

“EXCURSION”

Written by

Aidan Cross

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Aidan Cross
Flat 2
431 Wilmslow Road
Withington
Manchester
M20 4AF

Tel: 07400324824

Email: mosquitor@yahoo.com

FADE IN

EXT. BUSY LONDON STREET. DAY.

Camera fades in, on a heavily-blurred view of a grainy shot of what appears to be a busy street in the CITY OF LONDON business district.

Eerie, repetitive synthesizer music (*possibly "Occupational Hazard" by Soft Cell or something very similar*) plays over a dream-like montage of blurred images as the opening credits roll.

We see blurred images of businessmen and bankers going about their day-to-day routines, moving robotically along the sidewalks. No facial features can be observed; all figures appear indistinguishable from one another.

INT. BUSY OFFICE. DAY.

The montage continues as the camera orbits in circular motions over blurred, grainy images of the busy office of a company in the Financial Services sector.

Heavily blurred figures are seen working at Desktop PCs, engaged in telephone calls and liaising over transactions as the camera circulates above them. Muffled voices and the sound of telephones RINGING can be heard aside the music. The grainy images and the uncomfortable, looped movements of the camera create a tense and discomfoting atmosphere together with the eerie music.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING.

Sudden cut to a C/U of the face of BILL LOWTON, as the piercing sound of an ALARM CLOCK cuts off the music. Bill's eyes open abruptly as he awakens from sleep. We hear the faint sound of BIRDSONG in the distance.

BILL LOWTON: He is a well-built, firm-faced businessman with an image that conveys high respectability. He is thirty-five years of age but looks at least ten years older. His hair is almost completely grey, with only a few faint brown hairs remaining, and his hairline is receding slightly. His facial expression is almost permanently blank and all his clothes are shades of grey. He appears like one large grey blur.

M/S of Bill in bed. We now see that he is lying on the far right side of a large double-bed.

At a medium pace, Bill firmly lifts himself out of bed. As he does so, he gently switches off the alarm clock.

He stands upright beside the bed, reaches out and opens the curtains. The view outside is grey and non-descript.

Beat. From behind him, the telephone on the bedside table emits a loud RING. Bill turns, steps toward the bedside table, and reaches down to pick up the phone.

Suddenly, he halts his hand in mid-air, and pauses, as if uncertain whether or not to answer the phone. He draws his hand back slightly, and lets the phone ring several more times.

C/U of the phone. After several more rings, it stops ringing.

Bill turns and walks into his BATHROOM, which is en-suite. His back to us, he switches on the bathroom light.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

C/U of Bill's reflection in the bathroom mirror.

Bill gazes blankly at his reflection in the mirror for several seconds, then reaches for his electric RAZOR.

He flicks the razor on, and it emits a loud BUZZING sound which penetrates the silence of the bathroom.

He brushes the razor over his jaw area, gazing straight ahead at his blank expression in the mirror. Apart from his arm, his entire body is completely stiff as he shaves.

EXTREME C/U of various parts of Bill's face as the razor brushes against it.

C/U of Bill's hand placing the razor back on the shelf. Bill turns robotically to face the SHOWER, and begins to remove his pyjamas.

Bill steps into the shower, pulls out the shower screen, and we hear the loud roar of POURING WATER from within.

M/S of Bill within the shower, from the torso upwards.

C/U of Bill's hand reaching for the shampoo.

C/U of Bill's palm as he squirts some shampoo onto his hand.

C/U of Bill's hand placing the shampoo back onto the shelf.

M/S of Bill, torso upwards, applying the shampoo.

C/U of Bill's torso as the water courses over it.

C/U of Bill's hand turning the electric dial. The sound of the water abruptly stops.

Bill steps out of the shower, pulls a towel from a hook on the wall, and begins to dry himself.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Bill walks back into the bedroom, and reaches for his SUIT, which is hanging on the wall.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

Cut abruptly to a shot of Bill, standing bolt upright in the exact center of his downstairs hallway, fully clothed in his business suit. He gazes blankly straight ahead at the camera.

He begins to walk straight towards the camera, which pulls back as he enters his LIVING ROOM.

C/U of BRIEFCASE on the ground. Bill's hand appears at the top of the screen and picks up the briefcase.

F/S of Bill in his living room holding his briefcase. For the first time we see Bill's living room in full detail. It is elegant and richly furnished, and extremely tidy, but aside from the basics of furniture and desks there is little content. The walls are completely bare aside from three FRAMED CERTIFICATES, and a large widescreen plasma TV set is positioned on the centre of the side wall.

Bill heads towards the porch, and walks out.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE. DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the exterior of Bill's house. It is large, elegant and clearly expensive, and seems particularly huge for just one person.

Bill emerges from the front door and walks towards his car, which is large, ultra-clean and beige-colored.

He enters the car, starts the engine, and drives off.

L/S of Bill's street as his car speeds into the distance. It is clearly a posh neighbourhood in an affluent suburb of London (possibly Richmond or Wandsworth), with several large, elegant houses spaced widely apart with strong areas of vegetation between them, so each house appears contained within its own ground rather than part of a unified neighbourhood.

EXT. HI-TECH OFFICE BUILDING. DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of a large, hi-tech office building in the centre of the CITY OF LONDON business district.

BUSINESS PEOPLE are seen walking along the street, going about their daily routines. It seems to be the same area we saw in the montage sequence before, only now seen clearly.

INT. RECEPTION AREA. DAY.

L/S of the ground floor reception of the office building. A stern-looking RECEPTIONIST in her mid-thirties is seated at the desk. She wears a pair of large, thick-rimmed glasses and is looking down at some paperwork.

Bill walks through the revolving door into the reception area.

He walks briskly over to the reception desk, and signs in.

RECEPTIONIST
(flatly)
Good morning Mr. Lowton.

Bill turns and walks towards an elevator. Three other BUSINESSMEN, who appear similar to Bill albeit darker in clothing and hair color, stand robotically aside him as he waits.

A CHIME is heard as the elevator arrives.

C/U of the screen above the elevator, on which the 'G' has appeared for Ground Floor.

The elevator doors slide open.

ELEVATOR VOICE
(faint)
Ground Floor. Doors are opening.

Bill and the other three businessmen, their backs to us, step in all at once.

The four businessmen turn to face us as they take their places in the elevator.

The elevator doors slide shut.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR, HALLWAY. DAY.

M/S of the elevator in the seventh floor hallway. A sign on the wall, to the left of the elevator, reads '7th floor'.

A CHIME sounds and the number '7' appears on the screen above the elevator.

ELEVATOR VOICE
(faint)
Seventh Floor. Doors are opening.

The elevator doors open, and Bill steps out. We see that the elevator behind him is now empty.

Bill walks down the hall and into a large office filled with desks on which Desktop PCs are placed, with telephones and typical office equipment alongside them. In black lettering, over the window pane of the door, the words 'STARK & CUNNINGHAM' are printed.

INT. BUSY OFFICE. DAY.

E/S of the main office of STARK & CUNNINGHAM PLC, the business-to-business financial firm in which Bill works. OFFICE WORKERS, mostly young although all age groups are present, are seated at the desks performing regular office duties with the PCs and equipment. VOICES are heard talking on the phones.

Bill crosses the office, and enters another hallway.

He stops at a door on the far right. On the door, in black lettering, are printed the words:

BILL LOWTON
ACCOUNTS DEPARTMENT MANAGER

He takes a key from his pocket, slips it in the keyhole, and unlocks the door to the room.

INT. BILL'S OFFICE. DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the interior of Bill's office. It is a large, but sparsely furnished personal office with a window view looking out onto the City of London business district. The view is half-obscured at this moment as the blinds are down, covering most of the window except the bottom. A few FRAMED CERTIFICATES hang on the wall, and in the centre of the office is a desk with lever arch folders, a telephone and a PC on it.

Bill sits at his desk and begins to open his briefcase. At that moment RICHARD, the company's PR Manager, enters the office.

RICHARD: A young, well-kempt company executive, aged between mid-to-late twenties. He has a pleasant demeanor but is largely non-descript. He has light, short brown hair combed firmly to the right and his shirt is tucked firmly into his trousers. Richard is eager to be promoted to a higher position within the company and is constantly sucking up to the bosses and everyone in a higher position than himself.

RICHARD
Morning Bill.

BILL
Good morning.

We have heard Bill speak for the first time. His tones are deep and permanently monotone and expressionless.

Richard walks towards the desk.

RICHARD
So how come you weren't at the office party on Friday?

BILL
I had work to do.

RICHARD
Not a party person then? Ah well, it was quite good. Nothing special. I was there of course, with my wife.

Bill unpacks various sheets and files from his briefcase and lays them on the desk, avoiding eye contact with Richard.

RICHARD

So what did you do at the weekend?

BILL

I had lots of paperwork to do.

RICHARD

Oh right. Same here.

An awkward silence follows for several seconds. Bill continues to ignore Richard's presence and unpack his suitcase, while Richard desperately tries to make eye contact.

RICHARD

Are you still handling the Blake Rogers account?

BILL

Yes, I'm working on that today.

He presses the power switch on his PC.

BILL

I have a meeting with Trevor McCallum this afternoon to discuss proceedings.

RICHARD

I see.

Beat.

RICHARD

Oh yes, there was another call for you this morning from that Marcus DeLacey gentleman who keeps asking for you. He left a message for you, asking you to call him back.

Bill suddenly looks up, and looks Richard in the eye for the first time, a slightly perturbed look on his face.

BILL

Could you please ignore any calls from DeLacey?

RICHARD

Oh, um, sure... why?

BILL

The few times I've spoken to him he has just talked a lot of nonsense. Don't bother telling me when he calls.

RICHARD

Oh, right... okay, I won't.

He looks confused, and shrugs slightly.

M/S of Bill at his desk. His attention is now firmly on his computer screen. He taps a few keys on the keyboard.

A grave look crosses Bill's face.

BILL

I'll have to discuss these changes in the stock market in the meeting later.

Beat.

RICHARD

I see. Well, I'd better get back to my own work, but let me know if you want to join me for lunch later.

BILL

(still looking away, barely audible)

Alright.

Richard turns to leave the office. Just as he is about to walk through the door, he almost bumps into a much larger figure approaching the room.

RICHARD

Oh, good morning Mr. Tyler! How are you?

Richard is talking to HAROLD TYLER, the company boss.

HAROLD TYLER: A large, burly man who is the head of the company. He is sixty-two years of age and nearing retirement. He is almost bald on top but for a few wisps of grey hair, and a firm grey beard covers his large, rectangular jawbone. He has a conceited facial expression conveying smug authority, and automatically looks down on anyone he comes into contact with. He speaks in patronizing tones of false friendliness. He values Bill particularly highly as Bill is expected to take over from him as company boss upon his retirement.

TYLER

Quite fine, Richard my lad, quite fine.

Tyler enters Bill's office and looks down on Bill at his computer.

TYLER

Well, Billy-boy, how was the weekend on your side?

Bill immediately looks up and turns his attention to Tyler. In the background, Richard awkwardly leaves, shiftily.

BILL

I've been finishing my paperwork. Discussing the Blake Rogers account with Trevor McCallum today.

TYLER

Good to hear it lad. Deprived of your presence at the party on Friday, we were!

BILL

(eyes wandering awkwardly)

Oh... yes. I had to get on with this work.

TYLER

And the right choice you made too. But remember, only three years to go until you're in my place... and you'll have to put in some kind of appearance to promote your enterprise!

BILL

Well, yes... of course Mr. Tyler.

TYLER

You're at the stage where you can call me Harold now, son. Soon I might even let you call me Harry.

Beat.

TYLER

But anyway, I'll leave you to it. Give old McCallum a good taste of the family spirit this afternoon, won't you?

BILL

Yes, of course.

TYLER

(smiling)

Shake on it?

He offers his hand. Bill rises to his feet, and they shake hands.

TYLER

I'll leave you to it.

He pats Bill on the arm in an almost paternal gesture, then turns and leaves Bill's office, closing the door.

Finally alone, Bill sits back down and begins to check his e-mail.

C/U of computer screen. Bill is sifting through a series of work-related e-mails. He positions the mouse arrow over an untitled e-mail from 'Damien Price' and the CLICK of the mouse is heard.

A faint, eerie, piercing music note plays.

Camera pans down the monitor screen to reveal the e-mail text window. In the e-mail text window are the words:

HUMAN BEINGS USE ONLY 10% OF THEIR BRAIN POWER.

C/U of Bill's face looking slightly confused.

C/U of screen. Bill moves the mouse up the screen, clicks the 'delete' icon, and the e-mail vanishes.

Bill continues to sift through the work-related mails.

M/S of Bill at his computer desk. The camera begins to dolly in towards the window behind him, on the small section at the bottom which is uncovered by the blinds.

We continue to zoom in until the camera begins to soar above the vision of the skyscrapers of the City of London, the sun beaming faintly down from above amidst the grey skies. Familiar landmarks such as the GHERKIN and the MONUMENT can be seen.

FADE OUT

EXT. PARKING LOT OF OFFICE BUILDING. EVENING.

FADE IN on an ESTABLISHING SHOT of the parking lot at the rear of the office building in which Stark & Cunningham is based. Several workers are leaving the building through the rear exit and walking to their cars.

M/S of the rear exit of the building as Bill walks out, briefcase in hand. Behind him is MIKE, another company executive, also carrying a briefcase.

MIKE: A tall, slim man in his early thirties, though he could pass for forty. He is a close colleague of Bill's within the Accounts Department. He is below Bill in the company but has a habit of talking to him as if he was above him. He is wearing a brown executive suit and has short, tightly cropped light brown hair. His expression appears permanently tense even when he is not acting that way, and his brow is furrowed.

MIKE

Annoying, McCallum cancelling like that. I need to sort out some important details with that account.

BILL

Well he's meeting me tomorrow instead.

MIKE

Well I hope it's soon otherwise it'll hold my work back.

(Assertively)

Let me know how it goes tomorrow, then you can come over to my house and we'll go through the paperwork.

Bill turns his head and looks back at Mike.

BILL

Where do you live?

MIKE
(confused)

Um, just a few doors down from you, remember?

BILL
Oh... yes.

Mike shrugs his shoulders.

MIKE
Well, I'm going to get the bus now, but I'll see you tomorrow Bill.

BILL
(flatly)
See you tomorrow, Mike.

They go their separate ways. Mike heads out of the parking lot towards the street, while Bill walks along to his car.

Bill reaches his car, and as he is about to unlock the door, we see that stuffed under the car windscreen wiper is a folded sheet of paper.

C/U of sheet beneath windscreen wiper. Bill's hand appears in shot as he pulls it out.

M/S of Bill as he unfolds and examines the sheet of paper.

C/U of sheet. Scrawled across the paper in block letters, in deep blue ink, are the words "THIS CAR SHOULD NOT STOP HERE".

M/S of Bill, his expression blank. He screws up the sheet of paper, walks over to a nearby bin and drops it in. Then he walks back to his car, unlocks the door, steps inside and starts the engine.

FADE TO:

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of Bill's house in the late evening. It is approximately 11pm. No lights are on within the house.

INT. BILL'S STUDY. NIGHT.

C/U of Bill working at the PC in his study. The main light is off and the desk lamp is lit low. Aside the computer desk are several filing cabinets, and the room is bare aside from a bookcase and several FRAMED CERTIFICATES on the wall. It could easily be mistaken for a room in the office block.

Bill is sipping from a mug of tea as he types at the keyboard. TRAFFIC SOUNDS can be heard in the distance.

C/U of the PC monitor. An Excel spreadsheet is on the screen. Bill is entering figures into boxes alongside various company names.

C/U of Bill as he types at the keyboard. He finishes inputting data into the document.

He pauses, relaxes slightly, and lets out a long, drawn out breath.

A slight look of nervousness crosses his face. He rises, walks over to the window, and closes the curtains. He then returns to the computer, and sits back down.

C/U of screen. Bill places the mouse arrow over the minimization icon, minimizes the Excel document, then hovers the mouse arrow over the Google Chrome icon.

C/U of Bill's face appearing anxious. We hear the sound of his fingers TYPING at the keyboard.

C/U of screen. Bill is looking at a pornographic website and is sifting through countless images of nude women. A sharp, sleazy music note played on a synthesizer is heard as he does so.

M/S of Bill. He is sitting with one hand positioned on the mouse, the other down his trousers. The camera zooms in on him and we hear the sound of his crotch slowly UNZIPPING. His face is completely blank as the camera zooms further in on it.

C/U of pornographic images on screen. We hear the faint sound of Bill PANTING in frustration as he masturbates. Our view of the screen begins to blur.

FADE TO:

INT. BILL'S OFFICE. DAY.

We are viewing a flashback to Bill's recollection of the scene of himself and Tyler in the office earlier. The edges of the screen are blurry.

TYLER

Give McCallum a taste of the family spirit... Shake on it?

C/U of Tyler's hand as he offers the handshake.

TYLER

Shake on it?

C/U of Tyler's hand.

TYLER

Shake on it?

We still hear the sound of Bill's PANTING and his hand coursing over his crotch as he masturbates.

Within the flashback, Bill gazes at Tyler uncertainly.

C/U of Bill's hand as it shakes Tyler's.

C/U of Bill's face within the flashback, beginning to look frightened. We still hear the sound of his PANTING as he masturbates within the real world.

M/S of Bill and Tyler shaking hands. A frantic, electric BUZZING sound courses through the air. It is followed by the sound of a SIREN.

The ground beneath them begins to rumble, and Bill looks down to see cracks forming beneath his feet.

He throws his head back, and emits a death-defying SCREAM as the buzzing and sirens become louder.

INT. BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING.

Sudden cut to a C/U of Bill's face as he lies in bed, as the piercing sound of his ALARM CLOCK cuts off the scream. Bill's eyes open abruptly as he awakens from sleep. We hear the faint sound of BIRDSONG in the distance.

M/S of Bill in bed. We now see that he is lying on the far right side of his large double-bed.

At a medium pace, Bill firmly lifts himself out of bed. As he does so, he gently switches off the alarm clock.

He stands upright beside the bed, reaches out and opens the curtains. The view outside is grey and non-descript.

Beat. From behind him, the telephone on the bedside table emits a loud RING. Bill turns, steps toward the bedside table, and reaches down to pick up the phone.

Suddenly, he halts his hand in mid-air, and pauses, as if uncertain whether or not to answer the phone. He draws his hand back slightly, and lets the phone ring several more times.

C/U of the phone. After several more rings, it stops ringing.

Bill turns and walks into his en-suite BATHROOM. His back to us, he switches on the bathroom light.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

C/U of Bill's reflection in the bathroom mirror.

Bill gazes blankly at his reflection in the mirror for several seconds, then reaches for his electric RAZOR.

He flicks the razor on, and it emits a loud BUZZING sound which penetrates the silence of the bathroom.

He brushes the razor over his jaw area, gazing straight ahead at his blank expression in the mirror. Apart from his arm, his entire body is completely stiff as he shaves.

EXTREME C/U of various parts of Bill's face as the razor brushes against it.

C/U of Bill's hand placing the razor back on the shelf. Bill turns robotically to face the SHOWER, and begins to remove his pyjamas.

Bill steps into the shower, pulls out the shower screen, and we hear the loud roar of POURING WATER from within.

M/S of Bill within the shower, from the torso upwards.

C/U of Bill's hand reaching for the shampoo.

C/U of Bill's palm as he squirts some shampoo onto his hand.

C/U of Bill's hand placing the shampoo back onto the shelf.

M/S of Bill, torso upwards, applying the shampoo.

C/U of Bill's torso as the water courses over it.

C/U of Bill's hand turning the electric dial. The sound of the water abruptly stops.

Bill steps out of the shower, pulls a towel from a hook on the wall, and begins to dry himself.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Bill walks back into the bedroom, and reaches for his SUIT, which is hanging on the wall. The faint sound of a SIREN can just be heard in the distance.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

Cut abruptly to a shot of Bill, standing bolt upright in the exact center of his downstairs hallway, fully clothed in his business suit. He gazes blankly straight ahead at the camera.

He begins to walk straight towards the camera, which pulls back as he enters his LIVING ROOM.

C/U of BRIEFCASE on the ground. Bill's hand appears at the top of the screen and picks up the briefcase.

F/S of Bill in his living room holding his briefcase. As before, the living room is shown in full detail.

Bill heads towards the porch, and walks out.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE. DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the exterior of Bill's house.

Bill emerges from the front door and walks towards his car.

He enters the car, starts the engine, and drives off.

L/S of Bill's street as his car drives away.

FADE TO:

INT. BILL'S OFFICE. DAY.

M/S of Bill, as he works at his PC. The window blinds behind him are down as on the previous day. The sound of a RADIO can be heard from another room, in which someone is listening to a POLITICAL CONFERENCE.

Suddenly, Bill's door opens and Tyler and Mike step in. Mike is stood very firmly alongside Tyler, like a companion.

TYLER

Morning, Bill. Still burning rubber on the management spreadsheets?

BILL

Yes, I've finished most of them. I was about to e-mail you some of them, actually.

TYLER

Good lad. Now, you need to make sure McCallum comes in on time today. We can't be doing with him cancelling on us again.

BILL

(looking up from his PC)

McCallum's called already this morning. Just to assure me he'll be on time.

TYLER

He better had be, and you have to pester him to keep his word.

Tyler steps forward.

TYLER

You have to be a tough man to deal with McCallum, Bill. He's a strange case, he'll dodge around you with words all too easily.

BILL

(nervously)

So I should... hassle him?

TYLER

Yes, I want you to hassle him!

He clicks his fingers.

TYLER

(cont'd)

Keep bugging him with phone calls all morning, to check he's on his way here. We won't be taking any more nonsense from him.

Bill looks nervous, and looks away from Tyler, shiftily.

TYLER

(with false tones of sympathy)

Is something wrong Bill?

BILL

Um... not to... um, n-not... No, really, it's alright, M-Mr. Tyler...

TYLER

Harold...

BILL

Um, Harold... I'm fine.

TYLER

Good to hear it, Bill. Don't let him mess with you... remember, you're the next boss.

Bill gulps, nervously.

TYLER

I'll leave you to it. But keep me updated with regards to old McCallum!

He leaves the room. Mike stays.

MIKE

(in deadly serious tones)

Mr. Tyler's right Bill, we really need to keep on track with McCallum.

Bill is now typing at his PC again, and is avoiding eye contact with Mike.

BILL

Yes, I know. Yes, I will.

Beat.

MIKE

Seriously, Bill. You need to call him right now, and keep calling him. He's notorious for screwing people over.

BILL

Yes, I know.

Beat.

MIKE

Seriously... I can't stress this enough. You need to update me with the exact details of the meeting with McCallum. I have to know everything about it.

BILL

(still typing)
Yes, I will.

C/U of Bill as he looks up from his PC to face Mike.

BILL

(slightly more stern)
I know my priorities.

Mike nods.

MIKE

Good.
(Pauses)
Get back to me on it.

He turns, leaves the office and closes the door.

As soon as Mike has gone, Bill robotically seizes the phone, holds the receiver to his ear and dials a number.

A series of RINGS is heard faintly on the other end.

MCCALLUM

(o.s.)
Hello?

BILL

Hello Mr. McCallum, this is Bill Lowton again. I'm just calling to check that you're on your way here for the meeting.

MCCALLUM

(o.s.)
What, you need to check? I only called you twenty minutes ago.

BILL

I know, but... I have to check.

MCCALLUM

(o.s.)
Your boss told you to, didn't he?

Bill looks slightly taken aback.

BILL
Well... yes.

MCCALLUM
(o.s.)
Has he told you to hassle me?

Bill pauses, shocked, and fails to answer.

MCCALLUM
(o.s.)
Well has he? Come on, don't be afraid to tell me. I won't blame it on you.

Pause for several seconds.

BILL
Yes.

MCCALLUM
(o.s., in friendly tones)
Well, don't worry. (Laughs) You don't need to call me again, really. You know I'm on my way. If Tyler asks, just tell him you've hassled me and I've been really uncooperative. That's what he wants to hear.

Pause.

BILL
Okay.

MCCALLUM
(o.s.)
I'll be with you soon mate. Take care.

There is a CLICK on the line as McCallum hangs up. Confused, Bill hesitates, then puts the receiver down.

Bill gets back to typing.

After a few seconds, the door opens. Mike walks in again.

BILL
Yes, I just called McCallum.

MIKE
Good. Is he on his way?

BILL
Yes... he's, um... very uncooperative, but I insisted he comes.

MIKE

Good. Keep calling him. I came because I forgot to tell you, someone called Marcus DeLacey called for you before you arrived here.

BILL

Ignore DeLacey's calls.

(Pauses)

He's a conman.

MIKE

(shrugs)

Well, fine, if you say so.

He shakes his head, and leaves the office, stressed.

Bill sits silently at his desk for several seconds.

He places both hands on his desk, and closes his eyes, as if departing from the material plane for a second.

He takes a short breath, then opens his eyes and gets back to typing.

FADE TO:

INT. BILL'S OFFICE. DAY.

Bill opens his office door, and in steps TREVOR MCCALLUM.

TREVOR MCCALLUM: *He is about the same age as Bill but appears younger and fresher. He has coarse, wavy jet black hair and is wearing a black designer business suit. He speaks with a broad East London accent.*

MCCALLUM

(in over-the-top, lively tones)

Great to meet you, Bill!

He shakes Bill's hand enthusiastically.

BILL

Glad you're here, Mr. McCallum. Take a seat.

Bill guides McCallum to the seat in front of his desk, then sits back in his own seat.

MCCALLUM

So how are you doing?

BILL

Fine.

MCCALLUM

You don't look it. Look like you could use a good holiday.

BILL

(avoiding eye contact)

Well, to settle the account, we need to work out first of all...

MCCALLUM

(interrupts, smiling)

Listen Bill. Don't worry about the account. Leave that to the boss.

BILL

Look, it's my job to...

MCCALLUM

I know, but let the boss do it.

(Pauses)

And think about it, do you really wanna handle this account?

BILL

Of course I do, it's my...

MCCALLUM

There you go again! It's your job.

McCallum pauses, then erupts into raucous, almost sinister laughter.

MCCALLUM

What a waste of time!

Bill rises from his chair and stands above McCallum in an authoritative pose.

BILL

(sterner than usual)

Look, you've come here to settle the account, can we please just get on with what we're here for.

McCallum just shakes his head, and rises from the chair, looking directly into Bill's eyes.

MCCALLUM

You're good, Bill. You know it.

BILL

Listen, just sit down and...

MCCALLUM

(sniggering to himself)

Seriously, Bill. You're good.

BILL
Can we please...

McCallum takes a step back, and smiles.

MCCALLUM
I'm off now mate. Done my bit.

He turns to leave.

MCCALLUM
Oh yeah, and you can keep my jacket.

He takes off his jacket, and tosses it to Bill.

