

A JOURNALIST'S RIPOSTE

Written by

Arty Whale

(C) Copyright 2014

Artywhale@hotmail.co.uk

FADE IN

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

A small, military style building, seemingly in the middle of nowhere. No lights or distinguishing landmarks visible for miles in any direction.

A helicopter, one with open sides and no doors, descends towards the ground.

Two people visible inside. One the PILOT, the other, a man known only as...

HESSIAN, 40's. An American with the type of anonymous face that just blends in. His tight clothes cling to his muscular body, suggesting a man at the peak of physical fitness.

Stood at ease, he keeps perfect balance as the chopper touches down, twenty yards from the compound entrance.

Rotors kicking up a circular dust storm around them.

On cue, a red light above the compound entrance lights up.

A heavy metal door creaks open.

Two men, GUARD#1 and GUARD#2, drag a third man between them.

SCOTT JACKSON, 30's. Hands cuffed behind his back, feet dragging along the floor, face beaten to a bloody pulp.

Guards #1 and #2 toss him into the helicopter.

HESSIAN

Status?

GUARD#1

Hasn't said a word, sir.

GUARD#2

We asked pretty damn hard too, sir.

HESSIAN

I see that. Anything else?

Guard#2 hands over a phone.

GUARD#2

He was trying to destroy this when we found him.

GUARD#1

Son of a bitch locked it down, sir. We thought your man could handle it.

HESSIAN
Excellent work men.

Both Guards beam with pride.

Hessian tosses them a package each.

HESSIAN
In less than twenty hours, we
change the world.

He salutes them, they salute back. He talks into a mic.

HESSIAN
Put us in the clouds.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Now in mid flight, Hessian glances out of the chopper's open side. Catching the occasional glimpse between clouds of the ground far below.

He looks down on Jackson who squints up at him through his one good eye, the other swollen shut.

Hessian lifts Jackson into a seat.

HESSIAN
Chilly, isn't it?

JACKSON
Is this how you're gonna do it?
Toss me out like an unwanted penny.

HESSIAN
I feel you're overstating your
value.

JACKSON
At least I have some value.

HESSIAN
You know, if it hadn't been for
that botched job in Nigeria, I
never would've been onto you. You
wouldn't need to worry.

JACKSON
Save the suspense bullshit. Be a
man and get it done already.

HESSIAN
Lets make a deal. You tell me who
knows what and you have my word,
it'll be a quick, respectable end.

JACKSON

Your word? You think I'll trust anything that comes out of your mouth?

HESSIAN

That's a fair point, I suppose. Consider this then, in less than thirty minutes you'll be in a room with The Mosquito. You of all people know what that means.

JACKSON

I'll never talk to a traitor. Never!

HESSIAN

Maybe. I'm just being courteous anyway. I do have two things for you to mull over before then. I have The Tech, and I have this.

Hessian holds up the phone.

Seeing the phone is like a punch to the gut for Jackson, he slumps down into his seat.

Hessian smiles back at him, knowing he's got the upper hand.

Weighing up his options, Jackson comes up with the only plan he can...

Bursting up from his seat he charges forward, the unexpected move catches Hessian off guard.

Hessian gets a hand to his pistol, but not quick enough.

Hands cuffed behind his back, Jackson drops his shoulder, slamming Hessian against the side.

The power of the blow knocks the phone free. Jackson watches as it drops and bounces out of the chopper.

Without a seconds hesitation, Jackson leaps out after it.

Hessian rushes over to the edge. Looking out he nods his appreciation at the ballsy move. He speaks into his headset.

HESSIAN

Find a place to set us down. Call in our location for immediate bed change. I want that phone in The Tech's hands within the hour.

PILOT

Copy that, sir.

FREEFALLING

Remaining calm as he speeds towards the ground, Jackson tucks into a ball, sliding his cuffed hands under his legs, out in front of him.

The light of the phone makes it an easy spot in the dark.

Jackson straightens into a dive aiming for the phone, closing in with every second.

But with every second he closes in, so does the ground.

Jackson stretches for the phone, now just out of reach.

The phones light fades.

Temporarily lost to sight, Jackson refocuses, catching a glint from the moon as it spins towards the earth.

His fingers touch, unable to bring it under control.

Finally grabbing hold, he goes to work.

He types an elaborate password.

A glance ahead, the floor getting ever clearer, less than thirty seconds till impact.

Fingers moving at a rapid pace, he uploads a series of files.

Twenty five seconds.

Uploads the files to an E-mail.

Twenty seconds.

Quickly typing: TRUST NO-ONE.

Fifteen.

He enters an E-mail address, hits send.

Ten.

BUFFERING.

Five.

The ground clearer than ever.

Three.

MESSAGE SENT.

For one last time, Jackson smiles.

INT. WORLD NEWS OFFICE - DAY

A large room, three of the walls made of glass. Two look down on the skyscrapers of New York City. The other, to a helipad on the roof, a helicopter marked with a news logo on it.

Behind a desk, reading the final page of a multi-page article, is ROBERT MURTAUGH, 70's. The name plate on his desk has 'FOUNDER, CHAIRMAN, CEO - MODERN NEWS' under his name.

Opposite him, waiting patiently is...

BLYTH WOLFE, 50's. In good physical shape for his age. The look of a man you'd want with you and not against you in a bar fight.

Murtaugh places the article down.

WOLFE

So?

MURTAUGH

It's good.

WOLFE

But?

MURTAUGH

I think you know.

WOLFE

It's not great?

MURTAUGH

Exactly. There's no edge. It's all very... nice. Very safe.

WOLFE

Safe?! I was one click away from treason. You are aware of the penalty for treason, right?

MURTAUGH

But that's my point. A few years ago you would of made that click, to heck with the consequences. For want of a better metaphor, this is Disney magic, I want hard-core porn.

WOLFE

This is bullshit! Five months I spent on this. All for nothing. Fucking nothing.

Wolfe storms for the door.

MURTAUGH

If you still want a job by ten fifteen, I suggest you get your sphincter back in that chair.

Wolfe sneaks a quick glance at his phone, the time reads 10:13, changes to 10:14.

Releasing the handle, Wolfe plonks himself back in the seat.

MURTAUGH

If you even bothered to do your research, you would of known we already covered this. Wikileaks inspired hundreds of articles in the same vein.

WOLFE

None are in the same league as this.

MURTAUGH

Who cares? Hacking is old news. Look, I know it hasn't been easy since that mess in Africa, b--

WOLFE

--I can't believe you're bringing that up. Nothing to do with anything.

MURTAUGH

But, you need to fight back. In this business, past glories can only carry a person for so long. We all have our expiry dates.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

An elevator PINGS, its doors slide open. Wolfe steps out into a long hallway. Two doors on either side that suggest apartments of a more than reasonable size.

Carrying a couple of grocery bags, he knocks on a door.

A short wait and the door opens. HATTIE, 80's. A dainty woman with perfectly coiffured hair, sporting an expensive looking diamond necklace and a spectacular sundress, looks up at him.

WOLFE

Wow. I knew you were on the hunt, Hattie, but I didn't think I'd be tempted.

HATTIE

Oh behave yourself. I'd eat you alive.

WOLFE

It'd be a fine way to go.

Wolfe leans down and plants a kiss on her cheek, he hands over the groceries.

WOLFE

So what's with the get up?

HATTIE

That website you introduced me to... I got a lunch date.

WOLFE

Nice. I hope his ticker is strong. It's gonna need to be when he sees you.

HATTIE

Oh you do know how to build a woman's confidence. What do I owe you?

WOLFE

Just remember me when you write your will. And keep it down tonight.

Hattie rolls her eyes with a smile, Wolfe gives her a wink and moves on.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A modern, two floor abode with a view across Central Park.

In a swivel chair at his desk, Wolfe stares with a blank expression at an empty computer screen.

His fingers hover above the keyboard, ready to type.

Instead he pulls them away, spins a full circle in his chair one way, then a full circle the other.

He opens up youtube, searches FUNNY CAT VIDEOS.

Clicking on a video, he watches as one cat pushes another cat down the stairs that results in a big crash below.

Wolfe chuckles, clicks on another.

LOWENNA TREVELYAN, 50's, walks in. A smaller, female version of Wolfe. She talks into a dictaphone.

LOWENNA

...At that very moment, she realises that what she's been searching for has been there all along, staring her in the face. The dots connect, the picture is clear.

Lowenna spots Wolfe's article in a trash can, clicks off.

LOWENNA

Don't tell me, cat videos.

WOLFE

No. Checking E-mails.

He clicks a button to open his inbox.

WOLFE

Take a look for yourself.

Lowenna clicks on the dictaphone.

LOWENNA

New note. Make her brother a terrible liar. Often a challenge, a drain on her very soul.

WOLFE

Damn. That's brutal.

He scrolls through his E-mails, ignoring most of them, until he comes to one in particular. Nothing obvious about it to most people, but to him it stands out like a sore thumb.

LOWENNA

Even with all his flaws, she loves him nonetheless.

Wolfe opens the E-mail. The words TRUST NO-ONE appear. He moves the mouse above the file, thinks better of it.

He closes the browser, shuts down the computer.

WOLFE

I gotta go.

Wolfe runs out of the apartment, forgetting to take his phone off the desk.

Alone and confused, Lowenna speaks into her dictaphone...

LOWENNA

Major note. He's still a dick.

TECH

For ninety-nine point nine percent of those that could, a week. For me, seventeen minutes, eight seconds.

INT. SUV - DAY

Blacked out windows, Pilot drives, Hessian in back.

Hessian tucks his phone away, the SUV pulls up outside a fancy restaurant, the sign in the window says closed.

EXT. RESTAURANT

Pilot opens the SUV's back door, Hessian steps out. He strides towards the entrance, Pilot follows.

HESSIAN

This one's just for me.

PILOT

Sir?

HESSIAN

I'll be fine.

Pilot nods, waits by the SUV.

INT. RESTAURANT

A fine establishment, tables laid out with shiny silverware and sparkling glasses.

Hessian enters, comes face to face with a huge BODYGUARD who blocks his path.

BODYGUARD

If at first you don't succeed...

HESSIAN

Turn the boat around and leave.

Bodyguard nods, points to a door at the back.

INT. BACK OFFICE

Windowless, with filing cabinets and shelves taking up the wall space.

Behind his desk, working on paperwork, is SMOLOV, 60's. A Russian in casual clothes.

A knock on the door.

NOTE: The following dialogue is in Russian.

SMOLOV

Come.

Hessian enters, Smolov points him to a seat.

SMOLOV

Are we on schedule?

HESSIAN

We are.

SMOLOV

I'm afraid we've hit a problem our end. Something you'll need to take care of.

HESSIAN

I thought I was dealing with professionals? Have I not delivered all that was promised so far?

SMOLOV

You have. But the thing you requested, the owner refuses to hand it over at the agreed price. He now wants double.

HESSIAN

I would've thought a man of your reputation could iron out small details such as this. No?

SMOLOV

Usually, yes. But in this case, the man has friends. Friends I can't be seen to upset, no matter how much he upsets me.

Smolov slides a piece of paper across the table, puts a brown restaurant take-away bag on top.

Hessian takes the paper, looks in the bag--

Full of bundled cash.

HESSIAN

Everything I need to know is on the paper?

SMOLOV

It is.

Hessian walks to the door, leaving the bag of money.

SMOLOV

You forgot your take-away.

HESSIAN

Comrade Smolov, we had a deal, one
I still intend to keep. We both
gave our word, I agreed my price.
Quite frankly, this is insulting.
Now you will see how I can get when
I myself get a little upset.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

Wolfe pushes his way in through the door, has a quick glance
around at those inside...

Mostly traveller types, sporting beards and backpacks.

A single video camera up on the wall.

Wolfe picks a computer, one with its screen facing away from
the camera.

Opening his E-mail, he clicks on the file.

A series of small folders fill the whole screen. Each marked
with dates or codes.

He opens the one with the most recent date, it reads...

Home life compromised. Reach to extended family. Call cousin
Aphrodite Takitoff.

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Tech types at a rapid pace, but comes to a sudden halt.

Reading code from one of her screens, she jumps back into
action, fingers moving quicker than before.

INT. INTERNET CAFE

Wolfe types 'Russian names - Takitoff' into a search engine.

A list of sites for Russian names appear. Scrolling down he
finds no mention of Takitoff.

He scrolls past a site for a strip club named Takitoff.

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Tech stops. She stretches out and rubs her eyes.

With a satisfied smile, she hits enter.

TECH

Seventeen minutes, eight seconds.

All three screens show the same image, the words 'Identity confirmed' flash up alongside...

A grainy still from inside the internet cafe, a man looking right into the lens... the man is Wolfe.

TECH

Thirteen months ago. Nigeria.

INT. CAR - DAY

Tinted windows, impossible for anyone to see in.

Behind the wheel, steering carefully through traffic...
CHINAMAN, 30's. The name sums him up.

In the passenger seat, listening intently on the phone...
RHINO, 30's. A large nose and burn scars over his skin.

TECH (V.O.)

...And I repeat, we need the sheets
brought in to check for stains.
It's no longer a complete sheet
change.

The Rhino hangs up, inputs a new destination into the sat-nav. A line plots the new route, only a few blocks away.

The Chinaman nods, pulls into the next lane, obeying the line on the screen.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Wolfe hurries in through the door.

WOLFE

Low, you home?

He waits for a response, nothing.

Something takes his attention. Something out of place. On the floor by the couch...

Lowenna's dictaphone.

Crouching down, he scoops it up. About to press play, when...

A floorboard CREAKS behind him.

Spinning around, Wolfe looks up at...

The MAID, 30's. The most ironic of nicknames. A man so big he could crush another man's skull with his bare hands.

