAR/BRIGHTON BEACH - DAY

A toy Hawaiian LUAU GIRL bobbles on a car dashboard.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD:

Frantic REPORTERS swarm the car, shouting questions, but we don't hear them. The soothing melodies of *Bach's Air on a G-String* plays over the car radio.

DETECTIVE NICK GREENE sits in the driver's seat, eyes closed.

A BOBBY muscled his way up to Greene's door, *knocking* on the window. Greene opens his eyes.

CUT TO:

The Bobby leads Greene through the REPORTERS and towards:

A massive CRIME SCENE. News Vans and Cop Cars line the beach. The dull English Channel stretches beyond them.

The Reporters yell questions as Greene squeezes past.

GREENE

Alright, alright. Merry Christmas.

Greene ducks under the Police tape. On the other side:

DETECTIVE BETH HUGHES (30) waits for him - tired, her kids kept her up all night.

GREENE (CONT'D)

Did I hear you right, twelve?

BETH

Up to fourteen now. How's Fiona and the boy?

GREENE

Dylan's grand. Fiona is Fiona. The girls?

BETH

Up for adoption if you're interested.

Beth offers him a cup of tea and a breakfast sandwich, but Greene's eyes are on the beach, where:

14 BODYBAGS are laid out like beached dolphins.

GREENE
 (Still processing)
 ... How many did you say?

BETH
 Fourteen. So far. First one washed
 up last night. Been dropping anchor
 like clockwork ever since. Never
 seen owt like it.

Beth walks toward the bodybags. Greene slips off his shoes
 and socks, then follows.

LOCAL BOBBIES try to shoo away the ravenous SEA GULLS -
 picking at the bodies. Beth dances around the territorial
 birds.

BETH (CONT'D)
 Go on, get out of it.

Greene rips open his breakfast, hurling it down the beach.
 The Sea Gulls make a mad dash for it, clearing away.

Greene steps up to a body bag, glancing in. The flesh pecked
 away from the face. A nasty sight.

Beth gags - Greene offers her a handkerchief.

BETH (CONT'D)
 (Recovering)
 No IDs, no wallets - a boat load of
 Joe Bloggs, looks like.

Greene inspects the rough hands of the corpse - years of cuts
 and callouses mark the fingers and palms.

GREENE
 ... Cockle Pickers. Caught by the
 tide. Lost track of time, maybe
 just plain got lost.

Greene walks down the line of bodies...

BETH
 An accident.

GREENE
 Or else some sort of suicide pact.

BETH
 Should take a look at number 14.

Greene stops at the final body bag:

Lin. His face bloated and beaten, barely recognizable.

GREENE
Rocks... maybe a boat.

BETH
Forensics count over twenty blows.

GREENE
By who - Davy Jones?

Greene kneels down, inspecting Lin's bruises... he pulls out a white sliver embedded in Lin's bloody scalp.

BETH
What's that? Plastic?

A crushing realization comes over Greene.

GREENE
... Pearl.

BETH
No bloody pearls in this water.

Greene glances around, suddenly spooked.

BETH (CONT'D)
Cockle Pickers - who wants rid of
cockle pickers?

Greene pockets the sliver of Pearl as he marches back towards his car.

BETH (CONT'D)
Nick?

GREENE
No IDs, no wallets, nothing. Chalk
it up to the sea and count our
blessings.

Beth watches as Greene pushes back through the Reporters.

EXT. WEST PIER - DAY

A cacophony of *jackhammers* and *drills*.

An old Victorian Pier juts out over the sea. The paint peeling and the wood rotting, she's seen better days.

A carved wooden sign over the entrance reads - WEST PIER.

The sign slopes forward and collapses with a *crunch*. Greeted with the *cheers* of a DEMOLITION CREW hard at work behind it.

Greene trudges past them towards a construction cabin.

INT. CONSTRUCTION CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Samuel, Galen and Patrick place bets as they play a game of Black Mariah in the back.

At the front desk, Terry drowns his sorrows in a can of Old Speckled Hen. His eyes on a TV.

ON THE TV: The HONG KONG HAND OVER CEREMONY. Beneath the large flags of UK and China, the British AMBASSADOR officially signs Hong Kong back to the Chinese.

GREENE (O.S.)

There it is. Sun finally set.

Terry goes rigid as Greene steps into the office.

SAMUEL

Alright Nick, just in time to deal you in.

GREENE

Can't stop, Mr. Ercolano here?

TERRY

Busy schedule, have you? Chasing leads.

GREENE

Pardon?

Terry drunkenly offers out his hands -

TERRY

Call off the hounds - here I am.

Greene takes the Beer out of Terry's hand.

GREENE

... Don't push your luck today.

PATRICK

(Re: Terry)

Don't mind him, on the blob innit.

TERRY

Don't mind me, detective. Gotta keep the lights on - don't you.

Terry takes his beer back from Greene who glares at him.
Biting his tongue.

Ercolano slips into the cabin, dressed in a suit and hardhat.

ERCOLANO
Nicky Greene, lad. Thought that was
your car out front.

GREENE
Mr. Ercolano.

ERCOLANO
Man and boy I've known this one.
Still calls me Mister. Sign of a
good upbringing, that.
(beat)
How's your brother keeping? Got
them wogs spit shining his shoes
yet?

GREENE
He's getting by.

ERCOLANO
Always a pleasure, never a chore.
Patrick settle the man up.

Patrick steps up from the table, handing Greene an envelope
full of cash.

GREENE
We need to talk.

ERCOLANO
Hark at this lads, here's a man who
knows when to ask for a raise.

Ercolano nods to Patrick who fattens the envelope with
another wad of cash.

GREENE
In private.

Ercolano grows serious, handing Greene a hardhat.

EXT. WEST PIER - DAY

Ercolano leads Greene through the remnants of an old
Victorian shopping arcade. Demolition crews lay waste to the
historic landmark.

Ercolano points out the future shops to Greene.

ERCOLANO

Disco for your teens - dodge 'ems
for the young 'uns - Casino for the
grown ups and a Macky D's for
everyone.

GREENE

(Through gritted teeth)
... Sounds lovely.

ERCOLANO

Took five years and more than a bob
or two, to convince the council to
tear this old turd down. No
imagination, those toffs.

As they round a corner, Greene scans for prying eyes...

ERCOLANO (CONT'D)

Not like you and me --

-- Greene spins Ercolano - snatches the Pearl-Handled
Revolver from his waist.

GREENE

(Holds up Revolver)
Bet your life, the pearl on this
matches the one I pulled from the
head of some poor bugger they
fished out the sea this morning.

Greene waves the revolver in Ercolano's face.

GREENE (CONT'D)

Sixteen floaters were up to now.

ERCOLANO

Turning in your notice?

GREENE

They didn't exactly fall off the
back of a lorry, did they?

ERCOLANO

... Can't be easy for your brother
locked up in rusty.

Ercolano gently pushes the revolver aside. Greene shakes with
anger.

ERCOLANO (CONT'D)

Bedding down with the shit-
stabbers, Pakis and Peados. No
place for a sensitive soul, that.

(MORE)

ERCOLANO (CONT'D)

But we know not to worry, don't we?
Cause I look out for him.

GREENE

I will not pull the rug over this.

ERCOLANO

What you need to do is look at the opportunity. Remember what you said after your kid brother put my old man in the ground - "Look at the opportunity, Mr. Ercolano." I were very upset then, just like you are now. But you convinced me to take a step back - look at the bigger picture. True to my word, your brother lives and breathes - and true to yours, you've been a very good friend.

Greene pulls out the sliver of pearl, holding it up for Ercolano to see.

GREENE

No two pearls are alike, did you know that? Take the labrats less than five minutes to figure you out.

ERCOLANO

It were bad manners what happened to them Chinamen. A fucking disgrace. But accidents do happen, Nicky. And that's all it were.

(Re: Pearl)

Do with that what your heart tells you. But before you burn my house down, remember who lives in it.

Ercolano stuffs some cash into Greene's pocket, noticing:

Splatters of blood on Greene's Grey Suit Jacket.

Greene looks away from Ercolano - eyes down - feet tapping.

GREENE

Kissed my first girl under this boardwalk... Shame.

He lets the sliver of pearl drop from his fingers. It disappears through the cracks in the boardwalk.

Ercolano takes the revolver and walks away.

ERCOLANO

Tell Jackie I said alright.

Greene left alone, contemplating more than just the rotting wood and rusty nails beneath his feet.

TONY BLAIR (PRE-LAP)

A new dawn has broken, has it not?
And it is wonderful.

SMASH CUT TO:

NEWS FOOTAGE: A very young looking TONY BLAIR delivers his victory speech outside Downing Street.

TONY BLAIR (CONT'D)

We always said that if we had the
courage to change that we could do
it. And we did it.

A MONTAGE of the year that was 1997:

Mounds of Cattle being burned during the MAD COW SCARE. DOLLY the first cloned sheep is unveiled to the world. Copies of the first HARRY POTTER novel hit the shelves. A young TIGER WOODS wins his first Masters Tournament. The SPICE GIRLS take the world by storm. And then...

ON SCREEN: The 90s BBC Logo. Way before the motion graphic excitement of the 24 hour news cycle.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Normal programming has been
suspended. We now join Martin Lewis
in the News Studio.

MARTIN LEWIS, looking suitably serious. Someone died.

MARTIN LEWIS

This is BBC News London. Diana
Princess of Wales has died after a
car crash in Paris...

A JET ENGINE drowns out his voice...

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAWN

SUPER: AUGUST 31st, 1997. 5:00 AM.

A CHINA AIRLINES jet lands on the Heathrow Tarmac.

God Save The Queen pre-laps into...

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - ARRIVALS LOUNGE - MORNING

PASSENGERS, FLIGHT ATTENDANTS, and SECURITY GUARDS all stand frozen in shock. Their eyes glued on the TVs that play throughout the arrival hall.

ON THE TV SCREENS: A picture of Princess Diana accompanied by the orchestral arrangement of the *British National Anthem*.

The entire terminal at a stand still. Except for...

ZHI (30s, Chinese) suit and a briefcase. He marches past the mourners with the calm detachment of the Devil on Judgement Day.

God Save The Queen continues to play over:

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - MORNING

The CUSTOMS AGENT waves Zhi forward. Her eyes red with tears, she barely glances at him as she stamps him through.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - LOCKERS - MORNING

A bank of luggage lockers. Zhi opens a locker. Inside:
Empty. Just a set of car keys.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - LONG TERM PARKING LOT - MORNING

Endless rows of CARS but not a soul to drive them.

Beep beep. The lights flash on a Black BMW M3. Zhi slides into the driver's seat.

INT./EXT. ZHI'S BMW/M25 - MORNING

The endless motorway empty save for Zhi's BMW. It cruises down the highway past a sign that reads:

BRIGHTON & HOVE 43 MILES.

The final bars of *God Save The Queen* bridge into the *clatter* of dishes...

INT. TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

A small kitchen, cluttered with dirty plates and half-eaten take-out.

Greene clears the counter, emptying a few bags of groceries into the refrigerator. He sniffs a carton of milk before tossing it out and replacing it with a fresh one.

DYLAN (O.S.)
Honey Monster or Tony the Tiger?

DYLAN (8), wearing a Manchester United shirt. He makes a mess at the kitchen table - two boxes of cereal in his hands.

GREENE
I'll have what you're having.

Dylan pours two bowls of Sugar Puffs as Greene takes a seat across from him.

GREENE (CONT'D)
Running late for practice, aren't you?

DYLAN
No games today. The Princess is dead.

GREENE
I heard, you okay?

DYLAN
(Genuine)
I didn't know her, did you?

Greene shakes his head as they both tuck into their cereal.

Greene scoops out a plastic-wrapped toy from his bowl - A HOTWHEELS wind-up car.

GREENE
My lucky day.

DYLAN
That's not fair, you already got a car.

GREENE
I don't know, this one's pretty cool.

DYLAN
Maybe there's another.

Greene smiles as Dylan reaches into the box of cereal. Nothing.

