

THE HUMAN MARKET

"PILOT: LAST HARVEST"

By

Out on a Limb

CALIBANS

"PILOT: LAST HARVEST"

TEASER

OVER BLACK

CALIBAN [caliban] n.

A brutish or brutalized man

Word origin

C19: after a character in Shakespeare's *The Tempest* (1611)
Collins Dictionary

The sound of torrential rain as we--

FADE IN:

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF OLD, ABANDONED FACTORY. OUTSIDE CENTRAL LONDON.

Looks a lot like a war relic, the aftermath from an unfortunate bomb explosion.

CLOSE-UP ON METAL DOOR. A hand coming into frame, knocking on it.

The door is opened revealing WOMAN DIANA (late 20's). She looks directly at the unidentified knocker off-screen. She's been expecting him.

DIANA

You're early.

CUT TO-- KNOCKER, TYLER (mid 20's). He stands soaked, wearing a heavy coat, his hands buried deep in his pockets.

He appears nervous.

TYLER

Can I come in?

She nods, stepping aside to let him in. He passes her, she looks to outside. Checking for someone?

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY- OUTSIDE LONDON- EVENING.

The rumbling sound of the rain outside is heard.

Diana and Tyler walk through the factory.

Much like its exterior, the factory's interior could also be utilized for scenes in a war blitz movie: a barren joint, with scraps of interior discarded everywhere, pervaded by a haunted sort of feeling.

Diana leads Tyler towards the centre of the desolate joint.

DIANA
(as they're walking)
 Has the nausea passed?

TYLER
 Mostly. I think a part of me still wants to be cleaned out. But only a little.

DIANA
 That's good.

They come to the centre. A large steel table sits there. A tall lamp towers above it.

A few metres away, sitting parallel to the table, is a surgical trolley with all types of surgical tools, as well as a pair of latex gloves, displayed on top.

Diana walks to the trolley.

DIANA (CONT'D)
(putting gloves on; facing the trolley)
 Take your top layers off and get on the table for me. You know the drill.

Tyler goes to sit on the table, about to do as she says when--

He stops. Sitting there looking uneasy.

Diana eventually turns around to face him, seeing he hasn't done it.

DIANA (CONT'D)
(off his look)
 What's wrong?

Beat.

He says nothing.

DIANA (CONT'D)
 Tyler?

TYLER
I think I'm being followed.

DIANA
What? By who?

He locks eyes with her. *You know who.*

DIANA (CONT'D)
(*realizing*)
Oh.
(*beat*)
Since when?

TYLER
A while I guess.
(*beat*)
They seem to be everywhere I go.
Watching me. I feel like a fugitive
on a most wanted list. But what's
really weird to me is that I know
they know I see them, but they do
nothing.

DIANA
(*suspicious*)
Do you think they followed you
here?

TYLER
No. I was careful.

Diana crosses over to him. She puts a hand on his shoulder.

DIANA
Don't worry about it. Everything
will be fine. Now get undressed and
lie back for me, ok?

He does. Taking off the top layers.

NOTE: We do not see his body clearly as he strips.

Once he's done, he lies back onto the table. Diana adjusts
the lamp to suit the occasion.

DIANA (CONT'D)
Close your eyes for me.
(*he does*)
Relax.

He does.

A shadow of some sort then casts over his face.

Tyler doesn't move.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Comfortable there mate?

TYLER
(*confused*)
What--

He opens his eyes. They widen in horror.

CUT TO-- TYLER'S POV: LOW ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP TO TWO MEN (30's) looking down at him. Their grinning smiles devilish.

A look of terror possesses Tyler's face. *It's them.*

MAN #1
She told you to relax Tyler.

Tyler immediately goes to move off the table--but MAN #1 seizes him by the arms and holds him down. Tyler starts kicking about with his legs until-- MAN #2 secures them.

TYLER
DIANA! HELP!

He continues trying hopelessly to break free.

TYLER (CONT'D)
DIANA!

DIANA
(*back at the trolley; calmly*)
I hear you Tyler.

She picks up a tool. Crosses back over to Tyler. Standing over him.

TYLER
(*confused*)
Diana?
(*beat*)
What are you doing?

DIANA
What you always ask me to do.

TYLER
Diana--

DIANA
Even in your last harvest you offer me shit.

(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)

But alas, opportunity has chosen to
arise, and I'd be a fool not to
take it, right?

She holds up a scalpel, making sure he sees it in all its
entirety.

DIANA (CONT'D)

You can think of yourself as like
Christ if you want. Sacrificing
yourself for the greater good.

TYLER

Diana, please! I'll give you
everything! It's all yours! Every
last bit, I swear! Just please--
please don--

DIANA

(to the others; stern)
--now.

MAN #1 lets go of Tyler, freeing his upper body, but before
Tyler can do anything--SNAP! His neck is broken.

MAN #1 lets go of the head, it hits the table with a THUMP.

Tyler lies there dead.

Diana takes the scalpel and slides it through Tyler's
stomach. LOW ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP TO HER as she does this,
as skillfully as a surgeon dissecting a body at the operating
table. She holds an intense look of concentration.

She reaches into the stomach, pulling something out.

We see the back of her gloved hand, bloody. She looks closely
at what she holds. Smiling.

MAN #2

How much could *that* get you alone?

DIANA

Enough so that work would just be a
distant memory to you.

She continues to look at the contents with admiration when--

Her phone rings.

She walks away from the table, taking off a glove, answering
her phone.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(over phone)
How's it going?

DIANA

Fine. Just need to empty the body.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(over phone)
Good. You know where you can find
your friend tomorrow?

DIANA

I do.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(over phone)
Super. Call me when it's done.

DIANA

Ok.

The anonymous woman hangs up.

Diana turns back to face her helpers.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(to helpers)
Let's get it emptied then.

INT. CORRIDOR- STORAGE FACILITY- LOCATION UNKNOWN- EVENING.

FOLLOWING BEHIND Diana and her helpers as they carry full bags of an unidentified product (something you might think looks a lot like bags of golden treasure found by Pirates) down the corridor of a storage facility. The area is lit in aureate lighting, there are individual storage units with what look like garage doors on either side of the crew as they walk through the area.

They come to a specific storage door, stopping.

INT. STORAGE UNIT- STORAGE FACILITY- LOCATION UNKNOWN- EVENING.

The door is lifted up. We cannot make the room out too well due to light being emitted only from outside the unit, but we can see the unit's furnishings are of bags similar to the ones carried by the crew.

CLOSEUP ON BAGS on the ground. The sound of footsteps coming towards them. Bags drop onto the ground. We hear as the sound of footsteps recedes away from us-- but we STAY FOCUSED ON THE BAGS a little longer--until the door is slammed shut and the SCREEN GOES TO BLACK.

INT. CAR- CAR PARK- OUTSIDE LONDON- EVENING.

OPEN ON LOW ANGLE SHOT from inside car boot as the door is lifted up. Diana's helpers reach into the boot, removing TYLER'S BODY now wrapped in a black bin bag, secured with duct tape.

EXT. CAR PARK- OUTSIDE LONDON- EVENING.

Both taking an end, they heave the body towards a black van parked a couple metres or so from the car in the empty car park.

As they do this we CUT TO--DIANA standing at the door to the driver's side. She talks to the MAN (50's) sitting in the seat.

MAN

I can promise you it done this Wednesday, but it *has* to be this Wednesday. Me and the missus are vacationing in Orlando after that. A real rollercoasterphile, that woman.

