

DEEP IN THE BONE

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FADE IN:

EXT. SOHO, LONDON - NIGHT

We tread the seedy, intoxicating, streets of London, past revellers on their way to clubs, past drunks in the doorways of closed shops, down a dirty alley away from the crowds...

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

...and turn into an even filthier alley where two Chinese BOUNCERS stand guard outside a dingy brothel, under a flickering, neon sign that reads: EASTERN PLEASURES.

Its red light spills over two Albanians as they approach the door. FERRET early forties's, black leather jacket, with a lean, sharp face and a manic energy...

...and BULL, twenty eight, an ox squeezed into a tracksuit.

They stand in front of the guards, saying nothing.

SECURITY GUARD

Well? You faggots coming in, or what?

A flash of silver.

Ferret leaps forwards, stabs the guard.

Bull punches the other, drives him back into the club.

A gang of Albanians charge into the alleyway, straight to the door and pile inside, dragging the guards with them...

INT. LOBBY, EASTERN PLEASURES BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

...and slamming them to the floor. They're kneeled on, subdued.

The gang knock things off the wall and off the receptionists counter. She scampers for cover into the next room, where young Asian girl in skimpy clothing look on in fear.

Ferret and Bull move towards a door at the end of the lobby. Ferret pulls out his knife, Bull takes a crowbar from another gang member...

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

...kicks the door in.

He and Ferret burst into the office.

Two TRIAD GUARDS come at them. Ferret ducks under a punch, comes up and stabs one.

Bull bludgeons the second with the crowbar. He smashes him in the skull, and continues long after the guard is any threat.

Ferret drags GAN REN KANG, a thirty two year old Chinese man in an immaculate suit, out of his chair...

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

...And back to the lobby.

A fearsome looking man of six foot four, with an aura both of capability and intense menace, enters and shuts the door. BASHKIM DEMECHI, the leader.

He grabs a seat, sits in the middle of the room.

Ferret and Bull drag Gan Ren Kang towards him.

GAN REG KANG

This is Triad territory, do you think you can just walk in here and take what you want? Do you know who we are?

Bashkim speaks in a thick Albanian accent.

BASHKIM

We know, we just don't care.

Ferret cleaves Kang's head from his shoulders with a sword.

BASHKIM

You should have accepted our offer.

His headless body jerks and spasms. Ferret laughs.

FERRET

That never gets old.

BASHKIM

Get rid of the body.

FERRET

What about them?

He indicates the security guards being subdued.

Bashkim rises, takes a knife from his inside pocket. He walks quickly to the first security guard, plunges it straight into his heart before he has time to react.

He moves to the other one, who is fights in vain to get away.

SECURITY GUARD

No, please. Let me go. I don't even know you!

Bashkim shows no remorse or mercy. He stabs him quickly in his chest, killing him instantly.

BASHKIM

Get rid of them, as well.

Ferret nods. Motions for one of the mob to give him a hand with the bodies.

BASHKIM

The rest of you, have a little fun with our new toys.

He motions towards the group of scantily clad Asian women hiding in the next room.

The Albanians bound into the room.

INT. LOUNGE AREA, EASTERN PLEASURES BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

Bull grabs one of the girl, drags her over to a couch. Throws her down and climbs on top. She looks up at the light on the ceiling, its burning glow fills the screen...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

....Harsh lights beam down on a team of medical staff working on a patient lying face down on the operating table.

The surgeon, DOCTOR ALEX GRANT, sinks a huge needle deep into the patient's hip and empties the bloody contents.

INT. HOSPITAL PREPARATION ROOM - LATER

Alex removes his hair net and mask.

Pulls his gloves off at the sink, washes his hands, splashes his face. He checks himself in the mirror. He's handsome, about fifty three, but looking good for it.

Colleagues pass in the background, wishing him well with a pat on his back.

ANAESTHETIST

See you tomorrow, Alex.

Alex nods.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Alex's footsteps reverberate around the lonely corridor, he turns right into...

INT. LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

...a laboratory.

Clicks the light. He makes his way towards the far corner as the lights flicker on.

He suits up then removes some blood samples from a refrigerator.

He mixes the blood with something from a test tube.

Puts a slide under a microscope, examines it carefully.

He stands and makes his way to the huge glass board behind him. A title on the board reads: POTENTIAL COMPOUNDS.

Dozens of long winded, chemical names are listed, all but three have red felt-tip pen crosses through them.

He crosses another off the list.

Alex visibly deflates. Whatever it is he's working on, he's running out of ideas.

EXT. ENGLISH SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A nice place in a nice neighbourhood. Alex's sensible, grey car rolls into the drive-way. Alex steps out. Unlocks the front door and steps into...

INT. HALL, ENGLISH SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...the hall of a nicely, if sombrely, decorated home where he's met by the maid, MARJORIE. She's a middle-aged woman, looks like someone you could trust.

MARJORIE

Hey!

ALEX

Hi Marjorie. Everything OK?

MARJORIE

Yeah. He's taken his pills.
Dinner's in the oven.

Alex smiles.

ALEX

Thanks.

She grabs her coat from a nearby rack, kisses him on the cheek...

MARJORIE

See you tomorrow.

...then leaves. Alex wanders towards the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY, ENGLISH SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER

Alex, walks effortlessly up the stairs. His toned physique testament to the fact he practices what he preaches.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Alex strides purposefully to one of the doors.

ALEX

James? I'm back.

Alex knocks on the door.

ALEX

James? I'm making dinner.

No response.

ALEX

James?

He pushes the door open slowly.

INT. JAMES' BEDROOM

His seventeen year old son, JAMES, lies very still on his bed, listening to DARK, HEAVY MUSIC. The room around him is dark and with his ashen face and black clothing, he looks almost corpse-like.

Alex gazes at his son for a short time.

ALEX

James, your dinner.

James finally acknowledges his father with a nod.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Alex sits opposite his son at the dining room table. Alex looks suspiciously at his son's pallid face and bruises on his arm.

ALEX

How you feeling?

James shrugs.

ALEX

Have you taken your pills?

JAMES

Yeah. Of course.

ALEX

No nausea, headaches?

James looks up from his spaghetti.

JAMES

Listen Dad, I was thinking. Don't take this the wrong way. I was thinking...I might quit the course, go travelling.

ALEX

Are you serious?

JAMES

Yes.

ALEX

I don't think so, James. You know how important your education is to your future.

JAMES

But that's just it, Dad. What if there isn't any future?

ALEX

I don't want to talk about this...

JAMES

You never do. You just want to avoid the truth. Dad, there's a chance I'm going to die. A good chance. I want to see the world.

ALEX

You're going to finish school, you're going to get a degree. After that...

JAMES

You just don't listen do you?

James drops his fork, stands up.

JAMES

I'm just asking you to be reasonable. I'm dying, get it through your thick head. I'm dying!

ALEX

You are not dying. Now sit down and eat your dinner, we're not talking about this anymore.

JAMES

Why? Why can't you see? My life is now, this is it. It's not going to begin in the future. It's happening now. So is yours.

Alex studiously ignores him, continues to eat.

JAMES

Oh forget it, what's the point in talking to an idiot?

James storms into the kitchen...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...Leans over the kitchen sink, exasperated. He turns the tap on to get some water, grabs a glass, fills it.

He takes a drink. His hand is shaking.

He looks at it, surprised. The glass falls from his hand.

SHATTERS on the floor.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex leaps from his seat, startled from his meal by the noise...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...he arrives to find James staggering.

JAMES

Dad, I...

His words tail off, his eyes roll into the back of his head.

He collapses, his arms limp at his sides, straight on to the floor.

ALEX

James!

Alex rushes to his side.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Alex bursts through the doors carrying his son in a fireman's lift.

ALEX

I need assistance here.

A nurse rushes over.

NURSE

What happened?

ALEX

He suffers from aplastic anaemia, he fainted. You need to check his kidney function, his liver...

NURSE

We'll do everything we can. We'll take care of him.

ALEX

He's got aplastic anaemia. His specialist is Doctor Philip Simpson. You need to do a complete blood count, check his renal function, his liver enzymes...

The Nurse lays her hand on Alex's arm.

NURSE

Alex, he's in safe hands. We'll take it from here.

Medical staff approach with a trolley. They ease James on to it and wheel him away. Alex follows him.

ALEX

Doctor Philip Simpson.

Alex watches him go.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

Alex sits on a bench watching time tick down on an old clock on the wall.

FOOTSTEPS on the tiled floor.

Alex turns. DOCTOR PHILIP SIMPSON approaches, medical files under arm. He holds out a hand.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Alex, good to see you. Must be hard being in the other side of things.

ALEX

I've been here before.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Of course.

ALEX

How is he?

DOCTOR SIMPSON

He's stable.

ALEX

Can I see him?

INT. HOSPITAL WARD

Doctor Simpson watches Alex cross the floor of a private ward to stand next to James who lies on a bed, attached to machines, wires and pumps.