Greene unwraps the Hotwheels, winding it up and letting it fly. It *zips* across the table to Dylan who catches it just as it drops off the edge.

FIONA (30s) steps in, towel wrapped around her wet hair and a cordless phone at her ear.

FIONA
Let yourself in, yeah?

GREENE
(RE: Groceries)
Had to go to Co-Op, Tesco's was shut.

FIONA (INTO PHONE)
Your brother's here, comes as he pleases nowadays. Hold on.
(Offers Phone To Dylan)
Talk to your dad.

Dylan plays with his Hotwheels, ignoring Fiona who *tuts*.

GREENE
Dylan, it means a lot to him.

Dylan obliges Greene, taking the phone from his mother.

DYLAN (INTO PHONE)
Hi Dad... Yeah, Uncle Nick gave me a car... yeah, a Hotwheels. Black.

Dylan shuffles into the next room. Fiona rummages through the grocery bags - she holds up a head of Broccoli.

FIONA
He don't like Broccoli.

Greene pulls out a wad of cash, laying it in front of Fiona.

GREENE
Should do you for the week.

She quickly counts it out as he rises to leave.

FIONA
Take him to footie will you, I got some things.

GREENE
It's cancelled. He's all yours.

FIONA
 ... Jack says you ain't been up
 there in awhile.

Greene motions to the Broccoli as he heads out.

GREENE
 You're his mum, make him eat it.

Greene gives Dylan a kiss on the forehead before stepping out
 the front door.

INT. MR. TANG'S DRY CLEANERS - MORNING

A While-U-Wait laundromat. Greene steps up to the counter,
 handing his ticket to MR. TANG (Chinese, 50s), work shirt and
 Rolex, all this belongs to him.

MR. TANG
 We got it out for you. Like new.

GREENE
 Much appreciated.

Mr. Tang disappears behind the racks of clothes.

Greene's eyes drift up to the corner TV - footage of Princess
 Diana's mangled car.

A *ding* as the door opens. Zhi slips up to the counter, next
 to Greene. The two of them stand in silence, watching the TV.

GREENE (CONT'D)
 Terribly sad.

ZHI
 (Very slight accent)
 Sad? What is sad?

GREENE
 She was too young.

ZHI
 Too young for what?

GREENE
 I mean, she had kids. The princes.

ZHI
 She was too young to have children.

GREENE
 No. To die.

ZHI

What is the correct age to die
then?

Greene looks at Zhi, baffled.

MR. TANG (O.S.)

Here you are, like new.

Mr. Tang hands Greene his Jacket. Greene turns for the door --

GREENE

She was 36 years old. That's too
young.

Zhi gives him a blank stare as Greene heads out.

MR. TANG

Hello, how may I help you?

Zhi turns to Mr. Tang, handing him a slip of paper. Mr. Tang
freezes with terror, noticing:

A SMALL TRIANGLE TATTOO on the back of Zhi's hand.

Mr. Tang can only manage a nod as he ushers Zhi around the
counter.

EXT. MR. TANG'S DRY CLEANERS - DAY

Greene shuffles up to his Vauxhall - Zhi's BMW parked next to
it. Greene unwraps his Gray jacket, checking the sleeve:

The faintest hint of the blood stain remains.

Greene throws on the jacket and hops into his car.

INT. MR. TANG'S DRY CLEANERS - BACKROOM - DAY

Mr. Tang's CHINESE STAFF hard at work. Zhi follows Mr. Tang
through the maze of steamers and shirt-presses.

The Staff take one look at Zhi and drop everything. Irons and
steamers still smoking, they know when to make themselves
scarce.

Mr. Tang stops as Zhi walks past him toward:

BACK OFFICE -

Small and neat. At the door, GAO and WU (30s, Chinese) - two battle-scarred, Snakehead gang members - chain smoking cigarettes. They step aside for Zhi.

ACCOUNTANT (O.S.)
They said your English is good.

THE ACCOUNTANT (40s), distinct only in his normalcy, sits at a cheap desk.

Behind him, a CCTV monitor shows the front entrance.

ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)
(To Mr. Tang)
Bring our guest some tea.

Mr. Tang nods, scurrying away.

Zhi motions to a package on the desk.

ZHI
That is for me.

ACCOUNTANT
It's all they left for you.

Zhi opens the package:

Files written in Mandarin and some pictures.

ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)
(In Mandarin)
You have a tight schedule today.
(Re: Gao and Wu)
They are at your service. Very capable.

Zhi glances up from the documents.

ZHI
I will see him now.

The Accountant nods to Gao and Wu.

They pull back a rack of suits, revealing a hidden door. Gao unlocks it. Zhi glances back to:

Mr. Tang watches nervously from the kitchenette. He quickly averts his eyes.

Zhi steps past Gao and into:

INT. MR. TANG'S DRY CLEANERS - HIDDEN ROOM - DAY

A sole bulb hangs from the ceiling, shedding light on a soiled mattress in the corner. Some food wrappers and well-thumbed comic books scattered across the cement floor.

A silhouetted FIGURE scampers back into the shadows as Zhi steps into the room. Zhi crouches down, staring into the shadows.

ZHI
(In Mandarin)
*There was a boy, a boy so brave he
swam an ocean to stay alive.*

The figure stays hidden. A quiet voice responds:

VOICE
(In Mandarin)
You will take me home?

ZHI
(In Mandarin)
What home?

Silence, no answer. Zhi pulls a series of photos from the package, holding it up for the figure to see.

ZHI (CONT'D)
(In Mandarin)
These are the men?

In Zhi's hand, a picture of Ercolano.

VOICE
(In Mandarin)
Yes.

Zhi flips through the photos - all of Ercolano's men.

VOICE (CONT'D)
(In Mandarin)
You will hurt them?

ZHI
(In Mandarin)
That is what you want.

The figure shuffles forward, his pale and sickly face catching the light... TRUNG. The sole-surviving Cockle Picker. His eyes adjust to the light.

TRUNG
 (In Mandarin)
I want them to suffer.

Zhi leaves the photos on Trung's mattress before stepping out. Gao closes the door behind him, plunging Trung back into darkness.

INT. BRIGHTON & HOVE POLICE STATION - MORNING

A mid-level police station. Strip lighting and plastic furniture. Feels more like a telemarketing headquarters.

A phone *rings* behind the front counter. No one to answer it.

The entire STAFF huddle around a TV in the bullpen. All eyes on the Princess Diana tragedy.

Greene, cup of tea in hand, hustles to the front counter, picking up the phone.

GREENE (INTO PHONE)
 Brighton & Hove Police - our
 priority is you.

Greene stops listening, distracted by:

A PLAIN-CLOTHES POLICEMEN wheels a hand-truck out from a set of double doors. The hand-truck piled high with boxes of files marked - DETECTIVE GREENE.

GREENE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Hold please.

Greene hangs up the phone, but the Plain-Clothes Policeman is already out the front entrance.

Greene paces through the double doors and into:

INT. BRIGHTON & HOVE - CID OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Greene sips his tea as he strides past the empty cubicles.

At the back cubicle:

A group of PLAIN CLOTHES POLICEMEN pack files into boxes and handcarts.

GREENE
 Lose something?

The Policemen don't stop their work. TRAVERS (50s), as gray as the suit he's dressed in, flashes Greene his badge.

TRAVERS

Detective Inspector Travers, HMIC.
Am I to take it you're Mr. Greene?

GREENE

Detective Greene - you're in my
office.

Travers hands Greene a warrant.

TRAVERS

On behalf of the Independent Police
Complaints Commission, and with the
authority of the Police Act of
1996, you are hereby suspended
without pay until further notice.
You are advised to report to the
Clerk of Sussex County Courthouse
tomorrow at 9:00 AM where you may
contest the charges filed against
you.

Greene lost in the warrant in his hands.

TRAVERS (CONT'D)

The Police Federation will contact
you to arrange a solicitor on your
behalf.

GREENE

(RE: Warrant)
Where's this coming from?

TRAVERS

Caught the eye of Sauron, didn't
you?

Greene calmly walks up to a stack of files, dousing them with
his tea.

GREENE

Happy reading.

He strides out as Travers tries to salvage the evidence.

INT. BRIGHTON & HOVE - WOMEN'S CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Greene barges into the women's locker room. A couple of half-
dressed OFFICERS cover themselves up.

OFFICER
Nick, you perv.

SECOND OFFICER
See something you like?

Greene ignores them, charging towards:

Beth ties her shoes at the far end of the locker room. She braces herself, knows what's coming.

Greene crumples the warrant, hurling it at her.

GREENE
Corruption charges. Pot kettle
black, is it?

Beth eyes the other Officers as they hustle out. All clear, she turns to Greene.

BETH
I've got kids Nick, how do you
sleep at nights?

GREENE
Like a bloody log, thanks. While
you're off singing to internal.

BETH
What did you think was going to
happen? I turned a blind eye
plenty, but you can't pin sixteen
dead men on the sea.
(beat)
They needed someone to hang, and
like I said, I got the kids.

GREENE
Dylan's the same age as your Sara--

BETH
He's not yours. You've paid for
your brother's crimes ten fold. And
now? Now they've got you, Nick -
banged to rights, they have got
you.

Beth pushes past Greene towards the door.

BETH (CONT'D)
Show your face at the court
tomorrow, you're leaving in cuffs.
(beat)
Run for the hills.

And she's gone.

Greene slumps down on the bench. The wind knocked out of him, his mind racing...

He jumps up, bolting out of the Locker room.

EXT. WESTERN ROAD - DAY

Greene's Vauxhall *screeches* down the old thoroughfare, passing...

... Zhi's Black BMW.

Zhi behind the wheel, scanning the road. His briefcase on the passenger seat - the Mandarin documents laid out next to it.

He rolls past the HOVE TOWN HALL:

A crowd of MOURNERS line up outside, laying flowers for Princess Diana at the main gates.

INT. TRAVEL AGENTS - DAY

A TRAVEL AGENT (F, 20), taps at her keyboard, tears streaming down her face. Greene sits across from her.

TRAVEL AGENT

Next ferry to the continent leaves
for Dieppe at 1:30PM.

GREENE

Last ferry - I want the last one.

TRAVEL AGENT

Sorry. The last ferry...

She dabs at her tears, checking the database.

TRAVEL AGENT (CONT'D)

Midnight. Sorry. When will you be
returning?

GREENE

One way.

He counts out some cash as she prints out the ticket.

INT. ZHI'S BMW - DAY

The BMW parked on a quiet side street.

Zhi unbuttons his shirt. The briefcase open on the passenger seat. Inside the case:

Leather straps connected to a strange metal rig.

But Zhi's eyes are on his rearview mirror:

A RED NISSAN idles further down the street.

INT. CRICKETERS PUB - DAY

A 16th Century English Pub. The Oak bar dotted with old Cricket paraphernalia. Chairs still on the tables.

A young BARMAN (18) cleans up last nights empties and overflowing ashtrays.

Terry, the sole patron, reaches behind the bar, filling up his empty pint glass.

BARMAN
Haven't cleaned the lines yet.

Terry lets the foam overflow. He motions to the TV behind the bar:

ON THE TV: The never-ending Princess Diana coverage. Hysterical MOURNERS at the Buckingham Palace gates.

TERRY
Turn that rubbish off.

BARMAN
Dude, come on.

TERRY
She's already dead, no use crying.

The Barman flicks off the TV just as:

Zhi steps into the pub.

BARMAN
Not open yet.

ZHI
What time do you open?

BARMAN
Not until eleven.

Zhi keeps coming, taking a seat next to Terry at the bar.

ZHI
I will wait.

BARMAN
No, we're not open.

ZHI
I will wait.

BARMAN
I can't serve you, pal.

ZHI
Not until eleven. I will wait.

Between Zhi and Terry, the Barman can't be bothered. He heads down into the beer cellar.

Terry eyes Zhi's Tattoo.

TERRY
Where you from? China or something.

ZHI
Yes. China or something.

TERRY
Lot of people there, innit.

ZHI
Yes. You are from Brentford. Not many people there.

TERRY
Yeah, how'd you know where I'm from?

ZHI
Because it is where you are from.

