

# Closure

by

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FADE IN:

**EXT. BALCONY, WEST END APARTMENT - THE PAST - DAY**

SUPERIMPOSE: 'London, England'

We are close up on the face of KATYA BRYNZA, our heroin. She is 19, blond, blue-eyed and, despite the fact that her looks have been muted by drug abuse and neglect, still stunning.

She is taking deep breaths, steeling herself for something, trying to summon up courage.

We pull back to reveal that she is teetering on the outside ledge of a balcony, her hands gripping the guard rail behind her. She is wearing nothing more than an expensive silk gown.

We are at the rear of a modern, luxury apartment block in a salubrious part of London. Other residences crowd around the building, but it is late morning and hardly anyone is at home to witness the spectacle.

Four stories below, in the car park, is a large dumpster filled to the brim and topped-off with a discarded mattress.

Katya decides she has no choice, it's now or never, she has to jump.

She closes her eyes and leaps off the balcony, crash landing on the mattress below. The fall winds her, but she knows she can't afford to lose a second, can't pause to catch her breath, so she immediately hauls herself out of the dumpster and starts to run, barefoot, as if her life depends on it.

She races out of the car park and onto a back street, before turning the corner onto another much longer road. She looks over her shoulder at regular intervals as she runs, to make sure she's not being followed.

JORGI and FATOS, two Kosovan heavies, all gang tattoos and muscle under their smart black suits, burst out of the main entrance of the apartment block and spill onto the pavement. They quickly spot Katya and give chase.

JORGI  
(shouting)  
Hey, get back here!

Katya glances back and spots them. Terrified, she speeds up.

She reaches a crossroad and pauses for a second, not sure which way to go. She decides to sprint straight across. The two men follow.

Katya turns left onto another nondescript road devoid of any memorable landmarks or pedestrians. She spots a car approaching and runs out into the road to flag it down.

KATYA  
(heavily accented  
English)  
Help! Please help!

The DRIVER, an old man, waves her away and drives on, unwilling to get involved.

She looks back and sees Jorgi and Fatos round the corner, getting closer by the second. She starts running again, pushing herself even harder, trying to put some distance between them.

Katya turns onto another street. Exhaustion and panic start to set in, her escape plan is going awry. A WOMAN pushing a pram on the other side of the road looks on in bemusement as Katya races past her, closely followed by the men.

She reaches an intersection and, panicked, blindly runs into the road. A loud SCREECH as a black Mercedes attempts to brake, to avoid hitting her, but it's too little too late. The car ploughs into her, sending her flying into the air, then crashing down onto the tarmac.

Her broken, inanimate body lies in the middle of the road.

Jorgi and Fatos halt abruptly as they arrive at the scene.

The driver, a young black CHAUFFEUR, leaps out of the car and rushes to check on Katya. His client, MICHAEL EDWARDS, a handsome young businessman in his late thirties, gets out of the back and joins him.

CHAUFFEUR  
She came out of nowhere, Sir, I swear!

MICHAEL  
Call an ambulance.

CHAUFFEUR  
Jesus!

MICHAEL  
Do it! Now!

He does as he's told. He gets back into the car and starts dialling on his mobile.

Jorgi and Fatos stand at a distance, watching. Realising the game is over, they decide it's too risky to hang around and disappear the way they came.

Michael bends down to detect if Katya's still breathing. He heaves a sigh of relief when he realises she is.

MICHAEL  
Oh, thank God. You're still alive.

He tries to comfort the unconscious Katya as best he can.

**EXT. THE EDWARDS RESIDENCE, SURREY - DAY**

SUPERIMPOSE: 'Twelve Years Later'

A mansion set in extensive grounds. The dwelling is typical of those found in suburban London's leafy stockbroker belt.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM, THE EDWARDS RESIDENCE, SURREY - DAY**

We are looking at a framed photograph of Katya and Michael on their wedding day. They are smiling, happy, in love. Katya's appearance is a world away from how we saw her earlier.

We pull back to focus on the background, where the door to the luxury en-suite bathroom is wide open and the shower cubicle clearly visible. Inside the steam-filled cubicle, we can see the outline of a couple making love passionately.

**INT. KITCHEN, THE EDWARDS' HOUSE, SURREY - DAY**

A dream kitchen dominated by a large island. Like the rest of the house, everything about the expansive room screams quality and subtle good taste.

Michael, still in his gown, is busy rustling up a fancy omelette. He's a good deal older than when we first saw him, obviously, but looks as lithe, handsome and distinguished as ever.

Katya strides in. Her hair is cropped and she is dressed for the gym. This is not the fearful waif we encountered earlier, but a confident, radiant and contented woman in her thirties. She appears utterly at ease with her elevated social position, and exudes class, style and sophistication, even in casual attire.

They make a striking couple, despite their age gap.

MICHAEL

No patients to see today, Kat?

She speaks with only a hint of her old accent.

KATYA

No. Free day. Off to the club instead.

MICHAEL

A cup of coffee before you go?

Katya helps herself to an apple from the fruit bowl on the island.

KATYA

No thank you, darling. I'll grab something at the club.

She kisses him on the lips.

KATYA

Love you.

MICHAEL

I love you too.

He says it like he really means it.

KATYA

I'll be home by lunchtime. Bye.

**INT. TRAINING HALL, MMA CLUB - DAY**

A clean, modern facility, not some seedy back-street outfit. The floor of the large, well-lit hall is dominated by a training mat. Punchbags and other equipment dot the perimeter, the flags of various nations adorn the walls. Nevertheless, it is not the kind of place you would expect to find an uptown girl like Katya.

Katya is fighting another FEMALE, while their male TRAINER referees the bout. Both women are wearing boxing gloves and engaged in an all out, no holds barred contest. Katya is focused, intense and highly skilled. She dominates the match.

**INT. CHANGING ROOM, MMA CLUB - DAY**

Katya luxuriates under a hot shower after the match. She allows the water to wash over her, to melt away the pain and fatigue of the match, lets her muscles relax.

**EXT. THE EDWARDS RESIDENCE, SURREY - DAY**

Katya pulls up at the main entrance in her Mercedes SUV, as the front gates to the estate shut behind her automatically.

**INT. HALLWAY, THE EDWARDS RESIDENCE, SURREY - DAY**

Katya opens the front door and comes in. She seems energized, happy, ready to tackle the rest of the day.

She puts down her sports bag and throws her car keys into a bowl on the sideboard.

KATYA

(raised voice)

I'm home.

No reply. She's thrown slightly by the lack of response, but not unduly perturbed.

KATYA

(slightly louder)

Darling?

Not a sound. It is preternaturally quiet.

Katya pads down the hallway towards the open entrance to the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN, THE EDWARDS RESIDENCE, SURREY - DAY**

The kitchen is like a scene from the Marie Celeste: empty dishes and a half-drunk coffee cup rest on the breakfast bar; pans sit on the stove and cookware fills the sink, ready to be washed. A picture of culinary normality except for...

On the floor, partially visible behind the large island, lies Michael's body.

Katya spots him and stops dead in her tracks. She gasps, then cups her hands over her mouth in horror.

KATYA

Oh my God, Mike!

She rushes over to him, panicked and fearing the worst. He's still dressed in his nightgown, and shows no signs of struggle or trauma.

She gets down on the floor beside him and tries desperately to rouse him.

KATYA

Mike? Michael, can you hear me?!

He cannot. He's dead.

**INT. CHURCH, SURREY - DAY**

Michael's closed coffin lies at the front of the church. Next to it, on a stand, is a large photograph of him dressed in a suit and tie, a big smile on his face.

The church is packed with his family, friends and business associates, as well as many of Katya's contacts. They are a wealthy bunch, judging by the well cut suits and expensive dresses that predominate.

Katya is sitting quietly in the front pew. She is numb with grief, overwhelmed by events and all cried out. She just sits there staring, like a zombie, almost, while a friend sits with her arm around her, trying to console her.

Observing Katya are two WOMEN mourners, both in their fifties, well-to-do and obviously friends of Michael's. They try to be as discrete as they can with their gossiping, speaking throughout in hushed tones.

WOMAN #1

Brain haemorrhage, they say.  
Absolutely no warning signs.

WOMAN #2

It's shocking, it really is. He was only fifty. It's no age at all.

They observe Katya again for a beat, before resuming their conversation.

WOMAN #1

She's taking it very badly from what I hear.

WOMAN #2

Devastated. Poor thing. Hardly surprising though, they were devoted to each other.

WOMAN #1

So I understand. A real marriage made in heaven, despite the differences.

WOMAN #2

I wonder what she'll do, now that he's gone.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM, THE EDWARDS RESIDENCE, SURREY - NIGHT**

Katya, alone in the dressing room that adjoins the bedroom. It has wall-to-wall storage space, all of it utilised, his clothes on one side, hers on the other.

She stands in front of an open wardrobe gazing at Michael's business suits. She looks as emotionally fragile as she feels. She takes one of the suits from the rail, likely one of his favourites.

Katya regards the suit for a moment, before inhaling deeply from it, as if trying to rekindle his essence. It is all too much for her. She is overwhelmed, unable to hold back the grief she's been bottling up for days, unable to accept the finality of his passing. She breaks down and starts to sob.

**INT. HALLWAY, TEMPORARY OFFICE, LONDON - DAY**

An old Eastend warehouse that has been converted into enclosed, temporary office units.

Katya unlocks the padlock on the door of one such unit and goes in.

**INT. UNIT, TEMPORARY OFFICE, LONDON - DAY**

The place resembles a crime investigation room. As well as the usual accoutrements found in an office, such as a computer, telephone and filing cabinets, there are mountains of files and other papers piled high everywhere; numerous books and manuals, covering everything from safe cracking to surveillance techniques, are stacked neatly in one corner.

The the main wall is dominated by a giant collage plastered with photographs of people and places, schematics, diagrams, plans, logic diagrams, flow charts - the works. Katya's been a very busy girl.

She places her belongings on the desk, picks up the desk phone, punches in a number from memory, then waits for an answer.

**EXT. PONT NEUF, PARIS - DAY**

SUPERIMPOSE: 'Paris, France'

The morning rush hour. A mass of commuters schlepping across the bridge, resigned to another day of drudgery, oblivious to the backdrop of the Eiffel Tower and Les Invalides.

Among them is FRANCOIS DELORS. Sixty, energetic, wearing a rain coat over his expensive suit and carrying a briefcase, he looks like any other well-paid pen pusher. In fact he is a well-connected private eye and fixer favoured by the Continent's rich and powerful.

He hears his mobile buzz. He fishes it out of his pocket and, after a quick check of the caller ID, answers it without delay.

We now intercut between Katya and Delors for the duration of their conversation:

DELORS

Katya.

**INT. UNIT, TEMPORARY OFFICE, LONDON - DAY**

There is no preamble, no exchange of pleasantries. They are both familiar enough with each other to get straight down to business.

KATYA

(beat)

I'm ready.

**EXT. PONT NEUF, PARIS - DAY**

He's been waiting - preparing - for the day she'd say those words for years, but, still, he feels obliged to confirm:

DELORS

Are you certain?

**INT. UNIT, TEMPORARY OFFICE, LONDON - DAY**

KATYA

Positive. It's now or never.

**EXT. PONT NEUF, PARIS - DAY**

DELORS

OK. Give me a few days to finalise everything. I'll contact you when I'm ready.

He rings off immediately.

**INT. UNIT, TEMPORARY OFFICE, LONDON - DAY**

Katya puts the phone down, then starts to study the wall in front of her. We close in on what she is gazing at: four photographs that form a quadrant, a focal point, at the centre of the wall. Although large and clear, all four snaps appear to have been taken surreptitiously. Each one features an individual: one woman, three men. We will get to know more about each of them soon.

She suddenly snaps out of her thoughts. She walks over the the wall and starts to take everything down, one by one, with a sense of urgency and purpose. It's finally time for the planning to stop and the action to start.

**EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT, PARIS - DAY**

An Air France jet makes an elegant landing on the runway.

**EXT. ARRIVALS, TERMINAL 2 - DAY**

A hive of activity, as a steady stream of humanity pours out of the terminal building and into the waiting cars, buses and taxis lining the kerbside.

Katya strides out of the terminal, carry-on bag in hand, and hops straight into a cab.

**INT. LUXURY HOTEL, PARIS - DAY**

A spacious, pricey suite furnished in a contemporary style. The Eiffel Tower looms large in the background.

Katya is at the desk, checking something on her laptop, when she hears a knock on the door. She gets up to answer it.

She opens the door. It is DELORS. He steps inside.

KATYA

Francois.

DELORS

Katya.

They cheek kiss. She leads the way to the sofa.

DELORS

How are you?

KATYA

Coping.

He gives her a sympathetic smile.

KATYA

(gesturing)

Please, sit.

They both sit down on the sofa, keeping a respectful distance from each other.

DELORS

I still can't believe he's gone. It was so sudden, so unexpected.

KATYA

Me neither. I know it sounds clichéd, but I keep thinking I'm in some kind of a bad dream. That I'm going to wake up any minute and he's going to be there again. That everything is going to be fine.

(beat)

He was my everything, Francois, you of all people know that.

DELORS

I know.

KATYA

He was my teacher, my guide, my everything. He was my rock. I simply wouldn't be alive today, if he hadn't rescued me that day.

DELORS

He was an exceptional man. Everyone who ever met him said that.

KATYA

You are too kind.

(beat)

Is everything ready?

DELORS

Yes, it is. Katya, are you sure you want to go ahead with this so soon?

KATYA

Certain. I told you that. In fact, now is probably the best time for me to do this. If anything goes wrong, if I get caught, it won't impact on Michael any more. It's now or never.

DELORS

I understand that. But if you go ahead with this, there is no going back, none at all.

KATYA

We've been working on this together for the last ten years, Francois. And I've been dreaming of this opportunity for the last twelve. Believe me, I am not about to change my mind now, at this late stage. It's now or never.

DELORS

I support you fully. I always have.

KATYA

I know.

DELORS

All I'm saying is that you need to consider if this is the best time. With all that's happened recently, are you sure that...

KATYA

What, in the right state of mind? Francois, I've lost my husband, not my judgement. I've never been more certain of anything in my life. I can't believe you are saying these things to me now, at the eleventh hour. Are you with me on this or not?!

DELORS

I've always been with you on this, Katya. From the moment you hired me.

KATYA

Good, then let me do this. Let me find peace. Let me find closure.

He's lost the debate and he knows it. He sighs, then pulls out a large envelope from his briefcase and empties it on the coffee table before them. A usb stick, along with various passports and photo ID cards spill out. He holds up the usb.

DELORS

This contains all the information you need: profiles, contact details, reports, maps, everything. I've put the data on a hidden partition, just as you asked.

He hands her the stick, then turns his attention to the passports from the table. He rests his hand on them.

DELORS

Your passports. Six in total. All clean. Three from Schengen countries, one British, one Russian, one Moldovan.

Katya picks them up, leafs through a couple of them, inspects the photo pages.

DELORS

Satisfactory?

Satisfied, she puts them down again.

KATYA

Perfect.

Delors points to the ID cards on the table.

DELORS

Six driving licenses. Each complementing one of your passports.

KATYA

And the weapons? Have you arranged those?

DELORS

All set. The details of the dealers are on the usb. You just have to contact them twenty four hours beforehand, to arrange pickup.

KATYA

Thank you, Francois. Thank you for everything.

DELORS

Good luck, and don't show them any mercy.

**EXT. CEMETERY, MOLDOVA - DAY**

SUPERIMPOSE: 'Orhei District, Moldova'

A modest little cemetery on the edge of a small Moldovan town. Municipal neglect has rendered it shabby and overgrown. A few of the plots are adorned with gravestones that are noticeably more lavish than the rest. Katya is at one such grave.

The portrait of simple, working class woman in a scarf, looking much older than her years, is etched onto the granite headstone. Carved underneath is Cyrillic writing and the years '1965 - 2005'. This is the resting place of

Katya's beloved mother, IVANA BRYNZA.

Katya places a large bouquet of flowers on the grave, then stands before it, contemplative and sad.

KATYA

He's gone mamma. Michael is dead  
and I'm all alone again.

(beat)

I miss him so much.

She starts to well up and her voice begins to crack. She battles to maintain her composure.

KATYA

I'm sorry I let you down. I should  
have listened to you. You were  
always right. I should have stayed  
with you and looked after you, not  
gone abroad and left you.

She gives in to her emotions momentarily and tears begin to roll gently down her cheek. She wipes them away, makes concerted effort to compose herself. Her sorrow suddenly gives way to a certain steeliness and resolve.

KATYA

I'm going to put everything right,  
Mamma. I promise. I'm going to make  
them pay for all the heartache they  
caused you...and for what they did  
to me. You will see.

**INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT, MOLDOVA - THE PAST - DAY**

The restaurant of a large mid-budget hotel. It's all crisp white table cloths, bright lights and uniformed staff. The kind of place that would both wow and intimidate in equal measure simple rural folk like Katya and Ivana.

Ivana, dressed in a grey coat, clutching her handbag, looking dowdy and sour-faced, and Katya, in a cheap dress that is her Sunday best, sit together in nervous anticipation at one of the tables. They both look out of place and ill at ease in their surroundings.

LUDMILLA IONESCU, owner of an 'employment agency' waltzes in, all bright and breezy. She spots the two women and makes a beeline for them. She's in her early thirties, attractive, wearing too much makeup and dressed in expensive, but showy, clothes. She's a parvenu, even by local standards.

LUDMILLA

Hello, you must be Katya.

Ludmilla proffers her hand. Katya gets up to shake it, keen to make a good first impression, so she can clinch the job.

KATYA

Pleased to meet you, Miss Ionescu.

LUDMILLA

There is no need for formalities, you can call me Ludmilla. Sit down, please.

KATYA

This is my mother, Ivana Brynza.

IVANA

(curt, businesslike)

Hello.

The two women shake hands briefly. A WAITER comes up to Ludmilla the moment she sits down.

WAITER

Would madam like to order anything?

LUDMILLA

I'd like an espresso. Can I get you ladies anything?

Ivana and Katya simply shake their heads. The waiter leaves to get the order.

LUDMILLA

So, you want to talk to me about the nanny position, yes?

KATYA

That's right. I saw your advert in the local paper.

LUDMILLA

Do you have any experience as a nanny? Have you ever worked with children before?

KATYA

Not formally, but I've done a lot of baby sitting and I'm good with kids.

LUDMILLA

That is exactly what I am looking for, somebody who is a natural with children.

KATYA

Can you tell me more about the job.

LUDMILLA

Of course. The vacancy is in Rome, in Italy. My client is a wealthy Romanian businessman with two small  
(MORE)

LUDMILLA (cont'd)  
children, a boy aged eight and a girl aged six. Your job will be to look after them and do a little light housework. You'll have to work thirty hours a week, with one day off each week. How does that sound?

KATYA  
Fantastic!

LUDMILLA  
Here's the best bit, you'll earn two hundred Euros a month. It's a two year contract, so I'll let you do the math. Do you know anyone around here earning two hundred Euros a month?