M/S of Bill, looking confused as he catches the jacket.

MCCALLUM
(waving his hand)
Later, mate.

He winks, and leaves the office, shutting the door behind him.

Bill stands at his desk looking completely perplexed, McCallum's jacket slung over his arm.

C/U of jacket. Bill notices a white slip of paper sticking out of the inner pocket. He reaches in, and pulls it out.

M/S of Bill as he unfolds the paper.

C/U of paper slip. The words "THE SKIN IS NOT YOUR OWN" are scrawled over it in spidery black ink.

Bill screws up the slip of paper, and tosses it into the bin beside his desk.

Confused, he drapes McCallum's jacket over the side of his desk, walks towards the door and leaves the office.

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

Bill, Tyler and Mike are walking down an office corridor. Tyler is ranting angrily at Bill and Mike.

TYLER
That scoundrel McCallum knows no end! I can't believe even you failed to deal with him,
Bill! How can you have let him off so lightly?

BILL
I'm sorry. I wasn't prepared for just... what he was like.

TYLER

Well you'll have to be better prepared in future. We're going to have to take serious action to sort this imbecile out!

Beat. They keep walking.

MIKE

Maybe we should just complain to Blake Rogers. I doubt they'd be too pleased that one of their representatives is treating its Account advisors like this.

TYLER

(not looking at him)

Well, it's a joke, it's pathetic.

He quickens his pace and walks away from them both as they enter the main 7th floor office. Tyler quickly crosses the office, leaving Bill and Mike behind.

Bill and Mike come to a gradual stop at the edge of the office.

MIKE

I did warn you about McCallum, Bill. You should have taken more control.

BILL

Well, it's not often we have to deal with someone like that. Anyway, do you know if Marcus DeLacey works at Blake Rogers?

MIKE

(looking fed up)

I haven't a clue.

Bill looks across the office and scans the sea of office workers.

BILL

Samantha?

SAMANTHA, a young junior member of the company, looking fresh and livelier than most other workers, looks up from her desk.

SAMANTHA

(slightly nervous)

Yes, Mr. Lowton?

BILL

You've taken a lot of calls from that Marcus DeLacey who keeps calling for me, haven't you?

SAMANTHA

Yes, I have.

BILL

Has he said if he works at Blake Rogers?

SAMANTHA

No, he hasn't said where he works.

The two businessmen pause as they look over the office, frustrated.

MIKE

I'm getting really annoyed with this. I have so much work and McCallum's only-

He is interrupted as Richard walks over to the two of them, carrying a set of papers in one hand.

RICHARD

Well, why the long faces, you two. Another difficult client?

MIKE

Difficult's not the word.

Richard shrugs.

RICHARD

Ah, well. Would you two like to come for a drink with Chris and me afterwards?

MIKE

(looking away)

Yeah, why not. I could do with it after all the stress today.

RICHARD

(smiles)

Great. Bill?

He turns to Bill.

BILL

(flatly)

No thanks. I have to finish some work at home.

RICHARD

Come on Bill. We can't work non-stop.

Bill looks at him with uncertainty.

RICHARD

Come on, you might even meet some women in the bar.

He nudges Bill's arm encouragingly. Bill backs off awkwardly.

RICHARD

Well, you're invited. We won't be out that late, you'll have time to work afterwards.

C/U of Bill's face. He pauses for eight seconds.

BILL

Okay.

INT. 7TH FLOOR OFFICE. NIGHT.

Shot of the main office. It is 8.00pm and most workers have left. It is dark outside.

CLEANERS are tidying the office, the sound of their VACUUM CLEANERS filling the air. The office is deserted apart from three WORKERS still seated at scattered desks, typing at their PCs.

Bill, Richard, Mike and CHRIS, another well-kempt company executive in his early thirties, are walking through the office, heading towards the main entrance with their briefcases.

As they reach the entrance door, Richard looks back and calls out to the workers.

RICHARD

So none of you are coming? It's eight o'clock.

M/S of WORKER, robotically typing at his PC, staring right into the screen. He does not look away from the screen as he responds.

WORKER

(very flat and monotonous)

No thanks, we'll stay.

RICHARD

(shrugs)

No problem.

He leads Bill, Mike and Chris through the main entrance.

INT. WINE BAR. NIGHT.

Overhead Shot of Bill, Richard, Mike and Chris seated at a table, within a booth in a posh wine bar not far from the City of London business district.

Gentle PIANO MUSIC plays over the speakers. A bottle of red wine is in the centre of the table, and each of the men is drinking from a glass. Richard, Mike and Chris appear reasonably settled and comfortable, but Bill is sitting right on the edge of the seat and looks shifty and uneasy. He is avoiding eye contact with the others and is glancing randomly around the bar, looking slightly guilty as well as out of place, barely even touching his drink.

CHRIS

This is top quality wine.

Mike and Richard nod in agreement.

RICHARD
Absolutely.

Chris shifts his glance to Bill.

CHRIS
So, Bill, I've heard all about you while I've been at the company, but I don't think we've ever properly met.

He offers his hand across the table.

CHRIS
(Cont'd)
Chris Spencer, Senior Sales Rep.

They shake hands.

BILL
Bill Lowton... Accounts Department Manager.

Chris takes a sip of his wine.

CHRIS
So you enjoy your job, then?

BILL
(flatly)
Yes.

A faint SIREN is heard in the distance.

CHRIS
That's more than most of us can say. And you're the next boss when Tyler retires?

BILL
I'm in line to be, yes.

CHRIS
Lucky bastard.

He takes a stronger swig of his wine.

RICHARD
(enthusiastically)
Yep, give us a few years and we'll have Bill giving out all our orders! I'm looking forward to it.

Chris downs the rest of the wine in the glass in one large gulp, then immediately seizes the bottle in the center of the table, pours himself another glass, and begins to drink it.

CHRIS

Better than listening to that arsehole Tyler, anyway.

(To Bill)

Of course, I've heard all about your Dad, when he was boss. He's a legend in this business.

RICHARD

He's a *living* legend.

(looks at Bill)

And Bill will keep the family spirit in the company for years.

C/U of Bill's face. His eyes are completely blank.

BILL

I... will.

EXT. WINE BAR. NIGHT.

Shot of the exterior of the wine bar. ROADWORKS are taking place outside, and the sound of the PNEUMATIC DRILL courses through the night air, with the sound of the busy late evening London traffic soaring around it.

The bar door opens, and Chris stumbles out from the bar carrying his briefcase, clearly drunk, with a slightly angry look on his face.

Bill follows behind, his firm, zombie-like walk contrasting sharply with Chris' wild drunken stride. Mike and Richard then emerge from behind them.

CHRIS

(drunkenly, to Bill)

But face it... you're not much of a manager, are you? I know Tyler's a twat and all that, but... how the fuck are we supposed to listen to you?

Richard places his hand on Chris' shoulder.

RICHARD

Come on, calm down Chris.

He looks at Bill and shakes his head apologetically, gesturing towards Chris.

RICHARD

(in a half-whisper)

I'm sorry.

CHRIS

Seriously, the boss has to have... charisma of some sort... what sort of charisma does a walking corpse have?

He throws out his arm in a ridiculing gesture.

CHRIS
(cont'd)

And you're not even married?! This company appoints losers who can't even score as its managers... and what are you, forty-five?

BILL
(hastily)
Thirty-five.

RICHARD
(his arm over Chris' shoulder)

Sorry about this Bill, he's had too much to drink. I'll see he gets home alright. See you both tomorrow.

Richard walks off down the street, escorting the drunken Chris away by the arm. Chris can be heard ranting on as he staggers along. The word 'loser' is distinguishable among his rants.

Bill and Mike are left behind outside the bar. Mike turns to Bill.

MIKE
Well, nothing like a bit of drunk shenanigans. Are you alright, Bill?

BILL
Um, no... I'm alright, really.

Beat.

MIKE
Look, we need to get the McCallum business sorted out first thing tomorrow.

He pulls his mobile phone out from his jacket pocket.

MIKE
How about you text me in the morning when you're leaving, I'll come round and you can give me a lift in? We'll talk about the business along the way...

BILL
I don't have a mobile phone.

MIKE
(surprised)
Oh no? Why not?

BILL
(hesitantly)
It's... safer if I don't have one.

Mike shrugs and puts his phone back in his pocket.

MIKE

Fine then. I'll just come round tomorrow morning and you give me a lift in so we can get to work on it right away.

BILL

Okay. I have to go now.

He abruptly turns and starts to cross the street. Slightly confused, Mike shrugs his shoulders again.

MIKE

Um, okay...

Mike turns, and walks off down the sidewalk.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE. NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of Bill's house in the late evening hours. No lights are on.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

PANNING SHOT of Bill's mantelpiece. A BUZZING sound is faintly heard emanating from an unseen source.

We see a FRAMED CERTIFICATE; aside it is a black and white photograph of a young man and woman standing arm-in-arm together. The man appears to be a younger Bill- he is dressed the same way but appears slightly brighter and fresher, with dark brown hair.

Pan further left to reveal a very large framed photograph of an elderly and highly-professional looking businessman, appearing smart and dignified but also stern. The man bears a passing resemblance to Bill.

INT. BILL'S STUDY. NIGHT.

C/U of computer screen. An Excel spreadsheet fills the screen. The BUZZING sound has grown louder and seems to be emanating from the monitor. We hear the sound of Bill TYPING at the keyboard. Again he is filling in amounts of money next to the names of companies and clients.

C/U of Bill's face as he types. His face is once again completely blank and expressionless.

A deep and eerie VOICE is heard which seems to be a slowed-down version of Chris' voice.

VOICE

(o.s.)

...you're... not... much... of a manager... are... you...?

C/U of Bill's fingers rapidly typing at the keyboard.

C/U of Bill's face.

VOICE

...you're not... even... married...?!

LoserloserLoserloLoserloserLoserloserLoserloserserserLoloser

C/U of Bill's hands now frantically typing at the keyboard. The BUZZING grows louder.

A burst of electric STATIC engulfs the camera.

INT. BILL'S OFFICE. DAY.

We are viewing another flashback to a scene of Bill and Tyler in Bill's office, with blurred screen edges.

TYLER

Give him a touch of the family spirit...

Another burst of static engulfs the screen. The voice of Richard is heard.

RICHARD

(O.S.)

...family spirit in the company for years... company for years... company for years...
company for years...

The SIREN is heard.

Another burst of static engulfs the camera.

We see the image of the slip of paper Bill found beneath his windscreen wiper saying "THIS CAR SHOULD NOT STOP HERE".

INT. BILL'S STUDY. NIGHT.

C/U of computer screen. The BUZZING continues to accelerate in volume, and as Bill types the SIREN grows unbearably loud.

C/U of Bill's right hand on the mouse. He abruptly shifts the mouse to the corner of its pad.

C/U of screen. Bill clicks on the 'minimize' arrow in the corner of the spreadsheet.

EXTREME C/U of Bill's face. The volume of the BUZZING suddenly increases to an all-time high, and blends in with the sound of the SIREN. Bill is frothing at the mouth and panting for breath.

INT. BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING.

Sudden cut to a C/U of Bill's face as he lies in bed, as the piercing sound of his ALARM CLOCK cuts off the siren. Bill's eyes open abruptly as he awakens from sleep. We hear the faint sound of BIRDSONG in the distance.

M/S of Bill in bed. We now see that he is lying on the far right side of his large double-bed.

At a medium pace, Bill firmly lifts himself out of bed. As he does so, he gently switches off the alarm clock.

He stands upright beside the bed, reaches out and opens the curtains. The view outside is grey and non-descript. The sequence of his morning routine is being played out slightly faster than usual.

Beat. From behind him, the telephone on the bedside table emits a loud RING. Bill turns, steps toward the bedside table, and reaches down to pick up the phone.

Nervously, he reaches his hand forth... and lifts the receiver.

As he picks it up, his hand quivers, faster and faster, and he drops the receiver, and the phone falls heavily to the ground.

C/U of Bill looking down.

C/U of the fallen phone.

Bill turns and walks into his en-suite BATHROOM. His back to us, he switches on the bathroom light.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

C/U of Bill's reflection in the bathroom mirror.

Bill gazes blankly at his reflection in the mirror for several seconds, then reaches for his electric RAZOR.

He flicks the razor on, and it emits a loud BUZZING sound which penetrates the silence of the bathroom. The buzzing is louder than usual.

He brushes the razor over his jaw area, gazing straight ahead at his blank expression in the mirror. Apart from his arm, his entire body is completely stiff as he shaves.

EXTREME C/U of various parts of Bill's face as the razor brushes against it.

C/U of Bill's hand placing the razor back on the shelf. Bill turns robotically to face the SHOWER, and begins to remove his pyjamas.

Bill steps into the shower, pulls out the shower screen, and we hear the loud roar of POURING WATER from within.

M/S of Bill within the shower, from the torso upwards.

C/U of Bill's hand reaching for the shampoo.

C/U of Bill's palm as he squirts some shampoo onto his hand.

C/U of Bill's hand placing the shampoo back onto the shelf.

M/S of Bill, torso upwards, applying the shampoo.

C/U of Bill's torso as the water courses over it.

C/U of Bill's hand turning the electric dial. The sound of the water abruptly stops.

Bill steps out of the shower, pulls a towel from a hook on the wall, and begins to dry himself.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Bill walks back into the bedroom, and reaches for his SUIT, which is hanging on the wall. The faint sound of a SIREN can just be heard in the distance.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

Cut abruptly to a shot of Bill, standing bolt upright in the exact center of his downstairs hallway, fully clothed in his business suit. He gazes blankly straight ahead at the camera.

He quickly begins to walk straight towards the camera, which pulls back as he enters his LIVING ROOM.

C/U of BRIEFCASE on the ground. Bill's hand appears at the top of the screen and picks up the briefcase.

F/S of Bill in his living room holding his briefcase. As before, the living room is shown in full detail.

Bill heads towards the porch, and walks out.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE. DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the exterior of Bill's house.

Bill emerges from the front door and walks towards his car.

INT. CAR. DAY.

Bill enters the car, and twists the key to start the engine. The engine stutters and the car shakes, but fails to start.

Bill tries again, but the engine fails to start, then there is a loud CLICK and the engine dies.

Bill slams his hand on the steering wheel in frustration.

BILL
Damn.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE. DAY.

Bill emerges from the car. He slams the door shut behind him.

Unsure what to do, he walks to the end of the drive.

He turns at the end, and looks out onto the street.

MIKE
(O.S.)
Bill!

Bill turns with a start, and sees Mike standing behind him.

BILL
Mike?

MIKE
Yeah, we've got to get the McCallum business sorted, remember?

BILL
Oh... yes. My car won't start. The engine's completely gone.

Mike glances back at Bill's car.

MIKE
Sod it, never mind. We'll have to take the bus.

EXT. BUS STOP. DAY.

Bill and Mike are standing beneath a BUS SHELTER on the edge of the suburb. Both of them have their briefcases in hand.

MIKE
(grumbling)
Someday the wife'll let me have my own blasted car back.

L/S of a large, double-decker BUS approaching down the street.

The bus pulls up aside the shelter, and the door opens.

Mike steps on first.

INT. BUS. DAY.

Mike steps on the bus and over to the BUS DRIVER's compartment.

MIKE
(to the bus driver)
Cannon Street, please.

BUS DRIVER
Three fifty.

Mike pays his fare, takes his ticket, and walks along the aisle to sit down. Bill steps up to the bus driver.

BILL
Cannon Street, please.

BUS DRIVER
Three fifty.

Bill pulls out his WALLET from his trouser pocket, reaches in, and pulls out a one pound coin, a two pound coin and a fifty pence piece. He gives the money to the driver.

BUS DRIVER
Thank you.

Bill places his wallet back in his pocket.

He walks down the aisle, and sits on the seat behind Mike- the high seat on the left. Mike throws a brief glance at Bill as he sits down, positioning his briefcase aside him. There are several other passengers on the bus.

The bus begins to move.

EXT. BUS TRAVELLING DOWN LONDON STREET. DAY.

Shot of the bus travelling down the busy early morning streets of the City of Westminster. The sky above is grey.

INT. BUS. DAY.

M/S of Bill sitting motionless on the bus seat.

POV: Through Bill's eyes, we see the bus stop by a shelter. Several PASSENGERS get on, and pay their fares or show their passes.

The last of the passengers to board the bus is an extremely beautiful GIRL. She appears in her early twenties and is dressed casually, with a blouse and blue denim jeans. She has very long, wavy black hair.

She pays her fare, and the camera focuses on her as she walks down the aisle.

C/U of Bill's face as he eyes the Girl.

The Girl sits down right next to Bill even though there are several empty seats available. She edges closer to him, evoking him to move his briefcase to make space for her.

She looks round at Bill, smiling at him casually but seductively.

C/U of Bill. He half-smiles back at her, nervously.

GIRL
Fancy some fun?

BILL
Wh... what?

The girl inches even closer to him, her legs pressed right against his.

GIRL
Fancy some real fun?

She removes her jacket, and begins to unbutton her blouse.

Bill is starting to tremble slightly, uneasily.

BILL
I... I don't know...

The Girl throws off her blouse, then unzips her jeans and begins to pull them off.

GIRL
Come on, give me all you've got...

C/U of Bill's shocked expression.

The Girl pulls off her jeans, and is now completely naked apart from her bra and pants.

M/S of Bill, his face looking totally panic-stricken. A bulge forms beneath his crotch.

The girl pulls off her bra, then her pants, tossing them into the aisle. Other passengers can be seen in the background, making no reaction to what is happening.

Shot of the Girl's bra landing in the aisle.

Completely naked, the Girl moves on top of Bill, and looks into his eyes, smiling casually but seductively.

POV shot of what Bill sees. The Girl climbs on top of Bill's knees, reaches her hands beneath his jacket and starts to caress his sides smoothly.

GIRL
Let's do it!

She unfastens his crotch, pulls down his underpants and reveals his penis.

C/U of Bill's face. He is clearly completely taken aback, but is obviously heavily aroused at the same time.

BILL
I... um...

The girl leans down and slowly begins to perform oral sex on Bill.

L/S of the bus aisle from the rear. The bus stops at Cannon Street, and Mike rises from his seat.

MIKE
(looking back)
Come on, Bill.

Mike turns and walks down the aisle to the door.

M/S of Bill as the Girl performs oral sex on him.

BILL
Um, this is my stop... I'm...

C/U of the Girl as she rises her head and smiles at Bill.

GIRL
Give it to me...

Mike stops at the door and looks back at Bill.

MIKE
Bill, come on!

Bill writhes aside from beneath the girl, pushing her gently aside.

BILL
I'm sorry, I've got to go.

He staggers down the aisle carrying his briefcase, his penis hanging loose from his undone crotch. As he moves down the aisle he hastily fastens his crotch back and joins Mike at the bus door.

MIKE
(to the bus driver)
Thank you.

BUS DRIVER
Cheers.

EXT. CANNON STREET. DAY.

Mike, followed by Bill, steps off the bus and out onto the street. Behind them, the bus door closes, and it starts to move again.

M/S of Bill. He glances back at the bus as it drives off.

Shot of moving bus. The Girl, still naked, is kneeling against the window, moving sexily, her hands pressed against the glass as she smiles at Bill seductively.

M/S of Bill and Mike.

MIKE

I've got to stop for ciggies on the way. Let's get going.

Mike moves off down the street.

Bill, clearly perplexed by the experience he has just had, follows behind Mike uneasily.

EXT. CITY STREET. DAY.

Bill and Mike are now a few streets away. Mike stops by an OFF-LICENCE.

MIKE

Going in here for my cigs. Are you buying anything?

Bill pulls out his wallet, and looks inside. There are two ten pound notes within.

BILL.

No. I'll... wait outside.

He places the wallet back in his pocket as Mike goes into the shop.

M/S of Bill. He is breathing slowly but heavily as he processes what has just happened.

He glances at the image of himself on the CCTV MONITOR in the window of the shop.

The CCTV camera films him from straight ahead, aimed right at him in an almost intimidating fashion.

POV shot of Bill's image on the CCTV screen, as he gazes at himself.

All of a sudden a large BEARDED MAN steps into shot behind Bill.

Abruptly, Bill spins round in shock. There is no-one behind him.

He glances back at the monitor.

POV shot of the CCTV monitor. There is now no-one behind Bill on the screen.

He takes another look behind himself, and sure enough no-one is there. The sidewalk is almost deserted.

Mike emerges from the shop entrance.

MIKE

Got my cigs. Come on.

Mike leads Bill off down the street towards the office buildings.

As they walk, Bill looks increasingly uneasy and keeps looking around himself shiftily to make sure he is not being followed.

They arrive at their office block. As they do so, Bill suddenly halts and feels his trouser pocket.

BILL

Oh my God...

MIKE

What? What's wrong?

BILL

(shouts)

It's not there... my wallet's gone! My wallet's been stolen!

He feels his trouser pockets anxiously.

MIKE

Hey, calm down, easy now!

He places his hand on Bill's shoulder.

MIKE

Think about it, where did you last have it?

BILL

I had it outside the shop when you went in! I checked my money...

MIKE

Well perhaps you dropped it...

BILL

I didn't drop it!

He slaps his trouser pocket. He is becoming uncharacteristically animated, with hysteria.

BILL

It's been stolen!

MIKE

Well we can't go back to find it... we've got to get this business sorted out.

Mike edges towards the revolving door, and Bill glances back down the sidewalk.

BILL

I'm not sure I want to go back.

INT. MEETING ROOM. DAY.

Bill and Mike are seated around a MEETING TABLE headed by Tyler, with several other company executives and members of the board of directors. Tyler is addressing them, his voice angry and his gestures wild. Bill is clearly not listening- he keeps glancing around himself shiftily, and appears fearful.

TYLER

...and no matter how much I demand McCallum speaks to me in person, Blake Rogers' management just won't allow it. I say we get round there now and refuse to leave until McCallum explains all.

A random EXECUTIVE at the table speaks up.

EXECUTIVE

But Harold, why don't we just break off all connections with Blake Rogers? They've messed us around so many times...

Tyler gets to his feet, angrily.

TYLER

Blake Rogers is a highly reputable company! It reflects well on us to have them as a client!

EXECUTIVE

But they're saying McCallum wants to withdraw the account, end all connections with us, why don't we just let it go? We've got plenty of other reputable clients...

TYLER

(interrupting)

We cannot be seen to allow another company to mess us around like this! We have to pursue this matter to the end...

He bangs his fist on the table. A faint SIREN can be heard in the distance.

Bill suddenly switches his attention to Mike.

BILL

Mike... did you see anyone behind me when we walked here from the shop?

MIKE

No, I didn't, but Bill, I'm...

He points to Tyler.

BILL
Did you see anything?

MIKE
Bill, it's a stolen wallet! Why all this...

Noticing their conversation, Tyler turns his attention to them.

TYLER
You two, is something the matter?

MIKE
(quickly)
I'm sorry, sir, Bill's gone completely paranoid after his wallet was stolen, and is letting it bother him.

TYLER
Not still going on about that wallet, are you?
(gesticulating wildly)
If you'd rather worry about that than the Blake Rogers account, then at least save it until after this meeting!

He clears his throat, and starts to address the whole table again.

TYLER
(cont'd)
Now it seems Blake Rogers are trying to hide McCallum away from us, they're insisting he's done nothing wrong, so it's time for us to go round there and sort McCallum out personally.
I'll choose which one of you is going to do it, and get back to you all within the hour.
Meeting adjourned.

The executives rise from their seats and begin to leave the room. Bill arises from his seat.

BILL
I've gotta find what took my wallet... no, I don't know if... I'm...

Mike places his hand on Bill's shoulder.

MIKE
Listen Bill, you really need to calm down. Take some stress relievers or something. You can't let a stolen wallet get in the way of important business.

Tyler walks up to them.

TYLER
Now Bill, I'm getting worried about you lad. Why all this panic? It's a stolen wallet. There's pickpockets all over the place.

BILL
(shaking slightly)
But... I don't... I don't know what...

TYLER
Calm yourself, Bill.

He puts his hand on his arm, in a supposedly calming but almost threatening manner.

TYLER
How much was in it?

BILL
(gulps)
Twenty pounds.

TYLER
(laughs)
What's twenty pounds? Just call the police, cancel any bank cards... Why let it worry you?

BILL
Because I... I didn't see... I don't think...

C/U of Bill's face. He is looking extremely strained and nervous, and is blinking rapidly.

TYLER
Look son, you're letting yourself get too worked up. I would have asked you to go after McCallum today, but since you've got yourself into this state, I'll send someone else.

Tyler points his finger straight at Bill's chest, and his expression becomes stern.

TYLER
This is not good. A company executive cannot let stress get the better of him.

Camera lingers on Tyler's face for several seconds.

FADE TO:

EXT. BILL'S STREET. NIGHT.

Bill is walking home, down his street. He looks extremely tired and stressed, and his face is fraught with strain and worry. His shirt is half hanging out from his trousers, and his walk is slow, lethargic and more of a stagger. He looks like he has walked all the way back home from the office.

He turns at his driveway and heads towards his house.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of Bill's house. There are lights on in almost every window, and the faint sound of MUSIC can be heard from within.

M/S of Bill. He halts in his driveway, taken aback.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of house. The music can be heard clearly, along with the sound of voices, and a few faint gray silhouettes can be glimpsed from behind the curtains.

Bill slowly moves towards the house, curiously.

He reaches the door. Nervously, he pulls his keys from his pocket, unlocks and opens the door.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

PANNING SHOT of Bill's living room. A huge party is being held, full of complete strangers who neither we nor Bill have seen before. The party is full of mostly young people, gathered in groups around the room, drinking and flirting together and sharing party food and drinks while the music blasts out from the stereo.

Bill steps in through the porch, and scans the room in complete amazement.

BILL

What in the name of...

He wanders through the room, stunned, observing all the action around him. He makes brief eye contact with a couple of strangers but is too taken aback to speak.

Scanning the crowd, he suddenly spots a person he recognizes. It is the BEARDED MAN he saw behind him in the CCTV monitor before.

The Bearded Man has seen him, and walks towards him, a wine glass in one hand.

BEARDED MAN

Greetings.

He shakes Bill's hand.

BILL

Um... Wh... what are you doing here?

BEARDED MAN

Enjoying the party... feel free to join us.

BILL

But...

He glances around himself nervously.

BEARDED MAN

Oh yes, that reminds me.

He reaches into his trouser pocket... and pulls out Bill's wallet.

BEARDED MAN
I found this in the street earlier.

He hands the wallet to Bill.

Bill looks inside, and sees that the money is still intact, just as before.

BEARDED MAN
Better be careful about losing things like that.

Bill places the wallet back in his trouser pocket.

BILL
So who...

BEARDED MAN
I hope you enjoy the party!

He raises his wine glass to Bill, then turns, and walks away. Bill calls after him.