TERRY
Do I know you, mate?

ZHI
Do you, mate?

TERRY
... Best finish my drink.

Terry, spooked, takes a swig of beer.

ZHI
You have somewhere to be?

TERRY

Gotta take care of some things.

ZHI

What is there to take care of? It is all settled.

TERRY

What you talking about - what's settled?

ZHI

Finish your drink.

Terry eyes his half-empty pint glass. Sets it aside.

TERRY

Best not. Been drinking too much lately, you know?

ZHI

Why have you been drinking?

TERRY

Life, work, you know how it is.

ZHI

(Checks his watch)
You have a job?

TERRY

Bit of this, bit of that, yeah.

ZHI

Bit of that is not a job. You work for Philip Ercolano.

TERRY

Yeah, that's right - and this is his gaff. Might wanna watch your mouth, mate.

Terry's eyes drift up to a Cricket Bat hanging on the wall. Zhi follows his gaze. Untroubled.

ZHI

What work do you do for Philip Ercolano that makes you drink too much?

TERRY

I take care of fucking business, know what I'm saying.

ZHI

No. I do not think you know what you are saying.

TERRY

I'm saying watch yourself, mate.

ZHI

Or you will take care of business, I know. You are not very good at taking care of business, Terrence.

TERRY

... You don't fucking know me.

ZHI

I know you that if you were good at taking care of business, I would not be here.

TERRY

Who the fuck are you? I don't know what you think you've heard --

ZHI

I have not heard. It is what has happened, it is what will happen.

TERRY

And what's that - what's gonna happen?

Terry stares down Zhi who returns his glare with an apathetic gaze.

Terry's heart sinks... an injured deer realizing he's sitting next to a tiger.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Fuck - you're...

ZHI

One of the people from China or something? Yes.

TERRY

I didn't want to - I didn't want to do it - they made me - they --

ZHI

But you did it. Every choice you made led you to it. Led you to here. To this drink. Now you must finish it.

TERRY

I'll go away, never hear from me -
I'll disappear.

ZHI

Where? To your Mother's home in
Brentford? Or to your Uncle Ross in
Kent? But you are here.

TERRY

Here, c'mon mate, let me buy you a
drink, we'll sort this out.

ZHI

You cannot. Not before eleven.

TERRY

Please.

ZHI

Finish your drink.

Terry's shaking hand grabs his pint. He lifts it to his lips,
knocking back the last swig --

-- Zhi swings his arm - a knife springs out from the rig
concealed under his cuff - seamless --

-- *PFT*. The knife slides through Terry's throat. Beer and
blood pours out from the wound --

-- *Smash*. The empty glass falls from Terry's dead hand.

BARMAN (O.S.)

Oh shit.

The Barman frozen at the mouth of the cellar.

BARMAN (CONT'D)

Please - please don't hurt me.

Zhi rises from his seat.

EXT. GREENE'S CONDO DEVELOPMENT - DAY

PSSSH - A WINDOW WASHER sprays down a glass walled Condo with
a pressure cleaner.

He lowers himself in his harness - strapped to the exterior
of a brand new condo development.

'For Lease' signs out front.

INT. GREENE'S CONDO - VARIOUS - DAY

A two-story modern apartment. Sparsely furnished and functional. The two floors separated by an open mezzanine.

Greene's bedroom on the top floor of the mezzanine:

Neat with bare white walls save for a large and lovingly framed antique World Map.

Daylight streams in through the window balcony.

Greene shoves an ottoman aside, revealing a floor safe.

He opens the safe:

Brimming with stacks of cash.

Greene empties the cash into a black duffel-bag.

He pulls out the last stack of cash, revealing an OLD BROKEN WATCH. It's face cracked - the time frozen.

He closes the safe, sealing the Watch inside.

Greene grabs the duffel-bag, eyeing the photos on his bedside table:

A school photo of Dylan. An old black and white photo of two young BOYS and their DAD at a Greyhound Track. The last photo of Greene and his brother, JACKIE, in happier times.

Greene shakes off the sentiment, heading down the stairs and into:

THE LIVING ROOM -

An opening living space. A hallway leads to a second bedroom and kitchen.

At the front door, Greene takes a look around the condo - nothing else worth taking. He leaves.

INT. RITA'S CAFE - DAY

A workman's greasy spoon.

Zhi sits at a window counter. A WAITRESS pours him a cup of tea.

WAITRESS
Milk and two, dear?

Zhi places his hand over the mug - eyes out the window.

The Waitress shrugs - suit yourself.

At the next table, a BOY (5) stares at:

Blood drips out from under Zhi's cuff. Zhi calmly dabs at it with a napkin before looking back at:

The Boy tugs on his MOTHER'S sleeve, but she's too absorbed in her copy of the Daily Mail - Princess Diana on the cover.

MOTHER

Quit your staring.

Zhi turns back to the window, sipping his tea.

EXT. CRICKETEERS PUB - DAY

Samuel and a few of Ercolano's THUGS guard the door outside the pub. Greene's Vauxhall pulls up to the curb.

Greene steps out of the car, duffel-bag in hand.

SAMUEL

Sorry Nick, not a good time.

Greene eyes the Thugs by the door. He discreetly slips some cash to Samuel.

GREENE

Only need a minute.

Samuel flicks through the ream of twenties, nodding. Greene heads toward the entrance.

SAMUEL

Heads up - bit messy in there.

(To Thugs)

He's alright.

The Thugs step aside for Greene.

INT. CRICKETEERS PUB - CONTINUOUS

CAROL (40s), straight-laced and somber, she cradles the body of the now dead Barman (GARY) - her son.

Ercolano crouches next to her, gently stroking her hair.

ERCOLANO

Alright luv, it's been enough now.
Let me clear this up.

But she's numb. Doesn't hear a word.

Greene eyes Terry's corpse slumped at the bar - blood still dripping from Terry's throat.

Greene steps back, avoiding a pool of blood at his feet.
Ercolano perks up, noticing him.

Greene spots the second body - what the hell happened here?

GREENE

Mr. Ercolano?

ERCOLANO

(To Carol)

Here you are. Police are here now.
Need to let them do their jobs.

(To Greene)

Thanks for coming so quickly.

Ercolano helps Carol to her feet - still in a daze, she turns to Greene.

CAROL

Why?

GREENE

Miss?

CAROL

(Re: Terry)

Why'd he kill my son?

ERCOLANO

No reason to it. He was disturbed,
were Terrence - had been for awhile
now. Snapped and took young Gary
with him.

CAROL

But why my Garreth?

GREENE

Terry didn't kill him.

Ercolano glares at Greene.

ERCOLANO

Thanks much Detective. Now please,
as you can imagine my sister's very
upset. She needs home.

GREENE

There's no knife. Can't slit your
own throat without a knife.

Greene can't help himself - he walks through the crime scene.

He eyes the foamy blood and broken glass on the bar top.

GREENE (CONT'D)

Cut while he was drinking - beer in
his blood. Very clean - no first
time nerves here. Terry was the
target.

He walks over to Gary's dead body - two stab wounds in the
back. Greene looks back toward Terry.

GREENE (CONT'D)

And Gary was a witness. Sorry miss.

Ercolano waves to Samuel at the door.

Samuel steps in with a couple of Thugs in tow.

ERCOLANO

Get Carol home.

But Carol doesn't budge.

GREENE

You need to call the police.

CAROL

No, not the police.

(To Ercolano)

I want him dead, Phil. I don't care
who - I want him dead.

ERCOLANO

Course, luv.

Two Thugs usher Carol out.

GREENE

(To Ercolano)

You got your hands full, so I'll
keep it short.

Greene plants the duffel-bag on the bar and zips it open.

GREENE (CONT'D)

One hundred and thirty four grand.
For Jackie's well-being. I'm out.

ERCOLANO

Out? Out of what?

GREENE

I'm up against 36 counts of
corruption. I'm gone.

ERCOLANO

What do I do about Garreth?

GREENE

Call the police.

ERCOLANO

You're already here. You're gonna
find who did this, Nicky --

GREENE

You're not listening, I'm on
suspension. This time tomorrow,
I'll be in jail. I'm not police.

ERCOLANO

On what planet you ever been
police? You work for me. And I want
whoever killed my nephew dead.

GREENE

I can't do that.

ERCOLANO

Yes you can. And if you do it
before you duck town, that's me and
you square. No more looking over
Jackie's shoulder.

(to Samuel)

Fit him with a piece.

GREENE

If I don't?

Ercolano zips up the duffel-bag, tossing it back to Greene.

ERCOLANO

You earned this.

SAMUEL

Alright Detective, let's have you.

Greene hauls the bag onto his shoulder, following Samuel out.

INT./EXT. RITA'S CAFE/CRICKETEERS PUB - DAY

Greene, Samuel and Three Thugs pile into their cars and pull out into traffic.

REVEAL:

We are looking through the window of Rita's cafe just across the street from the Cricketeers pub.

Zhi gone, only the empty tea cup remains at his table.

OUTSIDE:

Zhi's BMW tails the caravan of cars.

INT./EXT. ZHI'S BMW/ TWINEHAM INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

Boarded-up windows dot the rundown factories and derelict warehouses that line the sprawling Industrial estate.

A couple of BANGLADESHI TEENS play cricket in the desolate street. They scramble from the road as the Caravan rolls through.

ZHI'S BMW -

Zhi at the wheel, in no hurry. Up ahead:

Greene's Vauxhall and the other cars pull off the road and into the parking lot of an Old Cannery - red brick stained by centuries of soot.

Zhi slows down. Watches as they step out of their cars and enter the factory.

He keeps driving, pulling around the back of the massive building.

INT./EXT. FISHING CANNERY - VARIOUS - DAY

The *hiss* of running water as Zhi walks up to the back loading bay. A river of blood and guts rushes past his feet.

Zhi strides towards:

BANGLADESHI WORKERS, head to toe in waterproofs, hose away fish guts from the open loading bay.

They don't bat an eye as Zhi walks past them and into:

FACTORY FLOOR -

A vast industrial hall lined with tables. BANGLADESHI WOMEN move with the monotony of machines as they sort through thousands of pounds of fish and Cockles.

Zhi creeps down an aisle, tracking:

ACROSS THE HALL, Greene follows Samuel and the three THUGS towards the back stairs. The FOREMAN'S OFFICE at the top.

SAMUEL

... Princess of Wales getting knobbed by a Paki, that's the fucking tragedy...

Zhi watches as they disappear into the Foreman's glass-walled office. A moment later, they close the blinds.

Zhi checks the rig under his cuff as he makes a beeline for the stairs.

He creeps up to the office door, pressing his ear against it. Muffled *chatter* on the other side.

SAMUEL (THROUGH DOOR) (CONT'D)

Ever kill anyone?

GREENE (THROUGH DOOR)

How do you mean?

Zhi gently opens the door.

FOREMAN'S OFFICE -

Samuel lays out a few different GUNS for Greene. A hodge-podge of pistols and sawed-off shotguns.

SAMUEL

Nothing to it - remind yourself people die everyday.

Greene looks up, spotting Zhi -

GREENE

(To Samuel)

Christ, put those away.

Samuel and the Thugs turn to find Zhi at the door.

SAMUEL

Lose your way, mate?

Zhi doesn't answer, scanning the office - taking it all in.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
 Speak English? Course you fucking
 don't. You want work, that it?

Samuel pushes past Zhi, yelling down to the FACTORY FLOOR.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
 LIAM, GOT ONE FOR YOU.

LIAM (60s), the beer-bellied floor manager, waddles to the stairs.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
 (Re: Zhi)
 Deaf, dumb and blind. Put him on
 guts.

LIAM
 (To Zhi)
 Okay-dokey, this way your honor.

Liam motions for Zhi to follow him. Zhi obliges.

GREENE
 (To Samuel)
 Speaks English - I've seen him
 before --

SAMUEL
 They all look the same after
 awhile.

Samuel shuts the door, getting back to the business at hand.

FACTORY FLOOR -

Zhi follows Liam through the maze of workers and machinery.