KATYA  
No, nobody.

The waiter brings Ludmilla her coffee and then leaves.

IVANA  
Two years is a long time. And she's only eighteen. I don't feel comfortable, to tell you the truth. You hear so many horror stories these days, about what happened to girls who were lured abroad.

Ludmilla places her hand on Ivana's arm, to reassure her.

LUDMILLA  
You're her mother, it's only natural for you to be worried. Those stories you hear about always involve agencies run by men who supply dancers and hostesses to clubs in the West. Mine is a reputable agency and I only place au pairs and nannies. You have nothing to fear, I promise you.

IVANA  
Her father died when she was very young. She's all I have.

KATYA  
Mamma, please, I really want to do this. There's nothing here for me and it's only for a couple of years. Just think of all the money I'll make. It will solve all our problems. Please...

Ivana shifts uneasily in her seat. She feels pressured.

IVANA

How much is the registration fee?

LUDMILLA

Five thousand Leu. For that I take care of all the paperwork, the visa and her passport. You won't have to worry about a thing.

IVANA

What about her ticket to Italy?

LUDMILLA

I arrange that too, but the cost will be deducted from her wages when she starts earning. I'm always very up-front about everything.

KATYA

Mama, you have to let me do this, you have to let me go. I won't get an opportunity like this again.

LUDMILLA

Your daughter is right, this is a once in a lifetime chance for her.

Ivana mulls it over, aware that her daughter's future hangs on the decision she makes today.

**EXT. UPMARKET HOTEL, MOLDOVA - DAY**

Katya sits in a car parked on a side street, directly opposite an upmarket hotel. She has a clear view of the comings and goings at the hotel through her windshield.

She observes two young girls, ANDREA and STEFANIA, waiting outside. They are both in their late teens, attractive, painfully naive and from modest backgrounds. They are waiting for someone, and appear happy and excited.

Katya picks up a photo resting on top of a file on the passenger seat. It's a recent snap of Ludmilla, shot clandestinely. She is older, obviously, but instantly recognisable. Katya studies it for a moment, then puts it down and goes back to monitoring the two young girls.

Ludmilla walks into view. She's wearing a flashy outfit that is too young for her. Money doesn't always buy taste.

She greets the girls warmly. All three of them enter the hotel together, with Ludmilla leading. It is clear that Ludmilla's M.O. hasn't changed a bit in all these years.

**EXT. REGIONAL RAILWAY STATION, MOLDOVA - THE PAST- DAY**

Ludmilla stands by her car outside a provincial railway station. There's a regular flow of people in and out of the railway station, all of them too busy to notice each other.

She smokes nervously as she monitors a bus stop opposite the railway terminus. A bus duly rolls up and disgorges its passengers, one of whom is Katya carrying a small suitcase.

Ludmilla spots Katya, looks relieved. She waves to Katya across the street, to attract her attention.

Katya spots her and waves back. She's relieved to see Ludmilla there. Katya crosses the busy road and joins her.

KATYA

I'm sorry I'm late. My mother got so emotional when I said goodbye and wouldn't stop crying. It took me ages to get away.

LUDMILLA

That's OK, I've only just got here myself.

KATYA

Oh. How come?

LUDMILLA

I'll explain in just a second. First, let me give you your documents, before I forget.

Ludmilla reaches into her inside coat pocket and pulls out a passport, tickets and folded sheet of paper. She hands Katya the passport first.

LUDMILLA (CONT'D)

Here, this is your passport. Keep it in a safe place when your travelling.

KATYA

I will.

Katya cursorily inspects the photo and details.

LUDMILLA

This is your train ticket to Bucharest. Your train leaves in twenty minutes from platform three. Your seat number is shown here.

Ludmilla points to a number on the stub, then hands it to Katya.

KATYA

Fifty-four F.

LUDMILLA

(unfolding the sheet)

Right. And this is a photo of the man who will meet you at Gara de

(MORE)

LUDMILLA (cont'd)

Nord and make sure you get on the train to Rome alright. His name is Nicolae. He and his wife will take care of you while your in Bucharest.

Katya takes the A4 sheet, which features a photocopied picture of a rough, working-class man in his forties. A telephone number is scrawled underneath.

KATYA

I don't understand. I thought we were going together.

LUDMILLA

That's what I wanted to tell you. My father had a heart attack two days ago.

KATYA

Oh, my God. Is he OK?

LUDMILLA

He survived, but he's in hospital and he needs me, which is why I can't go with you. I'm sorry. I really am. But you have to understand the situation I'm in.

KATYA

I do, but...

LUDMILLA

But what?

KATYA

I'm not sure I can do this. I've never really travelled alone. Never this far.

LUDMILLA

Of course you can do it. There's nothing to worry about. As soon as you step off the train in Bucharest, Nicolae will be there to help you.

KATYA

What about Rome?

LUDMILLA

The same: your host family will collect you from the station. All you have to do is sit on a train. How hard is that? Hmm?

Katya feels confused, pressured, torn; a thousand different thoughts run through her head. Ludmilla, fearing Katya might

back out, turns up the pressure, feigns mild exasperation.

LUDMILLA

Look, it's up to you. But if you turn back now, you won't just lose your deposit, but the chance of a new life for you and your mother. There's nothing for you here. You are young and beautiful, and intelligent. But even for smart girls like you, opportunities like this only come once in a lifetime. Don't throw it away.

Katya lowers her head and chews her lip as she mulls her options.

Ludmilla deliberately applies more pressure on the girl:

LUDMILLA

You're running out of time. Do you want to go or not?

Ludmilla looks straight at her, as she waits for an answer.

Katya finally looks up at Ludmilla and simply nods her head to say yes.

**EXT. RAILWAY STATION, PLATFORM, MOLDOVA - THE PAST - DAY**

The train is starting to pull out of the station, slowly gathering momentum. Katya, in a window seat, waves goodbye to Ludmilla. Katya seems a little happier, now that she's made up her mind. Ludmilla smiles and waves back from the platform.

As soon as Katya is out of eyeshot, Ludmilla's expression changes to one of cold indifference. She pulls out her mobile and speed dials a number. The call is answered promptly.

LUDMILLA

She's on her way. This one's worth a lot of money. Make sure she doesn't escape.

**INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE, MOLDOVA - THE PAST - DAY**

Katya deep in thought as she sits staring out of the window, watching the Moldovan countryside flashing by.

**EXT. GARA DE NORD, BUCHAREST - THE PAST - DAY**

SUPERIMPOSE: 'Bucharest, Romania'

A throng of people alighting a train, among them Katya.

She scans the platform and sees a man waving as he hurries towards her through the throng of passengers. It is NICOLAE.

NICOLAE

Welcome to Romania. I am Nicolae.

He grabs her hand and shakes it, keen to make a good first impression, to put her at ease.

KATYA

Katya Brynza. Pleased to meet you.

Nicolae takes her suitcase from her and points the way.

NICOLAE

Please, follow me.

**EXT. HOUSE, BUCHAREST - THE PAST - DAY**

We are in Ferentari, a rough, hopeless and crime infested housing estate on the wrong side of the tracks. This is where Bucharest's underclass are dumped and forgotten about. Rundown tower blocks dominate the landscape, but they are interspersed with modest private homes that are generally better maintained.

An old banger of a car, with Nicolae at the wheel and Katya beside him, advances along a road full of such houses. He stops outside a property that is almost hidden behind a high wall, and features metal bars on all its doors and windows.

Nicolae and Katya at the front door. He rings the bell.

An overweight woman in her fifties, fearsome looking, her hair tied in a severe bun, face puffy and red from too much drinking, answers the door. Her name is CONSTANTA.

The moment she sees Katya she forces a smile.

CONSTANTA

Ah, you here! Please, come inside.

Constanta opens the gate and Katya steps inside, followed by Nicolae, who is carting her luggage.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE, BUCHAREST - THE PAST - DAY**

Katya stands in the living room, takes it all in. It's a low-rent place with cheap, unstylish furniture and old fashioned wallpaper, but still a major step up from what she is used to back home. The TV is on in the background, tuned to some mindless daytime show.

Constanta is all charm and smiles.

CONSTANTA

You are Katya, yes?

KATYA

Yes, Katya Brynza.

CONSTANTA

I am Constanta. Ludmilla told me  
all about you.

Nicolae goes into an adjoining room with Katya's suitcase.

CONSTANTA (CONT'D)

Now first things first, do you have  
your passport with you?

KATYA

Yes.

CONSTANTA

Can you give it to me for a few  
minutes? I need to give the travel  
agent the details, so he can  
confirm your ticket. You'll get it  
back as soon as I've finished.

Katya retrieves it from her inside jacket pocket and hands  
it to Constanta.

Nicolae comes back into the room and hovers beside  
Constanta.

CONSTANTA (CONT'D)

(to Katya)

You must be tired? Why don't you  
rest in this room while I make the  
phone call.

She indicates the room Nicolae has just come out of.

KATYA

I'm OK, just a little hungry.

CONSTANTA (CONT'D)

Of course you are. Nicolae, be a  
darling and get our guest some  
food.

Nicolae nods dutifully and goes off to the kitchen.

CONSTANTA (CONT'D)

Please...

Eager for Katya to step into the room, Constanta urges her  
again. Katya takes the hint and steps inside.

**INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE, BUCHAREST - THE PAST - DAY**

There's nothing but a bed and a wardrobe in the room, by way  
of furniture, and no real decoration to speak of. As in all  
the other rooms in the house, the window is barred. It is so  
spartan that it could easily pass for a prison cell.

Katya inspects the room visually. Her case sits in one  
corner.

Her quarry cornered, Constanta smiles, then closes the door. Katya thinks nothing of it.

Suddenly, we hear a key TURN and two bolt locks SLIDE into place loudly. Confused and not quite believing her own ears, she rushes over to the door and tries the handle. No luck, the door is locked.

She tries again, this time harder. Maybe she didn't pull the handle hard enough the first time. It still doesn't open.

Panicked, Katya starts to pound the door.

KATYA  
(shouting)  
Hey, what's going on! Open the  
door! Please, open the door!

**INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE, BUCHAREST - THE PAST - DAY**

Constanta stands on the other side of the door listening. She pockets the key, smiles cynically to herself, then walks off, ignoring Katya's desperate pleading and thumping.

As we stay on the door, we start to hear the volume on the TV gradually increase until the APPLAUSE on the daytime show almost drowns out the commotion emanating from the bedroom.

Katya's nightmare has just begun.

**INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE, BUCHAREST - THE PAST - DAY**

Katya sits on the bed exhausted, whimpering, her knees tucked under her chin. She hears the sound of the door being UNLOCKED. Reacting, she quickly wipes away her tears, composes herself as best she can and positions herself on the edge of the bed in preparation.

Constanta enters carrying a tray of basic food and drink. She sets it down on the floor next to Katya.

CONSTANTA  
Breakfast.

KATYA  
Why are you doing this? Why are you  
holding me prisoner like this? You  
are supposed to be helping me.

Constanta coldly ignores her. She opens the wardrobe and pulls out a slinky gown and a make-up bag.

KATYA  
Do you want more money? Is that  
what this is about? My mother gave  
Ludmilla everything we have, I  
swear. I have nothing more to give  
you.

Constanta turns to face Katya.

CONSTANTA

(Scoffs)

You Moldovan girl's are so naive.  
I'm not kidnapping you. Ludmilla  
sold you to me.

KATYA

(astounded)

I don't understand.

CONSTANTA

This is a halfway house. I buy  
girls and then sell them on.  
Albania, Greece, Germany, Italy...I  
don't care as long as I make a  
profit.

Katya starts to panic as Constanta's words sink in.

KATYA

No, there must be a mistake. She  
arranged an au pair job for me. I'm  
supposed to be going to Rome.

CONSTANTA

Don't you get it, you stupid little  
cow? You're not going to Rome for  
work. The only job you're going to  
be doing is working as a prostitute  
for whoever buys you off me.

KATYA

No, never! Never! I will never do  
that.

CONSTANTA

That's what they all say. You'll  
have your legs wide open in less  
than a week. I guarantee it.

KATYA

I won't do it. I'll kill myself.

CONSTANTA

Listen to me carefully: forget  
about your past. This is your new  
life now. Accept it. If you don't,  
if you cause problems, then you'll  
be beaten - badly. And if you try  
to escape, you'll be killed. It's  
that simple. These brothel owners  
don't fuck about, let me tell you.

Katya starts to sob.

KATYA

Please, no. I'm a virgin.

CONSTANTA

(Smiles)

Then you'll fetch an even higher price. Now, stop wasting my time.

Constanta throws the bag and gown on the bed.

CONSTANTA (CONT'D)

Here's some make up and a gown. Get ready quickly. The buyer is on his way. And for fuck's sake stop crying like a little baby! It's pathetic.

**EXT. MUNICIPAL PARK, MOLDOVA - DAY**

Katya on a park bench with Andrea and Stefania. We view the trio from some distance, so we can't hear a word of their exchange.

Katya talks to the girls in a pleading and emphatic manner. She pulls out a clutch of large photographs from a file and passes them to the pair. They are horrified by the images and pay heed to what they're being told, nodding somberly.

It is clear Katya is trying to warn them off Ludmilla, and succeeding.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE, BUCHAREST - THE PAST - DAY**

Katya standing in nothing but a slinky gown, ill at ease.

Constanta, puffing lazily on a cigarette, and Nicolae both stand alongside ARTAN, a wannabe Albanian pimp, as he inspects Katya visually. He's 30, tall, all muscle and tattoos, and very intimidating.

ARTAN

(to Katya)

Take off your clothes.

Katya bristles, shakes her head in refusal.

Constanta's face clouds with anger at once. She nudges Nicolae into action.

Ever the dutiful husband, he walks over to Katya and punches her hard in the stomach unflinchingly. Katya doubles over, gasping with agony.

CONSTANTA

Do as your told.

Still reeling, Katya complies and slides off the gown.

CONSTANTA

Stand straight, so we can see you.

Katya straightens up as best she can, tries unsuccessfully to fight back the tears that are welling up.

Artan admires her naked form. He approaches her, to get a better look. He grabs her breasts proprietorially and feels them as if he were examining fresh produce in a grocery store.

ARTAN  
(Over his shoulder, to  
Constanta)  
Nice tits.

He goes around the back, feels her rump. He's impressed.

CONSTANTA  
Nice ass too.

ARTAN  
I can tell.

Everyone laughs but Katya. She shuts her eyes momentarily, to block out the feelings of humiliation and violation.

ARTAN  
What languages do you speak?

KATYA  
Romanian, Russian, some English.

ARTAN  
I'm Albanian. You speak any  
Albanian?

Katya shakes her head no.

ARTAN  
What about Italian?

She indicates no again.

ARTAN  
Never mind, you'll pick it up.

Still hovering behind Katya, he addresses Constanta.

ARTAN  
A virgin, you say?

CONSTANTA  
You'll be the first.

Katya shivers with fear at the prospect. Artan runs his hand over her back in a way that is both admiring and salacious.

ARTAN  
Well, then I'll have even more fun  
breaking her in than I thought.  
(MORE)

ARTAN (cont'd)  
 (beat)  
 Let's talk money, Constanta.

CONSTANTA  
 Yes, lets.

**EXT. METROPOLITAN RAILWAY STATION, MOLDOVA - DAY**

An expensive car parked outside a busy metropolitan railway station. At the wheel sits Ludmilla.

**INT. LUDMILLA'S CAR - DAY**

She's on her mobile leaving a voicemail message in a cheery tone.

LUDMILLA  
 Andrea, it's me, Ludmilla. It's eleven o'clock. I'm waiting for you and Stefania outside the train station, as we agreed. I was expecting you half an hour ago. I hope everything is OK. Please give me a call back when you get this message. Bye.

She hangs up, looks annoyed. That very instant, the passenger door opens suddenly and in jumps Katya brandishing a drive stun taser.

LUDMILLA  
 What the...!

Before Ludmilla can finish, Katya shoves the weapon into her side. Ludmilla looks down, sees the taser, grasps what's happening, then looks back up at Katya. It takes her a moment to recognise Katya, but the instant she does, she deftly switches to a placatory mode.

LUDMILLA  
 My God, it's you! I thought you were...

KATYA  
 What, in some whorehouse, or dead maybe? You knew exactly what happened to me, so cut the shit, Ludmilla.

Katya grabs the phone from Ludmilla and pockets it.

KATYA  
 You won't be needing that.

LUDMILLA  
 Just so you know, my clients are going to be here any moment.

KATYA

You mean Andrea and Stefania?

LUDMILLA

You know them?

KATYA

They won't be turning up today.  
That I can promise you. I met them,  
told them all about the scam you  
run and what you did to me.  
Needless to say, they decided not  
to take up your generous offer of  
bar work in Germany.

LUDMILLA

Let's talk. Let me explain.

KATYA

We'll talk later. Start the car.

Katya jabs her with the taser. Ludmilla complies, fires up the engine.

KATYA

Try anything stupid and I won't  
hesitate to use this on you.  
Understand?

A cowed and nervous Ludmilla nods in the affirmative.

LUDMILLA

Where to?

KATYA

The rail yard in Chisinau.

**EXT. RAIL YARD, CHISINAU - DAY**

Long chains of freight carriages occupy most of the tracks. The whole complex has an eerie, soulless air to it.

**INT. RAILWAY FREIGHT CARRIAGE - DAY**

The carriage is an empty piece of hulking metal; large, windowless, forbidding.

An unconscious Ludmilla lies spreadeagle on the floor, tethered with chains, the last of which Katya is securing. Katya makes some final checks. Satisfied that not even Houdini could escape the setup, she reaches into a rucksack lying nearby and pulls out a bottle of water. She uncaps it and splashes the contents over Ludmilla's face.

Ludmilla awakes with a startle, coughing and spluttering. She realises that she's trussed and instinctively squirms and strains to free herself. It's to no avail, the chains are too tightly bound. She immediately looks around, tries to make sense of her surroundings, then turns to Katya, who

is crouching beside her.

LUDMILLA

Where am I? What are you doing?

KATYA

Settling some old scores. I've waited a long time for this moment.

LUDMILLA

You've got this wrong. It's not me you should be going after, it's Constanta. That bitch cheated us both. I didn't know that she was selling on my girls. I...

KATYA

Constanta's dead, has been for six years. What about your new go-between, is she cheating you too?

Ludmilla responds with guilty silence.

KATYA

There's no point lying. I've spent the last ten years digging into everything you and the others have been doing. Gathering evidence the whole time. Plotting my revenge. Don't think for a moment that you're going to be able to talk yourself out of this.

LUDMILLA

I understand that your angry. I really do. But you have to believe me, I had nothing to do with what happened to you in Bucharest, I swear.

Katya responds by delivering a resounding bitch slap.

KATYA

Every time you lie, you'll get that response. You can't possibly understand how angry I am. How I've had to live with the anger day in, day out for all these years. How it's consumed me, like a cancer eating away at me relentlessly.