DIANA

Can't deny the woman her needs. I'll have the others sorted by then, so no worries there. I'll give you a call.

MAN

Great.

Diana's helpers are done with placing the body inside the back of the van. LOW ANGLE SHOT looking out towards them, as if we are taking DEAD TYLER'S POV.

They slam the doors shut one by one.

With the second slam the--

SCREEN GOES TO
BLACK

AND WE ENTER--

CREDIT SEQUENCE

CALIBANS

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. TOILETS- LOCATION UNKNOWN- EVENING.

CLOSE-UP ON SINK. A tap is turned on. Water runs from it. We see hands come into frame. Bloody hands. The unidentified figure begins washing them aggressively. We watch as blood goes down the drain.

CUT THEN TO--CLOSE-UP ON WOMAN (mid 20's). LANA. An incredibly nervous woman. One who has lived a life in both fear and isolation. Until now.

She looks down at her hands. Close to tears. Panicking.

CUT TO--WIDER SHOT of her bent over the sink, continuing with the aggressive hand washing. She is dressed in trousers and a dark hoodie, both much too big for her. She continues washing when--

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(over intercom)

Attention all passengers wishing to take the five twenty bus to London, we are now ready to board. I repeat the five twenty bus to London is now ready to board.

Panic visibly rises in Lana's face. She becomes even more aggressive with the hand washing. Though it doesn't seem to be taking the blood off any faster--

LANA

(begging)

Come on! Please, please come off!

It won't.

LANA (CONT'D)

COME ON!

Just then we hear someone coming. Lana whips her head in the direction of the door, the sharpness of the turn like that of prey sensing a threat from a potential nearby predator.

She turns her focus back onto the sink. Checks for blood. Turns the tap off.

She puts her hand into one of the pockets of her hoodie. She pulls out a pair of black gloves. Puts them on. Then goes to walk out.

The unidentified individual walks in. Lana hurries past them, out the door.

INT. DEPARTURES SECTION- BUS STATION- LOCATION UNKNOWN- EVENING.

Lana waits very nervously in line for the boarding of her bus. She holds a bus ticket in her hand.

She darts her eyes about the area, as if looking around for something. As if looking around for *someone*.

She gets to the front, showing her ticket to the DRIVER (50's). He looks at the ticket. Then at her. This odd ensemble of baggy clothes and gloves on a hot summer night, as well as averted gaze, should seem a little odd to him. But he doesn't care. He nods his head at her: *get on*.

She does.

INT. BUS AISLE- BUS- EVENING.

Lana walks down the aisle, quick to find her seat halfway.

She sits next to a WOMAN (60's). A motormouth. Lana looks out the window. Then across to the other one opposite. She then brings her gaze back to the centre. The woman next to her watches as she does all this.

WOMAN

(jokingly)
You running from the law or something?

LANA

(looking easily suspicious)
What?

WOMAN

Saw you in line earlier. No bag or anything. Long way to go without anything.
(beat)
You having boy, girl trouble?

Lana says nothing.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh. Ok then.

Lana hopes the conversation stops there. But alas--

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I find people's stories, reasons
for being certain places,
fascinating. We really do all come
from very different worlds. But
there's always *always* something new
you can learn from the tales new
folk tell. Do you find that to be
the case, too?

Lana says nothing, keeps her eyes forward.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh. Well that's ok.

The bus starts up.

Lana is suddenly overcome with a feeling of nausea. She
closes her eyes, leans forward a little.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Travel sickness comes quick for
you, does it?

EXT. DEPARTURES SECTION- BUS STATION- LOCATION UNKNOWN-
EVENING.

WIDE SHOT OF BUS as it begins to depart from the station.

INT. LIVING ROOM- FLAT- LONDON- EVENING.

A MAN (mid 20's) unlocks the door and walks into the living
room of his crappy little flat.

This is MILO. A very vigilant individual. A loner, but for
reasons he considers justified. He too has experienced
hardship in life, though he hides it well under the surface
of his permanent stoic state.

We see here that he has blue eyes and faded red dyed hair. He
is dressed in a baggy shirt and trousers and has a bag of
shopping in his hand.

He throws it onto the sofa, turns on the TV with the remote.
The news channel appears with an ANCHORMAN discussing a
report of some sort. Milo walks up to the mirror hanging on
the wall by the entrance door. He looks straight into it,
puts a finger to his eye, taking out an eye contact. We see
that these are no ordinary eye contacts, for when he takes
the first one out we see that his eye colour is not actually
blue... it's brown. He takes the other contact out.

He then walks away from the mirror, heading towards--

INT. KITCHEN- FLAT- LONDON- CONTINUOUS.

This area is made accessible through a mere walkway (no wall divides the two from each other).

As Milo searches for something in the cupboard, the anchorman finishes up the report. Milo finds a large bowl, taking it to the living room.

The anchorman begins the next report on the tv:

ANCHORMAN

(on TV)

Authorities are dealing with yet another disappearance in the Rhodes area after twenty-three-year-old Tyler Brown, went missing Monday--

Milo puts on latex gloves, preparing what looks like hair dye mix. He concentrates on the TV--

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)

(on TV)

Brown was last seen leaving his apartment building on Broad Street at around seven that night. Witnesses saw him getting into his car and driving off. He was never seen again after that. Brown is the third person to go missing from the Rhodes area in the last two months. Police have yet to identify any leads.

INT. KITCHEN- FLAT- LONDON- LATER.

Milo, hair immersed in dye mixture, cigarette in hand, stands over his kitchen sink. He looks out the open window into the street.

MILO'S POV: A young couple walks down the lamp lit street. They swing their interlinked hands back and forth, swaying about, laughing, having a good time, enjoying being in love. They stop to share a passionate kiss, the woman giggling.

Milo stares, stonily. He takes a drag of his cigarette. As the couple's genuine sounds of happiness grow louder, more unbearable, Milo puts out the cigarette, slams the window shut.

He stays by the sink, suddenly feeling nauseous.

He then throws up into the sink.

INT. BEDROOM- FLAT- LONDON- MORNING.

CLOSE-UP SIDE ANGLE ON MAN sleeping on a mattress. Open mouth, drooling, snoring. This is MATTIE (mid 20's). A guy most irresponsible (and not really in a fun, good way). One who has also endured horrific times and makes up for it through adopting a very decadent way of being (drugs, sex, alcohol galore!)

A loud banging sound can be heard coming from another room. Mattie still sleeps. A foot comes into frame. Kicks Mattie in his side. It is quite hard.

MATTIE

Agh! Jesus Christ, why?!

KICKER (O.S.)

That Marshall is at the door.

MATTIE

(recovering)

Who?

The KICKER, A MAN (20's) is made visible to us.

KICKER

Marshall!

MATTIE

(recovering fast; shooting up)

Oh fuck.

He throws the covers off, we see that A WOMAN (20's), still asleep, lies beside him, looking naked. Mattie gets up, searching frantically for clothes in this bombshell of a room. A belt is wrapped around his arm.

He finds clothes, hurriedly putting them on as the banging noise persists. NOTE: we do not really see his bare body.

KICKER

(re: belt)

The fuck did you do last night?

MATTIE

What?

(quickly registering belt)

Oh, heroin.

(looking to woman)

(MORE)

MATTIE (CONT'D)

And maybe her too. But I'm not sure about that, last night was a bit of a blur.

When he's dressed, he crosses over to the window leading out to a fire escape outside.