One of those hands, clenched into a fist, arcing down towards Wolfe's head--

Wolfe rolls backwards, avoiding the blow by mere inches.

Maid steps forward, swinging a vicious one two combo, left then right--

Wolfe ducks and dodges, forced back towards the corner, no way out.

A fake and Wolfe flinches, a powerful kick comes instead--

Wolfe sidesteps, grabs the log sized limb, uses all his might to tip the big man over.

Seizing the chance, Wolfe runs for the door, leaping over his floored opponent--

A giant hand reaches up, connecting with Wolfe's foot, flipping him mid air--

Crashing down through a glass coffee table, opening little wounds on his face.

No time to waste, Wolfe pushes himself up, glass slicing his palms, he ignores the pain.

Maid is up too, cutting off the path to the door.

Wolfe adopts a boxer's stance, hands up, one foot forward.

Maid grins, pleased to be in a real fight.

He holds out a massive fist, expecting a knuckle bump, the sign of respect amongst fighters.

A reluctant Wolfe obliges, then springs to life--

Moving one way then the other, landing a good few blows to the body--

That barely fucking register.

Another grin from the man mountain, followed by a sharp backhand swipe, it connects--

Wolfe knocked sideways, sprawling over the couch.

He shakes off the blow, forcing himself back up.

A new plan needed.

Wolfe sprints for the stairs, managing to avoid a lunging grasp from one of those huge hands.

Up the stairs, along the hall to the furthest room.

LOWENNA'S BEDROOM

Wolfe slams the door shut, locking it behind him.

A leap across the bed, bouncing off into a perfect roll, he grabs the phone from the night stand.

Without breaking stride he heads into--

EN SUITE BATHROOM

Locking the door, phone in hand, ready to dial.

The sound of running water stops him, he glances sideways.

Dropping the phone, he falls to his knees.

Eyes welling up as he looks at--

Lowenna.

In the tub, neck bent at an unnatural angle, eyes still open--

Lifeless.

Water sprays down from the shower head.

Her hand still grips the shower curtain, pulled from its rings, now covering her modesty.

An accident. Or made to look like one.

In a daze, Wolfe vomits.

LOWENNA'S BEDROOM

The door smashes down, Maid charges in.

He spots the phone chord leading under the bathroom door, with a big grin, he clutches the wire.

EN SUITE BATHROOM

The phone slides across the floor slamming into the door, bouncing back no longer attached to anything.

Wolfe refocuses, steels himself.

Glancing around for any form of help, he spots the candles around the bath edge, but more importantly...

A LIGHTER.

LOWENNA'S BEDROOM

Maid positions himself at the door. Aiming a powerful kick at the handle, he smashes through, only to be met by--

A burst of fire that envelops his face.

Skin blistering in an instant, he lets out a blood curdling scream, clutching at his face as he stumbles backwards.

Wolfe tosses away the lighter along with a deodorant can.

Sprinting the few yards he can, gathering as much speed as possible, he jumps through the air, feet first--

Connecting with the big man's knee, snapping the leg backwards, sending him down in agony.

Blinded and crippled, Maid supports himself with one arm, aiming wild swings in the direction of Wolfe's footsteps with the other.

Wolfe slips off his shoes, socks allowing for silent steps.

He tosses a shoe to one side, Maid swings in the general direction, leaving his supporting arm exposed--

Wolfe plants the heel of his foot through the elbow, breaking the arm resulting in howls of pain--

Even more as the massive frame collapses on top.

Wolfe stalks his prey. Not done. Not yet.

He grabs the good arm with both hands, pulls hard towards himself, forcing his knee through the elbow, snapping it.

Wolfe spots Lowenna's curling iron, plugs it in--

A light flicks off, optimum heat.

Wolfe straddles Maid's chest, holding the curling iron to his throat, opening one of his singed eyes.

Pressing down hard, the iron sizzles through flesh.

Wolfe holds the eye open, making sure his uncompromising stare is the last thing Maid will ever see.

A few throaty gurgles, Maid's eye rolls up. It's over.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK

The Chinaman and The Rhino enter the building.

INT. LOWENNA'S BEDROOM

Wolfe carries Lowenna's body to the bed, wrapped in the shower curtain.

Her eyes now closed, he kisses her on the forehead, pulls a sheet over her face.

INT. ELEVATOR

Chinaman checks his lock-pick set. Rhino adds silencers to the ends of two pistols.

INT. LOWENNA'S BEDROOM

Wolfe goes through Maid's pockets, retrieves one single item, a phone.

Checking the phone he finds no messages. No stored numbers. Call log empty.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK

Chinaman and Rhino stride down the hallway.

INT. APARTMENT

Wolfe finds his phone on the desk where he left it, uses the dead mans to call his.

It rings but displays no number.

Wolfe closes his eyes, deep in thought.

A light clicking sounds from the door to the apartment.

He rushes over, peers through the peep hole.

PEEP HOLE VIEW of Rhino stood up straight, silenced pistols on display. Chinaman bent over, working the lock.

Stepping back, Wolfe looks around, his eyes drawn through to the kitchen, a magnetic holder holding...

A SET OF KITCHEN KNIVES.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK

Hattie's door opens, she steps out followed by an elderly gent, both dressed to impress.

Hattie spots Chinaman and Rhino.

HATTIE

Hey! What do you think you're doing?

Rhino looks to Chinaman, he nods an okay.

Rhino raises both pistols, fires two shots.

Hattie and the elderly gent fall, bullet wounds to the chest.

Chinaman unlocks the door, pushes it open.

INT. APARTMENT

Chinaman and Rhino sneak inside, guns held up, checking around, using hand signals to communicate.

Somewhere, a phone RINGS but instantly cuts out.

Rhino signals towards it, Chinaman leads.

Wolfe creeps up behind Rhino, grabs him around the throat plunging a knife high into his back, through his spine.

Rhino's body falls limp, paralysed but not dead.

Chinaman swings round, bringing up his pistol.

Using Rhino as a shield, Wolfe lifts the hand still holding the gun, pops off two quick shots.

A red mist explodes from Chinaman's knees, he falls to the floor, in pain but without making a sound.

Wolfe kicks the gun clear of his hand.

Raising Rhino's hand, Wolfe puts the silencer against his temple, leans back to avoid splatter, pulls the trigger.

Blood and brain sprays the wall.

Wolfe shows Chinaman a phone, presses call.

Somewhere else, another phone RINGS.

WOLFE

Basic distraction. Combat one, oh, one. Neat, huh?

Chinaman tries to crawl away, Wolfe presses a foot on one of his knees.

Chinaman writhes around, but still no sound.

WOLFE

After those first two shots I had an idea, but this confirms my suspicion. Resistance training, am I right?

Wolfe crouches over him, grabs him by the collar, looking him square in the eyes.

WOLFE

In a way, I'm gutted you two chose the formation you did. He had the look of a man who might talk. From what I can tell, you probably won't. But, I'm still gonna have fun finding out.

Wolfe smiles at the Chinaman, somehow managing to be both pleasant and menacing.

Chinaman's jaw moves, like he's chewing. A CRACK sounds inside his mouth.

His body convulses, foam dribbles down his chin.

WOLFE

No!

Wolfe opens up Chinaman's mouth, but it's too late.

WOLFE

Fuck!

Frustrated, Wolfe breaks the dead man's nose. Lands a few more blows to release his anger.

A SHORT WHILE LATER..

A selection of items on the desk--

Two silenced pistols. Extra mags. A lock-pick set. A single car key. Four phones. Lowenna's dictaphone.

Wolfe places a notepad down with his scribbled notes--

E-mail - Same as Africa - ((**TRUST NO-ONE**)).

File = Home compromised - Extended family.

Aphrodite Takitoff? - No results.

Files erased - **HOW????**

Big man at home - Quick response.

Two assassins - Pros (not pro enough).

Lowenna **NOT** target - Target = Me.

Wolfe stares at the notes, taps the word 'how', picking up his pencil, he adds a quick note...

Hack computer = Track phone - Go dark.

Grabbing his phone from the pile, he separates the battery and sim card.

Opening up his E-mail, he types two words...

MISSION FAILED

He sends it to himself, resulting in one unread mail.

Wolfe taps refresh, keeps tapping until...

The E-mail changes, no longer unread.

A phone on the desk vibrates, startling Wolfe. He stares at it buzzing on the spot.

Taking the dictaphone, he presses record, answers the phone.

A lengthy moment of silence.

WOLFE

What do you want?

HESSIAN (V.O.)

You'll never know, Mister Wolfe.

The call ends, Wolfe takes apart all the other phones.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Stepping into the hallway, a bag over his shoulder, Wolfe finds the elderly couples bodies in a pool of blood.

He checks Hattie's pulse, but he already knows.

WOLFE

I'm sorry, Hats.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Wolfe walks along the rows of parked cars, pressing the button on the car key.

The lights of a black car with tinted windows flash.

Wolfe checks the trunk. Empty.

INT. CAR

Wolfe checks under the seats, in the glove compartment, nothing of note.

He puts the key in the ignition, starts her up.

EXT. DINER - DAY

The kind of place you'd never recommend in a million years.

Only one customer, a homeless man. And even he hasn't finished his meal.

Wolfe strolls inside, takes a booth with a view of the door, sits with his back to the wall.

Pulling out his notepad, he adds a new note...

Man on phone - In charge??

A WAITRESS, probably in her thirties but could be anything up to fifties, places a menu in front of him and waits.

Wolfe takes a quick look, spelling mistakes galore, photos of unappealing food.

But he has to eat.

WOLFE

What do you recommend?

WAITRESS

All of it. That's my job.

WOLFE

Okay. Bacon, eggs and toast, with a black coffee please.

Waitress takes the order to the kitchen, comes back with a pot of coffee, fills his mug.

Without another word she takes a seat over at the counter, openly picks her nose.

Deciding whether he really has to eat, Wolfe glances around the place.

His gaze falls on a notice board. Pinned to it, a leaflet for a strip club, big neon letters that spell out...

TAKITOFF'S.

Wolfe rushes over, pulls it off the board.

Back at the booth he makes a note of the address, grabs his bag and heads for the door.

WAITRESS

Hey, what about your order?

Wolfe places twenty dollars by the homeless man.

WOLFE

Give it to this guy.

EXT. TAKITOFF'S PARKING LOT - DAY

In a part of town you wouldn't walk at night.

The black car with tinted windows parks up. Wolfe gets out, puts his bag in the trunk.

He tears off the paper with notes on, grabs the dictaphone, wallet and his dismantled phone.

INT. TAKITOFF'S ENTRANCE

A small area between the front doors and the doors to the club. A thumping base from inside.

On a stool, guarding the inner doors, is BIG DOORMAN. Behind a hatch with bars on, is COAT CHECKER.

Wolfe pushes through the front doors, Big Doorman up off his stool to meet him.

BIG DOORMAN

Arms out.

Wolfe lifts his arms, Big Doorman pats him down, pulls the phone pieces and dictaphone from his pocket.

BIG DOORMAN

No phones beyond this point.

WOLFE

It's not even put together.

Big Doorman points to a sign, it reads...

No phones beyond this point. No exceptions.

Wolfe nods an okay, Big doorman places it at the hatch, along with the dictaphone.

Before Coat Checker can take the items, Wolfe snatches the dictaphone back.

Big Doorman makes himself big, flexing his muscle.

WOLFE

I'm writing a book. I need to interview some of the ladies. Look.

Wolfe presses record.

WOLFE
Let him in, he's a neat guy.

A quick rewind, then play.

WOLFE (V.O.)
Let him in, he's a neat guy.

Big Doorman not convinced.

WOLFE
I'll be asking permission.

Still not convinced.

WOLFE
I've got a wallet full of cash.

Big Doorman pulls the door open, Wolfe takes a ticket from Coat Checker, goes inside.

Coat Checker takes Wolfe's phone, he shares a nod and a smile with Big Doorman.

INT. SMALL OFFICE

Coat Checker reassembles the phone, connects it to a computer alongside other hooked up phones.

Each phone uploading their videos and pictures, some way more seedy than others.

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Still in front of the three screens, Tech tucks into a salad. She reaches for her water, but stops when...

One screen changes from code to a map, a red dot flashing on a single location.

She makes a call.

HESSIAN (V.O.)
Status?

TECH
His phone's back on.

HESSIAN (V.O.)
Send housekeeping.

TECH

Can't we call The Mosquito? Make sure it's done right. This guy has already--

HESSIAN (V.O.)

--I said send housekeeping. Two units if you have to.

TECH

But da... I mean, sir, it's only six hours till--

HESSIAN (V.O.)

--I just gave you your orders. Get it fucking done.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Hessian tucks away his phone, looks down on...

NIKICA, 40's. A sword through his shoulder, stuck to the wall beneath a Samurai exhibit.

HESSIAN

Sorry about that. Sometimes you have to use colourful language to achieve the right results. Now, where were we?

Hessian lifts a scope with a small screen attached.

The screen shows the view through the scope, Nikica dead centre in the crosshairs.

Pressing a button on screen, Hessian zooms in, an extreme close-up of Nikica's face. He zooms back out.

Holding up a small device, Hessian blows on it. A wind speed reading appears on the screen.

HESSIAN

It really is impressive. I can understand why you wanted more, but a deal is a deal. So, where's the rest?

NIKICA

Fuck you. Do you know who I am?

HESSIAN

If I had a dime. The problem you have is, you don't seem to know who I am. I ask again, where is it?

A subconscious look to a painting on the wall from Nikica, noted by Hessian.

HESSIAN
Interesting.

Hessian walks across the room, stepping over dead bodies as he goes.

More bodies lie all around the room, most with head shots, one with a knife in his chest, a couple with broken necks.

Pulling off the painting, Hessian knocks on the wall resulting in a hollow sound.

