

PAYBACK

by
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Second Draft

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DARKNESS.

A demanding voice.

RAY (V.O.)
Open your eyes.

FADE IN:

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - NIGHT - VICTIM'S POV

Groggy eyes focus on a sterile white tiled floor.

A white tiled wall.

A gurney.

(O.S) Rhythmic TAPS. A finger against metal.

White hot glare of fluorescent ceiling light.

A dark shape splits the light.

The barrel of a gun, held by a tall dark figure.

The gun man is RAY. He's 40, slick dark hair, goatee beard, face of stone. Dressed head to toe in black.

His finger taps the handle. Repetitive. Almost hypnotic.

Muffled sounds.

Eyes dart downwards.

Layers of duct tape cover lips. Nostrils flare in panic.

Back up at the gun.

Vision blurs. Eyes flicker. Tears drip.

RAY
Both of us feel pain right now. A
different pain. But pain none the
less.

Eyes narrow as the barrel forces the head backwards. Eyes
dazzled by overhead fluorescent light.

RAY
One of us will now be free of that
pain.

Eyes close.

Darkness.

BANG.

EXT. CONDEMNED CLINIC - NIGHT

A dark alleyway separates the clinic from a condemned apartment block.

Rain drizzles on a deathly quiet street.

Ray exits the door-less clinic.

He walks towards a far from vintage 1970 Dodge Challenger. It's the only vehicle in sight.

A SQUEAL. A sharp piercing HOWL.

Ray looks at two trash cans at the top of the alley.

Cautious, Ray approaches them.

HOWLS. SQUEALS. WHIMPERS.

Ray grips the handle of the trash can. Opens it.

A grime covered skinny scruffy Beagle, stuck in between two bin bags, peers up at Ray with pleading eyes.

Ray picks the dog out of the trash can. He puts it on the ground. He watches it run free down the dark alley.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rain pours down.

Abandoned buildings. Litter sprawled pavements.

Ray's Dodge speeds through the derelict street.

EXT. STREET JUNCTION - NIGHT

The Dodge stops at a desolate junction.

Two damaged traffic lights. One smashed. The other simultaneously flickers GREEN, RED and AMBER.

INT. DODGE - NIGHT

Ray opens the glove compartment. He takes out a wallet. He opens it.

INSERT PHOTO:

A pretty teenage girl and an attractive mid 30's woman pose together for a family picture.

BACK TO SCENE.

Ray stares at the photo. Sorrow creeps across his face.

Relentless rain pelts down on the car roof.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A graffiti covered placard boasts of a five star rating.

The hotel is not even of hostel standard. It's dark, dingy. Broken windows. Ridden with bullet holes.

Several steps lead to the main entrance.

Beethoven's "*Fur Elise*" plays from inside.

Ray walks towards the hell hole along an empty sidewalk.

Two tall HOODS smoke at the bottom of the steps. Both draped in dark unclean clothes, faces obscured by overhanging hoods.

They notice Ray. A subtle nudge from one to the other signals an end to their surveillance.

They walk past Ray.

One makes contact with his shoulder. Smoke blows from the other's mouth in Ray's direction, sly grin beneath his hood.

Ray turns angrily - the two hoods continue down the sidewalk, smoke drifts in their trail.

Ray frowns at the disrespect.

Ray walks up the hotel steps. He pauses at the top. He curiously looks back at the sidewalk. They've gone.

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dim ceiling lights flicker.

Dark shoes tread slowly across a lavish blood red carpet.

"*Fur Elise*" sounds louder.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Bright ceiling lights. A large spacious area. Heavy metallic chains drip from ceiling beams.

Two heavily beaten MEN hang by their outstretched arms several feet in the air by the chains. Below them lay deep dark grave shaped pits.

HARRY ACID (60, thick brimmed glasses, gap toothed, thin white hair, blemished rough thick skin) stands below them.

Two identical muscular, rough, shaven headed goons stand by his side. JOE, 30, and JIM, 30.

Joe and Jim hold chains which are looped over the ceiling beams and suspend the two men above the pits.

The two men struggle, beg fearfully for their lives.

HARRY

You sons of bitches got five seconds to spill the beans on when Gallino's next shippage comes in or you're gonna be taking a dip in the pool.

The two men shout desperately at Harry.

MAN #1

Next Tuesday - at the docks!
3 AM!

MAN #2

Tuesday! Tuesday!

Harry swipes his nose with his fingers. He nods to Joe.

HARRY

Joe - fill 'em up a little more.

Pleas of mercy from the two men.

Joe passes his chain to Jim to hold.

Joe picks up two large cans of acid. He pours the contents into the pits.

Already half full, the pits SIZZLE with the extra liquid.

Joe returns to Harry's side. He takes the chain back from Jim - and deliberately lets the chain slip through his fingers.

Man #2 yells in terror as he descends into the acid pit.

SPLASH! The pit SIZZLES and HISSES.

Harry looks at Joe. Joe innocently shrugs his shoulders.

HARRY

Butterfingers.

Petrified, Man #1 shakes and trembles in his suspended chains, trying somehow to evade the inevitable.

HARRY

You sure it's Tuesday? I've got a full diary as it is so the last thing I need is to get stood up. I don't handle rejection very well.

Man #1 nods and yells emphatically.

MAN #1

Yes! Yes! It's Tuesday, I swear on my life! I was the pick up guy! Please Harry, I'll do anything!

Harry nods. He turns to Jim. Slaps him on his shoulder.

HARRY

Alright, Jim. Let him go.

Jim releases his grip on the chain.

Man #1 screams. He drops down into the acid pit.

Harry lights a cigar. He turns to Joe with a smirk.

HARRY

Let them stew for a bit, then get the guys to cement 'em over.

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dark shoes continue down the blood red carpet.

Joe and Jim stand menacingly by the side of a giant castle-esque door at the end of the corridor.

They nod simultaneously in approval.

Jim opens the door.

INT. HOTEL - PURPLE ROOM - NIGHT

Ray enters inside. Jim closes the door behind him.

Dark shades of mauve and purple engulf the room. Carpet. Wallpaper. Ceiling. Curtains. Even a purple stained window. Slick, silky, even a little sickly, but darkly seductive.

"*Fur Elise*" finishes playing on a gramophone.

Harry sits on a bright golden throne opposite a dark purple wooden desk. Harry arches an eyebrow.

HARRY

Done and dusted?

Ray nods.

Harry gestures Ray to a wooden stool opposite him.

HARRY
Take a seat Ray.

Ray sits.

Harry slides a packed envelope across the desk. Ray nods. He takes it. He slips it in his inside jacket pocket.

HARRY
Not gonna count it?

RAY
I've been working for you for six years, Harry. I know you're good for it,

HARRY
Six years. Six glorious years. Doesn't feel like it does it?

Ray stares at Harry with a blank expression.

HARRY
Yet now you decide to call it quits.
(darker tone)
I wanna be as professional as possible about this and ask you to reconsider your retirement.

Ray stares at Harry. There's a menacing glint in his eye. An odd vibe between the two. Uncomfortable. Awkward.

Ray shakes his head "no".

RAY
It's time. Time for me to get out. Be free from this life.

Harry sits back in his throne with a heavy sigh.

HARRY
What you gonna do Ray? Try and cross the border? Hope to find some imaginary place that ain't as fucked up as this? It might not be utopia but you've got it made here.

RAY
Let's just say I had somewhat of an epiphany.

RAY(cont'd)

I'd like to think I can do some good with what time I have left. Protect life. Not take it away.

HARRY

You've protected me for a long time. That not good enough for ya?

Harry sits up and leans across the desk. Intense stare.

HARRY

You know where pieces of shit like you end up? On the streets. A premature grave. You've been in this game all your life. You can't just walk out of it and step into a new one.

Harry's intimidation has little effect on a stone faced Ray.

Harry sits back. He lightens his tone. He cracks a sneer.

HARRY

I don't think you've thought it through, Ray. Society's changed. We didn't just take over the city, we inspired a movement.

Ray frowns at Harry's words.

HARRY

Don't think for a minute we're the only city bordered off. It's nationwide. The pigs are gonna be after you the moment you cross sides. Gangs will smell the pussy in your blood a mile off. Is that really how you wanna be spending your last days? Running like a lost little stray dog to avoid getting fucked in the middle?

RAY

Stray dogs have freedom.

HARRY

Christ, Ray. The next thing you're gonna tell me is you wanna meet your maker in a My Little Pony bedsheet cuddling up to your goddamn Care Bear collection.

Harry lights a pre made roll up that lay on his desk. He takes several deep puffs, inhaling and exhaling quickly. Ash drops on the desk.

HARRY

You honestly wanna go out like a
lil' girl being ass fucked?
Remembered as a pussy?

RAY

I'd like to be remembered as the
guy no one can remember. Live by
the gun, die by the gun. I'm
interested in changing the outcome
of that phrase, Harry.

Harry stubs out his smoke in an ash tray.

HARRY

You're gonna turn your back on all
we've accomplished, all we've stood
for? You gonna turn your back on
the family we've created here?

Ray is irked by the comment.

RAY

I don't have a family.

Harry looks up at Ray. Cocks his head to one side. The two
stare coldly at each other.

Harry breaks from the gaze and sneers in disbelief.

He opens a desk drawer.

Flops three pieces of paper in front of Ray.

HARRY

Take a look.

Ray shows a lack of enthusiasm as he inspects the papers. His
eyes narrow in interest once he reads them.

A nonchalant Ray looks up at Harry.

RAY

Death threats. So what?

Harry arches his eyebrows.

RAY

It's not the first time. What's the
big deal?

HARRY

You know Carlo and Blair don't you?

Ray nods.

RAY
We did a few hits together.

HARRY
They're dead.

RAY
Comes with the territory.

HARRY
No. This is different.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Quiet. Assorted boats rest in tranquil waters.

Headlights appear in the distance. A car approaches a dockyard warehouse, a large old decaying building.

HARRY (V.O.)
Gallino had a bit of business coming in that night. Carlo and Blair were already there to intercept and put his men on the deck. Me and a few of the boys were coming to inspect and collect.

Car parks outside the warehouse.

Harry, Joe and Jim step out.

INT. DOCKYARD WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Harry, Joe and Jim walk inside through a large open shutter. Joe hits a nearby switch. Overhead lights flicker on.

The three stop in their tracks.

Opened empty wooden crates. Blood covers the floor. Ten mutilated bodies hang on meat hooks.

Two bodies lay opposite each other from across the yard.

One has its torso separated from its legs. Decapitated head placed on its neck. Cut off arms lay by its side.

The other body sits up against an empty crate. Neck slit from ear to ear. Its hands have been positioned to hold a piece of paper, "READ ME", written in blood.

Harry takes the piece of paper from the corpses' hand.

RAY (V.O.)
Carlo and Blair?

HARRY (V.O.)
Carlo and Blair.

INT. HOTEL - PURPLE ROOM - NIGHT

Ray curiously re-checks the death threats. He looks up at Harry, busy puffing another roll up.

RAY
So Gallino's men were hit. So were your two guys. Maybe it was all set up by the Paleto's or the N.D.S.

HARRY
You wanna know why it wasn't ? Because of the ten pieces of meat hanging out to dry, three were from the Paleto's, three were from the N.D.S. and four were Gallino's men.

RAY
So there's a new kid on the block?

Harry takes the death threats from the desk. He puts them back inside the drawer.

HARRY
There's a new kid on the block alright. And I don't like it. I don't like how they managed to set up all of the major players in the city so easily.

Harry takes a key from the drawer. He gets up. Walks over to a dark corner of the room. A large safe. Ray watches.

Harry opens the safe with the key. Takes a large envelope from inside. Closes and locks the safe.

He returns to his throne. Drops the key in the drawer. Slams it shut. Slides the large envelope across the desk to Ray.

HARRY
As I said from the start. I want you to reconsider your retirement.

Ray looks at the packed envelope. Three times the size of the one he received earlier.

HARRY
Inside that package is a significant number of reasons why you should continue being part of my team.

RAY

I trust you that there is.

HARRY

Trust. That's a word used a lot these days but means very little.

Ray looks up at Harry with cold eyes.

RAY

I've always trusted you, Harry. Every word you said. Every promise you made.

Harry stubs out his roll up. He smiles with a devilish ego pleased spark in his eyes.

HARRY

There's no loyalty among thieves, Ray. But there's a bond between killers.

Harry stretches out his hand for Ray to cement the deal.

HARRY

Find whose pulling these little stunts. Find the runts sending me these letters. Find 'em. Kill 'em.

Ray looks down at the envelope. Back at Harry. Cold eyes meet cold eyes.

A moment passes.

Harry withdraws his handshake. A humiliated anger flashes across his face.

RAY

I don't kill for money any more Harry.

Uncomfortable silence.

Harry breathes a resigned sigh. He gets up from his throne.

HARRY

I'm gonna take a piss. I'll be exactly five minutes. When I return, I expect that envelope to no longer be on the desk but somewhere on your person.

Harry walks to the door.

HARRY

Ray...

Ray swivels on the stool, faces Harry.

HARRY

It would be a wise move to accept
my offer. I won't be giving you
another.

Harry opens the door, leaves the room. The door SLAMS shut.

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Joe and Jim guard the door as Harry steams down the corridor.

Harry pauses. He looks back with a face of thunder.

HARRY

Do not, under any circumstances,
let him leave that fuckin' room!

Harry storms off.

INT. HOTEL - PURPLE ROOM - NIGHT

Ray stands at the stained glass window. He looks out at the
quiet, desolate street below.

He walks across the room to the set of curtains. He opens
them wide apart.

A window overlooks the back of the hotel. A fire escape
stairwell leads down to an alley.

The desk drawer opens. Ray takes the safe key.

He kneels down beside the safe.

He unlocks the safe. Opens it.

INSIDE SAFE:

Three shelves. Two packed envelopes. One briefcase.

Ray takes the briefcase. Sets it on the floor.