BILL
Hey, wait...

The Bearded Man rejoins the party and is soon lost among the crowds.

Bill looks around himself nervously, completely bewildered.

PANNING SHOT of the room reveals the range of party revelers socializing. Most of them are young professionals although there are a few older people, and a few wilder characters with Punk hairstyles and clothing.

M/S of Bill as he wanders nervously through the crowd of people.

A PUNK with a green Mohawk and black, studded leather jacket, catches Bill's eye. He winks at him.

Bill diverts towards the door to the dining room, unnerved.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

PANNING SHOT of Bill's dining room, a large but minimally-decorated room with a large rectangular table in the center, and a DRINKS CABINET to one side. The dining room is likewise full of party revelers. Plates are scattered over the table, some bearing the remnants of finished meals, others still containing food.

Partygoers are socializing around the table, some sitting while others stand, engaged in lively conversation. Some people are pouring wine from bottles on the drinks cabinet.

Bill makes eye contact with a YOUNG MAN sitting with a group of young professionals, in their mid-to-late twenties, who are sitting gathered in a circle at one corner of the table.

YOUNG MAN
Hey, you're on your own there, fancy joining us?

He moves aside, gesturing towards an empty seat.

Beat.

BILL
(blankly)
How did you get here?

YOUNG MAN
(smiling)
On the tube.

BILL
This... is my house.

The young man turns to his friends.

YOUNG MAN
Hey, it's Bill, the party host! Nice to meet you.

He reaches out and shakes Bill's hand. The man's friends all look up at Bill, looking impressed.

Bill nervously shakes hands with the young man.

BILL
Uh... who invited you here?

YOUNG MAN
Damien Price did!

He gesticulates his arm towards the empty seat.

Beat.

YOUNG MAN
Come on, sit down, have a drink!

BILL
But it's Wednesday! I have work tomorrow...

YOUNG MAN
Fuck that, join us anyway.

Bill hesitates, then slowly sits down on the empty seat, places his briefcase on the ground, and joins the partygoers.

BILL

Where's... Damien Price now?

YOUNG MAN

Not sure, he'll be around somewhere. Fancy a drink?

He hands Bill a wine glass.

A YOUNG WOMAN sat with the party revelers pours some red wine into Bill's glass.

She toasts Bill, and the others join in with the toast.

YOUNG WOMAN

Cheers.

Bill hesitates, then sips from his wine glass, moves his seat in closer, and becomes integrated with the action as the party guests begin to converse with him.

FADE TO:

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

It is a few hours later. A female EXOTIC DANCER is pirouetting wildly through Bill's kitchen. There are empty and half-empty drinks bottles and cans all over the kitchen counters, and LOUD ROCK MUSIC is emanating from an unseen music source.

Various partygoers, in advanced stages of drunkenness, are gathered around the woman, cheering her on. She keeps seducing random revelers into joining her in a dance, and they succumb, dancing badly with inebriated motions.

Camera pans to the left of the room. Bill, clutching his briefcase, is engaged in drunken conversation with another man about his own age, with jet black hair, also wearing business clothes. The man is clearly drunk and keeps patting Bill on the back in an over-the-top but friendly manner.

Bill grabs an almost empty bottle of red wine from the counter, and downs the remainder of the bottle in one large gulp.

He slams the bottle back down on the counter, then staggers out of the kitchen as the other man pats him on the back again, laughing drunkenly to himself.

INT. BILL'S LANDING. NIGHT.

Bill staggers up the stairs drunkenly, clutching his briefcase. His hair appears ruffled slightly, his tie loose and his top shirt buttons undone. He looks almost the complete opposite of his usual well-kempt image. His face is fraught with strain and confusion.

Partygoers are gathered in various spots around the landing, socializing, drinking and making out.

Bill staggers across the landing, and looks towards his study.

L/S of the landing. The door of Bill's study is open and the room is bathed in bright light. Silhouettes of several people can be seen beyond.

Bill heads across the landing, and enters the study.

INT. BILL'S STUDY. NIGHT.

PANNING SHOT of Bill's study.

Empty drinks cans are scattered over the floor of the study, and books and files have been knocked over. One of the FRAMED CERTIFICATES has fallen from the wall.

A few drunken partygoers are dancing intoxicated to techno music emanating from an iPod on the floor. A young gay couple sits in the corner, whispering to one another passionately.

M/S of the PC, which is switched on. The monitor is emitting the BUZZING sound, but it is quieter than before. Several of Bill's PORNOGRAPHIC IMAGES are scattered over the monitor in minimized windows.

Bill's eyes open wide in shock. Embarrassed, he rushes to the PC, sits on the swivel chair, and frantically starts clicking in the corner of each of the screen windows to close them.

A gloved HAND suddenly appears and places itself on Bill's shoulder.

C/U of Bill as he turns around in shock, yelling out.

POV shot of the person behind Bill. A MASKED MAN has suddenly emerged from out of the darkness. He is tall and dressed quite smartly, with a dark grey shirt and business trousers, but his face is completely concealed by a black veil with small slits for his eyes.

Bill freezes, white with fear.

MASKED MAN

You needn't worry mate. No-one's arsed about them.

Bill looks around uneasily. The partygoers are still dancing to the music from the iPod.

Bill rises nervously to his feet.

BILL

Some very important files are on here... Has anyone touched them?

His voice is heavier and his words slightly slurred, as a result of the alcohol.

MASKED MAN

I've looked at them. Business purposes.

BILL

Do I know you? Do you work with me?

Bill looks round at the monitor. The BUZZING sound increases slightly and faint yellow sparks seem to be emitting from the rear of the PC.

Bill suddenly clutches his chest, then covers his mouth with his hand, feeling nausea.

He seizes his briefcase and rushes out of the study, across the landing.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Bill stumbles clumsily through the door of his bedroom. Feeling sick, he looks towards the bathroom.

PANNING SHOT of Bill's bedroom. Through the door of the en-suite bathroom, a young man and woman can be seen, both completely naked, writhing on top of one another in the bathtub. The BUZZING sound is still audible.

Frustrated, Bill looks towards his bed.

The sheets on Bill's bed are pushed aside, as if the bed has been slept in. Several drinks cans are positioned on the floor, some lying on their sides, some upright.

Bill abruptly staggers into the center of the room, and falls to his knees. He drops his briefcase, picks up one of the beer cans and shakes it. Seeing it is still full, he puts it to his mouth and downs the drink in one gulp.

He throws the beer can aside, then collapses to the ground on his back.

BLACKNESS fills the screen.

The sound of a HEARTBEAT is heard.

C/U of Bill's head, lying back against the ground. His body quivers slightly.

The BUZZING sound increases and a burst of electrical static fills the screen.

For a split second we see an image of Trevor McCallum's slip of paper reading 'THE SKIN IS NOT YOUR OWN'.

Split-second burst of static.

Extreme C/U of a ticking clock.

C/U of Bill's face as he writhes in reaction to the images.

M/S of Bill and Tyler in Bill's office. The image is blurred and dreamlike.

TYLER
(his voice slowed down, distorted beyond recognition)
We're all family now.

FADE TO:

C/U of Bill's face. His eyes open halfway.

C/U of the Girl from the bus, lying next to him, naked, on her side. She smiles at him casually and seductively.

C/U of Bill, turning to his side and vibrating with sexual arousal, and shock at her sudden presence. He shuts his eyes tight, then reopens them.

POV shot of what Bill sees. The Girl is no longer there.

C/U of a large, solid, stone wall. The BUZZING sound intensifies massively and a SIREN is heard overhead.

F/S of Bill, lying on the ground with his hands above his head, his arms covering his eyes. The image of the room around him vanishes and is replaced by total blackness.

CHRIS
(o.s., voice severely distorted)
You're not much of a manager... you're a loser...

Bill seems to spiral downwards into the blackness, and the camera zooms in on his face as he SCREAMS.

Split-second burst of static.

Image of several large business towers, crumbling down. The SIREN increases, as does the BUZZING.

EXTREME C/U of Bill's screaming face as he writhes in agony, his scream blending in with the BUZZING and SIREN.

Silence. Blackness.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

F/S of Bill's bedroom. The morning light shines through the windows and the sound of BIRDSONG is heard, much louder than before. Bill is lying sprawled on his back in the room's center, empty drink cans scattered all around him.

M/S of Bill. Bill's eyes flicker open, and he gets to his feet.

He stands upright, and takes a look down at his disheveled body. He clutches his head, head aching from a hangover.

He brushes himself down and smooths out his clothes as he tries to process where he is.

He glances at his bedside clock. The time shown is 10.36 am.

Bill panics, realizing he is late for work. He seizes his briefcase and dashes out of the room.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. DAY.

Bill comes rushing down his stairs, briefcase in hand. Scattered around the floor are drinks cans, cigarette butts, ashtrays and used condoms, but no remaining party guests can be seen.

He stops to inspect his appearance in the HALLWAY MIRROR. He brushes his hand through his hair a few times, smoothens his tie and shirt, and tucks his shirt in.

He rushes into the Living Room.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Bill enters the living room, but stops suddenly in shock.

L/S of living room. Three men are sitting on the sofas, amidst the remaining litter from the party. They all look very similar, dressed entirely in black, with dark hair and dark glasses obscuring their eyes. The tallest of the men, with jet black hair, appears to be their leader. This is DAMIEN PRICE. The second man, BODYGUARD #1, is wearing a black cap; the third, BODYGUARD #2, has slightly lighter, brown hair. They appear to be gangsters of some kind.

BILL
Who are you?

Damien Price rises to his feet and walks towards Bill.

MAN
Greetings. I'm Damien Price.

He shakes Bill's hand.

BILL
Do I know you? How did you get in my house?

Damien places his hand firmly on Bill's shoulder.

DAMIEN
You're coming with us.

BILL

(nervously)

I... I can't, I have to get to work, I'm late...

The two Bodyguards abruptly get to their feet and stand behind Damien, side by side, in an intimidating fashion.

Damien lowers his hand.

DAMIEN

We're going for a little ride.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE. DAY.

Damien and the BODYGUARDS lead Bill from his house across the driveway to a CAR.

Bill's car is completely gone and this new car, slightly similar-looking but shinier and brighter, is in its place.

Damien unlocks the car and climbs into the driver's seat. Bodyguard #2 opens the back side door, and steps aside, gesturing for Bill to enter.

Bill hesitates, and sees that Bodyguard #2 is standing right behind him, blocking any retreat path.

Bill reluctantly climbs into the rear left passenger seat, and Bodyguard #2 climbs in beside him, while Bodyguard #1 enters the front passenger seat beside Damien.

DAMIEN

(looking towards Bill)

Hold on tight.

He turns the key and the engine revs up.

EXT shot of the car leaving the drive.

INT. CAR. DAY.

M/S of Bill sitting uneasily in the rear seat of the car.

Damien and the Bodyguards are gazing straight ahead, expressionlessly. The car is traveling past fields and grassland in England's south-east.

BILL

Can't you tell me anything about what you're doing?

He receives no response.

BILL
(cont'd)

I'll lose the promotion now... I'll be fired! My father will be even worse...

The other three men make no response, simply staring straight ahead.

BILL
Are you from Blake Rogers? Do you know Trevor McCallum?

No answer.

BILL
(frantically)
Do you know Marcus DeLacey?!

No answer. The men are completely taciturn.

Bill shakes his head and leans against the window in despair.

Then an idea occurs to him. He starts to frantically pull at the door locks in the hope of escaping.

He pulls heavily, but the door is securely locked.

Bodyguard #2 turns and looks at Bill threateningly.

Bill sighs in frustration and stops trying to escape.

He leans back, and stares mournfully out of the window. He shakes his head slightly.

POV shot of Bill's view from the car window. The sky overhead is blue and clear and the sun is shining. The outlines of cities can be seen in the far distance, along with the smoke of factories and industrial landscapes. But this view is only faint against the radiant green fields in the foreground. WIND TURBINES are soon seen up front.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

OVERHEAD SHOT of the car traversing across a country road. It is now travelling on the right side of the road rather than the left.

INT. CAR. DAY.

Bill glances out the window.

He notices that the car, and all other cars on the road, are travelling on the opposite side from before.

POV shot of Bill's view from the window. The car passes several ROAD SIGNS, which are written in French.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

Overhead shot of the car travelling down the road. The camera ZOOMS IN as the car takes a turn to the right and pulls into a garage.

INT. CAR. DAY.

POV shot of what Bill sees from the rear, as Damien parks the car near the petrol pumps.

Damien turns to Bill, and holds out his hand.

DAMIEN
Your wallet, please.

Resignedly, Bill pulls his wallet from his pocket and hands it to Damien.

Damien gets out of the car, and heads towards a counter on the side of the garage.

C/U of Bill, brushing away some sweat from his forehead. Clearly hot, he clicks the lever on his door and winds down the car window.

He looks nervously towards Bodyguard #2 sitting to his right, as if to seek approval.

Bodyguard #2 looks at him and nods his head faintly.

POV shot from Bill's window. Damien has reached the counter and can be heard speaking in French to the WOMAN serving there.

The woman answers him in French, and exchanges money with him.

Damien walks back to the car. He opens the door, gets back into the driver's seat, and hands Bill his wallet back.

Bill takes the wallet, and looks inside.

The ten pound notes have gone, and a very large number of EURO NOTES is now in their place. There is a lot more money than before- thousands of Euro are in the wallet.

Bill looks up at Damien, confused.

DAMIEN
Spend as you like.

Bill sticks the wallet back in his pocket. Damien starts the car again.

The car turns back onto the country road.

INT. CAR. DAY.

A short while later. Bill is looking around curiously at the surrounding fields.

The car passes by several more ROAD SIGNS. On them are the directions to Paris.
BIRDSONG is heard above.

FADE TO:

EXT. CITY OF PARIS. DAY.

OVERHEAD SHOT of the city of Paris. The EIFFEL TOWER is seen in the distance along with other familiar Parisian landmarks.

EXT. PARISIAN STREET. DAY.

Damien's car is travelling down a city street in Paris. Distinctive Parisian CAFÉS line the sidewalks.

The camera follows the car as it enters an urban residential zone, full of large, picturesque APARTMENT BLOCKS.

The car comes to a stop outside one of the Apartment blocks.

Damien and the Bodyguards emerge from the car. Bodyguard #1 opens Bill's door, and Bill emerges from the car.

Bill stands upright and looks up at the Apartment block.

POV shot of the Apartment building. It is clearly not upper-class, but it appears aesthetically pleasing.

DAMIEN
Come on.

He leads the Bodyguards and Bill towards the Apartment block.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK LOBBY. DAY.

PANNING SHOT of the lobby of the Apartment block. A young WOMAN is waiting by the elevator.

Damien and the Bodyguards enter the lobby, followed by Bill. The woman approaches them and greets Damien, shaking his hand.

WOMAN
Bonjour, Monsieur Price.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a set of KEYS. She hands the keys to Damien.

DAMIEN
Merci.

Damien gestures for Bill to follow him, and they head towards the elevator doors.

INT. EIGHTH FLOOR CORRIDOR. DAY.

F/S of the doors of the elevator in the corridor of the 8th floor. From the digital panel above the elevator doors we can see that the elevator is ascending. It comes to a pause when the number 8 appears.

The elevator doors open, and Damien, the Bodyguards and Bill step out.

Damien leads the others down the corridor. They stop at door 107.

Damien turns the key in the lock, and opens the door. He leads the others into the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT 107. DAY.

PANNING SHOT of the lounge of Apartment 107. It is sparsely but neatly furnished and very spacious, with clean white walls, deep and comfortable-looking sofas which are all white, and a BEDROOM, BATHROOM and KITCHEN visible from the lounge. A painting by Claude Monet hangs on the wall. All household essentials are present including a DINING TABLE, PLASMA TV SET and TELEPHONE. The sun shines brightly through the windows.

Damien leads the others into the centre of the lounge, then turns to face Bill. He hands him the keys to the apartment.

DAMIEN
Enjoy living here.

He reaches his arm out, and shakes Bill's hand firmly.

The two Bodyguards each shake Bill's hand in turn.

They turn, and leave the apartment.

Damien shuts the door. Bill is left alone, confused but too tired to question anything.

Bill takes another glance round the flat.

PANNING SHOT of the flat from Bill's POV. The sunlight from outside bathes the room.

Bill paces the lounge curiously for several seconds.

He walks through the lounge into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

F/S of bedroom. The bedroom is small but comfortable-looking, filled almost entirely by a large double-bed, with fresh white sheets. A large glass SLIDING DOOR behind the bed looks out onto a balcony, overlooking a PARK.

Bill removes his jacket, and throws it aside onto a small chair in the corner of the room.

Bill then removes his tie, and throws that aside too. The whiteness of his shirt beneath matches that of the bed sheets.

Bill kicks off his shoes without bothering to untie the laces.

Exhausted, he collapses onto the bed. He half-sits, half-lies on the bed as he absorbs the comfort of the sheets and the deep mattress.

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

A short time later. Bill is walking through the kitchen of the flat, holding a glass mug. He reaches the sink, turns on the tap, and fills himself a glass of water.

The window is open, and there is a powerful view of the Park outside. The sound of BIRDSONG and the shouts of CHILDREN playing outside can be heard through the window.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY.

Bill stands before the sliding door and pulls it aside. He steps out onto the balcony, and sits down on a BENCH.

The camera follows Bill outside onto the balcony.

POV shot of Bill's view from the balcony. The balcony looks out onto an exquisite view of dense trees and bushes, with the buildings of Paris visible overhead. Directly beneath is the park, in which children are playing.

M/S of Bill, sipping slowly from his glass as he calmly absorbs the scenery, breathing slowly and firmly.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS. EARLY EVENING.

Bill is walking calmly and casually down the busy streets of Paris city centre. The sky overhead is only just darkening.

Bill passes a series of picturesque ARCADES. The sound of TRIBAL DRUMMING is heard in the near distance.

M/S of Bill as he moves on. The sound of the drumming grows louder. Bill glances to his right as he hears its source.

F/S of a BAND of oriental musicians outside a restaurant, wearing tribal make-up, banging a rapid, upbeat rhythm on primitive drums and bongos.

The camera focuses on Bill as he pauses to observe the band.

Camera pans diagonally in an upwards, left direction, zooming in on the buildings across the street. The camera stops as it reaches the balcony of one of the buildings opposite.

Damien is standing on the balcony, arms folded, observing Bill unnoticed. He half-smiles to himself.

FADE TO:

INT. PARISIAN RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

PANNING SHOT of restaurant interior. It is dimly lit and elegantly designed, with stone walls, arches and ornate, elaborate seating.

The camera stops as it reaches Bill, seated at a table eating. He is just finishing a seafood meal, and has a half full glass of red wine placed before him, aside a large bottle. A PAINTING of a Phoenix rising from its ashes is hung on the wall behind him.

Bill lays his knife and fork across his plate, and pours some wine from the bottle to top up his glass.

He takes a sip from the wine glass, as he gazes serenely around the restaurant.

PANNING SHOT of restaurant from Bill's POV. The restaurant is busy, with waiters seating customers and taking orders.

FADE TO:

EXT. PIGALLE DISTRICT. NIGHT.

PANNING SHOT of a street in Paris' Pigalle district. The street is lined with neon-lit SEX SHOPS, ADULT CINEMAS and PEEP SHOWS.

M/S of Bill as he slowly makes his way down the street, looking slightly nervous.

POV shot as camera pans further down the street, coming to a halt as it reaches the MOULIN ROUGE and its distinctive red neon-lit windmill.

Bill pauses to take in the decadent scenery. As he does so, several PROSTITUTES pass him by, and one propositions him in French, gripping his arm.

Bill abruptly edges away, brushing free from the prostitute's grasp, continuing down the street.

POV shot of a seedy NIGHTCLUB as Bill passes round the street corner. A gang of PUNTERS, some male and some female, are walking through the red-lit doorway, dressed in tight PVC and spandex.

Camera stops to focus on one of the punters, wearing a tight black vinyl catsuit. She pauses, turns her head and looks at Bill. It is the GIRL from the bus.

C/U of Bill. He halts and his eyes widen in surprise as he recognizes her.

The Girl smiles at Bill, casually but seductively. Then she turns and walks through the door of the club.

M/S of Bill, standing hesitantly in the street, eyes fixed on the nightclub doorway. His eyes squint, and sweat is showing on his forehead.

After hesitating, he takes a step in the direction away from the club, shifting his glance away from the doorway awkwardly.

He suddenly halts as he sees DAMIEN, stood nearby, glaring directly at Bill through his dark glasses.

Damien takes a step directly towards Bill, placing himself intimidatingly close to him.

Bill backs away awkwardly, and looks back in the direction of the club doorway. A stony-faced DOORMAN stands guarding the doorway, arms folded.

Bill is stood awkwardly between Damien and the Doorman. Abruptly, Bill takes a deep breath, and catches the Doorman's eye.

The Doorman steps aside, allowing Bill entry.

Bill swallows nervously, and walks through the club doorway.

INT. SEX CLUB. NIGHT.

EXTREME C/U of naked female legs dancing around a pole. The sound of loud ELECTRONIC MUSIC bursts through the air.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the club's interior. It is a decadent, lively strip and fetish club. The whole place is bathed in red light. Poles are placed around the dancefloor, around which POLE DANCERS and STRIPPERS, both male and female, perform dance routines. LAP DANCERS of both genders entertain punters, while couples and threesomes, gay and straight, engage in copulation. Many punters are in S&M clothing, some carrying whips or canes while others are shackled to their partners via chains or leads.

We see Bill purchasing a glass of red wine from the bar. He turns, and begins to absorb the scene of the club, awkwardly and curiously. His attire is very ordinary compared to that of most punters.

F/S of dancefloor. A young, attractive BLONDE WOMAN, wearing only a bra and panties, passes by Bill, and blows him a kiss.

Bill begins to wander nervously around the club, glass in hand.

He passes a narrow alcove being used as a PLAY AREA. A stern-looking DOMINATRIX in tight PVC, with a pair of thick, black-rimmed spectacles, is thrashing a SEMI-NAKED MAN on the buttocks, as he is bound by wooden stocks, bent over.

Bill pauses in front of a stage, on which several POLE DANCERS are performing. A PORN MOVIE is being projected onto the wall behind them.

Appearing to relax slightly, Bill sits down on a LEATHER COUCH, and places his wine glass on the table in front of him. He begins to watch the pole dancers on the stage before him.

C/U of one of the pole dancers. Almost completely naked, she gyrates wildly and energetically around the pole, wobbling her breasts to the onlookers.

Bill sits with his legs close together, clearly aroused.

C/U of DJ in the DJ BOOTH. Sounds of SCRATCHING and BUZZING are heard as technical problems interfere with the music.

M/S of Bill at his table, watching the pole dancer. Suddenly he is distracted by a movement from behind, and jerks his head over his shoulder.

The GIRL from the bus, wearing her vinyl catsuit, jumps energetically over the couch, and sits right beside Bill.

She edges extremely close to him in a similar manner to how she did on the bus, and lays her hand firmly on his knee. She smiles at him casually but seductively.

The MUSIC returns to normal, and the sound interference stops.

Bill looks at the Girl, and smiles nervously.

GIRL
Fancy some fun?

BILL
(shrugs)
I...

GIRL
Enjoying yourself?

Beat.

BILL
I... think so.

He awkwardly takes a quick gulp from his wine glass.

GIRL
(smiling affectionately)
You are beautiful.

Bill looks slightly embarrassed, but genuinely touched. He has not received a compliment like this in many years.

The Girl thrusts her leg over his, and slings her arm around his shoulders.

GIRL
I want to know you.

Bill shifts his body closer to hers, and gently embraces her.

The Girl places her face close to Bill's, gazes into his eyes, and presses her lips to his mouth slowly.

GIRL
(in a sexy half-whisper)
Come on, Bill...

She breathes heavily, reaches her left hand beneath the buttons of his shirt, and caresses his chest.

She reaches her right arm further down, and feels beneath Bill's crotch.

C/U of Bill's eyes in the heat of arousal. RED LIGHTS reflect in the pupils of his eyes.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET, PIGALLE DISTRICT. NIGHT.

It is later in the night. We see a L/S of the street outside the club, bathed in the neon lights of the SEX SHOPS and STRIP CLUBS. Bill and the Girl are standing on the sidewalk outside the club entrance, lightly embracing one another.

M/S of the Girl, from over Bill's shoulder. She smiles, beaming with passion and positivity.

GIRL
Are you coming with me, Bill?

BILL
(awkwardly)
I'd better get home.

The Girl gently lets go of Bill, her arms dropping to her sides. She backs off from Bill, slowly.

M/S of Bill as he looks back at the Girl awkwardly, unsure what to do.

M/S of Girl. Her expression is now more serious, her eyes staring penetratingly at Bill as she turns away.

GIRL

Be very careful what you do.

She abruptly turns completely away from him, and is soon lost in the darkness.

Bill glances awkwardly down the street, unsure what to make of the encounter.

He looks back at the club entrance.

M/S of club doorway. Several punters, most in fetish gear, are leaving as the club prepares to close.

M/S of Bill. He smiles unsurely to himself, perplexed that he has actually attended such a place.

He takes a hesitant glance back down the street for several seconds, then turns, heading off back to his apartment block. The camera lingers as Bill makes his way down the street, vanishing into the distance.

INT. APARTMENT 107. NIGHT.

The door of Bill's apartment opens, and Bill arrives home, looking exhausted from the strange events of the day.

Slightly drunk, he staggers across the room, and instinctively pushes the button on his ANSWERING MACHINE.

A recorded message plays over the machine. It is a woman's voice, speaking in French.

Not understanding the message, Bill shrugs to himself, and retires to his bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Bill staggers into his bedroom, and takes one final look out his window.

POV shot of the night view of the city of Paris from Bill's window.

Strangely rejuvenated from the experiences of the day, Bill lets himself fall onto the bed.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. STREET CAFÉ. DAY.

We see the outside of a Paris STREET CAFÉ on a sunny afternoon. Text on the screen reads 'TWO WEEKS LATER'.

Bill is seated at one of the tables, on a pinewood chair beneath the canapé, with a cup of coffee before him. With him at the table is CHRISTOPHE, a young, good-looking Frenchman in his late twenties, also drinking coffee. On the table are several BOOKS and an iPHONE with headphones attached.

Bill picks up one of the books, which is a guide to French language and culture for English people.

BILL

(reading)

Puis-je... avoir une tasse de cappuccino, s'il vous plait?

Christophe smiles, impressed.

CHRISTOPHE

Well done Bill!

Bill laughs lightly.

BILL

I'll get there eventually.

Christophe sips the last of the coffee from his cup.

CHRISTOPHE

You can make the next order.

Beat.

CHRISTOPHE

You can tell you've been practicing since the other day.

BILL

The sound files are definitely helping.

He taps the iPhone.