LIAM
 Where you from? Bangladesh,
 Pakistan, Vietnam, Mongolia, no
 papers, don't matter. Quality
 control find one speck of fish shit
 in a tin, that's your job. Shift
 starts at 7 not 7:01. Shift ends at
 7 not 6:59. You don't like it,
 don't matter, that's your job. Ten
 minutes for morning constitution,
 ten for afternoon fag, twenty for
 lunch. Don't like it, don't matter,
 that's your job.

Liam's voice strains to be heard over the constant *rattle* of
 the CANNING MACHINES. Zhi eyes the Workers:

Heads down, hands gutting the fish.

LIAM(CONT'D)

My cut is 25% - 50 when it's overtime, comes straight out your pay packet. You don't like it, don't matter, that's your job.

Liam turns to Zhi, presenting him with a set of blood-stained waterproofs.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Uniform rental'll cost you --

-- *PFFT*. Zhi slides the knife into Liam's throat.

Liam *gargles*, his hands desperately try to hold his windpipe together.

The WORKERS around him oblivious to his demise. His bloody *gasps* drowned out by the machines.

Zhi grabs Liam's hand, pulling it away from his throat and toward:

A PNEUMATIC SEALING PRESS hammers down on sheets of metal. Zhi drags Liam up to the mouth of the press --

-- Shoves Liam's hand under the pistons. A sickening *crunch* as the piston obliterates Liam's arm, dragging the rest of his body into the bowels of the machine --

-- An alarm *blares* as the machines shut down across the factory. Workers race to Liam's aid.

Zhi already moving towards the stairs. He steps back as Greene, Samuel and the HOODIE THUG race past him.

SAMUEL

DON'T FUCKING STAND THERE - GET HIM OUT.

Zhi watches as they shove through the crowd of Workers.

Zhi climbs the stairs and up to:

FOREMAN'S OFFICE -

Two Thugs still inside:

BURLY THUG behind the desk, SCRAWNY THUG looking out the window onto the factory floor.

Zhi strides into the office, straight for the desk.

BURLY
What's all the fuss then?

ZHI
Hand me the phone.

Burly reaches for the phone --

-- *Pft.* Zhi slams a knife down into his hand, pinning Burly to the desk --

-- From his other hand, a second knife rig springs out --

-- Zhi plunges the second knife behind Burly's ear --

-- Scrawny whips around, his partner dead behind the desk. Zhi pulls out the blades.

Scrawny scoops up a Sawed-off Shotgun and dives into:

FOREMAN'S BATHROOM -

Scrawny locks the door behind him, scrambling to load shells into the Sawed-off.

FOREMAN'S OFFICE -

Zhi creeps up to the bathroom door. A shadow moving on the other side.

Zhi crouches to the ground, spotting Scrawny's feet through the crack of the door --

-- Zhi slides the blade through the crack, slicing Scrawny's Achilles tendon --

-- A *scream* and a *thud* from the other side.

HOODIE (O.S.)
CALL THE BLOODY AMBULANCE --

Hoodie bursts into the office --

-- *BOOM* - A shotgun blast sprays through the bathroom door, catching Hoodie in the gut. He drops.

Zhi slides back as the door falls open... Scrawny crawls out, gun up. He sees Hoodie dying on the ground as --

-- *Pft.* Zhi's blades go to work. A knife to the side, a second slashes Scrawny's wrist --

FACTORY FLOOR -

-- *BOOM* - Another shotgun *blast* echoes throughout the factory. Workers already racing for the exits.

Greene turns back to the gunshot - then looks to:

Samuel - Liam's mangled body at his feet. Samuel pulls out a BROWNING 9MM handgun.

SAMUEL
Safety off, yeah.

Greene checks his WALTHER PPK Handgun - flicking the safety off. Greene and Samuel double back towards the stairs.

FOREMAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Greene steps over the bodies, prying the phone out of Burly's dead hands. He dials a number.

Samuel crouches over Scrawny, turning him over:

Terror frozen on his face. His arm ends at a bloody stump - his detached hand still gripping the sawed-off shotgun.

Samuel can't process what's in front of him.

GREENE (INTO PHONE)
Beth, it's me. I'm at the cannery
in Twineham --

BETH (THROUGH PHONE)
Nick, I don't have time. Picked a
hell of a day for it --

GREENE (INTO PHONE)
I need back up --

BETH (THROUGH PHONE)
I can't - stretched thin as is.
This Diana business, we've had 6
jumpers this morning --

GREENE (INTO PHONE)
I have four homicides. The ASG
cannery, Twineham --

SAMUEL
There - that's him.

Samuel at the window, looking down on:

Zhi walks away across the factory floor.

Greene drops the phone, racing out after Samuel.

Samuel at the top of the stairs, gun raised --

BANG - He misses. Zhi, unfazed, disappears through a set of doors.

BLAST FISH FREEZER - MOMENTS LATER

Industrial fans on overdrive keeping the endless aisles of fish frozen.

Unbearably cold, Greene peers through the mist:

No sign of Zhi.

Samuel nods to Greene - you check left, I check right. They split up.

Greene scans the maze of aisles. Quiet as church.

He stops, noticing:

Footprints on the frosted floor.

Greene follows the trail, rounding every bend gun first.

BANG - A shot *echoes* through the massive freezer.

Greene slips as he scrambles towards the gunshot --

-- At a corner, the footprints come to an end at Samuel's twitching corpse. Blood freezing as it seeps out of his body.

Greene realizes - whips around - ducking --

-- *PFT*. A flash of metal across his face --

-- *BANG* - *BANG* - Greene falls back, firing blindly --

-- He wipes the blood from his eyes - a slash across his brow. He raises his gun...

No one there.

Greene scrambles to his feet, blood frosting on his face. Adrenaline coursing through him.

He steps forward, eyeing:

A trail of blood on the floor... Zhi gone.

EXT. FISHING CANNERY - DAY

The BANGLADESHI WORKERS gather at the front gates, waiting for orders. Greene stumbles through them.

GREENE
(To Workers)
Where - Where is he?

Between Greene's bloody face and the gun in his hand, the Workers give him a wide berth.

They back away slowly, as if any sudden movement might set him off.

The distant *wail of police sirens*.

Greene bolts for his Vauxhall.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Greene's Vauxhall peels out of the parking lot as --

-- A line of PANDA CARS, sirens blaring, come gunning in from the other direction. Swarmed by the Bangladeshi Workers.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Gao steps out of the RED NISSAN. He glances at a GP CLINIC across the parking lot as he makes his way to a pay-phone.

Gao feeds change into the phone and dials.

INT. MR. TANG'S DRY CLEANERS - VARIOUS - SAME**BACK OFFICE -**

The Accountant on the phone with Gao.

ACCOUNTANT (INTO PHONE)
(In Mandarin)
*Stay with him - be discreet. When
his work is finished, they wish him
dead.*

The Accountant hangs up the phone, noticing:

ON THE CCTV MONITOR: Greene charges through the front door.

FRONT COUNTER -

Mr. Tang races to the counter -

MR. TANG
Sir, your jacket --

Greene, still bloody, pushes past Mr. Tang and around the counter.

GREENE
Where is he? Your boss.

MR. TANG
It is my name on the door. I am the owner --

Greene grabs Mr. Tang's arm, holding it up:

The gold Rolex on his wrist.

GREENE
Dirty shirts don't pay for that.

Mr. Tang looks away, ashamed.

Greene shoves him aside as he barges through to:

BACK ROOM -

The Accountant already on his feet, coming out to meet him. The Workers perk up from their Steamers as Greene marches through.

ACCOUNTANT
You are bleeding. I will call an ambulance.

GREENE
Police. There was a man here this morning - friend of yours. I need a look around.

ACCOUNTANT
As soon as you present me with a warrant.

Greene shoves past the Accountant and into:

BACK OFFICE -

Greene searches through the desk - pulling out drawers - turning it over.

ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)
This is a violation of my rights.

The Accountant reaches to stop Greene --

-- Greene twists his arm, slamming the Accountant against the desk - the Walther PPK pressed against his cheek.

GREENE

Your friend carved up six people
this morning.

ACCOUNTANT

Please.
(Pushes at the Gun)
I have no such friends.

GREENE

Know how to tell a liar? Empty
their pockets - see what falls out.

Greene eases off, turning to the CCTV monitor and the VCR underneath it. He hits rewind on the tape deck.

ACCOUNTANT

You will find nothing but happy
customers.

GREENE

We'll see.

ON THE CCTV: The day's CUSTOMERS collect and drop off their laundry.

Greene perks up, hearing something. He steps away from the CCTV.

ACCOUNTANT

Satisfied, officer?

Greene steps out of the office, following the sound... A faint *scratching* from behind a rack of suits.

Greene glances back at the nervous Accountant.

Greene shoves the rack of suits aside, revealing the hidden door behind it.

ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)

Sir, do not open the door.

The Accountant offers out a stack of cash to Greene.

Greene tries the knob, locked. He reels back, kicking at it. No give. He kicks again and again...

ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)
 (To his Workers in
 Mandarin)
Take this man away - NOW.

The Workers don't know what to do. Greene pulls out his gun. They back away.

Bang. Greene shoots out the lock... The door swings open.

ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)
 Some doors are best left closed.

Greene ignores him, stepping into:

HIDDEN ROOM -

The dank mattress and scattered comic books. Greene peers inside...

Trung sits in the middle of the room staring back at him.

GREENE
 Christ...

Greene rushes to Trung, checking him over - eyes - pulse.

GREENE (CONT'D)
 Okay - okay - we'll get you home.

Trung's eyes fixated on Greene, he *whispers* in Mandarin.

Greene notices:

Trung's hands. Rough and full of cuts. The same marks as the dead Cockle Pickers.

Greene slumps back, realizing...

GREENE (CONT'D)
 ... You survived?

Trung's *whispers* grow louder. Greene turns to the Accountant at the door.

GREENE (CONT'D)
 What's he saying?

ACCOUNTANT
 He says you are a ghost.

Greene looks back at Trung who reaches over, pulling Zhi's photos out from under his mattress. He slides them to Greene.

Greene flips through them:

Ercolano and his men. At the bottom of the pile... A photo of GREENE - clear as day.

GREENE
(To Accountant)
What is this?

ACCOUNTANT
It is a list, Mr. Greene.

GREENE
A list of what?

ACCOUNTANT
A list of ghosts.

GREENE
... Your friend - he's here for me.

ACCOUNTANT
Among others, yes.

Greene up on his feet, he grabs the Accountant by the collar.

GREENE
Call him off --

ACCOUNTANT
It is not in my hands.

GREENE
Who then - Who sent him?

ACCOUNTANT
I don't know.

Greene tosses the Accountant out into:

BACK ROOM -

The Accountant picks himself off the floor.

ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)
You do not send for this man. He arrives.

GREENE
How much are they paying him?

ACCOUNTANT

A million pounds or nothing. What does it matter, money cannot stop this.

GREENE

Or maybe I find him and I stop this.

ACCOUNTANT

You won't. You can't. Run, it will afford you a day or two. Given your options, it is the best foreseeable outcome.

GREENE

WHO IS HE?

ACCOUNTANT

I don't know, very few do.

(beat)

The question you should be asking, is what choices you have made that put you in his path.

Greene looks back to Trung who walks up and shuts the door.

Locking himself in the hidden room.

INT. GP CLINIC - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Zhi perched on the examination table. Shirt off, he puts the finishing touches to the stitches on his shoulder.

A bloody bullet on the counter.

With the two knife rigs still strapped around his arms, he appears only half human.

The door to the office *creaks* open:

TIFF (16) steps in - too much hair-spray and too many piercings. Her attention on her Nokia cell-phone as Zhi slips his shirt back on.

TIFF

You not open or something? No one at the desk, yeah.

ZHI

Please close the door.

Tiff obliges before hopping up on to the Examination table.

TIFF

Dr. Singh said the dizzies was gonna stop but I nearly passed out on the bus, other day. I fall - hit my head - I can sue you if I want.

Zhi right in front of her.

TIFF (CONT'D)

Where is he then? I gotta go down the town hall before they close - sign the condolence book. For her majesty, you know.

ZHI

I do not know.