He tries to flick it open. Fails. Needs a combination.

Ray rolls 666-666.

CLICK!

He opens the case.

INT. HOTEL - CORIDOOR - NIGHT

Joe and Jim stand statuesque outside the door.

Harry storms up the coridoor, lit cigar in his mouth. A sly sneer exposes cracked black and yellow disease ridden teeth.

INT. HOTEL - PURPLE ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens.

HARRY (O.S.)
Now...Give me some good news.

Harry enters. Closes the door behind him.

Envelope remains on the desk. Ray's nowhere in sight. Wind blown curtains flail into the room.

Harry grits his teeth in anger.

MOMENTS LATER

Harry opens the safe.

INSIDE SAFE:

Two packages. No briefcase.

Harry seethes. He stands up wearily. He skulks to his desk - PUNCHES it angrily with his fists. Takes a breather.

HARRY
You just can't trust anyone
anymore.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Drizzle. Rats mingle amongst scattered trash.

Ray, briefcase in hand, scurries cautiously down the dark, grime infested alley.

Hotel on his right, to his left are several dark archways.

Ray focuses on the end of the alley. Not far away.

Loud GANGSTA' RAP MUSIC.

Ray backs up against the hotel. He peers out toward the end of the alley.

A car cruises past. Rap music fades, the car drives away.

Something takes Ray's eye from beyond the arches - a sudden change of shape in the darkness.

A HOODED FIGURE dashes away.

Ray frowns, taken aback. He scans the arches for a sight of the figure. Nothing.

He collects himself. Ray jogs towards the end of the alley.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

A row of distorted broken street lamps hang over a large car park. Several burnt out vehicles. A miserable landscape of a dark gloomy city looms beyond.

Ray walks briskly towards his Dodge, parked in the middle of the vicinity.

INT. GOON CAR - NIGHT

A GOON (16-19) smokes a joint in the drivers side. Thick smoke drifts out of the wound down window in gusts.

He lays his head back, eyes closed, exhaling the smoke through his nose. He's in real pleasure land.

GOON

Hell yeah! Keep doing that...shit!

His glazed eyes open in pain as he looks downwards.

GOON

Bitch, I feel those teeth one more time and I'm gonna go dentist on your ass.

A HOOKER (30's, unattractive) looks up with a crack/meth addicted gaze. Her shuddering jaw attempts a smile. Not nice.

HOOKER

Stop droppin' those boulders on my neck an' I won't have to chomp down baby. Gimmie a hit an' I'll do a better job honey.

Goon pushes her head back down.

GOON

No one gets paid half way through a job bitch. You should feel lucky. Your ugly ass should be paying me.

He hangs his joint out of the car window and gazes out.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Ray reaches his Dodge. Unlocks the door. Opens it.

GOON (O.S.)
(shouts)
Ray! Hey! Razor!

Ray looks to the far corner of the car park.

Smoke drifts from the window of a parked Ford Fiesta. Goon pokes his head out.

GOON
Ray! Hey man, come over here! I got
some bitch. Wanna play poke her
throat while I bash her gash?

Ray ignores the cretin. He gets inside his car.

The Dodge speeds out of the car park.

INT. GOON CAR - NIGHT

Goon lay his head back, dejected by Ray's response.

GOON
Oh man. I've always wanted to meet
that guy.

His eyes open wide in pain.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

A car horn blares loud. Goon's scream is louder.

INT. HOTEL - PURPLE ROOM - NIGHT

Smoke exhales from Harry's dry cracked lips.

Joe and Jim stand opposite Harry's desk. Harry, sat on his throne, stubs out his roll up in an overflowing ashtray.

HARRY
I want Ray dead. I want my
briefcase back. I want it
yesterday. Got it?

Joe and Jim nod.

JIM
I'll put the word out.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Abandoned buildings. A burnt out school. Trashed shops. Litter everywhere.

Ray's Dodge speeds through the ghost town.

INT. HOTEL - PURPLE ROOM - NIGHT

Jim has his mobile phone to his ear.

Harry and Joe watch him.

JIM

Right. When?...You sure? Good.

(confused)

Say that again?

Jim shakes his head in dismay. Talks to Harry.

JIM

One of our kids saw Ray at Hill Creek car park no less than ten minutes ago.

HARRY

Jim. Gimmie the phone.

Jim holds back. Harry looks perplexed.

JIM

Kid was going on about a hooker, glue and medical care?

Harry gets up, walks over and snatches the phone from Jim.

HARRY

(on phone)

Alright sweetheart, listen. Which exit did he take...That means he's headed only one way...

A long pause.

Harry looks up at Jim and Joe with a horrified expression. It fades quick.

HARRY

(on phone)

Look you silly bint, I couldn't care less about your sex life. You get your gang of fuckwits to go sort him out proper. Got it?

Joe and Jim look at each other with raised eyebrows.

Harry slams Jim's mobile down on the desk as if it were a land-line telephone. Jim scrunches his face.

JOE

Harry... we could go after him ourselves. You're trusting a bunch of punk ass chav kids?

Harry sits back in his throne. Rolls a smoke.

HARRY

Several reasons Joe. Two of which spring to mind. One, if they wanna keep under my protection and continue to work in my community then they need to give something back. And not just pocket money from selling a few rocks. I'm considering this an opportunity for those lil' morons out there to show me their true potential.

Harry lights his roll up.

HARRY

Two - We've got those other fuckers to worry about. I ain't letting security on yours truly go down a notch because of this thieving bastard.

Harry sits up. Tips his ash on his desk.

HARRY

'Cos if he's in cahoots with them, I'm gonna make sure I'm the one with the last laugh.

EXT. GAS/PETROL STATION - NIGHT

A sticker of a faded yellow acid house smily face stamped on a petrol pump.

Ray dumps the empty hose to the ground.

He stands beside his Dodge in the middle of an isolated roadside gas station.

Damaged lights flicker from a large neon sign which promise "24 hours service."

INT. GAS/PETROL STATION - NIGHT

Ray walks inside.

A broken down door lay at his feet.

Glass from smashed windows cover the floor.

Empty shelves.

Ray sniffs at something rotten in the air.

He jumps over the counter.

He checks an open till. Empty.

A looted cigarette display rack behind him.

A closed door. A slanted sign. STAFF ROOM.

He sniffs again. A strong rotten smell.

Ray treads cautiously toward the door.

Aggressive sexual male GRUNTS. Multiple female MOANS and VOICES urge sexual encouragement. Mundane male voices.

Ray steps back. Listens intently. Frowns.

He draws his gun.

He fires TWICE at the door - runs and KICKS the door down.

INT. GAS/PETROL STATION - STAFF ROOM - NIGHT

The door breaks down on top of THUG #1, already dead from two bullet wounds.

Ray bursts inside.

He aims his gun at shocked THUG #2, who sits in the near corner with his hands in surrender.

Ray fires, hits him direct in the forehead.

Two THUGS remain - stunned and startled by Ray's appearance.

THUG #3 stumbles in the far corner, trying desperately to pull up his pants.

THUG #4 slips half naked away from the centre of the room, where lay a naked female CORPSE.

Ray points his gun at the two thugs as he overlooks the room.

An ancient television/video combo plays a hardcore porn flick. Several fuel cans on dust ridden shelves.

He looks at the cowering thugs, huddled together.

THUG #3 has no teeth. THUG #4 has no nose, just two thin slits, rather like a pig.

Ray looks at the corpse.

She wears a stewardess uniform. Way too big for her body. Spread-eagled. She's young. 13-15. Skin has begun to rot.

Ray's look of disgust is not because of the smell, it's because of the atrocity that was happening here.

THUG #3

Hey man. We never killed the bitch.
We found it down by the lane.

THUG #4

Yeah man, we didn't do nothing. We
just found it like that.

RAY

Looks a little young to be a
stewardess, don't you think?

THUG #3

Yo man, we just took it here to be
safe and respectful y'know, we just
dressed it up so it looked like it
was real and shit, man...

Ray takes a can of fuel from the shelf, careful to keep his eyes and gun aimed at the thugs.

THUG #4

She might have been a stewardess -
if she ever got older!

Thug #4 and Thug #3 cackle drug fuelled giggles.

Ray makes a slow move for the doorway.

THUG #3

She could have been on that Boeing
777 for all we know. Like she fell
from the sky, man. Like a present
from the past, you dig what I'm
talkin' 'bout?

Ray stops in his tracks. He looks back at the thugs.

RAY

The Boeing 777 plane bomb? What did
you say about that?

THUG #4

All those people tryin' to escape
the city and shit. All those
airplanes being shot down.

THUG #4(cont'd)

I'm telling you it's all a
conspiracy by our own government,
man!

Ray is deadly serious.

RAY

I asked what you said about the
Boeing 777.

THUG #3

I was just playin', man. Just
jokes. That was some gangster ass
terrorism shit. We all know who
really did it. I'm just sayin' what
if one of those bitches on that
motherfucker jumped an' fell from
the sky before it blew the fuck
up...

Ray shoots Thug #3. Bullet shot right in his forehead.

Thug #4 has little time to react. He takes a bullet right
between the eyes.

EXT. GAS/PETROL STATION - NIGHT

Ray's Dodge speeds off down the road.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

A condemned hospital. A desolate factory. A gloomy, dark
shopping mall.

Trash blows in gentle gusts of wind.

A car passes at break neck speed. Another follows.

INT. GOON CAR #1 - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Loud aggressive music plays. Four young GOONS, two in the
front, two in the back, guzzle booze and smoke an assortment
of drugs.

The two Goons in the back cock shotguns.

INT. GOON CAR #2 - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Three Goons. Two in the front, one in the back. All wear
black balaclavas. All three hold handguns.

Quiet. Serious.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A dark tunnel serenaded by wind swept whisperish overhanging tree branches on either side.

Ray's Dodge stops.

INT. DODGE - NIGHT

Ray looks in his rear view mirror.

The city. A landscape of desolation.

He looks ahead.

The dark, forboding woodland lane.

He looks at the briefcase sat on the passenger seat.

A wry smile crosses his face.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

A long, straight, narrow two lane road surrounded by trees. Overhanging branches stretch down to the ground. Steep mud banks on both sides.

Ray's Dodge drives down the road.

INT. DODGE - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Ray looks in his rear view mirror.

Headlights of another car.

It shows no signs of slowing. It's coming in fast.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

Goon Car #2 closes in behind the Dodge.

Goon Car #1 drives past, riding dangerously side by side with Ray's Dodge.

INT. DODGE - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Ray looks out his side window at the wasted goons side by side with him. They laugh as they taunt him with gang signs and obscene gestures.

Goon car #1 drives ahead of Ray, an attempt to box him in.

Ray manoeuvres the Dodge up on to the mud bank.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

The Dodge drives stunt-car style along the mud bank. Goon car #2 sticks on his tail as Goon car #1 keeps him boxed in.

The Dodge gets back on the road - the chase if seen from above would be like a three piece centipede wiggling along.

Goon car #2 RAMS the back of the Dodge. Ray manages to keep it on the road.

Goon car #1 drops back - side by side with the Dodge.

INT. DODGE - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Ray looks out the side window at Goon car #1.

Back window rolls down - a Goon aims his shotgun at Ray.

Ray ducks - BANG! - his passenger window BLASTS to pieces.

Ducked down, Ray keeps one hand on the steering wheel as his other hand searches frantically underneath his seat.

INT. GOON CAR #1 - NIGHT - TRAVELING

The Goon's laugh and cheer.

Smiles vanish from their faces.

Ray sits up with a .475 Wildey Magnum automatic pistol aimed in their direction.

INT. DODGE - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Ray fires four quick shots.

All four goons nailed by head shots.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

Goon car #1 swerves inwards - misses the rear of the Dodge by seconds but collides spectacularly into Goon car #2.

Goon car #2 overturns, somersaults ahead of Ray's Dodge.

Breaks SCREECH. It's too late. The Dodge SLAMS into the underside of the crash landed Goon car #2.

DARKNESS.

MOMENTS LATER

Smoke spirals from the Dodge's crunched up bonnet. Glass surrounds the vehicle from its smashed windows.

Its dented passenger door CREAKS open.

Ray crawls out. Blood drips down his face from a gash at the side of his forehead.

He gets to his feet. Shakes his head clear. Wipes blood from his face with his arm. Gazes at the crash site.

Behind, Goon car #1 lay halfway up the mud bank. Eerie tail lights blink in the darkness.

Ahead, Goon car #2 lay upside down twenty feet away.

GURGLING. PANTING. WHEEZING.

Ray takes slow composed steps towards the vehicle,

A Goon lay trapped inbetween the front door window. Balaclava shredded, face covered in cuts. Gurgles blood. Harsh breaths.

Ray kneels down. Looks inside the car.

INSIDE GOON CAR #2:

Driver's head splattered across the roof. His broken body contorted. A dead backseat Goon bleeds heavily from several deep cuts of glass, his head freakishly dented inwards.

BACK TO SCENE.

Ray gazes down at the barely alive Goon. Grins.

RAY
Harry's pissed huh?

Goon spits blood in Ray's direction.

GOON
Fuck you Ray...you're a dead man walking.

Ray picks up a Glock 9mm from the ground. Checks the mag. Fully loaded. Restores the mag.

He points the gun down at Goon's face.

RAY
That puts me one up on you.

BANG!

MOMENT LATER

The briefcase lay several feet away from the Dodge.

Ray picks it up.

Ray steps on embedded tree roots to climb the mud bank.

EXT. HAY FIELD - NIGHT

Dark woodland surrounds a vast field of knee high hay illuminated stark white by surreal dazzling moonlight.

Ray emerges from the woods.

Moonlight pinpoints an isolated bungalow centre field.

Suspicious, Ray surveys the area.

Quiet. Peaceful.

He heads toward the bungalow.

EXT. BUNGALOW - HAY FIELD - NIGHT

Deteriorating white paint peels from its brick foundations. A glass window. A small porch surrounds a wooden door. A wind-chime dangles above.