Alex pulls up a chair next to his son.

ALEX

Hey.

James looks really ill. He can barely muster a smile.

ALEX

How are you feeling? You gave me a scare there.

JAMES

Worse than I look. So, what's the score?

ALEX

They said it was the music you listen to.

James laughs.

Alex's attention flickers towards Doctor Simpson who is waiting for him outside, then back to James. He squeezes his son's hand.

ALEX

You must be tired. Try and rest.
I'll go for a chat with the doctor.
OK?

James nods.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Alex and Doctor Simpson talk in hushed tones.

ALEX

How bad is it?

DOCTOR SIMPSON

We're still waiting for some of the results and we need to confirm it with a bone marrow examination but..

ALEX

But?

DOCTOR SIMPSON

James is very ill. His condition has worsened considerably since we last saw him.

ALEX

What's the prognosis?

Simpson hands Alex the medical files.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

...Look for yourself.

Alex searches through them in growing horror.

ALEX

We can increase the dosage of the ATG. Maybe it will help delay the process.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Alex...

ALEX

Maybe try chemo. It's got side effects but...

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Alex!

Alex looks at the Doctor.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Alex, look at the figures.

ALEX

They might be wrong. The equipment might not be calibrated correctly.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Alex. He's dying.

ALEX

My son's not dying!

He checks his son hasn't heard, stares at him through the glass. He breaks a little, but holds back the tears.

ALEX

My son is not dying.

Simpson puts his arm tenderly round his friend.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Come with me.

He shepherds Alex towards a door leading off the corridor.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Simpson walks round an official looking table, takes a bottle of whiskey out of the drawer. Alex collapses into a chair.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

You want a drink?

He doesn't wait for an answer, he just pours.

He hands it over to Alex.

ALEX

There's a way out, there must be a way out.

Alex stares at the figures again, as if willing them to change.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

His only chance is a bone marrow transplant and he needs it soon. Unfortunately... .

ALEX

There are no compatible donors.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

...Over 14 million donors on the registry. None of them are compatible. None of them. Your son needs a bone marrow transplant in a matter of days to survive and there isn't anyone we know of in the world that's compatible. Do you understand what I'm saying?

ALEX

You're telling me my son is going to die.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

I'm sorry.

ALEX

I've failed him...

DOCTOR SIMPSON

No, Alex. This isn't about you.

ALEX

I failed Rose, and I've failed James. I'm a Doctor, and I've let my wife and my kid die.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Don't play that game, Alex.

ALEX

What game can I play? Give me some options. There must be someone who is compatible. There must be some way of finding them. Help me for God's sake!

Simpson sips his whiskey.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

How's your own research coming?

Shakes his head.

ALEX

Still working on it, but...

DOCTOR SIMPSON

What about the media? You've had dealings with them in the past, maybe you can get them to do a donor drive.

ALEX

A lot of people need transplants. Some younger than James. Even if the compatible donor was out there, the chances of them seeing the advert, the chances of them turning up even if they did...

DOCTOR SIMPSON

I'm sorry, Alex. I really am. Maybe you just have to accept things the way they are.

Alex slugs his whiskey.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - LATER

Alex sits next to his sleeping son. He watches his chest rise and fall, rise and fall.

He whispers a vow to himself, under his breath.

ALEX

I don't know how, but I'm going to save you, I promise.

He squeezes his son's hand.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Alex works feverishly. Staring into the microscope, mixing compounds in test tubes. Checking and re-checking equipment and results on the computer.

ALEX

Shit!

He storms to the glass board. Angrily marks off the second to last compound.

He goes back to work. Glares at the last compound under the microscope.

Alex rises and walks to the board, completes the set of failures with the final red cross.

He sits on the edge of the desk, a broken man.

INT. BEDROOM, ALEX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex lies on his bed in his large, lonely bedroom.

He's naked from the waist up, with just a towel round his waist. He stares up at the ceiling, thinking.

He sits up, something has occurred to him. He reaches for his phone by his bed, dials.

INT. BEDROOM, DOCTOR SIMPSON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Doctor Simpson turns the bedside light on, reaches awkwardly for the phone in a sleepy daze.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Doctor Simpson?

INT. BEDROOM, ALEX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ALEX

Philip. Get to the hospital now. I thought of something.

He puts the phone down.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Doctor Philip Simpson enters his office to find Alex sat behind his computer.

ALEX

You've got access to the medical files right? We can cross reference. Find people who have been treated for similar problems, people who have been HLA typed.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

You've dragged me out of bed for this? That's not legal. We'd be struck off. Maybe face criminal charges.

ALEX

Is it possible?

DOCTOR SIMPSON

What are you going to do, just walk to their house and ask them to donate?

ALEX

Let me worry about that. Is it possible?

DOCTOR SIMPSON

It's not legal Alex. I'm not going to help you break the law.

He turns and opens the door. Alex leaps up and slams it shut.

ALEX

Don't you fucking dare walk out of here when my son is dying. Is it possible?

Doctor Simpson stares at Alex in shock.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

You brought me all the way here just to threaten me?

ALEX

Never mind threaten you, I'll beat the living shit out of you if you don't give me access to those files.

Alex realises his overreaction, he backs down.

ALEX

I'm sorry, Philip. I have to save him. I'll try anything. Do you understand?

Simpson turns, opens the door. He's going to leave...

But no, he looks up and down the corridor. It's empty. He closes the door again.

He walks over to the computer, types something in.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

It's exceptionally unlikely, but it's possible. As you know, HLA's, Human Leukocyte antigens, are proteins found throughout the body. You're looking for someone who matches the results in your son's file.

Simpson walks past Alex to the door and makes to step out.

ALEX

Thank you, Philip.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

For what? I doubt you'll find anything.

He leaves.

Alex locks the door behind his friend. He settles at the desk, goes to work.

Alex checks his son's file.

He types on the computer keyboard.

File after digital file flicks past on the computer screen.

He loosens his tie. More files on the screen.

Alex, sits sideways on the chair, his tie gone.

More typing. The moon falls and the sun rises in the sky.

Alex rubs his face in sheer exasperation...

...And then...

A match?

Alex checks and rechecks the figures on the screen and in his son's file.

A MATCH.

Alex reads the details of the potential donor.

A young face stares back at him. DEFRIM DEMACHI.

ALEX

Defrim Demachi. Admitted due to severe autoimmune problem. Unknown cause, possibly genetic.

Alex clicks on a related file, his legal guardian.

Alex looks hard at the screen, at the face of Defrim's father. A brutal, tough looking face and an Albanian name, BASHKIM DEMACHI.

He reads the information on him.

BASHKIM DEMECHI: Admitted for lacerations to torso and arms. Historic injuries to chest and stomach. Suspected gunshot wounds.

ALEX

Bloody Hell.

He presses a button. A printer on the other side of the room sparks into operation.

Alex rises, takes the paper.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

Alex crouches by his son's bed. He takes his son by the hand.

ALEX

Hey. How are you feeling?

JAMES

Like I'm dying.

ALEX

You'll be worse later, after the bone marrow exam. It hurts like hell, you know. I'll try and wrangle some extra morphine for you when you come out.

JAMES

I think you need some too, you look like shit.

Doctor Philip enters carrying some coffee.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

How's the patient?

JAMES

I'm alright, I suppose. I feel weak.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

That's to be expected. You take after your father. Speaking of which...

He hands Alex the coffee.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

...I got this for you.

Alex takes it, sips it gratefully.

ALEX

What's the plan?

DOCTOR SIMPSON

We'll get him in for the bone marrow exam, then we'll take it from there.

Alex stands.

ALEX

Look after him, Doc.

Alex turns and leaves.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

You got somewhere to be?

Alex says nothing, he just keeps walking.

The doors of the ward swing shut behind him.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

Alex gets in his car. Speeds off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Big expensive houses and plush cars sit behind huge security gates.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alex looks at the piece of paper with the donor's face and address on it, then scans the properties for the right number.

He finds the house he's looking for.

He cruises past, pulls in to a lay-by a little way down the street.

Exits the car.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

He walks past the house, tries to look at it without appearing suspicious, takes in the high walls, the motorised gate.

The place is a fortress.

He peers over the wall. There are cars in the drive. All have blacked out windows.

The house is vast. At the back of it there's an enormous glass structure that houses an indoor swimming pool.

The large, well-manicured garden continues to a private lake. Small boats are moored by a little jetty.

He goes back round the front, to the communication system by the gateway. Presses a button.

It's answered by a gruff voiced Albanian.

INT. PALATIAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

...a BELL RINGS in the beautiful, marble hallway.

INT. INDOOR SWIMMING POOL, PALATIAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

The indoor bathing area. Sunlight refracts beautifully over the scene, making the water almost incandescent.

A beautiful brunette with an Eastern European face sits reading on a lounger.