Tiff finally shoves her Nokia into her purse, noticing Zhi staring at her. She laughs, unnerved.

TIFF

What?

She breaks the staring contest.

TIFF (CONT'D)

Ahh shit, fucking bleeding again.

She spots blood seeping out from under the examination table.

She hops off, looking back:

A Sikh Doctor's dead body hidden beneath the examination table. Throat slit... Dr. Singh.

Tiff *gasps*, almost fainting.

ZHI

Sit down.

Zhi steadies her, guiding her back on to the table.

TIFF

Please - please - please...

Zhi reaches out his hand, gently placing it on her round belly. She winces, expecting the worse.

ZHI

How many months?

TIFF

Please - 5 months - please --

ZHI
Do you know if it is a boy or girl?

TIFF
Little girl - little baby girl -
please.

ZHI
Please what?

TIFF
... Don't hurt her.

ZHI
Do you know why you are here?

TIFF
... See Dr. Singh.

Zhi reaches into her purse, pulling out a half-empty packet of Lambert & Butler cigarettes.

ZHI
These will make you light-headed.

He crumples the cigarettes, tossing them into the waste basket on his way out.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Zhi strides out of the GP Clinic, rolling his injured shoulder.

He slides into his BMW and pulls out. He drives past the Red Nissan still parked across the lot.

The Red Nissan rolls out, tailing him.

EXT. LEWES PRISON - DAY

Greene's Vauxhall parked in the nearly empty lot in front of a medieval looking fortress. Lewes Prison.

The cut above Greene's eye cleaned up, but swollen.

Greene dumps the Walther PPK into his glove box and pulls out a carton of cigarettes.

He throws his bloody jacket over the duffel bag on the passenger seat and steps out of his car --

BETH (O.S.)

Nick.

-- Beth stepping out of her car. Hyper-alert, Greene scans the lot, expecting the cavalry.

BETH (CONT'D)

You're lucky it's just me. Had to explain why you called in four dead bodies, but didn't have the manners to hang about.

GREENE

I'm up against the clock, Beth.

Greene tries to step past her, but Beth blocks his path.

BETH

And I've got that scarecrow from HMIC looking up my skirt.

GREENE

... There'll be more bodies before the day's out, including mine if I don't make my ferry.

BETH

What the hell happened at Twineham?

GREENE

Some Chinese hitman-type - collecting scalps for God knows who.

BETH

Chinese, what?

GREENE

Terry Baldwin, Gary Foster, and the four you met at the Cannery. The list goes on. All Ercolano's men - me included.

BETH

Christ, Nick what list? What are you talking about?

GREENE

Listen, you cross paths with this man, keep walking. Think on your kids and turn a blind eye.

BETH

Come into the station, we'll run it through the system. Get an ID on him - I can ring the alarm.

GREENE

Alarm's already ringing, Beth. I gotta go.

Greene strides past her and towards the gates of the prison.

INT./EXT. RED NISSAN/BRIGHTON STREET - DAY

Wu behind the wheel, Gao in the passenger seat. Up ahead:
Zhi's BMW cuts through traffic.

WU

(In Mandarin)
Where is he taking us?

Gao eyes a copy of the Mandarin documents - Zhi's kill list.

GAO

(In Mandarin)
It's not on the list.

INT./EXT. LEWES PRISON - VARIOUS - DAY

CHECK-IN GATE -

Greene empties the contents of his pockets into a plastic tray. Wallet. Keys. Loose change. The carton of smokes.

He passes through the metal detector.

He signs his name into a visitors book, greeted by MATTHEWS (40s), a prison guard. He hands Greene back his personals.

MATTHEWS

Hello, good sir.

GREENE

Matthews.

MATTHEWS

Step right up.

Greene pockets his personals, following Matthews out to:

PRISON YARD -

A few PRISONERS take advantage of the heat, kicking a football around the muddy pitch.

Matthews leads Greene towards an old Victorian Prison dormitory. Barbed wire and iron bars on every window, door and fence.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
Finally getting a bit of summer.

Greene nods, his mind on other things.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)
Fine time too. Taking the family to Costa Del Sol. Ever been to Spain?

GREENE
No. Not yet.

Matthews unlocks the main prison door, leading Greene into:

DORMITORY ENTRANCE -

Matthews and Greene walk up to a second set of doors.

MATTHEWS
Smile for the camera.

Greene looks up to the CCTV - that joke never gets old.

A *buzz* and a *click*. The second security door opens.

They step through the doors and into:

DORMITORY MAIN HALL -

A security booth at the entrance. The Two GUARDS look up from their CCTV monitors as Matthews and Greene pass them.

GUARD 1
(To Matthews, Re: Greene)
Fresh meat?

MATTHEWS
Oh boy, watch out for this one.

Greene gives the Guards a wave as he and Matthews step through yet another set of doors and into:

PRISON HALL -

Card tables, pay-phones and vending machines.

Shouting and hollering. A scuffle breaks out between a few PRISONERS at a card table.

Matthews holds Greene back as GUARDS race into the hall, pulling the two angry PRISONERS apart.

PRISONER
(To Other Prisoner)
FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU - SHE ONLY
DIED THIS MORNING.

PRISONER 2
JUST A BLOODY JOKE.

GUARD 3
Calm yourselves.

Matthews skirts Greene around the fuss.

PRISONER 2 (O.S.)
Why's the tunnel so red?

Greene and Matthews climb a set of stairs.

At the top of the stairs:

HALLWAY -

A hall of cells.

Up ahead: *Rock music* booms out of an open cell.

MATTHEWS
Grab me when you're ready.

Greene passes Matthews and pokes his head around the open door of:

JACKIE'S CELL -

JACKIE GREENE (30s), prison-ripped and singing along to the music. He toils over a frying pan on a hot-plate.

Greene *knocks* on the door - Jackie looks up.

JACKIE GREENE
Alright, bro. Here, try this.

Jackie offers out a spoonful. From a pack of noodles and tinned sauce, he's made some sort of Italian creation.

GREENE
Fine thanks. Just ate.

Jackie flicks off the stereo and the stove.

JACKIE GREENE
Missing out. Fusion cooking they
call it. Come here then.

Jackie holds out his arms for a hug. Greene obliges. Jackie motions to the cut above Greene's eye.

JACKIE GREENE (CONT'D)
Someone's been in the wars.

Greene pulls away, motioning to the food.

GREENE
Dylan told me you've been taking
classes.

JACKIE GREENE
Little gossip, ain't he?

Jackie races around, sprucing up his cell.

Except it's not your typical prison cell. More of an apartment. Carpet on the floor, photos of Dylan and Fiona line the walls.

Only the iron bars on the window give it away.

Greene eyes the photos of Dylan, each one corresponding with a chalk mark on the wall - measuring Dylan's height throughout the years of absence.

Greene pushes the last photo up by an inch.

GREENE
Coming up on 4 feet now.

JACKIE GREENE
Still a short ass then.

Greene slides Jackie the carton of smokes.

JACKIE GREENE (CONT'D)
Too late, kicked it four months
back.

GREENE
Good for you.

Jackie takes the smokes anyway.

JACKIE GREENE
Come in handy, saving up for some
silverware.

GREENE
Got some change to burn up - fancy
a game?

INT. LEWES PRISON - REC ROOM - DAY

A shabby rec-room - Page 3 Girl posters dot the walls and
Match of The Day plays on the corner TV set.

Greene jams some coins into the change slot of a pool table.
He yanks the slot - the balls tumbling out.

Jackie racks the balls on the scratched and torn felt surface
- not exactly the Crucible Theatre.

JACKIE GREENE
Missing two reds.

GREENE
I'll take yellow.

JACKIE GREENE
You break then.

Jackie hands Greene a flimsy pool cue.

Greene breaks. They play pool throughout the scene.

GREENE
Cooking classes? Surprised they let
you lot near a kitchen.

JACKIE GREENE
Lock the knives up, don't they. But
I figure, I better have something
to land on when I get out.

GREENE
Should try computers, that's where
the works going to be.

JACKIE GREENE
No computers here. You'll have to
get your friends to move me to a
Class D for that.

GREENE
I'm a touch short on friends these
days.

Jackie looks up from the table, dropping all pretense.

JACKIE GREENE

Lovely to see you, Nick, always is.
But come on, spit it out.

(Off of Greene's silence)

If you're tight for cash, it's fine. You don't have to give her that much, Fiona's got the salon.

GREENE

It's not money.

Jackie perks up, confused.

GREENE (CONT'D)

I've got to leave town. Country actually.

JACKIE GREENE

Summer holiday or something?

Greene shakes his head. Jackie gets it.

JACKIE GREENE (CONT'D)

Who you running from? Phil?

GREENE

No, my lot. They want to throw me in here with you.

Jackie's heart sinks.

JACKIE GREENE

What about me then? What you sort out with Phil?

GREENE

I'm working on it.

JACKIE GREENE

Fucking working on it? Ercolano's got half the cons in here on speed dial - I'll be dead before you send a postcard.

GREENE

I don't have options.

JACKIE GREENE

Make options. That's the deal - you look out for me, remember?

GREENE

I've been looking out for you - I jump through every crooked hoop Ercolano throws at me - put up with your Fiona's mood swings - I raise your Dylan like he's my own.

JACKIE GREENE

Yeah, your end of the bargain.
(Motions to bars)
You're looking at mine. Or did you forget whose time I'm serving.

Greene tenses, scanning the room for any eavesdroppers.

JACKIE GREENE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, secret's safe.

GREENE

... I have to run.

JACKIE GREENE

10 years, you can do it standing on your head - that's what you said. Well I'm on my head, bro - and you're the only one holding back the water.

(Beat)

I gave up my life.

GREENE

What life would that have been? Lawyer - Doctor? You would've been a waster - another sorry waster. Pissed everything up the wall, ended up in here sooner or later. And Dylan? How many times did I call off Social Services? I saved your neck more times than I can count. Only reason Morris Ercolano is dead is cause your neck needed more saving.

JACKIE GREENE

You kicked an old man's head through.

GREENE

Too right, I did. He was scum, a bloody cancer - and you weren't far behind.

JACKIE GREENE

My big bro, always looking out for me.

Greene eases back, realizing he went too far.

GREENE

Look, I'll sort it out. I've got till the morning.

Jackie perches on the table, reeling - his whole world collapsing.

JACKIE GREENE

... Remember Dad used to take us down the canals? Make us drown the old greyhounds.

GREENE

He thought it put hairs on our chest.

JACKIE GREENE

It was the noise they made when they went in the bag - I couldn't do it. You always did it for me. You said, 'don't think about it, Jack - they're just sleeping.'

GREENE

Dad had a funny way about him.

JACKIE GREENE

Wasn't dad. You scared me, Nick. It was always so easy for you.

Jackie sets down his pool cue.

JACKIE GREENE (CONT'D)

Keep running - maybe it's best for everyone.

Jackie steps away from the table and knocks on the door.

GREENE

I'll take care of Ercolano.

CRANK - the door opens. Matthews waiting on the other side.

Greene watches as Jackie is led back to his cell.

INT./EXT. GREENE'S CAR/LEWES PRISON - DAY

Greene slumps behind the wheel.

His eyes on the Hawaiian Luau Girl on his dashboard. He gives her a little flick to get her shaking.

He sits back for a breath before pulling the Walther PPK from the glove box.

It rests easy in his hands.

INT./EXT. RED NISSAN/MR. TANG'S DRY CLEANERS - DAY

Gao and Wu tail Zhi - his BMW takes a turn up ahead.

WU
(In Mandarin)
Shit.

Wu rounds the corner - Zhi's car already pulling up in front of Mr. Tang's Dry Cleaners.

Gao straps a silencer the size of a Pringles Can to an UZI Sub-Machine Gun.

Through the windshield:

Zhi marches into the Dry Cleaners.

Wu parks, pulling out his own Uzi. They stride out, guns low - headed straight for Mr. Tang's.

INT. MR. TANG'S DRY CLEANERS - VARIOUS - DAY**BACK OFFICE -**

On the CCTV Monitor:

Zhi steps to the side of the front door - a blind spot.