Ray approaches with caution.

He inquisitively tries the door handle. It opens.

Surprised, Ray enters inside.

An unseen name plate above the door reads "WELCOME TO LIMBO".

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Ray enters inside. He notices a key in the door lock. He's careful to close the door quietly.

An old rocking chair sits on an undersized tatty rug. Floorboards cover the rest of the ground.

Sparse moonlight creeps inside through a window at the far end of the room. Both windows align with each other.

Ray checks the far window. Gentle wind sweeps across the field as its foreboding woodland perimeter looms beyond.

Ray turns to a closed door.

INT. BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A waterless grotty toilet. Grimy sink basin. A slim air vent.
Ray cleans blood from his face.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Ray sneers in disgust. He closes the bathroom door.
He walks to the front door. Locks it.
Ray puts the briefcase beneath the near window.
He sits on the rocking chair.
A ray of moonlight strikes his emotionless face.
His dark eyes appear lifeless. Cold. Lost.

EXT. HAY FIELD - NIGHT

Terrified, someone runs BREATHLESSLY toward the bungalow.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Ray sits up from the rocking chair. Alert.
He creeps to the near window.
Through the window, an indistinguishable figure runs toward
the bungalow.
Ray takes out the handgun from his waistband.
Through the window, the figure closes in on the bungalow -
rays of moonlight reveal it to be female.

EXT. HAY FIELD - BUNGALOW - NIGHT

CARLY (17, blonde, innocently attractive, white jumper, black
jeans) runs toward the bungalow in a distressed state.

She reaches the door. Tears drip down her cheeks. She bangs
her fists against the door.

CARLY
Please! Please help me!

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Perplexed, Ray gazes down at the briefcase.

CARLY (O.S.)
Help me! Please! Please help!

Ray looks back out the window. Carly pleads at the door.

Ray grips his gun. Closes his eyes. *Tight.*

CARLY (O.S.)
Please help me!

Ray opens his eyes. As if going against his better judgement he puts his gun back in his waistband.

Ray unlocks the door. Opens it.

An hysterical Carly scrambles inside.

She falls to her knees, cowers against the wall.

CARLY
Lock the door! Lock the door!

Ray closes the door. Locks it.

He kneels down beside a sobbing Carly. He takes her shaking hand in his. She looks up at him with terrified eyes.

FLASH CUT:

INT. HOSPITAL MATERNITY WARD - DAY

A delighted Ray cradles a newborn baby in his arms.

BACK TO SCENE.

Ray gently wipes Carly's tear streamed cheek. She stops crying. She looks up at him with trusting innocent eyes.

Ray helps her to her feet.

FLASH CUT:

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

A child's birthday party. Ray smiles with happiness as a YOUNG GIRL blows out candles on a cake.

BACK TO SCENE.

Carly directs a calm but stern look towards Ray.

CARLY

We don't have long. We need to get out of here.

She looks around the room. Panic returns.

CARLY

Oh no, are you alone? We've gotta get going! We've gotta get outta here now!

Ray places reassuring hands on her shoulders.

RAY

Calm down. Take it easy.

CARLY

You don't understand! They're gonna kill us both if they find me with you!

RAY

Who?

Carly trembles. She sobs meekly.

Ray gently ushers her to the rocking chair. She sits. He kneels down beside her.

RAY

What's your name?

Carly holds her hands to stop them shaking.

CARLY

Carly.

RAY

OK, Carly. I'm Ray.
(beat)
Who's after you?

Carly takes a deep breath. It does little to calm her nerves.

CARLY

They don't have a name. They're not like other gangs. I can only describe them... as a cult.

Ray holds her hand encouragingly.

CARLY

They took me in off the streets. They were like family. I trusted them. Until they started to...

Silent sobs drown her voice.

RAY
They hurt you.

Carly nods.

CARLY
They've become ruthless. Violent
towards their own. If you don't
follow their rules, you're a
traitor. One of the enemy.

Carly sinks her face in her hands. Cries.

Ray goes to put a comforting arm around her but pulls back.
It's as if he's just realized how touchy-feely he's become.

RAY
You're doing good Carly.

She lifts her head from her hands.

CARLY
We have to get moving. They're
coming.

RAY
Carly - there's no where to go.
It's five miles to the border. Five
miles back to the city. Either
route is suicide on foot.

Carly breaks down in tears.

She hugs Ray for comfort. It takes him by surprise.

RAY
This is the safest spot for you
right now. If they do come, I'm the
last person they'd wanna meet.
They'll be in for a surprise.

Carly hugs Ray tighter, buries her head in his chest.

CARLY
(muffled)
Thank you.

Ray awkwardly, but protectively, hugs her back.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Two black Sedans pull up. Four muscle-bound goons exit the
vehicles, two from each car.

ZEUS - 40's, bald, tall, wrestler type build.

PATCH - 30's, smug, handsome, wears a gold plated eye patch.

ICE - 30's, slick, cool. Bright gold teeth.

ANGEL - early 50's - a tough, masculine transsexual, multiple facial scars.

INT. HOTEL - RED ROOM - NIGHT

A luminous red beams from ceiling lights. Empty sulphuric acid cans act as vases for bouquets of dead, withered flowers. Street maps pinned on the wall. Classical music plays from an LP player.

Harry wears a pair of marigold gloves as he snips at various flower heads with a pair of scissors.

A KNOCK on the door.

HARRY

Enter.

Joe and Jim enter through a red door.

Harry, his back to them, continues with his odd job.

HARRY

No news?

JOE

We ain't heard nothing Harry.

Harry angrily snips one last flower head off. He turns to face Joe and Jim.

HARRY

Then it's safe to assume Ray's done them in. Sometimes you just have to get things done yourself. Have the reinforcements arrived?

JIM

Outside right now.

HARRY

Well let's not keep our helping hands waiting.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Ray looks out of the near window. It's quiet. Calm.

Carly enters the bathroom. She closes the door.

Ray squints, unsure if he's caught something in his vision.

Carly returns from the bathroom. Ray turns to her.

RAY
You OK?

Carly nods.

RAY
Not exactly keen on hygiene around
here are they?

CARLY
Looks like the Ritz compared to
some places I've been.

She walks towards Ray.

CARLY
See anything?

The far window SMASHES!

Ray ducks, grabs Carly and drags her down to the floor.

The near window SMASHES!

Multiple GUN FIRE blasts from outside.

Bullets ZING around the room, ricocheting from the walls.

GUN FIRE increases from outside. It's deafening.

Ray covers Carly on the floor.

Quiet.

Moments pass.

RAY
Stay down.

Ray crouches over to the near window. He carefully peaks out.

Outside, in the distance - several HOODED FIGURES, some dressed in white, others in blue, scatter from the woodland into the moonlit field.

Ray urgently crosses to the far window.

He looks out with similar caution.

Outside, several white hooded figures emerge from the woodland, spreading out into the field.

RAY
Bastards are closing in.

Ray draws his gun. Fires two shots into the field.

Carly, curled into a ball on the floor, looks up at Ray.

CARLY

Did...Did you get 'em?

RAY

Too far.

CARLY

Then... what did you do that for?

RAY

Sent them a message. They think you're alone. Now they know you're not.

Ray looks out of the far window.

Outside, the figures have vanished.

Ray darts towards the near window. He crouches beside it.

RAY

Now they know they ain't the only ones with guns. Might hold 'em back a bit. Gives them something to think about. Gives us more time.

He checks the window.

Outside, no sign of the figures.

Carly gets to her knees. She gazes up at Ray like a lost puppy. She moves in close to him. He's uneasy.

RAY

I saw these guys wearing white cloaks. Some in blue. Outfits like the god-damn Klu Klux Klan.

Carly gulps. Ray looks at her inquisitively.

RAY

What kinda numbers are we dealing with here?

CARLY

Hard to say. Fifty. Maybe more.

RAY

This cult's like a street gang? It's got some sort of color code?

She's clearly scared just discussing it.

CARLY

Those in blue are fanatical followers. Newcomers wear white. They have to undertake a rite of passing to become a blue. The initiation is murder of a rival. An enemy. Or of a betrayer.

RAY

Nothing mystical about that. That's street level mentality.

CARLY

Those in black are the leaders. Believe me Ray. They're ruthless.

RAY

You're saying these guys are that pissed you left they've sent in the death squad aswell as the Hitler youth.

CARLY

Huh?

RAY

This was no initiation. They were out in their tens and twenties. They want you so bad they'll put in their front players to get you?

Carly nods. Cries softly into her hands.

Ray places a consoling - almost fatherly - arm around her.

RAY

They won't get you. I won't let them.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

A black sedan's headlights beam over the crash site.

Zeus checks out the car wrecks. He smiles with amazement.

Angel stands close by. She's on her mobile phone.

ANGEL

Harry - me and Zeus have found your guys. You might wanna come see for yourself.

(beat)

Woodland lane.

Angel puts her phone in her tight jean pocket. Zeus looks over at her with a snide grin.

ZEUS
Looks like those operations weren't
a hundred percent successful Angel.

Angel looks down at her phone protruding through her jean pocket. She gives Zeus a one finger salute. He laughs.

Angel looks around the crash site. Zeus follows.

ANGEL
How could one man have caused all
this *and* escaped without injury?

ZEUS
You don't know Razor very well do
you? The guy's survived more
scrapes than you have scalpels.

Angel turns to face Zeus. She throttles his neck with her hand. Squeezes tight. His face turns red.

ANGEL
(dark male voice)
One more fuckin' word from you
Zeus, and I'll cut off you're dick,
bend you over and make you fuck
yourself. Got it cocksucker?

Zeus nods frantically. Angel releases him. She turns back to the site. Zeus gasps for breath. Smiles enthusiastically.

ZEUS
You really are one freaky bitch
with an attitude.

Angel poses like a model in front of the headlights and blows Zeus a kiss.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

A black sedan drives through a desolate residential area.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Joe drives. Jim sits in the passenger seat.

Harry sits in between Patch and Ice in the back. He puts his mobile phone into his pocket. He leans forward.

HARRY
Joe, Woodland Lane. Quick smart.

Joe nods.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

The black sedan does a 180 degree turn.

Roars down the road.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

Zeus examines Goon car #1.

Angel picks up the Wildey magnum. She examines it in the Sedans headlights.

Zeus notices. He rushes over.

ZEUS

What you got there baby? Found a
spare part to add to your wardrobe?

Angel stands opposite Zeus with angry sick-of-your-joke eyes.

She aims the Wildey at Zeus' face.

ANGEL

Just think. Me and you. In the
woods. No one about. Just like the
old times. What a shame to end it
like this.

Zeus smiles smugly, as if they've played this game before.

Blood splatters his face.

Blood leaks from a bullet hole in Angel's forehead. Eyes
lazed, she drops to the ground.

A hooded figure in white stands behind her, face not visible.
Holds a silencer muzzled handgun at arms length.

A startled Zeus whimpers. He looks to his left arm. Gone.
Blood streams from his socket. His arm lay on the ground.

His shocked eyes dart downwards. A blood drenched blade
sticks out of his stomach.

The blade quickly reverts inwards. Zeus falls to the ground.

A hooded figure in white stands behind him, blood soaked
machete in hand.

LATER

Headlights beam down the lane. Harry's Sedan stops at the
crash site.

Joe and Jim exit the Sedan. Ice appears next. Then Patch. Lastly, Harry.

They observe the crash site. Harry nods towards Zeus' Sedan.

HARRY
Joe, check Zeus' ride out.

Harry takes out his phone. Finds a contact number.

Joe checks the inside of Zeus' Sedan. Empty.

Harry waits impatiently for an answer on his phone.

JOE
Harry?

Harry looks at Joe knelt beside one of the rear tyres.

JOE
Slashed.

ICE (O.S.)
So's this one.

Ice kicks the front tyre.

ICE
Both of 'em.

Harry disconnects his call. Dials another number.

A phone ring tone. Beethoven. Nearby.

Joe, Ice and Harry look toward the bushes in the mud bank.

Jim stands in security guard pose by Harry's Sedan. He glances menacingly at Patch - casually sat on the car bonnet.

PATCH
Nevermind. I'll get it.

He treads slowly to the mud bank. The rest watch curiously.

PATCH
I hate mobile phones. I'll tell you a story one day how I lost my eye and you'll understand how much.

ICE
Don't knock free service. I remember we used to pay to use 'em.

PATCH
Yeah well as far as I'm concerned, I wish the networks died along with everything else.

ICE

The government still want people to think they give a damn. Keepin' their phone alive ain't much but it's something. Plus, shit's free. Might save your life one day.

Harry interrupts with a cough.

HARRY

The only government is my government. Now, Patch, answer the bloody call.

Patch crouches down in front of the bushes. The tone comes from within. He cautiously reaches inside.

Patch pulls out a bloody hand from the bush, phone clenched in it's palm.

He takes the phone. Drops the hand with only slight disgust.

ICE

Whose hand is that?

Patch frowns.

PATCH

You seriously want me to answer that? What am I? A palm reader?

Patch laughs to himself. The rest watch him in stony silence.

PATCH

My guess is either Zeus or Angels. Since they both had man hands, it's kinda hard to tell.

Harry disconnects the call. The phone stops ringing.

HARRY

It doesn't matter whose hand that is, I want my bloody briefcase back!

ICE

Harry - you tellin' me this Ray guy could take out two cars with your guys carrying shotguns, survive whatever the fuck happened here then take out Zeus and Angel?

Harry lights a roll up. He's not happy.

ICE

Who is this guy? Chuck Norris?

Patch rejoins the group. He pats Ice on his shoulder.

PATCH

Ice, he's good, but he ain't that good.

ICE

Yeah well it sure looks like -

Harry whistles. Grabs their attention.

HARRY

Excuse me ladies, but I'm not paying you two gas-bags to debate the topic of the day. He can't of gotten very far on foot. Get searching.