KICKER

Are you fucking kidding? You're gonna leave *me* to deal with this?

MATTIE

(opening window)
Just tell him I don't live here anymore.

KICKER

Exactly how in debt are you to him?

MATTIE

Enough to warrant a beating.

He steps out onto the fire escape, but then pokes his head back in.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

Could you maybe make her a coffee or something?

KICKER

What?

MATTIE

Well aren't you supposed to do that after someone spends the night?

KICKER

You fucking serious?

MATTIE

Look, for all we know, this could've been a joint effort. And maybe she just got bored of you, and chose me as an alternative companion.

KICKER

Fuck you asshole.

MATTIE

(closing window)
Love you too. Bye!

He shuts the window. Begins making his way down the stairs.

EXT. ALLEYWAY- BEHIND MATTIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING- LONDON- LATER.

Mattie walks through the alleyway.

He goes to stand in front of a rubbish container.

He takes out his phone, rings a number.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK- APARTMENT COMPLEX- LONDON- MORNING.

A MAN NAMED BEN (late 20's), walks to his car, wearing a satchel bag over his shoulder, carrying documents in one hand and coffee in the other. He struggles greatly.

His phone rings. *Shit*. He starts rushing over to his car. He spills the coffee over him as he does.

BEN
Motherfucker!

He reaches the car, puts the coffee cup and documents on the ground, the latter being secured with his foot.

He answers the phone.

BEN (CONT'D)
(*trying to mask his pain*)
Hello?

INTERCUT MATTIE/BEN

MATTIE
Hey lovely, Mattie here. Any chance you could perform your magic tonight?

BEN
You're not scheduled in until Thursday.

MATTIE
I know but I kind of need to be dissected pronto.

BEN
I don't have time.

MATTIE
Please Ben, they will Soprano my ass otherwise!

BEN

Well maybe that'll teach you to stop dipping your feet into shark water.

MATTIE

Please?! It *is* the last time.

BEN

(sighs)

Fine. I really ought to charge you for this.

MATTIE

Well if circumstances were different...

BEN

Oh my God Mattie, do you owe them *all* of it?

MATTIE

(slight pause)

Maybe.

BEN

God almighty. I'll see you tonight.

We STAY ON BEN as he hangs up.

He loads his documents into his car. Grabbing his coffee still on the ground.

He notices a reflection in the driver's window. He turns around--he is WHACKED OVER THE HEAD, knocked unconscious, falling to the ground. ANGLE ON COFFEE spilling all over the ground.

INT. ARRIVALS AREA- BUS STATION- LONDON- DAY TIME.

Lana walks at speed through the arrivals area, clearly not wanting to stick around. She walks out into--

EXT. STREET- OUTSIDE BUS STATION- LONDON- DAY TIME.

She stands there, as if frozen, on the sidewalk, assessing the buildings and people around her.

Where to go, she hasn't a clue.

People push past as she continues to stand there. She is forced to go left.

EXT. SEPERATE STREET- LONDON- DAY TIME.

Lana tries to navigate her way along the hectic pathway.

The weather is too hot. Everyone is dressed for it but her. Many take notice of this, staring her down in confusion. Making her uneasy.

Others bump into her, rather aggressively, giving her evil looks. She feels worse.

It's then that the whole world seems to have joined her on the pathway. Trapping her, forbidding her from moving.

It's too much. She's really starting to panic now. She tries pushing past them, tries to break free. But she tries to no avail.

Eventually she's out, running at top speed down the street. Cutting into--

EXT. ALLEYWAY OFF STREET- LONDON- CONTINUOUS.

She runs to the wall. Crouches, head bowed over, breathing rapidly. Hyperventilating.

She starts crying. One day in the real world and she is terrified already.

EXT. BAR- STRIP CLUB- LONDON- DAY TIME.

Mattie wipes down the bar of a pretty empty joint. Sensuous music plays in b.g.

His COWORKER (20's) calls him from across the room--

COWORKER

Hey Mattie!

Mattie turns to face him. His friend brings his thumb and forefinger together, bringing them both up towards his lips. Mattie nods.

EXT. STAFF AREA- OUTSIDE STRIP CLUB- LONDON- DAY TIME.

Mattie smokes a joint with his coworker, two or so metres away from the joint where we still hear the music playing.

COWORKER

You watch the news last night?

MATTIE

Nope.

COWORKER

Another person went missing.

MATTIE

Oh dear.

Beat.

COWORKER

I think these people are getting murdered.

MATTIE

I really hate when *other* people choose when you die. It's so rude.

COWORKER

I wonder who's doing it.

MATTIE

(*conspiratorial-like*)
Maybe it's God. Here to cleanse the world of sin again.

COWORKER

Shut the fuck up.

Their MANAGER (40's) appears at the door. Annoyed.

He sees the joint.

MANAGER

Are you shitting me right now?

Neither of them say anything. They have neither a valid or poor excuse.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

(*aggressive*)
Get the fuck back inside.

He walks away.

MATTIE

(*re: manager*)
Maybe *he* did it.

His coworker laughs.

They begin making their way back inside.

As his coworker walks back in, Mattie stops.

Nausea hits him. He throws up.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

(*bent over*)

Oh great.

He takes a moment, straightens himself up.

He glances unintentionally to the chain link fence enveloping the back of the joint.

He sees a car parked on the curb opposite. He stares a brief moment, thinks nothing of it.

CUT TO--

INT. CAR (STATIONARY)- PARKED AT CURB- OUTSIDE STRIP CLUB- LONDON- SAME TIME.

POV OF PERSON IN CAR: they watch as Mattie walks back into the club.

INT. SMALL OFFICE- FAST FOOD RESTAURANT- LONDON- DAY TIME.

Someone knocks on the office door, opening it. It is Milo. He wears a mustard yellow polo shirt and black trousers. A name tag with the fast food logo is pinned to his shirt. He wears the fake blue eye contacts again, has much redder hair now.

MILO

You needed to see me sir?

His BOSS CHRIS (50's), beer belly, unkempt in every manner, sits at a messy desk. He wears a red polo shirt. He's *special*.

CHRIS

Ah, Milo. Come sit.

Milo crosses over to the desk, takes a seat.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Stupid fucker who begged me for a job in the first place hasn't shown up for any of his shifts this week.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I mean I'm a big boy, so if he feels he can't handle the territory that comes with manning the deep fat fryer, well then maybe he could've let me know another way that doesn't leave me looking like a fucking incompetent asshole.

(beat)

I subsequently don't have enough to cover tonight.

MILO

(*couldn't care less*)

That's... a real shame. I'm sorry to hear that.

CHRIS

Well you can just cover the rest of his shifts until we find a replacement.

MILO

What?

CHRIS

He was adamant on getting the most out of the job. I gave him a lot of shifts as a result. I'm a good samaritan like that.

MILO

I can't do those hours on top of the ones I'm already doing. That's impossible.

CHRIS

I have no choice. No one else can do them. Do you really want to let the whole team down?

MILO

I wouldn't be. Someone else already did that.

Chris frowns. *How dare he.*

CHRIS

Ok, you can let the *team* down, but you're making a big mistake letting *me* down.

MILO

(*apprehensive*)

I can't do those hours.

CHRIS

And you can't keep stealing money from the company's charity box, you know, the one for the *children's hospital* on Weston Street.

Milo says nothing. He knows where this is going.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Employers would really hate to hear that sort of shit when they ask for a reference, after you suddenly leave here out of the blue and try to go elsewhere.

