

The following script is in its **First Draft**. All initial ideas listed here are subject to change, and some are only crudely written for now - with a view to expand or remove later.

Please bare this in mind with the continuity/editing/plot errors that follow. They will be corrected and iron out.

Less seriously;

Let me know what you think 😊

THE MECHANIC

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BLACK SCREEN

[AUDIO]

A CAR chokes and splutters as the ignition is turned.

GROANS, presumably from the person trying to fix the car, is faintly audible.

FADE IN.

EXT. ABANDONED ROAD - COUNTRYSIDE - EARLY MORNING

A car sits off the side of the road. The surrounding countryside is empty and quiet.

CUT TO:

GRIMM sits in the driver's seat of the car, smoking a cigarette out the open window. He is in reflective mood.

A girl whines from the back seat.

GRIMM eyes darken.

GRIMM  
Shut up...

A girl struggles, tied with ropes on the back seat. She is dirty, and is sprawled out next to a large briefcase.

GRIMM drags again on his cigarette.

ANDERS is outside, the bonnet of the car open. He fiddles inside the engine. He looks up, his face sweaty.

ANDERS  
Are you going to fucking help me?!

GRIMM looks up; uninterested.

GRIMM  
You seem to be doing a pretty good job yourself...

ANDERS

Yeah 'cos were fuckin' sailin' on  
down the motorway aren't we! -  
Shit - I thought you used to work  
on cars anyway?

ANDERS hits the car hard with his spanner, frustrated.

GRIMM

Not engines.

ANDERS

What?!

GRIMM

Not engines.

ANDERS stops fiddling under the cars bonnet.

ANDERS

What the fuck did you do then?!

GRIMM

A valet.

ANDERS

What the fucks a vale- I don't even  
care; I don't think it's fair that you  
get to sit in there all toasty while I  
have to fix this bloody thing!

*(pause)*

It's not even my bloody fault; You know,  
this is *your* fault! I wanted to steal  
that other car - not this heap of shit.

GRIMM maintains calm, although his face flashes with  
annoyance.

GRIMM

We couldn't steal the other car.

ANDERS

Why not?!

GRIMM

It was a Porsche.

ANDERS

And?! That's a good thing.

GRIMM

*(Exasperated)*

No. A Porsche is hardly a low profile, is it?

ANDERS huffs, disagreeing.

ANDERS

Yeah, but a Porsche would've got us half way to fucking France by now! Not broken down on an abandoned road in the middle of no-where.

ANDERS slams his spanner down on the engine so hard, it springs out of his hand.

He pauses, frustrated.

ANDERS

Sorry if I seem stressed; but when I said we need to find a hiding place, that we need to lay low - broken down on a road wasn't on the top of my list, you know?

GRIMM pauses, his gaze cold and uncompromising.

GRIMM

They *aren't* gonna find us.

ANDERS

Says you! I'm pretty sure if we sit here long enough, they'll track us down.

ANDERS steps away from the engine, and moves closer to GRIMM's open window.

GRIMM finishes his cigarette and flicks it to the ground.

ANDERS

The sooner we get moving, the better.

*(pause)*

So get the fuck out and help me.

GRIMM looks up at ANDERS briefly.

GRIMM

No.

ANDERS

Why the fuck not?!

GRIMM looks around shiftily, looking for a reason.

GRIMM

I'm busy.

ANDERS

*(angry)*

Doing what?!

The kidnapped girl whines again.

GRIMM

Watching the girl.

ANDERS storms back to the engine.

ANDERS

Yeah! 'cos she's a fucking handful  
aint she! Fuckin' hell. She's probably  
asleep.

GRIMM smiles for a second.

GRIMM

You'd be surprised. The slut's probably  
waiting to strike.

As soon as he utters the word slut, CHLOE attacks like a cobra - quickly throwing punches with her tied hands into the back of GRIMMS head.

GRIMM turns abruptly, striking her in the forehead hard with the back of his hand.

She falls back. Clutching her head.