Ice and Patch gaze beyond Harry.

JOE (O.S.)

Aww shit.

Harry turns behind.

Three moonlit tall dark figures stand at the lane entrance.

PATCH

Shit man, it's them.

HARRY

Well don't just stand and wait for an autograph. Shoot the bastards.

The group act on Harry's order.

Patch, positioned in the centre of the road, fires his handgun. Ice crouches beside him and fires his.

Jim fires shotgun rounds over the bonnet of the Sedan.

Joe uses his handgun from the side of the road.

Harry laughs in delight, hands cover his ears as he watches gun smoke gather and rise.

Harry signals an end to the gunfire like a conductor orchestrates the end to a song.

Silence. Gun smoke clears.

Expectant sneers on the faces of the firing squad vanish.

No sign of the figures.

Confused mutters of disbelief amongst the group.

HEAVY GUN FIRE from seemingly nowhere!

Sparks fly off the ground.

Harry's Sedan is blasted with bullets.

Joe hits the ground.

Jim cradles himself into a ball.

Ice jumps into the mud bank.

Patch dives into the bushes.

Harry stands his ground. He's frozen in fear.

Gun fire stops.

Sounds of relief from the group.

Harry pats himself down. Anger burns from his eyes.

He stands confident, arms outstretched.

HARRY

(shouts)

Alright! You made your point!

He turns in a circle, trying to locate the enemy, searching for someone he can negotiate with.

HARRY

You sent me the pretty letters,
right? Well I'm standing here
waitin'! Here's your chance! You'd
do me in now if that's what you
wanted! That says to me that you
want me - alive - so come on! Let's
talk!

Joe gets up. He reloads his shotgun with ammo from his coat pocket. He stands by Harry's side.

Jim grabs his gun from the ground. He joins them.

Ice and Patch reload their guns. They join the group.

The five-some stand in a circle, attempt to cover all angles.

A mobile phone RING TONE. Beethoven.

Patch takes the phone from his pocket. He offers it for someone else to answer.

Harry snatches it from him. He answers it.

HARRY
Ready to talk?

DISTORTED VOICE (V.O.)
Leave the lane, you die. Try and
live, you die.

Phone line goes dead.

ICE
Well? What do they want? What did
they say?

HARRY
They said happy fuckin' birthday.

Harry angrily throws the phone to the ground.

MOMENTS LATER

Jim opens the boot of Harry's shot up Sedan.

Joe, Ice and Patch look inside. Assorted guns and ammo.

HARRY
Take what you need. It's time to
sort these wannabees out and show
them who's boss.

Ice takes a mini Uzi machine gun. Patch takes an M16 assault
rifle. They reload their handguns with ammo.

Harry points beyond one side of the mud banks.

HARRY
Patch - scour that field. Me, Jim
and Joe will check the other.

Patch nods.

HARRY
Ice - sweep the lane. If either of
you find Ray, you know what to do.

Ice nods.

HARRY
Now listen. Since things have taken
a slight turn for the worse, I'm
being a compassionate bastard and
adding a bonus. Ten grand for
whoever wipes as many of these shit
stains off as possible and lives to
show me the proof. An extra ten for
Ray's head and my briefcase.

The motivation works. Patch makes his way up the mud bank. Ice begins his way down the lane.

HARRY

Remember this - the Devil hides in cracks, beneath the smallest safest place until he can emerge. Flush the fucker out. Make no mistakes. I'm your God, these are your commandments. Go kill those runts.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Carly kneels beside the far window, Ray at the near. Both listen intently. Silence.

RAY

Looks like they were the last shots. For now.

CARLY

Ray, does anybody know you're here?

RAY

They would have found me eventually.

Carly looks sympathetically at Ray.

CARLY

I'm sorry - for what might have happened to them.

(beat)

Your friends? Family?

RAY

Business associates. We didn't leave on the best of terms.

He turns to her. Carly eyes him questionably.

RAY

Let me ask you something. You talk about this cult as if they're different to any other gang. Yet you seem bright enough to me to have seen through whatever brainwashing bullshit they fed you. How did you get yourself mixed up in all this?

CARLY

You know what it's like out there. How hard it is just to live day by day. They gave me protection. A sense of belonging. Family.

CARLY(cont'd)

If you lose people you love,
especially when you're young, you
need security. At least... I did.

Ray nods. He understands.

CARLY

I could have joined any of the
other gangs. I could have been
killed by any of the other gangs.
(cold/distant)
I guess you just have to play with
the cards fate deals out.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

Ice creeps with caution, Uzi at the ready.

He darts from left to right,

He stops. Looks ahead with a sigh.

Inconsistent rays of moonlight penetrate overhead trees. The
road stretches forever, leads into a dark abyss.

Overhanging whisperish tree branches linger, sway hauntingly
from a gentle breeze.

Ice continues. He sticks in the middle of the road, away from
their clutches.

Hidden in the mud bank behind the whisperish branches,
something watches Ice. Moves slow, silent aside him.

Twigs SNAP.

Ice turns, aims his gun.

A field mouse darts across the road.

High up at tree top level, something watches Ice.

Nervous, Ice perseveres down the road. He pauses.

Bright headlights beam from behind a tight corner.

Ice creeps inside the mud bank. He kneels down at the edge.

Headlights are from a parked ambulance.

Distant VOICES.

Ice backs into the mud bank. Several thin branches cover him.

He aims his Uzi at the vehicle.

An ENGINE roars into life.

Ambulance slowly moves forward.

Ice steadies his aim.

ICE

That's it baby. Come to Papa.

Headlights flash over Ice's hiding place. Directly behind him stand two blue hooded figures.

The van stops opposite Ice. Engine cuts. Headlights fade out.

Ice grits his gold plated teeth. Grips the trigger.

ICE POV

Blurred vision. Headlights beam. They multiply from two sets into eight. Fuzziness. Dizziness. Darkness.

BACK TO SCENE.

Ice drops his gun. He collapses to the ground.

A blue hood behind him holds a syringe in striking pose.

MOMENTS LATER

Incapacitated Ice crawls across the road, captured by the ambulance headlights.

A flurry of several white hooded figures rush from the mud banks. They surround Ice in a circle.

Ice looks up in a state of confusion and bewilderment.

The hoods descend upon him. Ferocious kicks to his body. Several kicks to his face.

Ice's nose snaps sideways, nasal bone protrudes through skin.

His cheekbone cracks - forces his eye to burst and hang monstrously from it's socket. Blood seeps from the orifice.

Steel capped shoes stomp on Ice's outstretched fingers. Thin spurts of blood fly from beneath his broken, cracked nails.

A boot stamps on his tensed knuckles. Bones split through the skin of his palm.

Ice's kneecaps CRACK from repeated kicking. A hood clamps down his thigh whilst another forcefully bends his leg unnaturally sideways.

The hoods grab Ice by his lifeless legs. They turn him onto his front.

They DRAG him across the ground. His face grates along the road. Flesh tears as his pitiful eye gazes open in horror.

The hoods turn Ice onto his back. They surround and look down at him, faces hidden in darkness.

A hood sits on Ice's chest. Draws a knife from his belt.

Indecipherable WHISPERS. Faint mocking LAUGHTER.

Muddy fingers spread open Ice's mouth. The hood teasingly traces his knife across the ridges of Ice's mouth.

He traces his blade across Ice's gold plated teeth.

The hood digs his blade into Ice's gum. He cuts. Draws blood. Slices across the upper ridge. Loosens the canal. Recuts in the opposite direction. The entire gum gives way.

Hood takes the set of gold teeth. Raises them in the air like a trophy. Surrounding hoods CHEER.

The ambulance's back doors swing open.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Bathroom door opens. Carly emerges.

Ray keeps check by the near window.

Carly wanders, restless. She saunters over to Ray.

RAY

Stay back Carly would ya?

Carly sits against the wall.

CARLY

You know...maybe it's safer if we hid in the bathroom? Less chance of 'em hitting us in there.

Ray darts across the room. Checks the far window.

RAY

We wouldn't be able to see them. Kinda puts us at a disadvantage.

Carly watches Ray, intrigued.

CARLY

I've told you about me. Your turn.

Ray heads back to the near window. He checks again.

CARLY

C'mon Ray. Tell me. What do you do?

RAY

Does it matter?

CARLY

Does anything matter right now? If we're gonna end up how I think we are - then what hurt will it do.

Ray glances at her. She's a lot less frightened than before. He returns his gaze to the window.

RAY

I'm retired.

CARLY

OK... So what was it you did before you retired?

Ray turns to her. He observes her innocent face.

RAY

I killed people for money.

He turns back to the window.

RAY

But like I said, I'm retired.

Carly's shocked.

CARLY

You talk about it as if you've just collected your pension.

She can't hide her disgust at Ray's silence.

CARLY

Don't you care? Don't you feel any remorse?

Ray turns to Carly. He's tired of the questions.

RAY

We need to keep focused on the job in hand.

EXT. HAY FIELD - NIGHT

A gentle breeze drifts through moonlit hay fields.

Rain falls. Thunder RUMBLES.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Heavy rain pelts the window panes.

Ray sits stone faced by the near window.

Carly sits against the wall. She gazes at the floor as she fidgets nervously with her fingers.

Awkward silence.

Carly hesitantly looks over at Ray.

Lightning flickers.

Ray meets her look. She quickly stares back to the floor.

RAY

Carly...

She looks up at him, intimidated. Unsure.

RAY

What do you want to know.

Carly gulps. Goes for it.

CARLY

Did you ever kill a woman or child?

RAY

No kids.

(remorsefully)

One woman.

(beat)

Never again.

CARLY

Was it a hit?

Ray hesitates. He scans the floor for answers.

RAY

Six years ago, I was given my first assignment. It was to take away my clients problem. An Italian mob boss holding out in a residential safe house. I'd been in the bar drinking, building up the courage. The time came...

Ray trails off. His haunted stare gazes into darkness.

FLASHBACK

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ray, 34, dressed in all black and a ski mask, gently closes a french patio door. All is quiet. Dark.

Wide eyed, Ray creeps across the kitchen towards a closed door. HARD, HEAVY BREATHS with every step.

His gloved hand shakes as it reaches for the handle.

The door opens inwards - Ray steps back surprised as the dark figure of a MAN stands at the doorway.

Ray fires his gun FOUR times in panic.

The man drops to the floor.

Ray breathes faster, heavier. He walks through the doorway.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ray crouches over the dead man.

The living room door CREAKS opens - Ray FIRES two shots in the direction of the sound.

A WOMAN drops to the floor.

Ray looks around the dark room lost. He feels around the wall near the doorway. Finds a switch, hits it.

Dim light emerges from a loosely connected bare ceiling bulb.

Ray looks bewildered.

A man, 50's, wearing a dressing gown lay dead. A woman, 40's, in her nightie, lay dead.

Ray crouches beside the woman. Removes his mask. Wipes away perspiration. Checks the woman's neck for a pulse.

A loud SCREAM from the doorway.

Ray closes his eyes, aims his gun instinctively in the direction of the scream. Pulls the trigger. Out of ammo.

Ray opens his frightened eyes.

A YOUNG GIRL, 11, in a white nightie, stands at the doorway crying hysterically as she clutches her toy teddy bear.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Carly grips her shaking fingers. She composes herself.

CARLY
Wrong address?

RAY
No. It's what Harry Acid - the
bastard I used to work for - would
call an initiation. Training.

Ray stands. He checks the window and takes a deep breath.

Carly stands awkwardly - unsure whether to console him or
keep her distance.

CARLY
I didn't mean to push.

RAY
You didn't. The only person that
pushed me was Harry.

He turns to Carly. Taps the briefcase with his foot.

RAY
I'm just levelling things out.

CARLY
What's in there?

RAY
Payback.

CARLY
Stealing from him? That's payback?

RAY
It'll hurt him. Torture him. To
him, that's a fate worse than
death.

Carly paces in frustration, unable to grasp Ray's ideology.

CARLY
I know of Harry Acid. Pimp. Drug
dealer. Murderer. Overturned the
city and ran it into dust. But I
don't understand what you're trying
to accomplish. Is this all a set
up?

Ray motionlessly watches her become more animated.

CARLY

Did you just wanna piss him off for a couple of days? You're a hitman right? You kill people. Why didn't you kill him when you had the chance?

Ray blows his cool.

RAY

Because I wanted him to suffer. Because I knew he'd come looking for me. Him and whatever small army he could muster together. By the time he'd have found me, I'd have died happy knowing the torment he went through. If I'd got the chance to do him in myself, even better.

Ray calms.

RAY

You've only heard about him. I know him. I know the only way that son of a bitch would ever feel a pinch of emotion would be if someone he trusted stole the only thing he loved away from him.

(beat)

This little predicament we find ourselves in wasn't expected. My priorities have changed. I just want to get you out of here safely.

CARLY

There's gotta be more to it than that, Ray. Why the guilt trip over something that happened six years ago? You've gotta have a deeper reason for revenge.

RAY

It's not your problem --

CARLY

Tell me!

Ray studies her gleaming eyes. Her genuine passionate interest helps lower his defence. He takes a deep breath.

RAY

What do you know about the Boeing 777 air crash?

CARLY

It was one of the first exportation acts.

CARLY(cont'd)

Trying to get people outta the city to somewhere safer. The bomb detonated just after take off, right?

RAY

Right. Harry had some of his guys plant the bomb. It didn't just kill every passenger on board but most notably several government officials. Quite a successful job on Harry's part.

Carly nods, following so far but keen for the pay off.

RAY

I knew the city was eating itself. Knew Harry's revolution was at hand. Knew nothing good would come out of it. I made sure my wife and daughter were on that plane.

Carly holds a stunned silence. Frowns.

RAY

Harry blamed the Gallino family. They were renown for acts of terrorism. I had no reason to doubt him.

CARLY

So what makes you so sure it was Harry?