HESSIAN
This is where you tell me I'm so
hot I'm on the sun.

Hessian punches through the wall, rips away the plasterboard, pulls out a briefcase.

NIKICA
You think you can get away with
this? My father will--

Cut off by a bullet spraying his brains over the wall.

Hessian tucks away a silenced pistol, he opens the briefcase to reveal a--

SNIPER RIFLE

Divided into four sections, along with six bullets.

Heading for the exit, a footstep sounds behind Hessian, he draws his pistol and aims at--

A BOY, no more than eight, frozen by fear.

Hessian's finger tightens on the trigger, then relaxes.

HESSIAN
One of these your father?

Confusion on Boy's face.

NOTE: Hessian now speaks in Russian.

HESSIAN
Your father, is he here?

Boy nods, points to Nikica.

HESSIAN
Do you know better than to speak to
the police?

Boy nods again.

HESSIAN

Good. One day you'll understand this. The bag by your father is yours now. Hide it before the police arrive. Sometime in the future, if you decide to come find me, make sure you're ready first. Know that I will be.

Boy watches Hessian leave, he opens the bag by his father--
Full with bricks of money.

INT. TAKITOFF'S STRIP CLUB - DAY

Scantily clad strippers do the rounds, some carrying drink trays, others flirt with patrons.

Spotlights light up a catwalk stage, on it one stripper swings upside down from a pole, legs wide open.

Another rubs her ample breasts on the head of a bald guy in the front row.

Wolfe heads for the bar, cut off by a BLONDE STRIPPER.

BLONDE STRIPPER

Hey there handsome, you wanna dance?

WOLFE

No. Thanks. I'm looking for someone.

BLONDE STRIPPER

Maybe you just found her. I can show you all sorts of things.

WOLFE

I'm looking for a particular clothes removal expert, goes by the name of Aphrodite.

BLONDE STRIPPER

Ain't nobody by that name here. Maybe I can take your mind off her?

WOLFE

I doubt it.

Wolfe pushes past, makes his way to the bar.

BLONDE STRIPPER

Asshole.

Wolfe leans up against the bar, signals the BARMAN.

Along the bar, seated on a stool looking out across the club, is WALKER, 40's. Face neutral, eyes alert.

Barman stops opposite Wolfe.

BARMAN

What can I do you for, chief?
Cocktails two for one.

WOLFE

I'm looking for one of the girls,
has the stage name Aphrodite. You
know her?

Walker's curiosity peaks at the use of the name, he strides across the club.

BARMAN

Only been here a week, haven't got
to know all the names yet.

Wolfe places a twenty on the bar.

WOLFE

What about now?

Barman pockets the cash.

BARMAN

Thanks, but like I say, I don't
know that many in here. If you
wanna drink, I can do that.

WOLFE

Southern Comfort, ice, no lime.
Make it a large one.

Barman pours the drink, Wolfe drops another twenty.

Across the club, Walker converses with a stripper with big blonde hair, wearing little clothing.

For now, we'll call her APHRODITE, 30's. If you came for a dance, she'd be first choice in this place by a mile.

She saunters across the club, takes a seat next to Wolfe, puts a hand on his knee.

APHRODITE

Hey, baby, I hear you been lookin
for me.

WOLFE

Aphrodite?

APHRODITE

You can call me whatever you like,
baby.

WOLFE

I think we need to talk.

APHRODITE

Mumma's sugar don't come for free.

WOLFE

I've got money. There somewhere we can talk in private?

INT. PRIVATE ROOM

A mixture of red and purple drapes down the walls, one of the walls holds a long mirror.

In the centre of the room, a dentists style chair with clasps on the arm and foot rests.

Aphrodite leads Wolfe to the chair, sits him down.

Walker stands up against the wall, poker faced.

WOLFE

I was hoping we could talk alone.

APHRODITE

Sure thing, baby, but you'll have to put your arms in these.

She signals the arm clasps.

APHRODITE

Some of the guys like to get a bit handsy when we're alone. I'm sure a handsome fella like you wouldn't be so naughty, but you understand, don't you babe?

WOLFE

Can we just talk? It's important.

WALKER

You know the rules, pal. The door's that way.

Wolfe considers, he NEEDS to talk, reluctantly nods.

Aphrodite straps him in, Walker slips through a hidden door by the mirror.

Aphrodite sits on Wolfe, grinds against his crotch, her flowing locks caressing his face.

WOLFE

I just wanna talk. This isn't necessary.

APHRODITE

You talk all you want, baby,
mumma's listening.

Aphrodite stands with her feet on either side, bends over towards his toes, her pert ass seemingly on offer.

WOLFE

Can you just stop?

Aphrodite reaches down under the chair, coming back up with a pistol. Jumping off, she aims at his chest.

NOTE: Aphrodite now talks in her natural English accent.

APHRODITE

Where did you hear the name
Aphrodite?

WOLFE

You're English?

APHRODITE

Most of you dumb Americans would
say British.

WOLFE

My mom was English.

Aphrodite cracks him across the head with her gun.

APHRODITE

Where did you hear the name?

Wolfe focuses after the blow, but stays silent.

Walker enters carrying a tablet, forces one of Wolfe's hands flat on the screen.

It takes a full palm and fingerprint reading, he heads back through the door.

APHRODITE

I don't like to ask the same
question more than twice.

WOLFE

We've all got problems. I don't
like slutty blondes, more of a
redhead kind of g--

Cut off by a punch to the mouth.

Walker signals Aphrodite to follow him.

WOLFE

You hit like a girl.

Wolfe waits for her to leave, spits out a mouthful of blood.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM

High tech equipment all around, Wolfe visible through the two way mirror.

Walker points to a computer screen linked to the tablet, Aphrodite reads a detailed file on Wolfe--

Full name. Birth date. School and college records. His six years marine service. A couple of years spent in England, no details. Current job and employers.

Walker draws her attention to a box at the bottom of the page, it contains two words--

DORMANT ASSET.

APHRODITE

How is this possible?

WALKER

I'm working it. But from what I can gather, it's legit.

Walker clicks a button, brings up a newspaper report, dated thirteen months ago. The headline...

'American journalists fight for lives in Nigeria shooting'.

Another click, another headline...

'Nigeria journalists: One dead, one clings to life'.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM

Now fully clothed, Aphrodite approaches Wolfe.

WOLFE

Come to try and turn me on some more? I told you, I'm not into whorish blondes.

Aphrodite pulls off the blonde wig, revealing she's a redhead. She releases him from his clasps.

APHRODITE

I need to know how you found me, Mister Wolfe.

Wolfe pulls the dictaphone, presses play.

WOLFE (V.O.)

What do you want?

HESSIAN (V.O.)
You'll never know, Mister Wolfe.

WOLFE
It started with an e-mail this morning, it has something to do with that voice.

APHRODITE
Who is it?

Wolfe hands over the paper with his notes on.

WOLFE
This is all I have.

APHRODITE
What do you know of the name Hessian?

WOLFE
Hessian? German mercenaries hired by the Brits in the eighteen hundreds.

APHRODITE
Not the historical name.

WOLFE
Who are you?

APHRODITE
My name is Elizabeth Faraway. MI6. Only five people know my code name, and you're none of them.

NOTE: Aphrodite will now be known as FARAWAY.

EXT. TAKITOFF'S PARKING LOT - DAY

Two black SUVs pull in. Both with tinted windows. Ominous.

HENCHMEN#1-3 get out of one SUV, each carrying either a silenced pistol or silenced assault rifle.

HENCHMEN#4-6 get out from the other, each with their own silenced weapons.

Henchman#6 opens the door for...

The PROFESSOR, 40's. Named for his teacher like appearance, tweed jacket with elbow pads, as well as his former job.

Professor signals Henchmen#1 and #2 one way around the building, #3 and #4 the other way.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM

Faraway pulls a selection of photos up on a large screen, laid out in a pyramid formation.

The top photo remains blank, a question mark in its place, HESSIAN written alongside.

Some of the photos are of the men outside.

Wolfe points to three of them, Rhino, Chinaman and Maid, code names and real names alongside.

WOLFE

These are the three. You can add deceased to the records.

FARAWAY

You killed all three?

WOLFE

Well, technically, I only killed two. This guy here, The Chinaman, ate a tooth. I've got verification of all three on my phone.

FARAWAY

Where is your phone?

WOLFE

Security took it. No phones beyond this point.

Faraway and Walker share a look, one of concern.

Walker opens up security cam footage from the building. He pulls up footage from inside the small office that shows a line of phones all hooked up, including Wolfe's.

Faraway looks at the smaller screens within the screen.

FARAWAY

Bring up seven, eight and nine.

They show the seven mercenaries moving into position at the front, side and back exits.

FARAWAY

Shit.

Walker opens up a chest, pulls out a fake bottom, comes out with a selection of weapons.

WOLFE

Is there another way out of here?

FARAWAY

Only through them. We need to get everyone out.

WALKER

On it.

Walker types into a computer, sounds a FIRE ALARM.

INT. TAKITOFF'S STRIP CLUB

All lights come on in unison with the alarm, sprinklers spray water down.

Strippers and patrons scream and shout, pushing and shoving, charging for the exits.

EXT. TAKITOFF'S PARKING LOT

Professor approaches the doors, Henchmen#5 and #6 with him.

The doors burst open, a swarm of wet people barge their way through, tripping over one another.

Henchman#6 panics, opens fire, bullets tearing through Blonde Stripper, as well as a few others.

Strippers and patrons scream, running for cover.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM

Wolfe watches the killings on screen, he grabs a gun.

FARAWAY

What are you doing?

WOLFE

We can't do nothing.

FARAWAY

We'll take care of it. You wait here.

WOLFE

But--

FARAWAY

--But nothing. They want you, therefore you must be important. Stay here.

EXT. TAKITOFF'S PARKING LOT

The bodies pile up, the Henchman#6 still firing.

Professor strolls up, puts a bullet in Henchman#6's head, spraying blood and brain over an unlucky few.

PROFESSOR
Nobody fucking move.

The crowd keep moving, Professor fires shots on the ground by their feet, bringing them to a halt.

PROFESSOR
We're not here for you. As a man of science, I adapt myself to the results provided. You all just stay calm, don't move, and no-one else gets hurt. Understood?

Scared nods from most of the crowd. Big Doorman edges away from the group, runs for cover.

Professor aims carefully, taking into account speed and direction, he fires a single shot.

A puff of red mist from Big Doorman's head, his body falls.

Professor aims at the crowd, pops off two shots, killing two random targets.

PROFESSOR
The results from this experiment should prove useful to those going through the same thought process. Whilst I don't wish to kill you all, I've got no problem with that scenario. No problem at all. Understood?

Professor points to Barman.

PROFESSOR
You, come forward.

INT. TAKITOFF'S STRIP CLUB

Wolfe wipes water from his face, watching as Faraway and Walker approach their respective back and side exits.

Entering through the front door, a nervous Barman holds up a phone. Faraway and Walker aim at him.

BARMAN
Are you Wolfe?

WOLFE
I am.

Wolfe points to Faraway and Walker, puts a finger to his lips. Barman nods his understanding.

BARMAN

This is for you.

He tosses over the phone, edges back out.

Faraway and Walker join Wolfe, he puts it on speaker, they listen hard over the alarm.

WOLFE

This is Wolfe.

PROFESSOR (V.O.)

This may come as a surprise, given recent events, but I'm not here to kill you. My colleague stepped out of line and has been punished accordingly. I hope you understand?

WOLFE

Not really. What do you want?

PROFESSOR (V.O.)

You, Mister Wolfe. I consider myself a reasonable man, so I'll give you two minutes to come outside with your hands up. Understood?

WOLFE

And if I don't?

PROFESSOR (V.O.)

If people equal time, you only have a certain amount of minutes before we come in anyway. Do the math, provide your workings. Your time starts now.

The call ends. Faraway looks to Walker.

FARAWAY

Two minutes, quick and clean. Quiet if possible. Lets go.

WOLFE

And me?

FARAWAY

If we don't come back, do whatever the fuck you want. Try not to die would be my advice.

Faraway runs to the side exit, checks her phone showing security footage of the alley, two Henchmen#1 and #2 aiming at a handful of captives.

Walker gets to the back door, checks the security footage, Henchmen#3 and #4 guard a dozen or so hostages.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

The side doors burst open, Henchmen#1 and #2 raise their guns, Faraway stumbles out acting the scared stripper.

FARAWAY

No please, please don't shoot me.
God no, I don't wanna die.

Henchman#2 moves in on her, out of view from Henchman#1, Faraway pulls a knife, rams it in his throat.

Before Henchman#1 can react, she throws the knife through the air, plunging into his chest.

Picking up a silenced assault rifle, she adjusts the rate of fire, puts a short burst of bullets into both Henchmen.

She sprints down the alley.

EXT. TAKITOFF'S PARKING LOT

Professor checks his watch, 1:12, 1:11, 1:10.

EXT. TAKITOFF'S REAR

The back door swings open, Walker rolls out. He fires a shot blowing a hole in one Henchman#3's head.

Henchman#4 aims, Walker aims, they shoot together.

Henchman#4 goes down holding his shoulder, Walker falls clutching his throat, blood pouring between his fingers.

EXT. TAKITOFF'S PARKING LOT

Another glance at the watch, :38, :37, :36.

EXT. TAKITOFF'S REAR

Henchman#4 sits up holding his shoulder, pulls out his phone.

Faraway rounds the corner at full speed.

Henchman#4 presses call, lifts the phone to his ear.

Faraway stops, aims the rifle. She holds a deep breath, total concentration, pulls the trigger.

A bullet pierces Henchman#4's hand, destroys his phone, snaps his head sideways.

She rushes over to Walker, lying in a pool of his own blood. No need to check for life, she charges on.