LUDMILLA

What do you want, compensation? Is that what you want, huh? I have money. Lots of money. I can make you rich.

KATYA

(sickened)

Compensation? Money? Do you think that's why I'm here? No, Ludmilla. No amount of money you give me could even begin to compensate me for the hell I had to endure because of your deceit. Do you seriously think your blood money could ever bring back the years of my life I lost because of you? Make up for the exploitation, the abuse I endured? You condemned me to a living hell and now you think you can just pay me off and wipe all that away.

LUDMILLA

What do you want me to do? Tell me. How can I make it up to you again?

KATYA

Two hundred and thirty eight.

LUDMILLA

What?

KATYA

Two hundred and thirty eight, that's the number of women you've cheated over the years.

LUDMILLA

No, I'm just a small time operator. I've only handled a few girls here and there, I promise.

KATYA

I've seen your books, Ludmilla. I've seen all their names, every one of them. You destroyed hundreds of lives. And for what? A few hundred Euros per girl. Shame on you.

Ludmilla, realising she's been caught out again, braces for Katya to deliver another slap. Katya doesn't follow through.

KATYA

Tell me, did you ever think about any of us? What we were going through, while you lived it up, spent our money on clothes and cars and fancy houses? Did you?

LUDMILLA

It was just business. You have to understand. I didn't know how bad  
(MORE)

LUDMILLA (cont'd)

things were. I thought I was trying to help you all, give you a new life. You know there's nothing here in Moldova, especially for women.

Katya lashes out and slaps her.

KATYA

That's a lie and we both know it. You escaped from traffickers yourself in Germany. You knew exactly what would happen to us when we went abroad. How we'd be prostituted, moved from country to country, sold from one pimp to another. The beatings. The degradation. You knew it all, yet you still did it. You still went into business. What kind of a woman does that to another? Tell me?!

LUDMILLA

I don't know what else to say to you. I'm sorry.

KATYA

(scoffs)

Sorry.

LUDMILLA

I truly am. I'll stop immediately. I'll leave town, if you want me to. But please don't hurt me. I'm begging you, let me go.

KATYA

How can you even look at yourself in the mirror each day?

LUDMILLA

Don't hurt me, please. Set me free and you'll never see me again.

KATYA

I'm not going to let you go, Ludmilla. Not now. I've been waiting for this moment for twelve long years. You understand? Twelve long, bitter, painful years.

LUDMILLA

Let's sort this out like civilized human beings.

KATYA

Civilized human beings don't con innocent young women into a life of  
(MORE)

KATYA (cont'd)  
complete and utter degradation.  
Believe me, by that measure you're  
neither civilized nor human.

LUDMILLA  
What are you going to do?

KATYA  
I'm sending you on a train ride to  
a foreign land, with no guarantee  
that you'll make it back. Just like  
you did to me.

LUDMILLA  
Where? Where are you sending me?

KATYA  
Siberia.

LUDMILLA  
I'll die! You're mad! Hand me into  
the police if you want, but you  
have no right to do this.

KATYA  
(derisively)  
What, so you can bribe the cops and  
walk free? Not a chance. I know how  
things work in Moldova.

LUDMILLA  
You won't get away with, this I  
swear. I have friends in high  
places. Once they know I'm missing,  
they'll come after you.

KATYA  
You mean the high and mighty that  
you pimp for. They don't care. The  
moment you're off the scene,  
Ludmilla, they'll find a  
replacement for you. Nobody is  
going to miss you. But a lot of  
young Moldovan women are going to  
sigh with relief when you're gone.

LUDMILLA  
I'll die. I'll freeze to death.

KATYA  
That's the idea.

LUDMILLA  
I don't want to die. I'm begging  
you, please don't leave me, Katya.  
No, no, no, no! Please don't leave  
me!

From her rucksack, Katya pulls out a rag and a roll of duct tape. She stuffs the rag into Ludmilla's mouth, then tapes it up. Ludmilla squirms and struggles throughout the procedure, but Katya just ignores her muffled cries.

Katya tidies up, making sure no unnecessary evidence is left behind. She pulls out a giant padlock from her rucksack, before zipping it up and slinging it over her shoulder.

Ludmilla loses it completely, starts to act like a deranged patient flailing vehemently in a straight-jacket.

Katya slides open the door. She pauses for a moment before turning around to face Ludmilla one last time.

KATYA

You have to understand, Ludmilla,  
you condemned yourself the moment  
you cheated me, sold me for a  
measly few hundred Euros. I'm not  
here today as judge and jury, I'm  
here as the executioner.

Ludmilla goes completely batshit.

Unperturbed, Katya turns and jumps out of the carriage. She closes the door behind her. We hear it being padlocked shut.

**EXT. RAIL YARD, CHISINAU - DAY**

Katya calmly walks away from the freight carriage, an expression of steely determination etched on her face.

**INT. SUITE, LUXURY HOTEL, CHISINAU - NIGHT**

Wall to wall opulence. Katya sits at the desk, illuminated by the table lamp.

She cycles through a series of photographs on her laptop: a portrait of Constanta and Nicolae; a shot of them out and about together, taken covertly; a badly mangled wreck of a car; emergency services at the crash site, two shrouded bodies lying by the car; a fancy headstone featuring a photo of Constanta and another one depicting Nicolae.

Katya folds shut the screen. She seems appeased. It's almost as if she's just closed the lid on her memories of the pair themselves.

**EXT. RAIL YARD, VLADIVOSTOK - DAY**

SUPERIMPOSE: 'Vladivostok, Siberia'

A bright, but bitterly cold, winter's day.

A bluff, rotund Russian CUSTOMS OFFICER is being briefed by an UNDERLING. Behind them, a RAIL YARD WORKER is busy with a heavy-duty bolt cutter, trying to free the padlock on the freight carriage we saw earlier.

UNDERLING

It's been parked here for a week.  
Nobody's claimed it.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Have you checked the paper trail?

The underling holds up a clipboard full of documentation as evidence.

UNDERLING

Yeah. Nothing. It just leads to a  
rented post box in Antwerp.

The customs officer grunts, perplexed.

Just at that moment, the rail yard worker succeeds in breaking the padlock.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

It doesn't make sense. Let's take a  
look inside.

The rail yard worker slides back the door. All three men peer in and immediately blanch at what they see.

Lying there, still constrained, just as Katya left her, is Ludmilla's frozen, discoloured and emaciated corpse. She resembles a macabre cryogenic waxwork. Her mouth is agape, her eyes wide open. The open sores around her wrists are evidence of her futile efforts to break free.

The underling and the rail yard worker look at each other shocked. The customs officer crosses himself and mutters some religious incantation under his breath.

**EXT. PETROL STATION, ROMANIA - THE PAST - DAY**

A popular pit stop abutting a busy main road. Artan's car is one of many parked on the large forecourt.

Katya sits in the car, studying the rear view mirror.

**INT. SHOP, PETROL STATION, ROMANIA - THE PAST - DAY**

Artan waits impatiently to be served, all the while keeping an anxious eye on his precious cargo through the window.

**EXT. PETROL STATION, ROMANIA - THE PAST - DAY**

Suddenly, the passenger door flies open, Katya jumps out and she starts to sprint.

**INT. SHOP, PETROL STATION, ROMANIA - THE PAST - DAY**

Artan rushes out of the shop like a bat out of hell.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, ROMANIA - THE PAST - DAY**

Katya crosses the road recklessly, barely dodging the cars belting past. Car horns BLARE angrily at her incursion. She reaches a farmer's field opposite the station.

In the background, we see Artan racing across the forecourt.

**EXT. FARMER'S FIELD, ROMANIA - THE PAST - DAY**

Katya vaults the low fence and runs across the field with unrelenting speed.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, ROMANIA - THE PAST - DAY**

Artan is delayed on the wrong side of the road by the speeding traffic. He dashes across at the first opportunity.

**EXT. FARMER'S FIELD, ROMANIA - THE PAST - DAY**

Katya glances over her shoulder, sees him bound over the fence. She speeds up even more.

Artan starts to close in on her with frightening speed. She's no match for his giant strides.

She looks back again, realises that it is hopeless - he's perilously close.

Artan grabs her from behind and tackles her to the ground.

She struggles intensely to break free of his hold, but he's far too strong for her.

ARTAN

Try that again, bitch, and I'll have your mother killed. All it takes is one phone call.

Katya begins to cry, her anguish mixed with anger and defiance.

KATYA

I will escape. You can't keep me prisoner forever!

ARTAN

We'll see about that.

**EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK, TIRANA - THE PAST - DAY**

SUPERIMPOSE: 'Tirana, Albania'

Artan's car pulls up outside an ugly Soviet-era apartment complex, situated in an unfashionable part of the city.

**INT. HALLWAY, ARTAN'S APARTMENT, TIRANA - THE PAST - DAY**

Artan shoves Katya into the apartment, double locks the door behind him and pockets the key.

He leads her into the living room.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, ARTAN'S APARTMENT, TIRANA - THE PAST - DAY**

The apartment is a shabby affair, featuring musty old wallpaper and cheap, mismatched furniture that is outdated.

He stands in front of her a moment, regards her lustfully.

ARTAN

Take off your coat.

Katya is nervous, unsure, but decides to comply; she throws her coat on the armchair nearby.

Artan moves forward, starts to paw her.

ARTAN (CONT'D)

Let's find out if you're really as  
tasty as you look, shall we?

Katya squirms, senses what's coming, starts to panic, tries to think of a way to deflect his advances.

KATYA

You must be hungry. Let me make you  
something to eat.

Artan grabs her arm, pulls her closer. Katya turns away, to avoid his halitosis, keeps it there.

ARTAN

Oh, I'm hungry all right. Hungry  
for a fuck.

Artan clutches her face, shoves it towards him before kissing her hungrily on the mouth. He starts to get seriously aroused.

Suddenly, without warning, Artan spins Katya around, shoves her towards the end of the sofa. Katya shrieks, struggles.

He bends her over and starts to undo her belt impatiently with his free hand, all the while holding her in position forcefully. He pulls down her jeans and panties.

Katya tries to break free, but his grip is too strong.

KATYA

No, no, no! Please, no!

Too late. Artan hastily unzips his trousers and penetrates her. Katya gasps with pain. Artan moves in and out of her with furious intensity, using short, powerful thrusts. Katya

lets out cries of pain.

Shock and horror are etched on her face. All she can do is endure the ordeal, pray for it to be over. Tears roll down her face.

Artan climaxes mercifully quickly. Breathless, he pulls out of Katya and zips up his trousers. Katya stays where she is, sobbing, too shellshocked to move.

Catching his breath, he pats her on her back patronisingly.

ARTAN

(smiling)

You're gonna make a lot of money, babe. I can tell. We're gonna be rich.

**INT. BEDROOM, ARTAN'S APARTMENT, TIRANA - THE PAST - DAY**

Katya is lying on the bed, each hand handcuffed to a bed post. She's still wearing the same clothes. She lies there sniffing, wondering how it all went so wrong.

She hears the door unlock, looks up. She bristles instinctively, fearful of what will happen to her next.

Artan pushes the door open and stands in the doorway a moment, regarding her.

He moves into the room. Hovers over her.

KATYA

It hurts. Please untie me.

ARTAN

You won't be here long. We leave for Italy tomorrow. I'm making last minute arrangements.

KATYA

I want to telephone my mother. Let her know I'm safe, that's all. I promised her I would.

ARTAN

No telephone calls. No contact. It's best that way.

KATYA

She'll be worried sick about me. It's been days since we've spoken.

ARTAN

(adamant)

I said no calls. You don't do anything without my permission from now on. You belong to me. You do as exactly as I say, when I say.

Katya begins to cry quietly; tears roll down her face.

KATYA

Why are you doing this to me?

ARTAN

You're going to earn money for me.  
Italy is a rich country. They pay  
well for sex there, especially with  
fresh meat.

Katya is incredulous.

KATYA

I won't do it. I won't sleep with  
men like that. I'm no prostitute.

ARTAN

It's easy money. And you'll learn  
to enjoy it. It's just sex. It'll  
be fun after a while. You'll see.

KATYA

I won't do it. I won't!

Artan grows impatient, menacing.

ARTAN

You will do exactly as I say. If  
you don't, I will beat you to a  
pulp. And if you try to run away,  
I'll get to your mother faster than  
you ever will.

Artan sits down on the bed, grabs her leg, immobilising her.  
He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out an injection.  
He pulls the cover off the needle with his teeth, spits it  
out.

Katya's eyes bulge with panic, she strains against the  
cuffs.

KATYA

What are you doing?!

ARTAN

This'll calm you down.

He plunges the needle into a vein in her leg. The heroin  
takes hold almost instantaneously. Katya's whole body arches  
involuntarily as the drug surges through her, then relaxes  
as the euphoria and pleasure kick in. She sighs in  
happiness.

Artan stands up and pulls off Katya's jeans and panties,  
before pulling down his own trousers and underpants,  
exposing his bare butt. We know what's going to happen next.

**EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK, TIRANA - DAY**

Katya pulls up in an expensive, fast set of rented wheels.

The place is a shadow even of its former shabby self. Windows smashed, graffiti everywhere, a huge pile of rubble and junk out front. Uninhabited, desolate, condemned; the place is just waiting for the wrecking ball to arrive.

Katya steps out of her car, looks around, takes it all in.

**INT. ARTAN'S APARTMENT BLOCK, TIRANA - DAY**

Katya stands in front of Artan's old apartment. The front door is hanging off. She kicks it open.

**INT. HALLWAY, ARTAN'S APARTMENT, TIRANA - DAY**

Katya walks in, looks around. The wallpaper is torn, the floor bare. There's a creepy and soulless vibe to the place.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, ARTAN'S APARTMENT, TIRANA - DAY**

Katya takes in the room. It's a facsimile of the rest of the apartment: exposed wires hanging out where the wall plugs and light switches have been ripped out; windows smashed in; walls covered in damp and graffiti.

She tries to reconcile the room as it is now with her haunting memories of the place. She shifts her attention to the spot where the sofa used to be, holds her focus on it.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

**INT. LIVING ROOM, ARTAN'S APARTMENT, TIRANA - THE PAST - DAY**

Artan rapes her from behind while she's bent over the sofa.

END FLASHBACK.

She comes back to the present. Emotions start to well up in her: anger, sadness, vengeance. She moves on to the bedroom.

**INT. BEDROOM, ARTAN'S APARTMENT, TIRANA - DAY**

Katya enters. She's suddenly seized by another memory.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

**INT. BEDROOM, ARTAN'S APARTMENT, TIRANA - THE PAST - DAY**

Artan sits on the bed, next to a handcuffed Katya. He reaches into his back pocket and pulls out an injection.

CLOSE ON Artan plunges the injection into Katya's leg.

CLOSE ON Katya's ecstatic face as the heroin takes hold.

END FLASHBACK.

**INT. BEDROOM, ARTAN'S APARTMENT, TIRANA - DAY**

Katya snaps out of her thoughts. She churns with rage, but seems to draw strength and resolve from it at the same time.

**INT. ARTAN'S VAN - MOVING - THE PAST - DAY**

An enclosed dark space, almost pitch black, coffin-like. Katya is lying down in it, her body confined uncomfortably in a fetal position, her face barely visible. She breathes sparingly, as if scared she'll run out of air. She struggles to maintain her composure, to her keep claustrophobia at bay.

We can clearly hear the HUM of an ENGINE and the familiar RUMBLE of TYRES travelling at high speed over asphalt.

CUT TO:

The interior of the van. It is largely empty, save for a suitcase and a couple of black sacks containing Artan's meagre possessions. It is clear that Katya is hidden beneath a false floor in this vehicle.

CUT TO:

Artan in the front cab of the van, driving along a freeway. He's contented, his plans finally becoming reality.

We whizz beneath a large overhead sign that reads 'MILANO'.

**EXT. MILAN - DAY**

SUPERIMPOSE: 'MILAN, ITALY'

The Milanese skyline against a backdrop of the magnificent Alps on a perfect late summer's day.

**EXT. "BAR RIVOLI", MILAN - DAY**

A dive bar on the wrong side of the tracks.

Katya enters the establishment.

**INT. "BAR RIVOLI", MILAN - DAY**

A seedy, smoke-filled establishment. The patrons - mostly low-rent types - are glued to the soccer match on the TV.

Katya approaches the BARMAN.

KATYA

I'm looking for Omar.

He cocks his head towards a Moroccan sitting with his FRIENDS in the corner. Meet OMAR, a low-level dealer and hustler. He's in his twenties, dressed in street gear, possessed of a real swagger.

Katya approaches his table.

KATYA

Delors said you have a package for me.

OMAR

You Katya?

She nods yes.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Shit! He didn't tell me you'd be this good looking.

Katya just stares back at him sternly.

OMAR (CONT'D)

(holding his hands up)

Heh, I'm just saying. You can't be angry with a man for telling the truth.

KATYA

Do you have the goods or not?

OMAR

(gesturing to the back of the bar)

Follow me.

**INT. STORE ROOM, "BAR RIVOLI", MILAN - DAY**

Omar hands Katya a vial of heroin. She holds it up, examines it.

OMAR

Quality stuff. I added some Fentanyl to it, just to give it a real kick. Go easy. It'll give you a high like you'd never believe.

Katya pockets the drug. She's all business, not at all interested in his patter.

KATYA

What about the gun?

Omar reaches behind one of the crates and pulls out something wrapped in a cloth. He unwraps it to reveal a semi-automatic pistol.

OMAR

This the kind of thing you wanted?

KATYA

A Grand Power K100. Perfect.

OMAR

I'm impressed. A woman who knows her guns.

KATYA

Gun club member, five years.

Katya takes it from him, inspects it, gets the feel of it.

OMAR

No need for the free introductory lesson then.

Katya adopts a firing stance, aims the gun at the wall, a cold, steely expression on her face.

KATYA

I'm going to be the one teaching a lesson.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, MILAN - THE PAST - NIGHT**

A busy thoroughfare in Milan's red-light district.

It's a cold, rainy night, but the streetwalkers, of various nationalities, are still out, forced to ply their trade in all weathers.

Artan pulls up next to Katya in a flashy motor and winds down the window. He's sharply dressed and dripping in jewellery. Business is clearly booming.

By contrast, Katya is a mess: caked in make-up, scantily clad, high on God knows what. Artan's sudden appearance has a sobering effect on her.

ARTAN

Get in.

Katya complies meekly, jumps into the passenger seat.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - THE PAST - NIGHT**

ARTAN

(curt, aggressive)

Money.

Katya pulls out a few Euros from her purse and hands them over. She appears skittish, fearful.

He counts the notes with practised speed, then turns to her and stares at her menacingly for a beat. Katya knows she's in trouble.

ARTAN (CONT'D)

What do you call this?

KATYA

I'm sorry, Artan. It's been a slow night. The rain's keeping everyone away.

ARTAN

(mimicking her  
sarcastically)

The rains keeping everyone away.

Artan lashes out without warning: he grabs Katya by her hair and smashes her head forcefully against the side window. She yelps in pain.