FLASHBACK

INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ray waits outside the giant doors. Joe and Jim on guard. Shouting heard from beyond the doors.

HARRY (O.S.)

...I swear on you're life, if it means taking out those runts I'm gonna do another 777 and this time I'm gonna get the credit I deserve for it! None of this pass the buck shit. If they want war, they'll get a fuckin' war!

END FLASHBACK

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

A pale faced Carly sits against the wall.

Ray checks the window. Rain turns to drizzle.

CARLY

How could you - why would you work for someone like that? For so long?

RAY

You don't think about it. You can't allow yourself to. You get used to closing yourself off. Becoming a machine. Becoming the job.

(beat)

When I discovered the truth, it made me think. It made me feel. For the first time in a long time.

Carly stands. She shoots a disgusted look in Ray's direction.

CARLY

I've just escaped a bunch of killers to find refuge with a murderer.

Taken aback, Ray watches her storm to the bathroom.

CARLY

Excuse me. But after what I've just heard I think I'm gonna be sick.

She slams the door shut behind her.

EXT. PUMPKIN FIELD - NIGHT

Hundreds of rotten pumpkins scattered in disorganized rows. Vines spread across the field. Several cobweb covered scarecrows hang on large wooden crosses.

Patch trudges through the grimy undergrowth.

A SQUELCH from under his foot.

Patch stops. Lifts up his boot.

Gooey strands and splattered remains of an undersized small squashed pumpkin cover the sole of his boot.

Patch sighs, fed up with his assignment.

PATCH

Someone's gonna pay for this.

A dark shape bursts from the ground.

Surprised, Patch backtracks. He stumbles over a pumpkin and falls to the ground.

He watches the shape perch on a crucified scarecrow's arm.
It's just a crow.

Patch grumbles, gets to his feet.

He aims his M16 at the crow.

PATCH

Pumpkin and crow pie sounds good to
me. What'd you think about that?

He mockingly shoots. The crow SQUAWKS. Flies off.

Patch smiles.

He takes a second look at the scarecrow.

His smile fades. Frowns.

Curious, he walks closer to it.

DRIP-DROP DRIP-DROP.

Patch looks up at the scarecrow's outstretched arm.

A liquid drips from beneath torn clothing.

Patch kneels down.

He touches a pumpkin. It's coated in the liquid. He rubs his
fingers together. Blood.

Patch looks up at the scarecrow's mock face. A cloth mask.
Two dark eyeholes. Menacing scowl.

Patch hooks his M16 underneath the scarecrow's mask.

He unmask the scarecrow with a quick flick - revealing Zeus'
face underneath.

A CRUNCHING sound from behind.

Patch spins around.

No one there. Just rotten pumpkins.

He turns back - bewildered.

A bright circular orange glow in the distance.

PATCH

What the hell...?

He sneaks towards it, dodges warily past various scarecrows
which hold rusted scythes in their gloved hands.

Patch reaches the edge of the orange glow. He's gobsmacked.

Forty lit devilishly carved pumpkins surround a large circular ditch. A large wooden cross stands in the middle.

Patch gazes in puzzled awe.

Three blue hooded figures loom behind him.

Patch takes a mobile phone from his pocket.

A blue hood raises a rifle above Patch's head.

Patch spins around - just as the handle of the rifle CRACKS down on his forehead.

EXT. PUMPKIN FIELD - SACRIFICIAL CIRCLE - NIGHT

Patch wakes. He SCREAMS in pain.

His wrists nailed to the cross. His bare feet nailed together at the bottom.

Several white hoods watch Patch, naked, writhe in anguish. His clothes sit amongst a pile of hay and wood below him.

A tall black hooded figure emerges from in between the cult members. Smoke yields from his fiery wooden torch.

Patch yells for help. Begs for mercy.

Tall black hood lights the bundle of hay.

Patch's clothes burn. Flames spiral up the cross.

Patch SCREECHES in agony.

The cult members watch morbidly.

Engulfed in flames, Patch's screams fall silent.

The cross slants, slowly falls to ground in a burning heap.

Perched on a scarecrow, a crow SQUAWKS with glee.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Carly, sheepish, emerges from the bathroom. Red eyes. Tear stained cheeks.

Ray keeps check at the near window, his back turned to her. Carly looks on him with apologetic eyes.

Lost for words, Carly releases a troubled sigh as she rummages her hand through her hair.

Ray turns round. A gentle understanding smile.

Carly opens her mouth to speak --

A white hooded figure jumps through the far window, grabs Carly, and wraps his arms around her.

GUN SHOT.

Ray stands, hand gun aimed, steel concentration in his eyes.

White hood's grasp slips from Carly. He falls to the floor dead. Bullet hole right between the eyes.

Ray darts across the room. He checks the far window.

Shaken, Carly remains rooted to the spot. She looks to Ray. Her eyes plead for comfort.

Ray hugs her. She hugs him back. She sinks her head into his chest. Ray strokes her back, whispers words of reassurance.

MOMENTS LATER

Ray kneels beside the dead white hood. Removes a black mask from his face. He's 60. Beard. Friendly face.

He checks his neck for a pulse.

RAY

Better safe than sorry.

Carly watches. She's calm.

Ray pats down the cultist's body.

CARLY

What you doing?

RAY

Checking for ammo. I'm nearly out.

He turns to her with a resigned look.

Ray crouches below the far window. He cautiously looks out.

RAY

Looks like they've made a tactical change. This old guy was on some kind of suicide bomber mission.

Bemused, he looks at the dead cultist.

RAY

But without the bomb.

CARLY

Well...What does that mean?

RAY

Are these guys that gung-ho they're willing to go kamikaze if need be?

CARLY

You mean...sacrifice themselves for the cause?

Ray nods.

A solemn Carly nods back.

EXT. HAY FIELD - NIGHT

Harry, Joe and Jim are crouched, barely hidden by hay.

HARRY

That shot weren't one of ours. It sounded like it came from -

Harry rises with his two guards. His finger points deeper into the field.

HARRY

Over there somewhere.

MOMENTS LATER

Harry leads Joe and Jim further into the field.

Harry pauses - stops Joe and Jim with outstretched arms.

HARRY

Tell me, is that a bungalow over there or is that a fuckin' bungalow over there?

The distant bungalow is dimly lit by overhead moonlight.

JIM

Could be an old bird watching hut. Might be an old gypsy shack.

JOE

Looks like a bungalow to me boss.

HARRY

Right. Well one - I'm not keen on trooping through this mud hole for much longer. Two - I'm willing to bet someone else's money that Ray is hiding out in that little hut right there. Three -

A soft THUD.

Jim strays, dizzy, uncoordinated.

He collapses on his front.

Harry and Joe exchange an inquisitive glance.

Joe looks down at Jim.

JOE

What you doing you daft prick?

Joe kicks him. No response. He kicks him over onto his back.

Bullet hole in Joe's forehead. Right between his eyes.

Mortified, Joe and Harry look at each other.

Several soft THUDS.

Bloody bullet holes rise from the bottom of Joe's legs to the top of his thigh as if a paint-ball match.

He sinks to his knees. So much pain he can't even whimper.

Harry freezes on the spot. Scared stiff.

His eyes dart left to right. Impenetrably dark woodland.

Harry grabs Joe's gun from the ground. Grits his teeth. He fires erratically in every direction. The chamber empties.

Silence.

A gentle breeze of wind. Hay stems rustle.

Harry steps forward.

THUD.

A bullet hits the ground an inch from his foot.

He moves in the opposite direction.

Several THUDS.

Bullets hit the ground around him.

Stuck to the spot, Harry drops his empty gun. He raises his hands in surrender.

HARRY

Alright you bastards! You got me!
What do you want!?

Gale force wind. Uprooted mud and dust cover Harry.

Harry covers his face with his hands. He struggles to keep his balance.

Noises within the wind - HOWLS, SHRIEKS, SCREAMS.

The mini wind storm stops.

Silence.

Harry falls to his knees, baying for breath.

He turns behind.

Three tall dark hooded figures loom over him.

Harry whimpers.

DARK HOOD(1) reveals a dagger.

He straddles Joe. Forces his head upward. Strikes the dagger below his chin.

The blade slashes through Joe's masseter muscle. Blood pours from the wound like water from a broken dam.

Dark hood(1) slices downwards, viciously splits Joe's torso in half with one brutal inhuman strike.

He stabs the dagger through Joe's open mouth. CRUNCH.

He grips both slit parts of Joe's body. Tears it apart.

Harry winces at the sight, yet can't take his eyes away.

DARK HOOD(2) kneels beside Jim's body. He withdraws a similar dagger. He HACKS at his neck with ghoulish enthusiasm.

He holds Jim's decapitated head aloft.

DARK HOOD(3) stands above Harry. No face beneath the hood. Just darkness. Harry fears the worst.

Dark hood(3) raises his arm - points to the bungalow with a long thin skeletal finger.

Harry can't believe his luck. He scrambles to his feet, trembles before the dark figure.

Dark Hood(3) reiterates his point.

Harry gratefully nods. He releases a half insane chortle. He turns and runs towards the bungalow.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Ray and Carly kneel at the near window. They look outside.

Harry runs through the field towards the bungalow.

RAY
Son of a bitch.

Ray aims his gun. Carly grabs his arm.

CARLY
Don't do it Ray.

He studies her innocent pleading doe eyes. The anger that fills his eyes calms. He reluctantly lowers his gun.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

A breathless Harry tries to open the door. Locked. He bangs his fists against it.

HARRY
Let me in! Come on! Open the fuckin' door!

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Carly rushes to the door. She looks at Ray. He remains knelt at the window.

HARRY (O.S.)
C'mon! Open up!

Repeated BANGING at the door.

CARLY
I can't just leave him out there Ray!

A miserable, distant Ray ignores her.

Carly unlocks the door. Harry rushes inside in a panic. Carly closes the door and locks it.

Ray stands. Him and Harry stare menacingly at each other.

Carly positions herself inbetween them.

RAY
Looks like you just met your secret admirers. How'd you get away?

Harry smirks as he eyes the gun held passively in Ray's hand. He regains his breath and composure. Checks out the room.

HARRY
They let me go.

Ray turns back to the window. He seethes.

RAY
Must be your lucky night Harry.

Harry eyes the briefcase below the window.

HARRY
It just might be.

EXT. HAY FIELD - BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Drizzle. Blood splattered hay sways from gentle wind. No sign of Joe or Jim's bodies. No sign of the dark hoods.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Harry leans against the wall. He lights a crumpled roll up.

HARRY
Ain't it funny? You only really discover the true colors of a person when they think you're never gonna see them again.

Ray turns to face Harry. He acknowledges the briefcase.

RAY
Cry me a fucking river.

HARRY
Who do you think you are you thieving runt? You really think you were gonna get away with this?

Ray stands.

Carly tries to diffuse the situation.

CARLY
There's more important things to worry about right now!

Harry looks at her questionably.

HARRY
Where do I know you from?

Carly's taken aback.

CARLY
I've never had the misfortune of meeting you before.

Harry's suspicious.

HARRY

You sure? What's your name?

CARLY

My name's Carly and I'm pretty sure
I'd remember your face.

HARRY

Carly what? Where you from?

Ray intervenes.

RAY

Drop it Harry. If it weren't for
her, you wouldn't have made it
within twenty feet of this place.

HARRY

Oh really? Is that right?

Ray snaps.

He grabs Harry by his neck, rams him up against the wall.

RAY

Yeah, it's dead on the money! You
wanna know why I stole this shit
from you? You knew my family were
on that plane. I know you're
responsible.

Carly backs away, frightened.

RAY

I knew you'd come looking for me.
Now's the time to finalize my
payback, Harry.

Ray chokes Harry, strangles him against the wall so
aggressively he lifts him off the floor.

CARLY

Ray! Stop it!

RAY

Keep out of it!

CARLY

We need him alive! Ray - he's not
worth it! They didn't just let him
go for no reason!

Ray stops. Harry drops to the floor.

RAY

You're right.

Ray turns to Carly.

RAY
I wanna get you outta here. Then
I'll deal with him.

Harry coughs hard. He picks up his roll up. He gets to his feet. Relights it amidst his mild coughing fit.

HARRY
Doesn't take you long to shack up
with another bitch does it Ray?

Ray punches Harry's face.

Harry falls on the rug covered floor. A loud CREAK followed by a SLAMMING noise from underneath.

Ray and Carly exchange a surprised look.

Ray grabs a disoriented Harry. Shoves him against the wall.

Ray feels the rug with his foot. His foot sinks inwards.

MOMENTS LATER

Ray upheaves the rug.

An opened trap door.

Ray turns to Carly. Both are curious.

Harry sits, nurses a bloody nose with Rizla papers. He tinkers impatiently with his cracked mobile. Unable to get it to work, he tosses it away.

HARRY
Whatever happens to me, you're a
dead man walking Ray. You're a god-
damn ghost. I hope you realize
that.

RAY
That's not the first time I've
heard that tonight. And it -

Rapid GUNFIRE from outside!

Bullets decorate the walls!

RAY
Get down!

Ray, Carly and Harry hit the floor.

Deafening GUNFIRE.

Multiple bullets hit walls, ZING around the room.

Ray and Carly exchange looks from across the floor as wall and ceiling chippings reign down on them like a snow storm.

Carly, scared, covers her ears.

A thin layer of dust fills the room.

GUN FIRE increases.

RAY
Down the hole!

Carly can't hear him. He points downwards to make his point but dust in the room has thickened so much she can't see.

Ray crawls to Carly. He crouches over her. Bullets miss him by inches.

He guides her to the trap door, fearlessly prepared to use himself as her shield.

INT. BUNGALOW - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Carly descends down a small ladder. Ray follows.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

A debris covered Harry crawls to the near window. He grabs the briefcase. Crawls to the trap door. It closes.

Harry looks aghast.

The trap door opens. Carly looks up at him from below.

CARLY
Come on!!

Harry clambers down the trap door.