INT. TAKITOFF'S STRIP CLUB

Pacing back and forth, Wolfe pulls out his gun, places it on the stage.

A deep breath, he heads for the door.

EXT. TAKITOFF'S PARKING LOT

Professor's watch shows :10, :09, :08, he signals to the Henchman#5 to select a target.

Henchman#5 pulls out a screaming stripper, puts a gun to her head, finger on the trigger.

Looking at his watch, Professor raises his hand.

Faraway rounds the corner, without breaking stride she fires a quick burst, bullets ripping into Henchman#5.

Professor quick to react, fires a single shot, it hits Faraway square in the chest, slamming her to the ground.

She lies still.

PROFESSOR

All of you, you're dismissed.

None of the hostages move, Professor aims at them.

PROFESSOR

Leave. Now!

The group disperse in all directions. Professor grabs Barman, holds the gun to his head.

PROFESSOR

Not you. You're coming with me.

INT. TAKITOFF'S STRIP CLUB

Feet splashing through an inch of water, a drenched Wolfe nears the front door.

It bursts open, Barman stumbles in, Professor holding him at arms length, using him as a shield.

WOLFE

Woah, woah. I was just coming out.
I still have ten seconds left.

PROFESSOR

Your time keeping is atrocious,
Mister Wolfe. My colleagues have
been terminated, as have yours.

WOLFE

You want me not him. Let him go.
I'm unarmed, look.

Wolfe lifts his pant legs, holds up his top, spinning to prove he has no weapons.

EXT. TAKITOFF'S PARKING LOT

Faraway's foot twitches, she sits up. Struggling for breath, she claws at her top, ripping it open to reveal...

A bullet proof vest, a bullet lodged dead centre.

Ripping off the vest, she gulps in oxygen.

INT. TAKITOFF'S STRIP CLUB

Professor keeps Barman at arms length, gun trained on Wolfe.

WOLFE

You said you were reasonable. He's just a barman. He has nothing to do with any of this.

PROFESSOR

Right now he's a major player. Tell me what you know.

WOLFE

Once you let him go.

Professor puts the gun against Barman's head. Barman closes his eyes to try and hide his fear.

PROFESSOR

What about now?

INT. TAKITOFF'S ENTRANCE

Faraway peers through the door, Professor hidden from view behind a floor to ceiling column.

She sneaks through the door.

INT. TAKITOFF'S STRIP CLUB

Wolfe catches a glimpse of Faraway sneaking her way around behind Professor.

He raises his voice so she can hear.

WOLFE

Look, we both want him to live. I know you don't want to kill him, it's the only way you get to find out valuable information.

PROFESSOR

Keep stalling, Mister Wolfe. Time is not on your side, whereas this is fine for me and my employer. But, I can see you don't value this mans life.

Professor forces Barman to his knees, gun to his head, finger on the trigger.

PROFESSOR

He just cost you everything.

Faraway puts her pistol to Professor's head.

FARAWAY

I say he lives. Drop the gun.

Professor holds up his hands, lets his gun swing on his finger.

FARAWAY

Get out of here Kenny.

Kenny, the Barman, sprints out of the club.

Wolfe approaches Professor, reaches for his gun--

In a flash, Professor drops into a low sweep kick taking out Faraway's legs, he raises the gun on Wolfe--

Who knocks the gun from his hand sending it skimming across the wet floor.

Wolfe throws a punch, blocked by martial art speed reflexes, Professor counters with a roundhouse kick--

Connecting with Wolfe's jaw, sending him down with a splash.

Faraway reaches for her gun--

Without turning, Professor flicks his leg back, his foot slamming into her face--

The same foot comes forward, the momentum allowing for a front flip-kick--

Wolfe jumps back, avoiding the kick by inches.

Professor lands, feet splashing on impact. He adopts a martial arts stance--

Wolfe charges forward, dives at him--

Dropping into the splits, Professor helps him through the air, slamming him into the column.

Faraway darts forward throwing a combination of jabs--

Professor drops his hands, uses sharp body movements to avoid the blows--

He grabs one wrist, then the other, pulls Faraway forward, plants a kiss on her--

Wrists held, she launches a headbutt--

He dodges with ease, lands a powerful front kick to her stomach sending her rolling backwards over the wet carpet.

Wolfe pushes himself up, body hurting, he comes forward.

Professor launches a quick one two, left, right, Wolfe blocks them both, a third strike comes fast, breaking his nose.

Wolfe stumbles backwards, blood pouring from his nostrils.

Coming forward, Professor pulls his leg back, swings forward for another flip-kick--

Faraway grabs his leg mid flow, pulls hard, he staggers forward off balance, head down--

Wolfe seizes the chance, lands a brutal elbow to the top of Professor's skull sending him down hard.

Wolfe and Faraway each take a side, throwing savage punches, his head bouncing from side to side from alternate blows.

Face being pounded into a bloody mess, he died six punches ago, they continue on, expending all their energy.

Faraway collapses, totally spent. Wolfe throws one final, unnecessary blow, collapses too.

They lie either side of the dead man, chests heaving, water streaming down from above.

WOLFE

I've never done it like that before.

FARAWAY

Me either.

WOLFE

How was it for you?

FARAWAY

Finished too quick. Typical. I was just getting into it.

WOLFE

I'm easily satisfied. That was fine in my book.

INT. CAR

Wolfe gets in the passenger seat, Faraway behind the wheel. They toss a selection of silenced guns in the back.

Checking his nose in the mirror, Wolfe cracks it back into place, fighting the pain.

Sirens wailing, a fire truck pulls into the parking lot, parks in front of the strip club. Firemen get out.

WOLFE

Should we tell them?

FARAWAY

Police will be here soon. We need to get you out of here.

Faraway starts up the car, pulls out onto the street joining the flow of traffic.

WOLFE

I'd say the police is a good thing, isn't it?

FARAWAY

First off, we don't know who we can trust, who's watching where. Second, the Professor in there made out as if something is on the cards in the near future. And--

WOLFE

--That's the impression I got too.

FARAWAY

And third, I wasn't sure about telling you this at first. I don't think it matters now though. But even if the police are clean, we don't have time to waste while they question you.

WOLFE

Why just me? Why not you?

FARAWAY

I'm a British agent, I'd be out in minutes due to our countries special relationship. You on the other hand, you're wanted for six murders.

WOLFE

Are you fucking kidding me? You didn't think that was worth mentioning?

FARAWAY

I guess we're all holding something back.

WOLFE

And that means what exactly?

FARAWAY

You tell me.

WOLFE

I have no idea.

FARAWAY

Really? So maybe you can tell me what you were doing for two years in England twenty years ago?

WOLFE

Exploring the English countryside. Getting to know my roots.

FARAWAY

If you say so.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Tech reads through a basic police report on her screen. The mention of Takitoff's, sixteen bodies on scene.

She dials her phone.

HESSIAN (V.O.)

Status?

TECH

I haven't been able to get through to housekeeping. Multiple beds have been reported changed, but no confirmation of the king size.

HESSIAN (V.O.)

Noted. Anything else?

TECH

Time is getting shorter. I think you should allow me to call The Mosquito.

HESSIAN (V.O.)

No. I'll--

TECH

But--

HESSIAN (V.O.)

I'll call him myself.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Dimly lit, damp on the walls, a few utility machines up against one wall.

In the centre of the room, in a handstand position, is...

The MOSQUITO, 30's. An incredibly handsome man, only wearing boxer shorts, showing off a body to match his looks.

He lowers himself down, then pushes back up, handstand pushups all taking place on his knuckles.

On the floor, within reach, his phone RINGS.

He lowers himself onto his head, neck muscles straining against under his weight.

Keeping supreme balance, Mosquito answers the call.

MOSQUITO

Sir?

HESSIAN (V.O.)

Where are you?

MOSQUITO

I found a hospitable inn.

HESSIAN (V.O.)

Will it be a problem?

MOSQUITO

Not for me.

HESSIAN (V.O.)

Good. I need your expertise.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

At the sink washing dishes, is SINGLE MOM, 20's. Showing a few signs of a tough life, but still attractive.

A large smile creeps across her face as Mosquito enters, now wearing a pristine suit and carrying a briefcase.

SINGLE MOM

Hi.

MOSQUITO

Hello.

SINGLE MOM

Was the basement okay for your workout?

MOSQUITO

Most satisfactory.

SINGLE MOM

I don't want you to get the wrong impression of me. I don't usually pick up guys like this. I'd really like to see you again.

MOSQUITO

You've got nothing to worry about.

Mosquito walks up behind her at the sink, slides his hands up her skirt, pulls down her panties.

Mosquito drops his pants, Single Mom bites her lip in anticipation.

Thrusting into her, she lets out a pleasurable moan.

Gritting his teeth, Mosquito thrusts hard and fast, his skin thwacking against hers.

Single Mom moans louder, gripping the sink for support.

Mosquito slides a hand up her back, pushing her down for a better angle.

She tries to stifle her moans, mouth open, face flushed.

Sliding his hand up to her head, Mosquito pushes her face down into the dirty sink water.

Lifting her head, she takes a deep breath.

SINGLE MOM

No. I don't like--

Cut off as he forces her face back into the water, still thrusting himself hard into her.

Single Mom struggles to lift her face, her arms flail as she tries to fight back.

Overpowering her, Mosquito fucks on, emotionless.

Arms dropping over the sink, Single Mom falls limp.

Finally excited, Mosquito pounds on.

A few more powerful thrusts and he erupts, breathing rapid, face contorting.

He slides away, letting her body drop to the floor, he pulls up his pants.

Turning on the tap, he splashes cold water over his satisfied face, bringing his breathing under control.

Mosquito picks up his briefcase, moves to the back door.

A quick glance back, he notices something across the room. He ignores it, checks the coast is clear, sneaks out.

Across the kitchen, asleep in a crib, a newly orphaned baby.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Amongst dilapidated buildings, with cracked blacktop and a rusty fence barely able to support itself.

Mosquito strides towards a well polished black car with tinted windows.

Leaning up against it are THUG#1 and THUG#2.

THUG#1

This your car, bro?

THUG#2

Course it's his car, man.
Motherfucker up in here with his
fancy ass suit, wearin those faggot
ass shoes.

THUG#1

Yo, check out his pretty lil purse.
Bitch be screamin faggot.

MOSQUITO

Is there a problem with my car,
gentlemen?

THUG#2

Nah, no problem, man. Not with your
ride anyways.

MOSQUITO

Would you care to step away? I have
somewhere important to be.

THUG#2

That so?

THUG#1

Yo, he probably be late to meet his boyfriend. Bitch PMSin that he won't have enough time to fit in his dress.

MOSQUITO

I don't feel like my request was unreasonable. Now, listen up you ignorant cretins, promptly move away from the vehicle.

THUG#1

Or what, bitch?

Thug#1 steps forward wearing a knuckle-duster, Thug#2 follows with a small flick knife.

Stepping back into open space, Mosquito places down his briefcase, rolls up his sleeves.

Thug#1 aims a powerful blow at his head--

Mosquito dodges, countering with a swift jab to Thug#1's throat, blood spurts from his mouth.

Thug#2 rushes forward, wildly swinging the knife.

Staying calm, Mosquito times his move to perfection--

Grabbing Thug#2's hand, using his momentum against him, he forces the knife back into the man's throat.

Blood spurts out onto Mosquito's suit. He calms himself at the annoyance of a ruined outfit.

Leaving the two men to die where they fell, he opens the trunk of his car.

Contents laid out in a neat order, he pulls out a new, pristine suit in a plastic cover.

He strips off where he stands, changes suits.

Folding his blood stained suit, he tucks it neatly away in the trunk.

Lifting out a hidden compartment, he pulls out a selection of fake ID's, pocketing an FBI one, storing the others.

Mosquito jumps into his car, drives away.

INT. LOCKUP - DAY

Other than a light and a fuse box on the wall, an empty room.

A car pulls in. Wolfe and Faraway get out.

FARAWAY

Get the door.

Faraway turns on the light, Wolfe pulls the door across shutting them in.

Opening the fuse box, Faraway pulls out a fake panel revealing a retinal scanner.

She places her head against the machine, it scans her eyes.

A message reads-- VOICE CONFIRMATION.

FARAWAY

Faraway. Elizabeth. Three, one,
eight, two, one, eight, two, zero,
two, three.

A voice signature appears on screen, a new message appears--
RETINA AND VOICE IDENTIFICATION ACCEPTED.

On the back wall, a secret door swings open.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

A room without windows, a couple of doors to the sides. Basic furnishings including a computer on a desk.

FARAWAY

There's a bathroom through there.
First aid kit's in the cabinet. I
need to get cleaned up and make a
few calls.

Faraway heads through one of the doors, a quick glimpse of a bedroom and the door shuts.

INT. BATHROOM

Wolfe stares at himself in the mirror. Blood smeared from small cuts, black eyes from his broken nose.

He uses a Q-tip to clean out his bloody nostrils, eyes watering during the task.

Splashing water over his face, blood washes away down the plug hole.

Taking antiseptic from the first aid kit, he dabs his cuts, each dab causing a sharp sting.

INT. SAFE HOUSE

Seated on the couch, Wolfe takes out his pencil and paper, re-writes his notes.

Closing his eyes, Wolfe breathes in through his nose, out through his mouth, achieving a meditative state.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - FLASHBACK - DAY

A hazy image of traveller types at computers, unable to make out their faces clearly.

The camera on the wall.

An obscure view of a computer, words blurred on the screen.

The odd word morphs into focus, starting with APHRODITE.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. TAKITOFF'S PARKING LOT - DAY

Onlookers stand behind police tape cordoning off the area.

Police cars parked up. Officers milling around the scene, talking into radios, carrying evidence bags.