Milo stays silent. He's lost.

Chris smiles.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Great. Expect to leave about two.

He stands up, crosses to where Milo sits. He bends down. Milo scowls.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(patronizing)
Sure are a good little boy, aren't you?

He moves away. Heading out. Leaving Milo.

Asshole. He feels the anger brew inside. But he has to bury it. Again.

He prepares himself to leave. Getting up when--

He feels nauseous.

He puts a hand to his mouth, closes his eyes.

He's ok.

MILO

(getting up slowly)
Ok, let's just... let's just get up and--

He projectile vomits across the desk.

FUCK.

MILO (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Shit.

He feels a sudden sharpness in his throat. He wipes his mouth with the heel of his hand.

But as he brings his hand away he notices something odd.

He looks closer at it. His vomit is a little red in colour.

He glances towards Chris' desk. He picks something up (out of frame). He brings it up towards him where he can see it more clearly.

CUT TO--CLOSE-UP OF CRYSTALLISED JEWEL in his hand. The size of a pebble, with sharp edges, yellow in colour.

Milo stares at it in horror.

He gets up, crosses over to the full length mirror leant up against the wall behind the desk. Full of dread, he grips the end of his shirt, pulling it up slowly, preparing himself for what's underneath.

We see he has stitches all across his front, all running in different directions. He's been cut open a lot. And if we look closer--

A cache of similar-looking jewels is starting to protrude through his skin.

He locks eyes with it a moment. Afraid. He then lets go of his shirt.

He crosses back over to the desk, dials a number on the office phone. They pick up.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(over phone; familiar; calm)
Hello?

MILO
Hi. It's me.
(beat)
I um... I need to see you. Tonight.
Can you do that?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(over phone)
Tonight? Uh well... yes, I can do that. Will you be at home?

MILO
No, work. I'm done about two. Thank you.

He hangs up.

SHARP CUT TO:

INT. LOCATION UNKNOWN- DAY TIME.

MEDIUM CLOSE-UP ON BEN. The recipient of the phone call.
Beaten, a gun to his head, his phone held up in front of him.

Someone bends down into frame. *Diana*.

DIANA

Good.

(*beat*)

We missing anyone else?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CAFÉ- LONDON- AFTERNOON.

Mattie sits at a table, fries in front of him. He dials a number on his cellphone. He waits for the recipient to pick up.

INT. PATIENT ROOM- HOSPITAL- LONDON- SAME TIME.

Mattie's roommate, the KICKER, sits up in a hospital bed with a black eye, sling around his arm, and a white bandage around his head. He picks up the phone. Sees the caller ID.

Motherfucker.

He answers the call.

KICKER

(sarcastic)

God, I was so hoping you'd call!

INTERCUT MATTIE/KICKER

MATTIE

(knows he's in trouble)

Hey... everything go ok with Marshall?

KICKER

Oh, very pleasant. I'm currently enjoying the most beautiful view of the waste disposal area from my bed here at Cherry Tree Hospital. I'd get a closer look but my slight concussion, two fractured ribs, broken arm, and black eye shaped like a fucking pirate's patch are kind of stopping me.

MATTIE

Shit. I'm really sorry about that.

(beat)

Did you at least get to enjoy a coffee with mystery girl?

KICKER

She passed on that, given the circumstances. But she seemed nice. It was cool of her to help me move out all your shit.

MATTIE
Now come on--

KICKER
--have a nice life fucker.

He hangs up.

INT. CAFÉ- LONDON- CONTINUOUS.

MATTIE
Shit.

A MAN CALLED TONY (late 20's) appears at Mattie's table.

TONY
(*sitting down*)
You get some bad news there?

MATTIE
I think I just got evicted.

TONY
(*grabbing fries*)
That sucks.
(*tastes fries; disappointed*)
I don't see why we couldn't do
Stevie's. Their fries are much
better.

MATTIE
They're like three quid more.

TONY
And?

MATTIE
I'm not paying that much more for a
little fucking paprika.

TONY
Compensation for the strain on the
carpel muscle. But why the fuck
would it matter to you? Your body
is a literal fucking goldmine. You
can afford just that little bit
more.

MATTIE
Well, times have changed.

TONY

Oh what is it this time? Drugs,
gambling... sex?

MATTIE

I do not need to *pay* women to have
sex with me.

TONY

Yes, but maybe *they* need to pay
someone after spending time with
you... you know, to actually get
something out of it.

MATTIE

(*moving on*)
Where is the market this month?

TONY

Darlyle.

MATTIE

Ok. Wanna share lifts?

TONY

You can't drive yourself?

MATTIE

I'm thinking about the environment
here. I mean those CO2 emissions
alone--

TONY

--Mattie.

MATTIE

I lost my license.

TONY

Lost?

MATTIE

(*beat*)
I drove my car into a wall...
whilst on crack. They took it off
me.

TONY

Really?

MATTIE

I know, I thought I'd be in way
worse shit than that.

TONY

Mattie.

Beat.

MATTIE

Please?

Beat.

TONY

I leave at twelve tomorrow.

Mattie puts his palms flat together: "*thank you!*"

TONY (CONT'D)

(*getting up*)

If we're done here--

MATTIE

Just one more thing.

(*beat*)

Can I stay at yours? I'm a little homeless as you know.

INT. ROOM- LOCATION UNKNOWN- AFTERNOON.

Ben sits with his hands tied behind his back.

A few metres away sits Diana at a desk. Ben's phone sits on top. Diana lights a cigarette.

BEN

Why are you really doing this Diana?

Diana takes a drag. Exhaling.

DIANA

We do these people pretty big favours, and yet we are rewarded with nothing. After a while you can't help but be pissed off.

BEN

It was never about money. You knew that when we started. We did it because it was right for *them* to reap the rewards after all the shit they've been through.

DIANA

Oh, don't get all high and mighty on me. The world is like a Greek tragedy. Fate has in store for you what fate has in store for you. You may not like it, but that's what the universe has dealt you. Oedipus never wanted to fuck his mother, but... some things are just out of your control. Sometimes you just have to accept it. Just like your friends have to accept anything that comes their way.

Beat.

BEN

Was it you? Did you kill Tyler?

Diana says nothing, but looks to him with a smile. He knows she did.

Ben's phone vibrates loudly on the table. Diana picks it up.

It is a text. She reads it. It is Mattie. Giving away his location.

DIANA

(re: Mattie)

You make it too easy, don't you?

INT. RECEPTION- HOTEL- LONDON- AFTERNOON.

Lana walks into the reception of a very shabby, dodgy-looking hotel joint.

A WOMAN (40's) sits behind the reception desk, smoking a cigarette and flicking through a trashy lifestyle magazine.

Lana, nervous, approaches with caution. The woman does not lift her gaze from the magazine.

WOMAN

(done this plenty of times)

How many and for how long?

LANA

Um... one? One person, and um... one night?

WOMAN

You're the one staying here babe, not me.

LANA

One person. One night.
(beat)
Please.

WOMAN

That'll be twenty-five.
(now meeting gaze; taking in odd
attire)
You holidaying with the eskimos
this summer?

LANA

What?

WOMAN

You have ID?

LANA

What?

WOMAN

A form of identification.

LANA

I don't have one of those.

WOMAN

It doesn't matter where you're
staying sweetie, you need ID. Be it
at the Plaza or Satan's asshole.

LANA

Please. I really need a place to
stay.