GRIMM turns to her, holding his head. ANDERS cackles outside.

GRIMM  
Do that again I'll fuckin'  
shoot you in the face!! Understand?!

He turns back around, in a state of disbelief.

ANDERS brings his laugh to a close. He smiles broadly.

ANDERS  
Maybe you should tie her up better.

GRIMM smirks, and looks in the rear view mirror at the girl coiled up in the back.

GRIMM  
Nah...

His eyes leer.

GRIMM  
Spoils the view.

ANDERS frowns outside.

ANDERS  
Perv.

GRIMM smirks again as he pulls another cigarette out of his pocket.

ANDERS puts his head back under the bonnet for a few seconds; as clunking sounds are audible.

He reappears.

ANDERS  
Is the briefcase still in the back?

GRIMM's eyes widen.

GRIMM

If you mention that suitcase again,  
I'm going to shoot you in the face.

ANDERS

Come on! I got reason to be paranoid,  
that's my ticket to actually *buying* a  
Porsche right there. Don't want to risk  
losing it.

GRIMM

I ain't gonna lose it.

ANDERS looks up, unconvinced.

ANDERS

Yeah well. Don't let her throw up  
on it either.

GRIMM

(*flippant*)  
Just fix the car.

ANDERS continues to fiddle for a few seconds, before  
slamming down the bonnet in fury.

ANDERS

Ah fuck it.

ANDERS walks back round to the passenger side of the car,  
cursing as he opens the door.

ANDERS

I have no fuckin' idea what's  
wrong with this thing.

He sits down.

ANDERS

Shit. There's gotta be a manual  
in here or something.

ANDERS begins to rummage as GRIMM continues to smoke,  
watching the smoke clouds with glazed eyes.

ANDERS suddenly pulls a battered old Haynes manual from under the seat.

ANDERS  
Manual!

He begins flicking through pages.

ANDERS  
What the fuck do I look up...  
Coma...?

He laughs as he continues to flick through. He looks at GRIMM, who still smokes.

ANDERS  
How's your hand?

GRIMM  
Fine.

GRIMM's other hand that has been hidden from view, is revealed to be mutilated. Damaged seemingly by a gunshot wound.

ANDERS  
It looks a mess.

GRIMM  
(snaps)  
It's fine alright.

GRIMM moves his hand close to his side, so it is out of view.

ANDERS turns back to the book, grimacing slightly.

ANDERS  
Fuckin' hate Mexicans.

GRIMM tosses his finished cigarette out the window.

GRIMM  
They weren't Mexican.  
They were Portuguese.

ANDERS

Portuguese?! How'd you work  
that one out?

GRIMM

One of them said "Não atire".  
It's Portuguese for Don't Shoot.

ANDERS begins laughing loudly.

ANDERS

Hahahaha - Is that why you,  
you know -

ANDERS simulates grabbing a head, putting a gun to it, and  
pulling the trigger. Laughing.

GRIMM.

Yeah - that and because he'd  
been shooting at me.

ANDERS giggle turns to a frown at GRIMM's sarcasm.

ANDERS slams the book shut.

ANDERS

*(abruptly)*  
How the fuck did they find us?

*(long pause)*

We checked into that Hotel  
with different names. We didn't have  
the girl or the briefcase with us.  
Yet they still turned up.

*(pause)*

What are they? Psychic?

GRIMM pulls the cigarette packet out of his pocket,  
frowning.

GRIMM

You know...you normally find...

GRIMM pauses, toying with the last cigarette in the box, savoring some kind of moment. He takes it, and puts it in his mouth.

GRIMM (cont.)  
- when people make a living out  
of finding other people. They're  
normally pretty good at it.

We see the back door behind ANDERS slowly open and close quietly.

ANDERS looks down; disheartened.

ANDERS  
Doesn't bode well for us does it?

GRIMM  
I don't know. Were alive aren't we?

ANDERS  
Yeah, but how many more do you think  
are after us? That could be the first  
of many.