A paramedic zips a body bag over Big Doorman. Four men struggle to lift him onto a gurney.

Mosquito ducks under the tape, strides towards the entrance. A COP cuts him off.

COP

Sorry, sir. You'll have to stay on the other side of the tape.

Mosquito pulls his fake FBI badge.

MOSQUITO

Who's the primary?

COP

Guy by the entrance, Detective Gonzalez. He's in a suit you probably wouldn't be seen dead in.

Mosquito nods his appreciation at the compliment as well as the help. Cop watches him go, checking him out with a smile.

By the entrance, a CSI team take photos of shell casings and the chalk outlines atop the blood stained floor.

Amongst the CSI team, is Detective GONZALEZ, 50's, a tired looking man in a cheap suit.

He makes a gun with his hand, playing out his version of the scene in his own head.

MOSQUITO
Detective Gonzalez?

GONZALEZ
Who's askin'?

Mosquito shows his badge.

MOSQUITO
Special agent Johnson, FBI.

GONZALEZ
Don't you guys come in pairs?

MOSQUITO
Special circumstances. What can you tell me?

GONZALEZ
You come to steal my figures or somethin? I need this.

MOSQUITO
I believe what happened here may be related to a case I'm working on.

GONZALEZ
So I do all the foreplay and you finish her off? That it?

Mosquito signals for Gonzalez to follow him, they move out of earshot of the other cops.

MOSQUITO
I understand your concerns. You mentioned my being alone. The truth is, and this stays between you and I, but I believe the individual responsible here is also why I'm currently waiting on a new partner. You follow?

Gonzalez nods his understanding, now less hostile. He points to a police tech.

GONZALEZ
Ask him for a copy of the security footage. Haven't checked it out myself yet, tryin to get a feel for the scene, ya know? They're sayin it's a real doozy.

MOSQUITO
Thank-you, Detective.

Mosquito strides towards the police tech.

GONZALEZ

Agent Johnson, try and leave
somethin for me. We've all gotta
eat.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Faraway walks in buttoning up her shirt.

Wolfe snaps out of his meditative state, stares at the bruise
on her chest.

FARAWAY

You not get a good enough look
earlier?

WOLFE

I wasn't. Sorry. The bruise. Looks
sore.

FARAWAY

Would've been worse if I wasn't
wearing a vest.

WOLFE

You're not wrong.

He pulls his collar down to show his shoulder, revealing a
gunshot scar.

Lifting his shirt, he shows off another above his kidney.

WOLFE

This was the one that nearly took
me to the bright lights.

FARAWAY

Nigeria?

WOLFE

When you're chasing storms, you
risk being struck by lightning. And
to be fair, I was warned not to go
to the meet.

FARAWAY

You were warned? By who?

WOLFE

I don't know, but that's why I
spent five months doing an article
on hacking. I was trying to figure
out who sent the e-mail.

FARAWAY

The same e-mail address that sent
the files this morning?

WOLFE

Yep.

Wolfe writes the e-mail address under his notes - a seemingly random selection of words. He tosses the pad to Faraway.

WOLFE

This is everything I know.

INT. MOSQUITO'S CAR - DAY

As immaculate on the inside as it is on the outside.

Mosquito cruises amongst the traffic, keeping within the speed limit, signalling when he has to.

In a holder in the centre console, his phone rings.

MOSQUITO

What have you got?

TECH (V.O.)

The woman in the footage, she's a British spy. I've sent you the details.

MOSQUITO

You're certain?

TECH (V.O.)

One hundred percent.

MOSQUITO

Interesting. How are they connected?

TECH (V.O.)

It's unclear so far. I'm digging, but I have to be careful with this one.

MOSQUITO

I understand. Does your father know?

TECH (V.O.)

I was hoping he wouldn't need to. I found an address for a safe house.

MOSQUITO

I recommend you pass this information to him sooner rather than later. However, consider me on my way.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A suburban neighbourhood, nice houses and little traffic.

Hessian's black SUV pulled over at the curb. The driver's window down, Pilot behind the wheel.

Hessian pulls a spare tyre from the trunk, rolls it over to a jack and lug wrench by the back wheel.

Nothing appears wrong with the back wheel.

A limo with tinted windows pulls up behind the SUV. 'Chinese Embassy' on the license plate.

DRIVER, 40's, a Chinese man in chauffeur attire, gets out. He walks over to Hessian.

DRIVER
Need some help?

HESSIAN
I don't mind getting my hands
dirty, but go ahead.

Driver uses the jack to raise the SUV.

Hessian notices the radio device in Driver's ear, unable to clearly make out the voice speaking to him.

He glances at the limo with a smile.

DRIVER
I hope this doesn't hold up your
schedule.

HESSIAN
Not at all, I only have one more
errand to run today. I'm still very
much on track.

Attaching the lug wrench, Driver loosens the nuts.

DRIVER
Well, I hope you've had a good day
up until now. I wouldn't want this
to add to any stress that may have
come your way.

HESSIAN
A pro like me doesn't feel stress.
I just do my job. Any problems I
encounter get solved.

Driver pulls off the wheel, puts the spare in its place. He uses the lug wrench to fasten it on.

DRIVER

You seem like the right man to get things done. I feel like China could be a good destination for work.

HESSIAN

It's been suggested to me before. I prefer a low profile, it wouldn't be as easy for me to blend in. Russia is more appealing.

DRIVER

Understandable, but still a shame.

Driver lowers the SUV off the jack, Hessian helps put the tools and tyre in the trunk.

INT. SUV

Hessian climbs in the passenger side.

Driver knocks on the window, Hessian rolls it down.

DRIVER

Just tell me one thing, what makes a man happy to take his own country to war?

HESSIAN

I admired your professionalism for a while there, it's a rare thing these days. And I could ask you the same thing, but I won't.

Hessian taps the dash board, Pilot starts up and pulls away.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Faraway uses both hands to type at her computer, listening to the phone tucked between her ear and shoulder.

FARAWAY

... When?... You're sure of the connection?... Okay, I'll get back to you.

She pulls up a report on the computer. Details of the killings at an art gallery.

Faraway signals Wolfe over, points at the screen.

FARAWAY

Earlier today, a Russian arms dealer was killed at a gallery.

A gallery that shared a name with one of the words you noted.

WOLFE

It says here he had links with military coups in Africa.

FARAWAY

Do you believe in coincidence?

WOLFE

About as much as I believe in Santa Claus.

FARAWAY

Hessian is in town, and he's planning something big. We need to find a needle in a field of haystacks. Today.

Wolfe takes a seat on the couch, massages his temples, closing his eyes to think.

He leaps up.

WOLFE

I think I know how.

EXT. LOCKUP - DAY

Faraway pulls the door shut, locks it. She jumps in the passenger side of the car.

The car drives down the alley, pulls out onto the street.

INT. MOSQUITO'S CAR

Mosquito drives along the street, the Sat-Nav indicating his destination in the next alley.

He watches Wolfe's car pull out, unable to see through its tinted windows-- it seems familiar.

Pulling over to the curb, he makes a note of license plate, makes a call.

TECH (V.O.)

What do you need?

MOSQUITO

Send me a list of our cars, in particular the license plates.

TECH (V.O.)

You not gonna say please?

MOSQUITO

Maybe I'll call your father and ask
him instead.

TECH (V.O.)

No need to be an ass about it.
They're already sent.

MOSQUITO

Thank-you.

Mosquito clicks off the call.

Scrolling through the sent information, he finds a matching
license plate.

Through the windshield, Wolfe's car turns a corner.

Mosquito smiles, starts up the car, speeds forward.

EXT. STREETS

Mosquito's car overtakes a couple of vehicles, slows down at
the corner, pulls out joining traffic on the next street.

INT. MOSQUITO'S CAR

Through the windshield, Wolfe's car visible a few cars ahead.

Mosquito overtakes a vehicle, keeping with the speed of the
other traffic, not drawing attention to himself.

EXT. STREETS

Wolfe's car stops at a red light.

Mosquito's car pulls up two cars behind.

INT. WOLFE'S CAR

Wolfe taps his finger on the wheel, Faraway leans her head
against the window, eyes on the side view mirror.

INT. MOSQUITO'S CAR

Pulling his silenced pistol from his jacket, Mosquito checks
the clip, makes sure the silencer is on tight.

EXT. STREETS

The light turns green, Wolfe's car rounds a corner.

One of the cars in between continues straight on, leaving one as a blocker for Mosquito.

INT. WOLFE'S CAR

Wolfe guides the car around a truck, Faraway's eyes still on the mirror, Mosquito's car in view.

FARAWAY

So tell me about who we're going to see.

WOLFE

He can introduce himself.

FARAWAY

The hacker?

WOLFE

If he wants to tell you what he does, that's up to him.

FARAWAY

Pretty sure you just did.

WOLFE

I don't reveal sources. It's the one good thing about me.

FARAWAY

I don't know, you do a pretty good panda impression.

Wolfe checks the mirror looking at his two black eyes. He manages a smile.

Eyes back on the road, he turns a corner.

Faraway watches the mirror, the blocker car turns the other way, Mosquito's car follows them.

INT. MOSQUITO'S CAR

Mosquito stays a couple of car lengths back, maintaining the same speed as Wolfe.

EXT. STREETS

An intersection up ahead, the lights on red. Wolfe's car comes to a stop.

Mosquito's car pulls up next to them.

INT. WOLFE'S CAR

Faraway pulls her pistol, places the silenced barrel against the side window aimed at Mosquito's car.

WOLFE

You noticed it too, huh?

FARAWAY

Been on us since we left the safe house.

INT. MOSQUITO'S CAR

Mosquito stares out of the side window.

Moving his head around trying to get any sort of glimpse into the adjacent vehicle.

Unable to see in, he lifts his pistol up to the window, finger on the trigger.

INT. WOLFE'S CAR

Faraway tightens on the trigger.

WOLFE

Shouldn't we confirm a target?
Question first, shoot later.

FARAWAY

How very un-American of you.

EXT. STREETS

A police car pulls up behind Mosquito.

INT. MOSQUITO'S CAR

Checking the mirror, Mosquito lowers his pistol. Too risky.

INT. WOLFE'S CAR

Faraway keeps her finger on the trigger, thinks better of it, lowers her gun.

EXT. STREETS

The light turns green, Wolfe's car rounds the corner, Mosquito follows.

The police car continues straight ahead.

Mosquito's car slows, allowing a vehicle to pull out from an alley creating a new blocker.

A suspicious move.

INT. WOLFE'S CAR

Wolfe and Faraway both saw it in their respective mirrors.

FARAWAY
You convinced now?

WOLFE
I would of done the same, but
better.

Wolfe slams his foot on the accelerator.

INT. MOSQUITO'S CAR

Mosquito watches Wolfe's car accelerate away, it screeches around a corner out of sight.

He slams his foot down, overtakes the blocking car, expertly drifts around the corner.

EXT. STREETS

Mosquito's car speeds past Wolfe's, now parked at the side of the road.

Window down, Faraway aims her pistol, unloads the clip--

Puncturing the tyres on Mosquito's car, sending him into a skid, crashing side on into a parked bus.

INT. MOSQUITO'S CAR

The airbags deploy, Mosquito's head slams against the window, shattering it.

Blood flows from a gash on the side of his head, he struggles to stay conscious.

Members of the public rush over, he holsters his pistol, holds up the FBI badge.

Distorted words being shouted at him, faces peering in, he passes out.

EXT. STREETS

Wolfe's car pulls a one-eighty, joins the flow of traffic on the other side of the road.

INT. WOLFE'S CAR

Wolfe checks the rear view mirror, Faraway the side view, Mosquito's car remains where it is.

FARAWAY

Nice trick.

WOLFE

I'm glad you approve. Nice shooting.

FARAWAY

I know.

WOLFE

I think we need a new car.

FARAWAY

Agreed.

Faraway's phone rings, she answers.

FARAWAY

Faraway. Elizabeth. Three, one, eight, two, one, eight, two, zero, two, three... Say again.. That's ridiculous... Fine. What about the e-mail?... You're sure?... Okay, consider me off grid.

Faraway hangs up.

WOLFE

Bad news?

FARAWAY

Yes and no.

Faraway pulls up an image on her phone, shows it to Wolfe--

A photo of Scott Jackson, the man from the freefall.

Wolfe can't believe his eyes, his foot comes off the accelerator, the car stops in the middle of the road.

Eyes fixed on the picture, Wolfe stares into Jackson's eyes.

FARAWAY

What, you know him?

WOLFE

We've met. Once.

FARAWAY

He's an American agent, we share similar interests. He sent you the e-mail, both here and in Afri--

WOLFE

--No, that can't be true.

FARAWAY

It is. Confirmed by my people and yours.

WOLFE

It doesn't make sense.

FARAWAY

Why not?

WOLFE

Because that's the motherfucker that shot me.

An incessant HONKING sounds from a car behind, snapping Wolfe from his stare.

He drives on in silence, processing the information.

Faraway puts a hand on his shoulder, taking Wolfe a little by surprise. She offers a sympathetic look, he re-focuses.

WOLFE

So what's the good news?

FARAWAY

Hell, I thought that was the good news. If it makes you feel any better, they found his body this morning. They said it looked like he jump--

WOLFE

--What's the bad news?

FARAWAY

I've been called in. Somehow I've been added to the most wanted lists of all American agencies. Top priority. Imminent threat.

WOLFE

Wait, you said you were going off grid. You can't be going in, not now.

FARAWAY

Off grid is different to heading back in. They can figure that out for themselves.

EXT. STREETS

On the ground, a circle of concerned onlookers around him, Mosquito regains consciousness.

The sound of sirens in the distance.

Mosquito tries to get up, an ONLOOKER pushes him down.

ONLOOKER

Don't move. An ambulance is on its way.