WOMAN

And I really need people to stop
bringing knives into my kid's
school, but that's like trying to
ask you to turn water into wine, or
make the lame man walk.

Lana stands there a moment. This woman is clearly not going
to help her.

She walks out the reception.

EXT. SLUM STREET- LONDON- AFTERNOON.

Lana walks down a street occupied by different tenement buildings painted in shitty brown and depressing grey colours, many clearly the victim of vandalism thanks to smashed windows and graffiti occupying the exterior walls.

No one seems to be around. It's like this place has been abandoned.

Lana cuts into--

EXT. ALLEYWAY- LONDON- CONTINUOUS.

Lana spots a rubbish disposal unit. She crosses over to it. Sits down next to it. She sits with her knees up, resting her head on them.

A shadow casts over her. She lifts her head up.

LANA'S PERSPECTIVE: LOW ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP TO MAN (40's) in very disheveled clothing looking down at her. Smiling. Clearly troublesome.

MAN

You ok there young lady?

Lana knows this is bad. But she has no idea what to do about it.

LANA

I'm ok, thank you.

MAN

You're very pretty, aren't ya?

Time to run.

Lana goes to get up--the man throws her back down.

MAN (CONT'D)

Relax. I'll be quick.

EXT. BUS SHELTER- STREET- LONDON- SAME TIME.

Mattie stands waiting for his bus. He groans. Been there a while.

MATTIE

(mocking himself)
Just a little crack, that's all it is.

(MORE)

MATTIE (CONT'D)

*What's the worst that can happen?
Fucking bullshit public transport,
that's what can happen.*

He hears Lana's screaming from down the street.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

What the hell?

EXT. ALLEYWAY- LONDON- CONTINUOUS.

Lana is shoved against a brick wall.

MAN

Don't give in easily, do you?

Lana struggles. He pins her hands above her with one of his. He goes to pull her trousers down when--

MATTIE (O.S.)

Hey!

The man looks away. Straight at Mattie who SUCKER PUNCHES HIM-- sending him to the ground.

Mattie begins kicking him in. After some beating, the bastard puts his hand up in surrender-- *no more!*

MATTIE (CONT'D)

You better get out of here, before
I fucking kill you.

The man begins limping out the alleyway, going as fast as he can.

Mattie turns to a crying Lana, still standing but hunched over.

He goes to comfort her--

MATTIE (CONT'D)

Hey it's ok. You're safe now. I
won't hurt you.

She says nothing. Just keeps crying.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

Let me help you. Can you tell me
your name?

She relaxes ever so slightly, but she doesn't tell him.

Mattie inspects her for injuries. He sees something peculiar on the exposed area of her stomach. He looks closer... scars like the one we saw on Milo's body... jewels too.

Mattie's eyes widen:

MATTIE (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

INT. SERVING AREA- FAST FOOD RESTAURANT- LONDON- EVENING.

Milo, a little apprehensive after what occurred in his last scene, wipes down the counters where his cash till sits.

Chris appears beside him.

CHRIS

Go sort out the staff toilets.
Corporate would lose their shit if
they saw the state they're in right
now.

MILO

(*fuck you*)
Sure sir.

CHRIS

Good boy.

INT. BACK AREA- FAST FOOD RESTAURANT- LONDON- EVENING.

Milo begins making his way to the toilets with the mop bucket.

He stops by the door.

He looks back towards his boss who talks to another EMPLOYEE (20's), distracted.

Milo abandons the bucket-- makes his way over into--

INT. CHRIS' OFFICE- FAST FOOD RESTAURANT- LONDON- EVENING.

Milo enters the office, crossing over to Chris' desk, now clean.

He opens up a desk drawer. Tries to vomit into it. Nothing comes out.

MILO

Are you serious?

He sticks a finger down his throat. As the vomit comes up, he angles himself down towards the open desk drawer. He then vomits into it.

He shuts the drawer. Goes to walk out the office.

INT. SERVING AREA- FAST FOOD RESTAURANT- LONDON- EVENING.

Chris stands at the counter, distracted by his phone. A couple other EMPLOYEES, including the one who talked with Chris earlier, man the food section.

Someone approaches the counter. We do not see their face at first.

It takes Chris a couple seconds to realize someone is there.

CHRIS

Oh, sorry. Welcome to Stevie's.
What can I get you?

FULL SHOT OF NIKE (early 30's)- pronounced *Nikky*. An incredibly attractive female, a fucking psychotic bitch. She is dressed in a black suit- the blazer seemingly a couple sizes too big for her but she makes it work.

She stands with her hands in front of her. Her shoulders relaxed.

NIKE

I'd like Milo, please.

CHRIS

(*confused*)
Uh, do you know him or something?

NIKE

Just go get him. I don't have all night.

CHRIS

What is this in regards to?

NIKE

None of your fucking business.

CHRIS

It is absolutely my business, and who the hell do you think you are talking to me li--

Nike sighs, pulls out a gun. Points it straight at Chris. The employees see this happening, they start to panic.

NIKE
Tell them to shut up.

CHRIS
(*to employees*)
Relax. It'll be ok. Just stay calm.

They try their best.

NIKE
(*patronizing*)
Atta boy. Now call to Milo for me.
Nice and loud. Make sure he can
hear you.

CHRIS
(*calling out to Milo*)
Milo!

INT. STAFF TOILETS- FAST FOOD RESTAURANT- LONDON- SAME TIME.

Milo mops, doesn't hear him.

INT. SERVING AREA- FAST FOOD RESTAURANT- LONDON- SAME TIME.

CHRIS
(*nervous*)
MILO!!!

INT. STAFF TOILETS- FAST FOOD RESTAURANT- LONDON- SAME TIME.

Milo hears. He sighs. *What is it now?*

He takes the mop bucket with him.

INT. FOOD/KITCHEN SECTION- FAST FOOD RESTAURANT- LONDON-
CONTINUOUS.

Milo walks out with the bucket.

MILO
Everything ok?

BANG! Nike shoots Chris. He falls back.

She locks eyes with Milo.

NIKE
Hello Milo.

MILO

Fuck.

The employees begin to flee, screaming-- BANG! BANG! She gets them both.

Nike shoots at Milo--he ducks--the shot hits the back wall.

MILO (CONT'D)

FUCK!

He crawls to behind the kitchen island, out of sight. He remains on his hands and knees.

INT. SERVING AREA- FAST FOOD RESTAURANT- LONDON- SAME TIME.

An ACCOMPLICE (30's) appears beside Nike.

NIKE

Back there. Be quick about it.

INT. FOOD/KITCHEN SECTION- FAST FOOD RESTAURANT- LONDON- SAME TIME.

Milo hears the sound of footsteps coming towards him.

MILO

(quietly)

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

He assesses the scene. Turns his attention to the MOP BUCKET not too far away from him. Then to the KNIFE BLOCK SET sitting on the counter above him.

The footsteps get louder, closer. Milo prepares himself.

As the attacker approaches the corner, Milo gets in position.

The attacker comes round the corner-- Milo reaches for the bucket, brings it towards him-- rolls it into the path of the attacker-- the attacker collides with it-- going down--

Milo gets up, reaching for a knife from the block set-- he stabs the attacker in their side-- they groan.

They hit the ground, landing on their front. Milo removes the knife-- relocates it to the attacker's back. A LOUDER GROAN.

Milo stabs him over and over again. When he notices the attacker isn't moving anymore, he goes to grab their gun-- BAM! He is hit in the back of the head with something.