INT. BUNGALOW - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ray closes the trap door.

Harry flicks on his lighter.

Dark. Dingy. Small. Cold dusty cobwebbed concrete walls. A former storage room.

Carly and Harry search for a way out. There is none. Just a solid brick wall, a dead end.

Ray keeps guard, eyes transfixed on the trap door.

Gun fire stops.

CARLY

What are we gonna do? There's no way out!

HARRY

We've gotta go back up top. We're sitting ducks down here.

RAY

We were sitting ducks up there. We go back up, we're dead.

HARRY

We stay down here, we're dead.

FOOTSTEPS above.

Ray aims his gun at the trap door. Carly edges closer to him. Harry grips his briefcase as he backtracks against the wall.

More FOOTSTEPS. Much activity. Something DRAGGED across the floor. BANGING. HAMMERING.

CARLY

(whispering)

What are they doing up there?

HARRY

(whispering)

Ray - they're sealing us in.

Ray keeps his eyes and gun on the trap door.

HARRY

Do something damnit!

Ray gestures for Harry to keep quiet.

Silence.

Moments of unease pass as they listen intently. All is quiet.

CARLY

What now?

RAY

We can stick it out down here.

HARRY

And how long do you plan on sticking it out down here?

RAY

As long it takes. We've got the only place they can attack us from covered.

Ray shrugs his shoulders.

RAY

We can hold out until daylight. Make a move then.

CARLY

They'll come after us no matter what time it is. Day or night.

RAY

We'll be able to see better. They won't be able to surprise us.

Carly sighs.

RAY

What are you getting at?

CARLY

You think they don't know we're hiding down here?

Ray looks at her. She's frightened - but persuasive.

CARLY

What are we gonna do when they cut the door open? You said yourself you haven't got much ammo left.

Harry's eyes gleam.

Ray turns to him.

RAY

What are you carrying?

HARRY

Nothing. I'm out.

RAY

Bullshit. You always carry a spare,

HARRY

They took it.

Ray cusses under his breath.

RAY

Then we have no choice.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The trap door CREAKS ajar.

INT. BUNGALOW - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ray stands on the ladder. He peers out through the trap door.

RAY

Shit...

Carly looks crestfallen. Harry grits his teeth.

HARRY

That's not what I wanted to hear.

CARLY

What is it Ray? What's up there?

Ray peers down at them.

RAY

They've done a little redecorating.
You're not gonna like what they've
done to the place.

Carly and Harry exchange a confused glance.

RAY

Me and Harry will go up. Carly -
stay here.

Carly snaps angrily.

CARLY

I'm not a little girl lost Ray.
We're in this together. There's
nothing up there that can shock me.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Carly's set to throw up. Harry's astonished. Ray puzzled.

Blood covers the floor. Ice's mutilated body lay in a corner.
Angel's corpse lay opposite.

Zeus lay in another corner. His chopped off arms lay by his
side. His cut off legs placed near his bloody torso. Patch's
burnt body lay opposite.

Joe's nailed to the wall in a crucifixion pose; Jim on the
other. Torso skin sliced off, inner organs removed.

Words written in blood drip on the wall: NOSTRUM VICIS
SCEPTRUM ITERUM.

HARRY

What the hell does that mean?

RAY

I presume it's a gang warning.

Harry gestures to the bloodbath in the room.

HARRY

I don't think we needed it in text.
Do they think we're blind?

Carly bolts to the bathroom. She closes the door behind her.
Obtrusive sounds of her RETCHING, VOMITING, SPITTING.

Ray knocks on the door.

RAY

Carly. You alright?

CARLY (O.S.)

Just give me a minute, OK?

Harry lights a roll up.

HARRY

I don't get this. Not one bit. If
they wanted us dead, surely they
would have done it by now? They had
me by the short and curly's outside.
They had us stuck in that basement.
What are they waiting for?

RAY

They're playing with us.
(beat)
They enjoy what they do.

Harry admires the bodies of his "assassins". Not out of
respect for fallen comrades, but for the job done on them.

HARRY

I don't doubt that. This reminds of
a time I spent in El Salvador. In
order to mock the rebellion, the
militia would leave their victims
body in a state of degradation and
humiliation. For example, a guy
would be killed, have his dick cut
off, and then said member placed in
the mouth of his own decapitated
head. Their wives were then raped
and killed.

HARRY(cont'd)

Their babies heads found inside
their rather distorted genitals.

RAY

Brutality spreads fear. I
understand that. I just don't
respect it.

Ray glances at Harry. Harry smirks.

HARRY

You're a killer with class, is that
what you're saying Ray?

Harry senses a chance to take another dig.

HARRY

There's no difference between what
you do and what these motherfuckers
have done here tonight. They've
just shown you an artistic way of
how to do it.

Ray turns his back on Harry. He wanders to the far window to
guise he has felt his observation.

HARRY

Satan never needed to send demons
to Earth, Ray. He's already got us.
You need to embrace who you are
instead of running away from it.

Harry senses control. He points to the bathroom.

HARRY

And let me tell you another thing.
There's something off about that
girl.

Ray turns to face Harry.

RAY

You don't know what you're talking
about. The only thing you care
about is getting outta here with
that briefcase.

HARRY

You bet your bollocks it is.
Currency ain't what it used to be.
This little baby can get me a deal
with the border patrol. This is my
future. I could have shared it with
you, Ray. But you got greedy.

Harry tightens his grip on the briefcase handle.

HARRY

I'd also bet I could make a deal with these freaks if only I could get them to act civilized.

RAY

Now you've bled the city dry you wanna move onto the next one? So much for the revolution.

Harry sniggers.

HARRY

It's called evolution.

(beat)

Besides, no one lives forever. I'd like to think my legacy will never be forgotten.

Carly exits the bathroom.

She storms over to Harry, furious.

CARLY

If you've got something to say, say it to my face.

She's taken Harry by surprise.

CARLY

Well?

HARRY

If I've got something to tell you, rest assured I'll let you know.

Carly turns her back on him, walks back to Ray.

CARLY

Asshole.

HARRY

Watch it little girl. You don't wanna end up on my naughty step.

Carly turns back, screams viciously towards Harry.

CARLY

Or what? What the fuck are you gonna do?

Ray's had enough.

RAY

Alright shut up! Both of you! Let's just keep it quiet for a bit.

Frustrated, Ray walks to the near window.

Harry clutches his briefcase close to his chest. He crosses over to the far window.

Carly crouches by the wall. She buries her face in her hands.

Ray takes his wallet out from his jacket pocket.

He looks at the family photo of his wife and daughter. Traces his finger over a worn rip that has formed inbetween them.

EXT. HAY FIELD - BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Moonlight beams over the bungalow like a spotlight. Something tainted, menacing, not quite pure or natural about its radiance.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Harry stares lewdly at Carly. She feels his gaze. Looks up at him with blatant dislike.

CARLY

What?

HARRY

You said if I had something to say,
I should say it to your face. Well,
I have something to say.

Carly shrugs her shoulders.

CARLY

Go for it.

HARRY

You left this "cult" 'cos they were
a lil' too rough. A lil' too much
for you to handle, right?

Carly nods at Harry's mocking tone.

HARRY

You ran away. Left today, tonight,
whenever. Am I right so far?

CARLY

Get to the point Harry.

Harry moves closer to Carly. Looms above her. Smug grin.

HARRY

My point is you must have known
they had me as a target.

HARRY(cont'd)

You must have known what they had
in store for me.

CARLY

I wasn't told much about anything.
That stuff was nothing to do with
me. I wasn't even a foot soldier,
let alone a general.

HARRY

So you knew nothin' 'bout nothin'
huh? Just did what you were told?

Ray turns from the near window.

RAY

Cool it Harry. She's been through a
lot.

HARRY

And you know this to be a fact
because - she told you?

RAY

You're paranoid because you no
longer have those two meatheads
that are nailed on the wall
standing by your side kissing your
ass.

Harry pulls a gun from his belt. He grabs Carly round her
neck, points the gun to her head.

HARRY

(to Ray)
Gun. On the floor.

Ray reaches for his gun.

HARRY

Slowly.

Ray slowly draws his Glock. He throws it on the floor.

RAY

What now? Haven't thought this
through have you?

Harry sneers.

HARRY

On the contrary, it's all I've been
thinking since I got stuck in this
shit hole.

CARLY

You're wrong about me!

Harry squeezes his arm tight round Carly's neck.

HARRY
Shut up bitch!

Ray steps toward his gun - Harry FIRES at Ray. The bullet hits the wall.

HARRY
BACK!

Ray steps back against the wall.

HARRY
I've got enough reasons to blow your head off already. Don't give me another.

RAY
Then why don't you just do it?

HARRY
Because I need you the same reason you needed me. To get the hell out of here.

He points the gun back to Carly's head.

HARRY
You might not give a shit about yourself Ray, but for some reason I can't fuckin' comprehend, you don't want to see this lil' bitch get it.

RAY
She's just a young girl Harry. She's done nothing wrong. She's got nothing to do with this.

HARRY
Nothing to - ?

Harry looks at Ray with disbelief.

HARRY
She's in with it Ray. She's still one of 'em. She's a part of the set up.

Silent tears drip from Carly's frightened eyes.

RAY
(to Carly)
It's gonna be OK.

Harry can't understand Ray's devotion to this girl.

HARRY
I overestimated you Ray. You're one
dumb naive motherfucker.

CARLY
(scared)
What are you gonna do?

HARRY
I'm gonna test my theory. You're
not only gonna be my human shield
but you're gonna get me the hell
outta limbo.

RAY
OK listen. I'll be your shield
Harry. Leave her out of it.

HARRY
You think I'm nuts? I'm taking her
and your pussy whipped backside.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The bungalow door opens.

Ray slowly walks out.

Harry follows with Carly held in a neck-lock at gun point.

Ray walks ahead. Harry forces Carly to follow.

HARRY
Stop draggin' your feet bitch!

Ray stops. He turns back to Harry.

RAY
So if your theory goes pear shaped
and we're all just gonna get shot -

HARRY
Shut up and keep movin'!

Ray walks onwards.

RAY
Where exactly are you gonna go
Harry? You got a plan B?

HARRY
I'll crawl back to that stinkin'
hell hole if necessary but I don't
plan on spending another second in
that graveyard.

EXT. HAY FIELD - NIGHT

Ray leads under Harry's control. They venture further into the freakishly bright moonlit field.

RAY

We should have stuck cans on our heads to give 'em more of a challenge.

HARRY

Quit talkin', keep walkin'.

Ray glances at the distant dark woodland that surrounds them.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

From behind gentle windswept bushes, something watches Ray, Harry and Carly.

From the opposite side of the field, something watches the three from inbetween trees.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - TREE TOP - NIGHT

Something watches the three head towards them.

EXT. HAY FIELD - BEHIND BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Something watches Harry, Carly and Ray from behind.

EXT. HAY FIELD - NIGHT

Harry's eyes wander the woods. Ray looks expectant of a shot any minute. Carly stares despondently at the ground.

Carly "trips". She falls to the ground, free of a surprised Harry's grasp.

A soft THUD.

Harry grabs his shoulder, YELLS in agony. He drops his gun and briefcase to the ground. He slumps to his knees in pain.

Ray seizes the moment. He grabs Harry's gun. He helps Carly from the ground.

He leads her towards the woodland lane.

A barrage of soft THUDS erupt, as bullets hit the ground just ahead of them forcing them to stop.

Ray leads her toward the woods.

Soft THUDS as bullets hit the ground to prevent them.

Ray and Carly run back toward the bungalow. Bullets hit the ground behind them, urging them to run faster.

EXT. BUNGALOW - HAY FIELD - NIGHT

Ray opens the door. The pursuing bullets cease at the porch. Ray and Carly rush inside.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Carly slams the door shut. Her trembling hands lock it.

EXT. HAY FIELD - NIGHT

Harry stands claspng his shoulder. He looks desperately for his briefcase. Finds it. Grabs it.

He runs for the woodland lane. A line of bullets hit bare ground just ahead of him.

He turns back. Another line of bullets spray the ground.

The soft thud of bullets force Harry to run for the woods.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Ray and Carly rush to the near window and look out.

Bright moonlight beams down over the field. Harry disappears into the distant woodland.

Carly clenches her fist, releases a euphoric yelp.

Ray frowns at her.

CARLY

What's wrong?

RAY

What's wrong!? What's right?

Carly stomps confidently through the blood soaked floor. She looks at Ray with authority.

CARLY

I just saved both our asses out there. Don't you start giving me the same shit he did.

Ray is stunned.

CARLY
Are you seriously doubting me?

Ray watches Carly, concerned, cautious of her sudden confidence change.

CARLY
Is it because you weren't the one
to save the day out there and it
was all down to lil' ol' me?

RAY
I'd say it's more down to me
wondering why.

Carly impatiently gestures him to continue.

RAY
Why didn't they just shoot us dead?
Why force us back to this place?
(beat)
Why deliberately separate us like
they did?

Carly looks irritated with Ray's questions. On edge.

RAY
And what's really bugging me at the
moment - if they really wanted you
dead so bad, why would they waste
such an opportunity?

Carly snaps venomously.

CARLY
I don't know Ray. Why don't you
tell me? After all, I guess it
takes a killer to know one, right?

Carly's mood switches. Tearful. Weak. Fragile. Distant.

CARLY
That's what I keep telling myself.
That's what I keep reminding myself
who you are...

Concerned, Ray moves towards her.

Carly ushers him away.

CARLY
Don't. Just... Don't.

Ray steps back.

RAY

OK.

CARLY

You think a hug's gonna make me feel better? That it's gonna take away the loneliness -

RAY

You're not alone -

CARLY

What do you know about being alone? You don't know me Ray. You don't know what I've been through, how it feels to lose the only people that ever loved you.

Carly turns her back on Ray.

CARLY

You don't give a fuck about life. You only know how to take it away.

For the first time, Ray looks hurt.