Mosquito bats away Onlooker's hand, forces himself up. He notices the blood on his suit, his nostrils flare.

ONLOOKER

You really shouldn--

Cut off by a brutal punch from Mosquito. He pulls his pistol, the gathered crowd back away.

Motioning with the pistol, he opens a passageway through the crowd. He staggers through, runs off down an alley.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Wolfe's car cruises up a ramp to a higher level, crawling at a steady pace.

They pull in next to a modern car with tinted windows.

Wolfe and Faraway get out. Wolfe carries his bag, assault rifles poking out the top.

WOLFE

Are you sure? I thought modern cars were almost impossible to steal.

Faraway smiles, pulls her phone.

Opening up a special app, she types in the car's make, model and license plate. She taps in a few commands, presses send.

They wait a moment, the locks clunk open.

Faraway opens the driver's door, winks at Wolfe, gets in.

Wolfe chuckles, gets in the passenger side.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Tech types away at her computer.

Hessian walks in, now wearing an impressive disguise. A grey wig, fake moustache and wearing decorator overalls.

HESSIAN

What's our status?

TECH

One outstanding issue, the journalist and the spy.

HESSIAN

But you've cut off their attack, am I correct?

TECH

I've done all I can from my end. With the Mosquito on the hunt, it shouldn't take long.

HESSIAN

Good. Good.

Hessian walks to the door, Tech stares after him.

HESSIAN

And one more thing, you've impressed me today. Well done.

Hessian leaves, Tech tries to suppress her pride.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

A few stories tall, located in a nice part of town.

Wolfe and Faraway approach the door.

FARAWAY

So remind me why we're going in unarmed. It doesn't feel right.

WOLFE

Trust me. It's for the best.

At the door, Wolfe types a code into a keypad. He tries the door, it won't open.

WOLFE

Shit.

He tries a new code, no luck.

FARAWAY

If I had a gun, I could of shot our way in.

WOLFE

Just give me a minute.

Wolfe closes his eyes, thinking hard. He opens his eyes with a sudden realisation, types in the code, tries the door--

It remains locked.

FARAWAY

Any more bright ideas?

WOLFE

Go and get a gun?

A man in a suit walks up behind them. Noticing their cuts and bruises, he avoids making eye contact.

Wolfe and Faraway step aside, allowing him to type in the code, unlocking the door.

Wolfe pulls it open, letting the man walk through first.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK

The man nods a thanks, hurries across to his apartment, quickly making his way inside.

Wolfe and Faraway look at each other, they both shrug.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY

Wolfe and Faraway arrive at a door.

Wolfe reaches up to the buzzer, before he touches, an intercom comes on somewhere in the hallway.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I thought I told you I never wanted to see you again, Blyth.

WOLFE

C'mon now, don't be like that.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

You're not worthy to be in my presence, we already established that.

WOLFE

Did I complain when you took my house, my cars, or most of my money? No, I didn't. I need your skills. You're the only one that can possibly help us.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Flattery will get you everywhere. Who's the fine piece of ass with you.

Faraway checks around, no sign of cameras.

WOLFE

She's a British spy.

FARAWAY

What the hell?

WOLFE

Trust me, he already knows.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

He's right, Elizabeth Jane Faraway of MI6. Parents Bernard and Penelope, both deceased. Brother Mark, also deceased. Perhaps what happened to your brother is why you do what you do, Lizzy. Am I right?

FARAWAY

Fuck you asshole.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I like her, Blyth. She's feisty. I certainly wouldn't mind sinking my teeth into her assets. Mmmmm.

Disgusted, Faraway looks to Wolfe.

WOLFE

Try and take it as a compliment. I mean, you certainly are an impressive woman.

Faraway turns away from Wolfe, not allowing him to see her appreciation of his words.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Sorry, I got a little lost in my own thoughts there. Come in.

They hear a mechanical lock clunk open, they go in through the door.

INT. APARTMENT

A vast array of games consoles, computers and keyboards, all atop a horseshoe shaped desk.

Multiple TV screens on the wall, most of which broadcast different news channels.

Faraway sniffs the air, a pungent smell.

WOLFE

He doesn't get out much. You'll get used to it.

FARAWAY

All this technology and he can't work a window.

A door opens to the side, in struts--

DRAGON, 30's. Midway between chubby and clinically obese, he wears cowboy boots, underpants and a Santa hat. Totally unashamed of his less than desirable physique.

DRAGON

Blyth. Lizzy. I do hope it's alright I call you Lizzy?

FARAWAY

It is my name.

DRAGON

And how regal it is too.

Dragon motions to the couch, Wolfe and Faraway sit. Dragon takes a seat at his desk.

DRAGON

Now, to business. What in the fuck are you doing bringing a spy into my lair? Not get enough sandwiches with your picnic?

WOLFE

What?

DRAGON

Have you lost your fucking mind?

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Mosquito approaches a delivery van, the delivery guy carries a stack of boxes through the back door of a building.

INT. DELIVERY VAN

Mosquito climbs in behind the wheel, keys in the ignition.

He starts it up, drives down the alley.

Taking out his phone, he makes a call.

TECH (V.O.)
Is the problem solved?

MOSQUITO
Call your father. We may need to abort.

TECH (V.O.)
Are they onto us?

MOSQUITO
They evaded my grasp.

TECH (V.O.)
How?

MOSQUITO
That isn't your concern. We have just over an hour to go, I suggest you contact your father and update him.

TECH (V.O.)
He's gone dark. I suggest you get your act together and prove you're as good as you love to claim.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Leaning back in his chair, Dragon swirls a finger inside his deep bellybutton, eyes on Faraway.

WOLFE
...And that brings us to here.

Dragon types on a keyboard, prints off a couple of documents, hands a copy each to Wolfe and Faraway.

FARAWAY
What's this?

DRAGON
If you want my help, you need to sign this contract. Basically, it's to keep my anonymity. It's only paper, but if you break the contract, it will prove costly.

FARAWAY

Fine.

Wolfe and Faraway each sign their contracts.

WOLFE

Will you help us now?

DRAGON

Well, lets not forget I need payment.

WOLFE

You took everything I have, unless you want the clothes off my back.

Dragon slaps his belly, causing fatty ripples.

DRAGON

They're hardly the right size. Plus, you've got nothing I want, Blyth. Even what you had wasn't great. However, it's not you who needs to pay the piper.

Dragon stares at Faraway, a seedy look in his eyes. Faraway holds his stare, poker faced.

WOLFE

You can't be serious? No way, it's out of the question.

DRAGON

I've named my price. Unfortunately for you, it's non-negotiable.

WOLFE

Fine, then we'll do this on our own.

Wolfe jumps up, storms for the door.

Faraway stays seated, eyes still locked with Dragon's.

FARAWAY

We have the impression that we're on a short time frame, so let's make this quick.

WOLFE

What?

DRAGON

I can do quick, don't worry about that.

FARAWAY

Let's go then.

Dragon escorts Faraway to a door, pushing it open to reveal a double bed with leopard print sheets.

Dragon goes inside, jumps on the bed.

Wolfe grabs Faraway by the arm, pulls her back.

WOLFE

You don't have to do th--

FARAWAY

--I'm a big girl. I can make my own decisions.

WOLFE

There's gotta be another way.

FARAWAY

We're up the creek and we don't even have a boat, let alone a way of paddling. This is our only option right now. You know that.

Faraway shakes off his hand, walks into the bedroom, kicks the door shut in Wolfe's face.

Defeated, Wolfe takes a seat on the couch.

He watches one of the TVs, a scrolling bulletin mentions the words 'Chinese dignitary' and 'historic talks'.

Trying his best not to, Wolfe can't stop peering at the bedroom door.

EXT. GROUND ZERO - DAY

Former home to the Twin Towers, now a construction site.

A stage with a podium set up, the site behind it.

Police barricades cordon off a zone around the stage. Officers and secret service agents patrol the area.

A fair size crowd gathered on the other side of the barricades, including media personnel.

Hessian pushes his way through the crowd, managing to make it to one of the barricades.

Taking out the wind speed device, he turns it on, subtly sticking it to the barricade.

EXT. STREET

Hessian walks up to a van with a painter decorator logo on the side, he gets in the back.

INT. VAN

He takes out the scope screen, it shows a reading of the current wind speed.

With a smile, he tucks the screen away, climbs in behind the wheel, drives away.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Driving down a slope, Hessian stops the van at a bollard, a booth by the side.

A BOOTH GUARD gets out, approaches Hessian's door.

Hessian rolls down his window, holds out a security card.

Booth Guard uses a device to scan the card. It beeps, a light turns green, the bollard descends into the ground.

BOOTH GUARD

Just so ya know, service elevator's out. You'll have to go in the main entrance.

HESSIAN

Not a problem, I'm a little earlier than I'd hoped anyway.

BOOTH GUARD

Typical in't it? All the business what gets done here and they can't spare a dime to keep the place runnin.

HESSIAN

Next they'll be charging us for the coffee.

BOOTH GUARD

Don't get me started. You best get movin, machine won't stay down forever.

Hessian nods, drives on.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The bedroom door opens, Faraway walks out buttoning up her shirt. She continues on past Wolfe, out of the apartment.

Wolfe gets up, looks over at Dragon in the bedroom doorway.

DRAGON

If you've ever wondered what satisfaction smells like, come take a whiff of this.

Dragon grabs his crotch.

WOLFE

You're an asshole, Dragon.

DRAGON

Everybody needs an asshole.

Dragon takes out a phone with a couple of ear pieces, hands them to Wolfe.

DRAGON

Now get the fuck out.

WOLFE

Does this mean you're helping?

DRAGON

You don't need to be here for me to help.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Pushing a cart full of painting apparatus, Hessian stops at a security desk.

He wears a picture ID with the name 'Bill Cook'.

Behind the desk, a security guard named ERROL, 60's. A man well past his prime, but with the warmest of faces.

ERROL

Hell, Bill, you're here late. No rest for the wicked, eh?

HESSIAN

Guess which muggins drew the short straw on unpaid overtime? How's the wife?

Hessian hands over his fake ID, Errol scans it, makes a log on his computer.

ERROL

I can't complain. Seriously, I can't, cos if I do, she beats my ass.

Errol laughs at his own 'joke', Hessian chuckles too.

HESSIAN

You know what they say, you get
less time for murder.

Errol bursts out laughing again, Hessian flicks a salute,
pushes his cart towards the elevator.

INT. FARAWAY'S CAR - DAY

Parked at the side of the road, Faraway fidgets in her seat.
She checks the time on the dash, 18:03.

Wolfe stares out of the side window, avoiding eye contact
with Faraway.

FARAWAY

How long should this take?

Wolfe ignores her.

FARAWAY

Wolfe, how long do you--

WOLFE

--How would I know? Just let him do
what he does.

FARAWAY

Look, if you've got a problem with
what I did, then be a man and speak
up.

WOLFE

No problems here.

FARAWAY

Seems like there is. Like you think
I'm some kind of whorish tramp or
something.

WOLFE

Think what you like.

FARAWAY

Answer me this, if it was a choice
between you taking a bullet, or
hundreds, maybe thousands of lives
being lost, would you do it?

WOLFE

I said I didn't have a problem,
didn't I?

FARAWAY

Answer the bloody question.

WOLFE

Yes. I like to think I'd be brave enough to take a bullet.

FARAWAY

Then why can't you see that's what I did? I just took a bullet.

WOLFE

That's not even my problem, okay? Let it go.

FARAWAY

So what is the problem, huh? Why are you being such an asshole?

WOLFE

It's... nothing.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ground sheets cover everything from desks, chairs, to computers. Walls half painted. Paint cans stacked up.

Hessian enters, the only person in the room.

He takes glass cutting equipment from the cart, makes his way over to the floor to ceiling windows.

Lying prone, he looks through a pair of binoculars.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

Off in the distance, ground zero. Moving around, focus comes to the stage, but more importantly, the stage.

OFFICE

Hessian marks the spot on the window.

He uses the glass cutting equipment to cut out a hole.

Taking out the briefcase, he pieces together the sniper rifle, attaches the scope screen.

He adjusts the sniper position until the screen shows the podium dead centre. He locks the rifle in place.

Over at the cart, he pulls out a laptop, takes a seat on one of the covered chairs.

Opening the laptop, he tunes into a--

NEWS REPORT

A FEMALE REPORTER stands on a runway at JFK airport, holding a microphone, she talks to camera.

FEMALE REPORTER

Just twenty minutes ago, the Chinese Premier, Li Haidong, landed here on the penultimate stop of his so called 'tour of cultural understanding'. It is, of course, ahead of what are being labelled as historic talks between the two nations at The White House tomorrow. However, it hasn't all been plain sailing...

Footage of a Limo, the one that stopped with Hessian, pulling into the Chinese Embassy, reporters crowding the vehicle.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)

...The Chinese foreign minister, Zheng Weifeng, has reportedly said he is unhappy with the security being provided by the US, especially for such a high ranking Chinese official.

Back to the reporter.

FEMALE REPORTER

Minister Weifeng was unavailable for comment on these reports, but the President was quick to dispel any such worries.

OFFICE

Hessian mutes the laptop. He leans back in his chair, waiting with the patience of a man totally accustomed to the situation at hand.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Dragon types away at his desk. One of the computer screens shows Wolfe's e-mail inbox.

He pulls up a code on the screen in front of him, a sudden realisation sets in.

DRAGON

Oh shit.

INT. FARAWAY'S CAR

A phone rings, Wolfe and Faraway put in their ear pieces, answer the call.

WOLFE

At last.

DRAGON (V.O.)

Less of the attitude, Blyth.

FARAWAY

Don't worry about him, he's just being like that right now. What have you got?

DRAGON (V.O.)

The good news is when I hit enter, you'll have a location.