In the pool itself, Bashkim powers through the water. He comes to the edge of the water and hauls himself out.

He may be late forties to early fifties, but he's still in peak condition. He's tall, muscular, powerful and intimidating. Marked with scars, in particular, two bullet wounds on his torso.

He throws on a robe and goes to the communication system on the wall.

He presses a button, Alex's face appears on a screen.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE GATEWAY AND THE PALATIAL HOME.

ALEX

I'm looking for a Bashkim Demechi.

BASHKIM

This is Mr Demechi. Can I help you?

ALEX

I'm an..umm..assistant at the Royal Infirmary. We're just going through our records and we notice that your son is due a check up. I wanted to call but we didn't have your number...

BASHKIM

I don't know anything about it.

ALEX

...You should have received a letter. It's standard for anyone who underwent the kind of procedure that your son had done.

BASHKIM

He's fine. We have private insurance.

ALEX

It's important we're sure. I can arrange an appointment for him today if you like?

BASHKIM

We have private insurance. Don't come here again.

He hangs up. That didn't go well.

Alex leaves.

A CCTV camera watches him go.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

He gets back in his car. Reaches in his pocket for his mobile phone.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Doctor Simpson answers the phone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ALEX AND DOCTOR SIMPSON.

ALEX

How is he?

DOCTOR SIMPSON

He's out of surgery. We just have to wait for the results now.

ALEX

Keep me updated.

He puts the phone back in his pocket.

A car with blacked out windows rolls past then pulls in sharply in front of Alex's car.

Another car roll right up to his back bumper, hemming him in.

SNOUT, Ferret and Bull bound out from the front car. They've reached Alex before he's had time to lock the doors.

Ferret opens the passenger door and swings in. His two accomplices clamber into the back seat.

Ferret, the guy in the front, speaks in a deep Albanian accent.

FERRET

Hello, my friend. You seemed a little lost back there, we thought we'd come and make sure everything is OK.

ALEX

Yeah, I'm OK. Thanks.

FERRET

No problem. And who may you be, if you don't mind me asking?

Alex hesitates, too nervous to think quickly enough.

ALEX

Err...

FERRET

Are you OK? Have you forgotten your name? First you are lost, then you can't remember your name? Maybe you are suffering from amnesia? Maybe you have a disease of the mind, like dementia, yes?

Ferret turns to the colleague directly behind him, SNOUT, a large nosed individual, pock-marked, skinny and lithe.

FERRET

Snout, what do you think about our friend here? Is he ill?

SNOUT

I think he's nervous.

Snout leans forwards suddenly and sniffs at Alex.

SNOUT

Ya. He's nervous.

FERRET

Yeah, you look nervous. My friend here will give you a nice neck massage, ease the tension.

He indicates the guy sitting behind Alex, The Bull. Powerful But squat. The Ferret gives his accomplice an order in Albanian.

FERRET

Make our guest comfortable.

The Bull starts to knead the muscles on Alex's neck and shoulders in a surprisingly gentle, and expert manner.

FERRET

We saw you on our cameras. We thought you might be in trouble. Are you in trouble? What's your name?

Alex hesitates again...

ALEX

Errr...Adam. I was just here to see about a medical appointment.

Ferret moves with alarming speed, reaches into Alex's inside pocket, takes out his mobile phone. He pats the rest of Alex's pockets down as though searching for a weapon.

The Ferret moves to leave the car. Alex reaches for his phone.

The grip on his neck from the Bull tightens.

FERRET

You sit back and enjoy your massage. I won't be long.

Alex looks into the back seat at his new friends. The Snout gives him a wink.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The Ferret is on the phone. He gazes through Alex's phone numbers. There aren't many. He settles on one and dials.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE

Marjorie answers the phone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN FERRET AND MARJORIE.

FERRET

Ah hello. My name is Nush, I'm a taxi driver. A passenger left this phone in the back seat. I would like to return it to him.

MARJORIE

You could drop it here, I'm the cleaner. The address is 126 Picasso Avenue.

FERRET

Does he have a work address, maybe
it's closer for me?

MARJORIE

He's a Doctor, he works at the
Royal Infirmary.

FERRET

Perfect. That would be easier for
me. If I drop it off at reception,
who shall I say it's for?

MARJORIE

He's Doctor Alexander Grant.

FERRET

Thank you. You've been a big help.
Goodbye.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ferret climbs back into the car.

FERRET

My friends, let me introduce you to
Alexander Grant of 126 Picasso
Avenue. Alex here is a Doctor at
the Royal Infirmary.

The Bull pats Alex on the back then continues the massage.

FERRET

So, what's a Doctor doing out here,
spying on people?

ALEX

Just a courtesy call really, Mr.
Demechi's son was a patient at the
hospital a while ago.

The Ferret grabs Alex's face. Not painfully hard, he just
squeezes it with one hand and pulls him towards him, almost
like you would play with a child.

With his other hand, the Ferret moves the rear-view mirror so his friend in the back seat can see. They speak together in Albanian.

FERRET

What do you think, Snout?

SNOUT

I think he's an honest man who is telling a lie.

The Ferret reverts to English.

FERRET

An honest man, telling a lie? Why would he do that??

Both the men in the back seat pull confused expressions.

FERRET

Why would you lie to us Doctor Alex? Why would you lie to your new friends like that, Alex of 126 Picasso Avenue?

Alex looks crestfallen, he's been found out.

FERRET

Let's go guys.

Snout climbs out.

Bull finishes his neck massage with an artistic flurry and a hearty slap on Alex's back, then clambers out.

Finally, the Ferret exits the car...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

...and leans back down to talk with Alex again.

FERRET

Nice massage? The Bull's very good with his hands. You'd be amazed at some of the things he can do.

Alex nods in a bewildered state.

FERRET

One other thing...

He produces a piece of paper from his back pocket. It's the print out that Alex made of Bashkim's son, Defrim.

He holds it up so Alex can see.

FERRET

...I think I'll keep this. He might be interested to know you're snooping on his son. Lamtumire!

He closes the door...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

...waves to Alex.

The gang move off, bundle into their cars and drive off. The three of them give him a wave as they pass.

Alex sits, shell-shocked, watching them go. After they've departed, he slams his hands repeatedly on the steering wheel.

He starts the car.

EXT. ENGLISH SUBURBAN HOUSE

Alex's grey sedan rolls up the driveway of his house.

INT. OFFICE, ENGLISH SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER

Alex sits at a desktop computer in his personal office.

He's Googling Private Detective Agencies and making a list of names on a pad of paper.

INT. BEDROOM, ENGLISH SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex lies on the bed.

He takes a picture from the bedside table. A picture of his dead wife with a much younger James.

He studies it for a while.

ALEX

Why did you leave me, Rachel? I
don't think I can do this alone.

Puts it down and turns off the light.

EXT. INNER CITY STREETS - DAY

Alex's car meanders through the back streets of a London backwater. It's a grimy place. Rough looking people walk past boarded up shops.

He parks.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, INNER CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alex picks up a pad, looks at a list of detective agencies, most of which are crossed out.

This is the last.

He looks outside at a dingy looking office: DISCREET INVESTIGATIONS.

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nicotine stained walls, furniture that would have been out of date thirty years ago. A dive.

LARRY QUIGG, fifty plus, overweight, stubble sits opposite Alex drinking a coffee and smoking a cigarette with fingers as stained as the walls.

ALEX

I have a matter to discuss.

LARRY

A matter? Really? Someone been
fiddling with your daughter's Pony?

ALEX

It's a delicate situation. There's
a young kid I need to get alone...

LARRY

What the fuck is this?

ALEX

...That doesn't sound like I meant
it. Look, I'm a Doctor, my son is
dying...

LARRY

I'll be checking this, you know.

ALEX

...He needs a bone marrow
transplant. There are none on the
official donors list...

LARRY

But unofficially, you've found one?
This kid? Jesus.

Alex nods.

LARRY

And what's this master-plan of
yours to get the bone marrow?

ALEX

That's my business.

LARRY

It's mine as well, if I'm working
with you.

ALEX

I'll be honest with you.
I need to get hold of him somehow.

Sedate him, remove some fluid with a needle. That's all. It won't cause him any harm.

LARRY

I knew you were a whacko from the moment you walked in. Got that look in your eyes. Unhinged. If you are a Doctor, which I highly doubt, you've been hitting your medical supplies too hard. You better get out, before I call the Cops.

ALEX

I just want you to follow him and his father, try and find me an opening. I wouldn't be here if I wasn't desperate. I have money.

LARRY

That why you chose me? The place looks like a shit-hole? You thought you could throw your money around, that I might be willing to take risks for money. Maybe even break the law for the right amount?

ALEX

Something like that.

LARRY

We are a Private Investigation Service. We don't go round kidnapping people.

ALEX

I don't want you to kidnap anyone. I just want information.

LARRY

Theoretically, for argument's sake. Who is this kid?