MOMENTS LATER

Ray crouches by the near window. He takes out his wallet. Looks at the photo of his wife and daughter.

INSERT PHOTO:

Worn and degraded. Only the angelic smiling face of his daughter is clear.

BACK TO SCENE.

Ray looks over at Carly. She has her back to him as she keeps check out the far window.

A contemplative Ray closes the wallet.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Harry forces his way through thick waist high bushes, holding his treasured briefcase tight in his grip.

He emerges from the bushes into thick woodland.

Harry pauses for breath. His paranoid eyes scan the area.

He makes out a moonlit trail in the near distance.

Harry grins as he heads towards it.

EXT. BUNGALOW - HAY FIELD - NIGHT

Heavy wind shakes the hay stems. Lightning flashes.

A mass accumulation of dark clouds replace the moonlit sky. THUNDER rumbles. Miserable infrequent downpour of rain.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

A flash of lightning illuminates the room.

Ray turns to Carly. Her back faces him opposite the room.

RAY

Carly...How old were you when your parents passed away?

CARLY

Eleven.

(beat)

And they didn't just pass away.

RAY

They were murdered. Weren't they.

Carly turns to face him.

Lightning flashes.

Angry tears well in her eyes.

RAY

I killed them. Didn't I.

THUNDER ROARS.

Carly notices Harry's gun held in Ray's hand.

Ray eyes his Glock, the one he threw down in surrender, in the middle of the bloody floor.

Carly expresses an array of emotions. Fear. Anger. Confusion. Frustration. Yet, she looks innocent throughout them all.

CARLY

(fearful)

You gonna shoot me?

Ray stands.

Lighting flashes.

His expression is cold. Empty. Void of life.

A clap of THUNDER.

Carly looks down at the Glock. She looks at Ray.

CARLY

I know I don't stand a chance of getting that gun. You can hit a guy right between the eyes from thirty feet away.

RAY

You've been watching me.

Carly sobs. She's sad and angry. Conflicted.

CARLY

We've been watching you all. For a very, very long time.

Ray understandingly nods.

RAY

Yet you're the one willing to take the long shot.

Carly flusters, tries to compose herself. Ray is calm. Statuesque. Intimidating. He's in his essence.

RAY

With Harry out the way this means you're getting two for the price of one, right?

Bitter anger spews from Carly.

CARLY

There's no price on how long I've waited for this moment. There's no price for my parents, no money you can offer to me that will bring them back.

Carly looks possessed by pent up hatred.

CARLY

There's no price on taking a life, destroying a family. You said it yourself Ray. The only way you can get close to getting even is by getting revenge. Payback.

Ray arches his eyebrow.

RAY

You must have a pretty high status within this cult to be able to organize such a personal vendetta.

CARLY

I do.

(beat)

I found it. I helped form it.

Lightning illuminates the dead bodies. Dripping words on the wall have become a meaningless mess.

RAY

You found them...or did they find you? What price have you paid for revenge Carly?

Ray nods towards the Glock on the floor.

RAY

You can go for the gun Carly.

Carly looks at the gun. She sways. Dizzy. The nights events are catching up with her.

She looks up at Ray. Wobbles on her feet.

Lightning flashes.

FLASHBACK

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

CARLY, 11, looks up at Ray. His gun points down at her. They gaze in each others eyes. Ray turns - runs for the exit.

Carly kneels by the dead bodies of her mother and father in floods of tears. She shakes their bodies to try to wake them.

Carly mopes traumatically, knelt in a carpet swelling with her dead parents blood.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Ray TAPS his foot upon the floor. Slow. Rhythmic. Calm.

RAY

I'm not going to shoot you Carly.

Carly struggles to keep her balance.

TAP, TAP, TAP.

Lightning flashes.

Ray's fingers strum the handle of his gun.

Carly watches, frightened. She looks to the gun on the floor.

TAP, TAP, TAP.

She looks up at Ray.

Lightning flashes.

Ray. Cold. Emotionless. Dead inside.

Thunder ROARS.

EXT. BUNGALOW - HAY FIELD - NIGHT

THUNDER rumbles. Lightning flashes.

GUN SHOT.

FLASHBACK

EXT. DESOLATE CITY STREET - NIGHT

Winter. Snow falls.

Eerie. Quiet. Orange light radiates from street lamps.

Young Carly, 11, her white nightdress covered in blood, wanders a sidewalk in a shocked muted state. She clutches a teddy bear close to her chest.

She turns to face an electrical goods showroom. Multiple televisions play a news bulletin.

CLOSE UP ON TV SCREEN:

A nervous NEWS ANCHOR reads from notes on his desk as studio staff rush left and right in a chaotic background.

NEWS ANCHOR

Remaining civilians are advised not to attempt to cross the newly placed borders as it could be deemed a threat to national security and military action has been sanctioned. The government wish to state they will fight this crime driven rebellion and free all innocent parties in time. They feel for those trapped in the cities that have been taken over but say it is not their fault they couldn't see this coming sooner...

GUN SHOTS.

Studio staff fall to the ground in a hail of bullets.

The Anchor turns to run but two gun toting muscular GOONS hold him down.

They swipe his desk clear and replace it with a note which he is forced to read to the camera at gun point.

NEWS ANCHOR

This city is now under the government of Harry Acid. The only law is Harry's law. You can either accept and abide or -

One of the goons shoots the anchor in the back of his head. Blood splatters across the screen.

BACK TO SCENE.

Young Carly holds her teddy bear tight as she watches the television screens turn to an off-air black and white fuzz.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lightning flashes.

Harry jogs down a narrow, wet, muddy pathway. Dense woodland on either side. His hand grips the briefcase handle tight.

He stops, pants for breath. Grips his chest in pain.

RUSTLING sounds.

Harry turns behind.

A breeze of wind. Slight patter of rain against leaves.

Harry looks left and right. Nervous.

Nocturnal animal noises.

Harry grits his teeth as he looks ahead. Anxious.

Distant SCREAMS. YELLS of PAIN.

FLASHBACK

INT. BROTHEL ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. Distant ECHOES of multiple painful female SCREAMS.

A door slides open. Yellow light shines inside from a corridor. Three weary fat shapes leave through the door.

Soft female SOBS.

A dark cigar smoking figure stands at the door and inspects inside. The light catches his face. It's Harry.

A soul destroyed Carly, now 15, lay naked on a large crumpled, dirt ridden mattress. Acid cans line the walls.

Harry turns to three men that await to enter the room. Harry shakes their hands before he leaves. The three men enter.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Weak with fear, Harry jogs down the path. He clutches the briefcase close to his chest.

Something watches Harry from behind the cover of bushes.

Something watches Harry from inbetween trees.

Something watches from above.

GUN SHOT.

Bullet hits Harry below his knee. He YELLS as he falls to the ground on his back.

Several soft THUDS as bullets spray up both of Harry's legs. His SCREAMS of agony turn into gasping whimpers.

He looks down at his blood ridden trousers as his legs involuntary shake and twitch.

Several white and blue hooded cult members emerge from the woods with wraithlike subtleness.

They stand over a bewildered Harry in a circle. Mixed faces beneath their hoods; young, old, middle-aged, both sexes. All gaze at Harry with a piercing malevolence in their eyes.

FLASHBACK

INT. BROTHEL ROOM - NIGHT

Carly lay underneath the abusive thrusts of MONSTER - 49, a tough, masculine behemoth of a man. Naked bar his knife belt.

Two of his spent comrades, PUNTERS, lay at the side, one asleep as the other smokes a cigarette.

Carly's eyes are clenched shut in pain. Monster looks down at her with angry satisfaction at her agony.

He GRUNTS as he thrusts in and out of her hard and rough, deliberately trying to break her even more.

PUNTER #1

Slow down King Dong, you're gonna kill her with that thing.

Monster shoots a spittle flying retort.

MONSTER

I hope so you limp dicked weasal...I've knifed plenty of sluts but I've never seem 'em grow cold on my pole.

Carly's gentle hand slowly reaches for the knife in his belt.

MONSTER

Be even better to do this lil' one la petite mort style. Make her cum just as her time comes, get me?

Punter #1 laughs like a hyena as he lay back smoking.

Carly opens bloodshot anger filled eyes. Monster SQUEALS in pain - his eyes open wide in shock.

He falls backwards off the bed, clutching his blood soaked sliced off genitals in his hands.

With animalistic instinct, Carly furiously attacks the two punters with Monster's knife.

She stabs them savagely in their chests, turning the mattress blood red.

Carly turns to the bawling Monster.

He's knelt on the floor in shock, trembling, clutching his gloopy genitals in his hands.

Carly stands over him, knife in hand. Slashes his stunned face several times.

She points to the door.

CARLY

Get out.

Monster's testicles ooze through his fingers as he rushes to the door, opens it and darts out in tears.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A hoard of cult members seep from the woods. Ten. Twenty. Forty of them. They hold burning torches.

Satanic verses are chanted. Satanic hymns are sung. The lack of unison makes the noise sound obscure, yet fitting, as they culminate into a mixed mundane drone; a macabre theme.

The hoods surrounding Harry hold him down by his feet and outstretched arms.

A young white hood hacks at a nearby slim tree with an axe.

Harry struggles to get free - but to no avail.

White hood gives the slim tree a final chop.

The tree CREAKS. It leans towards the pathway. White hood moves behind the tree. He gives it a push. The tree falls.

CRACK!

The tree CRUSHES Harry's legs.

Harry releases a high pitched SCREAM, ceased by incessant gargling on his own vomit.

Two blue hoods take hold of the tree. They lift it above Harry's crushed legs at head height. They drop it.

Harry YELLS.

The hoods tortuously roll the tree from Harry's devastated legs. They briskly turn him over on to his front.

A young white hood grabs Harry's arm. He pulls it back hard, twists it vigorously. A loud SNAP.

Harry's arm flops abnormally onto his back.

The surrounding hoods beat Harry without remorse, kicking his body from top to bottom.

One places his boot on Harry's head - forcing it down into a shallow muddy puddle.

Two white hoods place a stretcher next to Harry.

The beating stops. A barely alive Harry breathes harshly.

FLASHBACK

INT. BROTHEL ROOM - NIGHT

Carly crouches gargoylesque at the bottom of the mattress. Her trembling hands grip the knife. Dead punters by her side.

Bright corridor light beams inside from the open door. Weak, Carly gingerly outstretches her arm toward it.

The door SLAMS shut.

DARKNESS.

A whispery mocking laugh echoes around the room.

Terrified, Carly slowly turns behind.

The wall has sunk inside itself - blood curdles and oozes around its cracked circular borders. A large dark tunnel with dazzling white light at the end lay beyond.

Carly gazes into the tunnel, hypnotized by it's odd surreal beauty as a chanting swirling whisper entices her further.

WHISPER (V.O.)

Come with us...come with us...

Carly leans across the bed. Touches the tunnel - it morphs back into a blood stained wall.

WHISPER (V.O.)

Here.

Carly swings around, frightened, disoriented.

Three tall dark shadows stand at the bottom of the bed, illuminated by slim glowing light around their figure.

WHISPER (V.O.)

Carly. You called us. We are here.

Carly shakes nervously.

CARLY

Who are you?

WHISPER (V.O.)

Dark. Empty. No voice to speak until you spoke to us.

Confused, Carly SCREAMS out her question again.

WHISPER (V.O.)

It matters not who we are, but what we can do for you Carly. We know how much your parents meant to you.

WHISPER(cont'd)

We can get you your revenge. We can do anything you want us to do.

CARLY

Why? Why me? What for!?

WHISPER (V.O.)

You've always had it in you Carly. We've just been waiting for that trigger to release us.

Carly looks around the room, bewildered, lost.

CARLY

I don't understand...

WHISPER (V.O.)

We can help you create a revolution in this city of destruction. We can guide you all along the way. We can help you become someone, Carly. We can give you a future. Watch.

The bodies in the room disintegrate under the whim of the three shadows. Blood fades from the wall and bed.

CARLY

What do you want me to do?

END FLASHBACK

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Harry's glasses fall in to the puddle as he is lifted on to the stretcher by four of the hoods.

Four hoods hold the stretcher above head height.

They head down the pathway. Other hoods march behind them. They chant in triumph. They sing in victory.

A heavily beaten Harry gargles and chokes up his own blood.

FLASHBACK

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Blood stained bullet riddled tombstones. Crows feast on rotting body parts that lay scattered amongst anciently placed dead flowers.

A sorrowful, tired ANGRY FATHER (50's) kneels by a fresh grave. A shovel lay imbedded in the ground.

ANGRY FATHER

I'll get them for what they did to
you son. I swear I'll do whatever
it takes.

A hand touches his shoulder. He spins around. Looks up at
Carly. She's draped in black. Veil covers her face of stone.

CARLY

Your son will be one of many that
will lose their lives to the vermin
that now controls our streets.

Angry Father is lost for words.

CARLY

You can't get revenge on your own.
You wouldn't last a second.

ANGRY FATHER

I have to try. They're taking over.
But you can't get near them...

CARLY

We can get you your revenge. We can
take back what's ours.

ANGRY FATHER

Whose we?

Carly smiles.

The three dark hoods appear behind Angry Father bathed in an
angelic glow. He turns around, looks up, stunned as he is
engulfed by a dazzling ray of light.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE (2) - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

A heavily beaten man lay dead on a blood soaked carpet. Four
masked GOONS stand menacingly over the body, blood ridden
baseball bats in their hands.

A scared MOTHER (late 30's, negligee) hugs her frightened
DAUGHTER (15, nightie) on a settee opposite the Goons.

GOON

Now Daddy's out the way, looks like
we need a new head of the house.

GOON #2

Yeah, so let's start by getting
some head from the house.

The Goon's batter their bats against their hands in
threatening manner.

GOON
Get naked bitches.

The lights go out. Darkness.

The goons mutter in confusion.

SCREAMS from Mother and Daughter.

SLICING. SLASHING.

The lights return.