WOLFE

So hit the damn button.

DRAGON (V.O.)

Okay, done.

The phone pings, a message shows a location a few blocks from where they are.

FARAWAY

Thank-you.

DRAGON (V.O.)

I wouldn't thank me just yet, Lizzy. Whoever it is at the other end of the computer is as good as me, better even. You have about three minutes before said person knows I'm in their system.

WOLFE

And you didn't think to mention this before?

Faraway starts the car, speeds forward.

DRAGON (V.O.)

Of course I did, but you wanted it done now. Perhaps you're a little jealous I got to slip it in sweet Lizzy. Am I right? And you know what? It was as magical as one might expect--

Wolfe ends the call.

FARAWAY

There's no truth in that, right?

WOLFE
Just focus on driving.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Still in his chair, Hessian watches the muted--

NEWS REPORT

Live footage of a convoy of vehicles accompanied by police escort, heading through the New York streets.

OFFICE

Standing up, Hessian stretches out, loosening the muscles.

The door opens, Errol strolls in, a coffee cup in each hand.

ERROL
Yo, Bill. I got you some...

Errol notices the sniper rifle, he looks back and forth between it and Hessian.

Hessian sprints at Errol--

Errol drops the coffee cups, runs for the door, out of shape, too slow--

Hessian on him from behind, he grabs him around the throat--

Errol struggles, Hessian brings him to the ground, arms locked tight around his airway--

Hessian jerks backwards, a crack sounds from Errol's neck, his body falls lifeless.

HESSIAN
You should of stayed at your desk.

He closes Errol's eyes, drags his body out of the way.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

On the floor, Tech performs high tempo push ups, sweat pouring from her face.

An ALARM sounds from her computers, the screens change, all showing the same code.

Tech jumps up, takes her seat, eyes scanning the screen.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK

Faraway's car screeches to a stop outside the building.

Wolfe and Faraway get out, each carrying an assault rifle and pistol, they sprint for the door.

The phone rings, Wolfe answers.

WOLFE

Speak.

DRAGON (V.O.)

I've been detected. Tread carefully.

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Tech makes a call, the phone on speaker so she can type with both hands.

MOSQUITO (V.O.)

What's the latest?

TECH

Someone's in my system. They're onto us.

MOSQUITO (V.O.)

What do they know?

TECH

Impossible to say. But, I'm shutting it down as we speak.

A screen changes to security footage of a stairwell, Wolfe and Faraway ascend the stairs.

TECH

They're here.

MOSQUITO (V.O.)

Just the two of them or with support?

TECH

What does it matter? They're here for Christ's sake.

MOSQUITO (V.O.)

If they have a team with them, it means they've talked. If they're alone, we only need to worry about them.

INT. STAIRWELL

Wolfe and Faraway bound up the stairs, breathing heavy. They burst through a door--

INT. HALLWAY

Charging forward, they come to a stop outside a door.
Faraway shoots the lock, Wolfe kicks the door down.

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Tech hears the door crashing open, types even faster.

INT. TECH'S APARTMENT

Wolfe and Faraway sneak forward, guns up, covering each other as they go.

Wolfe moves to a door, tries the handle - locked.

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Bullets destroy the lock on the door. Tech types without looking back.

Faraway bursts through, followed by Wolfe.

FARAWAY
Hands in the air.

Tech continues typing, Wolfe and Faraway advance on her.

FARAWAY
I said get your fucking hand up.

Tech smiles, presses one final button, raises her hands.

The computer screens go blank.

Faraway grabs Tech, pushes her up against the wall, gun pointed at her face.

Wolfe taps on the keyboard, computers unresponsive.

WOLFE
What did you do?

Tech stays silent, a wry smile on her face.

FARAWAY
He asked you a question, bitch.

TECH
I've no idea what you mean.

Faraway lands a vicious headbutt to Tech's nose, she slides down the wall, her face a bloody mess.

Wolfe pulls his phone, makes a call.

DRAGON (V.O.)
I'm working on it.

WOLFE
Please tell me you have something
to actually work with?

DRAGON (V.O.)
I'm putting bits and pieces of a
puzzle together, I won't be able to
complete the jigsaw, but I should
be able to make out the picture.

WOLFE
Anything I can do from this end?

DRAGON (V.O.)
Do what you can, but don't hold
your breath.

Wolfe taps on the keyboard, tries flicking different switches
on the computers. Still no response.

WOLFE
Shit.

Faraway moves towards him, taking her eyes off Tech.

FARAWAY
What's the problem?

Behind Faraway, Tech quietly pushes herself up. She slides a
blade out of her sleeve and into her hand.

Sneaking up behind Faraway, Tech raises the blade, brings it
down aiming at her head--

Wolfe catches a glimpse in the reflection, he pushes Faraway
out of the way--

The blade comes down, catching Wolfe's arm--

Ignoring the pain, he grabs Tech by the head, snaps her neck
one way, then cracks it the other.

He lets her body drop on the spot.

FARAWAY
You saved my life.

WOLFE
I'm sure we're around even for the
day.

FARAWAY
Thanks.

WOLFE

I've never killed a woman before.
Doesn't quite feel right.

FARAWAY

Well, that's just sexist.

The phone rings, Wolfe and Faraway put in their ear pieces.

WOLFE

Tell us the puzzle isn't just a
blue sky.

DRAGON (V.O.)

Not quite. I've got links to
unofficial back channels in China,
and if you add that to the Russian
connection you mentioned earlier, I
think it's safe to say something is
definitely up.

FARAWAY

Yeah, we know something is up
already.

DRAGON (V.O.)

Well, if you add it to the fact the
President and the Chinese Premier
are giving speeches at ground zero
in around half an hour, it should
become more obvious.

WOLFE

They're going to assassinate the
President.

DRAGON (V.O.)

Actually, my money's on the
Chinaman.

WOLFE

That doesn't make any sense.

FARAWAY

Yes it does. Not everyone in China
is happy with your countries
buddying up. Think about it, if he
was killed on US soil, it wouldn't
just drive a wedge between the
countries, it could be spun as an
act of war.

WOLFE

Are you saying... World War Three?

Faraway nods, a clapping sounds down the phone.

DRAGON (V.O.)
Very good, children. I'll keep
digging, see what else I can find.

WOLFE
We need to get to ground zero.

INT. TECH'S APARTMENT

Faraway leads, Wolfe follows.

Turning back to Wolfe, she's about to say something when the sound of a silenced shot breaks the silence.

Red mist explodes from Faraway's knee, she screams as she falls, clutching the joint.

Wolfe reacts fast, going for his gun, looking up to see--
Mosquito, gun trained on him.

WOLFE
You?

MOSQUITO
Yes, Mister Wolfe, we meet again.
Just be thankful that on that day
your colleague was in my line of
fire and not you. You being shot by
the spy and not me is the only
reason you're still alive. It's a
shame you never got to show him
your gratitude.

Wolfe thinks about drawing his gun, decides against it,
raises his hands instead.

MOSQUITO
A wise decision. Now toss your guns
on the couch, hers too. I advise
you do it slowly.

Wolfe does as instructed, tosses all guns on the couch.

Mosquito throws over handcuffs, points to a dining chair, one
with slats on the back.

MOSQUITO
I think you're smart enough to know
what I want you to do.

Wolfe takes a seat, handcuffs himself to the chair.

Mosquito, moves behind him to check, always staying a safe
distance back.

MOSQUITO

Very good. And now the fun starts.

Mosquito sprints over to Faraway, punts her in the chest, her ribs crack.

Winded, Faraway writhes around in agony from both her knee and her chest.

WOLFE

Stop. What are you doing?

MOSQUITO

You see, Mister Wolfe, I've been in this profession a long while now. Along the way I've managed to pick up certain tips. For instance, when interrogating an individual, they can often find incredible resolve within themselves, which can prove quite time consuming. However, throw in a second party where a question to person A can provide a reaction against person B, well, then you're cooking with gas.

Mosquito presses his foot on Faraway's knee, she holds back as long as she can, but her screams fill the air.

WOLFE

Okay, okay. What do you wanna know?

MOSQUITO

We'll start easy, how did you locate us here?

Wolfe makes eye contact with Faraway, mouths 'sorry'.

WOLFE

My horoscope told me to take a chance and experience new things. Here we are.

Mosquito cracks an evil grin, he stamps his heel down hard onto Faraway's knee.

Wolfe looks away, but can't hide from her agonised wails.

MOSQUITO

Lets try another, shall we? Am I right to assume you haven't contacted any authorities?

WOLFE

You know what they say, when you assume you only make an ass out of u and me.

Mosquito lays a series of kicks onto Faraway, a brutal assault of her body.

She tries to protect herself, but Mosquito's foot keeps finding a desired target.

Wolfe bows his head, wrestles with his conscience.

WOLFE

Stop, okay, stop. I'll talk. I'll tell you what you need to hear. Just step away from her. That's all I ask.

Mosquito stops his attack, steps towards Wolfe.

MOSQUITO

I'm listening.

FARAWAY

Don't you say a fucking word. Keep your mouth shu--

Cut off by a boot to the face, Faraway sprawls onto her back, dazed but not out.

WOLFE

So, here it is. The ultimate truth. Antarctica is the only continent I haven't fucked on.

Wolfe cracks a defiant smile.

Mosquito's nostrils flare, he slams the butt of the gun onto Wolfe's nose, breaking it. Blood pours down his face.

MOSQUITO

Just because the A B scenario is better, Mister Wolfe, doesn't mean I can't switch back to A A.

WOLFE

You're an alcoholic? That explains a lot.

Mosquito pistol whips Wolfe, bloody spittle and a tooth fly out of his mouth.

Wolfe spits a mouthful of blood at Mosquito, splattering his suit and face, enraging him.

He brings his gun up for an almighty blow--

Wolfe seizes the moment, springs upwards, taking the chair with him--

The top of his head slams into Mosquito's chin, his teeth smash together, one chips--

They fall to the ground together, Wolfe and the chair on top.

Mosquito clutches his gun, still pretty dazed--

Wolfe wastes no more time, he slams brutal headbutt after brutal headbutt into Mosquito's face--

Mosquito releases the gun, still alive, face being pummelled into mush, blood spurting from his nose--

Wolfe sinks his teeth deep into Mosquito's throat, rips out as big a chunk as he can.

Wolfe spits out a mouthful of flesh.

Blood gushes from Mosquito's neck, the flow slowing with each passing second.

FARAWAY

I guess it's hard to find someone to hook up with in Antarctica, huh?

WOLFE

You're not wrong. He broke my nose again. You have no idea how much it hurts.

He smiles at Faraway, she manages a smile back.

Wolfe adjusts his position so he can check Mosquito's pockets, he finds a key, unlocks himself.

He rushes over to Faraway.

FARAWAY

Get out of here. We're running out of time.

WOLFE

Leave no man behind, that's how I was trained.

FARAWAY

I'm a woman, now go.

WOLFE

That'd be sexist of me.

Wolfe rips off both his sleeves, ties one around her knee, one higher up her leg to slow blood flow.

Faraway notices two tattoos on his arm, one for the American Marines, one for the British SAS.

He catches her looking.

WOLFE

We all do crazy things sometimes.

Wolfe takes the pistols, tucks them in his pants, scoops up Faraway, carries her to the door.

FARAWAY

You know what I think? Those two years in England, you trained with the SAS, didn't you?

INT. HALLWAY

Wolfe carries her towards the stairwell.

WOLFE

That's a pretty outlandish theory.

FARAWAY

It's a big question, 'who's better?'. Your journalistic curiosity, plus time in the marines, I think you wanted to find out.

INT. STAIRWELL

Wolfe pushes through the door, descends the stairs with Faraway firmly in his arms.

FARAWAY

Having an English mother would of helped for sure. Stop me if I'm wrong.

WOLFE

Just think, if any of that were true, I more than likely would of signed some kind of official secrets document. Not to mention, I don't reveal sources.

FARAWAY

I knew it. I'm a spy, Wolfe. We're not known for being dense. Same as you journos, at least, some of you anyway. So, between you and me, who's better?

Wolfe smiles.

WOLFE

You'd be stupid to fuck with either.

INT. FARAWAY'S CAR - DAY

Wolfe puts Faraway in the passenger seat, gets in behind the wheel. Wolfe puts his foot down, speeds forward.

Faraway looks at the clock, 18:32.

FARAWAY
Can we make it?

WOLFE
It'll be close.

EXT. STREETS

Faraway's car speeds past slow moving vehicles, Wolfe expertly guiding them through the traffic.

Coming to a junction, they skid around a corner--

INT. FARAWAY'S CAR

Wolfe slams on the brakes, a traffic jam as far as the eye can see before them, the car stopping just in time.

Wolfe slams the wheel.

WOLFE
Dammit.

Cars pull up behind them and to the sides, no way out.

Faraway takes the phone, dials 9-1-1.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Nine, one, one, what's your
emergency?

FARAWAY
My name is Elizabeth Faraway, I'm
with MI6 and need to report--

OPERATOR (V.O.)
--One moment please.

FARAWAY
No, wait...

She hears a whirr followed by a click down the phone line.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Miss Faraway, what is your
location?

FARAWAY

Who cares? I want to report an imminent threat to national security. The Chinese Premier's life--

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

--Why don't you tell us where you are, and we'll come pick you up. We can discuss it face to face.

FARAWAY

Look, bitch, there's an assassination attempt about to be made on a high ranking Chinese official on US soil. You want that on your conscience?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

You of all people should know how frequent such threats are. Over here, however, we keep our house well in order. Now, why don't--

Faraway hangs up.

FARAWAY

Arrogant fucking Americans. No offence.

WOLFE

I guess that's that then.

They both sit in silence. Defeated.