ARTAN

You useless, drugged-up bitch! How the fuck am I supposed to live on this? Do you know how much it cost me to bring you to Italy?

Katya cowers as she tries to recover from the blow.

KATYA

I'm sorry.

Katya flinches as Artan reaches over and opens her door. He starts to shove her out as if she's a stray dog.

ARTAN

Go on, get out! I want another two hundred Euros by the morning or your dead meat. No excuses!

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, MILAN - THE PAST - NIGHT**

Katya stands in the freezing rain as he drives off.

**EXT. CAR PARK, MILAN - THE PAST - NIGHT**

A modest hatchback, its windows steamed-up, sits in the otherwise empty car park of an anonymous industrial estate.

**INT. HATCHBACK - THE PAST - NIGHT**

Katya is on the back seat having sex doggy-style with a PUNTER. He's really into it. She can't wait for it to be over. He's in his twenties, clean-cut and handsome, not the type you'd think would frequent streetwalkers.

PUNTER

How about it? How about anal?

KATYA

(adamant)

I told you, I don't do anal!

PUNTER

Please. I'll pay you extra.

KATYA

I said, NO!

Overwhelmed by frustration and excitement, he pulls out of Katya abruptly and switches to anal, plunging in heedlessly.

Katya screams and her body stiffens as shockwaves of pain pulse through her body. She's too weak to fight back.

PUNTER

Whores aren't allowed to say no!

Tears stream down Katya's face. She's just hit a new low.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT, MILAN - THE PAST - DAY**

Another day another dollar. Artan sits at the dining table of his modest open-plan apartment counting Katya's earnings. Also on the table is an injection of heroin, prepped and ready to be administered.

Katya sits opposite, on the sofa. She's hugging herself, rocking gently, waiting impatiently, desperate for her fix.

Artan finishes counting the money. He's pleased.

ARTAN

Three hundred Euros. You had a good night.

Katya nods, smiles weakly, glad that he's happy.

Artan holds out the syringe to Katya, like an owner rewarding a pet with a treat.

ARTAN

(benevolent)

Here. You've earned it, baby.

Katya rushes forward to accept it. She sits back down on the sofa and starts to prep for a hit. She flicks the tip with her fingers and squirts some of the content, to remove air bubbles. She's an expert now, knows exactly what to do.

She searches for a vein on her left arm, then plunges in the needle. Her body relaxes as the drug takes hold, sinking into the sofa. She basks in her high, retreating to a benign world of her own making for a few precious moments. Escaping.

**EXT. RED-LIGHT AREA, MILAN - THE PAST - DUSK**

A new spot, but trade is abysmal. Katya stands shivering in a micro dress, short jacket and high heels.

She looks back at Artan sitting in his car some distance away enjoying a cigarette, wishing she was in the warmth too.

He just watches her impassively.

A moment later, she spots a police car approaching slowly, deliberately. She panics and starts to walk, hoping it will just pass by.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - THE PAST - DUSK**

Artan spots the police car too as it drives by. He snaps to attention immediately.

ARTAN'S POV:

The car glides alongside Katya, then halts. Two young CARABINIERI get out.

ARTAN  
(to himself)  
Just stick to the script. Just give  
them the story I gave you.

The officers question Katya briefly. We can't hear the conversation, but whatever Katya's answers, they are not convinced. They unceremoniously bundle a protesting Katya into the back of their vehicle and drive away.

Artan is livid. He whacks the steering wheel in frustration.

ARTAN  
Shit!

**INT. POLICE STATION, MILAN - THE PAST - DAWN**

The DUTY OFFICER unlocks the cell door to reveal Katya sitting on the bed awake, whiling away the hours.

**EXT. POLICE STATION, MILAN - THE PAST - DAWN**

A small suburban outpost. An angry Artan sits in his car outside, waiting impatiently for Katya to be released.

ARTAN'S POV:

Katya exits the main entrance. She spots Artan and freezes. She's far more afraid of him than she is of the police.

She knows she has no choice, she has to face the reckoning. She walks over to his car, dreading every step, and gets in.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - THE PAST - DAWN**

Artan is all controlled rage.

ARTAN  
What happened? What did they do?

KATYA

Nothing. They just took down my details, fingerprinted me, then locked me up for the night.

ARTAN

Any charges?

KATYA

No, they let me off with just a warning.

ARTAN

How could you be so stupid?

KATYA

I didn't see them coming. Neither did you.

Artan lashes out with a slap, but then realises where he's parked and instantly regrets punishing her insolence in such an exposed setting.

ARTAN

Fuck you! Don't you dare blame this on me, you hear? This was your fault for not being on guard enough, for not following my instructions properly.

Katya sits impassively, taking the abuse.

ARTAN (CONT'D)

Did you give the the false details I taught you?

KATYA

Yes.

ARTAN

(paranoia rising)

They'll run a check. They'll find out you're lying. And the next time you're arrested, they'll charge you. I can't afford to take that risk.

KATYA

(quietly)

One of the other girls there had been arrested for the tenth time. They just let her go.

Artan shakes his head, skeptical, disbelieving.

ARTAN

I'm illegal here too, remember? I can't afford to take any risks... It's time for you to go.

Katya can't believe her ears, starts to panic.

KATYA

Artan, no. Please. I won't do it again. I promise I'll be careful.

ARTAN

No. I've been thinking: you're not earning as much as you used to, but costing me more than ever to keep. And now this... I need to sell you on, bring in some fresh meat.

KATYA

I'll try harder. I swear.

ARTAN

No. I've made up my mind. You have to go.

**EXT. DE WALLEN, AMSTERDAM - THE PAST - DAY**

SUPERIMPOSE: 'Amsterdam, The Netherlands'

A canal with tightly packed row houses flanking both sides; tourists wandering around. We are in the heart of De Wallen, the city's famous red-light district.

**INT. COOS' OFFICE, DE WALLEN, AMSTERDAM - THE PAST - DAY**

The back-office of bigtime brothel owner COOS VAN DER MEIDEN.

Coos is in his fifties, overweight, bearded, spangled in gold jewellery, his receding hair tied in an incongruous ponytail. He looks every bit the seedy sex impresario that he is.

He sits behind a big desk, puffing on a fat cigar. Flanking him are some of his HEAVIES. Artan is there too, waiting for a decision.

Katya stands before all of them stark naked. She looks self-conscious, vulnerable and, above all, worried. Despite everything, she doesn't want Artan to sell her. A case of better the devil you know.

Coos leans back in his chair, takes another puff on his cigar, examines Katya intently with his eyes, mulls his decision.

COOS

(to Artan)

How many clients did you say she can service?

ARTAN

Up to twenty a day. She's a bargain at that price, believe me.

Coos returns his gaze to Katya, runs some numbers in his head. Finally, he nods, his mind made up:

COOS  
OK, four thousand Euros it is.

Artan is delighted, pumps his fists.

ARTAN  
You won't regret it.

COOS  
We'll see.

Katya is devastated, throws Artan a desperate look. He responds by giving her a look that says 'good riddance'.

COOS  
(addressing Katya)  
I look after my girls, as long they  
look after me. You understand?

Katya nods weakly. When will this nightmare end?!

COOS (CONT'D)  
Mess with me and you will be  
punished - severely. I have  
business to run. I can't afford  
problems.

KATYA  
Yes.

COOS  
Good. Now get dressed.

Katya hastily picks up her clothes and starts to dress.

COOS (CONT'D)  
(instructing HEAVY #1)  
Bring me four thousand from the  
safe.

The man follows orders and leaves the room immediately.

COOS (CONT'D)  
(addressing HEAVY #2)  
Put her to work in the Barndesteeg  
shop. Get Maya to train her up, OK?

HEAVY #2 nods dutifully. He walks over to Katya, who's just finished dressing, takes her by the arm and leads her out.

Katya throws Artan another pleading look as she goes. He just stares back unemotionally.

**EXT. LUXURY HOUSE, MILAN - DAY**

Katya sits in her car, at a discrete distance from a large house in a well-to-do suburb of Milan.

KATYA'S POV:

The front door opens and out spills Artan, still pulling on his jacket. He is dressed too young for his age. A man trying to impress his mistress, desperate to defy the years.

The inhabitant, a beautiful young BLONDE in her twenties, still in her nightgown, looks both ways, to check her surroundings, before treating Artan to one last, lingering kiss.

Artan breaks off reluctantly. Smiling, he gets into his pimped-up Mercedes with tinted windows and drives away.

Katya fires-up her car and follows him.

**EXT. ALBANIAN SOCIAL CLUB, MILAN - DAY**

The building is served by a large car park, both at the front and the rear. An expansive front window affords a clear views of the interior of the club.

From a distance, we see Artan join his FRIENDS at a table. He makes himself comfortable, intends to spend time there.

Katya pulls up in her car at a safe distance. She reaches over to the glove compartment and pulls out the vial of heroin she procured from Omar, as well as a syringe.

She starts to prep the injection, loading it with the drug.

**EXT. ALBANIAN SOCIAL CLUB, MILAN - LATER**

Still observing from a distance, we see Artan finish-up and leave, much to the disappointment of his friends.

**EXT. CAR PARK, ALBANIAN SOCIAL CLUB, MILAN - DAY**

Artan walks alone to his Mercedes, parked in the secluded rear car park. He seems pleased, relaxed, like he doesn't have a care in the world. He gets in.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Artan starts the car and reaches over his shoulder for the safety belt. As he does so, Katya sits up on the back seat and gently places the muzzle of her pistol on his temple.

He freezes instinctively.

KATYA

Put your hands on the steering wheel, where I can see them.

Artan complies, snatching a glance in the rear view mirror in the process. He recognises Katya instantly and just smiles wryly in response. He decides to play it cool.

ARTAN

I was wondering when you'd make it back.

KATYA

Oh, I'm sure you've had many sleepless nights worrying about me.

ARTAN

(still gazing in mirror)  
You look well.

KATYA

No thanks to you.

ARTAN

You were the best looking girl I ever had. I shouldn't have got rid of you.

KATYA

Oh? And how many more have there been, Artan? How many more young girl's lives have you messed up since me? How many more junkies have you created over the years?

ARTAN

It was just business, nothing more.

KATYA

To me, business implies an agreed exchange. Freedom to trade. I don't remember being a free agent. I just remember being your slave.

Artan doesn't have a comeback.

KATYA (CONT'D)

Step out of the car - slowly.

**EXT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Artan steps out as instructed. Katya maneuvers out of the back, keeping her gun trained on him. But he's got other ideas. Seizing the opportunity, he ducks back inside and retrieves a gun secreted under the driver's seat.

Quick as a flash, he spins round and pulls the trigger once, twice.

Katya doesn't flinch for a second. It's as if she was expecting him to make the move.

Nothing. Just the hollow CLICK of the hammer dropping on an empty chamber. Artan suddenly realizes he's dry firing.

Katya pulls out the magazine from her jacket pocket and holds it up.

KATYA

Didn't it feel a little light?

Artan's been outfoxed and he knows it.

KATYA (CONT'D)

Drop it.

He puts his gun down and steps back, hands in the air.

Katya ushers him with her gun.

KATYA (CONT'D)

Now, get in the boot.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - LATER**

Artan is securely ensconced in the boot of his car, his hands and feet bound with cable ties. Katya slams the lid shut on him.

**EXT. BUSY ROAD, MILAN - DAY**

Katya, at the wheel of Artan's Mercedes, driving along. She joins the back end of a fast-growing tailback.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Katya strains to see what's causing the jam. She quickly notices a police checkpoint up ahead. She looks for a way to avoid it, but there is none. She remains calm, nevertheless.

KATYA'S POV:

A ROOKY Carabinieri is stopping each car, questioning the occupants briefly, before allowing them to drive on.

She snails slowly, inevitably, towards the checkpoint. Any action on her part now will only raise suspicion. She elects to act normal, to brazen it out.

Katya passes a police car parked at the side. The DRIVER is an older Carabinieri who is busy completing his paperwork.

**EXT. BUSY ROAD, MILAN - DAY**

The Rooky finishes quizzing the car in front of Katya's and waves it through. He motions Katya to move forward.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Katya tenses slightly, but manages to disguise it well. She edges forward, stops the car beside the Rooky and winds down

the window.

**INT. BOOT, ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Artan, senses the car has stopped. He strains to listen, suspicious, alert.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

The Rooky addresses Katya through the lowered window.

ROOKY  
(in Italian)  
Buon pomeriggio, signora

KATYA  
I'm sorry, I don't speak Italian,  
only English.

ROOKY  
Ah, mi scusi.

Switches to English, his delivery slightly rusty.

ROOKY (CONT'D)  
There was a...How do you say...Erm,  
a hit and run here last Friday...

**INT. BOOT, ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Artan starts to pound the interior wall of the boot with his feet.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Katya hears the noise and freezes momentarily, as her mind goes into overdrive, processes, decides how to react.

The Rooky hears the commotion too and steps back in surprise, starts to reach for his weapon.

ROOKY  
Step out of the car!

Too late. Katya slams the Mercedes into gear and tears off as fast as she can, tyres screeching, rubber burning.

**EXT. BUSY ROAD, MILAN - DAY**

The Rooky, reeling with shock, legs it to his car, alerting his colleague as he goes.

They roar off in pursuit, lights flashing, SIREN screaming.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Katya glances in the rear view mirror, sees the police car giving chase, lights flashing, siren BLARING. She hunkers down, concentrates, starts to accelerate the vehicle.

**EXT. BUSY ROAD, MILAN - DAY**

Katya skillfully weaves the car in and out of traffic at speed. Horns HONK angrily all around. PEDESTRIANS look on.

**INT. POLICE CAR - DAY**

The Driver focuses entirely on tracking Katya, while the Rooky radios for back up.

**EXT. MAJOR INTERSECTION, MILAN - DAY**

Artan's car speeds towards the crossroad.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

The light changes to red just as Katya approaches. No choice. She speeds up even more and jumps the light.

Flowing traffic either skids to a halt or swerves suddenly to avoid her car.

Katya pulls a sharp right at high speed.

**INT. BOOT, ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Artan is thrown around like he's in a tumble dryer as the car turns acutely.

**EXT. MAIN ROADS, MILAN - DAY**

Katya barrels down the road.

A second police car, siren blaring, approaches in the opposite direction. The two occupants spot Katya's speeding Mercedes immediately. They perform a 180 degree turn in the middle of the road and join the chase.

**INT. POLICE CAR #2 - DAY**

CARABINIERI #3 confirms over the radio that they are in pursuit.

**EXT. MAIN ROADS, MILAN - DAY**

The Rooky's car catches up with the second police car. They are both gunning after Katya now.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

The traffic light up ahead changes to stop again. This time Katya's path is blocked by the cars in front.

Without batting an eyelid, she mounts the pavement. Petrified pedestrians jump out of the way in all directions, clearing a path for her. It's a miracle nobody is mown down.

Katya circumvents the traffic lights and cuts a left.

**EXT. MAIN ROADS, MILAN - DAY**

Both police cars break out onto the pavement too.

**EXT. MAIN ROADS, MILAN - DAY**

A parked car pulls out without indicating. Katya swerves adeptly to avoid it.

The first police car is not so lucky and plows into it.

The second police car manages to dodge the smash-up - just.

Katya turns right, into a small side street.

**EXT. SIDE STREET, MILAN - DAY**

Katya races down the street unimpeded, starts to put some distance between her and the second police car.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

She suddenly sees a garbage truck reversing out from an intersecting street.

There's no avoiding it. No escape. She calculates she can skirt around it if she speeds up. She hits the gas pedal.

**EXT. SIDE STREET, MILAN - DAY**

The Merc zips around the garbage truck just in the nick of time and with just centimetres to spare.

**INT. POLICE CAR #2 - DAY**

The Carabinieri both realise that the garbage truck has reversed out too far now for them to get past safely.

They slam on the brakes urgently. But it is too late. The police car skids right into the truck, totalling the front.

**EXT. SIDE STREET, MILAN - DAY**

Both Carabinieri get out of the wreck cursing, but unharmed.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Katya looks back, sees she's shaken off the cops. Allows herself a little smile. Takes off down the street.

**EXT. MAIN ROADS, MILAN - DAY**

Another police car parked outside a row of shops, facing the traffic.

CARABINIERI #5 is standing beside his car, listening to the description of the Mercedes being broadcast over police radio.

He can't quite believe his eyes as Katya whips past in the very same car.

He jumps in, flicks on the SIREN, then peels off in hot pursuit.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Katya realises the police are on her tail again.

KATYA

Shit!

Katya starts to drive evasively again, desperate to shake off the cops once and for all.

**INT. POLICE CAR #3 - DAY**

Carabinieri #5 drives like a demon, determined to keep up with Katya. His colleague, CARABINIERI #6, gives a running commentary to HQ over the police radio.

**EXT. MAIN ROADS, MILAN - DAY**

Katya executes a spectacular u-turn in the middle of the road and then takes the first left.

The police car follows close behind.

Tram tracks run along the median strip of this road. Katya lurches her car onto the tracks. Starts to pull away.

A MOTORBIKE COP joins the chase, but sticks to the road, rides parallel to the meridian, stays with the flow of traffic.

Katya can't seem to shake off the police, no matter what!

**INT. POLICE CAR #3 - DAY**

Carabinieri #6 still screaming excitedly into the radio.

**EXT. MAIN ROADS, MILAN - DAY**

A tram appears in the opposite direction, on course for a head-on collision with Katya.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Katya keeps her cool. Doesn't waver, doesn't change course.

The tram gets closer, closer. Still, Katya doesn't relent.

Then, at the last possible second, she sees a break in the barriers that run along both sides of the meridian. Seizing the opportunity, she flicks the wheel and swerves sharply.

**EXT. MAIN ROADS, MILAN - DAY**

The car slips through the gap in the meridian successfully, exiting the track undamaged, and bursts back onto the road.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Katya quickly and skillfully brings the Mercedes back under control as it rejoins the traffic on the road.

**INT. BOOT, ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Artan is on a joy ride from hell, almost ready to puke.

**INT. POLICE CAR #3 - DAY**

The cops try to pull the same maneuver. They manage to dodge the oncoming tram, but do so so late and so sharply that they lose control of their vehicle.

The police car cuts across two lanes of traffic and SMASHES straight into parked cars.

**EXT. MAIN ROADS, MILAN - DAY**

The vehicles behind the police car start piling into each other, as they brake to avoid ramming into the wreckage caused by the cops. The horrible sound of metal CRUNCHING and horns HONKING desperately.

The motorbike cop skirts around the detritus and presses on.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Katya glances in the side view mirror, sees the motorbike bearing down on her. She can't go any faster.

She performs more nifty moves, to put some distance between them, but he's on her like a limpet.

**EXT. INTERSECTION, MILAN - DAY**

Katya races through the busy intersection without regard. Cars skid and spin, tyres SCREECH, as everyone scrambles to avoid her.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Just when she thinks she's made it safely across, BHAM! A car t-bones her passenger-side.