CHRISTOPHE

So are you missing England?

BILL

(musing)

Um... Not really.

A WAITRESS arrives at the table and collects the empty coffee cups from in front of Bill and Christophe.

CHRISTOPHE
(to the waitress)
Merci.

Christophe looks at Bill, and winks.

CHRISTOPHE
(smiling)
Go ahead.

Bill looks awkwardly up at the waitress.

BILL
Pouvons-nous avoir une plus... espresso, et un cappuccino, s'il vous plait?

WAITRESS
Oui, une minute.

She smiles, and heads back into the café.

Christophe applauds Bill.

CHRISTOPHE
Excellent!

He reaches over the table, and shakes Bill's hand.

BILL
Makes a change from hoping they speak English.

Beat.

The waitress returns, and places two fresh cups of coffee on the table. Bill and Christophe pick up their respective orders.

BILL
Merci.

Christophe begins to drink from his cup.

CHRISTOPHE
So, in England... you had a good job, then?

Bill's facial muscles tense up.

BILL
I... worked for a long time.

CHRISTOPHE
So what made you move to France?

Bill hesitates, unsure what to say.

CHRISTOPHE
(smiling)
Business?

Bill takes a large, lengthy sip from his coffee cup.

BILL
This is very nice coffee.

He shifts his attention back to the book he was reading from.

BILL
I'll practice with the recordings again tonight.

Christophe smiles awkwardly, sensing Bill's tension.

CHRISTOPHE
You're doing well.

Bill begins to glance around himself at the street.

A half-moment of awkward silence passes.

CHRISTOPHE
So are you getting a job here?

Bill shifts about uneasily in his chair.

BILL
I'll... be looking.

He glances down at the book.

BILL
I'll learn more French.

He picks up one of the earpieces connected to the iPhone, and places it in his ear.

Christophe smiles, ready to assist Bill.

BILL
(repeating from an audio file)
J'aime... lire... des livres?

Christophe nods in approval at Bill's improving French.

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT 107. DAY.

Bill arrives back in his apartment from his meeting with Christophe. He goes straight over to the sofa, sits down, and presses a button on the ANSWERPHONE.

The message left on Bill's answerphone a fortnight before starts to play.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(on answerphone)

Vous devez venir travailler pour notre entreprise. Garde Monsieur Hasler sur six sept quatre cinq quatre neuf deux quatre six six.

Bill picks up a NOTEPAD from the coffee table. On it, in Bill's handwriting, are the words:

'Vous devez _____ travailler _____ entreprise _____ sur six sept quatre cinq quatre neuf deux quatre six six.'

Below each word are written the English translations that Bill has managed to decipher so far:

'You must _____ work _____ business _____ on 6745492466'

Bill presses the answerphone key again, and the message repeats.

Bill checks through a French-English dictionary.

C/U of notepad. With his pen, Bill fills in the missing words:

'come and'

'with our'

'Call'

Bill plays the message one more time. It repeats again, and Bill listens very closely, checking several pages in the dictionary as he does so.

Bill looks back at the sheet of paper. The English translation now reads:

'You must come and work for our business call _____ on 6745492466'

C/U of notepad. Bill's hand, with the pen, writes the words 'Mr. Hasler' into the blank space.

Bill lowers the notepad, hesitates, then reaches for the phone receiver.

He picks up the phone, and dials the number written on the paper.

Beat. The sound of a RINGTONE is heard on the receiver.

Twenty seconds pass as the ringtone sounds continuously.

A CLICK is heard on the other side as the call is answered.

FEMALE VOICE

(on receiver)

Bonjour, Hasler Corporation, comment puis-je vous aider?

BILL

Hello, do you speak English?

FEMALE VOICE

Of course, how can I help you?

BILL

(relieved)

That's good... I'm sorry, my French isn't very good. My name's Bill Lowton, someone from your company left a message on my answerphone two weeks ago asking me to call Monsieur Hasler.

FEMALE VOICE

Ah! Mr. Lowton. I'll put you through to Mr. Hasler.

BILL

Uh... thank you.

The sound of LOW ELECTRONIC MUSIC is heard as Bill is placed on hold.

Bill blinks in nervous anticipation, sweat visible on his brow.

The music stops abruptly and an extremely friendly male voice, unmistakably English, is heard on the other side.

HASLER

(o.s., via receiver)

Hi Bill, it's Thomas Hasler here! Thank you for getting back to me.

BILL

Yes, um... hello. I got...

HASLER

Yeah, I know, you got my message, I know you don't speak French too well. I don't either. Listen, I have a job for you at Hasler Corporation. When are you free to come in?

BILL

Um, any time.

HASLER

Great, how about tomorrow morning?

BILL

I... can do that.

HASLER

Fabulous, I'll see you 9am tomorrow.

BILL

Um, where are you based?

HASLER

Edge of La Defense, off Rue de Valmy. Looking forward to meeting you Bill!

A CLICK sounds on the other end.

BILL

Thank you, um...

He lowers the receiver, and glances at it for one second, realizing Hasler has hung up.

Bill holds the receiver to his chest, an uncertain look on his face.

FADE TO:

EXT. LA DEFENSE BUSINESS DISTRICT. DAY.

It is a day later. Bill, dressed in full business attire, is making his way down a street in the La Defense business district of Paris, buzzing with early morning traffic as commuters drive to work. He passes the distinctive SKYSCRAPERS of the area, following a MAP he holds in front of him.

He turns into a side street. A tall, rectangular building can be seen at the end of the street with 'HASLER' displayed in large red lettering at the very top.

Bill pauses, then begins to head towards the building.

The Camera follows Bill as he passes down the street. We immediately notice the stark contrast of this street compared to the rest of La Defense. Most of the buildings aside from the Hasler Tower appear old and derelict, and there are BEGGARS aligning the sidewalk, awkwardly holding their hands out for change as BUSINESS PEOPLE pass by, ignoring them.

Bill reaches the Hasler Tower, and looks up.

POV shot of the Hasler Tower, looking up from ground level. The distinctive 'HASLER' logo at the top shimmers brightly. The building's outer walls are covered with reflective glass, and no windows can be seen.

Bill looks down at himself, ensures he is smart enough, and walks through the revolving doors at the front of the tower.

INT. HASLER RECEPTION. DAY.

Bill enters through the revolving doors into a spectacularly clean reception area, with bright, shiny grey walls and floors. Several GOLDEN STATUES of mythical beings decorate the reception area and a symbol displaying intertwining coiled serpents is displayed above the desk. A young MALE RECEPTIONIST is seated at the reception desk.

As soon as Bill has entered, the receptionist leaps to his feet to greet him. He has a French accent but speaks fluent English.

RECEPTIONIST
(in very enthusiastic tones)
Good morning, Sir!

BILL
Uh, hello, I'm here for an interview with Mr. Hasler.

RECEPTIONIST
Brilliant! You're Mr. Lowton.

He reaches out his arm, and grabs Bill's hand, shaking it tightly.

The receptionist picks up his phone receiver and dials a code.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Hasler? Your friend Bill is here.

C/U of Bill. A puzzled expression crosses his face.

The receptionist lowers the phone.

RECEPTIONIST
(smiling enthusiastically)
He's coming down, Bill.

Bill nods awkwardly.

A few seconds pass, then a loud CHIME is heard.

M/S of elevator doors in the foyer. The elevator has arrived at the ground floor.

The elevator doors open slowly, and a prim, sharply dressed businessman of large build appears. This is THOMAS HASLER.

THOMAS HASLER: *He is a very large, heavily built businessman, appearing in his early forties. He is dressed extremely prim and proper in a pristine, top quality, expensive-looking business suit, with a dark grey blazer and trousers, brightly polished black shoes, a beaming white shirt and a black tie, on which is the same serpent symbol displayed above the reception desk. His skin is rough and rugged and he has medium brown hair, receding and*

thinning very slightly. He has very prominent features- his large, bulging and sharp eyes emit a striking, half-dead glare, their coldness contrasting strangely with his wide, conceited smile which stretches from ear to ear. He has a large nose and a prominent, sharp jaw. A thick, medium brown beard covers his face. Although he appears outwardly normal he has a large, deep red gash across the right side of his face, crossing in a precise zigzagged line over his right cheek to above his right eye. His right eye is also heavily bloodshot. Although he appears highly official and respectable, there is a strange air of inhumanity about him and he appears deformed in some way although no obvious deformity is present. He speaks with a superficial, exaggerated friendliness in a similar manner to Tyler, and his appearance actually resembles a younger version of Tyler himself, albeit subtle enough to be overlooked.

Hasler strides out from the lift across the foyer, grabs Bill's hand and shakes it enthusiastically in a similar manner to the receptionist.

HASLER

Good morning, Bill! Welcome to my enterprise.

BILL

Mr. Hasler?

HASLER

That's me, Bill.

He pauses in front of Bill, and looks him straight in the eye. He pats him heavily on the right arm as if they were old friends.

HASLER

Great to have you with us, lad.

He turns and slings his arm lightly around Bill's back.

HASLER

Come up with me to my office.

He leads him towards the elevator. Although the camera is not focusing on him, the receptionist is watching them with a rigid, fixed smile and beaming eyes.

INT. ELEVATOR. DAY.

Hasler and Bill enter the elevator, and we hear the elevator doors shut. It is immediately obvious how small and cramped the elevator is- it seems incredibly narrow, and Bill and Hasler are almost squashed shoulder-to-shoulder against one another. The only light in the elevator is from a futuristic-looking spotlight on the ceiling, beaming directly down on them. A strange WHIRRING sound is heard as the elevator courses upwards. Bill looks awkward.

HASLER

You have a fine new home here at the Hasler Corporation.

Bill's eyes shift nervously across to Hasler.

BILL

So... what does the interview involve?

HASLER

(laughing)

Interview? No interview needed for you, my son! I know you're the man for the job. We're going to have some good times.

C/U of digital screen above elevator. The numbers ascend rapidly until they reach floor 20, and a loud CHIME is heard.

The elevator doors begin to open.

M/S of Hasler and Bill.

HASLER

In you come, Bill!

INT. HASLER'S OFFICE. DAY.

E/S of Hasler's office. This large, spacious office is the only room on the building's top floor, with the elevator doors directly facing Hasler's desk. Black roller blinds are pulled down completely obscuring any light from the windows and the room is lit by strip lighting. A large, wide DESK is positioned in the centre of the room, with PC and phone. Many CABINETS with locked drawers line the walls. Several FRAMED CERTIFICATES are hung on the walls alongside pictures of certain world leaders and authority figures past and present, and we can make out Margaret Thatcher, George W Bush, Ronald Reagan, Donald Trump, Richard Nixon and Baron David René de Rothschild amongst them. On the rear wall above the back of the desk is hung the serpent symbol on Hasler's tie and in the foyer.

Hasler exits the elevator and leads Bill towards the desk, where Hasler takes his seat.

HASLER

Sit down, make yourself at home.

Bill sits in a seat opposite Hasler on the other side of the desk.

Hasler reclines in his swivel chair, and addresses Bill.

HASLER

Well, first of all, I bet you're wondering who we are. Have you heard of us before?

BILL

(shakes his head)

No.

HASLER

I didn't think so. We're the Hasler Corporation, borne by my own right hand.

He raises a clenched right hand.

HASLER

We look after the finance and insurance for big businesses. Mighty big businesses.
Worldwide.

Beat.

HASLER

We have some pretty prestigious clients out there, but we operate covertly.

(Laughs)

I bet you want to know why we do that, why not be world famous?!

BILL

I... suppose...

HASLER

Well, the point is to eliminate fierce competition. We meet our clients, negotiate the deals...
and we get their buy-in and loyalty. Then we expand.

He wheels back in his chair, and looks up at some of the framed certificates on the wall.

HASLER

We've been going for just over five years now. We had an office in London, much smaller
than this place. We built our client base in Britain and America, then we moved head office
to Paris to concentrate on the European market. And boost our visibility a bit, as the size of
this place might suggest.

He looks around himself, as if to emphasize the large office.

BILL

So... what is...

HASLER

Your job? Well, you're my new Accounts Department Manager. And my Assistant
Operations Manager.

Bill swallows nervously, and cranes his head forward.

BILL

Two roles?

Hasler nods.

HASLER

Uh-huh. And I'll be promoting you to Assistant Director of the business if you do a good job.
Which I know you will do.

Beat. A faint SIREN can be heard outside in the distance.

HASLER

(smirks)

Any questions?

M/S of Bill, who is taken aback but in some ways relieved at the job offer.

BILL

Well how...

HASLER

-did I know about you?

He grins sharply, and reclines again in his chair.

HASLER

Your name is well-known over London, Bill.

He clicks his fingers.

HASLER

When I heard you were in Paris, I headhunted you.

Bill looks confused.

BILL

But how-

HASLER

-did I know you'd moved to Paris?

He chuckles, and taps his computer keyboard.

HASLER

Isn't it wonderful, modern technology.

Beat.

BILL

So those men...?

He pauses. Hasler leans forward in his chair, and glares at Bill sharply with a penetrating cold stare.

HASLER
What men?

Bill backs away, awkwardly.

HASLER
It was just me and my computer that did the hunting.

He reclines, and claps his hands.

HASLER
Well, let's waste no time, let's get started.

INT. 8TH FLOOR OFFICE, HASLER TOWER. DAY.

Hasler is leading Bill out of the elevator into a large office that covers the whole of the 8th floor of the Hasler Tower. A sign hanging from the ceiling reads 'Département Des Comptes'. The office is completely black- the walls are black and have no windows, and the only light comes from sporadically placed spotlights and the screens of the PC MONITORS. OFFICE WORKERS are seated at long desks throughout the room in front of the monitors. All of them are either typing robotically or speaking monotonously, in a variety of languages, to people on the phones, through mouthpieces on their headsets. All the workers are male. The atmosphere is completely mechanical. At the end of several of the aisles of workers are booths in which SUPERVISORS, all male, are sat working and answering occasional questions from the workers. They are only slightly less robotic than the workers themselves.

M/S of Bill. He looks taken aback at the robotic nature of the place.

Hasler leads Bill along one of the aisles.

HASLER
This is the Accounts Team that you'll be managing.

Bill scans the line of workers.

PANNING SHOT of the aisle of workers from Bill's POV. Some are talking on the phones while others are typing. The combined sound of the monosyllabic speech and the clattering of the keys as they type synchronizes into a kind of mechanical rhythm. Not a single one of the workers looks up nor acknowledges Bill, eyes fixed firmly on their monitors.

The camera stops panning when it reaches a particular worker- it is CHRISTOPHE, his demeanour completely different from normal as he types mechanically at his keyboard, staring directly into the screen.

C/U of Bill, surprised to recognize his friend.

BILL
Christophe?

Christophe does not respond, merely continues typing away.

Bill edges towards the desk and leans towards Christophe.

BILL
Hey, Christophe, it's Bill...

Christophe looks up very faintly. In a split second, his eyes dart up to acknowledge Bill.

CHRISTOPHE
(flatly)
Uh- bonjour.

He immediately returns his glance to the monitor and continues his typing.

HASLER
(to Bill)
Friend of yours?

BILL
He lives near me.

Hasler touches Bill on the back and continues to lead him across the aisle.

He leads Bill to an empty booth at the end of the darkness of the aisle. A DESK is placed there with PC, phone and filing trays.

HASLER
This is your home, Bill. Sit down and make yourself comfortable.

Bill looks down at the desk.

C/U of desk sign- it reads:

'BILL LOWTON
DIRECTEUR DU DÉPARTEMENT DES COMPTES'

Bill, unnerved but compliant, sits down on the swivel chair before the desk.

Hasler opens one of the drawers in the desk, and pulls out several LEVER ARCH FILES. He places them in front of Bill.

HASLER
You'll find the details of our client accounts in here. You'll understand what to do.

He stands firmly above Bill, towering above him and looking down with glaring cold eyes.

HASLER
I'll leave you to supervise the team. Don't worry about speaking French to them, most of them understand English. And the ones that don't... they understand body language.

Beat.

HASLER

Most important, greet them with a smile! We like to have fun in this place.

He smiles, a wide, bizarre grin.

HASLER

See ya later, Bill!

Hasler turns, and swiftly strides back along the aisle towards the elevator doors.

M/S of Bill at desk. Left alone to work, he glances around himself curiously.

C/U of an office worker typing robotically at his keyboard.

M/S of another office worker. He is speaking into his headset microphone.

OFFICE WORKER

...et votre facture doit être payée d'ici Jeudi prochain, ou vous encourez une taxe pour paiement tardif.

M/S of another office worker, an older man. He glares through squinting eyes at his screen, sat bolt upright in his chair. His arms move mechanically in a robot-like fashion as he types at the keyboard, the rest of him completely still.

M/S of Bill at his desk.

L/S of aisle, from behind Bill as he looks across the floor at his team.

M/S of Bill. He opens the lever arch file in front of him, and begins to work.

EXT. HASLER TOWER. EVENING.

Early evening outside the entrance of the Hasler Tower. The sun is setting in the sky above. Workers are leaving through the revolving door, now looking very ordinary, some carrying briefcases.

Bill emerges from the door, followed by Hasler himself.

Hasler halts about a metre from the entrance, evoking Bill to do the same. Hasler turns to face Bill, and pats him on the shoulder in a fatherly manner.

HASLER

Well, Bill, you made a great start.

Hasler reaches into his jacket pocket, and pulls out a series of Euro notes.

HASLER

Here's your pay for today.

Bill takes the notes from Hasler.

BILL
Thank you.

HASLER
I'll pay you in cash until we open your French bank account.

Bill takes out his wallet and places the money in there, then tucks the wallet back in his pocket.

Hasler touches Bill firmly on the arm.

HASLER
Welcome to the family, Bill. You're part of the brotherhood now.

A quick, nervous half-smile crosses Bill's face.

Hasler pats him twice very heavily on the shoulder.

HASLER
See you tomorrow, son!

Hasler turns and heads back into the building. Bill hesitates and looks back at the building, a bit perplexed at how the day has gone.

L/S of top of Hasler Tower from the ground up. The words 'Hasler' at the top are shimmering, reflecting the evening sun.

M/S of Bill. He begins to walk down the street, heading back home. As he walks we see that there are still many BEGGARS lining the sidewalk.

As Bill turns round the corner, CHRISTOPHE catches up with him and touches his elbow.

CHRISTOPHE
Hey, Bill!

Bill turns, slightly startled.

BILL
Oh, hello Christophe.

The two of them round the corner, side-by-side.

CHRISTOPHE
Nice to have you working with us.

He smiles widely at Bill. He is completely back to his normal self.

BILL

I didn't know you worked there.

CHRISTOPHE

I've been there for two years. Do you like it...?

Beat.

BILL

Uh, yes... do you?

CHRISTOPHE

Definitely. It's a good job.

Bill hesitates, looking firmly at Christophe as he walks aside him.

BILL

You really like it...?

Christophe looks back at him, smiling.

CHRISTOPHE

Of course! Mr. Hasler's a great man.

Beat.

BILL

Well... I'm managing the Accounts Department now. I'm supervising your team.

CHRISTOPHE

I only do Accounts on Thursdays. I'm in the Sales team most days. Looking forward to making some sales tomorrow.

Bill nods. They walk silently together for a few seconds.

CHRISTOPHE

So how's your French going?

Bill shrugs.

BILL

Uh, fine.

INT. APARTMENT 107. DAY.

Bill returns home to his apartment, which is bathed in evening sunlight. The sun is setting over the city view outside.

Bill sits down, pulls out a document from his inner jacket pocket, and unfolds it.

C/U of document in Bill's hands. It is a copy of the Hasler Corporation's employee contract.

M/S of Bill as he flicks through the contract. A faint SIREN can be heard in the distance.

C/U of contract. It appears mostly normal. As the camera pans down the sheet of paper, we notice that a few lines are capitalized in large, bold lettering. These include:

‘HOLIDAYS MAY BE CANCELLED BY THE COMPANY AT ANY TIME WITHOUT NOTICE’

‘TOTAL DEDICATION TO THE BUSINESS IS REQUIRED BOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF THE WORKPLACE’

And:

‘EVERY EMPLOYEE MUST AGREE TO WORK FULL DAY HOURS WHENEVER ASKED’

The sound of busy STREET TRAFFIC can be heard from outside as Bill scans the paper.

M/S of Bill as he finishes reading the contract. He pulls out a pen from his inner jacket pocket.

C/U of contract as Bill signs it at the bottom.

M/S of Bill as he folds the contract and places it back in his inner pocket. He sits on the sofa, motionless, for several seconds.

FADE TO:

EXT. HASLER TOWER. EVENING.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the La Defense district, with the Hasler Tower in the foreground against an evening sunset. The words ‘ONE WEEK LATER’ appear on screen.

Cut to the front entrance of the Hasler Tower. Bill emerges robotically from the revolving doors, carrying a briefcase.

Camera follows him as he heads down the street mechanically.

INT. APARTMENT 107. EVENING.

Bill is sat working at a newly-fitted PC in his apartment on a desk in the living room. He is still wearing full business attire.

F/S of monitor from over Bill’s shoulder. We see that the Hasler Corporation logo is printed on the monitor next to the symbol of the two serpents.

Bill is typing figures into a complicated Excel spreadsheet on the screen.

C/U of Bill's eyes, moving mechanically from left to right as he follows the typing. We notice his eyes are slightly bloodshot, and he appears tired.

M/S of Bill, typing as mechanically as the workers were in the previous office scene, completely absorbed in his work.

Loud SHOUTS can be heard from outside, and a very intense POLICE SIREN is suddenly heard above the rest of the noise. This does not distract Bill.

C/U of Bill's bloodshot eyes. A faint electrical BUZZING sound is heard, and begins to increase in intensity.

An intense C/U of two hands, collared by business sleeves, shaking heavily, flashes over the screen.

Bill's movements start to become more intense as he continues typing, as he jerks in his seat like a malfunctioning robot.

C/U of Bill's monitor. He suddenly minimizes the window of his Excel spreadsheet, and a series of other windows, each displaying PORNOGRAPHIC IMAGES of naked or semi-clad women, are open behind it.

Bill's arms shake, and abruptly lower themselves beneath his crotch.

C/U of Bill's eyes. We hear him PANTING heavily. The sound of a TELEPHONE RINGING is heard faintly beneath the panting.

Shot of monitor over Bill's shoulder. The sounds of the POLICE SIRENS are again heard outside, and the electrical BUZZING emanating from an unseen source collides with the sirens as Bill jerks back and forth in his chair. The sound of the RINGING TELEPHONE repeats beneath them.

Suddenly the sound of the RINGING TELEPHONE raises to an intense volume and the other noises stop as we switch to an extreme C/U of Bill's phone ringing.

Bill jerks around in his chair, and jerks his arm out, picking up the phone on the desk.

BILL
(flatly)
Bonjour...?

A deep, monotone male voice is heard on the other end, speaking English with a French accent.

VOICE
Bill, it's Francois at the office. Mr. Hasler requires you to work on the Municipal account sheets. I am emailing them to you now.

BILL
Thank you.

VOICE
Goodbye.

Bill slams the receiver down, then immediately re-opens the Excel spreadsheets. Simultaneously the SIRENS and BUZZING resume themselves. Bill returns to typing, PANTING heavily as he does so.

INT. 8TH FLOOR OFFICE, HASLER TOWER. DAY.

L/S of aisle of OFFICE WORKERS in the 8th floor office. Bill is sat at his desk at the end of the aisle, working.

M/S of Bill at his desk. He finishes a set of paperwork, and rises from his chair.

Bill paces slowly behind the line of workers, looking over their shoulders at the work they are doing.

M/S of CHRISTOPHE, typing at his PC. His eyes are blank and his movements mechanical and robotic, his face expressionless as Bill passes behind him.

M/S of Bill, pacing slowly and curiously down the aisle.

POV shot of another of the workers, wearing a headset, typing robotically at his PC. On his screen is a digital map of the world. The WORKER zooms in on Tanzania, and a close-up map of the country appears, with red dots scattered around it.

The worker positions the mouse over several of the red dots. As he does so, names of companies together with an image of their headquarters pop up on screen.

He stops at one of the companies, and clicks the mouse over their phone number on an info screen.

OFFICE WORKER

Bonjour, je vous appelle de la Hasler Corporation pour voir si vous acceptez nos conditions d'utilisation?

Bill paces further along the aisle. He looks at the screen of another worker, who is talking on the phone to a client. A large map of Madagascar is displayed on the screen.

OFFICE WORKER #2

Paiement de l'assurance complète est nécessaire demain. Transaction a été conclue. Au revoir.

The worker minimizes the window, then picks up a pen lying next to his keyboard and makes a mark on a tally chart next to him.

BILL
Well done.

The worker suddenly shifts nervously in his seat, and jerks round to face Bill.

OFFICE WORKER #2

Huh?!

He stares at Bill, white-faced and open-mouthed.

BILL

(awkwardly)

Um... bon travail?

The worker does not react, just maintains his shocked stare.

A tall, surly-looking middle-aged woman, with curly ginger hair and sharp, black-rimmed glasses, creeps up behind Bill, stony-faced and arms folded. This is MRS HATCHETT, a woman in high authority within the company.

She looks down at Bill with a sharp, condescending glare.

Nervously, Bill backs away from her and edges back towards his desk.

L/S of aisle. Bill sits back down at his desk and resumes his work. Mrs. Hatchett continues to pace the aisle, arms folded.

EXT. HASLER TOWER. EVENING.

Shot of the revolving doors at the entrance to the Hasler Tower. Workers pass through them as they leave work.

Bill emerges from the revolving doors, briefcase in hand. He staggers slowly onto the sidewalk, and pauses. His frame is stooped and his arms swing loosely by his sides. As the camera ZOOMS IN, we see his eyes are badly bloodshot and his face strained and haggard.

CHRISTOPHE emerges from the doors behind him, and pats Bill on the shoulder. Again, he is completely back to his normal self.

CHRISTOPHE

Bye Bill! You're a great supervisor.

Bill turns faintly, only half acknowledging Christophe's presence.

BILL

What? Oh... goodbye Christophe.

CHRISTOPHE

(smiling)

I'll see you tomorrow.

He starts to make his way down the street.

Bill looks on as Christophe walks away.

BILL
Christophe?

Christophe turns, and looks back at Bill.

BILL
Would you like to come for a drink with me?

Beat.

CHRISTOPHE
I can't Bill, I'm not allowed to. I'll see you tomorrow.

He quickly turns back and makes his way swiftly off down the street.

Bill pauses for about ten seconds on the sidewalk. He appears confused, trying to make sense of his situation.

Hasler emerges from the revolving doors behind him. He slowly walks up to Bill, and clamps his hand down on his shoulder in a fatherly manner.

Bill looks round, awkwardly.

HASLER
Well Bill, again we've done a fine day's work.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a handful of Euro notes, and hands them to Bill.