The three dark hoods hold three of the Goon's decapitated heads in their hands.

Carly stands at the forefront. She holds the fourth Goon's head towards the traumatized Mother and Daughter.

Their fear subsides, engulfed by a ray of light.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Several steps lead to large wooden doors covered in obscene graffiti. The church doors burst open.

A weary FATHER DELANEY (60's) hobbles through the doors clutching a bible to his chest. He stops to gaze at a desolate neighborhood opposite the church.

Trashed shops, broken windows. Nearby houses burnt out. Churchyard gravestones vandalized by graffiti. Litter sprawled across the ground.

Delaney sits at the top of the steps, a broken man. His hands release the bible. It falls to the bottom of the steps.

DELANEY
My refuge and my fortress, my God,
in whom I trust...Where are you
Lord? Where are you in this time of
need? Where can I find the will to
keep hope?

CARLY (O.S.)
Hope is here.

Delaney turns around.

Carly stands at the open doors. The three dark hoods lurk behind her, barely visible inside the darkness of the church.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - NIGHT

Two SURGICAL DOCTORS sweat as they work on a body in abysmal and simplistic surroundings.

DR. CHING (50's) looks up at DR. CHANG (60's).

CHING

Dr. Chang...we can say we tried but there was nothing we could do.

Chang looks up at him with disapproval.

CHANG

You heard what Harry said. There's two gunmen outside. If we let him die, we'll be next.

CHING

In a few weeks time, this guy will be back on the streets. We've got the chance to make a difference.

Chang continues his work on the patient.

A despondent Ching looks to the sole window in the room.

CHING

We're dead either way. Especially when he wakes up and -

CHANG

Dr. Ching, we keep this guy alive, they keep us alive. You leave, they'll find you, bring you back and kill you in this very same room. We have no choice.

(beat)

I need to see if this works. Pass me the vaginal speculum.

EXT. CONDEMNED CLINIC - NIGHT

An on edge Dr. Chang walks out of the clinic doors.

He's surprised to see Harry and several goons await him.

HARRY

I heard the runt upstairs will live. Nice job Chang.

CHANG

Thank you...

HARRY

Did it all on your own did ya?

Chang sweats. He nods.

HARRY

No need to cover for your assistant. I got eyes everywhere. I know he fucked off out the back.

Chang gulps, fears the worst.

HARRY

Don't sweat it my little yellow friend. I like your commitment to work. You've got a job with me for life. Your other mate...well, let's just say you're so important to me I skipped sending you the memo and decided to deliver my message personally. You're gonna be working alone until I can come up with a suitable replacement. OK, Doc?

Chang nods fearfully.

Harry sends him on his way as he and his goons laugh.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Dejected, Chang leans back against a skip. He takes a scalpel from his pocket. He pulls his sleeve up.

An explosive myriad of colors blind Chang. He drops his scalpel as he falls to his knees.

The colors fade to black - the three Dark Hoods stand in front of Chang. He backs up against the alley wall in fear.

CARLY (O.S.)

We need someone like you. Someone who can make a difference for all the right reasons. Someone who won't run out on a job.

Chang looks up.

Carly, Delaney, Angry Father, Mother and Daughter gaze down at him expectantly.

In the background, a mob of vengeful civilians (twenty-thirty strong) keep watch.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. HAY FIELD - BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Dark clouds sweep past a dazzling full moon. Bright rays of moonlight beam down across the field.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Carly wakes. She's sat in the rocking chair.

She looks up. Ray looms over her.

RAY
You collapsed.

Ray returns to the near window.

Carly, confused, stands.

CARLY
Why did you shoot outside?

RAY
I had one bullet left. It was my
last shot.

Ray drops his gun to the blood soaked floor.

They lock eyes on each other from across the room.

Carly follows Ray's eye-line as he gazes downwards. The Glock is at her feet.

RAY
You've got one bullet left.

EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING - NIGHT

A large deep pit filled with an assortment of dead gang members. An ambulance parked by the side.

Two white hoods remove bodies from the back of the van, similar to those in the pit. They throw them into the hole.

Besides the pit are three prepared graves.

Three men kneel over the graves. Three blue hoods behind them point guns to their heads.

A separate grave is covered by a stone slab.

The hoods bring Harry into the clearing.

The marching band of followers stop, stand and watch.

The hoods place Harry's stretcher next to the stone slab.

A blue hood kneels beside Harry. He grabs his head and forces him to look at the three men knelt over the graves.

PRIEST, a metamorphosed Delaney draped in red cloak and hood, exits the drivers side of the ambulance.

Blue hooded Dr. Chang exits the passenger side.

Priest stands opposite the three men. He looks at the first of the men, PAUL PALETO, 40's. Large, slimy, beaten.

PRIEST

Paul Paleto. Head of the Paleto family. We find you guilty.

Paleto scowls at the Priest as the bloodthirsty hooded crowd boo and jeer.

PALETO

You fuckin' animals! Who the fuck gave you the right to be judge, jury and executioner!?

Dr. Chang injects a syringe into Paleto's neck.

Priest walks to the second man. REGGIE JAY, 50's. Handsome despite being heavily beaten.

PRIEST

Reggie Jay. Leader of the N.D.S. We find you guilty.

Reggie looks up. Spits out the few remaining teeth from his bloody mouth. The crowd boo and jeer.

Dr. Chang injects the syringe into Reggie's neck.

Priest walks to the third man. PABLO GALLINO (60's).

PRIEST

Pablo Gallino. Head of the Gallino family. We find you guilty.

Gallino expresses a resignation to his fate. Crowd anticipation reaches fever pitch.

GALLINO

Fuck you.

Dr. Chang injects the syringe into Gallino's neck.

Priest walks back to Paleto. The armed hood behind him joins the crowd. Paleto swallows hard.

Behind Paleto, a dark shape slowly approaches from the woods.

The shape emerges as one of the Dark Hoods.

Sedated, Paleto closes his eyes.

Priest nods to the Dark Hood.

Dark Hood holds rope in his hands, rusty nails embedded all the way through it. He wraps it tight round Paleto's throat.

Paleto grasps at the rope. He chokes. His face turns red. His eyes bulge as the rusty nails penetrate his flesh. Multiple spirals of blood gush from the wounds.

Dark Hood viciously revolves the rope, shredding Paleto's neck. His head hangs by slim threads of flesh.

Dark Hood ferociously yanks the rope free from his neck. Paleto's head drops into the grave. Dark Hood kicks his twitching body in with it.

The crowd roar with satisfaction.

Priest stands opposite a trembling Reggie.

Again, the armed hood behind him leaves his position.

A tall Dark Hood emerges from within the woods.

Reggie pleads for his life. Mumbled incoherent slurs.

Priest glares down at Reggie.

PRIEST

Saturating our streets with filth.
 Destroying innocence through greed.
 You made people lose faith. You
 made people helpless. Your sentence
 is to feel that helplessness.

Priest nods to Dark Hood.

Dark Hood raises a machete. He brings it down quick - slices Reggie's left arm clean off. Blood spurts from the socket.

Another swipe removes his right arm. It falls into the grave.

Reggie screams in absolute agony.

Dark Hood wraps his skeletal hands around Reggie's neck. Twists it. CRACK.

Reggie slumps into the grave. His eyes twitch. He's still alive - but unable to move. Mud lands on top of him.

Several white hoods use shovels as they begin to fill Reggie and Paleto's graves.

Priest moves to Gallino.

The routine continues. Armed hood walks away. A tall Dark Hood emerges from the woods behind Gallino.

Priest nods. Gallino seethes.

PRIEST

Proud to be known as Gallino The
Hammer - your sentence shall
resemble the acts of violence you
have inflicted upon your victims.

Dark Hood wields a sledgehammer above his head. He smashes it down on Gallino's shoulder.

Gallino slumps to the ground.

Dark Hood hammers the weapon down on Gallino's back.

CRACK!

Gallino's body shakes into a seizure. Froth drools from his mouth. His eyes roll up into their sockets.

Dark Hood steadies the sledgehammer for another series of hits. It crushes Gallino's arms. His legs. His lower back.

Dark Hood raises the sledgehammer above Gallino's head.

The crowd watch in anticipation. Excited faces behind hoods.

Harry is forced to watch on in horror.

Dark Hood lands the hammer down with fury.

CHEERS from the cult. Joyous SONGS reign out loud and proud. A big celebration at this most morbid of parties.

Dark Hood repeatedly hits Gallino's head with the hammer.

Splattered brain, splintered skull and blood splatter from every impact. Gallino's head is reduced to a pile of mush.

Dark Hood kicks his body into the grave.

White hoods cover the grave with mud.

Several blue hoods remove the stone slab.

A waft of smoke emerges from underneath, potent enough to make nearby Harry's eyes tear.

Loose muds drops from the edges of the pit.

A SIZZLING sound from beneath the grave.

Harry murmurs, pleads for mercy.

A blue hood holds Harry's wrist to the ground. Draws a dagger from a belt around his cloak.

He slices Harry's hand off. He throws it into the grave.

The hand dissolves on impact with the watery substance inside the grave. Acid.

Four blue hoods lift Harry's stretcher. Harry gurgles on his own blood as he tries to scream. He knows what's coming.

They carry the stretcher to the acid filled grave. They place it over the top.

The stretcher balances delicately by it's slim wooden beams.

The wooden handles strain from Harry's weight. Cracks form.

The blue and white hoods rejoin the watching crowd.

An excited silence.

Priest stands, looms over Harry. The three tall Dark Hoods join him. One of them holds Harry's briefcase.

The four look down at him.

No faces beneath the Dark Hoods. Only darkness.

Beneath Priest's hood, half his face remains Delaney. Bitter. Angry. Vengeful. The other half is engulfed in darkness.

The handles of the stretcher bend. Cracks multiply.

PRIEST

Harry Acid. How apt that our
cleansing of the streets will begin
with every inch of your body being
vanquished from the Earth.

He nods to the Dark Hood with the briefcase. The Dark Hood holds the briefcase tauntingly above Harry.

Priest turns to the crowd. He yields his arms aloft.

PRIEST

Gloria Satanas, et Belial et
Spiritus maloso!

The crowd has become a coven. Every hood contains darkness. They repeat his words like prayer.

Priest turns back to Harry.

PRIEST

You're a rat Harry. Vermin. You'll eat anyone and anything until you bite the poison you crave most. You two diseases will finally belong together. Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. Satanus vobiscum.

Black hood drops the briefcase on Harry's stomach - the stretcher cracks and splits in half.

Harry SCREAMS as he falls into the grave with his briefcase.

He splashes into the acid. Disappears under the liquid.

Acid sizzles. Smoke spirals upwards.

Acid splashes upwards.

Harry sits up in his watery grave. Burnt and scalded.

An INHUMAN SCREAM of AGONY.

Flesh droops from his face and body. His sizzled eyeballs slide from their sockets, merge with his melting cheekbones.

A final agonized SCREECH.

A last gasp of smoke bellows from his mouth. His monstrous remains slip slowly down and dissolve in the bubbling acid.

EXT. HAY FIELD - BUNGALOW - DAWN

Birds sing as a beautiful early morning sunrise radiates across the desolate yet picturesque golden field.

INT. BUNGALOW - MAIN ROOM - DAWN

Tired, Carly holds the Glock limply in her hands.

Ray has his back to her. He looks out of the near window.

Outside, a mass of cult members emerge from the woods. They head for the bungalow.

Ray turns to Carly. Half a smug smile.

RAY

(sarcastic)

Chilly morning. I don't think it would be polite to just leave them out there after they've come so far.

Carly weakly waves the gun at Ray.

CARLY

Don't you move, Ray, don't you fuckin' move.

Erratic, Carly fidgets with something in her pocket. She finally pulls out a mobile phone.

Carly types out a text message with the skills of a typical teenager - managing to keep Ray in her sights whilst typing.

She slips the phone back into her pocket. Aims the Glock at Ray. She wobbles on her feet, emotionally exhausted.

Ray watches her with a mix of sympathy, sorrow and curiosity.

RAY

Never dawned on me why you were using the bathroom so much. Guess that gave you enough time to send your little army out there instructions, right? Feed them the latest news?

CARLY

Just shut up Ray.

Ray looks back out the near window.

Outside, cult members move ever closer towards the bungalow.

Hundreds emerge from the woods in all directions. All share similar characteristics - walk, stance, hooded clothing.

A soft BUZZ.

Ray turns to the sound. It comes from Carly's phone.

Carly takes the mobile phone out from her pocket. She answers the call with a snap.

CARLY

What?...Yes I'm OK...I'm fine...give me ten minutes...

Carly dashes to the far window. She looks out.

Outside, a swarm of cult members move closer to the bungalow.

Carly turns to Ray in panic. A sense of urgency in her voice directs towards the phone.

CARLY

Ten minutes! Just give me ten minutes! Make them stop! Make them stop until then!

DISTORTED VOICE (V.O.)
It's not nice to keep your friends
waiting Carly. We might have to
take control from here. We don't
think you have what it takes
anymore.

A panic ridden Carly ends the call.

A calm and collected Ray looks out of the near window.

Outside, cult members have stopped in their tracks, mere feet
away from the bungalow.

Ray looks at the leaders of the pack, the three Dark Hoods.
He's stunned by their faceless features.

He turns back to face Carly.

RAY
What have you done Carly?

Carly points her gun back at Ray. This time, her hand is
steady. Her stance is calm.

CARLY
Ten minutes Ray. That's all you've
got. I can't give you anymore.

Ray nods.

RAY
It's easy when you're told what to
do. It's not so easy living with
what you've done.

Carly watches Ray sink to his knees.

RAY
I know where I'm going. I only hope
I never see you there.

Carly points the gun to his head.

CARLY
We both feel at pain right now,
Ray. A different kind of pain. But
pain nonetheless.

Ray closes his eyes.

CARLY
One of us is now free of that pain.

BANG.

FADE TO BLACK.