The Mercedes slides out of control momentarily, as Katya battles to tame it.

**INT. BOOT, ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Artan is buffeted badly by the impact.

ARTAN

Fuuuuuuck!

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Katya quickly regains control of the car, as well as her composure, and continues on her way.

**EXT. INTERSECTION, MILAN - DAY**

The motorbike cop follows seconds behind, but finds his path blocked by a delivery van trying to weave around the car that just clipped Katya's. The motorbike cop slams the brakes and attempts to change direction abruptly. Too late. He crashes into the van sideways.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Katya gets the break she's been looking for and doesn't waste a second. She spots a busy petrol station up ahead and races towards it.

**EXT. INTERSECTION, MILAN - DAY**

Unharmd, the motorbike cop picks up his bike, gets on, and sets off after Katya again.

**EXT. PETROL STATION, MILAN - DAY**

Katya deftly maneuvers the Mercedes off the main road, onto the garage forecourt and straight into the vacant carwash, where she comes to an instant halt.

**INT. ARTAN'S CAR - DAY**

Katya sits with bated breath, on the look out for the motorbike cop, praying that he'll just speed by.

A second later, he whizzes past obliviously. Katya breathes a sigh of relief.

**EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY, MILAN - DAY**

The Mercedes pulls up in the grounds of an abandoned factory. The place is dilapidated and eerie.

**INT. ABANDONED FACTORY, MILAN - DAY**

Katya forces Artan into the building at gunpoint. The place is a maze and still full of industrial detritus like pipes, tanks and rusting machinery.

Katya keeps Artan in front of her, gun trained on him constantly, as they make their way through the building.

ARTAN

What are you planning to do?

KATYA

You'll find out.

ARTAN

Kill me? Is that it? Do you think that will solve your problems?

KATYA

It will certainly make me feel better, I know that. Turn left.

ARTAN

You have no right to punish me. Only the law can do that, or God.

KATYA

The only law people like you understand is the law of the jungle. And as for God, I doubt you can even spell his name.

ARTAN

I told you before, it was just business, nothing personal.

KATYA

No, Artan. Buying a girl who you know has been kidnapped, taking her to a strange country, raping her and then allowing ten to twenty men a day to rape her too, just so you can earn money, is not business. It's called 'exploitation'.

ARTAN

It was just sex.

KATYA

We never had sex. Get it through your head: you raped me. It was rape.

ARTAN

I was good to you. I looked after you.

KATYA

(scoffs)

You looked after me? You force-fed me heroin. You turned me into a junkie. You prostituted me. You starved me. You beat me.

ARTAN

(indignant)

I only ever beat my girls when they deserved it, to keep discipline.

KATYA

I didn't deserve any of the things you put me through, and neither did any of your other girls. You treated us worse than animals. How could you?

ARTAN

What do you want me to say? Sorry?

KATYA

If you were genuinely sorry, you wouldn't still be in the business of smuggling and pimping innocent young girls. Go up the stairs.

ARTAN

(pauses on a step)

I can stop. Let me prove it to you.

KATYA

(nudges him on with her gun)

You've had twelve years to stop. Now move.

ARTAN

And you've had just as long to get over it.

KATYA

I kicked the drugs years ago, but I'm still working through the abuse and trauma. I guess this is the last part of the healing process - confronting my tormentors.

At this point, the two are advancing along an aerial walkway. Artan spots a pulley hook hanging from a chain on a ceiling track. It's within his reach. He grabs it suddenly and swings it forcefully at Katya, hitting her.

Katya is thrown to the floor of the walkway by the force of the blow. Her gun falls from her hand and lands in an inaccessible spot on the factory floor below. Artan seizes the moment, races down the stairs on the other side, hoping to reach the weapon first. Katya gets up and runs after him.

Artan comes bounding down the stairs, Katya in pursuit.

He gets down on his hands and knees, desperate to scoop up the gun. He struggles to reach it. Katya comes up from behind and kicks him away. He lands on his back. Without taking his eyes off Katya, he starts to feel around for something to use as a weapon. His hand quickly lands on a lump of broken concrete. He hurls it at her.

Katya ducks in the nick of time. The lump smashes against the pillar behind her.

Artan scrambles to his feet and grabs a metal bar lying nearby. He tries to swipe Katya with it. She jumps back. He tries again. Misses. Each awaits the other's next move.

Katya spots an anonymous container of liquid nearby. She grabs it and splashes the contents in Artan's face. Whatever it is, it's nasty. He smarts, rubs his eyes furiously. Katya uses his temporary incapacity to deliver a walloping jump kick.

Artan falls backwards onto some decrepit office furniture, losing hold of the metal bar. Katya comes at him, relentless, punches him in the stomach, then in the face.

She underestimated his vulnerability, though. He grabs her by the throat, throws her to the ground forcefully, winding her. He marches over, picks her up and sends her flying through the air again.

Katya gets to her feet just in time to receive a punch in the face from Artan. Enraged, she responds with the same. It's the start of a vicious bout of skilled kicks and blows in which neither party dominates.

Katya breaks the stalemate with a hard blow to Artan's nose. Bingo! He steps back, reeling, blood pouring out of his broken snout. He's furious.

Artan charges towards Katya in an explosive rage. He sweeps her off her feet before she can react and slams her against a wall with huge force. He lifts her off her feet. Starts to strangle her.

ARTAN

Die, Bitch!

She starts to choke. She claws at his hands, tries to prise them off. It's no use, they're like a vice around her throat. Katya's in real trouble now, and she knows it. Time for the nuclear option: she knees him in the balls - hard!

He lets go instantly and staggers backwards, clutching his cojones, yelping in agony, cursing in Albanian.

Katya follows up with a swing kick, felling Artan. She gets down, turns over his prostrated body and starts to rain down blow after blow on his face.

Artan summons up enough strength to land a devastating punch that throws Katya to the floor.

He scuttles up behind her and wraps his arm around her neck. She can't believe she's in the same predicament again so soon. Strangulation seems to be Artan's preferred method of dispatch.

Katya struggles to break free, but she can't. They roll around on the floor, Katya desperate to loosen his arm lock, Artan determined to maintain it.

Artan rolls Katya over, so she's lying on her back on top of him. Time is running out for her - they both know it. Katya thrashes around, gasping, eyes bulging, trying to find a way out. Artan tightens his grip further, slowly, deliberately. He's enjoying every second of her expiration, her agony.

A moment of lucidity registers on Katya's face. She's thought of a way out! She feels around her waist urgently with one hand. She locates the small waist bag clipped to her belt. Working blindly, she opens it and pulls out the syringe of heroin she prepared earlier.

On the verge of blacking out and barely functioning, Katya somehow musters enough strength to slam the injection into Artan's thigh and releases the contents into him.

Artan gasps heavily, his body flexes, as the drug rushes through his arterial system and takes hold, overwhelming him. His grip suddenly relaxes. A coughing and spluttering Katya releases herself from his clasp. She lies there, relieved, lucky to be alive, trying to get her breath back.

Artan lies dead beneath her, his eyes wide open, a shocked expression on his face.

**INT. PUBLIC TOILETS, MILAN - DAY**

Alone, a bloodied and bruised Katya cleans herself up in front of the mirror.

**INT. MAYA'S ROOM, BROTHEL, AMSTERDAM - THE PAST - DAY**

A room typical of those found in the brothels littering Barndesteeg, the city's red light district: spotless but overwrought.

MAYA, 20, kind, delicate, dressed in skimpy clothes, lies on the bed smoking vacantly, waiting for custom.

She sits up when the door opens and Heavy #2 leads Katya in.

HEAVY #2

Coos says you teach her.

Maya invites Katya in with a jerk of the head. She stands.

MAYA

Go. I will do.

The Heavy leaves. Maya proffers her hand, smiling, glad for the female company. Katya shakes it.

MAYA

I am Maya. From Russia. You?

KATYA

Katya, from Moldova.

MAYA

Come, sit.

Maya indicates the bed. They both sit down. She offers Katya a cigarette, but Katya declines.

MAYA (CONT'D)

How old you are?

KATYA

Eighteen...How long have you been here?

MAYA

(holding up two fingers)

Here, two years. I am twenty now. I be your big sister, no?

Katya's not sure how to respond.

KATYA

How did you end up here, in Amsterdam?

MAYA

Oh, long story. I have baby daughter. No husband. Need money. Agent promise me work cleaning in hotel here. Lies, all lies. Cheat me. Now I slave in this shithole!

KATYA

What about your daughter?!

MAYA

My mother care for her. The boss, Coos, he no allow me any contact. Two years now. My mother think I am dead, I am sure of it.

KATYA

I'm the same. I haven't spoken to my mum in months. She must be going mad with worry.

MAYA

What you can do, huh? Coos keep his girls like slaves. His men watch you every second of day and night. Never leave you alone. Never! Who sell you to Coos, agent?

KATYA

No, my pimp sold me to him. I desperately wanted to escape from Moldova, build a new life, earn some money, look after my mother. So, I convinced her to spend her

(MORE)

KATYA (cont'd)  
 life savings getting me out.  
 Instead of a dream life, I'm living  
 a nightmare.

MAYA  
 It is nightmare alright. Agent who  
 trick me, first day, he tie me to  
 wall and get his gang to rape me.  
 So much pain. I wanted to die.

KATYA  
 I want to kill.

Her admission makes her uncomfortable, guilty, even.

KATYA (CONT'D)  
 How bad is it here?

MAYA  
 Bad. I force to have sex with up to  
 ten men a day - every day. I make  
 Coos 500 Euros a day, but I not get  
 one cent of money.

KATYA  
 Any drugs?

MAYA  
 Plenty drugs. Drugs, no problem.  
 Food, always problem. Get only  
 little bit, twice a day.

Katya is visibly relieved she'll be able to sustain her by  
 now well established drug addiction.

KATYA  
 That's how they control us. Stop us  
 from running.

Maya rubs Katya's arm reassuringly.

MAYA  
 Don't worry, we will survive. Me  
 for my daughter, you for your  
 mother.

KATYA  
 Will we?

MAYA  
 Of course! We will see them again  
 one day. I believe this. Until  
 then, we look after each other, no?

Katya nods weakly, uncertain she'll ever see home again.

**SERIES OF SHOTS - KATYA HAVING SEX WITH CLIENTS - THE PAST**

Katya, in her designated room, having soulless, mechanical sex with different male clients. With all of them, Katya appears disengaged, passive, distant; they are the ones having sex, not her.

- A) Katya straining under a corpulent middle-aged exec
- B) Katya suffering a nervous, fumbling teenager
- C) Katya with an athletic and vocal young African-American
- D) Affluent-type slapping her repeatedly during vigorous sex
- E) Katya with a cop, his uniform visible on a nearby chair
- F) A tearful Katya enduring anal with a working class slob

**INT. KATYA'S ROOM, BROTHEL, AMSTERDAM - THE PAST - DAY**

Katya posing in the window, touting for business. She sees uniformed police officers approaching and becomes agitated.

KATYA'S POV:

The two officers exchange a few words with Heavy #2, who's posted outside, then enter the premises and approach Katya.

Both officers are in their twenties. The female, LISA BROUWER, is warm, genuine and disarming. The male, JAN DE KONING, is reserved and hard to read; he lets Lisa do all the talking.

LISA

Hi, I'm Lisa Brouwer and this is my colleague, Jan de Koning.

Jan smiles politely, but stays in the background.

LISA (CONT'D)

Your name is?

KATYA

Katya.

LISA

And how are you today, Katya?

KATYA

(shrugs her shoulders)

OK, I guess.

LISA

Good. I just wanted to take up a couple of minutes of your time to let you know about the work we do here in the red light district. Is that OK?

Katya, wary and on edge from the very start, simply nods yes. Lisa is unfazed, she's used to it.

LISA (CONT'D)

Jan and I have been assigned to look out for the all the girls working in this district. We just like to get to know everyone, build community relations, offer help and advice, that sort of thing. Where are you from?

KATYA

Sweden.

Lisa suppresses a smile, knows Katya's lying.

LISA

Right, Sweden. So, how are you finding it here in Amsterdam? Have you settled in? Any problems?

KATYA

No, no problems. I'm OK.

LISA

So you're being treated well by Coos?

Katya can't help but register surprise that Lisa knows Coos.

KATYA

Yes, he's been fine with me.

LISA

Well that's good to hear. You're lucky. A lot of girls in this area are smuggled in, then beaten and forced into prostitution.

KATYA

That's not me.

LISA

Understood. But we want to stop it when it does happen. We want to help girls who've been trafficked. So, if you ever come across somebody like that or even just hear about it, we'd really like to know.

KATYA

Sure. Is that all?

LISA

Yeah, pretty much. Can I leave this with you?

Lisa hands Katya a leaflet.

LISA (CONT'D)

Our names and a 24 hour helpline number are on the front. On the back it's got information about the help and advice the police offer, as well as details of other organisations that you can turn to, if you don't want to speak to us for any reason.

KATYA

Thanks.

Katya stands in silence, willing them to leave. Finally:

LISA

OK, well, thanks for your time, and we hope to see you again soon. And remember, we're here to help you. Bye.

Lisa and Jan leave. Katya watches them go. She heaves a sigh of relief.

Heavy #2 appears at the window, regards her threateningly. Katya rips up and bins the leaflet, to his satisfaction.

**INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM, BROTHEL, AMSTERDAM - THE PAST - NIGHT**

A small, austere room with a barred window and a bunk bed on either side. Katya and Maya share one of the bunks while two GIRLS occupy the other. Both of the girls are fast asleep. Katya and Maya whisper discretely to each other.

MAYA

Are you awake.

KATYA

Yes.

MAYA

Two police visit me today. Man and woman. Tell me they can help me.

KATYA

They visited me too.

MAYA

I am going to do it. I'm going to call them.

KATYA

Coos will go mad if he finds out. And what if the police can't keep their promise. Then what?

MAYA

I've heard police in Amsterdam good people. Not like Russia. I...

Suddenly, the landing light comes. Maya immediately stops talking. We hear MOVEMENT outside the bedroom door. The two women listen, wait with bated breath. We hear FOOTSTEPS retreating down the stairs. It's safe to talk again.

MAYA (CONT'D)

I need to see my daughter again. I need to get back home.

KATYA

What if you die trying?

MAYA

If I stay here, I die anyway. What is difference?

Katya doesn't answer, because deep down she knows Maya is right, they are doomed whatever they do.

**INT. MAYA'S ROOM, BROTHEL, AMSTERDAM - THE PAST - DAY**

A CUSTOMER is taking a postcoital shower in the en-suite bathroom attached to Maya's room.

Maya checks he's fully occupied, then quietly closes the bathroom door. Surreptitiously, she grabs his mobile and hastily dials a number from memory.

She waits impatiently to be connected, fearful of discovery. It's agonizing, every second feels like an eternity.

**INT. POLICE ANTI-TRAFFICKING UNIT, AMSTERDAM - THE PAST - DAY**

A bored looking Jan is at his desk processing paperwork. His phone rings.

JAN

(into phone)

Police Anti-Trafficking Unit.  
Officer De Koning speaking. How may I help?

INTERCUT with Maya's room at the brothel.

MAYA

(whispering into mobile)

I need help. I want to escape.

Jan's suddenly attentive. He grabs a notepad and pen.

JAN

Where are you and what is your name?

**INT. MULTI-STORY CAR PARK, AMSTERDAM - THE PAST - DAY**

We are on one of the upper floors of a soulless, concrete behemoth, located in an anonymous suburb. It's sundown; the place is near-empty at this time of day.

Coos' car is parked up near one of the low retaining walls. He and Jan stand nearby, talking to each other.

**INT. COOS' CAR - THE PAST - DAY**

A terrified Maya sits prisoner in the back, sandwiched between two heavies.

MAYA,  
No, no. Please, I beg you!

Ignoring her protests, one of the men restrains her, while the other injects her. She rapidly sinks into a woozy, semi-conscious state.

**INT. MULTI-STORY CAR PARK, AMSTERDAM - THE PAST - DAY**

Coos hands Jan a bundle of money, which he pockets happily.

COOS  
(patting Jan)  
Thank you my friend.

Another car arrives. Two more heavies jump out and pull Katya and the two girls who bunk with her from the back. The trio are lined up in front of Coos.

Katya figures out what is going on immediately. She struggles to hide her anger and defiance.

Coos talks in a deliberately calm, cold manner designed to intimidate while puffing intermittently on his cigar.

COOS  
I run a very successful business,  
but that success depends entirely  
on the quality of my employees.  
Would you not agree?

All three women nod yes with varying degrees of enthusiasm.

COOS (CONT'D)  
And would you not agree that if one  
of my employees is unhappy, they  
should come to me first? Give me a  
chance to sort things out - in  
private. Not run outside and  
involve strangers. Hmm?

All three stay silent, heads lowered.

COOS (CONT'D)

The thing is, I have eyes and ears everywhere. Friends in high places. People who look out for me, report back to me. I get to hear about everything. Take Jan here, for example.

Katya looks up at Jan briefly, her eyes burning. He just stares back at her coldly.

COOS (CONT'D)

He told me that one of my employees was very disloyal to me today, that she tried to alert the police.

Coos indicates for Maya to be brought out.

COOS (CONT'D)

I can't have that.

A torpid Maya is dragged from the car by the two heavies.

COOS (CONT'D)

I can't allow disloyalty to go unpunished, that would lead to chaos.

Maya is brought to Coos. She's so sedated that both heavies have to prop her up.

COOS (CONT'D)

So, let me show you very clearly how I deal with people who threaten my interests.

The tension in the air is excruciating. Katya and the two girls look on, horrified but helpless.

Coos gives his men the signal to proceed.

Obediently, the two heavies drag Maya to the parapet, lift her up, then summarily toss her out of the building.

**EXT. MULTI-STORY CAR PARK, AMSTERDAM - THE PAST - DAY**

A screaming Maya hurtles several stories to her death.

Her smashed corpse lies on the ground below, limbs akimbo.

**INT. MULTI-STORY CAR PARK, AMSTERDAM - THE PAST - DAY**

The three women are hysterical, shell-shocked. Coos, Jan and the heavies, on the other hand, are unflinching.

COOS (CONT'D)

Now, get back to work!

**INT. HALLWAY, JAN'S APARTMENT, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT**

The apartment is a modern, up-scale affair; it's not the kind of dwelling a cop would be able to afford normally.

Jan enters and closes the front door behind him. He leans back on the door and heaves a sigh, it's been a long shift.

He stows his gun and badge in the console table, then saunters towards the bedroom, loosening his tie as he goes.

**INT. BEDROOM, JAN'S APARTMENT, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT**

A mirrored wall-to wall wardrobe dominates one side of the room. Jan slides back one of the doors to reveal a digital safe inside.

He kneels down, punches the code and opens it. Bundles of notes are piled high inside. Reaching into his pocket, he pulls out yet another wad and supplements the stash.

Katya stealthily appears in the doorway of the en-suite bathroom levelling a silenced pistol. She's calm, assured, in control.