HASLER
Here's today's payment. We'll have that bank account opened in time.

Bill takes the Euros off him nervously.

BILL
Okay... thank you, Mr. Hasler.

HASLER
You can call me Thomas now, Bill. Hey, in time maybe you can even call me Tom.

C/U of Bill's haggard expression. He looks on the brink of collapse.

HASLER
Listen, son...

He grips Bill's forearm tightly.

HASLER
It's really great to have you with us. You're a real asset to the business.

Beat.

BILL
Um... thank you...

Hasler grips Bill's hand and shakes it forcibly, smiling conceitedly.

HASLER
See you tomorrow, lad.

He turns and makes his way off down the street.

Bill lowers his head and gasps for breath. He clutches his chest as if suffering a seizure.

Frustrated and fraught with anxiety, Bill turns and makes his way down the sidewalk.

EXT. PARIS SHOPPING STREET. EVENING.

L/S of a busy shopping street in the centre of Paris. Bill is staggering down the street, looking around him for a bar to unwind in.

He slows down as he passes a NEWSAGENT. He stops by a NEWSPAPER STAND stacked with English newspapers. The titles of some familiar English papers are visible to us.

Bill reaches out and picks up a newspaper from the stand. He opens it and begins flicking through.

C/U of newspaper as Bill flicks through it. He stops when he comes to the MISSING PERSONS section.

C/U of Bill's face as his eyes scan the paper.

A look of shock suddenly crosses his face, and his bloodshot eyes open wide as his jaw drops loosely.

C/U of newspaper. The camera zooms in on the name of TREVOR MCCALLUM in the Missing Persons section. The camera lingers, and we see the text reads:

"Trevor McCallum, business executive with Blake Rogers PLC. Vanished from his company office two weeks ago and has not been seen nor heard from since."

M/S of Bill. He pauses, and looks around himself.

Along the street he sees a TELEPHONE BOOTH. He places the newspaper back in its stand and quickly rushes towards the phone booth.

M/S of Bill as he enters the telephone booth. He half-lifts the receiver, and reaches into his pocket for money.

Suddenly, he pauses, hesitates, and puts the phone back down.

He exits the booth and walks towards a nearby BAR.

He takes a look at the street ahead of him. A STREET MUSICIAN is playing a slow, soothing tune on a flute.

Bill staggers zombie-like into the bar.

INT. BAR. EVENING.

Bill enters the bar and staggers up to the bar counter. The BARMAN approaches him.

BILL
Une bière, s'il vous plaît.

The barman pours Bill a beer, and places it on the counter. Bill hands over the coins in payment.

BILL
Merci.

He sits down on a bar stool. He hangs his head low, and exhaustedly begins to drink his pint.

M/S of Bill at the bar. He downs a gulp of his drink, then looks up.

M/S of a young, very attractive BLONDE WOMAN in her late twenties, seated at the bar with a glass of wine. She has caught Bill's eye, and smiles at him.

Bill edges his seat closer to the woman, and lightly smiles back.

BILL
Bonjour.

BLONDE WOMAN
Bonjour!

Beat.

BILL
Do you speak E-

MRS. HATCHETT
(O.S.)
Don't DO IT!

Bill spins round on his stool, startled.

MRS. HATCHETT is stood directly behind Bill, arms folded, eyes looking down at him furiously through her glasses.

Bill grips his pint glass and holds it in front of himself shakily, tipped towards her, as if considering throwing the drink in Mrs. Hatchett's face.

Panicking, he slams the drink down on the bar, and rushes through the door, leaving the drink behind.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. 8TH FLOOR OFFICE, HASLER TOWER. DAY.

E/S of the 8th floor office during a working afternoon several days later. The workers are typing mechanically at their PCs or talking monotonously on the phones as usual. A strange electronic DRONE sound can be heard emanating from somewhere. Bill is sitting at his desk at the end of the aisle of workers, sifting through paperwork.

M/S of Bill at his desk. His face is fraught with strain and lines of worry, his eyes even more bloodshot than before. He looks haggard and on the brink of collapse.

He sifts through the paperwork and rubs his eyes with exhaustion.

An OFFICE WORKER walks robotically up to Bill's desk, and places a small pile of papers in front of Bill.

BILL
Merci.

The worker turns and heads back towards his PC robotically.

Bill leans forward slightly, wheeling his chair back simultaneously, and takes a huge gasp for breath.

He drags himself to his feet, and staggers several paces towards a whiteboard near the desk. A piece of paper is attached to the board with 'VENTES' written at the top, with the names of workers written beneath, a tally of sales next to each name.

Bill picks up a PERMANENT MARKER PEN from the desk. His arms droop as he lifts it, as if it were a heavy object.

Slowly, he crosses through one of the tallies on the sales chart. He then drops the pen carelessly back onto the desk, and collapses back into his chair.

M/S of several workers working mechanically at their PCs.

INT. STAIRWELL, HASLER TOWER. DAY.

We see the entrance to the 8th floor office from the 8th floor landing by the stairwell of the Hasler Tower. Two workers emerge from the door and start heading down the stairs. The door swings to, and then it opens again, and Bill emerges, his shoulders drooping. He staggers out of the office and lets the door swing shut behind him.

We hear a CLATTER OF FOOTSTEPS on the stairwell. Bill looks up.

We see HASLER making his way down the stairwell, a lever arch folder tucked under one arm.

As Hasler reaches the landing he immediately swings his arm towards Bill and pats him heavily on the shoulder.

HASLER

Well, how's the Picard account going then, Bill?

Bill merely nods, barely acknowledging Hasler's question.

Hasler thrusts his hand towards Bill and clicks his fingers right in his face. The CLICK seems unfathomably loud and seems to echo right through the landing.

HASLER

Hello? Picard account, Bill?

Bill lifts his head awkwardly and looks Hasler in the eye. Bill's eyes are squinted and bloodshot.

BILL

Um, yes Mr. Hasler...

HASLER

You mean Thomas?

BILL

Er, Thomas...

He suddenly sighs loudly and hangs his head.

Hasler folds his arms and looks at Bill sternly.

HASLER

Well, bringing a smile to work today, aren't we son? Did you get out of bed the wrong side this morning?

Bill just looks back at him awkwardly.

HASLER

Uh, hello Bill? I'm asking you a question here?

He waves his hand semi-aggressively in front of Bill's eyes.

BILL

Look, I'm not sure I'm doing this right.

He looks Hasler firmly in the eye.

BILL
(cont'd)

I only half understand what I'm supposed to be doing here. I've been caught up in all the sales work you've been asking me to do... I'm losing track of the accounts and I don't think I can handle this any longer.

Hasler looks back at Bill sharply, frowning.

BILL
What am I supposed to be getting out of this company?

Hasler just stands there, looking into Bill's eyes for several seconds. Then suddenly, his expression lifts, and he erupts into over-the-top laughter.

He pats Bill very heavily on the shoulder twice. Bill flinches.

Hasler chuckles at Bill, a wide, deranged smile on his face.

HASLER
You know what this is a sign of, don't you Bill?

Pause.

BILL
You... are going to dismiss me?

Hasler erupts into laughter again.

HASLER
Of course not! When someone gets this annoyed with the job it can only mean one thing.

Beat.

BILL
And what's that?

HASLER
You're ready for the next stage of course! You want to be promoted!

Bill looks back in surprise.

Hasler slings a superficial friendly arm around Bill's shoulders, and ushers him back through the door into the office.

INT. 8TH FLOOR OFFICE, HASLER TOWER. DAY.

Hasler ushers Bill through the office towards the elevator door. The electronic DRONE is heard again combining with the noise of TYPING and MUFFLED VOICES from the office workers.

HASLER

You see son, the frustration you're feeling now is quite normal at this stage. You're a great worker, and you've got fantastic things lying ahead for you in this business.

Hasler presses the button to summon the elevator.

HASLER

We just need you to keep at it for that bit longer, and then we'll look at promoting you.

BILL

What... will I do next?

HASLER

You'll be my main Operations Manager. Francois is in line for a promotion, so you'll be taking his role.

A CHIME sounds as the elevator arrives, and the doors open. Hasler enters the lift, followed by Bill.

INT. ELEVATOR. DAY.

Hasler and Bill enter the small, futuristic-looking elevator. As before, they stand side by side, awkwardly close to one another beneath the spotlight. The elevator doors slam shut, and the WHIRRING sound is heard as the elevator courses downwards.

HASLER

You just need something to spice up your life, don't you Bill?

Bill is silent, then turns his head to face Hasler.

HASLER

I know what you need. I'm sure you do too.

A few seconds' silence.

HASLER

You need a woman in your life.

The whirring stops and the CHIME sounds as the lift reaches the ground floor. The doors roll open, and the two men exit.

INT. GROUND FLOOR, HASLER TOWER. DAY.

Hasler and Bill emerge from the lift into the ground floor foyer. We see the young MALE RECEPTIONIST working at the reception desk.

Hasler pauses and touches Bill on the arm.

HASLER

Look Bill, how old are you now? Forty?

BILL

(awkwardly)

Thirty-five.

HASLER

Then it's about time we got you hitched. I've got just the woman for you. She works here, and she's already besotted with you.

Bill's eyes open wide with surprise.

BILL

She works here?

HASLER

(nods)

Mm-hmm.

Beat.

BILL

I haven't seen many female workers here.

HASLER

They work in a different division. Helps everyone work better; stops the men wasting time trying to impress the ladies.

Beat.

BILL

Then... who is she?

HASLER

Bill, I told you at the very start you were destined for great things in the Hasler Corporation. And we're making you part of the family. My daughter Jade needs the perfect suitor. And who better than an experienced businessman like you?

C/U of Bill. He looks confused.

HASLER

I'll set you up on a date with her. Friday night, 9 o'clock in the Benoit, Rue St. Martin.

He holds his finger firmly to Bill's chest.

HASLER
Contain your excitement!

Hasler abruptly leaves, heading through a nearby door.

Bill is left alone, his expression blank and lost. He looks awkwardly around himself.

The MALE RECEPTIONIST flashes a quick, wide smile at Bill, then returns to his paperwork.

C/U of Bill. Beads of moisture are showing on his brow.

FADE TO:

EXT. BENOIT RESTAURANT. EVENING.

E/S of the Benoit Paris Restaurant. A romantic SAXOPHONE TUNE plays in the distance.

INT. BENOIT RESTAURANT. EVENING.

Bill is seated at a table in the Benoit, dressed in a posh dinner suit and black tie, a glass of red wine placed in front of him. He has a menu in his hands which he is browsing. He looks smart, but his eyes are still bloodshot from exhaustion and his face haggard and tired.

POV shot of restaurant before him. A very plain-looking, anorexically thin woman wearing an expensive-looking dinner dress saunters towards Bill's table. This is JADE HASLER.

JADE HASLER: The loyal daughter of Thomas Hasler. She appears as rugged and haggard as Bill does at this stage in the narrative. Aged mid-twenties, she looks like she may once have been beautiful, but her former beauty is now faded and undermined by her stick-insect figure, pale, rugged complexion and an unflattering pair of thick black-rimmed spectacles. Her hair is tied tightly back into a ponytail. She seems to lead a dour and uninteresting lifestyle, but in contrast she has a melodramatic, stereotypically French romantic outlook on life.

Jade pulls back the chair opposite Bill.

JADE
(in French with an obvious English accent)
Bonjour, Monsieur Lowton.

She leans forward and kisses Bill on both cheeks, then sits down.

JADE
I am Jade.

Beat.

JADE
You look very handsome.

M/S of Bill, eyes wide open in surprise. He backs off in his chair slightly, feeling awkward.

BILL
Um... hello.

JADE
I know so much about you. I'm happy we've finally met.

BILL
Uh... yes.

He quickly grabs the menu and opens it.

BILL
We'd better order.

JADE
Let's take our time.

Bill shifts his glance towards the menu, deliberately avoiding eye contact with Jade. He scans the menu quickly.

He abruptly raises his hand to call over the waitress.

L/S of restaurant. A WAITRESS catches sight of Bill and starts to walk over.

WAITRESS
(reaching the table)
Oui, monsieur?

BILL
Um...

His eyes shift about nervously.

BILL
Je voudrais...

He points to a meal on the menu.

WAITRESS
Le tagliatelle?

BILL
(nods)
Oui.

The waitress starts to write Bill's order down on her notepad.

POV shot of the waitress from Bill's view. She looks up from her notepad and smiles at him. She is much more attractive than Jade.

Bill smiles awkwardly back at her, glances towards Jade, then immediately shifts his eyes away from her.

The waitress turns towards Jade.

WAITRESS
Que voulez-vous, madame?

JADE
(bluntly)
Savarin a l'Armagnac.

She slams her finger down to point at her choice on the menu.

WAITRESS
Merci.

She writes Jade's order on her notepad.

JADE
And a large bottle of champagne.

The waitress looks up, slightly taken aback.

JADE
It's our engagement dinner.

She raises her hand to display an ENGAGEMENT RING on her finger. The waitress flashes an awkward smile.

WAITRESS
Ok.

She writes on her notepad, then takes the menus from both Bill and Jade. She smiles at Bill, then walks away.

Bill and Jade are left alone. Bill's posture is rigid, almost frozen upright in his seat, his eyes cold.

Jade looks Bill direct in the eye.

JADE
You are the most beautiful man I could have hoped for.

She reaches her arm across the table, and touches Bill's hand. He backs away.

BILL
Uh...

He clears his throat, and shrugs.

BILL
(cont'd)
Thank you.

JADE
I am so happy to be marrying you.

Bill stares back, mouth open slightly in shock, bloodshot eyes wide open.

BILL
How did you... know me?

Beat.

JADE
Through work, of course. My father thinks very highly of you.

Bill takes a large gulp from his wine glass, finishing the drink.

BILL
I don't think I've ever seen you there.

JADE
I work in the women's office. But we see you.

The waitress returns to the table and places a large CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE in the middle, in a bucket of ice.

She lifts the bottle and unscrews the top.

Jade abruptly snatches the bottle from the waitress.

The waitress looks her in the eye, sharply.

JADE
I will pour, thank you.

The waitress casts her a stony stare, then turns and walks away without saying anything.

Jade pours some champagne into Bill's glass, then pours her own. She raises her glass, elbow on the table.

JADE
To our marriage.

She moves the glass towards Bill's, and he reluctantly touches the glass to hers.

Bill takes a large gulp from the champagne glass.

He looks Jade in the eye, firm and straight-faced.

BILL
So let's get this straight. When did your father decide that we were getting married?

Beat.

JADE
A long time ago, my darling.

She drinks from her champagne glass and holds it aloft, looking wistfully back at Bill.

JADE
He knew you were the man for me.

BILL
Well shouldn't we... take some time to get to know each other?

Jade smiles. Her smile only makes her appear even less attractive.

JADE
The distance is part of the whole romance!

She leans forward, hoping to kiss Bill. He immediately backs off.

JADE
(still smiling)
I know you love me.

Bill looks away, and takes another swig from his champagne glass. He pours himself a top-up.

JADE
You are an amazing man, Bill. You are the man to father my children.

Bill casts a suspicious eye towards Jade.

BILL
You have children?

Jade laughs, in a childlike manner.

JADE

Of course not. But I will. I'll be having your children.

Bill slaps his left hand heavily against the table, then takes another gulp of champagne. He lets out a heavy, exasperated breath after drinking.

JADE

So have you been married before?

Beat.

BILL

No. But I was engaged... seven years ago.

Jade drinks from her glass.

JADE

And...?

BILL

She left me. Three weeks before the wedding would have been.

Jade smiles, and touches her hand to Bill's.

JADE

Then it's fate that brings us together.

Bill draws his arm away.

BILL

Well I've never stopped loving her.

He drinks from his glass.

BILL

Every day since...

He casts his eye across the restaurant. A faint SIREN is heard in the distance.

Jade leans across the table intensely.

JADE

Well I cannot wait for our wedding. Just two months away.

She kisses Bill on the cheek.

JADE

My father is a wonderful man... and so are you.

BILL
Look, I...

She thrusts her face into Bill's and kisses him heavily on the lips. His left eye opens awkwardly as she kisses him, his face contorting with disgust.

A WAITER reaches the table as Jade is kissing Bill.

She finally backs away, and the waiter places their meals down before them.

BILL
(embarrassed)
Merci.

The waiter nods and walks away.

JADE
Just think of the future we have as employees of Hasler.

Bill picks up his knife and fork, ignoring her.

BILL
Yes, well, let's eat.

He immediately tucks into his meal.

As Bill eats, Jade simply gazes across the table, eyes staring wistfully at Bill through her spectacles.

FADE TO:

INT. BENOIT RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

E/S of the restaurant interior.

M/S of Bill laying his knife and fork firmly down on his plate. He immediately raises his hand to get the waiter's attention.

The WAITER approaches the table.

BILL
Le projet de loi, s'il vous plait?

WAITER
(nods)
Oui.

He turns away to get the bill.

JADE
The bill already?

BILL
Yes.

His eyes follow the waiter as he deliberately avoids eye contact with Jade.

JADE
But we haven't had dessert yet!

BILL
(firmly)
I have to get home. I have work to do.

Jade clasps a hand to her chest in a romantic gesture.

JADE
Oh, that's what my father loves about you Bill! You're so devoted to the company!

Bill ignores her and stares in the direction of the waiter.

JADE
You are definitely the man for me.

Bill frowns, and shakes his head.

The waiter returns to the table, and places the bill in front of Bill.

Bill immediately reaches into his pocket, pulls out his wallet, and takes out a series of Euro notes. He quickly counts them, then immediately hands them to the waiter.

BILL
Keep the change as a tip.

WAITER
Merci.

Bill smiles respectfully at the waiter as he gets to his feet.

BILL
Merci beaucoup.

He begins to walk away from the table, as if to leave Jade behind.

Jade quickly jumps to her feet and runs after Bill, placing her hand on his shoulder romantically as she follows him.

They reach the entrance. The waiter opens the door for them. The WAITRESS who served them before is stood nearby, looking sternly at Jade.

BILL
Merci.

The waiter bows his head respectfully.

WAITER
Un plaisir de servir les employés de Hasler.

Bill squints his eyes uneasily at the mention of Hasler's name.

BILL
Uh... au revoir.

He walks out the door, Jade clinging to his arm.

As they leave, the waitress shifts her glance towards Bill and casts a faint, hopeful smile at him.

Bill nervously returns the smile, then makes off down the street, Jade clinging to him like a child to its mother.

EXT. RUE ST. MARTIN, NIGHT.

Bill and Jade pass down the Rue St. Martin, the lights of the street reflecting in the waters of the Seine, creating a romantic vision. A romantic SAXOPHONE TUNE can be heard in the distance. A SIREN can occasionally be heard faintly.

Bill turns to face Jade, and yanks his arm free from her grip.

BILL
Right, well, goodbye Jade.

Jade crosses her hands over her chest in an over-the-top gesture.

JADE
(melodramatically)
Oh! But are we not going back to your place Bill?

BILL
(sternly)
No Jade, we're not. I said I have work to do.

Jade clutches Bill's sides, ready to embrace him.

JADE
Oh well, it has been a wonderful evening Bill. I cannot wait for our wedding. Only two months away!

Bill frowns sharply down at Jade.

BILL

Look Jade, I really don't think-

Abruptly, Jade thrusts herself at Bill with over-the-top enthusiasm, and kisses him heavily on the lips. As she does so, a SHRILL VIOLIN SCORE is heard over the distant saxophone, supposedly romantic in nature but also resembling Bernard Hermann's infamous score for Hitchcock's *Psycho*.

Bill struggles unobtrusively against Jade's grip, but she seems to interpret this as a romantic gesture and only holds him more tightly, kissing him even more intensely.

She finally lets him go, and he takes a huge step back, wrangling his arms out of her grip.

JADE

My father has arranged everything for our wedding.

She blows him one final kiss.

JADE

See you very soon, my beloved!

She turns and makes off down the street in the opposite direction.

Bill breathes a sigh of relief to be free from her. He brushes down his jacket, then turns and makes his way, half-inebriated and very frustrated, down the street. He is going red in the face as his expression becomes one of anger, in contrast to the romantic music that continues persistently.

As Bill passes swiftly down the street, he quickly glances upwards and across the street.

C/U of the balcony of a nearby building on the opposite side of the street. HASLER is stood on the balcony, and with him is none other than DAMIEN. The two are whispering to one another as they shift their glances in Bill's direction.

Bill stops dead, and looks towards them, an infuriated look on his face.

Damien looks in Bill's direction, and a devious smile crosses his face. He touches Hasler on the arm, and the two walk through the door back into the building, disappearing from view.

M/S of Bill on the street, looking both furious and confused.

He hesitates, considering attempting to enter the building to go after them, then he decides against it and marches off down the street in the direction of his apartment block.

INT. APARTMENT 107. NIGHT.

Bill bursts through the door of his apartment, and flicks on the light. A persistent SIREN can be heard in the distance.

Bill lunges towards the phone, sitting down on the couch as he does so. He picks up the receiver and punches in a number.

Bill holds the receiver to his ear and a RINGTONE is heard.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(over phone)

Bonsoir, Le Bourget Airport, comment puis-je vous aider?

BILL

Bonjour, do you speak English?

WOMAN'S VOICE

(over phone)

Yes sir.

BILL

Great, sorry my French isn't good. I'd like to book myself on the first flight to London tomorrow morning-

Suddenly an extremely loud CRACKLE is heard on the other end. Bill flinches in shock.

MRS HATCHETT

(over phone)

Don't DO IT!

Bill drops the receiver in shock. The voice echoes through the flat as if it came from somewhere nearby.

Bill staggers to the door, which is slightly ajar. He opens it uneasily.

MRS HATCHETT is standing directly outside the flat in the corridor, eyes staring piercingly at Bill. She is holding a MOBILE PHONE in one hand, and the camera pans down to reveal a BLOODSTAINED KNIFE in the other. Her fingers are stroking the blade threateningly.

She turns and swiftly makes her way off down the corridor, her footsteps ECHOING as she does so.

Terrified, Bill SLAMS the door shut and runs to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Bill enters the bedroom and flicks on the light. Shaking in fear, he staggers across the room to the balcony, opens the sliding door, and steps outside.

He half-collapses onto the railing, gripping it tightly. He takes several deep breaths as he clings to the balcony rail as if holding on for life.

POV shot of the city of Paris, with the park in the foreground. A SEARCHLIGHT from a helicopter overhead shines down on the park, and POLICE SIRENS are heard echoing in the distance.

C/U of Bill, his eyes quivering in terror, his lower lip trembling, beads of sweat dripping down his face. He takes several deep breaths, then pauses.

BILL
(in a half-whisper)
Maidéz.

FADE TO:

EXT. HASLER TOWER. DAY.

E/S of Hasler Tower. The words 'THREE DAYS LATER' appear on screen.

INT. 8TH FLOOR OFFICE, HASLER TOWER. DAY.

Bill is sat at his desk in the 8th floor office, the sound of the TYPING and the MONOTONOUS VOICES of the workers resonating around him. He looks in a worse state than ever. His hair is unkempt, his face fraught with strain and worry, his eyes even more bloodshot than before. Even his attire appears untidy, a visible cigarette burn on his jacket, his shirt creased and his tie loose.

Bill is sifting through some paperwork, an EXCEL SPREADSHEET visible on his PC monitor. He is clearly exhausted, and he is breathing heavily as if on the brink of collapse.

We see a shot of the OFFICE WORKERS at their PCs, working as robotically as ever. CHRISTOPHE is among them, as dead-eyed and mechanical as the others.

M/S of Bill at the desk, shaking his head as he is overwhelmed by the amount of paperwork.

C/U of Bill's strained face. A loud CRACKLE is heard, and a buzz of blue electric lightning flashes across the screen, interspersed with an image of MRS HATCHETT stroking the bloodstained knife.

MRS HATCHETT
Don't DO IT!

Her voice echoes through Bill's head, and a tear spills from his eye down his cheek.

A pulsating SIREN is heard, accompanied by a loud electronic BUZZING.

GREEN LIGHTS seem to flash in-between Bill's features.

Another buzz of electric lightning flashes across the screen, accompanied by a CRACKLE. A transparent C/U of two hands wearing business collars enlocked in a tight handshake flashes over the screen in a split second.

Bill frustratedly sweeps his paperwork aside, and clutches his head in his hand, elbow on the desk as his body shakes.

He brushes his hand over his face, beads of sweat on his forehead, and looks up.

POV shot of HASLER walking menacingly towards Bill down the aisle of workers, a stern look on his face.

He halts before Bill's desk and places his hands on his hips.

HASLER
Iron not working, son?

He grips Bill's creased shirt aggressively.

HASLER
And for the love of God bring a comb to work.

He swipes his hand across Bill's hair.

HASLER
The write-up of the Bellerose account you emailed me was of a pitiful standard.

He frowns heavily, looking down on Bill.

HASLER
I want that rewritten and sent back to me within the next hour.

Bill throws his arms down on the desk before him, trembling heavily.

He leans forward in his seat, and clasps his hands together in a pleading gesture.

BILL
Mr. Hasler...

HASLER
Thomas!

BILL
T-Thomas...

A tear spills down his cheek.

BILL
(cont'd)
I... I can't do this job...

He coughs heavily, and clutches his chest.

BILL
(cont'd)

...I can't give you or the company what you require of me.

Beat.

BILL
I am not suited for this work.

Hasler scowls in anger.

HASLER
Bill Lowton, you have years of business expertise.

BILL
I know, but I can't do this! I'm not going to do this work justice...

He clasps his hands together pleadingly.

BILL
I beg you, please let me go. Dismiss me... Or at least let me verbally resign.

Beat. Bill takes a deep breath, weeping.

BILL
(gulps)
And I don't want to marry Jade either. I'm not attracted to her.

Camera lingers on Hasler's face for several seconds. His expression lightens, and a wide, scheming smile crosses his face. He LAUGHS aloud.

Bill lets his arm fall across the table. He looks up at Hasler, confused.

Hasler continues to laugh, and shakes his head.

HASLER
(in mocking tones)
Well... an operational manager asking to be dismissed. Then there's only one choice.

Camera lingers on Bill for several seconds.

HASLER
It's promotion time!

Bill's eyes open wide in shock.

BILL
No- please... I'm not interested in promotion. I just want you to let me go.

Beat.

BILL
(cont'd)
Please. I beg you.

Hasler laughs mockingly, and shakes his head.

HASLER
Easy now, son. You know what you really want.

He CLICKS his fingers. The CLICK is irrationally loud and seems to echo, the sound blending in with the muffled workers' VOICES and TYPING.

HASLER
Come with me.

He turns and heads towards the ELEVATOR. Bill hesitates, then reluctantly rises to his feet, and follows. His walk is almost zombie-like as he follows Hasler across the office.

C/U of Hasler's finger pressing the elevator button.

INT. ELEVATOR. DAY.