Through the back windscreen, we see CHLOE slowly crawling away. She moves at a fair speed down the highway, despite being tied up.

GRIMM  
Well. If I'd lost what they've lost,  
I'd hire fucking loads.

(pause)

We just gotta make sure the rest of  
them don't find us.

ANDERS  
Easier said tha-

ANDERS pauses; frowning at the rear view mirror. He turns, looking out the back windscreen at CHLOE crawling into the distance.

He huffs.

ANDERS

Ah for fuck sake.  
When are you going to remember  
to lock those fucking doors?

GRIMM

What?

ANDERS just smirks, nodding at the rear view mirror.

ANDERS

She's off again.

ANDERS laughs as GRIMM catches sight of the escapee. He too smirks.

GRIMM

Good luck with that Darlin'

*(pause)*

Were the only ones here for miles.

He drags on his cigarette.

They both just sit.

ANDERS

What ever happened to well behaved  
hostages?

CHLOE suddenly screams at such a volume the pair jump.

CHLOE

HELP?!

The pair suddenly jump out the car.

ANDERS

*(panic)*

She was gagged! Wasn't  
she gagged?!

She screams again as the pair exit the vehicle.

ANDERS bounds towards her as GRIMM remains calm, strutting slowly. He draws his gun threateningly.

ANDERS  
Chloe stop screaming,  
there's no-one h-

CHLOE screams again. ANDERS covers his ears. GRIMM looks around cautiously, scanning the horizon for anyone that may hear.

ANDERS  
I'm warning you Chloe! Shut  
the fuck up! Get back in the car.

CHLOE turns and tries running towards ANDERS before crashing down onto the dirt road with a crack; her ropes tripping her up.

ANDERS bursts into a cackle. GRIMM too breaks into a smile.

ANDERS  
Did you see that?!

He continues to laugh as CHLOE gets up, tears streaming down her face. She tries to run towards ANDERS again, her teeth gritted with determination. Again she trips and falls.

ANDERS laughs again, much harder.

ANDERS  
Jesus Chloe! I knew you were  
head over heels but...come on!

He continues to laugh, turning towards GRIMM. Not noticing CHLOE jumping up and running at him again.

ANDERS  
(*laughing*)  
I swear man, she's better than  
TV...

As ANDERS turns back, CHLOE is upon him - running head first into his face.

There is a sickening crack as her forehead connects with his nose, bundling them both over.

CHLOE rolls away onto the road as ANDERS coils in pain, clutching his nose which bleeds profusely.

He groans as GRIMM lets out his first genuine laugh, clearly amused at his partners pain.

ANDERS

Ah-

You...fucking...bitch...

He tries to get up.

ANDERS

Grimm - I changed my mind.

Fucking shoot her. That fucking

Bitch. My nose...

CHLOE jumps up again as he ANDERS babbles, trying to steady herself - dizzy.

GRIMM

I don't know. Bit of fight in her.

I like it.

CHLOE grits her teeth again, and runs aggressively towards GRIMM.

He just smirks as he turns the gun in his hand, holding it like a hammer.

As CHLOE reaches him, he abruptly hammers down his fist - connecting the metal gun handle with her head.

BLACK SCREEN.

CUT TO:

CHLOE is laid back down on the back seat of the car, unconscious. There is a large gash on her forehead, covered in blood.

There is a pause as a large piece of duck-tape is placed over her mouth.

CUT TO:

ANDERS sits in the passenger seat, his head held back.  
Blood streams down his face.

GRIMM enters the vehicle and sits down.

ANDERS  
Fucking. Bitch...

GRIMM  
Oh give it a rest.

GRIMM pulls a large cloth from his jacket, and throws it  
ANDERS.

GRIMM  
Clean yourself up. The bleedings  
stopped.

ANDERS takes the cloth and slowly starts to clean his face.

ANDERS  
Try the car.

GRIMM turns the key as ANDERS mops the blood up. The car  
splutters, but doesn't start.

GRIMM  
I fail to be impressed.