Through the grainy and silent footage, we watch as Gao and Wu charge into the store --

-- They step right past Zhi - he slides behind them, graceful, simple --

-- Knives out, he carves them up - 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - We hear *gunshots* and muted *screams* off-screen --

-- A stray bullet catches the CCTV Camera. The monitor goes black.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL:

The Accountant watches from his desk. He pulls open a drawer, grabbing a 9MM Handgun.

He keeps the gun under his desk, trained on his closed office door. Sweat pools on his brow.

Shouts and screams of the Dry Cleaning Staff from the other side of the door.

The Accountant braces himself as the door opens.

Zhi calmly steps in and takes a seat across from him.

A pregnant pause. The 9MM gripped tight in the Accountant's hand - hidden beneath the desk.

ZHI

They ordered you to kill me.

ACCOUNTANT

Once the job is finished. They don't want it to come back to them.

ZHI

That is understandable.

ACCOUNTANT

There is no shame if you decide to walk away.

ZHI

How could I do that? The task is not completed.

ACCOUNTANT

You have very little time. There is one who knows - he will run.

ZHI

The policeman.

The Accountant nods.

ZHI (CONT'D)

You are not running.

ACCOUNTANT

I can help you. Finish your work and I'll simply tell them you are dead. I will provide you with money, papers --

ZHI
Paper?

ACCOUNTANT
... I was only following orders.

ZHI
You had no choice.

ACCOUNTANT
You need me --

-- *Prrrrrrrtttt* - a muzzle flash from inside Zhi's jacket --

-- The Accountant slumps dead, his chair swiveling to reveal the blood splattered wall behind him.

Zhi stands, Gao's Uzi gripped in his hand.

Mr. Tang at the office door. Doesn't look Zhi in the eyes.

MR. TANG
(In Mandarin)
I will clean this.

ZHI
(In Mandarin)
Look after the boy.

Mr. Tang nods as Zhi steps past him.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Greene parks his Vauxhall in a terraced-row back alley.

He slinks out, keeping his head down as he moves past the rows of gardens and washing lines.

The alley comes out at the foot of:

EXT. GREENE'S CONDO BUILDING - DAY

Greene hustles up to the back entrance of the building.

INT. GREENE'S CONDO - VARIOUS - DAY

The front door gently opens. Greene peers into his apartment... empty.

Walther PPK in his hand, he slips inside and up the stairs to:

BEDROOM -

Greene scans the room. Not a sign of anyone.

He creeps up to the ottoman, gently sliding it aside.

He lifts up the floor safe and opens it.

He pulls out the Old Broken Watch, flipping it over. On the back of the Watch:

A simple inscription reads, "To Dad, Love Phil."

Greene pockets the watch - he freezes, noticing:

His bedside table. Three frames, but only two photos.

Click. A door closing downstairs:

LIVING ROOM -

Zhi steps out from the hallway, the Uzi at his side.

He strolls into the Living Room. He passes by the stairs and disappears under the mezzanine.

BEDROOM -

Greene, holding his breath, he creeps toward the rails of the mezzanine, gun out.

He peers over... nothing.

Greene, unsure, maybe he was hearing things...

A *creak*. No, he definitely heard that...

LIVING ROOM -

Zhi settles into an armchair. Uzi on his lap.

The two of them only separated by six inches of floorboard and a chandelier. Greene literally stands right above Zhi.

BEDROOM -

Greene tip-toes towards the balcony, careful not to make a sound.

LIVING ROOM -

Zhi glances up:

The chandelier sways ever so slightly.

Zhi grips the Uzi and rises out of the armchair.

BEDROOM -

Greene at the balcony door - pulling it open with the faintest of touch.

LIVING ROOM -

Zhi's UZI aimed up at the ceiling.

He steps closer to the lip of the Mezzanine:

The Bedroom comes into sight as --

BEDROOM -

PSSSSH - High Pressure water sprays across the window --

-- Greene ducks back --

-- The WINDOW CLEANER lowers himself past Greene's balcony. He nods hello to a shell-shocked Greene.

The Window Cleaner keeps going down, looking in on:

LIVING ROOM -

Zhi stares back at him. The Uzi in his hand.

The Window Cleaner just keeps going. He wants nothing to do with this.

Zhi strides up the stairs and into:

BEDROOM -

Greene gone. The safe uncovered and the balcony door wide open.

Zhi strides out onto:

BALCONY -

A few plants knocked over but no sign of Greene.

A *thud* below. Zhi peers over the edge of the balcony.

One flight down and one balcony over:

Greene scrambles into an open apartment --

-- *Prrrt* - a short burst from Zhi's Uzi destroys the deck chairs and nothing else.

EXT. GREENE'S CONDO BUILDING - DAY

Greene's Vauxhall tears down the street and out of sight as:

Zhi steps out of the main entrance, in no hurry.

In his hand:

The photo of Greene and Jackie.

EXT. GOLDEN MILE ARCADE - DAY

A group of Ercolano's MEN stand guard outside a beach-front gaming arcade - closed to the public.

Greene steps out of his Vauxhall, making sure the Walther PPK is concealed on his waist. He approaches the arcade.

THUG 1
Closed mate.

GREENE
Need to see Mr. Ercolano.

THUG 1
Ain't seen him.

GREENE
Fair enough.
(Re: Video Arcade)
Didn't know you shut on Sundays.

The Thug looks back to the arcade - all the lights off. He turns back to Greene.

THUG 1
Didn't I tell you to fuck off.

Greene doesn't budge as a few of the other Thugs step up, smelling a fight.

GALEN (O.S.)
OI. Put your dicks away - he's with us.

Galen pokes his head out the door of the arcade, motioning for Greene.

INT. GOLDEN MILE ARCADE - DAY

Greene scans the vast arcade hall:

Ercolano's men dot the empty aisles of video games - reinforcements. But it's a somber mood - no one's playing games today.

At the door, Galen pats Greene down, snatching the Walther PPK from his waist.

Greene winces... shit.

GALEN

(Re: Gun)

I'll look after this.

GREENE

(Re: Extra Security)

A few new faces.

GALEN

Needs must - one of them days.

(Beat, motioning)

In the back.

Greene shuffles past the flashing lights and screens, making a mental note of every one of Ercolano's men.

The sounds of *Mortal Kombat* and *House of the Dead* demos fill the Arcade with tinny *gunfire* and automated *screams* - "*Finish Him!*"

Greene approaches a maze of slot machines. The penny arcade tucked away behind the modern video games.

Ercolano sits in front of a Penny Shelf Machine, feeding it coppers from a paper cup:

The coins drop down onto a shelf full of one and two pence pieces - all piling up against a cliff... one day they'll drop.

ERCOLANO

Good news?

Greene glances at:

Galen keeps a watchful eye from a few rows back.

GREENE

I'm having difficulty.

ERCOLANO

Fucking dog's dinner at the cannery. This fella's not squeamish is he?

GREENE

That's not how I would describe him, no.

ERCOLANO

How would you describe him?

GREENE

He's something terrible.

ERCOLANO

(Re: Penny Shelf Machine)

Still one of my most popular machines, this. You know why?

Greene shakes his head, his eyes on:

The Pearl-handled Revolver poking out of Ercolano's waist band.

ERCOLANO (CONT'D)

Hasn't paid out in years. Put glue on the bottom of the pennies, don't I. But people don't pay for the drop, they pay for the hope.

(beat)

Not the first time someone's come after me - won't be the last. I'm still here cause the game's rigged - house always wins. But it only works if the glue sticks and you're fucking coming apart on me. Time's running out Nick, so what the fuck are you doing here?

Greene glances back:

Galen gone. No one else around.

Greene laughs.

ERCOLANO (CONT'D)

Say something funny, did I?

GREENE

No. I shouldn't laugh. I was just thinking about the look on your dad's face before I kicked his head in.

ERCOLANO

Beg your pardon?

Greene tosses the Old Broken Watch to Ercolano who stares at it in disbelief --

-- Ercolano reaches for his Revolver --

-- Greene already on him, dragging him down --

FURTHER DOWN THE AISLE -

Galen hears a distant *thud*. Looks back to the Penny Arcade: Ercolano and Greene out of sight.

PENNY SHELF MACHINE -

Ercolano squirms on the floor - Greene's arm wrapped around his neck like a python - his hand covers Ercolano's mouth --

-- Ercolano bites down hard - breaking flesh.

Greene *grunts* - swallows the pain.

He grabs the cup of coins, pouring them down Ercolano's throat. Ercolano turning red - eyes bulging - hands reaching for his revolver --

-- But he's choking on the coins... It's a slow, quiet and graceless death.

Greene holds tight, burning with hate - he's waited a long time for this.

Ercolano's eyes roll back - one last kick --

-- His foot catches the Penny Shelf Machine - the pile of pennies finally drops --

-- A *rattle* and *splash* as the pennies waterfall into the collection tray.

Galen, alarmed, marches down the aisle --

-- Greene snatches Ercolano's Pearl-Handled Revolver, aiming:

Galen darts around the corner --

BANG - Greene fires - the bullet whips past Galen, *shattering* a slot machine.

Galen dives back, pulling Greene's Walther PPK from his waist. He pokes his head around the machine:

Ercolano's body lies still.

Greene on his feet, keeps low as he ducks between the machines --

GALEN
OUT BACK - BLOCK THE BACK.

Ercolano's Thugs swarm the Penny Arcade, racing for the back.

Greene keeps low, creeping through an aisle of Racing Car games - *POP-POP-POP*--

-- Bullets shred the plastic seats - Galen opening fire from down the aisle.

POP - a bullet tears through Greene's thigh --

-- Greene flips over - *BANG* - returns fire --

-- Galen spins - hits the deck.

Greene takes a breath as Galen writhes on the ground.

Greene snaps back - fuck. He scrambles for cover. Ducking between two machines just as --

THUG 1
Fucking hell.

-- The Thugs race to Galen's aid - shot in the throat.

Greene hidden between the machines, pressing down on his bleeding thigh. Mind racing.

Daylight peeking through the front entrance ahead.

Greene listens...

Just the sounds of the games as the Thugs quietly fan out through the hall.

Greene takes a breath, counts to himself - 1 - 2 --

-- Jumps up - *BANG-BANG* - fires blindly across the Arcade.

Ercolano's Men instinctively duck for cover behind the machines.

Greene limps for the front exit --

EXT. GOLDEN MILE ARCADE - CONTINUOUS

-- Greene bursts out into the daylight. A couple of Thugs still guarding the front.

THUG 2
 Fuck mate --

GREENE
 HE'S HERE. INSIDE.

The Thugs race into the arcade as Greene hobbles across the street to his Vauxhall.

INSIDE THE CAR -

Greene fumbles the key out of his bloody pockets, jamming it in the ignition --

-- *SMASH* - Gunfire shatters his front windshield --

-- Greene ducks in his seat - drops the car into 1st, peeling out blind - head beneath the dashboard.

Bullets riddle the passenger door as he *screeches* past the Thugs swarming out of the arcade.

Greene jerks his car around a bend and out of sight.

Greene grits his teeth. Through the pain and the fear, something else emerges... Joy.

EXT. WHITEHAWK COUNCIL ESTATE - DAY

Zhi's BMW parked amongst the second-hand Nova's and Scrambler-bikes in the parking lot of a Council Estate tower.

INT. WHITEHAWK COUNCIL ESTATE - BEDROOM - DAY

*Gasp*ing and *wheeze*ing.

A half-packed suitcase on a double-bed... the suitcase moves as the sheets beneath it are dragged by an unseen force.

Zhi stands in the doorway, smoking Uzi in hand.

He steps in and over the dead body of a Bottle-Blonde WOMAN. Zhi skirts around the bed, looking down on:

Patrick, knee-cap blown out and the fear of God in his eyes. He pulls helplessly at the sheets.

ZHI
 I can make this stop. The
 policeman, where will he run?

PATRICK
I don't know - I don't.

Prt - Zhi fires a short round into Patrick's other kneecap.
Zhi waits patiently for Patrick's *screams* to die down...

ZHI
Where will he run?