Alex shows him the print out.

LARRY

Alright, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm gonna find out what I can about this kid and his family. We have a PI's network, maybe some of my colleagues know about him. Plus I've got some contacts in law enforcement, still. But I'm gonna check into you, as well. Make sure your story is kosher.

ALEX

How much will this cost?

LARRY

How much? How much to ignore the fact you're a fucking psycho wanting to perform illegal operations on kids? How much do you fucking think? A fuck load.

ALEX

OK.

LARRY

Ok. Then the first thing we need to do is observe the son of a bitch, find an opening. Work out when the kid's on his own, take it from there.

ALEX

Observation, they taught us that in medical school. They said that medicine was an art based on accurate observation.

LARRY

Yeah, well, so's porn.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

Alex sits next to his son, on the chair, watching him sleep.

Alex's phone RINGS.

It's Larry, the Private Detective. Alex answers.

LARRY

Got some news for you. Don't know whether it's good or bad. Your boy's Daddy is Albanian Mafia. The real deal. A few of my guys know a little bit about him, dribs and drabs. Cops know about him, but they've got nothing that will stick. I'll be straight with you, you might want to rethink your little strategy here. These fucks are not people to mess with. They run the whole sex trafficking industry, they run 75% of the brothels in London, they run the entire heroin trade. Even other gangs are scared of these cunts.

ALEX

That doesn't change anything.

LARRY

Maybe not for you, but it sure as shit does for me. I said I wanted a fuck load of money, but what i really meant to say was a fucking fuck load of money. I'll get you your guy, but I want £100,000 grand. Half now, half on completion.

ALEX

If that's what it takes.

LARRY

Alright, get me the cash first thing tomorrow, then we'll go on a little stakeout.

Alex closes the phone.

EXT. BANK, LONDON - DAY

Alex is at the counter of a very affluent looking Bank.

Alex passes some documents over.

ALEX

Full withdrawal, please.

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Alex puts a briefcase on Larry's desk.

ALEX

Your money.

Larry opens it up. His eyes practically pop out of his head.

LARRY

You're serious about all this
aren't you? I'll be honest, I still
had you down as a lunatic.

He stands up, brings the case with him.

LARRY

Alright, let's go. Normally I'd do
this on my own, but seeing as time
is of the essence, I got an address
for you to scope out. Called in a
few favours, we might have found
where the mother lives. You're
gonna check there, I'm gonna watch
his house, see where he goes. You
can use your Medical School
Observational training, you told me
about. But remember, keep your
phone on silent.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD, LONDON - DAY

Alex sits in his car, watching a house on the other side of the street.

The hours pass.

The sun moves along the sky.

Shadows elongate.

Alex's patience is wearing out.

A car passes him and turns into the driveway he's watching.

A woman gets out, and a child, DEFRIM DEMECHI. He's a little older, but there's no mistaking him.

They go inside the house.

Alex turns on his phone. He has ten missed calls, all from Doctor Simpson.

He starts the engine.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - LATER

Alex hurries into the ward where James was being looked after.

His bed is empty.

Alex freezes in shock. Is James dead?

Doctor Simpson appears.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Was wondering when you would show up. We've moved him.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A large light-board illuminates the wall. Simpson attaches photographic negatives to it, they are highly magnified images of James' blood cells.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

We've got the results back. It's worse than we thought.

He indicates one of the images.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

His marrow's not producing any white blood cells at all, just fat cells. His immune system is completely shot. The slightest infection could kill him.

Alex takes down one of the images, looks at it in intimate detail.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

We've moved him to one of the quarantine wards, but Alex, it's now, or never. He's got two days, at best.

INT. QUARANTINE WARD - CONTINUOUS

James is encased in a huge "balloon" to protect him from airborne bacteria, and from the touch of others.

He looks awful. Pale, weak and listless. He's asleep.

Alex lets him rest and walks out.

INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Alex storms in.

ALEX

The plan's changed. We have to move now.

LARRY

Don't be ridiculous.

ALEX

I don't have a choice. My son is going to die. It's now or never.

LARRY

Move now and both of you will die. First you, then him.

ALEX

I don't have a choice.

LARRY

So what are you going to do? Walk in there all guns blazing? Take out all the bad guys like in a Western movie?

ALEX

Yes. And I need guns to do it.

LARRY

You need locking up. Haven't you got a colleague you can talk to about mental illness? You're losing it.

Alex grabs Larry. Pushes him hard into a filing cabinet.

ALEX

Can you help me, or not? There's fifty thousand in that bag. Get me some guns.

LARRY

Seventy K?

He looks at the bag, lying where Alex dropped it, damn near licks his lips.

LARRY

Fifty K?

ALEX

Whatever's left after the weapons is yours. Deal?

LARRY

Let me see what I can do.

Alex eases back, takes his hands off the Private eye.

Larry takes his place behind his desk.

Alex sits in front of him.

LARRY

It's not easy to get guns in the UK. Clean ones get smuggled in, usually military pieces, but those kind of traders, they're not just gonna rock up for you, no matter how much money you have. Anyone you buy off now, it's going to be gang stuff. Probably used in crimes already. You get caught for anything, you'll get fitted for all sorts of shit you didn't do. You still want to go ahead?

Alex nods.

ALEX

How do we pick them up?

LARRY

Best way, give me the money, won't be so many trust issues.

ALEX

I don't trust you.

LARRY

I don't trust me either. But it's the best way.

ALEX

I want to be there. I want to choose the location, as well.

LARRY

Alright. You're the boss.

He dials a number.

LARRY

Got an action man here. Could use
some accessories for it.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

An old, decrepit, industrial building. Now only home to
pigeons.

Larry drives up in a beaten up Ford. Alex trails a little way
behind.

They pull up, get out of their respective cars.

ALEX

Where are they?

LARRY

Relax. They'll be here.

ALEX

Are you setting me up?

LARRY

Jesus Christ. You're an idiot.
These guys aren't exactly
upstanding citizens. They get
spooked, think you're a cop,
they'll leave. Maybe with both the
guns and the money.

LARRY

Look, this is your last chance. Go
be with your son. Sorry for saying
it, but let him die in peace and
then move on. You're a doctor for
Christ's sake, not a fucking
gangster. You're going to get hurt.

ALEX

You're right, I mean, I know you're
right. But I can't let him die.

A couple of cars pull into the other entrance about seventy yards away.

Their headlights beam through the darkness..

The cars pull up about thirty yards away. They keep the engines running, the lights on, dazzling Alex and Larry, who hold their arms up to protect themselves from the glare.

One guy gets out from each car. They can barely be seen through the glare, but they are MICKEY and TERRY, both in their thirties, both white and rough looking.

MICKEY

You got the money?

LARRY

Twenty k. Like we agreed.

Alex glances sideways at Larry. Larry steps forward with the bag of cash.

LARRY

You got the guns?

TERRY

Cash first.

Larry gives the bag to Mickey.

MICKEY

This the toy soldier?

LARRY

Yeah.

MICKEY

I don't like the look of him, looks like a cop. Or worse.

LARRY

He ain't a cop.

MICKEY

What do you want all those guns for?

You ain't a drug dealer, you aren't fighting any turf wars, what's your angle?

LARRY

That's his business.

MICKEY

He's a cop.

TERRY

Must be a cop.

MICKEY

Fuck this, I'm pulling out. We'll keep the cash if it's all the same to you.

Alex moves forward.

ALEX

Give me the fucking guns. That was the deal.

LARRY

Alex, don't be a fucking idiot.

TERRY

Listen to your friend, Alex.

ALEX

Give me the fucking guns.

MICKEY

You've got three seconds to get out of my face.

ALEX

Give me the guns.

MICKEY

Two seconds.

ALEX

I need those fucking guns.

MICKEY

One second.

ALEX

I NEED THOSE GUNS!

Mickey slaps Alex to the floor. Kicks him brutally in the stomach. Terry comes across to help. They kick and beat Alex badly, leave him lying on the floor.

They jump back into their cars.

LARRY

Get back in your car, go home.

Larry walks to his car, climbs inside.

ALEX

You set me up.

Larry starts his car, moves off, pulls up next to Alex.

LARRY

You set yourself up. Here...

He tosses Alex a small handgun, followed by a box of bullets.

LARRY

...From my own private collection.
Nothing fancy, but it'll kill a man
good as anything else from close
range. Good luck, you'll need it,
you fucking idiot.

He drives away leaving Alex lying in the dust.

INT. QUARANTINE WARD - DAY

Alex hobbles into the ward. James is awake, he looks at Alex, bleary eyed.

JAMES

What happened to you?

ALEX

Nothing you need to worry about.
How's it going?

JAMES

Before, I felt like I was dying.
Now, I'm dying in pain.

Alex smiles.

ALEX

I'm sorry. You were right.

JAMES

What for?