C/U of elevator doors from within the futuristic elevator. The doors slide open, and a loud RUMBLE is heard as they do so.

Hasler leads Bill into the elevator, gesturing for him to follow.

The two men stand side-by-side beneath the SPOTLIGHT, in the usual awkwardly close proximity within the narrow elevator.

Hasler hits a button, and the lift begins to descend; a loud WHIRRING sound is heard as it does so.

HASLER
Can't have you getting bored doing the routine work, can we Bill? I always told you you were destined for great things.

Beat.

BILL
Wh... where are we going?

C/U of Hasler as he turns his head firmly towards Bill.

HASLER
To your new department.

A loud CHIME is heard. It seems to linger for longer than usual.

C/U of digital screen above the doors. The letter 'B' displays on the screen.

The RUMBLING sound is heard as the doors begin to open.

M/S of elevator doors. They open slowly, revealing what looks like a pitch black corridor ahead, curving to the right.

HASLER
Come on Bill.

He nudges Bill's shoulder, and leads him out of the elevator along the corridor.

INT. BASEMENT, HASLER TOWER. DAY.

Hasler leads Bill along the pitch black corridor. Their faces are illuminated dimly by a distant light from somewhere down the passage.

The light intensifies as they near its source.

C/U of Hasler.

HASLER
The Board of Directors.

E/S of a dimly lit basement room; headquarters of the BOARD OF DIRECTORS for the Hasler Corporation. Dark grey walls are illuminated by a series of dim STRIP LIGHTS on the ceiling. A huge rectangular TABLE is in the centre of the room, around which sit the company directors. They are a team of extremely stern-looking businessmen, grim and blank expressions on their faces, hands placed firmly on the table before them. All of them have the exact same zigzagged gash over the right side of their faces as Hasler, covering their cheek and right eye. MRS HATCHETT is stood at the foot of the table, arms folded, watching over them.

All their heads turn at once mechanically, and stare directly at Bill.

C/U of Bill. He flinches back, shocked.

HASLER
Directors, I'd like you to meet the new member of our team. Mr. Bill Lowton.

He half-pushes Bill into the room, and Bill staggers forward, shaking. He takes a nervous glance around the room, as Hasler turns a dial on the wall, raising the lighting in the room.

PANNING SHOT of the walls of the basement as the lighting reveals them more clearly. The walls are decorated with pictures of numerous world dictators, among them Adolf Hitler, Josef Stalin, Pol Pot, Colonel Moammar Gaddafi, Idi Amin and Robert Mugabe, alongside pictures of political figures such as Margaret Thatcher, Richard Nixon and George W Bush. In the centre of each of the walls is a large picture of the coiled serpents logo as seen in the foyer and on Hasler's tie.

C/U of Bill, white with shock. He glances down at the ground.

PANNING SHOT of the ground corners of the basement. The lower walls are stained with blood, and several mutilated CORPSES are visible, sprawled across the floor, naked, some decapitated and all covered in bloody wounds.

C/U of Bill as he SCREAMS loudly, and turns, attempting to run.

Hasler immediately clamps his hand firmly over Bill's back, preventing his retreat. He violently hurls him forward.

Bill falls forward, into the table, and two of the DIRECTORS move aside as he hits the table. Together, they both grip his arms firmly and hold him tightly against the table.

Bill struggles fearfully against the tight grip of the two Directors.

HASLER

Mrs. Hatchett, if you would do the honours?

Mrs. Hatchett walks firmly towards Bill, and pulls out a sharp NEEDLE from the pocket of her blazer.

The two male Directors aggressively turn Bill around and hold him against the table on his back.

C/U of Bill, the camera zooming in on his bloodshot eyes as they open wide in terror.

POV shot of Mrs. Hatchett as Bill sees her, her sharp eyes staring right down at him as she raises the needle.

Two other male DIRECTORS rise to their feet at the other side of the table. Together they lean forward, aggressively grab hold of Bill's collar, and rip off his blazer.

The Director holding Bill's left arm unbuttons his shirt cuffs, and yanks up his sleeve.

C/U of Bill, face frozen in terror.

POV shot of Mrs. Hatchett. Slowly, she begins to lower the needle.

C/U of Bill as he SCREAMS aloud in horror.

C/U of Bill's right arm as Mrs. Hatchett stabs the needle into Bill's veins. His scream immediately stops as the needle touches him.

Bill slumps backward, and the Directors loosen their grip on him. His face relaxes, and his expression turns blank, his eyes half-closing in a trance.

The Directors let him go from their grip, and step back, Bill's body lying motionless against the table.

HASLER
Now sit him down.

The two male Directors who were gripping Bill's arms pull up an EMPTY CHAIR from a corner of the room and bring it to the table.

Together they take hold of Bill's arms, and ease his limp body into the chair.

They pick up his blazer from the table, and ritually dress him.

They let go, and Bill's head falls to one side, eyes half-open and vacant, as he slumps back into the chair.

Beat.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. BASEMENT, HASLER TOWER. DAY.

FADE IN on a POV shot of the basement room as Bill regains consciousness. The Board of Directors are all seated around the table, Mrs. Hatchett standing before them, arms folded. The room seems to be bathed in an eerie GREEN GLOW, and all the people in the room are surrounded individually by the glow, which frames their bodies like an aura. Some of their faces appear blurred and indistinct.

Over this we hear the heavy sound of a HEARTBEAT- Bill's own.

C/U of Bill, his eyes opening slowly, vacant and bloodshot as his head turns mechanically, scanning the space around him.

PANNING POV shot of the table of Directors. Hasler is seated right next to Bill, a malevolent smile on his face. Like the others, he is surrounded heavily by the green glow. His head turns and his smile widens as he makes eye contact with Bill.

HASLER
Ah! You've joined us.

M/S of Bill, Hasler to his right and another Director to his left. Bill's face is blank, white and expressionless, almost like those of the Directors, albeit with a faint touch of humanity remaining, his mouth loose.

HASLER
We can now begin the meeting.

Hasler rises to his feet.

HASLER
I have scheduled a meeting with a prospective client this afternoon, and it is important that we all attend.

PANNING SHOT of the Directors seated around the table, blank-faced.

HASLER

Mondeca Software have been in negotiations about insuring their property with us. As you all know... they're one of the leading technological innovators in France... and a client that we need.

He slams his hand against the table with the last word.

HASLER

We're taking a trip over there now for a talk with the Managing Director.

Beat.

He nods, and at his signal of approval, the entire Board of Directors rise robotically from their seats.

Bill notices the other Directors rising around him, and slowly follows action. His face is vacant and confused.

As the Directors prepare to leave and walk towards the door, together with Mrs. Hatchett, Hasler turns to Bill and places a fatherly arm over Bill's shoulder.

HASLER

This is a big event for you Bill. Just watch the others, you'll get the hang of what to do. There'll be real power for you in all this.

C/U of Bill's pale face, as he nods.

EXT. HASLER TOWER. DAY.

Outside the Hasler Tower on the street, the DIRECTORS are piling into three large, posh black CARS parked by the sidewalk. Each car has the coiled serpents logo emblazoned on the front passenger doors. MRS HATCHETT is seated in the driver's seat of the leading car.

HASLER emerges from the building, the tranced-out BILL at his side. Two further DIRECTORS enter the front seats of the car at the rear, and another in the back. Hasler leads Bill towards this car.

HASLER

Best of luck, son.

He pats Bill on the arm. JADE appears in the background, emerging from the revolving door of the Hasler Tower and running towards Bill in a childlike manner.

She throws her arms around Bill's neck from behind, and he slowly turns, only half aware of her presence.

JADE

Oh, Bill! I'm so happy for you, being promoted so quickly!

She kisses him on both cheeks. His expression remains blank, unfazed.

JADE
Good luck!

Hasler slings a fatherly arm around Jade, and nods at Bill to enter the vehicle behind him. Bill slowly, robotically enters the car and sits down in the rear passenger seat.

Hasler shuts the car door, and raises his hand in a wave that resembles a Nazi salute, as a signal for the cars to move.

The engines start, a bizarre mechanical ROAR emitting from them as the cars begin to move.

The front car's headlamps light up like spectral eyes, and the car leads the others down the street.

INT. REAR CAR. DAY.

M/S of Bill, sitting motionless in the rear passenger seat, a blank-faced DIRECTOR by his side, as the car speeds down the streets of Paris.

POV shot of the two Directors in the front seats, as Bill sees them. Their bodies are both surrounded by the GREEN GLOW, and the sky outside appears a strange pink colour.

DIRECTOR #1 in the driver's seat glances up into the REARVIEW MIRROR.

C/U of rearview mirror. In the mirror we can see another car travelling close behind, almost tailgating. It is DAMIEN'S CAR and we can see DAMIEN in the driver's seat, one of his BODYGUARDS sat beside him.

DIRECTOR #1
J'identifie cet homme, je pense.

DIRECTOR #2
Ouais. Je l'ai vu avec Hasler plusieurs fois.

DIRECTOR #2 glances behind him. As he does so, Bill's head turns and he looks out the rear window.

POV shot of Damien's car travelling behind. It is surrounded by the Green Glow, and the headlights appear almost red, like two menacing devilish eyes.

Bill's head turns back round, and a SHUDDER runs through his body as an inner fear is awakened.

EXT. CITE NOLLEZ. DAY.

The three cars pull up aside a large OFFICE BUILDING in the 18th arrondissement of Paris.

M/S of front car, driven by MRS HATCHETT. The engine emits a final ROAR as its searing headlights quickly fade.

Mrs. Hatchett emerges from the car, followed by three DIRECTORS. The rest of the team of Directors emerge from their cars, together with BILL.

Bill follows awkwardly behind the imposing team of Directors, his walk slow and zombie-like.

C/U of Mrs. Hatchett's hand as it strikes the buzzer of the office building. A loud BUZZING sound is heard.

VOICE OVER INTERCOM
Mondeca, Bonjour?

MRS HATCHETT
Hasler Corporation, ici pour voir Pascal Legrand.

VOICE OVER INTERCOM
Entrer.

A louder BUZZING sound emits, and Mrs. Hatchett opens the door, leading the team of Directors into the building.

Bill straggles behind the Directors awkwardly.

INT. MONDECA MANAGING DIRECTOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

E/S of the office of the Managing Director of Mondeca Software; a spacious, white-walled office. The Managing Director, PASCAL LEGRAND, a respectable-looking middle-aged businessman, sits sifting through paperwork at a desk in the centre.

A loud KNOCK is heard at the office door.

LEGRAND
Entrer.

The door swings open, revealing MRS. HATCHETT. She folds her arms and stands authoritatively in the doorway.

MRS HATCHETT
Hasler Corporation.

LEGRAND
Oui, s'asseoir s'il vous plait.

He motions for her to enter the room, and pulls out a file from his desk drawer.

Mrs. Hatchett steps into the room, and the whole team of the nine male DIRECTORS follow her, Bill awkwardly tagging behind. One of them slams the door heavily behind him.

M/S of the entire team of Directors standing before Legrand's desk, eyes staring menacingly at Legrand.

Legrand flinches back slightly in his seat, shocked.

LEGRAND

Je ne m'attendais à un représentant...

MALE DIRECTOR #1

You will speak to us in English!

Legrand's eyes open wide in shock.

MRS HATCHETT

The language of Hasler.

Beat.

LEGRAND

Uh... okay. S-sit down...

The lead male Director looks mockingly at the seat before the desk, thrusts it aside, and steps up to the desk.

MALE DIRECTOR #1

What is your decision?

Beat.

MALE DIRECTOR #1

The talks... we had on the phone.

Uncomfortably, Legrand rises to his feet.

LEGRAND

Mondeca... has chosen not to go ahead with the contract with Hasler.

C/U of Bill as he watches with glazed eyes. The sound of his HEARTBEAT is heard.

POV shot of the Director conversing with Legrand. All figures in the room other than Legrand are surrounded by the green glow, and the sky outside appears almost blood red in colour.

MALE DIRECTOR #1

Why?

Beat. Legrand shifts backwards, nervously.

LEGRAND

We... have discussed the contract, and our company does not fully agree with Hasler's policies.

C/U of MALE DIRECTOR #1 as he stares aggressively at Legrand.

LEGRAND

If you please... we wish to opt out.

Beat.

Male Director #1 steps to one side, and Mrs. Hatchett nods at him.

MALE DIRECTOR #1

(signaling to team)

Take him.

The entire team of Directors, other than Bill, springs violently at Legrand, leaping over his desk and pushing him to the floor.

POV shot as Bill witnesses the assault. A loud, wailing SIREN is heard somewhere in the distance, over the sound of Bill's HEARTBEAT, as the Directors, surrounded by the Green Glow, kick Legrand's desk over, scattering papers throughout the room.

C/U of Legrand's PC MONITOR as it crashes to the floor.

The male Directors bind, blindfold and gag the struggling Legrand, some of them wielding knives.

POV shot of Mrs. Hatchett, surrounded by the green glow, as she edges towards Bill threateningly.

M/S of Bill, edging back towards the door, in terror at what he sees.

Mrs. Hatchett thrusts out her arm violently, and hurls Bill into the conflagration of Directors as they lift Legrand's body from the ground.

Bill stumbles forward, awkwardly colliding with the scuffle of male Directors.

POV shot of the blindfolded, bound and struggling body of Legrand as the Directors begin to carry him from the room.

One of the male Directors, surrounded by the Green Glow, turns and stares Bill in the face.

MALE DIRECTOR #2

Do something!

He violently grabs Bill's arm and yanks it towards the body of Legrand.

Awkwardly, Bill takes hold of the shoulder of Legrand. The walls of the office now appear a strange Electric Blue colour.

Mrs. Hatchett opens the door, and the team of Directors, with Bill, begins to carry the body of Legrand, still struggling in fear, out the door.

EXT. CITE NOLLEZ. DAY.

We see a shot of the body of LEGRAND being hurled into the boot of the front car by the DIRECTORS.

The boot is slammed shut. The Directors begin to clamber into the cars.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS. DAY.

Overhead shot of the three Hasler Corporation cars speeding through the streets of Paris.

INT. REAR CAR. DAY.

Bill is travelling in the back of the rear car. He is fearful and visibly shaken by what he has just witnessed.

He looks around himself uneasily, and glances out the rear windshield.

POV shot of rear windshield. Beneath the sky, which appears a deep red, DAMIEN's car is once again following the Directors; Damien at the wheel, emanating the Green Glow. The headlamps flash a fierce burning orange as if to acknowledge Bill's glance.

Bill turns back around, and a heavy shudder passes through his body.

The third DIRECTOR, in the rear passenger seat aside Bill, looks at Bill aggressively.

DIRECTOR #3
What's wrong with you?!

Beat.

BILL
Just cold.

EXT. HASLER TOWER. DAY.

The three company cars pull up outside the Hasler Tower.

As the DIRECTORS and MRS. HATCHETT begin to emerge from the cars, we see DAMIEN's car come round the corner in the distance, and park by the sidewalk opposite.

Bill staggers out the side door of the rear car. He casts an uneasy glance over at Damien's car across the street.

The three male Directors from the front car open the boot. They yank out the struggling body of LEGRAND, just as HASLER emerges from the front entrance of the building. A loud SIREN can be heard in the distance.

Hasler stands before them, hands behind his back, a sinister smirk on his face. He nods his approval.

The Directors begin to carry the body of the terrified Legrand into the building. As they pass through the revolving door, two blank-faced OFFICE WORKERS emerge from the building, leaving work. They show no reaction to the sight of Legrand's body.

His body trembling with unease, Bill slowly and hesitantly follows the other Directors towards the entrance.

POV shot. Across the street, Damien and his two BODYGUARDS have emerged from their car. As the Bodyguards guard the car, Damien steps across the street towards Bill.

Hasler winks slyly at Damien.

HASLER
His first assignment.

At the sight of Damien, Bill abruptly twists on his heel, and a look of rage crosses his face.

BILL
(to Damien)
What the Hell have you got me into?

A scheming smile crosses Damien's face.

DAMIEN
That's the spirit, Bill.

Bill lunges angrily towards Damien with clenched fists, stopping only inches from him.

BILL
I'm telling you, the first chance I get, I'm getting the police onto you... You'll regret you ever interfered in my life!

Damien merely smirks, and folds his arms.

DAMIEN
Bill Lowton... you've come a long way, my friend. A very long way.

Hasler puts his hand to his mouth, clears his throat, then clamps his hand down on Bill's shoulder.

HASLER
If you don't mind, Bill... You're needed in the office.

He turns Bill round semi-forcefully, and ushers him towards the building.

The two Bodyguards walk across the street and stand aside Damien. Two other men in similar attire can be seen in the background, emerging from the street corner and watching the scene.

Damien watches Hasler lead Bill into the building, and a scheming smile of satisfaction spreads over his face.

INT. TORTURE CHAMBER, HASLER TOWER. DAY.

LEGRAND, still bound and gagged, is spread out across a long wooden table in a large, white operating theatre-like room as one of the DIRECTORS removes his blindfold. The walls are white but for numerous stains of blood, and several mutilated CORPSES are scattered around the corners of the room. The table is surrounded by the male DIRECTORS while MRS HATCHETT stands at the foot of the table.

At the sound of the DOOR OPENING, Mrs. Hatchett turns around.

HASLER walks into the room with Bill, his arm tightly slung around his back.

C/U of Bill. His eyes open wide in horror at the sight he sees, and he half-turns, attempting to struggle out of Hasler's grip.

HASLER
(to Mrs. Hatchett)
I think he needs another dose.

Mrs. Hatchett reaches into her pocket, and pulls out the sharp NEEDLE.

She lunges forward at Bill, and inserts the needle right into the side of his neck.

As the needle touches him, Bill stops struggling, and his face falls blank.

Hasler lets go of Bill, and Bill's arms fall to his sides, zombie-like.

POV shot of the room as Bill sees it. Each person in the room except Legrand is emitting the Green Glow, and the white walls are a strange psychedelic purple colour. The sound of Bill's HEARTBEAT thuds heavily, against the faint, speeded-up wail of a SIREN somewhere.

Hasler gently places his hand on Bill's arm, and leads him towards the table.

Two of the Directors aside the table step aside to make room for Hasler and Bill.

HASLER
We can begin.

All the Directors, and Mrs. Hatchett, simultaneously reach into their pockets, and pull out SHARP KNIVES. All of them aim their knives at Legrand.

C/U of Legrand, his eyes wide open in horror. He attempts in vain to struggle and a muffled SCREAM is heard from beneath the gag.

HASLER

(to Bill)

Watch us carefully, Bill. This is part of your training.

Bill does not respond. Hasler bends down and looks into Legrand's eyes.

HASLER

Thought you'd cancel the deal, then?

Beat.

Hasler brings a clenched fist crashing down on Legrand's face, breaking his nose.

HASLER

Mondeca Software is MINE!

As Legrand writhes in pain, Hasler makes a strange hand signal to the Directors.

At Hasler's signal, all the Directors and Mrs. Hatchett simultaneously bring their knives down on Legrand's body, ripping through his clothes and stabbing him repeatedly.

C/U of Bill, accompanied by Legrand's muffled SCREAMS. A heavy POUNDING sound is heard and Bill takes a step backwards.

The Directors continue to stab at Legrand's body, and blood spills to the ground. Hasler then raises his hands, makes another strange signal, and simultaneously the Directors stop stabbing.

Hasler unfastens and removes the gag round Legrand's mouth. He flings the gag aside, then reaches under the table and pulls out a large HAMMER.

He raises the hammer, and dangles it threateningly above Legrand's face.

C/U of Legrand's battered face. His screams have now turned to a mere WHIMPER.

With his other hand, Hasler reaches into his jacket pocket, and pulls out a small CARD, emblazoned with the symbol of the two coiled serpents.

He moves the card from side to side in front of Legrand's eyes, in a hypnotic manner.

HASLER

You will give me all the details of Mondeca's accounts and clients by tomorrow morning.

Repeat after me; I pledge allegiance between Mondeca and Hasler Corporation.

C/U of Legrand. A terrified STAMMER emerges from Legrand's mouth.

HASLER
I said REPEAT!

He smashes the hammer down on Legrand's already battered nose. Legrand SCREAMS.

Hasler moves his head threateningly down towards Legrand's face and stares him right in the eyes.

C/U of Hasler's devilish eyes looking into those of Legrand.

HASLER
(in an almost inhuman hiss)
I... pledge... allegiance... between... Mondeca... and... Hasler... Corporation!

Beat.

HASLER
I want to hear it! Now!

C/U of Legrand's petrified face.

LEGRAND
I... p-p-pledge... allegiance...

C/U of Bill. His heart POUNDS heavily.

C/U of Legrand.

LEGRAND
...b-b-between... Mondeca... and... H-Hasler... C-cor...poration...

Abruptly, Hasler rises, places the card with the serpents symbol back in his jacket pocket, and drops the hammer back beneath the table.

HASLER
That will do. And any deviation... you join them.

He points to the corpses thrust against the walls, then raises a GASOLINE CANISTER and holds it threateningly above Legrand.

Hasler raises his hands, and makes a quick signal to Mrs. Hatchett.

Mrs. Hatchett walks round the side of the table, stopping by Legrand's head.

She pulls out another NEEDLE from her jacket, and inserts it into Legrand's neck.

As the needle touches him, Legrand suddenly turns motionless, his eyes roll back into their sockets, and his flesh turns a deathly white.

Hasler clamps his hands together in triumph, and addresses the room.

HASLER

Job's a good 'un! Now... We reap the rewards!

INT. WOMEN'S CHAMBER. DAY.

Cut to a shot of a corridor with a staircase at the foot of it, lit by a red strip-light on the ceiling. A loud BUZZING sound is heard, accompanied by the faint sounds of GROANING.

A clatter of FOOTSTEPS is heard in the distance, and the DIRECTORS, led by MRS HATCHETT, come down the stairs and pass through the corridor into the chamber beyond.

Finally, HASLER, the tranced-out BILL at his side, comes down the stairs, his arm once again slung around Bill as he ushers him forward. At the bottom of the stairs he halts before the camera.

HASLER

We're going to have a good old party now, Bill.

He leads him forward, and they pass the camera.

Cut to a PANNING SHOT of a large, wide, red-lit chamber resembling a dungeon. A loud ELECTRIC BUZZING sound fills our ears. Naked and semi-naked WOMEN writhe around on the floor, performing all manner of sexual acts on the male DIRECTORS. Most of them are blank-faced and robotic in motion, though others appear pained and fearful. Some other women are chained to the walls via shackles, blank-faced and expressionless as they willingly allow the male Directors to whip and beat them.

MRS. HATCHETT is also performing sexual activity for one of the male Directors. She has loosened her shirt and is allowing a male Director, his back to the camera, to massage her breasts, before she gently drops to her knees. She begins to unfasten the male Director's crotch, then starts to perform oral sex on him.

M/S of Hasler and Bill standing before the scene, bathed in red light. Bill is trembling slightly, appearing fearful but unable to act.

We see a shot of a male Director coming down heavily and forcefully on a young BLONDE WOMAN. Her blank expression slowly turns to one of pain as she emits a feeble, frightened SCREAM. The male Director either interprets it as a scream of arousal or does not care, for he only comes down more heavily on her.

Hasler tightens his grip around Bill.

HASLER

We have an even more exciting surprise for you Bill.

He turns to face the camera, and points.

HASLER
Look, here she comes!

Cut to a shot of JADE, naked but for a bra and panties, lumbering towards Bill mechanically. She looks anorexic, almost skeletal and bleary-eyed. As she passes one of the male Directors, she robotically caresses his crotch.

C/U of Bill. His heart POUNDS heavily, and a faint SIREN is heard, barely masked by the electric BUZZING. He takes a step back, in fear.

Suddenly, Jade leaps on top of Bill in an animal-like fashion, and forces him to the ground.

Hasler looks down at them, and smiles in smug satisfaction.

HASLER
Enjoy it, son!

Hasler turns, aggressively grabs another of the women, and begins to undress her.

Jade writhes over Bill's motionless body, and begins to unfasten his crotch.

JADE
(slurred)
I can't wait for our wedding Bill...

C/U of Bill. An expression of fear crosses his face, and he looks around him.

POV shot of the room as Bill sees it. Jade, Hasler and the Directors are surrounded by the Green Glow, contrasting eerily against the redness of the room. Hasler is now having oral sex performed on him by one of the women. Hasler glances back at Bill, and a twisted, evil smile crosses his face.

Bill's body shudders in fear. A series of loud metallic CLANGS and heavy electric BUZZES are heard amidst a wailing SIREN, and Bill's face contorts in agony.

JADE
(panting)
Oh yes...

She mechanically reaches her hands beneath Bill's shirt and starts to unbutton it from within.

EXTREME C/U of Bill's contorted face. His head begins to thrash around in a manic frenzy as the cacophony of noises becomes louder and more aggressive.

A burst of electronic STATIC fills the screen.

C/U of a PC MONITOR, displaying an Excel spreadsheet, emitting a loud BUZZING sound.

C/U of two businessmen's hands enlocked in a heavy handshake.

C/U of Bill's tightly shut eyes. His left eye opens slightly, and a tear pours from the side.

Against a completely black background, we see a shot of the GIRL from the bus, dressed casually in a denim blouse and jeans. She smiles at Bill casually but seductively.

C/U of Bill's bloodshot eyes, life slowly creeping back into them. His heart BEATS heavily as the BUZZING and CLANGING sounds become more aggressive.

A blurred, slow-motion shot of TREVOR MCCALLUM thrusting his jacket in Bill's direction appears on screen.

Bill's hands slowly clasp around Jade's arm. Another of the women, performing sexual activity on a Director, gently pushes a crumpled slip of paper across the floor in Bill's direction. He takes hold of it.

A blurred flashback shot of Bill unraveling the slip of paper from Trevor McCallum's jacket fills the screen. It is interspersed with shots of him unraveling the slip of paper the woman has just given him.

A heavy POUNDING is heard as the screen flips rapidly between shots of the slip of paper in the flashback and the one in the present moment. Scrawled on them both are the words 'THE SKIN IS NOT YOUR OWN'.

A loud CHIME is heard.

Cut rapidly to a C/U of Bill's face as both his eyes jerk open.

His left arm holding Jade's, he gently thrusts her off him and gets to his feet. He quickly starts to refasten his crotch, as Jade falls lightly to the ground.

Hasler looks round at the sound of Jade's fall. He quickly turns away from the woman performing oral on him, fastens his crotch and edges towards Bill.

HASLER

Come on now, Bill! Don't be afraid...

He extends his arm in mock friendliness and touches Bill on the arm.

Bill turns and faces Hasler. He hesitates for several seconds, then springs forward and punches Hasler heavily in the jaw.

Hasler falls back heavily, and all heads in the room turn.

Without hesitation, Bill bolts for the door at his fastest speed.