PATRICK
(Through Immense pain)
He won't - can't - his brother -
he's inside - please --

Zhi pulls a photo from his pocket, showing it to Patrick:
The photo of Greene and Jackie.

ZHI
This is him?

PATRICK
Yeah - him - Jack Greene - that's
him --

-- *Prrrrrt*. Zhi makes good on his promise.

INT. FIONA'S TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Greene bites down on a towel - his *screams* muted through the cloth. He soaks in a bath-tub full of bloody water.

Fiona digs tweezers into the torn flesh of his thigh - teasing out the bullet.

Greene stares at her, gasping with pain.

FIONA
You want a doctor - go to a bloody
hospital.

GREENE
... Water.

Fiona dumps the toothbrushes out of a mug by the sink. She fills it up for him.

She hands him the mug and a handful of painkillers.

FIONA
Nearly scared him half-to-death
coming here like this.

GREENE
Nowhere else to go.

Greene knocks back the pills and gulps down the precious water.

FIONA
Still got some of Jackie's clothes
in the closet.

She steps out.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Greene's leg bandaged, he sifts through a box of Jackie's old clothes. He pulls on a sweater and jeans... a little loose.

Dylan pokes his head around the door - worried sick.

GREENE
Don't worry - good as new.

DYLAN
Does it hurt?

GREENE
Your mum took good care of me.

Fiona steps in, pulling Dylan away.

FIONA
Don't you got homework or
something?

She ushers Dylan out, closing the door behind him.

Greene limps over to the duffel-bag, heaving it onto the bed.

GREENE
Jackie and Phil are square now.

FIONA
That's good. And you?

GREENE
Got a ferry at midnight.

He zips open the duffel-bag. Fiona's eyes go wide - she's never seen so much money in her life.

FIONA
Rob a bank?

GREENE
It's for you and Dylan.

FIONA
Where are you going?

GREENE
Far as I can.

She eyes the money then Greene - beaten and bloody.

FIONA
Keep it. You'll need it.

She zips it closed.

GREENE
I'm not going to be here to look
after you.

FIONA
We never needed looking after.

She holds the duffel-bag up for him. Surprised, he takes it,
heading for the door.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Don't lie to him and tell him
you're coming back. Don't give him
that hope.

Greene slips out.

INT./EXT. ZHI'S BMW/GOLDEN MILE ARCADE - DAY

INSIDE BMW -

Zhi rolls past the entrance of the Golden Mile Arcade.

A few of Ercolano's Men mill around outside - no idea what
hit them.

Zhi keeps driving.

INT. FIONA'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Greene shuffles up to the doorway, looking in on:

Dylan lays on the carpet, doing his homework.

Greene pauses - trying to preserve the moment in his mind.

DYLAN
What color should I do Italy?

Greene slips the duffel-bag off of his shoulder, crouching down next to the boy.

In front of Dylan:

A coloring-in map of Europe. Dylan has already made a mess of Scandinavia.

GREENE
Supposed to be blue, I think.

DYLAN
No, I'm gonna do France blue.

GREENE
Good choice.

DYLAN
What's France like?

GREENE
Don't know - never been.

DYLAN
How come you're going now then?

GREENE
(Re: Map)
What color are you going to give Spain?

DYLAN
Red.

GREENE
Makes sense.

DYLAN
You been there?

GREENE
No.

DYLAN
Where have you been?

Greene eyes the map then points to Great Britain.

GREENE
Just here - Old Blighty

DYLAN

You never been off the Island? Me and Mum and Dad went to Magaluf for the Honeymoon, didn't we?

GREENE

I remember - dropped you all off at the airport.

DYLAN

How long you gonna be in France?

GREENE

Don't know. Might move about a bit - see some things.

(Re: Map)

You tell me - where should I go?

DYLAN

Well, all the best teams are in Spain and Italy. Sometimes Germany. And there's Ajax - they're ok.

GREENE

I thought all the best teams were here.

DYLAN

Only Man-U, duh.

GREENE

Alright smartass.

Greene gives Dylan a kiss on the forehead and stands up.

DYLAN

When you coming back?

Greene glances back at:

Fiona watches from the kitchen.

GREENE

You'll come and visit. It's only across the water.

Greene slides the duffel-bag on his shoulder, limping out the front door. He doesn't look back. He can't.

INT. GOLDEN MILE ARCADE - DUSK

The last of the day's light filters through the frosted glass of the front door.

A silhouette appears on the other side.

The door creaks open, revealing Beth. She slips inside.

The hall completely silent. All the games and lights off.

BETH
Philip Ercolano?

Silence. Beth pulls out a flashlight, stepping forward.

BETH (CONT'D)
Hello - any takers?

She moves through the long center aisle - her flashlight beam cutting through the cemetery of video games.

Beth heads towards a few low lights still on in the back:

The Penny Arcade.

A *crunch* as Beth steps on some broken glass on the carpet.

Her flashlight beam catches the shattered slot-machine.

She slowly weaves through the maze of games.

She stops in her tracks, the penny shelf machine ahead.

Her flashlight beam follows a trail of copper coins on the ground... leading to:

Ercolano's dead body next to the penny shelf machine. The coins spill out of his bloody mouth.

His Dad's broken watch in his hand.

Beth steadies herself - standing statue still.

REVEAL:

On the other side of the machine and out of her sight...

Zhi waits with his Uzi raised at head height.

Beth, oblivious, inches forward - approaching the machine.

Her flashlight scans the carpet:

Blood smears lead to a second body. One of Ercolano's Thugs.

Zhi's eyes on the floor:

Beth's flashlight beam dances across the carpet... it freezes on a pair of FEET poking out from behind a change machine.

Beth not even a foot away from the corner of the penny shelf machine and --

-- Zhi's Uzi. He lowers it a touch, readjusting for her height. It lines up perfectly.

Beth closes her eyes, listening...

And she takes a step back. And another.

She keeps going, turning away - straight for the front door.

EXT. BRIGHTON FERRY TERMINAL - VARIOUS - NIGHT

A HUGE CAR FERRY moored at a ferry terminal.

A line of cars snake up to the lot.

FERRY TERMINAL -

A ticket booth and a couple of small shops.

STUDENTS and TOURISTS filter through the main hall. A few weary TRAVELERS try and sleep on the plastic benches.

Duffel-bag in hand, Greene limps away from the ticket desk, shoving his boarding pass into his pocket.

He shuffles into:

NEWS AGENT -

Greene at the counter.

 GREENE
 Bottle of Paracetamol.

The SHOPKEEPER grabs a pill bottle from the back.

 SHOP KEEPER
 99 please.

Greene pays, eyeing a collection of commemorative mugs and plates on the counter:

Princess Diana's face stares back at him... "The People's Princess."

INT. LEWES PRISON - VARIOUS**CHECK-IN GATE -**

A picture of Princess Diana on the front-page of THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Beep - beep - Matthews sits behind his desk, he looks up from his newspaper:

Zhi strides through the metal-detector, setting it off.

MATTHEWS

Sorry, sir. Visiting hours are over.

Zhi's attention on the visitor's book on the counter:

Nicholas Greene's signature in the log book.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

We open at ten tomorrow.

ZHI

I am here for Jack Greene.

Matthews gets up from his seat, approaching Zhi.

MATTHEWS

Sir, you have to come back tomorrow.

Zhi scans the empty front office.

ZHI

Take me to Jack Greene.

Zhi pulls the Uzi out from under his jacket --

-- Matthews immediately puts his hands up.

MATTHEWS

... I'm unarmed.

ZHI

Put your hands down. Take me to Jack Greene.

Matthews lowers his trembling hands, stepping around the counter.

MATTHEWS

It's this way.

Zhi slips the Uzi back inside his Jacket, following one step behind Matthews. And out to:

PRISON YARD -

The yard empty, everyone's in their cells.

Matthews leads Zhi towards the old Victorian Prison Dormitory.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

I have a family. Two boys, nine and twelve.

ZHI

You wish to see them again.

MATTHEWS

I'll do whatever you say. I just want to go home.

-- A spotlight shines down on them from a GUARD TOWER.

ZHI

Continue walking. Raise your left hand.

Matthews obliges, holding his hand up to the light - looks like he's waving...

The light sweeps off of them as they reach the main prison door.

Matthews fumbles to get the key into the lock - panic setting in.

ZHI (CONT'D)

The door will open.

Matthews looks to Zhi - calmed by his brutal serenity.

Matthews takes a deep breath, focusing. He unlocks the door, leading Zhi into:

DORMITORY ENTRANCE -

Matthews and Zhi stop in front of the second set of doors.

ZHI (CONT'D)

Look to the camera. Smile.

Matthews looks up to the CCTV - he manages a weak smile.

A *buzz* and a *click*. The second security door opens.

They step through the doors and into:

DORMITORY MAIN HALL -

The Two Guards at the security booth. They look up from their monitors, confused.

GUARD 1

A little late in the day?

Prrrt - Zhi steps past Matthews, shooting down the first Guard --

-- The second Guard dives for the alarm --

Prrrt - He doesn't make it. Drops dead.

Zhi steps around the desk. He looks back at:

Matthews frozen with terror.

ZHI

Which button to open the door?

Matthews doesn't answer. Still comprehending.

ZHI (CONT'D)

Which button?

MATTHEWS

... Under the desk.

Zhi feels along the underside of the desk...

Click - The final set of doors open.

Zhi pulls the bodies of the Guards from their chairs, laying them on the floor and out of sight.

He comes back around, leading Matthews into:

PRISON HALL -

The card tables empty, everyone asleep in their cells.

Matthews motions to the stairs across the hall.

MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Up the stairs, cell 218.

ZHI

I will follow you.

Matthews shakes his head - he can't move his feet.

ZHI (CONT'D)
Think of the boys. Nine and twelve.

Matthews numb, swallows the fear. He leads Zhi across the hall and up the stairs to:

HALLWAY -

The hall of cells.

Most of the lights out. They reach cell 218.

Matthews slides his key into the lock and turns... *Click*.

Matthews turns to Zhi, ready to plead for his life, but --
-- *Prrrt*. Matthews drops. Zhi steps over him and into:

JACKIE'S CELL -

Zhi, Uzi in hand, steps in to find:

Jackie already rising from his cot.

ZHI (CONT'D)
Jack Greene.

Jackie lets out a nervous laugh - knew this was coming.
He raises his hands, showing that he means no harm.

JACKIE GREENE
You mind?

Jackie motions to an open pack of smokes on his bedside table.

Zhi nods before taking the seat across from him.

Jackie pulls out a cigarette. It takes his trembling hands a few tries, but he manages to light it.

JACKIE GREENE (CONT'D)
Can't say I'm surprised. But that was quick.

ZHI
How old are you?

JACKIE GREENE
32. Give or take.

ZHI

Then it has taken 32 years. Give or take.

JACKIE GREENE

Ain't right. I never hurt no-one.

ZHI

Sometimes the choice is made for you.

JACKIE GREENE

What's your choice in this?

ZHI

I do not have a choice.

JACKIE GREENE

That's bullshit. Course you do, you got the gun.

ZHI

It is all connected. The gun is merely the tool. It would not be here if it was not meant to be used. It is simply here.

JACKIE GREENE

That don't fucking mean anything. You're the one that pulls the trigger.

ZHI

I am here for the same reason as the gun.

JACKIE GREENE

What reason is there for this?

ZHI

Your brother is the reason.

JACKIE GREENE

He's not a reason. Not enough to kill me.

ZHI

For what reason would you like to die?

Jackie doesn't have an answer.

JACKIE GREENE

... Fucking doo-lally.

ZHI
Yes. Life has only one outcome.

Jackie ashes his smoke, burning down to the butt.

JACKIE GREENE
(Re: Cigarette)
... Last blast.

Jackie takes one last long drag, letting the smoke settle deep in his lungs...

He exhales.

EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - NIGHT

Greene.

Slumped in a chair, eyes on the clock:

Coming up to midnight.

Across the hall, PASSENGERS grab their luggage, heading toward the ferry.

Greene stands up, lugging his duffel-bag onto his shoulder.