ALEX

For everything. You were right
about a lot of things. For not
being there. For everything. After
Rachel...after your Mum died...

JAMES

It's OK. I'm sorry too.

ALEX

...I broke down. I realise that
now. I should have been with you
more, spent more time with you. I
should have done it all
differently. I'd do it all
differently.

JAMES

You did the best you could. I love
you.

ALEX

I love you too.

JAMES

I don't want to die, Dad. I'm not
ready.

He breaks down.

ALEX

I know.

JAMES

I don't want to die.

ALEX

I'm going to do everything I can to save you, I promise.

James pulls himself together a bit.

JAMES

Told you we should have gone travelling.

Alex laughs through the tears.

ALEX

We should. We should have done a lot of things.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Alex marches to the door. Uses his key card to let himself in.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

He strides across the room. Goes to a cabinet full of medical supplies. Selects what he wants, needles, vials, and stuffs them in a medical bag.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - DAY

Alex's car sits in front of the hospital.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, HOSPITAL CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

Alex climbs inside. Sticks the medical bag in the back seat. He looks around, there's no-one about. He takes out the pad.

Looks at the address that Larry gave him. He takes the handgun out of the glove compartment, checks it briefly.

Puts it back.

Drives off.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD, LONDON - DAY

Alex's car drives through Suburban London.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alex checks the address again.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

He rolls into the street, parks sixty yards or so away from the house of Bashkim's former lover, on the opposite side of the street.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, SUBURBAN ROAD - LATER

Time passes. Finally, a black car appears in the rear view mirror.

Alex sinks further into his seat, hides from view.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD, LONDON - CONTINUOUS

The car passes, pulls up outside the house, where it's joined by another black car. Bashkim's "associates".

EXT. BLACK CAR, SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bashkim exits the car, walks to the other side to open the door for Defrim's mother. She climbs out. She's talk, olive skinned, beautiful.

Bashkim walks and opens the back door.

INT. BLACK CAR - CONTINUOUS

Defrim slides along the leather seat to the open door. A portable Nintendo slips out of his back-pack.

EXT. BLACK CAR, SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Defrim climbs out. Bashkim shuts the door.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alex watches as the three walk as a group...

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE

...to the front door of the house.

Bashkim says his goodbyes to the woman, then to the kid. His love for the child is apparent in the way he kneels and talks to him.

Bashkim ruffles the kid's hair, then stands...

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD, LONDON - CONTINUOUS

...and walks back to his car.

He climbs in, drives off, quickly followed by his entourage.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, SUBURBAN ROAD

Alex takes a needle and a vial of liquid out of his medical bag. He injects the needle into the vial, fills it, puts it inside his jacket pocket.

He slides out of the car, taking the medical bag with him...

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

...looks around, checks no-one's watching. The streets are empty, there are no prying eyes from behind twitching curtains.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE

He strides to the door, knocks on it.

INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE

Defrim's mother is making coffee.

DEFRIM'S MOTHER
Get that will you, Honey?

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE

Defrim switches off the TV he's watching from the sofa, and runs for the front door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE

Alex shuffles nervously on the doorstep. The door opens...

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE

...Alex pushes straight in, past Defrim, pushing the door shut behind him.

ALEX
Hey kid, is your mother in?

He strides to the kitchen where the mother is making coffee.

INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE

A look of confusion on the mother's face...

DEFRIM'S MOTHER

Who are you?

... as Alex removes the needle from his pocket and moves towards her.

DEFRIM'S MOTHER

Defrim, hide!

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE

Defrim hears his mother, scampers up the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE

She goes for the boiling kettle, throws it at him.

Alex ducks under it. Runs at her, uses his weight to push her into the kitchen cabinets.

He manages to get his arm round her neck.

She bites him hard on the forearm.

He keeps hold of her, despite the pain, sticks the needle in her neck.

She goes limp. He drops her to the floor, nurses his injured arm.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS

Bashkim's black car pulls up at a junction.

INT. BLACK CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bashkim changes the radio station. Something catches his eye. Defrim's Nintendo.

He uses the car phone to call his companions.

BASHKIM

I'm going back. Kid forgot his
game.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Bashkim does a U-turn.

So do his troops.

INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE

Alex puts Megi in the recovery position. Checks her pulse.
He's satisfied.

He pulls the kitchen blinds down.

Walks through to the...

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE

...and across to the windows. He checks outside. All clear.

Draws the curtains.

He pads to the stairs that Defrim took, shouts up them.

ALEX

Defrim? Defrim, come down here,
it's alright. I'm a friend of your
dads, I'm not going to hurt you.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE

Bashkim and his convoy turn up in their black cars.

Bashkim springs out, carrying the game, heads over the to the
car behind.

EXT. BLACK CAR, SUBURBAN HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

The window eases down, revealing Ferret.

BASHKIM

Give me a minute.

Ferret nods.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE

Bashkim heads for the front door. Knocks.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE

Alex takes out his gun. Checks behind the curtain quickly, sees the black cars.

He goes to the front door, stands beside it and opens the door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE

Bashkim pushes the front door open.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE

Bashkim steps into the house.

BASHKIM

Megi?

Alex grabs him, drags him inside, pushes the front door closed with his foot.

Aims the gun at Bashkim.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD

The black car sits at the end of the driveway.

INT. BLACK CAR, SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Ferret and Bull listen to MUSIC, oblivious to the action in the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE

Holds the gun to his head.

ALEX

Walk.

He takes him to the middle of the living room, near his medical bag.

ALEX

Kneel.

Bashkim complies, he kneels with his back to Alex, facing the television.

BASHKIM

Who are you? Who sent you? You are
no Triad, did the Italians send
you? Who, tell me?

Alex keeps the gun on Bashkim, reaches for the medical bag, takes out the sedative.

Bashkim twitches.

ALEX

Don't move.

BASHKIM

Tell me who you are. Who you're
working for. If you're going to
kill me, I deserve that much.

Alex tries to inject the needle into the vial of sedative with one hand, whilst holding the gun to Bashkim. It's not easy.

ALEX

Shit.

Bashkim looks at Alex in the reflection on the TV screen.

He sees his chance, makes his move.

He turns, knocks the gun from Alex's hand, gets his hand round Alex's throat, chokes him, forces him to the floor.

He starts to pound Alex's face with his fist. Bone and gristle cracks, blood pours.

Alex stabs Bashkim with the needle.

He gets some of the sedative in, but not all of it, before the needle cracks.

Bashkim GRUNTS with the pain, but continues pounding.

Alex manages to throw him off, crawls away.

He gets up, runs for the far wall where there's a flower vase on a little side-table.

Bashkim rises, treads on the sedative, smashing it.

Alex hurls the flower vase at Bashkim, who bats it away. Then he grabs the whole table, smashes it down towards Bashkim's head.

Bashkim defends it with his arm. It SHATTERS, leaving Alex holding a table leg.

Bashkim goes to his knees, tries to get up, but the sedative is taking effect.

BASHKIM

What the fuck have you done to me?

He rises anyway, comes for Alex.

Alex CRACKS him with the table leg, repeatedly, forces him to the floor.

He kneels on the groggy gangster, subdues him. He drags his medical bag to him with his other leg.

Gets some duct tape out.

ALEX

Give me your arm.

Bashkim still struggles despite being beaten and drugged.

Alex manages to force Bashkim's arm behind his back.

ALEX

Stop struggling, I don't want to hurt anyone.

BASHKIM

I know who you are. There's nowhere you can go, there's nowhere you can run to that I won't find you. If you touch my son, I will kill you. I will fucking kill you!

Alex hits Bashkim in the back of the head.

ALEX

Give me your fucking arm.

Bashkim refuses.

Alex hits him again. Bashkim relents. Alex ties both his arms together.

He moves down to his legs and uses the tape to bind them, leaving Bashkim immobile, face down on the floor.

Alex stands, wipes the blood from his nose.

He makes his way towards the stairway on the other side of the room.

INT. STAIRWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex climbs, cautiously, up the stairs.

ALEX

Defrim? Defrim? It's OK. Come out. I won't hurt you.

(Whispers)

Not permanently, anyway.

He reaches the top of the stairs...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...a long hallway stretches out in front of Alex. There are several rooms in which Defrim could be hiding.

He checks the first one, he flings open the door to...

INT. BATHROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...an empty bathroom. He quickly checks the closet and behind the curtain. Nothing.

He closes the door...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE

...continues down the hallway.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Defrim kneels on the floor inside a large, walk-in wardrobe, moving shoe boxes and clothes aside, looking for something.

He comes to a wooden box.

He opens it.

There are HANDGUNS inside. He picks one up, checks that it's loaded.

It is.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE

Alex swings open the door to the next room.

INT. SMALL BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex quickly checks the wardrobe and peers under the bed.
EMPTY.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE

Defrim releases the safety on the gun. Like father, like son.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex creeps forward to the next room.