Taken aback, Hasler pulls himself to his feet, his face contorted in rage. Bill's FOOTSTEPS are heard clattering up the staircase.

HASLER
(gesticulating wildly)
Get after him! All of you!

INT. ELEVATOR. DAY.

Bill is stood in the futuristic elevator, the light on the ceiling shining down on him like a spotlight. In his right hand he holds the GASOLINE CANISTER used to threaten Legrand before.

The numbers on the digital panel ascend.

BILL
(under his breath)
Come on now...

The digital panel displays floor '8'. The CHIME sounds and the doors rumble open.

INT. 8TH FLOOR OFFICE. DAY.

Bill sprints out the elevator into the blackness of the 8th floor office, where the OFFICE WORKERS are typing at their PCs and talking into their headsets monotonously.

He runs to his desk, and pulls out an ANNOUNCEMENT MICROPHONE adjoined to the wall.

BILL
(into the microphone)

This is Bill Lowton, Assistant Company Director. All employees must leave the Hasler Tower at once by the fire escapes. Do not use the lift. I repeat, you must stop whatever you are doing and leave the building at once by the fire escapes. Do not use the lift!

POV shot of the workers in the office as Bill sees them. The Green Glow is hovering in the air like a spectral mist. The workers turn and look at him blankly, then slowly and robotically abandon their workstations and head for the fire escape.

Bill pumps his right fist triumphantly. He then yanks open one of the drawers of his desk.

C/U of drawer, which is filled with random bits and pieces. Bill reaches into the drawer, and pulls out a BOX OF MATCHES by his cigarette lighter.

Holding the box of matches in one hand, the gasoline canister in the other, he sprints back towards the elevator.

Spotting a FIRE ALARM by the elevator, Bill hits it, breaks the glass, and a loud FIRE DRILL echoes throughout the whole building, just as the elevator arrives.

INT. HASLER'S OFFICE. DAY.

Cut to a shot of Hasler's empty office, as seen earlier. We see the office through the GRILLE that prevents entry into the office, which is locked.

A CHIME sounds as the light above the elevator is illuminated. The doors open, and Bill steps out.

He immediately runs towards the Grille, unscrews the gasoline canister, and hurls a spot of gasoline through the Grille bars into the office.

He then strikes a match, and hurls it onto the spot of ground doused in petrol. A burst of FLAME immediately erupts, and spreads throughout the office.

Bill turns to the Fire Exit next to the elevator, and bursts through the door, running at breakneck speed down the steps.

INT. 16TH FLOOR SALES OFFICE. DAY.

Bill bursts through the Fire Escape door into the 16th floor Sales Office, which is identical in all respects to the 8th floor office, just as the last OFFICE WORKERS are leaving through the Fire Exit.

Bill pauses as he recognizes CHRISTOPHE among the workers. Christophe turns his head and looks blankly at Bill.

CHRISTOPHE
(robotically)
What – is - happening?

BILL
Don't worry about me. Just get out of here as quickly as you can.

He taps Christophe gently on the shoulder, then sprints into the centre of the room as the Office Workers leave.

Bill runs through the middle of the office, dousing the floor in gasoline. He then pulls out two more matches and strikes them both at once, hurling them into the centre of the room.

As the floor goes up in FLAMES, Bill runs towards the Fire Exit.

He bursts through the Fire Exit as the flames quickly spread, engulfing the PCs and workstations.

INT. 8TH FLOOR OFFICE. DAY.

The 8th floor office is now deserted. Bill bursts through the Fire door and runs swiftly through the room, pouring gasoline from the canister onto the floor.

He halts, and opens the box of matches to repeat the process.

Suddenly, the door from the internal stairwell bursts open and three of the male DIRECTORS run in, aiming guns at Bill.

DIRECTOR #1

And what do you think you're doing?

Bill quickly ducks as a loud GUNSHOT flies over his head. Without a second to waste, he strikes two more matches and hurls them to the floor.

The three Directors are running towards Bill, but flinch back suddenly as the floor goes up in FLAMES.

Bill sprints for the Fire Escape, but one of the Directors manages to catch up with him, hooks his arm round Bill's neck and twists his body to the ground. Bill drops the gasoline canister, which spills onto the nearby ground.

DIRECTOR #2

You're a dead man, Lowton.

He thrusts his gun into Bill's face.

The other two Directors rush up to them, dodging the flames as the fire spreads through the office behind them.

DIRECTOR #1

You're coming with us.

Director #2 seizes Bill by the neck and pulls him to his feet.

DIRECTOR #2

(to the others)

Get the canister.

He points to the gasoline canister, tipped onto its side, drops of petrol spilling onto the floor.

Director #1 lunges for the canister. At that moment, Bill takes advantage of their temporary distraction to flip open the box of matches with his left hand.

He pulls a match out, firmly strikes it with the one hand, and flicks it to the floor, on which the gasoline has spilled.

C/U of the lit match as it spins to the floor.

The nearby floor goes up in FLAMES. Startled, Director #2 loosens his grip on Bill.

Bill takes advantage of Director #2's confusion and kicks him in the groin. The man falls back into the flames, dropping his gun.

Director #2 SCREAMS and jerks to his feet as his body goes up in flames. Bill quickly seizes the gun and fires three shots towards the other two Directors.

Director #1 is hit by one of the shots and falls back, dropping the canister.

Bill reaches forth with his left hand and seizes the canister. He fires a further gunshot as the third Director advances on him, and sprints through the Fire Escape down the stairs.

INT. FIRE ESCAPE. DAY.

Running as fast as possible down the stairs of the Fire Escape, Bill halts briefly by the door to the 4th floor office.

He kicks the door open, then hurls a splash of gasoline into the office. He places the canister on the ground, strikes a match and flings it into the room. The floor immediately goes up in FLAMES.

DIRECTOR #4

(O.S.)

Stop right there you son of a-

Bill spins on his heel and fires a GUNSHOT.

M/S of Director #4 as he is hit by the bullet, and falls backwards down the stairs. As he does so, he collides with a fifth Director, who falls back with him.

Feeling his escape route may be barred, Bill sprints through the Fire door through the 4th floor office.

INT. 4TH FLOOR OFFICE. DAY.

Bill runs at breakneck speed through the 4th floor office, dodging the flames as they spread, engulfing the machinery.

INT. STAIRWELL. DAY.

Armed with the gun in one hand and the gasoline canister in the other, Bill races down the central STAIRWELL as fast as possible.

OVERHEAD SHOT of Bill as he runs down the stairwell, his FOOTSTEPS echoing throughout after he vanishes from our view.

INT. GROUND FLOOR RECEPTION. DAY.

Bill comes speeding down the staircase through to the ground floor reception, and reaches the floor.

POV shot of the revolving doors of the front entrance, the sky outside appearing an eerie Pink colour. HASLER, MRS. HATCHETT, the young male RECEPTIONIST and several male

DIRECTORS, surrounded by the Green Glow, can be seen outside. Hasler is holding a MOBILE PHONE to his ear.

M/S of Bill as he takes in the scene unfolding outside.

An arm suddenly thrusts itself around Bill's torso, and yanks him to one side, off screen.

Bill spins around and thrusts the gun forward, finding himself staring into the face of a tall, blonde Finnish woman- HEIDI, one of the girls from the harem in the basement.

HEIDI

It's alright Bill. You've saved us.

Bill lowers the gun, and looks around him. The women from the harem, now clothed and free, are standing around the foyer of the building, determined looks on their faces. Some of them are armed with guns or knives.

A young Hispanic girl, ALISON, steps forward and smiles at Bill.

ALISON

Thank you Bill.

HEIDI

We managed to escape while the Directors were looking for you. We're freeing the captive.

She gestures behind herself, and we see two more of the girls emerging from a side door, arms around the battered form of LEGRAND, blood oozing from the multiple cuts on his body.

BILL

But he'll die...

HEIDI

No, we've called an ambulance, they're on their way. But you have to get out of here. Hasler's just called the police.

She gestures towards the revolving doors. We can just about see Hasler and some of the Directors pacing around, waiting for the police.

BILL

I'm not afraid. I'll testify.

HEIDI

(shakes her head)

Trust me, Hasler's above the law, you'll go down for arson and maybe murder.

ALISON

We've opened a side door by the Fire Escape so you can get out.

Bill hesitates uneasily, placing the canister on the ground.

BILL
But where will I go?

HEIDI
Anywhere! Just run from here. We'll testify in your favour. If they arrest you now Hasler will make sure you're killed before there's any chance of clearing you.

ALISON
Just make a run.

She gestures towards the Fire Escape.

BILL
Okay.

He runs towards the Fire Escape, and thrusts the door open. The side door beyond is open, leading out onto the street.

HEIDI
(shouting after him)
And good luck!

EXT. HASLER TOWER. EVENING.

Bill emerges from the side door of the Hasler Tower. The skies are darkening as evening approaches.

Bill peers round the corner of the building.

POV shot of the front of the Hasler Tower. HASLER, MRS. HATCHETT, JADE, the male RECEPTIONIST, and several DIRECTORS are gathered in front of the building, awaiting the police. They are surrounded by the Green Glow, although it now appears fainter. A large crowd of confused OFFICE WORKERS is congregated on the sidewalk across the street.

In the distance, the sound of POLICE SIRENS is heard, and two POLICE CARS emerge from round the corner, followed by a large FIRE ENGINE.

Bill panics, and looks around himself for a suitable escape route.

Across the street, he notices DAMIEN's car, parked by the sidewalk, the driver's door wide open.

Immediately, Bill sprints across the street towards Damien's car.

Hasler's head spins round, and he catches sight of Bill, just as three POLICE OFFICERS emerge from the front police car.

HASLER
(to the police)
Il y a votre homme!

He points in Bill's direction, just as Bill slams shut the door of Damien's car, and revs the engine.

The Police Officers spring back into the car, and start the engine, racing after Bill as Damien's car vanishes round the corner.

Hasler turns his head and looks at the Directors.

HASLER
(quietly)
You get after him too.

The Directors, and Mrs. Hatchett, enter the front company car, parked on the sidewalk.

Three other POLICE OFFICERS have by now emerged from the other police car, and FIRE FIGHTERS are running from the Fire Engine into the tower.

POLICE OFFICER
(approaching Hasler)
Il suffit de nous donner les détails de ce qui s'est passé, s'il vous plaît.

Hasler nods to the Police Officer. Jade clings to Hasler's arm like a little girl. Hasler turns his head and looks at her reassuringly.

HASLER
Don't you worry, Jade. I'll put him right.

As Hasler turns to address the Police Officer, the camera pans right, diagonally across the street.

Camera halts as it reaches the street corner, just around the corner from where Damien's car was parked. We see DAMIEN, the two BODYGUARDS, and the two ANONYMOUS MEN who joined them before, congregated on the street corner. Damien is talking on a MOBILE PHONE, looking in the distance in which Bill sped off in his car.

Camera zooms in on Damien as he finishes his conversation and places his mobile phone in his jacket pocket. He nods to his accomplices, and smiles in satisfaction.

EXT. MOTORWAY. NIGHT.

OVERHEAD SHOT of Damien's car as it speeds down the motorway, beneath a romantic-looking sunset. There is no sign of the police car which was in pursuit.

INT. DAMIEN'S CAR. NIGHT.

C/U of Bill at the wheel of Damien's car. He appears strangely relaxed as he cruises down the motorway. The song 'We've Gotta Get Out Of This Place' by The Animals is playing on the car radio.

EXT. MOTORWAY. NIGHT.

The song continues to play as we watch Damien's car speed smoothly down the motorway, vanishing into the distance as night falls.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. MOTORWAY. MORNING.

The morning sun rises over a stretch of motorway. The camera pans left, to reveal Damien's car parked in a lay-by.

INT. DAMIEN'S CAR. MORNING.

Bill's eyes flicker open as he awakens from a deep sleep, the driver's seat having been lowered.

He rubs his eyes, then raises himself on his arms and raises the seat.

He takes a look around him. The morning roads are clear, and brightly lit by the sun.

He gently flicks a switch on the opposite passenger door, winds down the left window, and glances out.

POV shot of motorway through window. There is no sign of any pursuant having caught up with Bill. No strange colours seem to affect Bill's vision.

Relieved, Bill smiles lightly to himself, leans back into the driver's seat, fastens his seatbelt, and starts the engine.

EXT. MOTORWAY. MORNING.

We watch from behind as Bill revs Damien's car into gear, rejoins the motorway traffic, and speeds off into the distance.

INT. DAMIEN'S CAR, FRANCE-SPAIN BORDER. DAY.

POV shot of a blue MOTORWAY SIGN reading 'España'.

Bill calmly steers on and crosses the border into Spain.

EXT. ROADSIDE HOTEL. DAY.

Damien's car pulls up outside a ROADSIDE HOTEL, somewhere in Northern Spain.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION. DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the reception area of the roadside hotel. A young female RECEPTIONIST is sat at the reception desk. Bill enters through the front door, carrying no baggage, and walks up to the desk.

BILL

I'm sorry, do you speak English?

The receptionist laughs and smiles lightly.

RECEPTIONIST.

Only just.

Bill smiles back.

BILL

Thank you... I'd like a room for just one night.

RECEPTIONIST

Certainly, may I see your passport?

Bill reaches into his pocket and pulls out a PASSPORT. He opens up the passport and lays it before the Receptionist.

C/U of passport. It is DAMIEN's passport, displaying a picture of a slightly younger-looking Damien.

C/U of Bill, anxious as to whether he looks enough like Damien to gain entry.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of a small but comfortable-looking hotel room. Bill enters the room, and removes his jacket, flinging it onto the bed as he looks out the window.

He removes his tie, thrusts it on the bed, and stretches out before the window, relieved.

He leans forward and opens up the window. He pauses, breathes in the fresh air and takes in the view.

POV shot of Bill's view from the window. We see a splendid view of the Motorway, with the sun beaming in the distance over lush green fields.

Bill steps back, and sits on the bed. He reaches for the TELEPHONE on the bedside table, and lifts the receiver.

He hesitates, then punches in a number.

The RINGING TONE is heard on the other end. It rings three times, then a CLICK is heard as the phone is answered.

RICHARD
(o.s., over phone)
Accounts Department, Richard speaking.

BILL
Richard... It's Bill.

RICHARD
(o.s., over phone)
Bill?!?

INT. ACCOUNTS OFFICE. DAY.

C/U of Richard, sitting at his office desk at Stark & Cunningham, talking into the receiver of his phone. He looks completely taken aback.

RICHARD
Wha... where are you?! Are you still in Europe?

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

Cut back to a C/U of Bill. There is a pause of several seconds before he answers.

BILL
Who... told you I was in Europe?

INT. ACCOUNTS OFFICE. DAY.

Cut back to C/U of Richard.

RICHARD
I... just heard it somewhere. What...

He pauses and looks around himself, lost for words.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

Cut back to a C/U of Bill.

BILL
I'm in- uh, Belgium. I'm calling to ask if there's any news on McCallum.

INT. ACCOUNTS OFFICE. DAY.

Cut back to C/U of Richard.

RICHARD

Trevor McCallum? Well, yes, he disappeared like you, except he didn't tell his bosses he was leaving. He was found just last night- or, he phoned them to say he'd resigned and was in Europe. Tyler won't have anything to do with Blake Rogers now. I thought you might've...

He suddenly looks off-screen, distracted by something. He mouths to an off-screen person 'It's Bill!'

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

Cut back to C/U of Bill.

BILL

I haven't seen McCallum.

INT. ACCOUNTS OFFICE. DAY.

Cut back to C/U of Richard.

RICHARD

Look, Tyler wants a word...

A hand snatches the receiver from him, and the camera pans left to reveal the angry face of TYLER, talking into the receiver.

TYLER

Bill Lowton?!

BILL

(o.s., over phone)

Yes.

TYLER

(furiously)

You have some serious explaining to do, Bill. Ringing in and resigning like that without notice?!

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

Cut back to C/U of Bill. A confused look crosses his face.

TYLER

(o.s., over phone)

And what the Hell is going on with you and McCallum?

Bill shakes very faintly, with nerves.

BILL

Tyler... I have one thing to say, and if you'd pass the message to my father as well...

INT. ACCOUNTS OFFICE. DAY.

Cut back to C/U of Tyler.

TYLER

Your father?! He's as furious with you as I am, what on Earth?

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

Cut back to C/U of Bill.

BILL

Go... Fuck... Yourself.

He smiles smugly, and hangs up the receiver.

INT. ACCOUNTS OFFICE. DAY.

Cut back to C/U of Tyler. A CLICK is heard on the line as Bill hangs up.

He lowers the phone, eyes and mouth wide open in disbelief, face red with fury.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

Cut back to Bill in the hotel room. A sense of relief consuming him, he kicks off his shoes, and lays back on the bed.

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the Hotel Restaurant during the evening meal.

M/S of Bill, sat alone at one of the tables, with a dinner plate and a bottle of red wine in front of him. He finishes his meal, then takes a swig from the glass of red wine. He pours himself another glass, gently tapping his fingers along with some upbeat, punky-sounding music playing over the sound system (possibly 'W.O.R.K.' by Bow Wow Wow).

C/U of the red wine glass as Bill raises it. Through the glass we can see a female form watching Bill.

He lowers the glass, and we see it is the GIRL from the bus, sitting at a nearby table with a glass of red wine in front of her. She is wearing a strapless white dress. She smiles at Bill, casually but seductively.

Nervously, Bill smiles back.

The Girl gets up from her table, and comes over to join Bill, sitting opposite him.

GIRL
Fancy some fun?

Bill laughs bemusedly.

BILL
I don't even know if you're really here.

The Girl reaches her arm across the table and gently takes hold of Bill's hand.

GIRL
You really impress me.

She raises her wine glass, and toasts Bill.

GIRL
To freedom.

She leans forward, and kisses him lightly. She takes a sip from her wine glass.

BILL
I can't get too drunk. I have to leave very early tomorrow morning.

The Girl smiles reassuringly.

GIRL
You'll be safe.

An awkward silence passes between them. Bill looks away from her nervously, but the Girl just looks straight ahead, smiling affectionately.

Finally Bill picks up his courage, places his wine glass on the table, and makes direct eye contact with her.

BILL
Thank you for helping me.

Beat.

GIRL
It's no problem.

She takes hold of his hand again.

Bill looks into her eyes for several seconds, then they lean forward, and kiss passionately.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

EXTREME C/U of Bill and the Girl as they engage in wild, passionate sexual intercourse on Bill's hotel bed.

The camera flickers between close shots of their flesh, sheets being pulled from the bed, and the looks of ecstasy on their faces.

Sounds of the bed's SPRINGS CREAKING combine with intense PANTING and CRIES OF SEXUAL ECSTASY.

EXTREME C/U of Bill's face, twisted in sexual pleasure as he reaches orgasm. He emits a loud, primal SCREAM OF AROUSAL.

A quick burst of static flashes across the screen, accompanied by an intense BUZZING sound.

We see a subliminal shot of ELECTRIC POWER LINES bursting into flame, the sound of the EXPLOSION combining with Bill's screams of ecstatic arousal. Bill collapses gently onto the pillow, panting in relief.

C/U of the Girl lying next to him, as she smiles at him casually and seductively, thrusts her arm around his naked torso, and hugs him closely as they settle into bed.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT. DAY.

OVERHEAD SHOT of the hotel exterior, as the parking lot is bathed in the morning sun.

M/S of Bill as he unlocks the front door of Damien's car. He swings the door open, then turns around, and the camera pans right to reveal the GIRL, dressed in a denim jacket and jeans, a SATCHEL slung over her shoulder.

BILL
Thanks again.

The Girl hugs him.

GIRL
So where will you be going...?

Beat.

BILL
Overseas.

She takes hold of his hand and clasps it tightly in both of hers.

GIRL

Look after yourself, Bill. You haven't been shown on the news, but Hasler's crew will do everything they can to track you.

BILL

I'll watch out.

She smiles at him, and they hug tightly.

Bill gets into the driving seat, and starts the engine.

BILL

Bye.

GIRL

(smiling and waving)

Bye.

Bill shuts the car door, and drives off. Camera dollies out as Damien's car leaves the hotel parking lot, joins the motorway traffic, and leaves. The Girl continues to watch the car as it disappears.

M/S of Girl. She takes a step aside, then reaches into her satchel and pulls out her MOBILE PHONE.

She looks over at the motorway, and punches a number into her phone. She raises it to her ear, and we hear a RINGING TONE.

EXT.MOTORWAY.DAY.

OVERHEAD SHOT of Damien's car travelling down the motorway, beneath a sunny sky.

INT. DAMIEN'S CAR. DAY.

M/S of Bill at the wheel of Damien's car. He is holding a ROAD MAP between the fingers of his left hand. The car radio is switched on and we hear a NEWS BROADCAST in Spanish.

C/U of road map as Bill's fingers scan it.

EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY.

Shot of Damien's car travelling down the motorway. The camera pans right to reveal a ROAD SIGN pointing to Lleida Airport.

EXT. LLEIDA AIRPORT. DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of LLEIDA AIRPORT.

We see Damien's car pulling up a short distance from the airport entrance.

INT. DAMIEN'S CAR. DAY.

Bill brings the car to a halt and unfastens the safety belt.

He reaches for the GLOVE COMPARTMENT, looks carefully around him, and gently opens it.

C/U of glove compartment. The GUN which Bill took from the Hasler Tower is firmly within the compartment.

Looking around himself awkwardly, Bill pushes the gun to the very back of the glove compartment, and closes it.

EXT. LLEIDA AIRPORT. DAY.

Bill opens the door of Damien's car, steps out, and shuts it firmly.

He aims the KEY at the car, and presses a button.

M/S of car from the front. A loud BEEP sounds as the car is locked, and the headlamps light up bright red.

M/S of Bill. He smooths out his jacket, and looks ahead of him at the airport.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of Lleida Airport.

INT. LLEIDA AIRPORT. DAY.

Bill is emerging from the doors of a SHOP from which he has just purchased a RUCKSACK, CAP, SHADES and TOWEL. He zips the towel into the rucksack, and slings the rucksack over his shoulder as he approaches one of the CHECK-IN DESKS.

He looks up at the DEPARTURE BOARD.

M/S of DEPARTURE BOARD. It is displaying the times for several flights, among them Rio De Janeiro.

Bill puts on the cap and shades, and walks towards the check-in desk, at which a male AGENT is sat.

AGENT
Sí, señor?

BILL
Rio de Janeiro... please.

INT. LLEIDA AIRPORT, DEPARTURE GATE. DAY.

It is several hours later. We see a shot of PASSENGERS seated and gathered around a departure gate at Lleida Airport, Bill among them. A SCREEN to the right of the gate shows the flight details for Rio de Janeiro.

M/S of Bill, seated on a metal bench amongst other passengers. He is still wearing the cap and is anxiously toying with the shades in his hands, constantly glancing upwards as he awaits the flight.

AIR HOSTESS
(O.S.)
Pasajeros de Río de Janeiro.

Bill looks to his right, then jerks to his feet.

He places the shades over his eyes, and walks briskly to the gate.

Bill joins the front of the queue of passengers, pulls a PASSPORT and BOARDING PASS out from his jacket, and looks shiftily around him as he awaits his turn.

The Air Hostess checks the passes of the passengers in turn, then reaches Bill as the other passengers exit through the gate.

Blank-faced, Bill hands the passport and the boarding pass to the Air Hostess.

C/U of passport as the Air Hostess opens it. The sound of a HEARTBEAT is heard as we see it is DAMIEN's passport.

C/U of Air Hostess as she looks up curiously at Bill.

C/U of Bill's face, covered by the hat and shades.

The Air Hostess closes the passport, hesitates, then hands it back to Bill with the boarding pass.

AIR HOSTESS
Gracias.

Bill takes the items from the Air Hostess, and swiftly turns, exiting through the gate.

C/U of Air Hostess. Her eyes shift in Bill's direction as he heads for the plane, then she turns to the next passenger in line.

INT. AEROPLANE. DAY.

POV shot of the interior of the PLANE to Rio de Janeiro as Bill sees it. Passengers are steadily boarding and stacking luggage in the compartments above the seats.

M/S of Bill, still wearing the cap and shades. We hear the sound of a steady HEARTBEAT as he awaits take-off.

POV shot of plane interior. The passengers are now all seated, and another AIR HOSTESS steps to the front of the plane.

AIR HOSTESS #2
(Spanish accent)
Could the passenger Damien Price please stand?

M/S of Bill. The HEARTBEAT sound quickens as he looks up awkwardly. He hesitates, then rises to his feet.

BILL
I... I'm not... it wasn't...

A wide, friendly smile on her face, the Air Hostess walks along the aisle towards Bill.

AIR HOSTESS #2
It's all fine, Mr. Price. I just need you to come with me a moment.

Bill edges awkwardly past the passenger next to him, and into the aisle, rucksack over his shoulder.

The Air Hostess leads him along the aisle towards the plane entrance.

AIR HOSTESS #2
It is our fault. We forgot to ask you to fill in a form for all British passengers.

They reach the door, and the Air Hostess steps aside to allow Bill out.

EXT. AEROPLANE. DAY.

We see a shot of the plane door as the Air Hostess allows Bill to walk through.

POV shot of the flight of steps leading down from the plane.

M/S of Bill as he walks out, heading down the steps, followed by the Air Hostess.

AIR HOSTESS #2
It will only take a few moments...

Abruptly, she lunges forward, and kicks Bill heavily in the back, sending him tumbling down the flight of stairs.

C/U of Bill's rucksack as it hits the ground below.

C/U of Bill as he tumbles heavily towards the ground.

POV shot of what Bill sees as he falls, from a C/U of the steps to the forms of a gang of four THUGS waiting at the foot of them. They spring out and seize hold of Bill.

The Air Hostess reaches the foot of the staircase as the thugs drag Bill's body upwards.

M/S of Bill struggling against the grips of the four thugs. His cap and shades have fallen off and the central thug whips a GAG round his mouth, stifling his screams.

The Air Hostess folds her arms in satisfaction, and watches as the thugs take Bill by the arms and legs and make for the airport with him. The camera pans away as the thugs head towards the airport with Bill's struggling body.

EXT. LLEIDA AIRPORT. DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the exterior of a private lounge at Lleida Airport.

INT. PRIVATE LOUNGE, LLEIDA AIRPORT. DAY.

C/U of Bill, bound and gagged to a table, his terrified, wide open eyes staring right into the camera.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the room. The gang of heavies is gathered around the table to which they have strapped Bill, knives in their hands.

Shot of the lounge door. It opens, and HASLER enters the lounge, accompanied by MRS. HATCHETT and several of the Hasler Corporation DIRECTORS.

A triumphant sneer on his face, Hasler leads his entourage towards the table. He comes to a halt, and folds his arms.

HASLER
(to the thugs)
Good work.

He takes a few steps forward, towards the table, followed by the others. He looks to his side, at Mrs. Hatchett.