He limps after the rest of the Passengers.

Beth cuts through them, coming the other way.

They meet in the middle.

GREENE
Come to see me off?

BETH
I saw Ercolano.

GREENE
... He won't be missed.

BETH
I don't know... They got Jackie.

Greene, confused. Steps away from the line. Beth follows.

GREENE
Who?

BETH
CCTV picked up an IC5 male. I'm guessing that's your Chinese guy.

GREENE
Why would he kill Jackie?

BETH
Killed him in his cell. Took three
Guards with him. Walked right in,
walked right out.

Greene slumps back down.

BETH (CONT'D)
I don't know - I don't want to
know.

GREENE
... Was it quick?

BETH
It seems so.

Beth sits down next to him. A beat before -

BETH (CONT'D)
Everything I've seen today - I
can't understand it. What do I go
home and tell Sara and Kel? How do
I tell them that this is the same
place it was yesterday.

GREENE
Nothing's changed. Tide rolls out,
tide rolls in.

BETH
... I'm sorry Nick.
(Stands up)
Don't miss your ferry.

Greene watches Beth walk away.

He looks across the hall:

Only a few stragglers left.

Greene digs out a couple of coins from his pocket:

The queen's head on the shiny 20p piece in his hand.

Greene rises, heading for a bank of pay-phones.

INT. FIONA'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A cordless phone rests in it's headset. It jumps to life - *ringing* and flashing.

Dylan on the carpet, looks up from his Hotwheel car to:

Fiona on the couch. Her eyes red, she sits as still as she can. The phone still *ringing*.

INTERCUT WITH:

Greene at the pay-phone - why aren't they answering?

REVEAL:

Zhi. He sits across from Fiona. The Uzi parked casually on his lap.

He reaches over, picking up the phone.

GREENE

... Fiona?

ZHI

She is here. As is Dylan.

Greene's heart in his shoes.

GREENE

... Don't do anything stupid.

ZHI

The boat will leave. You will not be on it.

GREENE

You didn't have to kill my brother.

ZHI

I needed your attention.

GREENE

You are fucking deranged.

ZHI

No. I am inevitable.

Greene can't wrap his head around it.

GREENE

I can't give you what you want.

ZHI
That is your choice.

Zhi eyes Dylan.

ZHI (CONT'D)
To have me dispose of them.

GREENE
They are not a part of this.

ZHI
They must be. Or I would not be
here.
(Beat)
You can spare them. But that is all
you can do.

Greene fights to get the words out -

GREENE
What do you want from me?

INT./EXT. FERRY TERMINAL/GREENE'S CAR - NIGHT

With a blast of its *horn*, the ferry pulls away from the dock.
The slow old tanker rumbles away, headed for brighter shores.

Greene's Vauxhall the only car left in the lot.

INSIDE GREENE'S VAUXHALL -

The duffel-bag rests on the passenger seat.

Greene zips it open, pulling out the Pearl-Handled Revolver.

Greene checks the chamber:

Only two bullets left.

Greene starts the car, pulling out of the lot.

INT./EXT. GREENE'S VAUXHALL/SEA BED - NIGHT

An abyss of night. Pitch black. A speck of blinking light in
the distance. On - Off - On - Off...

Greene's Vauxhall rolls down a boat-launch and on to:

SEA BED -

Low tide. The water nowhere in sight.

Greene's headlights bounce over the packed wet sand as the Vauxhall rolls towards the blinking light.

THROUGH THE SHATTERED WINDSHIELD:

Greene pulls up, his headlights reveal...

Dylan and Fiona.

A flashlight in Fiona's trembling hands. She flicks it on and off. On and off...

Greene jumps out of his car, careful to stay behind his open door.

GREENE

You hurt?

Fiona can only manage a shake of her head.

Greene scans the surroundings - a wall of black. Zhi nowhere to be seen.

GREENE (CONT'D)

Where are you?

ZHI (O.S.)

I am here.

Greene turns to the voice:

Zhi's silhouette barely visible behind Dylan.

GREENE

You said you would let them go.

ZHI

Step away from the car.

GREENE

They go first.

ZHI

Step away from the car.

GREENE

I'm not going anywhere. They don't need to see this.

Zhi steps into the light. He takes the flashlight from Fiona. The Uzi in his other hand.

ZHI
(To Fiona)
Walk.

Fiona hustles Dylan towards Greene.

FIONA
Nick...

Greene tosses her the duffel-bag.

GREENE
Keep walking.

Greene can't even look Dylan in the eye.

Fiona - head down, face forward - drags Dylan towards the lights of Brighton twinkling in the distance.

Dylan looking back the whole time, can't take his eyes off of:

Greene watches as they disappear. Swallowed by the night.

Greene inches around the car door, facing Zhi.

Zhi's flashlight beam reveals:

The Revolver in Greene's hand.

The two stand 30 feet apart... high noon.

GREENE (CONT'D)
Don't worry. Only sleeping.

A cold comfort in those words...

Greene draws - raising the Revolver --

-- *Prrrrrt*. Zhi opens fire --

-- Greene's chest riddled with bullets. He slams back against the Vauxhall. Gun still raised at Zhi...

Greene pulls the trigger...

Click. Click. Click... the Revolver empty.

Zhi lowers his Uzi, approaching Greene.

Greene rolls off of his hood, managing to slump into the Driver's seat.

Zhi steps up to the Vauxhall. Ready to finish Greene off.

His flashlight scans the inside of Greene's car. The beam stops on:

Two bullets in the cup holder. Greene emptied the gun.

Greene - *gasping*, bleeding out - looks up at Zhi.

Zhi turns away. The flashlight reveals:

His BMW parked off to the side.

Zhi slips into the BMW and pulls out. Rolling towards the distant shore.

INSIDE GREENE'S CAR -

Greene's blood soaks into the seat.

It takes nearly everything he has left, but he reaches forward... turning on the tape deck.

Bach's Air On a G String plays out of the car stereo.

Greene slumps, his eyes out the shattered windshield.

The darkness stares back at him.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

On edge, shivering from the cold, Fiona keeps her eyes on the road - praying for the next bus.

Dylan, huddled against her, plays with the zipper of the duffel-bag. He zips it open:

TWO FERRY TICKETS lay on top of the cash.

Fiona pulls out the tickets, inspecting them.

INT./EXT. GREENE'S CAR/SEA BED - DAWN

Greene struggles to keep his eyes open as:

The sun breaks on the horizon ahead. A new dawn.

Water splashes against the tires of the Vauxhall.

The tide rolls in. Slow and inevitable.

INT. FERRY TERMINAL - DAWN

Dylan holds onto Fiona's hand as she:

Collects her boarding pass from the TICKET DESK.

The hall nearly empty - very few travellers for the early departure time.

They take a seat on a plastic bench. Eyes on the clock.

INT./EXT. GREENE'S CAR/SEA BED - DAY

The tide up to the side mirrors.

The sea spills into the car through the shattered windshield.

It laps at the tape deck, distorting Bach's *symphony*.

Greene is half under the water.

His eyes are open. But no one's home. Nick Greene is dead.

INT./EXT. FERRY - VARIOUS - DAY**GANGWAY -**

Duffel-bag on her shoulder, Fiona leads Dylan up the gangway and towards:

The Ferry.

They hand over their tickets to the Ferry STAFF before stepping on to:

MAIN DECK - CAFETERIA -

Fiona and Dylan sit in the window seat of the cafe.

They both dig into their cereal. Eyes out the window:

The deep blue sea stretches out ahead.

INT./EXT. GREENE'S CAR/SEA BED - DAY

Water. Nothing but water.

The Vauxhall lost to the sea.

INSIDE VAUXHALL -

Greene's bloody and bruised body sits upright in his seat.
His eyes are open. Staring straight ahead.

On the dashboard:

The Luau Girl sways with the current.

EXT. FERRY DECK/ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY

White water sprays in the wake of the ferry.

Dylan and Fiona shield themselves from the wind and the spray.

They hold on to the rails, steadying themselves.

They watch as:

England disappears behind them. Nothing more than a small rock on the horizon.

INT. MR. TANG'S HOME - VARIOUS - DAY

DINING ROOM -

A charming English home.

Floral wallpaper and family photographs on the walls. Fine china in the cupboard. There is a lot of love here.

Mr. Tang carves up the Sunday Roast. He passes a plate to:

Trung. Hair parted to the side and shirt buttoned to the top, he cleans up well.

Overwhelmed by the spread on the table, Trung manages a weak smile to Mr. Tang and his wife, MRS. TANG (50s, Chinese). Both of them already eating.

Trung stares down at his full plate. He doesn't know where to begin.

Mr. Tang notices.

MR. TANG
(In Mandarin)
You don't like it?

TRUNG
(In Mandarin)
It smells very good.

MR. TANG
 (In Mandarin)
You're not hungry?

Trung nods. He's starving.

Mrs. Tang understands. She moves to Trung's side.

MRS. TANG
 (In Mandarin)
Here. I'll show you.

She gently places the knife and fork in Trung's hands.

MRS. TANG (CONT'D)
 Knife and fork.
 (In Mandarin)
Like this.

Mr. Tang watches as his wife teaches Trung how to use a knife and fork.

TRUNG
 Knife and fork.

Mr. Tang smiles, nodding.

The doorbell *rings*. Mrs. Tang rises, but Mr. Tang stops her.

MR. TANG
 He needs to eat.

Mr. Tang heads out of the room and into:

ENTRANCE HALL -

Mr. Tang opens the front door to:

Zhi.

Mr. Tang keeps his head down, never looking Zhi in the eye.

ZHI
 (In Mandarin)
I am here for the boy.

Zhi steps in, wiping his feet on the mat.

MR. TANG
 (terrified)
 ... They wish to kill him?

ZHI
 He is to return.

MR. TANG
 (In Mandarin)
Please, he is eating. Allow him to finish.

Mr. Tang motions Zhi to his kitchen at the end of the hall.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Zhi sits at a small kitchen table.

Mr. Tang's shaking hand sets down a cup of green tea in front of him.

ZHI
 (In Mandarin)
You are scared.

MR. TANG
 (In Mandarin)
... What will happen to him?

ZHI
 (In Mandarin)
I am to deliver him. Nothing more.

Mr. Tang grabs a pack of cigarettes from their hiding spot in the cupboard. He cracks a window before lighting a smoke.

MR. TANG
 (In Mandarin, RE:
 Cigarettes)
My wife, she doesn't approve.

ZHI
 (In Mandarin)
I will not tell.

MR. TANG
 (In Mandarin)
She thinks they will kill me.

ZHI
 (In Mandarin)
Something always does.

Zhi takes a sip of his tea.

Mr. Tang wrestles with a thought. Zhi notices.

ZHI (CONT'D)
 (In Mandarin)
You wish to ask me a question.

Mr. Tang looks up to find:

Trung stands frozen in the doorway. Dirty dishes in his hands.

MR. TANG
(In Mandarin To Trung)
Here, give them to me.

Mr. Tang takes the plates from Trung, setting them by the sink.

Mrs. Tang enters behind Trung. She eyes the stranger in her kitchen.

MR. TANG (CONT'D)
(In Mandarin, to Trung)
There is ice cream. Go wait. I will bring it out.

Mr. Tang guides Trung out before turning to his wife.

MR. TANG (CONT'D)
Make him a bag. He is leaving.

MRS. TANG
Leaving? Leaving for where?
(RE: Zhi)
Who is this man?

MR. TANG
Don't worry. Trung will be fine.

Mr. Tang motions for her to leave - right now.

Mrs. Tang senses his urgency. She quietly leaves the two men.

Mr. Tang watches his wife and Trung head back into the dining room, closing the door behind them.

Mr. Tang turns back to Zhi - head bowed.

ZHI
You wished to ask me a question.
Then ask it.

A cold calm comes over Mr. Tang as he finally looks Zhi in the eyes.

He doesn't say a word.

A dark trickle of blood drips out of Zhi's nose.

Zhi dabs his finger at it - inspecting the blood.

Zhi looks at Mr. Tang then down at his tea.

Zhi knows. His time has come.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END.