ANDERS  
(snaps)  
What do you want me to do?!  
Call a mechanic?!

Through the back windscreen, a spec on the horizon.

A car approaches.

He looks down at the manual open on his lap. It's covered  
in blood.

ANDERS  
It says he-

ANDERS frowns - trying to find the passage he is looking for through the blood.

ANDER

- here - that it's a symptom of overheating. We gotta wait for it to cool down.

GRIMM

It's been forty minutes.

ANDERS stops talking, and stares at the rear view mirror.

GRIMM

Surely its cooled down.

*(pause)*

The books wrong.

GRIMM delves into his pocket, pulling out the empty cigarette box in disappointment.

ANDERS

Grimm -

GRIMM continues to stare.

ANDERS

GRIMM. There's a car.

A car approaches in the distance, a spec on the horizon through the back windscreen.

Both men turn and stare through the back windscreen.

A car hurtles down the abandoned road at high speed.

ANDERS

Do you think it's the Mexicans?

GRIMM

They're Portuguese.

ANDERS

Whatever the fuck they are.

GRIMM

It's probably a passer by.

ANDERS frowns suspiciously.

ANDERS

What kind of passer by drives down  
a decommissioned road at ten  
o' clock in the morning?

The pair look at each other.

The car is only a few yards away.

ANDERS squints. The pair stay quiet as the car gets closer.

GRIMM

Stop panicking. You always panic.

CHLOE begins to stir, moaning as she fidgets.

ANDERS

Woahhh - now don't you go  
doing anything stupid now  
Chloe. You just lay right there  
or -

GRIMM (interrupt)

Or I'll blow your face off.

ANDERS

Yeah. That.

The car is seconds away.

GRIMM squints.

GRIMM

It's just one guy.  
Nothing to worry about.

*(pause)*

He'll pass.

ANDERS  
Are you sure?

GRIMM  
It's a civilian. The pro's don't travel  
alone.

GRIMM begins to relax.

ANDERS turns back towards the steering wheel and begins  
searching for something.

GRIMM  
What are you doing?

ANDERS  
Hazards.

GRIMM  
Hazards?

ANDERS finds the lever he is looking for and turns on the  
hazard lights, the orange bulbs flashing just as the  
oncoming car is a few seconds from passing.

GRIMM  
Why are you putting hazards  
on?

ANDERS  
Are you nuts? Two guys sat alone in a  
car on an abandoned road when they  
haven't broken down?! That's fucking  
weird -

The pair pause and sit still. They go silent as the vehicle  
passes, the single driver not paying them much attention.

ANDERS  
He's passing, look.

The car continues down the road.

ANDERS  
He's just gonna keep -

ANDERS pause. The car's indicators begins to flash as it slows down.

ANDERS

- going.

Ah. Shit.

*(pause)*

He's pulling over.  
He's fucking pulling over.

The pair continue to stare.

ANDERS

Why the fucks he pulling over?!

GRIMM relaxes and leans back into his seat.

GRIMM

*(sigh)*

Because you put the fucking hazards on.

*(pause)*

You really are an idiot you know.

No-one yet exits the vehicle.

GRIMM

Why didn't you just shout "Pull over and help us, Good Samaritan."

Idiot.

The door up ahead opens, and a young man steps out.

ANDERS

*(nervous)*

Shit.

I'll handle this.

GRIMM pulls the gun up and cocks it.

ANDERS quickly grabs his arm and forces him to lower the gun.

ANDER  
Look - I'll handle it.

GRIMM  
No witnesses. That's the rule.

ANDERS  
Yeah Grimm, and he aint seen shit, ok?  
He's pulled over to help, yeah alright,  
my bad - I'll send him on his way.

GRIMM eyeballs ANDERS.

ANDERS  
*(snaps)*  
Why the fuck do you always want  
to kill people!? Why make more work  
for ourselves. Jesus.

You fucking nut case.

*(pause)*

ANDERS mumbles angrily at GRIMM as he moves from his seat.

ANDERS exits the vehicle.