KATYA

Don't move or I'll shoot.

Jan freezes, studies Katya's reflection in the wardrobe mirror. He doesn't recognise her, mistakes her for a robber.

JAN

Take the money. There's no need for anyone to get hurt.

KATYA

I'm not here for your money.

JAN

Then what are you here for?

Katya answers with ice cold conviction:

KATYA

Justice.

(beat)

How many innocent lives did that pile of cash cost, Officer De Koning?

JAN

You know me?

KATYA

Our paths have crossed. I asked you a question. How many lives?

Jan responds with guilty silence.

KATYA

Your private little retirement fund  
I presume?

JAN

I'm afraid a policeman's salary  
doesn't go very far.

KATYA

So you just supplement it by  
informing on women like Maya?

JAN

Who?

KATYA

The young Russian mother tricked  
into prostitution by Coos. The one  
you stood by and watched as she was  
sedated, then thrown off a  
multi-storey. Remember her?

Now he recollects Katya.

JAN

You were there that day, weren't  
you?

KATYA

That's right, I was.

JAN

Then you'll remember that it was  
Coos who killed her, not me.

KATYA

Coos is in prison. He's been  
punished. You haven't. Stand up.

Jan complies, but he's reluctant to face her.

KATYA (CONT'D)

Turn around.

He turns to face her, all nerves and shame, scared of the  
reckoning.

Katya steps forward into the bedroom, pistol in hand.

KATYA (CONT'D)

(muted rage)

You betrayed her. You betrayed all  
of us. You were supposed to help  
us, to do your duty - morally and  
professionally. Instead, you fed us  
to the very sharks who were  
exploiting us.

JAN

Look, I'm not the only bad cop in Amsterdam. If I didn't take the money, somebody else would.

KATYA

And that's your defence? You disgust me! Of all the evil people I met when I was trafficked, you're the most despicable, by far.

JAN

Give me a chance to make it up to you. Anything you say, I'll do. Just name it.

KATYA

(shakes her head)

Not going to happen.

JAN

I'm sorry, I truly am.

KATYA

Your apology is twelve years too late.

JAN

I'm still a cop. If anything happens to me, Amsterdam PD will come after you. And if they don't catch you, Interpol will. You won't get away with it. Think about it!

KATYA

I have a mission to complete. If still I'm alive and walking free at the end of it, well, that's just a bonus as far as I'm concerned.

Katya indicates to the balcony door with a wave of her pistol.

KATYA

Step out to the balcony, there's something I want to show you.

JAN

(panicked)

No, I won't do it.

Katya presses her pistol to his head assertively, cocks it.

KATYA

Do it. Now!

Jan gets the message. He turns reluctantly and, fumbling, unlocks the door, slides it open.

Katya cocks her head, ushers him outside. He obeys. She follows, all the while keeping her gun trained on him.

**EXT. BALCONY, JAN'S APARTMENT, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT**

Jan stands facing Katya on the expansive balcony, waiting for her next move. He senses that his demise is imminent, but knows there is little he can do about it.

The balcony is comprised of a series of tempered glass panels affixed to steel posts. Without warning, and with a single shot, Katya shatters the pane directly behind Jan.

Jan almost jumps out of his skin. He stands frozen to the spot, paralysed by fear, breathing heavily. The bad cop facade has vanished, to reveal the pitiful coward beneath.

KATYA

Maya asked me to give you a message.

JAN

What?

KATYA

This...

Katya delivers a powerful, thrusting front kick, sending Jan flying backwards off the balcony.

He plunges through the air, screaming all the way down. He crash-lands onto the roof of one of the cars parked below, decimating it. The vehicle's alarm SHRIEKS loudly.

Katya peeks over the edge of the balcony, surveys the carnage below, then pulls back, disappearing from view.

**EXT. PORT OF DOVER - THE PAST - NIGHT**

SUPERIMPOSE: 'Dover, England'

The port is a hive of activity, even in the dead of night.

A lorry from Continental Europe exits a large roll-on/roll-off ferry, one of many vehicles being disgorged by the huge vessel.

**EXT. MOTORWAY SERVICE STATION, ENGLAND - THE PAST - NIGHT**

The lorry is parked in a discrete spot.

The driver holds back a section of the tarpaulin, allowing a stream of MIGRANTS to jump off the vehicle one by one. They are an assorted bunch: young and old, black and white, families and singletons; all of them have sad tales to tell.

Some of the migrants melt into the night alone, others are met by the AGENTS smuggling them. One such man, SAMI, a lanky and disheveled Kosovan, stands holding a mobile with a

recent picture of Katya on the screen. He then scans the scattering of migrants, hoping to spot her amongst them.

An exhausted Katya emerges from the lorry and jumps off.

Sami recognises her immediately and approaches.

SAMI

You are Katya?

KATYA

Yes.

SAMI

Rezar sent me. You do exactly as I say. Now, follow me.

**EXT. RUNWAY, HEATHROW AIRPORT, LONDON - DAY**

SUPERIMPOSE: 'London, England'

A KLM jet touches down elegantly.

**INT. TERMINAL 4, HEATHROW AIRPORT, LONDON - DAY**

Katya strides through the terminal purposefully, her suitcase in tow.

**EXT. TERMINAL 4, HEATHROW AIRPORT, LONDON - DAY**

Katya jumps into a black cab and is driven away.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, REZAR'S APARTMENT, LONDON - THE PAST - DAY**

Blingy and ostentatious, a real playboy pad.

Porn plays on a giant screen, music blares from the stereo, the lights are dimmed. MEN, all unsavoury types, dance or lounge with PROSTITUTES. Drink and drugs flow. It's party central.

At the centre of it all is the host, REZAR BERISHA. He sits on the sofa cutting cocaine on the table before him. Two stunning prostitutes are parked either side of him.

He's tall, fit and sports classically long, straight hair and a designer stubble. Though only in his twenties, he's cocky and confident beyond his years; as charismatic as he is psychotic; as unpredictable as he is violent.

A revealingly dressed Katya stands before Rezar, waiting. Two THUGS in his employ flank her.

On the sofa next to Rezar's sits his lieutenant, GEZIM DUSHMANI, nursing a drink, his arm wrapped around a pubescent prostitute. He's older than his boss and sinister looking, with a prominent scar on one cheek.

Rezar snorts the powder with a rolled note, then offers the remainder to the two women. Finally, he turns his attention to Katya.

REZAR

So, what have we here?

THUG #1

It's the new girl, boss. The one from Amsterdam.

REZAR

(to Gezim)

Fucking Coos! I thought I told you we weren't going to buy from that cheating bastard again.

GEZIM

We need fresh fresh meat, Rezar. Our clients want to see new faces all the time, you know that. Besides, she was going cheap.

REZAR

Yeah, well I don't trust him. The last one he sold us was pregnant, remember? Silly bitch threw herself out of the window before she even started work. Total waste of money.

GEZIM

That was one mistake in how many years? Look at her. She's quality.

Rezar gazes at Katya, takes a detailed visual inventory of her. He's suitably impressed.

REZAR

What's your name?

KATYA

Katya.

REZAR

Where are you from, Katya?

KATYA

Moldova.

REZAR

Moldova. I love Moldovan women. They're just so fucking slutty. Incredible to fuck. Must be in the blood, no?

Rezar laughs. Gezim laughs obligingly too, as do the girls.

An insulted Katya remains silent. Rezar's mood darkens immediately at her lack of interaction.

REZAR

I asked you a question.

KATYA

I don't know.

Seized by anger, Rezar jumps up from the sofa, pulls out a flick knife and holds it to Katya's throat. Nobody in the room bats an eyelid. He waits for her to answer.

Katya tenses, but is still reluctant to capitulate.

REZAR

I won't ask you again.

He presses the knife harder against her skin, menacingly.

KATYA

(beat)

Yes...they are.

Rezar relaxes, grabs her face, smiles, pleased he's stamped his authority. Katya does all she can to avoid squirming.

REZAR

Good girl.

He pats her cheek patronisingly. Sits down again.

REZAR (CONT'D)

You're in London now, not Amsterdam. Whores don't have rights here. You fuck when I tell you, eat when I tell you, sleep when I tell you, shit when I tell you. Hell, you even breath when I tell you. I own you! Got it?

A smouldering Katya nods yes, her eyes cast down. Rezar pipes down.

GEZIM

Which flat do you want me to put her to work in?

REZAR

You decide. Make sure she gets a makeover first, though.

GEZIM

I'll see to it.

REZAR

(to Katya)

We'll have you looking like a million dollars in no time.

GEZIM

Rezar's girls don't slave away in brothels. He caters to the high-end market. Rich, powerful men. They want quality.

Katya indicates to Gezim that she's understood him.

REZAR

You do any role play while you were in Amsterdam?

KATYA

A little. Just some S&M.

Rezar smiles, pleased by Katya's revelation.

REZAR

So you're not scared of a little pain. That's good.

Rezar addresses the two thugs.

REZAR (CONT'D)

Take her to my bedroom. I'll be there soon.

**INT. HALLWAY, WEST END APARTMENT - THE PAST - DAY**

DALMAT, who manages the apartment for Razer, enters with Katya in tow. He's an ambitious, steroid-taking gym rat in his twenties. Katya has been spruced up, looks a little less slutty and a little more polished than before.

The three bedroom apartment is bright and modern. The kind of place an upmarket clientèle would feel at home in. The vibe, however, is subtly sad, oppressive and suffocating, like that of a prison.

We can hear the sound of vigorous and vocal sex coming from one of the bedrooms.

The door to the living room is open.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, WEST END APARTMENT - THE PAST - DAY**

Inside, Jorgi and Fatos play cards. MILA, one of the two girls already working here, lazes on the sofa with a magazine.

Dalmat stops in the doorway, Katya lingers behind him. The others look up.

DALMAT

This is the new girl. I'm just going to show her to her room.

Jorgi nods in acknowledgement then goes back to his game. A sullen Mila looks at Katya resentfully then turns away.

**INT. KATYA'S BEDROOM, WEST END APARTMENT - THE PAST - DAY**

Dalmat and Katya enter the tastefully furnished room dominated by a super king size bed.

DALMAT

We take the money from the customer first, then you bring them in here.

He pushes open a door and switches on the light to reveal the en-suite.

DALMAT (CONT'D)

The bathroom is here.

Katya peeks inside quickly. Dalmat slides open one of the wardrobes to reveal a lurid assortment of sex toys and other sexual paraphernalia.

DALMAT (CONT'D)

Your equipment is here. If you run out of tissues or lube, just ask.

He opens another wardrobe to reveal a selection of erotic clothing: lingerie, leather, latex, schoolgirl, nurse, etc.

DALMAT (CONT'D)

A lot of our clients like role play. Schoolgirl, nurse, whatever. That stuff is all kept in here.

(beat)

Any questions?

KATYA

How many girls work here?

DALMAT

Two others: Mila, who you saw, and Eka, who's with a client right now. You don't sit in each other's rooms, by the way. If you want to talk, you do it in the living room.

KATYA

Fine.

DALMAT

Come, I'll show you the kitchen.

**INT. KATYA'S BEDROOM, WEST END APARTMENT - THE PAST - DAY**

A portly, middle-aged TOFF is having sex with Katya.

Katya's hair is tied in bunches and her 'school uniform' is in disarray, breasts exposed, skirt hiked up. He humps her enthusiastically, revelling in his Lolita fantasy.

TOFF

Daddy. Daddy. Call me daddy.

Katya, ever the victim, has no choice but to indulge him.

KATYA

Oh, fuck me daddy, fuck me.

**INT. KATYA'S BEDROOM, WEST END APARTMENT - THE PAST - LATER**

The Toff adjusts his tie, then picks up his jacket and digs out his wallet. Smiling, he pulls out a couple of fifties and holds them out to Katya, self-satisfied at his largess.

TOFF

Here, treat yourself to a nice dress.

Katya accepts the money, merely out of obligation and politeness. She's embarrassed for him, for his ignorance of her plight.

**INT. KATYA'S EN-SUITE, WEST END APARTMENT - THE PAST - DAY**

Katya stands before the mirror, still in her school uniform.

She regards her reflection. A swirl of barely suppressed emotions bubble to the surface: fear, loathing, self-pity, disgust - both of herself and of her predicament.

She slaps herself hard in the face without flinching. And again. And again. Once she starts, she can't stop. It's the only way she can feel alive these days, feel anything at all.

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE, LONDON - THE PAST - NIGHT**

Dalmat and Katya pull up outside an imposing townhouse in a posh car. The four storey property is terraced, features a staircase to the main entrance and is clearly located in a fashionable area.

**INT. DALMAT'S CAR - THE PAST - NIGHT**

Dalmat kills the engine, then turns to Katya.

DALMAT

A couple have booked you for a sex party. He's a judge, a regular, so look after him. You charge five hundred for three hours, OK?

Katya simply nods.

DALMAT

I'll be waiting outside the whole time. Go.

Katya exits the car without a word. Time to earn her keep.

DALMAT'S POV:

Katya climbs the steps and rings the bell. MICHAEL, fifties, handsome, fit, urbane, dressed only in a night gown, answers the door and invites Katya inside.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, TOWNHOUSE, LONDON - THE PAST - NIGHT**

Clad in night gowns too, drinks in hand, Michael's wife, ANNA, and their friend, ANDREW, sit on the sofa. Both are of similar age and status to Michael.

Michael stands behind Katya, caressing her face and neck.

MICHAEL

(to Anna)

Well?

ANNA

Take off your coat.

Katya slides off her short, beige Mackintosh to reveal she's wearing nothing but provocative underwear beneath.

Anna is entranced. The air is heavy with sexual anticipation.

ANNA

Perfect. Just perfect.

She puts down her glass and strides over to Katya. Cupping her face, she kisses Katya on the mouth confidently.

From behind, Michael undoes Katya's bra, letting it join her coat on the floor. Anna starts to stroke Katya's breasts.

Andrew loosens his gown and maneuvers himself behind Anna. He disrobes her, then sandwiches her naked body between his and Katya's, kicking off the foursome definitively.

It's party time - for everyone but Katya, that is.

**INT. KATYA'S BEDROOM, WEST END APARTMENT - THE PAST - NIGHT**

Dalmat shakes Katya awake abruptly, much to her annoyance.

DALMAT

Wake up and get ready. You've been called to a job.

**INT. DALMAT'S CAR - THE PAST - NIGHT**

Dalmat drives, Fatos sits beside him. They are traversing the quiet streets of London in the early hours.

In the back, next to Katya, sits another of Rezar's hapless victims, a beautiful young Ukrainian girl called OLGA.

Everyone sits in silence. It's preternaturally quiet, unnervingly so. Something is not right, Katya can sense it.

KATYA

Where are you taking us? What is this job?

DALMAT

You'll find out.

The two women exchange a nervous look.

**INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, LONDON - THE PAST - NIGHT**

A cold, windowless, cavernous expanse of steel and brick. In the centre, on two chairs, sit Katya and Olga, a large plastic sheet carpeting the floor beneath them.

Katya's feet have been bound, her hands tied behind her back, her mouth gagged with a gimp ball. Olga's trussed the same.

The only illumination in the place is from the spotlight shining down on the two women. In the dimness beyond, we can see Rezar, Dalmat and Fatos milling around, killing time.

A side door opens suddenly and in strides SIR JOHN BUCKLEY, an aristocratic Englishman, followed by BOB HANSEN, a garrulous, corpulent, middle-aged Texan, and MARTIN KRAUSE, a nervous, bespectacled German tech-millionaire in his twenties. All three men are wearing tuxedos.

Buckley, who is clearly the mastermind behind the event, takes the floor, relishing his role as MC.

BUCKLEY

Gentlemen, you have both paid a very substantial and non-refundable sum of money to be here tonight. In return, you will gain entry to a very select club, comprised of those privileged enough to have killed a fellow human being.

A horrified Katya's eyes bulge; she strains in her chair and lets out muffled cries of anguish. Buckley ignores her. Olga, whose English is poor, looks over at Katya. She instantly senses something is wrong and becomes anxious too.

BUCKLEY

Very shortly, each of you will be presented with a weapon. In order to make the evening more enthralling and to enhance the experience, each weapon has been loaded with just one bullet. You will each step forward, in turn, and pull the trigger once. You will continue in this fashion until your target has been despatched.

HANSEN

Got it.

BUCKLEY

As usual, all the observers will maintain complete silence, so that you may savour the experience to the full, free of any distractions. You will be surprised by the level of concentration and willpower the task of extinguishing another's life actually requires.

HANSEN

Fine by me.

BUCKLEY

Finally, let me assure you that you may kill in good conscience and with impunity tonight. As always, we have taken the utmost care to ensure that no aspect of tonight's proceedings can ever be traced back to you in any way whatsoever.

KRAUSE

(dubious, nervous)

What about the women?

BUCKLEY

You need not worry about them, Herr Krause. They represent the very dregs of society: runaways, junkies, prostitutes. Nobody will miss them in the slightest, I guarantee you. Shall we begin?

HANSEN

Hell, yeah!

BUCKLEY

Please...

Buckley indicates for the men to be presented with their weapons. Dalmat and Fatos step forward, each holding a box. They lift the lids to reveal a gun inside each one. Hansen and Krause take their guns. Dalmat and Fatos retreat. Hansen seems entirely comfortable wielding a gun, Krause much less so.

BUCKLEY

Mr Hansen, you won the toss earlier, therefore, you will take the first shot.

HANSEN

Can't wait.

BUCKLEY

Good luck, gentlemen. Enjoy your  
kill.

Katya tries unsuccessfully to make eye contact with Krause, in a desperate bid to connect with him on some human level, to try to induce some guilt, put him off, anything!

An hysterical Olga, cries, shakes her head imploringly. Hansen points the gun at her forehead, readies himself.

HANSEN

Prepare to meet your maker, Missy.

Hansen pulls the trigger. It's a BLANK SHOT. Olga sucks air feverishly; the torment is more than she can bear.

A pensive Krause steps forward reluctantly, takes aim at Katya. A long, agonising pause, as he plucks up courage. He fires. It's a blank too. Katya reacts with visible relief.

A stream of urine runs down one leg and pools at Olga's feet, as she involuntarily empties her bladder.

Hansen steps forward. Olga begs him with her eyes, cries beseechingly. He disregards her, focuses on his shot. He pulls the trigger. BANG! The back of Olga's head explodes, her body slumps. It's all over for her.

Hansen steps back, startled by the suddenness and the finality of the kill shot. He starts to chuckle as he marvels at his handiwork.

HANSEN

Whoah! That was quick.

BUCKLEY

Congratulations, Mr Hansen on a  
most excellent kill.

HANSEN

Thanks. Not bad, huh?

Katya stares at the carnage that is Olga's head. She's shaken to the core by what she sees and has to look away. She goes into full panic mode: cries, pleads, rages, strains in her chair manically. But it's no use, there's no escape. Krause stands ashen-faced, mesmerized by events.

HANSEN (CONT'D)

Floor's all yours, Bud.