He falls forward, falling out of frame REVEALING NIKE with a frying pan in her hand. Smiling.

She gets up, looking down at Milo.

Her phone then rings. She answers. Dropping the frying pan.

NIKE

Hello. Well that's great. Ok.

(looking down at Milo)

I can meet you out back with him.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LIFT- APARTMENT BUILDING- LONDON- EVENING.

Mattie and Lana stand awkwardly next to each other in the lift. Lana has her head down, Mattie looks ahead, but glances a couple times at Lana.

He decides to try and break the ice.

MATTIE

You'll be safe here. Tony's a good guy. He understands our situation.

Awkward beat. Lana keeps her head down.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

I always thought it was just me.
(*chuckles lightly*)
I guess I thought I was special.

Lana says nothing. More awkwardness.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

I should take you to parties,
shouldn't I?

DING! Their door opens. Arriving at their designated floor. They step out.

INT. CORRIDOR- APARTMENT BUILDING- LONDON- EVENING.

Mattie and Lana walk down the corridor, the latter walking a little behind the former.

They reach a door. Mattie takes out a key, opening the door.

INT. APARTMENT- LONDON- CONTINUOUS.

Mattie opens the door. He and Lana start walking into the apartment when-- Mattie gets taken aback by something, *someone--*

MATTIE

Oh no.

MARSHALL (40's) sits on the couch, guarded by TWO ACCOMPLICES standing behind it. He frowns at Mattie.

Beat.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

(casually)
 Hey Marshall.
(beat)
 You doing ok?

MARSHALL

How's your friend doing over at
 Cherry Tree? I hope I didn't cause
 too much damage.

MATTIE

Oh you know the human body. Its
 ability to heal is a super power we
 often choose to ignore.
(beat)
 Is it just you guys here?

MARSHALL

Your friend was here earlier. He's
 elsewhere now.

MATTIE

What does that mean?

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM- HOSPITAL- LONDON- SAME TIME.

Tony, himself a bruised canvas, sits up in a hospital bed.

A NURSE (60's) approaches his bed with a food tray.

NURSE

(a bit too enthusiastic)
 They ran out of chocolate mousse.
 Hope you like mandarin jelly!

She places the tray on his lap, preparing the cutlery. Tony
 looks down at the disgusting processed shit that is hospital
 food.

TONY

I will destroy him.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT- LONDON- EVENING.

MARSHALL

You know, you can throw all the obstacles you want in my way, but it'll never detract me from my efforts to hunt you down and get my money.

MATTIE

I understand that you're upset. But I just need a little more time. I promise you'll get it all later.

MARSHALL

I don't want it *later*, I want it *now*.
(*getting aggressive*)
I wanted it seven days ago when you fucking owed it!

MATTIE

I seriously think you should start getting people to sign a document or something, 'cos then you wouldn't have to worry about shit like this happening. I mean really you're kinda liable for this whole mess given that this was all just verbal, and tardiness such as mine is bound to happen in these kinds of situations.

MARSHALL

(*going to rise*)
You mother--

TWO SILENT SHOTS hit him in the chest.

His guards look to him, then over in Mattie's direction.

They raise their guns-- BANG! They're shot dead.

MATTIE

What?

Mattie looks to behind him.

Nike stands in the doorway, a couple of her own ACCOMPLICES BY HER SIDE. She holds a gun to Lana's neck. Tears fall down Lana's face.

NIKE

You've got to be Mattie.

MATTIE

Who are you?

NIKE

Your last point of business, if we're looking to be accurate.

Beat.

Lana winces.

MATTIE

Ok. Let's take it easy. You don't have to hurt her. She's innocent here.

NIKE

Like the Virgin Mary?

MATTIE

Please. Just leave her be--

NIKE

You don't get to make my decisions boy. If I want to shoot her, I will.

(to Lana)

Godspeed my dear.

She goes to pull back the trigger. Lana winces. Crying.

MATTIE

SHE'S ONE OF ME!

Nike retracts.

NIKE

I'm sorry?

MATTIE

She's a host. Like me.

Nike lifts up Lana's shirt. There it is. Another jackpot.

NIKE

Well... I guess that changes a couple things.

(to Mattie)

Thank you for that.

Mattie looks to Lana, the gun still to her neck. She looks to him, betrayed. Mattie gives her a look that tries to evoke "I'm sorry."

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY- OUTSIDE LONDON- EVENING.

MILO'S POV: we wake up LOOKING UP. His vision a little cloudy, spacey. We make out a ceiling. A very high, metallic one... it's moving?

We CUT TO-- MILO MOVING ACROSS THE GROUND... moving involuntarily. He feels his arms stretched above him. He hears the rattling sound of a chain.

He moves his eyes about. The TWO MEN FROM THE TEASER are dragging him along the cold floor by a chain. Through the abandoned factory. He is stripped down to his underwear.

Milo starts kicking about, trying to dig his heels into the ground to no avail.

MAN #2

Think he may have woken up.

MAN #1

No shit.

The strength of their two bodies outweighs Milo's by a long shot. They keep dragging him across the floor.

They drag him to the centre. Where the same steel table sits. This time there is another one sitting adjacent to it on the right. Two tall lamps accompany them. Between the two tables, in the middle, stand Diana and Ben, the latter clearly looking reluctant, regretful.

Milo is lifted up, led to the table by Diana. Milo sees Ben.

MILO

Ben?

BEN

(*genuine*)
I'm sorry Milo.

Milo is lifted onto the table. His limbs are stretched out. Chained to the four corners of the table.

He looks to Ben. *Why?* Ben bows his head in shame.

Diana brings over the surgical trolley. It sits between her and Ben.

She then comes to stand over Milo. Putting her gloves on.

DIANA

Not going to plead for your life?

MILO

Are you going to kill me now or
after?

DIANA

Why spoil the surprise?

Milo looks up towards the ceiling. Accepting what's to come. There was only so far he could go. This was bound to happen.

The sudden sound of footsteps is then heard coming towards them. Everyone, including Milo, turn their attention to it.

It is Nike, as well as Mattie and Lana. They have their hands cable tied behind their backs, with guns held to them by Nike's accomplices.

Mattie sees Ben. *What?*

NIKE

Evening.

(*re: Lana*)

Found you an extra. In the right
place at the right time.

Milo meets eyes with Mattie and Lana. Mattie reciprocates with a look of shock. There's even more of him than he realized.

NIKE (CONT'D)

Which would you like first?

BEN

Please don't make me do this.

NIKE

I repeat the question: which would
you like first?

Long beat.

Ben looks to Lana and Mattie. Guilty. Ashamed.

He sighs. Points reluctantly towards Mattie.

NIKE (CONT'D)

Ok then.

ACCOMPLICE #1 forces him forward, taking him towards Ben's table.

NIKE (CONT'D)

Call me when it's done.

She orders the two men already standing by Diana and Ben to follow her out. They do.

As Mattie reaches the table, he scowls at Ben. Ben again, appears ashamed.

BEN
 (to ACCOMPLICE #1)
 Undress him. Then put him on the
 table.

ACCOMPLICE #1 goes to uncut Mattie's cable ties.

Diana begins marking a line done Milo's front. Milo tries his best to keep calm despite it all.

Ben watches ACCOMPLICE #1 closely. As Mattie is unbound from his ties, ACCOMPLICE #1 goes to undress him. Ben waits for ACCOMPLICE #2, who guards Lana, to look away. Ben then picks up a scalpel. He STABS ACCOMPLICE #1 in the chest-- he screams. ACCOMPLICE #2 looks back, takes his gun-- SHOTS Ben in the shoulder region. Ben falls back.