HASLER
Honours?

Mrs. Hatchett reaches into her jacket, and takes out one of her needles.

C/U of Bill's frightened eyes.

Mrs. Hatchett leans forward, and stabs the needle into Bill's neck.

Bill's body suddenly freezes completely, and he stops struggling, his movements reduced to a feeble trembling motion.

POV shot of what Bill sees. We see the menacing faces of Hasler, Mrs. Hatchett, the Directors and the thugs, staring down at him with a penetrating glare. A strange Green Glow begins to materialize around all of them, and a blood red mist seems to hang in the air. We hear the intense THUD of Bill's HEARTBEAT.

C/U of Hasler, surrounded by the Green Glow. His evil smile fades and turns to an intense frown of disgust.

HASLER
Now talk about disappointment.

Beat.

Bill's frozen eyes shift in Hasler's direction.

C/U of Hasler.

HASLER
I had plans for you. There were so many rewards for you. But you...

He shakes his head, and reaches into his jacket, pulling out a box of matches.

HASLER
You failed me. Failed your business.

C/U of Bill, trembling feebly.

Hasler folds his arms and casts a pitiful glare down at Bill. The camera pans away to reveal the entire circle of heavies surrounding Bill.

HASLER
Well, I have news for you, Bill. Your arson attack has done no damage. The offices are being rebuilt as we speak.

C/U of Hasler.

HASLER
(cont'd)
But, you'll be pleased to hear there is something you have managed to destroy.

He steps aside, and one of the Directors hands him a petrol canister. Mrs. Hatchett pulls out a blade from her jacket, and the other Directors brandish knives and hammers.

C/U of Hasler, as he raises the canister and the box of matches.

HASLER
Your life.

C/U of Bill. His eyes freeze over and he emits a muffled SCREAM of terror.

Hasler unscrews the canister, and hurls a stream of petrol over Bill's torso. We hear the sound of Bill's accelerated HEARTBEAT thudding intensely.

Hasler smiles malevolently, places the canister on the floor, and makes a hand signal to the others.

In answer, the Directors and the Thugs aim their knives directly over Bill's body, hovering them menacingly above him.

POV shot of Hasler and his gang as Bill sees them- staring evilly down on him, shining blades set to stab him. The Green Glow surrounds them all and the very air around them seems blood red.

Hasler raises the box of matches, pulls out a match, and touches it to the side, ready to be struck. He then looks at Mrs. Hatchett, and nods.

Mrs. Hatchett whirls her right arm through the air in a circular motion, and brings her blade right down on Bill's jugular.

POV shot of Mrs. Hatchett's face as she looks down at Bill. Her mouth forms a twisted, hideous snarl and her birdlike eyes seem to burn a deep red.

C/U of the blade as she presses it deeper into Bill's neck, ready to make the slit.

C/U of Bill's terrified eyes, accompanied by the sound of a rapidly thudding HEARTBEAT.

C/U of Hasler's twisted grimace, the camera zooming into his eyes, burning with a deep redness.

C/U of the blade pressed against Bill's jugular, camera zooming in on the image of Hasler with the box of matches, reflected in the blade.

C/U of Hasler's face, the camera zooming in closer on his eyes.

C/U of Bill's eyes as the camera zooms in. His HEARTBEAT accelerates faster and faster and faster.

M/S of the lounge door as it bursts open. DAMIEN and his two BODYGUARDS stand there, armed with GUNS.

DAMIEN
Stop right there.

Hasler, Mrs. Hatchett and the Directors spin round, surprised at the sudden intrusion.

Damien and the Bodyguards run swiftly towards the table.

DAMIEN
Let Bill go and surrender your weapons.

C/U of Bill's eyes, still frightened but faintly relieved.

Hasler's face twists into a mocking laugh.

HASLER

You must be out of your mind-

DAMIEN

I said let him go!

He fires a warning GUNSHOT into the air.

Bemused, Hasler shakes his head in pity, and laughs maniacally. He turns to the Directors.

HASLER

Show this joker what we're made of, boys.

The Directors and Thugs simultaneously place their knives back inside their jackets, and pull out PISTOLS of their own.

Damien lowers his pistol, and motions for the Bodyguards to do the same.

DAMIEN

Go ahead.

The Directors open fire on Damien, firing loud GUNSHOTS simultaneously.

The bullets hit Damien and the Bodyguards, but the three of them stand there unharmed, unaffected by the bullets.

Damien edges closer to Hasler and his crew.

DAMIEN

Will you surrender now?

He raises his own gun, and the Bodyguards do the same.

Hasler hesitates, and looks at his Directors, looks of confusion and shock on their faces.

He looks towards Mrs. Hatchett, then back at the Directors.

HASLER

Seize them.

The Directors and Thugs spring forward at Damien, but Damien and his Bodyguards open fire on them.

Bullets are fired in all directions. We see a montage of six of the heavies falling to the ground in succession, hit by the bullets.

M/S of Hasler and Mrs. Hatchett, both stepping back in shock.

The remaining heavies look around at the bodies of their comrades on the floor. Realizing they stand no chance, they run for the door.

The two Bodyguards swing round and open fire with their guns. The four heavies are hit by the bullets, and fall to the ground, dead or injured.

Damien edges closer to Hasler and Mrs. Hatchett, gun aimed directly at Hasler.

M/S of Hasler and Mrs. Hatchett. Mrs. Hatchett brandishes her blade towards Damien, and in desperation, Hasler reaches into his jacket and pulls out a blade of his own.

Bodyguard #1 aims his gun at Mrs. Hatchett, allowing Damien to focus on Hasler.

Bodyguard #2 runs towards the table on which Bill is tied, and begins to loosen the knots around Bill's legs and arms.

Mrs. Hatchett suddenly leaps out of the range of Bodyguard #1's gun, and thrusts her blade towards Bodyguard #2 in an attempt to stop him.

Bodyguard #1 swings round, and fires a GUNSHOT.

The bullet hits Mrs. Hatchett in the chest, and she falls to the ground.

M/S of the body of Mrs. Hatchett, lying dead on the floor, a pool of blood forming around her.

Bodyguard #2 finishes untying Bill, and Bill rises slowly.

POV shot of Bodyguard #2 as Bill sees him. He is surrounded by the Green Glow, but the redness in the air is fading.

Bodyguard #2 loosens the gag from around Bill's mouth, and helps Bill edge off the table and to his feet.

POV shot of the room, as Bill stands firmly on his feet. The sound of his HEARTBEAT is heard, slowing down faintly.

F/S of Bill. He stands upright, and brushes himself down. Colour is seeping back into his face and his eyes show a gleam of courage.

Bodyguard #2 pats Bill on the arm in a friendly manner, then whips out his gun and joins Damien and Bodyguard #1, their guns aimed at Hasler.

M/S of Hasler, staring back at Damien with a loose expression of rage, his eyes searing with anger. He is still brandishing the knife as he backs away.

DAMIEN

I think you can drop that knife now, Hasler.

Hasler hesitates, then reluctantly throws the knife in Bill's direction.

F/S of Bill. The knife misses him by inches; he grabs it in mid-air and smirks slightly at Hasler as he encases it within his own hand.

Hasler backs into a corner, next to the glass windows.

HASLER

You might just state what you want, Price.

Damien lowers his gun, reaches into his jacket, and pulls out a series of folded documents. The two Bodyguards keep their guns aimed at Hasler.

Damien steps towards Hasler, unfolds the documents, and holds them before him, a short distance from his face.

DAMIEN

We hacked your company accounts, Hasler. We have all the evidence here. Funding of international drug cartels and human trafficking rings.

He sifts through the documents and holds another one before Hasler.

DAMIEN

And the emails between you and your crew in Africa. Theft from Third World charity funds and your control over the Nigerian mafia. Now these documents have all been scanned and placed online, and we've got our crew sending out mass emails now to all our media contacts worldwide. Your name will be shamed internationally by morning. Are you going to surrender?

Beat.

Hasler looks over his shoulder and gives a faint, mocking laugh.

HASLER

Even if you kill me you know this'll only fuel the conspiracy theories.

DAMIEN

Not this time, Hasler. There'll be no arguing with this volume of evidence. And it'll tarnish the name of your company enough that you'll have no clients or employees left.

Bill steps towards Hasler, aside the others, fists clenched.

BILL

You made me a slave of this system.

Beat.

M/S of Damien, the Bodyguards and Bill, standing before Hasler.

DAMIEN

Now are you going to come along with us?

Beat.

F/S of Hasler, cornered against the wall. He looks around himself for some means of escape.

C/U of Bill, staring confidently back at Hasler.

C/U of Hasler. His face contorts angrily at Bill.

HASLER

You...

He ducks, and springs at Bill, pushing him back against the window.

Director #1 swings round and fires a GUNSHOT, the bullet flying over Hasler's head as he forces Bill to the ground by the throat. The bullet crashes through the window.

C/U of Bill, writhing against Hasler's grip.

In retaliation, he kicks Hasler heavily in the waist, and Hasler's body crashes right through the window, sending splintered glass flying.

EXT. AIRPORT LOUNGE, LLEIDA AIRPORT. NIGHT.

F/S of Hasler's body crashing through the window. We see Bill behind the glass, rising to his feet.

Hasler's body hits the gravel heavily.

F/S of Hasler lying dead on the ground, eyes wide open, blood oozing from several cuts on his body.

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE, LLEIDA AIRPORT. NIGHT.

F/S of Bill, Damien and the two Bodyguards by the smashed window. Damien places the documents back in his pocket.

DAMIEN

(calmly)

We need to make the run.

He pulls out his pistol, then taps Bill on the shoulder.

DAMIEN

You come with us.

Bill anxiously joins Damien and the Bodyguards as they make their way to the lounge door. He glances back at the room as he does so.

POV shot of the lounge as Bill sees it, with the bodies of Mrs. Hatchett and the Directors and Thugs lying scattered around, their guns and knives also scattered around the room. Damien and the Bodyguards are surrounded by the glow, but the dead bodies of their adversaries are not, and the sky outside is a strange psychedelic purple.

EXT. LLEIDA AIRPORT. NIGHT.

A crew of POLICE OFFICERS is gathered around the dead body of Hasler outside the airport. SIRENS are heard in the distance. The police are taking notes and statements from several WITNESSES.

The AIR HOSTESS who attacked Bill on the plane before is giving a statement to a POLICE OFFICER. She holds a MOBILE PHONE in her hand.

AIR HOSTESS #2

Tengo el asesino en video. Su nombre es Bill Lowton.

She holds her mobile phone in front of the Police Officer.

C/U of mobile phone screen. On the screen, we see a grainy image of Hasler's body crashing through the window, and the figure of Bill appearing through the crack as Hasler falls.

M/S of Police Officer, the Air Hostess standing before him. She lowers her mobile phone and the Police Officer raises his notepad and pen.

POLICE OFFICER

Bill... Lowton?

C/U of Air Hostess.

AIR HOSTESS #2

Él conducía el coche que encontramos el arma pulg.

M/S of Police Officer. He raises his WALKIE-TALKIE.

EXT. LLEIDA AIRPORT. NIGHT.

Bill, Damien and the two Bodyguards are heading round the corner of the parking bay.

BILL

I left the car just round here.

They turn the corner. Damien's car is surrounded by POLICE OFFICERS, who are ransacking the vehicle.

The Police Officers turn, noticing them. One officer points directly at Bill.

POLICE OFFICER

Es él!

M/S of Bill.

All the Police Officers immediately spring after Bill.

DAMIEN

Run!

Damien and the Bodyguards turn and sprint, and Bill quickly does the same and sprints after them.

The Police chase after them at breakneck speed.

EXT. FIELD OF POPPIES. NIGHT.

POV shot of what Bill sees as he runs. He is sprinting through a field of bright red POPPIES which seem to glow with an intense red psychedelic aura. The sky above is a strange mixture of purple and pink. Damien and the Bodyguards are running ahead of him, surrounded by the Green Glow. We hear the sound of Bill's accelerated FOOTSTEPS hitting the ground as he runs, and the heavy PANTING of his breath.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE FIELDS. NIGHT.

F/S of Bill as he runs, frantic and directionless, through the countryside, beneath the purple and pink skies. There is no sign of any police behind him. His hair and face are drenched in sweat and his running appears almost mechanical.

POV shot of the endless fields Bill sees as he runs. He appears to have lost Damien and the Bodyguards.

M/S of Bill running. The sky behind him is darkening. His FOOTSTEPS gradually slow down, as does his PANTING, and he comes to a standstill.

He lets himself drop to his knees, falling gently on all fours.

C/U of Bill. He pauses, takes a few sharp BREATHS, then looks upwards, beads of sweat running down his face.

POV shot of the fields ahead of Bill, beneath the darkening sky.

He slowly rises to his feet once again, and begins to run again.

The camera lingers in a solid spot as we watch Bill, from behind, sprinting off into the distance.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE FIELDS. NIGHT.

M/S of Bill, still running through the fields, looking at the ground. He raises his head and looks in front of him.

POV shot of the buildings and lights of a CITY in the distance, looming closer as Bill runs. It is a particularly large city, and the entire city is surrounded by the Green Glow, which glows with a severe intensity against the near-blackness of the sky.

M/S of Bill. He continues to run, intrepidly, towards the city.

POV shot of the city as it looms closer in the distance. As Bill approaches the city we see several familiar buildings, such as the GHERKIN, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL and TOWER BRIDGE in the distance, all surrounded by the Green Glow. It is the unmistakable skyline of London.

M/S of Bill. His face appears slightly confused, but also relieved to be near civilization at last. He continues to run towards the city.

Rear Shot of Bill as he sprints towards London.

EXT. LOWER THAMES STREET, LONDON. NIGHT.

OVERHEAD SHOT of the City Of London business district, its streets buzzing with traffic. The Green Glow seems to itself be emanating directly from the buildings of this particular district.

M/S of Bill, jogging through Lower Thames Street. The traffic of the London streets appears normal, but the sky overhead is now pitch black with no moon, clouds or stars, and the Green Glow illuminates all buildings.

Bill comes to a halt on the edge of the Street. He looks upward at the DRAGON BOUNDARY STATUE.

C/U of Dragon Boundary Statue. It is completely shimmering with the Green Glow.

Bill looks ahead, PANTING lightly for breath, unsure of where to go.

The sound of a CAR ENGINE makes him turn.

POV shot of a large black CAR that has pulled up on the kerb beside Bill.

The door of the driver's seat opens, and DAMIEN steps out. The BODYGUARDS then emerge from the side and rear passenger doors.

DAMIEN
We knew you'd catch up with us.

M/S of Bill.

BILL

I fear for my life. The police think I'm a murderer and Hasler's men are bound to track me anyway.

DAMIEN

Stay with us and you'll be safe. We're going to take refuge.

Bill looks around himself, confused, at the glowing buildings around him.

BILL

But... this is London... my hometown...

Damien touches Bill firmly on the shoulder.

DAMIEN

You're on the run, but you're not alone. You're coming with us.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS, LONDON. NIGHT.

Bill, Damien and the two Bodyguards are passing down a quiet residential street in a posh suburban district of London. The skies above them are a psychedelic orange colour, and all the houses are surrounded by the Green Glow.

They reach a short flight of stairs leading down to another street, a granite wall running along the road.

DAMIEN

Almost there.

He leads the other three down the steps.

BILL

This is my neighbourhood... My house is down...

He points ahead as he reaches the bottom of the steps.

BILL

(cont'd)

...there.

The camera shows the road that leads to Bill's house- but it is completely black amongst the other suburban roads. It appears to be a pitch black void.

DAMIEN

Then we're going that way.

He begins to run towards the void.

Bill hesitates, and seeing that the Bodyguards are following Damien, he too begins to run towards the black void.

EXT. ROAD THROUGH BLACK VOID. NIGHT.

POV shot of the concrete road leading through the black void as Bill runs along it. Damien and the two Bodyguards run ahead of him, and we hear the sound of Bill's PANTING combined with the thud of his FOOTSTEPS.

A bright, luminous Green Glow appears ahead of them, and as it looms closer we recognize BILL'S HOUSE, glowing with an intense green light.

Damien and the Bodyguards stop running, and Bill does the same. They turn to face the house.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of Bill's house within the black void. Bill's CAR is parked in front of it and all the lights are on, glowing with an intense, exaggerated light.

DAMIEN

We'll get in round the side.

He runs down the drive, and the others follow.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE, SIDE PATIO. NIGHT.

Bill, Damien and the two Bodyguards congregate in front of the sliding door at the side of the house, which overlooks Bill's patio.

POV shot of view of dining room through sliding door. A wild party is in full swing- the house is overrun with party revelers, all glowing with the Green Glow, and we hear the faint sound of MUSIC from within. We recognize several of the party guests from before- the young professionals who invited Bill to join them at the previous party, all occupying the exact same seats.

DAMIEN

Right on time.

He opens the sliding door, and leads the others into the house.

INT. BILL'S DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

Bill and the others enter the dining room, observing the party around them. The MUSIC is louder than before but is still surprisingly faint. White auras emanate from most of the revelers, mixed in with the Green Glow, although Bill, Damien and the Bodyguards are no longer surrounded by the glow.

BILL

What is this?

Damien turns to face Bill.

DAMIEN

This is a third dimension view of your party.

Bill looks around himself.

PANNING shot of dining room. Everything is exactly the same as before.

BILL

Can they see us?

DAMIEN

No.

Bill reaches out and touches the shoulder of the YOUNG MAN who invited him to join he and his friends before. The man makes no reaction to him, not even looking round.

C/U of Damien.

DAMIEN

Apart from...

He points ahead.

DAMIEN

...that man.

We see the BEARDED MAN entering the dining room from the lounge. He is also devoid of the Green Glow. He reaches Damien and shakes his hand.

BEARDED MAN

Nicely organized, Damien.

Damien reaches into his jacket pocket, and pulls out the documents he showed Hasler before. He unfolds them and holds them in front of the Bearded Man.

DAMIEN

The job's done Marcus.

The Bearded Man nods in approval.

BEARDED MAN

And Hasler...?

DAMIEN

(smiling faintly)

Dead.

The Bearded Man looks at Bill.

BEARDED MAN
How about Bill...?

DAMIEN
The police want him... Bill has to do his own thing.

Beat.

Bill's eyes open wide as he has a sudden moment of realization.

BILL
The files!

He turns to head upstairs.

INT. BILL'S STUDY. NIGHT.

Bill leads Damien and the two Bodyguards into the study.

PANNING SHOT of study. It appears exactly as before, with the drinks cans strewn about the room, and the young GAY COUPLE making out in the corner, surrounded by the Green Glow.

The camera reaches Bill's PC. TREVOR MCCALLUM is seated at the PC, a black balaclava mask in his hand, browsing Bill's Excel spreadsheets. There is no Green Glow around him.

McCallum looks up, aware of the four men's presence.

MCCALLUM
Ah, you're with us!

Damien walks up to him, followed by the other three.

DAMIEN
I've got everything we need on Hasler.

He waves the documents in front of McCallum.

MCCALLUM
Great. Well I've used the hacking code you emailed me...

Bill edges towards the PC, anxiously.

BILL
Can I just see that spreadsheet?

McCallum wheels aside on the office chair.

MCCALLUM
Certainly.

Bill leans forward, looking right into the PC monitor.

C/U of a Stark & Cunningham Excel Spreadsheet on PC monitor, listing client accounts.

C/U of Bill.

BILL
I knew it!

C/U of screen, as Bill's hand points to a cell on the spreadsheet. The cell features the client name 'HASLER' aside a very large sum of money in the next cell.

McCallum edges his chair back towards the PC, and opens another window displaying email conversations.

MCCALLUM
I hacked the Stark & Cunningham database and got all the information about the transactions.
Tyler knew what he was doing.

DAMIEN
And you've sent it on?

McCallum picks up a series of PRINTED DOCUMENTS aside the monitor.

MCCALLUM
You bet.

He stands up, tucks the documents under one arm, and shakes Bill's hand.

MCCALLUM
Great job, Bill.

He turns to Damien.

MCCALLUM
Now we'd better make a move.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

OVERHEAD SHOT of Bill's house, the Green Glow emanating from the roof. 'Swamp Thing' by The Chameleons plays over the following montage sequence.

Front Shot of Bill's car. Bill is at the wheel, McCallum next to him, Damien and the two Bodyguards in the back seat. Bill turns the key and starts the engine.

OVERHEAD SHOT of the car as it begins to move, and travels out of the driveway.

INT. BILL'S CAR. NIGHT.

POV shot of the road ahead as Bill sees it. We see only an endless road below an infinite blackness.

MCCALLUM
Just drop us off here, Bill.

Bill brings the car to a halt.

EXT. BILL'S CAR. NIGHT.

McCallum, Damien and the Bodyguards emerge from the car. Damien and the Bodyguards shut the rear passenger doors behind them.

INT. BILL'S CAR. NIGHT.

McCallum turns to face Bill after exiting the car.

MCCALLUM
For your own sake Bill. Make the right choice.

He shuts the door, and he, Damien and the Bodyguards vanish into the blackness of the void.

EXT. BILL'S CAR. NIGHT.

The music stops abruptly as we see a shot of Bill's car in the middle of the road through the black void, surrounded by nothing but blackness.

INT. BILL'S CAR. NIGHT.

M/S of Bill at the wheel. He stops the engine, and looks ahead.

POV shot from the windscreen. There is nothing but blackness ahead of the car. Bill is alone in a vacant black vortex.

Bill reaches into the glove compartment of the car, fumbles about, and pulls out a document.

C/U of document. It is Bill's current EMPLOYMENT CONTRACT with Stark & Cunningham.

M/S of Bill as he rips up the document with a hint of intense fury combined with relief.

He scatters the pieces over his shoulder, then unfastens his safety belt and opens the car door.

EXT. BILL'S CAR. NIGHT.

Bill steps out from the car into the great black silence of the void. He looks ahead of him.

POV shot of the seemingly endless road ahead. There is nothing but blackness.

M/S of Bill. Camera lingers on him for several seconds as he contemplates something in his mind.

Suddenly, he erupts into a manic run, and darts ahead down the lonely road.

POV shot of the road as Bill runs along it. All we hear is the sound of Bill's heavy, ACCELERATED FOOTSTEPS combined with the sound of intense PANTING for breath.

Then there is silence, and we see nothing but blackness for five seconds.

EXT. THE RED DRAGON INN. DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the RED DRAGON INN, a laid-back, lively pub in the London borough of Croydon.

INT. THE RED DRAGON INN. DAY.

C/U of a TV SCREEN in the upper corner of The Red Dragon Inn. The screen is showing a News Broadcast, headed by a female REPORTER.

REPORTER

The disgraced London financial firm Stark & Cunningham is being ordered to pay millions in debt to the families of Third World nations who suffered as a result of the firm's theft from charity funds. It also owes thousands in debt to trafficking victims who suffered at the hands of the Nigerian mafia following the firm's funding of illicit activities. Company Managing Director Harold Tyler faces numerous charges at Southwark Crown Court...

M/S of a group of men drinking at one of the tables. One of them is CHRIS SPENCER of Stark & Cunningham's Sales Department, inebriated heavily as he watches the broadcast above, a pint of bitter in front of him. His friend, MARK, sat next to him, nudges his shoulder.

MARK

Hey Chris, it's your company again!

He points upwards at the TV.

L/S of the TV, on which an investigator is reporting from outside Southwark Crown Court.

CHRIS

I know that.

He smiles, and takes a swig from his pint.

Another of Chris' friends, GREG, taps him on the elbow from across the table.

GREG

Next you'll be telling us you knew all along!

Chris laughs bemusedly.

CHRIS
They were always dodgy fuckers.

Beat.

CHRIS
(Cont'd)
But there was more to it... the morning it all happened, there was something on the news about some business in Paris that'd been controlling them... they've not said anything about that since...

He looks up at the TV, as if in anticipation.

MARK
Well, who cares who was running it all. You're free from that job now. You hated it.

Chris smiles, and raises his pint glass.

CHRIS
I know. To freedom.

He toasts the other men.

GREG
And what was the deal with that guy who went missing?

CHRIS
McCallum? The Blake Rogers guy, the one who exposed them?

Greg raises his eyebrows.

GREG
No... the one out of your firm. The manager who just left or something...

CHRIS
(animated)
Ah! Yeah, Bill Lowton. God knows what he was up to, he just left for Europe out of nowhere. We think he was working with McCallum, it can't be coincidence. God knows where he is now.

He picks up his pint glass, drunkenly dangles it in the air, and clinks it to his friends' pint glasses.

CHRIS
Fair play to him, anyway.

EXT. THE MINE SHAFT SALOON, NEVADA. DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of THE MINE SHAFT SALOON, a casual bar on the edge of Nevada City, USA.

Text on screen reads 'NEVADA CITY, USA'.

INT. THE MINE SHAFT SALOON. DAY.

C/U of a TV screen in the corner of the ceiling at The Mine Shaft Saloon, showing a News Broadcast. An American REPORTER is addressing the camera.

REPORTER

...And Interpol are still investigating the potential links between Stark & Cunningham, the London business exposed for participation in criminal activity, and notorious drug cartels in Los Angeles...

M/S of Bill, serving a CUSTOMER at the bar. He is dressed casually in a loose, white shirt and blue jeans, and appears healthy and relaxed.

CUSTOMER

Thanks Bill!

BILL

(smiles)

You're welcome.

He looks upwards at the TV screen.

C/U of TV. An American NEWS CORRESPONDENT is addressing the camera from a London street.

NEWS CORRESPONDENT

...Harold Tyler and the other company directors are currently standing trial in Southwark, London, where the latest reports indicate most of those standing trial are pleading not guilty...

M/S of Bill. The female BAR MANAGER, a large, brightly dressed woman in her early forties, taps Bill on the arm in a friendly manner.

BAR MANAGER

Not missing London then, Bill?

Bill looks around, only half-acknowledging her.

BILL

What? Oh, London... no, not at all.

He looks back up at the TV.

C/U of TV.

NEWS CORRESPONDENT

...but London police have made no official statement on the allegation that other London financial firms have been involved in similar activities...

As the Correspondent speaks, DAMIEN walks into shot behind him. He turns and looks straight into the camera for several seconds, then walks on.

C/U of Bill. A look of determination crosses his face.

CUT TO BLACK

The screen is blank for several seconds, then a quote appears:

"The terrible, cold, cruel part is Wall Street. Rivers of gold flow there from all over the earth, and death comes with it. There, as nowhere else, you feel a total absence of the spirit: herds of men who cannot count past three, herds more who cannot get past six, scorn for pure science and demoniacal respect for the present. And the terrible thing is that the crowd that fills the street believes that the world will always be the same and that it is their duty to keep that huge machine running, day and night, forever." - Federico Garcia Lorca - Spanish Poet and Playwright - 1898-1936

FADE OUT

END