Krause jolts back to the present. He steps forward, takes aim, but it's clear doubt is gnawing away at him.

A frantic Katya tries to plead with him again as best she can. Their eyes lock for a moment. A breakthrough, perhaps! But, no, he quickly looks away, overwhelmed by an array of conflicting emotions.

He quickly turns back to her, concentrates on the task in hand this time. He fires. It's another BLANK SHOT!

The tension abates momentarily as everyone, bar Katya, breathes easy. No one is more relieved than Krause, though.

A bug-eyed Katya hyperventilates, knows she's a step closer to certain death.

Krause steels himself. He takes aim again. He's troubled, hesitant, struggling to focus. He glances at Olga for a split second, almost involuntarily, then quickly back to Katya. He looks into her eyes. Something suddenly snaps inside him, forces him to surrender to his conscience.

KRAUSE

I'm sorry, but I can't do it.

He lowers his gun. Katya, emotionally scarred and exhausted by the ordeal, slumps in her chair and sobs with relief.

BUCKLEY

That's quite alright. It's not unprecedented. I understand your reluctance.

Hansen pats Krause on the back in commiseration.

HANSEN

That's right. I guess some people have what it takes, and some don't.

Rezar comes up behind Katya and whispers in her ear.

REZAR

You got lucky. Keep your mouth shut or I'll bring you back here again. Understand?

Katya nods weakly. She's just glad to be alive.

**EXT. IRISH SEA - NIGHT**

We are just off the Welsh coast. It is the dead of night. Two small boats sit anchored very close to one another, bobbing up and down in the unusually calm Irish Sea; perfect conditions for a surreptitious delivery to take place there.

In one boat are two of Rezar's men, IBISH and MINOT. In the other are two HEAVIES working for the supplier. One of them keeps a lookout while the other hands parcels of drugs to IBISH, who immediately passes them to MINOT, to stow away. The men work silently and speedily. They are well practiced.

We cut to a view of the men working as seen through a night vision device, a ghostly, green, slightly grainy image.

**EXT. WELSH COAST - NIGHT**

High up on a nearby promontory, viewing the activity on the two boats with the aid of night vision binoculars, lies Katya. She's dressed in black and is well camouflaged. She could almost pass for a special ops commando.

**INT. HALLWAY, WEST END APARTMENT - THE PAST - DAY**

Katya comes out of her bedroom and walks to the living room.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, WEST END APARTMENT - THE PAST - DAY**

Jorgi and Fatos are hunched around the TV, absorbed in a football match. Katya stands in the doorway. They look up.

KATYA

I just want to get some food.

REZAR

(waving her away)

No problem.

**INT. KITCHEN, WEST END APARTMENT - THE PAST - DAY**

Katya enters to find Dalmat doubled over in pain. He's clutching his chest with one hand and resting the other on the worktop for support. His breathing is laboured and raspy, the pain so severe that he can't talk.

Katya freezes for a second, unsure of what is happening or how to respond. He looks directly at her with pleading eyes.

KATYA

Oh my God!

She moves towards him, reaching him just as his legs give way, and gently helps him to the floor. She's panicked.

KATYA (CONT'D)

What is it? What's the matter?

Too late, Dalmat is completely paralysed by the pain of his heart attack, which is now in full swing. He's zoned out, shock and agony etched on his face. Katya shakes him.

KATYA (CONT'D)

Dalmat? Dalmat?...No, no!

His eyes suddenly roll up into the back of his head, he wets himself, and his whole body relaxes involuntarily as he exhales his last breath. Dalmat is dead!

A dumbfounded Katya pulls back. She looks around, her mind racing as she considers her options. Her eyes suddenly alight on the door to the balcony. The key is in the door. An escape!

She hesitates, checks the others haven't been alerted. They haven't. She leaps up and rushes to the door.

Katya tries the handle. Locked. She turns the key, eases open the door as quietly as she can. She pauses, looks back at the lifeless Dalmat with regret, then slips outside.

**EXT. BALCONY, WEST END APARTMENT - THE PAST - DAY**

Katya quickly surveys her surroundings. She peers over the side and sees the rubbish laden dumpster, topped off with a mattress, sitting in the car park below.

She climbs over the balcony and stands on the ledge, steadies herself. She takes a moment to compute the logic and the sanity of her next move, tries to summon up the courage to take the plunge.

She resolves to do it - to jump. It's probably the only chance she'll ever get to escape.

Katya leaps off the building...

We are back to where we started.

**EXT. WELSH COAST - NIGHT**

A secluded spot. Minot finishes loading the sizeable haul of drugs into the back of a large black van. Ibish is there too, busy FaceTiming Rezar.

Rezar appears on the screen. He's older and shorn of his long hair, but otherwise the same. A criminal Peter Pan.

REZAR

Everything OK?

IBISH

Yes, boss. We're going to make the payment, then head back. We should be back in London by about ten.

Rezar hangs up.

Ibish looks up to see a balaclava-clad Katya pointing a silenced pistol at him. Before he has time to even reach for his weapon, Katya shoots him dead, then Minot.

Katya pulls up her balaclava to reveal her face. She unlocks a large security briefcase in the back of the van, to check the contents. It's stacked full with large denomination bank notes. Katya bends down and retrieves Ibish's iPhone. She redials Rezar, then pulls down her balaclava again before she's connected.

Rezar comes online. He's instantly disturbed by what he sees.

REZAR

Who the fuck are you?!

Katya points the phone's camera at the two dead men, then pans up to the haul of drugs and the open case in the back of the van before turning it back on herself.

Rezar is stunned and angry. But before he can utter a word:

KATYA

If you want to see any of this again, I suggest you listen very carefully. We're going to meet, face to face. I'll contact you sometime in the next seventy-two hours with full instructions. Until then, sit tight. Oh, and don't even think about trying to trace me or contacting any of your high-up friends for help, or else...

REZAR (CONT'D)

You fucking bitch! Who do you think you are? I'm going to...

Katya hangs up abruptly. Smiles to herself, satisfied.

**INT. CELLAR, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - NIGHT**

A dank, dark cellar that was abandoned long ago.

Katya sits at a large dilapidated table that is strewn with tools, electronic parts and assorted clutter. A temporary light she's rigged up is the soul source of illumination.

She's deep in concentration, putting the finishing touches to what is clearly a homemade bomb.

**EXT. LOCH TUMMEL, SCOTLAND - DAY**

A scene of almost picture-postcard beauty: solitary, lush, arcadian. The sun is shining, the water calm, the air still.

A pimped out Range Rover glides to a halt on the banks of the loch. Razer steps out. He scans the far side of the lake, as if searching for something. He spots what he's looking for.

A car appears from the thick forest of trees lining the opposite side of the loch and comes to a halt in the open. Katya gets out and stands behind the vehicle, shielded by it. She studies Rezar using binoculars. Satisfied he's alone, she dials a number on her mobile phone.

Razer's mobile phone rings. He answers.

INTERCUT between the two.

KATYA

I'm glad to see you followed my instructions.

REZAR

Do I have choice? What now.

KATYA

Take off all your clothes - every last thing - then swim across.

Katya rings off. Rezar is weary of her demands, feeling totally demeaned, and pissed off as hell. Still, he has no choice. He starts to undress, cursing under his breath.

**EXT. LOCH TUMMEL, SCOTLAND - LATER**

Rezar emerges from the water. Katya is there waiting for him, gun in hand. He stands before her breathless, dripping wet, naked. His manner is defiant, antagonistic, challenging.

She pulls out a bright boiler suit from the trunk of the car and throws it to him. He catches it.

KATYA

Put this on, then get in the boot.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya's car comes to the end of the long, secluded private road that leads to the manor house. She parks up.

A thicket of trees line the approach and surround the house on all sides, camouflaging it well. The once grand house is now a crumbling wreck, a shadow of its former self.

The trunk lid pops open. Katya steps out of the driver's seat wielding her pistol. Everything is going to plan.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

A once grand room that is now dank, gloomy and bare. Rezar sits on a chair in the middle of the room, his arms bound behind his back, his legs tied to the chair legs, his mouth taped.

Next to him is a table with a laptop on it. The screen is split into quadrants, each one showing a live video feed from key points around the house and its grounds.

Katya load a revolver with a single bullet, then snaps the barrel shut with a flick of her wrist. The pistol she wielded earlier is tucked in the back of her belt. She yanks the tape off Rezar's mouth. He winces in response.

REZAR

You know how hard it is to actually kill someone?

KATYA

Well, you made it look pretty easy.  
Remember?

REZAR

You don't have the guts to do it.

KATYA

Believe me, I have the guts...and  
the motivation.

REZAR

You think I'm afraid of dying? In  
my line of work?

KATYA

Let's find out.

Katya puts the gun to Rezar's head. He bristles, holds his breath. A brief pause, then Katya pulls the trigger. A blank shot. He can't quite believe she actually followed through.

REZAR

You won't get away with this.  
Anything happens to me and my men  
won't stop until they've hunted you  
down. You'll be looking over your  
shoulder for the rest of your life.

KATYA

What's new. I've spent half my life  
doing just that, trying to escape  
my ghosts.

REZAR

And this is going to help?

KATYA

This isn't for me. This is for  
Olga, the girl that was killed in  
front of me that night. And for all  
the others you bought, sold and  
helped murder.

REZAR

You can't bring them back.

KATYA

True. But I can offer them some  
kind of justice.

REZAR

You call this justice?

KATYA

Call it what you like.

REZAR

It was just business, nothing personal.

Katya shakes her head with irony.

KATYA

Funny, I keep hearing that excuse.

She puts the revolver to his head again. He tenses, gripped by a potent mixture of fear and anger. Katya fires. Nothing. Rezar heaves a sigh of relief. He's angry.

REZAR

I wasn't the one who pulled the trigger.

KATYA

You're the one who supplied the girls for those sickos to shoot, though, right?

REZAR

You survived. You're the lucky one.

Rezar's reply barely registers with Katya. She's distracted momentarily by her own memories.

KATYA

I see her when I close my eyes. At night, in the dark. I keep seeing her with her head blown off. I can't get that image out of my head.

Katya snaps out of her train of thought and puts the gun to Rezar's head again. Rezar is agitated, desperate.

REZAR

You don't have to do this.

KATYA

Oh, but I do.

REZAR

Listen to me. You have the drugs and the cash. Keep it. Think of it as compensation. Just let me go.

KATYA

(angry, contemptuous)

There's not enough money in the world to compensate for what you did to me.

She pulls the trigger. Again, nothing. A blank shot. But Rezar nearly jumps out of his skin. The end is nigh, and he knows it.

REZAR  
(spluttering with relief)

Fuck!

Katya leans in, to address him.

KATYA  
(softly)  
How does it feel, Rezar? What is it  
like to be so helpless? To feel  
real fear? To know that you're just  
this close to the end?

She indicates a small gap by holding two of her fingers  
close together in front of his face.

REZAR  
You're going to die for this, I  
swear!

Uttered as much to herself as to him:

KATYA  
I died a long time ago.

Katya takes the penultimate shot in a swift, businesslike  
fashion. Another blank. Sweat is pouring off Rezar now. He  
squirms desperately.

KATYA (CONT'D)  
Oops. I think you're out of luck.

REZAR  
Rot in hell, bitch!

KATYA (CONT'D)  
No, Rezar, you rot in hell.

Katya takes aim for the last time. Rezar is facing certain  
death and he knows it. Just as she puts her finger on the  
trigger, an alarm beeps urgently on the laptop.

Katya's eyes are drawn to the screen instantly. One quadrant  
shows Gezim, Jorgi, Fatos and two other of Rezar's meanest,  
most proficient HENCHMAN piling out of a Range Rover parked  
outside the house. She is taken aback, can't believe her  
eyes.

KATYA  
How the hell did they find me?

Rezar suddenly grasps what she means. He can't believe his  
luck. He lifts up his right shoulder by way of explanation.

REZAR  
(relieved, smug)  
Bio-chip.

Katya inspects his shoulder. She sees the small, tell-tale bump protruding from his skin. She's been outsmarted, and she knows it.

REZAR (CONT'D)

I had it fitted last year. In this business, you never know when you're going to disappear suddenly.

KATYA

It's not going to save you.

Katya lifts the revolver to Rezar's forehead, gets ready to shoot.

REZAR

Run while you still have a chance.

KATYA

Not until I've finished with you.

REZAR

See you in hell!

Katya pulls the trigger. The contents of Rezar's head explode out of the back, splattering onto the floor behind.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Gezim and his men run towards the house toting some serious weaponry. They stop dead in their tracks momentarily when they hear the shot ring out.

GEZIM

Go!

They charge the house in unison.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Working at breakneck speed, Katya shoots out the laptop screen, untethers her mobile from the laptop and pockets it, then exits the room.

**INT. HALLWAY, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Gezim and his men burst through the front door. Katya sprints across the landing balcony. Gezim spots her, tracks her with a hail of bullets from his machine gun, unleashing an explosion of flying masonry and splintered wood. Katya makes it safely to the opposite wing of the house. Vanishes.

GEZIM

Jorgi, you come with me.

(to the others)

You guys fan out downstairs.

The men follow instructions. Gezim and Jorgi bound up the stairs, guns at the ready.

**INT. PASSAGEWAY, UPPER FLOOR, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya, familiar with the layout, races down a corridor.

**INT. LANDING, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Gezim and Jorgi reach the top of the stairs.

JORGI

Find her.

Jorgi sets off after Katya; Gezim goes the other way.

**INT. SECOND BEDROOM, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya is kneeling on the floor of the stripped out room. Before her is what looks like the security briefcase we saw earlier. To her side is a hidden storage compartment under the floor. It lies open.

Working speedily and stealthily, Katya engages the combination locks on the case, secretes it in the compartment and replaces the cover.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Gezim enters. He sees Rezar's corpse, walks over to it, surveys the bloodshed. His expression hardens with anger.

**INT. PASSAGEWAY, UPPER FLOOR, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Jorgi is in the same corridor we saw Katya in seconds earlier. He carefully pushes open fully the door of the first room, his weapon primed. Checks it. Nothing. Empty.

He moves to the second. Same again. He exits. Just then...

Further down the corridor, Katya dashes from the secondary bedroom into another one directly opposite. She's lightning fast, but Jorgi still catches her movement from the corner of his eye. He spins around and lets off a short burst from his Uzi. Too late, Katya's gone. He takes after her.

**INT. PASSAGEWAY, LOWER FLOOR, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Fatos is guarding an ancillary staircase at the back of the house. Henchman #1 approaches.

FATOS

(quietly)

I've got this covered. You go  
outside and guard the entrance.

The henchman nods his head in compliance.

**INT. THIRD BEDROOM, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

She enters the room. Her mind is racing, assessing, formulating a plan as she goes, remediating every obstacle.

Katya races to the window looks out.

KATYA'S POV:

Directly below, at the side of the house, surrounded by lawn, is a large, patch of soil that once comprised a flowerbed. A perfect soft landing spot.

Katya steps back, takes aim at the window and blows it to smithereens. Fragments of glass and window frame fly everywhere.

She somersaults out of the window.

Jorgi races in, sees her flying out of the window. He fires, but he's too late and only succeeds in pockmarking the wall. He rushes to the window.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya lands in the dirt uninjured. She picks herself up.

**INT. THIRD BEDROOM, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Jorgi lets rip with his Uzi from the window.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya scrambles for safety as a hail of bullets rain down on her. All of them miss her and she's quickly out of range.

She sprints towards the front of the house.

**INT. THIRD BEDROOM, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Jorgi pulls back from the window, annoyed that he failed to hit his target.

JORGI

Shit!

He runs out of the room, intent on catching Katya.

**INT. LANDING, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Jorgi crosses paths with Gezim as he runs towards the stairs in pursuit of Katya.

JORGI

She's out front.

GEZIM

I want her taken alive. You understand?

Jorgi nods yes. The two men race down the stairway together.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya rounds the corner at speed. She stops dead in her tracks - Henchman #1 is patrolling the front of the manor. Without a moment's hesitation, she aims her pistol at him with both hands.

Henchman #1 spots her a split second later. He tries to take aim with his machine gun, but he's too late to the party.

Katya guns him down with a well aimed bullet to the head.

**INT. LANDING, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Gezim and Jorgi continue to bolt down the stairs. They're mere steps away from reaching the ground floor.

**INT. PASSAGEWAY, LOWER FLOOR, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Fatos hears the shot go off outside. He abandons his post and rushes to investigate.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya aims at the offside tyre and shoots. Barely a scratch! The tyres are bulletproof, along with the rest of the car.

No time to waste. Every second is critical. Katya unlocks her car with the remote key fob and jumps in.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya fires up the engine urgently. Slams the car into gear. She glances over her shoulder. Still no sign of the others.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya's reverses, gains speed then performs a furious 180 degree turn with her car, so that she's facing the approach road to the manor.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya glances in the rear view mirror momentarily. She sees Gezim and Jorgi spill out of the front entrance.

She floors the accelerator.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

The engine ROARS and the tyres SPIN, kicking up gravel on the driveway, as the vehicle gains traction and pulls away.

Jorgi and Fatos open fire, plastering the rear of Katya's car with volley of ammunition.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

The rear window shatters.

Katya ducks, as best she can, to miss the hail of gunfire, but she doesn't let it put her off or slow down her driving.

She tears down the private road leading to the house.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Fatos rushes out of the house and joins Gezim and Jorgi.

JORGI

Let's go.

Henchman #2 rushes out of the front door as well.

All four men pile into the Range Rover.

The vehicle shoots out of the driveway and down the road.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Gezim sits up front, Jorgi drives, Fatos and the henchman sit in the back.

GEZIM'S POV:

Katya's car speeding along some distance ahead

GEZIM

(reloading his gun)

Shoot at the car, not her. Not until we have the shipment.

Jorgi speeds up even more, starts to gain on Katya.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya drives for all she's worth. She peeks in the rear view mirror again, sees the Range Rover gaining on her alarmingly fast. She's determined to prevail. She remains calm, focuses.

**EXT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Gezim leans out of the window and fires a shot. He misses.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

KATYA'S POV:

The main entrance to the manor grounds up ahead.

**EXT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Gezim tries again. Fires. Another fail.

**EXT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya reaches the main entrance and pulls a sharp left, fishtailing onto the main road.

**EXT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

The Range Rover charges onto the main road in similar fashion, hot on Katya's tail.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

GEZIM

Force her off the road, any way you can.

JORGI

Got it.

Jorgi manoeuvres the car into the opposing lane and speeds up even more.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya shoots another look in the rear view mirror, sees the Range Rover bearing down on her, perilously close.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

The Range Rover starts to nudge forward, to draw up beside her.

The two cars barrel along the road in parallel.

Jorgi and Katya exchange a long hard look while still driving like a pair of demons. Both are as determined as each other to win this contest.

Jorgi suddenly rams the Range Rover into Katya's car. BAHM!