Mattie quickly grabs the gun on ACCOMPLICE #1's possession-- BANG! He shoots ACCOMPLICE #2 in the chest-- BANG! He then shoots ACCOMPLICE #1 in the head.

He comes closer to Diana, points the gun at her. She puts her hands up, her eyes on the gun.

MATTIE
 (re: Milo)
 Unchain him.

She does. Slowly.

MATTIE (CONT'D)
 Faster.

Milo is set free. Mattie, not focusing, is then KICKED IN HIS MOST PRECIOUS CROWN JEWELS by Diana. He drops the gun.

MATTIE (CONT'D)
 JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!

She punches him in the face. He falls back.

MILO (O.S.)
 Hey!

Diana turns back-- Milo takes her head-- SMASHES HER FACE against the hard steel surface of the table. She is knocked out cold, collapsing to the ground.

MATTIE
(feeling his face)
 Ah shit, that really hurts.
(to Lana)
 Come here, I'll untie you.

Lana, less reluctant than she would've been before, crosses over to him. Mattie extracts the scalpel still stuck in ACCOMPLICE #1's chest, he undoes Lana's cable ties.

He then moves over to Ben dying on the floor close by. Ben holds a hand to his wounded area.

BEN
(agonal breathing)
 They'll come back.
(beat; re: Diana)
 Take her keys.

Both Mattie and Milo look to Diana. Milo retrieves the keys from her trouser pocket.

Mattie looks back to Ben.

BEN (CONT'D)
(tears in his eyes)
 I'm sorry... I'm really sorry... I-
 I-I--

MATTIE
(smiling)
 It's ok. Just go. You can do that.

Ben smiles. Begins to close his eyes. Giving up the fight.

Then he is gone.

Mattie looks down at his dead friend a moment. He then turns to the others.

MATTIE (CONT'D)
 Let's get out of here.

He grabs his previously displaced gun, as well as the scalpel. Milo crosses over to ACCOMPLICE #2, takes their gun.

All of them then head out of the factory.

EXT. CAR PARK- ABANDONED FACTORY- OUTSIDE LONDON- EVENING.

The group come out of the factory into the empty car park. They see that they are in the middle of nowhere.

In the countryside. Looking as if far from civilization. The only way out *has* to be in a vehicle.

And it sits not too far from them. An old grey van, big enough to have brought the steel tables in.

They cross over to it. Mattie gets in the driver's seat. Milo the passenger. Lana in the back where there are no seats, no windows occupying that space.

Milo hands Mattie the keys. Mattie puts the keys in the ignition. Goes to start the engine. It won't start.

MATTIE
My God, *WHY?!*

MILO
Well look at that, we're dead.

MATTIE
Not helpful!

Mattie leans forward, trying again to start it.

Milo looks out the window. Something is wrong.

Milo shoves Mattie down-- a bullet hits the glass, penetrating through to the other side.

Both Milo and Mattie peek their heads up enough to be able to look out the window without too much risk. Lana pokes her head through the middle of the head rests.

MATTIE (CONT'D)
And here they are.

A couple of cars have pulled up. MEN and WOMEN, armed. Beginning to walk up towards the van. Mattie, then Milo, get into the back with Lana.

MATTIE (CONT'D)
(*to Lana*)
You ever kill anyone before?

LANA
What?

MATTIE
It would really help if you have.
Experience is gonna come in handy
right about now.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CAR PARK- ABANDONED FACTORY- OUTSIDE LONDON- EVENING.

Where we left off in ACT THREE-- the ATTACKERS continuing their approach to the van.

They stop when the door to the van slides open-- revealing MATTIE, alone. He steps out, hands up, taking a few steps towards them.

The armed crew train their guns at him, unsure whether or not to shoot him.

MILO then appears-- BANG! BANG! The heads of the FIRST TWO ATTACKERS snap back. They fall to their knees then collapsing to the ground.

Mattie takes the scalpel out of his trouser pocket-- lunges it at ANOTHER ATTACKER, getting them in the shoulder. Mattie then takes the gun poking out his trousers-- SHOTS them in the chest. They fall to the ground.

The THREE ATTACKERS left start shooting at Mattie and Milo. Mattie hits the deck. Milo turns back into--

INT. VAN (STATIONARY)- CAR PARK- ABANDONED FACTORY- OUTSIDE LONDON- CONTINUOUS.

Milo presses himself against the wall of the van. There is silence... the shooting has stopped. He looks to Lana huddled in the corner, terrified.

He checks his chamber. Only a few bullets left.

MILO

Fuck!

He scans the van. Nothing. *Fuck.*

EXT. CAR PARK- ABANDONED FACTORY- OUTSIDE LONDON- SAME TIME.

An ATTACKER stands over Mattie, ready to shoot.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN (STATIONARY)- CAR PARK- ABANDONED FACTORY- OUTSIDE LONDON- SAME TIME.

Milo takes a deep breath. Pushes the chamber back in. He then moves out into--

EXT. CAR PARK- ABANDONED FACTORY- OUTSIDE LONDON- CONTINUOUS.

The ATTACKER over Mattie is about to shoot when-- BANG! Milo gets him.

Mattie then grabs his gun-- SHOOTs the OTHER TWO ATTACKERS behind in the knee caps due to his position. They fall to the ground-- Milo SHOOTs THEM BOTH in the head.

No attackers are left standing. Milo, out of ammo, drops the gun.

Mattie turns back to the van:

MATTIE
(calling out to Lana)
 Hey uh... *(to himself)* don't actually know her name. You can come out now!

Lana slowly comes out, crossing over to them.

MATTIE (CONT'D)
(to Lana)
 You ok?

She nods.

Milo crosses over to one of the cars. He opens up the driver's side door. Sees keys in the ignition.

MILO
 Well that's convenient.

He starts the engine. The car is ready to go.

He begins crossing back over to the others--

He sees something. His eyes widen.

MILO (CONT'D)
 HIT THE GROUND!

Mattie and Lana follow Milo's eye, looking behind them.

They turn and see Diana, her face a bloody mess, with a gun in her hand.

She shoots-- Mattie takes Lana to the ground with him-- Milo is SHOT IN THE ARM--

MILO (CONT'D)

ARGH!

Mattie rolls onto his back, gets himself in position-- SHOOTS Diana. She hits the ground.

MATTIE

(reflecting)

"Unconscious" does not mean dead,
never just leave someone
unconscious!

He then helps Lana up, they attend to Milo's aid. Milo keeps his hand on the wound where he bleeds heavily.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

Oh that looks bad.

MILO

(in agony)

God, you're observant!

MATTIE

We need to get you to a hospital.

MILO

Are you crazy? Have you seen my
body?

MATTIE

You could die!

MILO

So be it then!

He leaves Mattie no choice. He's taking him.

MATTIE

We're going!

(to Lana)

Help me.

Lana helps him take Milo over to the car. Milo, out of weakness, doesn't fight it.

They get him into the back seat. Lana joins him.

Mattie gets in the driver's seat.

They drive off.

INT. CAR (MOVING)- EVENING.

Mattie drives at speed down the open country road.

Milo groans. The pain has not subsided.

Mattie turns to Lana:

MATTIE
You gotta keep pressure on the
wound!

LANA
With what?

MATTIE
There a jacket or something on the
floor? Anything like that should
help.