ALEX

Defrim? Come out, let's get this
over with as quickly as possible.
No-one's getting hurt. Just come
out.

He pushes open the next door...

INT. GUEST BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...enters quickly. Checks under the bed, checks the wardrobe,
all the time keeping his eye on the hallway, making sure the
kid doesn't run past.

He leaves...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...walks towards the master bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Defrim pads to the side of the bed, crouches in a shooting
position.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex creeps closer to the door.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Defrim gets his aim true and good, right at the bedroom door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex reaches out for the master bedroom's door handle.

ALEX

Defrim? I know you're in there,
mate? Just come out, I'll get what
I need, then I'll just leave. I
promise. Nothing bad's going to
happen to you. I promise.

His hand clasps the door handle, turns it slowly.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Defrim shifts a little in fear!

His shaking hands hold the heavy gun as steady as he can.

The door handle turns.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex turns the door handle further, the door creaks open...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...Defrim's finger tightens on the trigger.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex steps through the door...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...Defrim SHOOTS!

The first bullet SMASHES into the wall beside Alex's head.

The second, slightly closer.

The third bullet hits Alex!

It tears through the muscle on the top of his shoulder. Blood SPATTERS over the wall behind him.

The fourth bullet grazes the side of his head.

Alex collapses backwards, the next two bullets miss and bite into the wall.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The two guards react to the GUNSHOTS.

They draw their weapons and head for the house.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The empty gun CLICKS in Defrim's hand, he makes a run for it.

He tries to leap past Alex, who's lying on the doorway.

Alex grabs him as he jumps past, brings him down.

Defrim isn't going without a fight. He kicks Alex viciously in the face with both feet.

Alex manages to push the feet away, clambers on top of Defrim..

Defrim scratches at Alex's face like a wild animal.

Alex uses his weight to subdue him, then drags himself to his feet...

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...and drags Defrim with him down the hallway...

INT. STAIRWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...and down the stairs, kicking and screaming in to...

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

..the living room.

Bashkim watches Alex drag his son across the room to where his medical bag is.

BASHKIM

You mother fucker! I'm going to kill you, you pig fucker. I'm going to cut your fucking balls off and make you eat them.

Alex forces Defrim to the floor with the gun at his head.

ALEX

Everybody, calm the fuck down!
Nobody is getting hurt here. It's just a simple fucking operation.
Give me your hands.

Defrim cries.

BASHKIM

It's alright, Defrim. You're going to be OK. Just do what he says.
We'll get the bastard later.

Defrim puts his hands behind his back. Alex binds them, the same way he did his father.

He covers his mouth with black tape.

ALEX

Alright, this will be over soon.
It's nothing. I'm going to give you a nice little injection for the pain. OK?

He pulls his medical bag closer to him, takes the things out the bag that he needs, the needle, the painkilling drugs.

The vial is smashed.

ALEX

Shit, shit! Alright, I'm going to have to do it without any pain killers.

Alex reaches for his belt, takes it off, sticks it into Defrim's mouth.

ALEX

Bite hard on this, and try not to move. This is going to hurt, a lot.

Defrim SQUEALS in fear.

BASHKIM

Be brave, Defrim. Be brave for your father. You're going to be OK.

(To Alex)

Don't hurt him, please don't hurt him.

ALEX

I don't have a choice.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The two thugs reach the front door. They bang on it, try the door. It's locked.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex turns to look at the door. He can see the vague silhouettes of the mobsters through the barred windows.

ALEX

Shit.

Bashkim manoeuvres his body so he can see.

BASHKIM

Break the door down! Kill the English son of a bitch.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The gangsters can hear the shouting, dully, through the thick walls and glass.

BASHKIM (O.S.)

Can you hear me? Break the fucking door down!

Bull steps back, takes a huge kick at the door. Despite his size and strength his assault just bounces off.

He goes again...

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex surveys the operating kit, laid out on a sterilised mat.

ALEX

I'm just going to extract a little bit of bone marrow. I have to make a little hole in your hip. That's all. It won't harm you, but it will hurt.

Alex selects uses a cotton pad and some antiseptic to wipe an area on Defrim's hip.

He disposes of it, reaches for a huge needle.

Alex shifts his position, kneels on Defrim to keep him from moving.

ALEX

Get ready.

He pushes the needle into the young boy's hip.

Defrim's eyes widen in sheer agony. He lets out a pitiful WAIL and convulses in agony.

Alex intensifies the pressure on Defrim's body with his knees.

ALEX

Stay still, you'll make it worse.

Defrim continues to struggle.

ALEX

Stay still, for fuck's sake, stay
still.

Tears flow from Alex's eyes with the tension and realisation
of the pain he's causing.

He pushes the needle further into Defrim's hip bone.

Defrim SQUEALS through his gag, the most pitiful sound
imaginable.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bull continues to kick the door, he's getting nowhere, it's
too solid.

BULL

M'qifsh Karin! It's like granite.

FERRET

Try round the back. I'll smash the
window, try and shoot this fucking
kurvar.

Bull nods his assent, hurries off round the back of the
house.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ferret weighs up the window. It's barred.

He walks to the garden, selects a rock from a flower-bed,
walks back to the window, peers through the smoked glass...

...to see the vague outline of Alex operating on Defrim, and
Bashkim, lying on the floor.

He steps back, hurls the rock at the window.

The glass SHATTERS.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Both Alex and Bashkim turn to the source of the noise.

EXT. FRONT GARDEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ferret takes his pistol from his jacket pocket, clears the glass from the outside of the window pane with his pistol.

He peers through the steel bars, into the living room, sees his target...

....and aims his gun at Alex.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bashkim sees the pistol poking through the window.

BASHKIM

Don't shoot, you fucking idiot, you might hit Defrim.

FERRET

I can hit him. I can take him.

BASHKIM

Don't fucking shoot.

FERRET

What the hell am I supposed to do?

BASHKIM

Get inside.

FERRET

Fuck.

Ferret withdraws from the window.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ferret runs round the side of the house, same way Bull went.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex continues his operation on Defrim. The tears flow from both the victim.

ALEX

I'm sorry, it will be over soon.

Alex withdraws the needle from Defrim, puts the contents into a metal container.

He reinserts the needle into Defrim's exposed hip.

ALEX

Just got to take a little more.
Then I'll be gone.

BASHKIM

Then, you'll be dead.

Defrim's SQUEALING intensifies as more bone marrow makes its way into the needle.

EXT. BACK GARDEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The two Albanians are at the back door. They kick it. First one, then the other.

It's weaker than the front door, it starts to give.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A typical suburban refuge.

CATHERINE, A middle-aged woman, hears the banging from next door over her TV set.

She turns the TV off, stands and walks...

INT. KITCHEN, NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...to her back door in the kitchen.

She looks through the small glass windows on the door and is startled to see the darkly dressed Albanians kicking her neighbour's door.

She catches the eye of Bull, jumps back, slides the bolt shut on the door, hurries back into her living room.

EXT. BACK GARDEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bull turns to Ferret.

BASHKIM

Some old picka has seen us. The
Cops will be on there way.

He kicks the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She grabs the phone, frantically dials the Police.

NEIGHBOUR

Police?

EXT. BACK GARDEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The door frame CRACKS. The gangsters can't get in yet, but it's only a matter of time.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex finishes extracting the bone marrow. He takes the needle from Defrim's hip, empties the contents into his container.

He talks to Bashkim.

ALEX

There's antiseptic and some
bandages in the bag.

Clean the wound, put the bandages on. Take him to the hospital. We don't want the wound to get infected.

BASHKIM

Go fuck your mother's vagina.

Alex slips the metal container inside his jacket pocket, stands and moves towards the front door.

ALEX

Give him some painkillers for the next couple of weeks, after that he'll be fine.

BASHKIM

We're going to kill you, you know that, don't you?

Alex stops, looks Bashkim in the eyes.

ALEX

I know.

A CRASH from the kitchen...

INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...Ferret and Bull burst through the back door.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex fires off a shot...

INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...Ferret and Bull duck behind kitchen appliances for cover, draw their own weapons.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Alex fires another shot, races for the front door, unlocks it...

INT. KITCHEN, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...Ferret takes a pot shot at Alex...

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...it SHATTERS the glass on the front door.

Alex gets the door open, checks the way is clear...

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...sprints down the driveway, away from the house...

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

...and towards his parked car.

EXT. DRIVEWAY, SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ferret and Bull race out of the front door, firing, they follow Alex down the street...

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alex presses the button to unlock his car. He dives inside...

INT. ALEX'S CAR, SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

...starts the engine.

The back windscreen SHATTERS.

Alex ducks, puts his foot down, drives away.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Ferret and Bull fire off another couple of rounds, then turn and run back to the house.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alex slams his foot to the ground. He takes a right, speeds towards a junction at the end of the road.

POLICE SIRENS WAIL. A fleet of cop cars on its way towards him.