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya's vehicle lurches, but she quickly regains control.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

The two cars continue to race along side by side.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Jorgi scopes Katya's car. He goes in for another attempt.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya struggles to keep one eye on the Range Rover and the other on the road.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

The Range Rover swerves towards Katya's car again suddenly.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya preempts the move and reacts.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya's car swerves evasively just in time, successfully dodging the Range Rover.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Fatos winds down his window and pokes his gun out.

FATOS

Let me try.

Jorgi shoots a look in his rear view mirror and sees what Fatos is gearing up to do.

FATOS

Hold her steady.

JORGI

Go for it.

Fatos leans out of the window, takes aim.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya looks over, spots Fatos.

She decides that attack is the best form of defence.

Katya drives the side of her car into the Range Rover.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya's car SLAMS into the Range Rover. It swerves momentarily from the shock.

Fatos nearly loses hold of his gun from the impact.

Jorgi quickly tames the vehicle, steadies it again.

Fatos gears up for a second attempt. Focuses.

The two vehicles negotiate a blind bend in the road. As they come out of it...

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Jorgi's eyes bulge with horror. Gezim grips the armrest and the door handle for dear life, real fear etched on his face.

GEZIM

Shhhit!

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

A huge lorry is barrelling along the road, right in the path of the Range Rover.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya sees the lorry, holds her breath.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

The driver HONKS the horn, desperate to avert a collision.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Jorgi does the only thing he can and slams on the brakes.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

The Range Rover starts to decelerate abruptly as the lorry continues hurtle towards it.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

The passengers gasp. Everyone's on tenterhooks, not sure they're going to survive the next second or two.

Jorgi jerks the steering wheel sharply.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

The Range Rover swings behind Katya's car in the nick of time.

The lorry zooms past, still honking angrily.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

The men breathe an audible sigh of relief and silently thank Jorgi his sharp driving.

Jorgi hunkers down again. Concentrates on catching up.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya glances in the mirror again. The Range Rover is gaining rapidly again.

KATYA'S POV:

The road ahead is straight and clear of traffic for a long stretch. She acts to counter the Range Rover's advance.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya's car starts to slalom across the the two lanes, depriving the Range Rover of a chance to draw up alongside it again or, worse, overtake it.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Jorgi starts to manoeuvre his car from lane to lane as well, trying to find a way to draw parallel with Katya again.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Every time a gap opens for the Range Rover, Katya zips her car over and closes it.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Gezim, tired of this game of vehicular cat and mouse, leans out of his window and fires a few rounds at Katya's car.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

One or two of the bullets hit Katya's car. None are fatal.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Gezim assesses the damage he's afflicted. He tries again.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

More bullets fly around Katya's car.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

One of the bullets whizzes past Katya, missing her by a whisker, and exits out of the windscreen. She startles, loses concentration momentarily.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya's car wavers for a second before rallying, but that's all Jorgi needs to nudge the Range Rover alongside it.

The two cars rocket along the road in unison.

Up ahead, a steel crash barrier lines both sides of the road for a considerable stretch.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Jorgi gets ready to pen Katya in using the barrier. He's relishing the opportunity to end her spree.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya sees the barrier ahead too. She grasps what Jorgi is planning, but there is little evasive action she can take.

She hunkers down for a metal-crunching duel.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

The two cars reach the barriered stretch of roadway together. The Range Rover immediately slams into Katya's car with ferocity.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya struggles to maintain control of her car as shock waves ripple through it.

She glances over at Jorgi just as he is preparing for another strike. He whips the steering wheel sharply, swerving the Range Rover into her car once more.

Again, Katya is buffeted by the incursion. She really doesn't stand a chance against the heft of the SUV.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

The Range Rover pushes up against the car as hard as possible, penning it in. Sparks fly like fireworks and there's the terrible SCREECHING of metal on metal, as the car scrapes along the steel crash barrier.

The barrier ends, mercifully releasing Katya's car from the clasp of the Range Rover. Both vehicles bear the scars of the confrontation, but Katya's has come off much worse: it looks like it's only fit for the wrecker's yard now.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya tries to push the car as hard as possible, to try to steam ahead, but it's a losing battle: the Range Rover level-pegs effortlessly.

**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Up ahead, around a bend, a MOTORCYCLIST tears along, utilising the seemingly empty road, obliviously rushing towards the duelling cars.

Jorgi and Katya eyeball each other as much as the road.

The motorcyclist rounds the bend and nearly has a coronary! Hurling towards him are the car and the SUV, and neither has enough time to move out of the way.

The motorcyclist does the only thing he can to avoid a calamitous head-on collision: he directs his bike onto the grass verge in an instant, deftly skirting the Range Rover.

The motorcyclist carries on riding, but looks back over his shoulder and shakes his head in disbelief at what he's just survived.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Katya peeks in the rear view mirror, checks the motorcyclist is still in one piece.



**EXT. MAIN ROAD, SCOTLAND - DAY**

The Range Rover pulls up level with Katya's car and slams into it violently.

Katya's car is knocked off course totally and starts to veer almost uncontrollably towards the forest along the roadside.

The Range Rover tails the car, but in a controlled manner.

**INT. ROADSIDE FOREST, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya drives like a pro, jamming the steering wheel one way, then the other in a desperate attempt to avoid the trees in her path, as her car careens through the forest.

It's a losing battle. Her car doesn't seem to be slowing down fast enough to avoid a crash.

A huge tree looms up ahead; no way to avoid it.

KATYA

Shit!

**EXT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

The vehicle slams into the tree trunk at frightening speed and bounces off it forcefully before coming to a stop.

**INT. KATYA'S CAR - DAY**

Impact. Air bags explode with a BANG all around Katya.

Too dazed to do anything immediately, she just tries to catch her breath. She knows the game is up. For now.

**EXT. ROADSIDE FOREST, SCOTLAND - DAY**

The SUV pulls up behind the wrecked car. The men all jump out and surround Katya, their guns drawn.

GEZIM

Get out of the car...slowly.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

The Range Rover sits reverse parked in front of the house.

Katya is led into the house by the men.

**INT. KITCHEN, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya is being waterboarded. Gezim and the other men watch as Fatos pours water on Katya's cloth-covered face. She writhes vigorously in reaction to the torment.

Gezim indicates to Fatos to stop. He does so and removes the cloth from Katya's face.

Katya coughs and splutters, gasps desperately for air. She's reached her limit of endurance and can't hold out any more.

KATYA  
(panicked, breathless)  
No more! I'll show you. I'll show  
you.

**INT. THIRD BEDROOM, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Gezim and his men stand with Katya in one corner of the empty room.

Katya taps the floorboards with her heel.

KATYA  
Here. You'll find the packets under  
the floorboards here.

Gezim gives the nod and Fatos obediently sets to work with a crowbar. Gezim watches with anticipation, while Jorgi and Henchman #2 stand guard over Katya.

Fatos prises open a floor panel to reveal their stash of drugs stacked neatly between the joists underneath.

Pleased he's making headway at last, Gezim turns to Katya.

GEZIM  
What about the money? Where's the  
money?

A seemingly defeated and exhausted Katya nods weakly.

KATYA  
Follow me.

**INT. SECOND BEDROOM, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Gezim leads Katya into the room by her arm. His men follow behind, spreading out in the room. Katya points to the floorboards in a specific area of the room.

KATYA  
You'll find the case under there.

GEZIM  
(to Fatos)  
Go ahead, check.

Fatos levers up a couple of the floorboards enough to reveal the shiny, metal security briefcase lying underneath.

GEZIM  
(to Katya)  
Did you really think you could  
steal from us and get away with it?

Katya doesn't answer. She seems strangely anxious, anticipatory, her eyes fixed on Fatos' every move.

Gezim doesn't pick up on Katya's demeanour. He turns back to follow proceedings.

Fatos pulls the case out from the hideaway and places it on the floor.

GEZIM  
(to Fatos)  
Open it up.

Fatos starts to dial in the combination on the locks.

Before Gezim can react, Katya suddenly turns and dashes out of the room. He races after her just as...

Fatos lifts the lid on the case. His eyes immediately bulge with horror.

FATOS  
(screams)  
Nnnnooo!

Too late.

**EXT. SECOND BEDROOM, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

BOOOOM! A powerful and deafening explosion; a pyrotechnic spectacular.

The window is blown to smithereens and a fireball billows out of the window before dissipating quickly.

**INT. LANDING, MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya has almost reached the top of the stairway; Gezim is a mere arm's length behind her. Both are rocked by the force of the explosion, as shockwaves convulse through the upper floor. Debris flies out of the bedroom, as does a thick plume of smoke.

Katya was expecting the detonation, but Gezim wasn't. He is taken by surprise and wrongfooted by it. Taking advantage, she punches him hard. Reeling from the sudden blow, he loses possession of his gun. The weapon slips through the banister and crashes to the floor in the hallway below.

He recovers quickly and grabs Katya's arm, just as she's about to start down the stairs. Katya responds with a strong headbutt. But it's not enough. An enraged Gezim grabs her by the throat and pins her to the wall before she can even take another step.

The pair struggle intensely at the top of the stairway. Gezim loses his balance and the pair tumble violently.

**INT. HALLWAY, MANOR HOUSE - DAY**

They come to a crashing halt at the bottom of the stairs. Both of them are shaken and bruised from the fall, but Katya much more so, because of her more modest frame.

As they pause a second to revive, both combatants simultaneously spot the gun lying on the floor.

Gezim scrambles to his feet first to snatch it up. Katya is having none of it: she fells him with a sharp kick to the back of the knee. He falls flat on his face.

Katya pounces on him, before he has a chance to recover. She grabs his head with both hands and smashes his face into the floor. She tries again, but Gezim twists his body round with enough force to throw her off.

He follows up with a powerful punch to Katya's face, cutting her lip, and dazing her for an instant. He then gets up and scuttles towards the gun.

Katya's determined to block him. Before he can reach the weapon, she gets up and barges into him with all her might, knocking him sideways.

She punches him. He hits back. She lands another vicious blow. So does he.

Katya decides to bring the slugfest to an abrupt end: she knees him in the balls.

Gezim staggers around in agony, clutching his balls. He's riled as hell, and hellbent on revenge.

He charges towards Katya screaming. He picks her up and throws her against the wall on the other side of the room.

Katya is seriously winded by the manoeuvre and temporarily incapacitated by the pain of the impact.

Gezim stomps over to her, then grabs her by the throat and lifts her off the floor. She struggles to breathe, her eyes bulge and start to water.

Now that he has the upper hand, he decides to toy with her a little, prolong her agony. He brings his face close to hers.

GEZIM

How about a little taste before you die, huh?

He runs his tongue along her cheek hungrily, then kisses her on the mouth lasciviously.

Katya squirms at the violation. He kisses her again, tries to force his tongue into her mouth. Katya responds by biting his tongue ferociously hard.

He steps back, yelping with pain, angrier than ever. Katya sweeps in with a powerful blow to his jaw, quickly followed by a no holds barred kick to his torso.

The force of the blow sends Gezim flying backwards. He lands on his back. He starts to shuffle backwards.

Katya rushes at him. He tries to kick her away, but she deftly grabs him by his legs and starts to drag him across the tiled floor.

He flails his arms as he goes, desperately trying to find something to grab onto, to halt her progress. His hand brushes through a pile of rubbish strewn on the floor. Something glints. It's a broken shard of mirror!

Gezim grabs the jagged fragment. Emboldened, he rises up and stabs the glass in Katya's thigh before she can dodge it. She screams with pain and loses her grip on him.

Gezim jumps to his feet and takes a swipe at Katya with his newly found weapon. He cuts her arm, drawing blood.

Katya grabs his arm and twists his hand to try to release his grip on the shard. Gezim counters, successfully using all his might to slowly twist his hand back the other way.

He then starts to raise his arm slowly, inching the shard inexorably towards Katya's throat. The glass is cutting into his palm, but he doesn't care, he's determined to overwhelm her with brute strength.

Despite her best efforts, it's clear Katya's going to lose this battle unless she does something drastic, and she knows it.

She summons every last reserve of strength and in one sweeping motion slams his hand hard against the wall. The shard falls from Gezim's clasp and shatters on the floor.

Katya follows up with a series of ferocious punches that send Gezim reeling. But only for a moment.

He responds with a killer punch to Katya's stomach. She doubles over in agony clutching her stomach, sucking air. He then delivers a left hook that knocks her to the ground.

Katya tries to crawl away, but Gezim grabs her legs, spins her round, so she's facing him, and slides her closer. He gets on top of her and starts to rain down punches.

A livid Katya wraps both her arms around his neck and pulls his head to her chest, constricting him. Gezim starts to pound her ribs from both sides, but she just tightens her hold further, making it even harder for him to breathe.

Gezim suddenly rolls over using a rocking motion and manages to break free from Katya's deadly embrace. She elbows him hard in the face and quickly secures him in an arm lock

before he can get up.

Katya twists her body round in a masterful martial arts move and wraps her legs around his neck, limiting his breathing once again.

Gezim tries to lift her up off the ground, in a bid to shake her off, but Katya cleverly uses his motion to swing her body so that she ends up on top of him, pinning him down.

Katya delivers a killer punch to Gezim's face, knocking him out instantly. She hastily scans the room for the gun, keen to fast-track his demise. She spots it.

Exhausted and throbbing with pain, she gets off him and crawls across the floor towards the weapon.

She reaches out and grabs hold of the gun, only to turn around and see...

Gezim racing towards her wielding a remnant of the broken shard!

Katya fires three times in quick succession unhesitatingly.

Gezim convulses violently, recoiling as each bullet strikes; his expression is one of shocked disbelief.

Katya stops shooting watches Gezim expire: he falls to his knees, then keels over, landing flat on his face.

Her ordeal over, Katya catches her breath. She then slowly walks over to Gezim, gun still in hand.

She stands over him, aims squarely at his head. A pause, as she considers. She thinks better of it, tosses the weapon away: blasting a dead man in the head is just not her style.

Katya turns and heads for the main entrance.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

A battered and bruised Katya staggers from the property to the driveway, transitioning from the dimness inside to the bright sunshine outside.

It's a new dawn for her, but instead of looking triumphant and pleased, she appears drained and relieved. She's just glad to be alive.

**INT. HALLWAY, MANOR HOUSE - DAY**

Gezim's fingers move tentatively as he slowly regains consciousness. Gingerly, wincing with pain, he rolls himself over onto his back.

He pulls up his top to reveal a discrete bulletproof vest underneath. He examines the damage done by the three bullets that struck him. Superficial. The vest did its job.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya tries the driver's door on the Range Rover. It's open. She clambers in.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Katya sees that the key has been left in the ignition. She turns it, fires up the SUV.

A sudden BLAST! The bulletproof glass in the rear window splinters, but doesn't shatter. Katya ducks instinctively, then sneaks a peek in the passenger side view mirror...

It's Gezim, standing in the entrance, wielding the gun she dispensed!

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Gezim's in bad shape, but he seems to be drawing strength from his fury. He shuffles awkwardly towards the Range Rover, firing continually as he goes, targeting the same spot in a bid to fracture the glass.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Enough! A livid Katya takes definitive action: she slams the gear stick firmly into reverse, then steps on the gas with grim purpose, all the while keeping her eyes peeled on Gezim in the side mirror.

KATYA  
(screaming primevally)  
Noooooooooo!

The car races backwards with unstoppable force, Gezim directly in its path.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Unfazed, Gezim keeps firing determinedly.

An awful THUD as the Range Rover sweeps Gezim off his feet, sandwiching him with crushing force against the wall.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

A breathless Katya studies the side view mirror, searching for confirmation that Gezim's finally dead. He really is.

She changes gear and moves off.

**EXT. MANOR HOUSE, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Gezim's broken and lifeless body slumps to the ground as the Range Rover pulls away, unpinning him.

We track with the car, watching Katya through the windscreen as she drives away, the manor receding in the background.

**EXT. ROADSIDE FOREST, SCOTLAND - DAY**

Katya parks the Range Rover near her abandoned wreck of a car and gets out.

She trudges over to the destroyed vehicle, opens the boot, pulls up the floor cover and retrieves the real security briefcase from the spare tyre compartment.

Wearily, Katya hauls the case back to the Range Rover. She chucks it onto the passenger seat, then gets in herself.

**INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY**

Katya shuts her eyes and takes a moment to gather herself mentally. She takes a deep breath, then exhales sharply she feels appeased and unburdened at long last. She opens her eyes and starts up the SUV with a renewed sense of purpose.

**EXT. SAFE HARBOUR WOMEN'S SHELTER, LONDON - DAY**

An unremarkable large four-story detached house in an anonymous suburb. Nothing about the exterior betrays the true function of the house, no boards, no signs - nothing.

While his parcel delivery van idles at the kerbside, a COURIER hands a large, heavy parcel to the OFFICE MANAGER. She's a prim and proper woman in her fifties.

**INT. OFFICE, SAFE HARBOUR WOMEN'S SHELTER, LONDON - DAY**

The Office Manager stands behind her desk reading aloud from a letter. Her CO-WORKER, a stout working class woman in her forties, sits opposite, listening attentively.

The unwrapped parcel, which contains the security briefcase retrieved by Katya, sits on the desk before them.

OFFICE MANAGER

...therefore, in recognition of all the invaluable work the Safe Harbour Women's Shelter does to help the victims of sex trafficking rebuild their lives and reintegrate into society, I would like to make a small cash donation. The combination number to the case should have reached you under separate cover a number of days ago. Keep up the good work. Yours sincerely, Anonymous.

CO-WORKER

Well, I'll be damned!

OFFICE MANAGER

Two, two, two, wasn't it, the combination?

CO-WORKER

Yeah, that's right.

The Office Manager sets the locks to the correct combination and lifts the lid. She immediately gasps with surprise, cups her hands over her mouth and takes a step back in amazement.

OFFICE MANAGER

Good God!

CO-WORKER

What is it? What's up?

Dumbfounded, the Office Manager simply turns the case around for her colleague to see. The co-worker goes slack-jawed at the site of all the cash inside.

CO-WORKER (CONT'D)

(enunciating slowly)

Bloody hell!

**EXT. LUXURY RESORT, CARIBBEAN - DAY**

A truly sumptuous and exclusive five star resort set against a backdrop of breathtaking beauty: lush mountains, golden beach, azure sea. It's paradise.

Katya lounges by the pool, absorbed in a book, an exotic cocktail by her side. There's a smattering of other guests nearby, all of them members of the jet-set.

Her phone buzzes to indicate a new message. She puts her book down, digs into her tote and retrieves her phone. She reads the text.

ON THE SCREEN:

Dear Customer,

Your item has now been delivered.

Thank you,

Globus Delivery Services

(Tracking No: SL344682015GB. Date: 06/11/2016, 11:22am)

The last piece of the jigsaw is in place. Mission accomplished. Katya smiles to herself, supremely pleased, satisfied.

She slips the phone into her bag again, then relaxes back into her sun lounger. She closes her eyes and luxuriates in the warmth of the sun. Finally, she's found closure.

FADE OUT

THE END