Lana looks. She sees a cloth. Picks it up. Puts it on the
wound, applying pressure to it. Milo groans again.

Mattie taps frantically at the different buttons on the car's
SAT NAV. Out of all of life's luxuries, this is something he
seems to have missed.

MATTIE (CONT'D)
COME ON! COME ON!

Eventually he is successful with typing HOSPITAL into the
SEARCH MENU. He chooses the first one.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(over SAT NAV)
The route is being calculated.

MATTIE
Thank God!

EXT. CAR PARK- HOSPITAL- OUTSIDE LONDON- EVENING.

Mattie pulls right up to the door of the hospital entrance.

He gets out the car, heads to the back to assist Lana with
Milo. They each take a shoulder, taking him towards the
building when--

A MAN (30's) comes running up to them:

MAN
You can't park here!

MATTIE
I'll move it in a second!

MAN
You need to move it *now*!

MATTIE
I'll do it after I get the *shot* man
into the building!

Slight beat.

The man takes in Milo's wound, then his very abnormal-looking skin.

MAN
Fine. But it better be gone soon
after that.

MATTIE
Sure, whatever!

Mattie and Lana move Milo into the hospital.

INT. WAITING ROOM- HOSPITAL- OUTSIDE LONDON- LATER.

Mattie and Lana sit in the waiting room. Lana sits nervously, trying hard to cope with the busy atmosphere happening around her.

A NURSE (40's) approaches them. She holds a clipboard.

NURSE
You came with the gentleman shot,
yes?

MATTIE
Yes. Yes we did.
(*beat*)
How's he doing?

NURSE
Bullet did not penetrate through to
anything too significant, so he'll
be fine. He just needs to rest a
little.
(*beat*)
Are you relatives?

MATTIE
Uh, no. We were there when he got
shot... across the street from us.

NURSE

So you do not know this gentleman
at all?

MATTIE

I mean a *little*.

NURSE

"*Little*" meaning you know his name
at least?

Mattie doesn't answer. Lana keeps her eyes downcast.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Ok that's great.

MATTIE

Did the doctors know much about
what was growing out of his
stomach?

NURSE

No.

MATTIE

Oh. Ok. Well can we see him?

NURSE

It's supposed to be just relatives.

MATTIE

You serious? We saw the guy get
shot.

Beat. She wants to say no but--

NURSE

Room 315B. Third Floor.

INT. PATIENT ROOM- HOSPITAL- OUTSIDE LONDON- EVENING.

Mattie and Lana stand a few metres or so from the bed where Milo sleeps. Hooked up to the usual machines, his heart at a regular and steady pace. He has a bandage wrapped around his arm.

MATTIE

So crazy. Experienced one of the
weirdest and probably most
memorable days of my life with
people I didn't even know until
just a while ago.

Lana says nothing.

MATTIE (CONT'D)
You really don't say much, do you?

Nothing.

Beat.

Just when he think there's nothing--

LANA
Why'd you tell them?

MATTIE
What?

LANA
About me. About what I am.

MATTIE
I thought I was... I guess I
thought I was saving you.

LANA
How?

MATTIE
I guess I thought I was buying
time.
(beat)
Look I'm sorry. I didn't mean for
any of this to happen to you. But
hey, you're not dead. That's a good
thing, right?

Lana moves away from him. She goes to take a seat.

Mattie remains where he is. *Well that didn't go down too great.*

Beat.

MATTIE (CONT'D)
I'm just gonna go and grab a drink
or something.

He leaves the room.

INT. RECEPTION- HOSPITAL- OUTSIDE LONDON- EVENING.

Nike, putting on a very convincing performance of worried family member, approaches the reception desk where a WOMAN (30's) sits.

NIKE

Excuse me, I'm looking for my brother. I just found his car outside, parked right at the entrance. He has blue eyes, red hair. Twenty three.

WOMAN

That car is still there? God.

NIKE

You know who I'm on about?

WOMAN

Yes, he came in a while ago. They were supposed to get the guy he was with to move the car.

NIKE

Is he ok?

WOMAN

Sorry, yes. He's been shot, but he's ok. He's in room 315B. It's on the third floor.

NIKE

God bless you.

She starts walking but turns back, nodding to a COUPLE ACCOMPLICES standing nearby, trying to avoid suspicion.

They nod back. Beginning to follow her after she's made it about halfway to the lift.

INT. CORRIDOR- HOSPITAL- OUTSIDE LONDON- EVENING.

CLOSE-UP ON PICKUP BOX of vending machine as a fizzy drink comes down with a THUMP.

Mattie retrieves it, cracking the can lid open, taking a sip.

He takes a deep breath. *God, what a day.*

He takes another sip. TWO HOSPITAL PATIENTS dressed in hospital gowns come running past him.

He focuses his attention on them, following them to the group of people gathered by the window at the end of the corridor.

Intrigued, he walks over towards the crowd.

He fights his way through the crowd, soon reaching the window.

He sees what's below.

MATTIE

Oh my God.

OVER SHOULDER SHOT LOOKING DOWN TO DEAD BODY lying sprawled, face down, on the ground of the hospital's car park.

The car protestor from earlier. Lying next to the car still up by the entrance. A pool of blood beside his head.

Mattie stays transfixed on the image.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Just saw him when I came to look out the window.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Shit, do you think the shooter's in the hospital?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I dunno, maybe.

Mattie, realizing what's to come, moves out of the group.

Turning around, running.

INT. STAIRWELL- HOSPITAL- OUTSIDE LONDON- LATER.

Mattie bursts through the door. Races up the stairs as fast as he can.

INT. LIFT- HOSPITAL- OUTSIDE LONDON- SAME TIME.

Nike stands, calm and patiently, with her ACCOMPLICES as they ride the lift.

INT. STAIRWELL- HOSPITAL- OUTSIDE LONDON- SAME TIME.

Mattie continues up the stairs.

He pushes open the door, running through into--

INT. CORRIDOR- THIRD FLOOR- HOSPITAL- OUTSIDE LONDON-
CONTINUOUS.

He checks to make sure the coast is clear.

He then runs down the corridor towards Milo's room.

DING! The lift door opens. Mattie looks back.

Nike and her accomplices walk out.

Both Mattie and Nike lock eyes.

Nike smiles.

Mattie runs. Down the corridor. Into--

INT. PATIENT ROOM- HOSPITAL- OUTSIDE LONDON- CONTINUOUS.

Mattie slams the door shut.

Looks for a lock. Of course, there isn't one.

LANA

What's going on?

MATTIE

The devil got really bored sitting
on his throne today.

LANA

What?

MATTIE

(back against the door)
We're actually dead this time.

Lana doesn't know what to say to that.

A knock then comes at the door.

NIKE (O.S.)

(through door)
Now let's not make a scene guys.
Open the door and we can go away
quietly.

Beat.

INT. CORRIDOR- THIRD FLOOR- HOSPITAL- OUTSIDE LONDON- SAME TIME.

Nike has her head against the door. Smiling a little demonically.

NIKE

A pretty good effort on your part,
but I think now's the time to give
up. You're a Boudicca at best.

INT. PATIENT ROOM- HOSPITAL- OUTSIDE LONDON- SAME TIME.

Mattie has his back still pressed up against the door.

Lana looks to him. Hoping he has a solution here.

He doesn't.

Milo still sleeps in his bed, completely unaware of what's happening.

Both Lana and Mattie continue standing there.

Having no clue what to do.

END OF EPISODE