He slows down, continues straight for them, hoping they'll pass him by.

Four cars pass. He watches them go in the rear-view.

He's passing the last when...

INT. POLICE CAR, SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

...POLICE OFFICER WILLIAMS, young, clean cut, professional, turns to look at Alex, notices the back windscreen.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Police Car turns, starts to follow Alex.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alex sees the Police Car turning in his rear-view.

ALEX

Shit.

He speeds up.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Police Car speeds up in pursuit.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Police Officer Williams picks up his radio.

POLICE OFFICER WILLIAMS
Dispatch, we have a Grey Ford Sedan
leaving the scene, back window
blown out. Registration number DG14
HRJ. I am pursuing. Requesting back
up. Over.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ferret unties Bashkim.

FERRET
Police are on the way.

BASHKIM
I'll deal with the Cops, you get
the out of here. Get that fucking
lapeci...

Ferret and Bull move off.

BASHKIM
...and make sure you keep him alive
for me.

They nod, then leave.

Bashkim makes his way to his son. He strokes his hair
tenderly and kisses him deeply.

BASHKIM
It's OK, it's over now. I'm here.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD, LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Alex speeds up, he's going dangerously fast now for these
tight, residential streets.

He takes a sharp right.

A couple of young lads, crossing the road, have to jump out of the way.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, SUBURBAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alex checks the mirror.

The Cop is still there.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD, LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Alex takes a sharp left, speeds to the end of the road.

There's a traffic light ahead.

It's turning to RED.

Alex checks his mirror again.

The Cop is still right on his trail.

ALEX

Fuck it.

He accelerates...

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD, LONDON - CONTINUOUS

...blazes through the traffic lights.

Cars SCREECH to a halt to avoid him.

He steers between cars. The back of his car clips the front of another as he veers out of the way...

...but he makes it through.

EXT. SKY ABOVE LONDON - CONTINUOUS

A Police Helicopter soars into view.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

A PILOT and a CO-PILOT manoeuvre the helicopter over the city streets.

CO-PILOT

Dispatch. We are approaching the
area. Suspect in sight. Over.

The Co-Pilot looks out of the window and down towards Alex's speeding sedan.

In the back seat, a SNIPER readies his weapon.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Alex's car races through the streets. There's a major road in front of him. He heads for it. Signs at the side of the road show this is the way to the hospital.

Police Cars SCREECH to a halt one hundred yards in front of him, blocking his way.

He veers left. Too quickly.

The wheels of his car lift off the ground. The car teeters dangerously, it's going to tip over!

It SLAMS back to the ground and he burns off, closely followed by the tailing Police Car.

EXT. POLICE CORDON, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Police Officer GOUGH, a rugged, heavysset man in his mid forties, talks on his radio.

POLICE OFFICER GOUGH

Suspect travelling west.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The following Police Car has caught Alex up. It pulls level with Alex.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alex glances across at Police Officer Williams.

INT. POLICE CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Williams angrily gesticulates at Alex.

POLICE OFFICER WILLIAMS

Pull over now. Pull over.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alex lowers the window on the passenger side to talk to the Officer.

ALEX

I have to get to my son.

The Officer lowers his window.

POLICE OFFICER WILLIAMS

Pull over, we can talk. Pull the fuck over, before someone gets hurt.

Alex raise his gun FIRES!

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Williams slams on the brakes, avoids the bullet.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alex turns and fires at the Police Car's wheels through the back window.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Williams slows his Police Car back, maintains a safe distance.

Alex speeds up.

INT. POLICE CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Williams talks into his radio.

POLICE OFFICER WILLIAMS
Suspect is armed and dangerous.
Repeat suspect is armed. He just
took a shot at me. Over.

The crackly voice comes over the radio.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Understood. Over.

EXT. SKY ABOVE LONDON - CONTINUOUS

The Helicopter swoops over a large shopping centre, keeps
pace above Alex's car.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER, ABOVE LONDON - CONTINUOUS

The Co-Pilot talks on the radio.

CO-PILOT
Dispatch?

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Suspect is armed and is firing on
Police. Be advised. Over.

CO-PILOT
Confirmed. Over.

The Co-Pilot turns to the Sniper in the back.

CO-PILOT
If you can take this guy out
safely, take him out. OK?

The sniper nods. He understands.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - CONTINUOUS

James convulses in his quarantine bed.

Red lights flash and BEEPS ring out.

A Nurse bursts into the room, followed by Doctor Simpson and some medical attendants.

NURSE

He's gone into seizure.

She checks the equipment. Simpson checks the patient.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Get him to the operating theatre,
now.

The medical attendants un-dock the bed, wheel James away.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Alex's sedan races along the outskirts of London.

The major road towards the hospital runs parallel to Alex's position, but its twenty feet down a steep embankment.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alex checks his mirrors.

Four more Police Cars have joined the chase.

He looks up and out of his window at the helicopter tracking him. He turns back to the front.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Two hundred yards ahead, a group of Cops prepare a barricade. Three cars block the road.

On the pavements to the side of them, two officers prepare STINGERS, spike strips that extend across the road, designed to puncture car tyres.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alex squints at the commotion ahead. He gets the picture.

His phone RINGS. Caller ID: Doctor Philip Simpson.

He answers.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Doctor Simpson is on his mobile phone.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Alex, James is going onto seizure.

We're doing the best we can for
him, but he needs that marrow.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alex puts the phone down. Lets out a cry of anguish.

He's rapidly approaching the barricade.

He turns the wheel right.

His car JUDDERS over the high pavement, SMASHES through a
thin crash barrier and hurtles down the embankment.

EXT. MAJOR ROAD, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The front of Alex's car SCRAPS and SPARKS as it hits the road
below.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alex wrestles with the wheel, fights for control...

EXT. MAJOR ROAD, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

...drives off.

EXT. SKY ABOVE LONDON - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter continues to tail Alex.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER, ABOVE LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The Co-Pilot leans out, watches where Alex is going, checks his GPS, uses his radio.

CO-PILOT

Dispatch. Suspect is headed West.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alex spies a sign...

EXT. MAJOR ROAD, LONDON STREETS

...it reads: ROYAL INFIRMARY and points to the left. He takes it.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER, ABOVE LONDON - CONTINUOUS

The Co-Pilot watches Alex take the left.

CO-PILOT

Correction. Suspect headed South.
Over.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON

More Police Cars appear behind Alex. He has a convoy of ten vehicles.

One approaches.

Tries to SLAM into his back wheel, to spin the car.

Alex jerks his wheel, SLAMS back into the Police Car.

The Police Car comes again.

Alex aims his gun, fires off a potshot at the Cop's wheels.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Medical attendants rush James' gurney quickly down the hall.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Alex pulls ahead of the pack of Police Cars.

There's a much more pedestrianised area approaching ahead, a couple of hundred yards away. Shoppers fill the pavements.

INT. POLICE CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The radio CRACKLES. Police Officer William answers it.

POLICE OFFICER WILLIAMS
Officer Williams?

DISPATCH
You are approaching a heavily
populated area. Advise to hold
back.

POLICE OFFICER WILLIAMS
Negative. I can take him before we
get there.

DISPATCH
You are advised to hold back, do
not risk civilian lives.

Williams puts the radio away. He wants this guy...

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

...he accelerates, catches up to Alex again.

He clips Alex's Sedan.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alex keeps control of the wheel.

He aims the pistol at the Cop, but doesn't shoot.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The shopping district approaches. FAST.

Williams goes wide of Alex's car, turns in and hits the Sedan on the sweet spot on the back wheel.

Alex's car loses traction.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alex turns the wheel sharply to try to regain control.

Too sharply.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

His car goes out of control. He SKIDS, he turns to the right, tries to steer into the skid.

His car speeds to the left...

...up the pavement, straight for a shop window.

Customers turn and stare as the car approaches, he's going to kill them all...

...He fights with the wheel. Regains control and manages to turn away from the window back on to the pavement.

He's still travelling fast, pedestrians jump out of the way...all but one..

...a woman of around twenty eight. She freezes in shock.

TIME SLOWS DOWN

Her eyes focus on the car approaching at speed, then slowly lifts to Alex's face.

INT. ALEX'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alex's haunted face looks back.

TIME RESTARTS

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Alex CRASHES right into the woman...

INT. ALEX'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

..her body crashes into the windscreen...

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

...and over the top of the car.

Alex slows down...

INT. ALEX'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

...looks back into the road at the woman's twisted body.

ALEX

Oh, fuck. No. No.

He takes in the Cop Cars approaching, surrounding him, thinks about stopping, but steels himself...

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

...and drives on. He barges into one of the Police Cars trying to hem him in, lets off another couple of rounds with his pistol.

It's empty. He flings it to the floor, takes another pistol from his jacket pocket, FIRES again...

...and accelerates away.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE, HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

An ALARM BEEPS continuously.