Wolfe looks up out of the window, his expression changes from doom and gloom to one of hope.

WOLFE

It's not over yet. Hail Mary time.

Faraway follows his look, just down the block, within walking distance, towering above most of the buildings--

THE WORLD NEWS SKYSCRAPER

The news chopper landing on its roof.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Hessian lies by his rifle, the scope screen still showing the podium dead centre.

He turns to his muted laptop, the--

NEWS REPORT

Showing a convoy of important looking vehicles with a police escort arriving at ground zero.

A door is opened on a limo, the PRESIDENT steps out, waving to the crowd with a well practised smile.

OFFICE

Hessian stretches out his fingers, cracks his neck.

Not long to go.

INT. WORLD NEWS LOBBY - DAY

Wolfe and Faraway enter the building.

Faraway limping with every other step, Wolfe supporting her.

They move as quick as they can for the elevator at the other end of the lobby.

A SECURITY GUARD recognises Wolfe, chases after them.

SECURITY GUARD
Stop right there!

Security Guard pulls a tazer, Wolfe and Faraway turn.

SECURITY GUARD
Don't move. Stay exactly where you
are.

Faraway slides a hand down Wolfe's back, grabs a pistol tucked in his pants.

WOLFE
Don't kill him.

Faraway draws the pistol, fires a shot at Security Guard's feet. He drops the tazer, raises his hands.

WOLFE
You're coming with us. Don't want
to get trapped in the elevator now
do we?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Hessian watches the scope screen, the president slap bang in the middle of the sights, giving an animated speech.

A box around his head to illustrate he's a target, another box higher up showing the perfect shot.

INT. WORLD NEWS OFFICE - DAY

The glass walled room, helicopter on the helipad.

A POLICEMAN, shakes Murtaugh's hand, heads for the door.

Screaming sounds outside the office.

The door bursts open, Wolfe and Faraway barge in.

Policeman reaches for his gun.

POLICEMAN

Freeze.

Faraway aims the pistol before policeman grabs the butt.

FARAWAY

I suggest you freeze first.

MURTAUGH

Wolfe, what are you doing?

WOLFE

We're borrowing your chopper.

Wolfe disarms Policeman, uses his own handcuffs against him.

MURTAUGH

Why don't we talk it out?

WOLFE

I'll write a good story instead.
Trust me.

MURTAUGH

Okay. But don't crash her.

POLICEMAN

You can't be serious? They're
wanted felons.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Faraway starts it up, takes off.

Wolfe watches Murtaugh through the window, a phone to his ear, watching them fly away.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

On the roof, a SWAT team rush into a police chopper.

The rotors spin, the chopper ascends into the air.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Faraway guides the chopper through the skyscrapers, gridlocked traffic far below them.

FARAWAY
ETA two minutes.

Wolfe watches the view ahead, foot tapping the floor.

Right in the distance, ground zero.

The phone rings, Wolfe answers.

WOLFE
What's the news, Dragon?

DRAGON (V.O.)
Apparently you are. You're all over the airwaves. I'm impressed, actually.

WOLFE
I hope you haven't just called for a chat?

DRAGON (V.O.)
Hardly my style. I think I know where your man plans to take his shot.

WOLFE
I'm listening.

DRAGON (V.O.)
I found information on their system regarding a decorating company. However, having run a check on the company it seems they employ a man by the name Bill Cook. Bill Cook does not exist, which makes it all the more strange when you consider he's supposedly at work now. And guess where?

WOLFE
For fuck's sake, just tell me.

DRAGON (V.O.)
An office block half a mile from the target site. Perfect range for a sniper, wouldn't you say?

WOLFE
Send me the details. And Dragon... thanks.

DRAGON (V.O.)
Thank Lizzy, she paid handsomely.
Now fuck off and die.

Wolfe checks the phone, a message shows the office block, a window circled with the word 'here' pointing to it.

FARAWAY
ETA one minute.

Up ahead, the police chopper swings into their path.

Faraway pulls hard on the stick, sending them up and sideways, off course.

The radio crackles, a voice comes over it.

SWAT PILOT (V.O.)
World News chopper, we advise you
change course and set her down
immediately.

Faraway manoeuvres the chopper, getting back on course, ground zero in sight.

The police chopper cuts them off again.

SWAT PILOT (V.O.)
This is your final warning. Change
course or we will be forced to use
lethal force.

WOLFE
Can they do that? How many
civilians are down there?

Wolfe spots the office building off to the side, away from ground zero.

He points to it.

WOLFE
Take us there. New plan.

Wolfe jumps in the back, lifts up a seat, pulls out a parachute, he straps it on.

FARAWAY
You'll never make it in time.

WOLFE
Not if I'm going through the roof
or the ground, no. The window,
however.

FARAWAY
You can't be serious? What if your
hacker is wrong?

WOLFE

Just... trust me. I learnt from the best.

INT. POLICE CHOPPER - DAY

SWAT members all focused, weapons ready for action.

FARAWAY (V.O.)

This is World News chopper, we are changing course, I repeat, we are changing course. Over.

Swat Pilot grabs his radio.

SWAT PILOT

Roger that, we will chaperone you to a safe LZ. Over.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

On the screen, the President finishes his speech, he waves to the crowd. Officials stand and clap behind him.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The office block a hundred yards in front, Wolfe compares the picture, finds the window he wants.

WOLFE

Take us as high as you can.

Faraway pulls up, the chopper ascends towards the top of the building, past the target window.

INT. OFFICE

Hessian watches the chopper rise, the police chopper changes direction, ready to block it off again.

On the screen the President, points off to the side, claps.

NEWS REPORT

Cameras focus on LI HAIDONG, the Chinese Premier, he rises from his seat, holds a hand up to the crowd.

He strolls towards the podium, shakes hands with the President, they bow to each other.

INT. HELICOPTER

Wolfe opens the side door, focused on the window.

FARAWAY
It's now or never.

WOLFE
Fuck it, it's now.

Wolfe leaps out.

INT. POLICE CHOPPER

The SWAT team watch Wolfe fall.

SWAT PILOT
Jesus Christ, he jumped.

The SWAT team watch as a parachute opens up.

PARACHUTING

Wolfe expertly guides the parachute towards the window.

He pulls the pistols from his pants.

INT. OFFICE

The scope screen shows Li Haidong take his place at the podium. A box appears around his head, another higher up.

Hessian adjusts the rifle.

The boxes on the screen match up, turn green.

A finger touches the trigger, Hessian composes himself.

PARACHUTING

Wolfe fires both pistols, unloading the clips into the window, cracking it, but not breaking it.

INT. OFFICE

Hessian looks up at the cracking sound, just in time to see--

PARACHUTING

Wolfe pulls on the parachute, his body swinging forward.

Feet first he crashes through the window, the parachute collapses, sliding down the building.

INT. OFFICE

Glass sprays all over Hessian, Wolfe lands by his side.

Wolfe reacts first, knocks the rifle out of position.

Hessian pulls a pistol, Wolfe grabs it--

A shot gets fired, clipping Wolfe's shoulder, a mere scratch.

Wolfe knocks the gun free, pushes it away, it slides out of the window.

Still on the ground, Hessian rams an elbow into Wolfe's ribs, rolls away from him, jumps up.

Wolfe unclips the parachute, stands, adopts a boxer's stance.

Hessian smiles, pulls a knife.

HESSIAN

You're an impressive man, Wolfe.

WOLFE

I'm not here to get laid, Hessian,
is it?

Hessian comes forward, slicing and stabbing with the blade, testing the waters.

Wolfe backs away, stays out of reach.

HESSIAN

After today, I'll be hiring again.
You should consider working for me.
I do pay better than most.

Hessian fakes with the knife, Wolfe flinches.

WOLFE

Before I end you, all I wanna know
is why would do this? Why take your
own country to war?

HESSIAN

The American Dream, of course. It's
all about the big corporations.
Make as much green as you can,
screw the little man. Even if he
puts his life on the line for his
country, once he's out, he's no
more than a hazy memory. Even if he
comes looking for help, they don't
want to help. Don't you see tha--

WOLFE

--You know what? I really don't care. Lets just do this.

Wolfe comes forward, throws a combination of punches--

Hessian dodges them all, counters with a flick of the knife--

Catching Wolfe's arm, opening a deep gash.

Wolfe retreats, moves his arm around - it still works fine.

Hessian charges forward, he tackles Wolfe over a desk--

The sheet covering it comes off, pulling the desk contents with it, including a

PAIR OF SCISSORS

Wolfe grabs the scissors, Hessian slams the knife down towards Wolfe's head--

He rolls out of the way just in time, jumps back up.

Hessian rises too.

Wolfe opens the scissors, wears them like a knuckle duster.

Hessian nods approval at his ingenuity.

They both come forward, Hessian slices at Wolfe--

He dodges, counters with a jab, the scissors stab into Hessian's arm.

Wolfe throws another jab, Hessian jumps back avoiding it.

EXT. STREET

The news chopper touches down in a clearing made by dozens of police cars. The police chopper hovers above.

Officers behind the safety of their vehicles aim their weapons at the chopper.

Faraway gets out, with a dodgy leg, she struggles down onto the ground, puts her hands on her head.

Officers rush over to her, weapons trained on her.

Two officers handcuff her hands behind her back, drag her to the back of a police van and throw her in.

Faraway glances up at the office block, officers close van doors, shutting her in.

INT. OFFICE

Wolfe dodges a swipe from Hessian, unable to dodge the follow up punch, it breaks his nose.

Wolfe staggers backwards, eyes watering, vision impaired.

Hessian comes forward, Wolfe unable to focus properly, he tries a kick--

Hessian evades it, slices a gash across his thigh.

Wolfe hobbles back, trying to stay out of reach.

Hessian throws a punch, Wolfe blocks, he doesn't see the knife coming--

It plunges deep into his gut.

Wolfe and Hessian lock eyes, Wolfe's face pale.

He throws a weak effort with the scissors--

Easily stopped by Hessian, he twists the blade.

Wolfe can barely muster up a scream, he falls to the floor, blood flowing from his wound.

Hessian flicks the blood off the blade.

HESSIAN

You should of joined me when you
had the chance.

Hessian takes the sniper rifle, gets into position.

Wolfe rolls onto his side, every movement pure agony.

Hessian adjusts the scope.

Wolfe pushes himself up to his hands and knees, holding in every ounce of pain.

The scope screen shows the two boxes, one on Li Haidong's head, the other just above.

Wolfe uses a desk to pull himself to his feet, blood all over his shirt, down his pants.

Hessian lines up the two boxes.

Wolfe staggers up behind him.

The boxes turn green.

Hessian squeezes the trigger.

Wolfe drops on top of him, knocking the rifle off target as he fires.

EXT. GROUND ZERO

Li Haidong at the podium, a bullet slams into the stage sending up splinters of wood.

Secret service agents jump into action, one team covers the President, another team covers Li Haidong.

Commotion erupts in the crowd as the two VIPs are lead away surrounded by human shields.

INT. OFFICE

Hessian pushes Wolfe off. He pulls him up, drags him over to the open window, ready to throw him out.

Wolfe can barely stand, energy draining away with his blood.

HESSIAN

At least I'll get another shot.

Wolfe sucks in a deep breath, uses every ounce of energy left in reserve--

He drops to his knees as hard as he can, releasing himself from Hessians grip--

Scissors still on his fingers, he rams them into Hessian's groin causing a high pitched scream.

Wolfe twists the scissors, excruciating pain for Hessian, his manhood being dissected.

Pushing himself up, Wolfe grabs Hessian by the collar, lands a brutal headbutt.

He stumbles back towards the edge, blood gushing from his nose and groin.

Wolfe uses one last burst of power, forces the scissors into Hessians throat--

The force takes him back, blood spraying from his neck, he falls out of the window.

Wolfe collapses, rolls onto his back, his breathing laboured.

WOLFE'S POV

Darkness around the edges.

Each blink lasting a little longer than before.

Some kind of banging sound followed muffled shouting.

A roll of the head.

Blurry images. Is that people? With guns?

BLACKNESS.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

A yellow cab pulls up outside.

SUPER: One month later.

The cab door opens, Wolfe gets out. He grimaces, holds his stomach, body still aching.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Wolfe plonks himself in the chair at his desk.

His eyes scan the room, all very quiet.

He switches on the computer, logs in to his e-mail.

808 unread messages.

Rolling his eyes, he clicks 'mark all', then 'delete'.

The messages disappear. A new message pops up straight away, he clicks on it.

A picture of a cruise ship appears on screen, some sort of advertisement.

Wolfe clicks to close the screen, a box flashes up--

Are you sure you wish to leave this page? Yes. No.

He clicks 'yes'.

A new box flashes up, this one has a dialogue box with it--

'Seriously, Wolfe, are you sure?'

Taken aback, Wolfe thinks for a moment, he types--

'Dragon???'

The reply comes back--

'I had his help with this.'

Wolfe thinks again, smiles at the realisation--

'Faraway. How are you?'

'My life was a whole lot easier thanks to your statement.'

'No problem. I got out of hospital today.'

'I know.'

Wolfe leans back, thinks about whether to type what he really wants. He decides to give it a shot--

'Next time you're in town, you wanna go for a drink maybe?'

He waits. It feels like an eternity, the reply comes.

Reading the words, his face drops--

'I have to go.'

Wolfe's fingers hover above the keyboard, trying to compose a suitable response. More words pop up--

'Just read the bloody e-mail. A simple yes or no will do.'

The dialogue box disappears.

Wolfe scrolls down the e-mail, an advertisement for a cruise.

Another picture of a cruise ship, icebergs in the background.

A cruise around Antarctica.

The date says it leaves from New York tomorrow.

Wolfe cracks a massive smile, he hits reply, types the words--

'FUCK YEAH', presses send.

FADE OUT.