ANDERS  
Concentrate on wooing your girlfriend  
back there.

GRIMM eyes follow him.

EXT. ABANDONED ROAD - COUNTRYSIDE - EARLY MORNING

ANDERS walks across the gravel. He moves his coat.  
Revealing a gun - which is then quickly concealed.

INT. BROKEN DOWN CAR - COUNTRYSIDE - EARLY MORNING

GRIMM smirks.

GRIMM  
Look at Mr Smooth eh Chloe.

EXT. ABANDONED ROAD - COUNTRYSIDE - EARLY MORNING

The young man walks slowly towards ANDERS. He has messy unkept hair and wears dirty clothing. His eyes are hidden behind cheesy plastic sun-glasses and has a permanent grin stuck to his face.

ANDERS  
Hello?

The young man continues to smile blankly.

ANDERS  
(*forcibly*)  
Hello?

STRANGER  
Car problems?

ANDERS  
What?

STRANGER  
Car Problems?

He points to the car.

STRANGER  
Your hazards are on.

ANDERS turns and looks to his car slowly.

ANDERS  
Yeah - nothing to worry about though -  
it's all, you know, under control.

(*pause*)

Its under control.

The STRANGER stares, grimacing at ANDERS face.

STRANGER  
Are you ok?!

ANDERS looks blank; forgetting the sizeable blood stain across his face.

ANDERS  
I'm fine -

STRANGER  
Your face is fucked up man

ANDERS  
What?!

He suddenly remembers his injury, realizing he wasn't being insulted.

ANDERS  
Oh its...it's fine.

*(pause)*

ANDERS looks again to the car. GRIMM looks uncomfortable.

ANDERS  
The bonnet flipped right up and hit me in the face - errr...but it's all under control...

It's under control.

STRANGER  
It hit you that hard?!

ANDERS rocks on his heels uncomfortably.

ANDERS  
Yeah well - it's -  
erm - modified -

*(snaps)*

Who the fuck are you man?! A tv interviewer?  
I said everything's under control here so -

STRANGER  
I've got a first aid kit in the back -

ANDERS

No it's fine. Listen, we kind of  
want to get going -

STRANGER

*(confused)*

But you've broken down?

ANDERS

I mean - you know, were busy and  
I have to get back to the car -

STRANGER

Oh I'm sorry man - just wanted  
to lend a hand -

ANDERS holds up both his hands.

ANDERS

Well I got enough!

ANDERS laughs awkwardly.

The STRANGER looks on blankly. Confused by his sense of  
humor.

STRANGER

I see... well I'll just look at it  
for you -

The stranger begins to walk towards the car.

ANDERS

Woah - What the hell are you doing?

STRANGER

I'm a mechanic...I can look at your  
Car?

ANDERS

No its fine -

STRANGER

I can have it up in no time!

ANDERS

No you see...

ANDERS thinks frantically.

ANDERS  
We've already got a break  
down truck to come pick us up.

The STRANGER pauses.

STRANGER  
What - one of those recovery  
vans?

ANDERS  
Yeah. As I said.

Under Control.

The STRANGER is undeterred.

STRANGER  
You don't want one of those!  
They cost an' arm and a leg -  
I'll do it for free.

The STRANGER nods and walks towards the car determined.  
ANDERS follows quickly and blocks his route.

ANDERS  
No - it's fine. I don't want  
to hold you up -

STRANGER  
It's no trouble -

ANDERS  
Stop! The mechanics coming,  
Ok. Listen man, I've told you -

You just wont -

*(pause)*

*(snaps)*  
It's fucking under control man,  
Jesus. Stop it.

The STRANGER pauses, and lifts his glasses.

STRANGER

There's no need to be rude.  
I'm just trying to help.

ANDERS

I'm not being rude -

STRANGER

Is this how you treat people?

ANDERS

No-

STRANGER

Is it because of my accent?

ANDERS

No -  
What fucking accent?!

It's because, respectfully,  
I don't want you to fix my car.