James convulses on the operating table.

NURSE

We're losing him! His blood
pressure is dropping.

EXT. SKY ABOVE LONDON - CONTINUOUS

The chopper hovers in the air, surveying the scene.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER, ABOVE LONDON - CONTINUOUS

The radio CRACKLES.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Suspect has killed a pedestrian and
is firing indiscriminately. You
have the green light to take him
down. Over.

CO-PILOT

Alright, let's take this wanker
out.

The Sniper aims his weapon at Alex.

POV SCOPE.

The view of Alex is obscured by the car's roof.

The Sniper motions with his arm.

SNIPER

Take me wider.

PILOT

Copy.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The hospital's ahead. A few hundred yards, or so.

Alex focuses on it, speeds straight towards it.

Dozens of Police Cars follow him, from the ordinary Police Cars to large Tactical Assault Unit Vans, armoured vehicles carrying armoured troops.

EXT. SKY ABOVE LONDON - CONTINUOUS

The Helicopter goes wide, tires to create an angle for the Sniper.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER, ABOVE LONDON - CONTINUOUS

The Sniper adjusts his aim.

POV SCOPE

Alex is in sight.

Alex dodges round a car, goes out of shot.

EXT. HOSPITAL, STREETS OF LONDON - CONTINUOUS

Alex drives into the Hospital grounds.

He heads straight for the entrance. He drives up the steps, right to the front door.

Jumps out of the car...

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER, ABOVE LONDON - CONTINUOUS

The Sniper tracks Alex.

POV SCOPE

Alex is directly in his sights. The Sniper is ready to fire...

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

...Alex glances up, sees the helicopter, looks back at all the Police Cars screeching to a halt. At the banks of armed Officers training their guns on him.

A PATIENT stands nearby, smoking. A girl in her twenties, haggard looking, like she's got drink or drugs problems.

Alex grabs her round the throat, aims the gun at her head.

ALEX

Stay back!

He backs away into the hospital.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER, ABOVE LONDON - CONTINUOUS

The Sniper puts his finger on the trigger.

POV SCOPE

Alex's head is in the sights.

Alex backs up, holding the girl.

The Sniper adjusts his aim.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The Co-Pilot turns to the Sniper.

CO-PILOT

Can you take the shot?

POV SCOPE

It's moving too much, the sight bounces from Alex's head to the girl's.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The Sniper puts the gun down with a grunt of frustration.

SNIPER

Negative. Too risky.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Alex backs in to the hospital...

INT. HOSPITAL FOYER - CONTINUOUS

..he continues to back up till he's out of the line of sight of the Cops, then he lets the girl go and makes a run for it...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

...through the doors and down the corridor.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE, HOSPITAL - DAY

James's body spasms violently. Thick saliva drools out of the side of his mouth.

He's in a bad way.

The emergency team work on him.

NURSE

His heart rate is all over the place.

A machine BEEPS and ALARM.

NURSE

Blood pressure is dropping. We're losing him.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Stay with us James.

Simpson looks him over.

DOCTOR SIMPSON
Dobutamine. Quickly.

Another Nurse preps a needle.

Doctor Simpson snatches it from her, sinks it into Jame's skin and empties the contents.

James relaxes slightly.

Alex half staggers, half falls into the room.

ALEX
I've got it.

DOCTOR SIMPSON
What the hell? Alex?

Alex holds out the container with the bone marrow. Pushes in into the hands of his friend.

ALEX
Just take it.

Alex slumps into a chair.

Doctor Simpson removes the tube from the container. Looks at the contents briefly.

DOCTOR SIMPSON
Alright. Needle.

The nurse selects a huge needle from the medical tray.

The nurse hands the needle to Doctor Simpson. He takes it, punctures the tube with it and extracts the bloody marrow.

He moves next to James.

DOCTOR SIMPSON
Turn him over.

The medical staff comply.

James is calmer than he was, but still visibly shaking.

The staff do their best to hold him still.

The Nurse swabs an area on James's hip, sterilises it for the injection.

Simpson spears the needle into James, deep into the bone.

He injects the fluid, takes out the needle.

The nurse swabs the area again.

NURSE

Vitals are steady.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Alright, monitor him.

Alex gazes tearfully at his son's face. Pushes himself up from his chair.

Simpson walks away from the team, takes Alex with him as they walk out of the operating theatre...

INT. PREPARATION ROOM, HOSPITAL - DAY

...Doctor Simpson looks at his friend in concern and sympathy. Alex is badly bruised, swollen and bloody.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Jesus, Alex, what the hell...?

ALEX

How's he doing?

DOCTOR SIMPSON

It's touch and go, but I think he'll make it.

ALEX

That's good.

DOCTOR SIMPSON

Alex, I...

ALEX

Don't say anything. It's alright.
Look after him for me.

Simpson just nods.

Alex stands, staggers out of the room. Simpson follows him.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

SLOW MOTION

Three Police Officers move down the corridor towards him. Serious men with serious weaponry. They have all the props, bullet proof vests, headsets, black boots and big guns.

Alex walks towards them.

They aim their guns at him.

TACTICAL ASSAULT OFFICER

Face down on the ground, now.

Alex complies without resistance.

They place handcuffs on him. Lead him away.

END SLOW MOTION

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Alex is led, dazed, past the flashing lights of the Police Cars scattered outside the entrance to the hospital.

POLICE OFFICER

...You do not have to say anything,
but it may harm your defence if you
do not mention, when questioned,
something you later rely on in
court. Anything you do say may be
given in evidence.

They approach one particular cop car.

A female Police Officer pushes his head down and coaxes him into the back.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Officers get into the front seats. The driver starts the engine.

Alex stares at the faces of patients and visitors looking into the car as they pull away. He cranes his neck and watches them, and the hospital, fade into the distance.

EXT. LONDON ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alex watches the streets drift by. Small things stand out. The things you normally take for granted.

Kids with their mothers.

The street vendors.

EXT. CROSSROADS - CONTINUOUS

The Police car rolls to a stop at some traffic lights.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Alex continues his reverie. He takes in the lights. The shops. The hustle and bustle of ordinary life.

He soaks it all in, tries to capture the last moments of freedom.

EXT. CROSSROADS - CONTINUOUS

The lights change to green.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Police Car moves forward.

Alex's attention turns to the front, he doesn't see the black van approaching rapidly from the side...

..it SMASHES directly into the side of the Police Car.

A hailstorm of glass. The Police Car spins out of control, across the street.

When everything settles, Alex looks around. The Cop in the passenger side is dead. The Driver unbuckles their seat belt, staggers out...

EXT. CROSSROADS - CONTINUOUS

...to be GUNNED down by masked men.

One of them takes the keys from the dead cop, heads for Alex's door, opens it.

The gang drag Alex out of the car. Slam him to the hard concrete, cover his head with a hood.

Another van pulls up, the back doors swing open. Two men pick Alex up and throw him inside.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Alex's hood is removed. He finds himself in some kind of makeshift cell, in his underwear, hung from chains attached to the ceiling.

Bashkim sits calmly in front of him.

BASHKIM

Morning. Glad you could be with us.
I need you awake for what I'm going
to do to you.

ALEX

My son...

BASHKIM

You don't have to worry, we won't
go after him. It'll end with you. I
respect you, you know. What you do.
It takes responsibility to be a
Doctor. To have people rely on you
for their lives. I respect what you
did for your son. Most people would
have accepted it, given up. They'd
have mistaken their cowardice for
dignity.

He gets up and walks to Alex.

BASHKIM

But not you. You fought for what
you wanted. That takes a man. If I
could, I'd let you go. I'd just let
you walk right out of here, back to
your life, back to your son. But I
can't. My men would lose respect
for me. If I lose respect one of
them will try and take my place.
Which means they'd kill me.

ALEX

Difficult situation.

Bashkim laughs.

BASHKIM

I'm glad you understand. I have to
kill you. I don't have a choice.
You came after me. You came after
my family. I can't just kill you
either. I need to restore respect.

I need to make you scream. I'm going to have to torture you to death.

He gets very close to Alex.

BASHKIM

Don't try and be a man about it. They need to hear you scream, if you try and hold it in, it'll just last longer. Neither of us want that. Yeah?

Alex nods. He understands.

Bashkim walks over to a small tool bench where various instruments of torture sit, from drills to pliers. He selects a chisel, then a hammer.

BASHKIM

I've done a lot of bad things in my life, Alex, may Allah forgive me...

He turns to Alex.

BASHKIM

...You know what the funny thing about all this is?

ALEX

What?

BASHKIM

I'd have let you do it, if you just asked me.

He starts to laugh.

Alex, despite the situation, starts to laugh as well. A deep, real, laugh full of all the pain, irony and sheer stupidity of the world.

Bashkim puts his hand on Alex's shoulder.

We leave them enjoying the final moments, before the screams begin.

FADE OUT.