STRANGER

Is it because you don't trust me?  
You think I look like a shoddy worker?  
Is that it?!

ANDERS level of frustration sky-rockets.

ANDERS

No - Its -

I like my car broken!!

CUT TO:

INT. BROKEN DOWN CAR - ABANDONED MOTORWAY - MORNING

GRIMM shakes his head. He has found a cigarette from somewhere and smokes it, blowing large clouds of smoke throughout the car.

The burly mans other arm leans towards the back seat - a gun in hand, pointed at CHLOE - in case she tries to attract attention.

He speaks slowly and reflectively.

GRIMM

It's funny isn't it Chloe.  
Differences.

*(pause)*

Human Differences.

GRIMM continues to watch ANDERS struggle in conversation with the over-zealous STRANGER.

GRIMM

The problem with ANDERS is that he  
has no sense of opportunism.

*(pause)*

He sees a stranger approach, and  
considers them a witness. Someone that  
if got rid of quickly enough, is merely  
an inconvenience. As long as they don't  
see anything. Why shed blood?

*(pause)*

I on the other hand - don't see a witness.  
I see a working vehicle when we have none.  
I see a stranger that no-one is likely to  
miss. And I sure as hell don't mind shedding  
a bit of blood.

GRIMM turns to CHLOE, questioning her rhetorically.

GRIMM

So what do we do CHLOE?

GRIMM reflects.

GRIMM

On which philosophy do we act?

EXT. ABANDONED ROAD - COUNTRYSIDE - EARLY MORNING

ANDERS  
It's ALL broken.

STRANGER  
What like - steam?

The pair continue to argue, ANDERS getting increasingly agitated.

ANDERS  
Steam. Fire. All of it -  
It can't be repaired.

STRANGER  
I don't see any burn marks -

ANDERS just screams.

STRANGER  
Are you ok?

ANDERS  
No! We don't need your  
expertise man. Were waiting  
for the other guy - with the, err,  
tools and -

STRANGER  
- I have tools.

ANDERS  
I don't give a shit!

*(pause)*

FUCK OFF.

There is an uncomfortable silence.

STRANGER  
Sure you don't want me to  
take a look?

ANDERS eyeballs him.

ANDERS

Yes.

INT. BROKEN DOWN CAR - COUNTRYSIDE - EARLY MORNING

The pair begin to walk towards the mans car as GRIMM finishes his cigarette, and tosses it to the ground.

He lifts his gun.

GRIMM

Let's go car shopping Chlo-

He stops as CHLOE's hands appear from the back seat, the ropes round her wrists lifting over his throat as she pulls back heavily.

GRIMM drops the gun in surprise and struggles as the hostage tries to strangle him.

EXT. ABANDONED MOTORWAY - MORNING

ANDERS and the STRANGER continue to walk obliviously.

STRANGER

It must be battery or something -

ANDERS

We'll look into.  
Thanks.

STRANGER

Sure your face is ok too?

ANDERS

It's fine.

The STRANGER stops and looks back to the car disappointed.

STRANGER

Tell you what - we'll try jumping it,  
just quickly.

ANDERS

What?

STRANGER

I'll just get some jump leads.

ANDERS

What?! No!

The STRANGER quickly walks to his car boot, opens it and delves inside.

ANDERS

We don't need any fucking  
jump leads!!  
Just go-

The STRANGER turns from his boot with a handgun, and fires two shots into ANDERS chest - before turning to their vehicle and firing a volley of bullets in the front seat.

SILENCE.

The STRANGER walks towards ANDERS briskly.

ANDERS, mortally wound, crawls at a snail pace, blood pouring from his wounds.

STRANGER

*(mimics)*

We don't need any fucking jump  
leads.

He fires a single shot into ANDERS head; who stops moving.

STRANGER

Shut the fuck up.

The STRANGER's entire demeanor seems different. Like an entirely different character.

He has dropped what was seemingly a charade for his own amusement.

He looks up at the broken down car. Bullets penetrate the windscreen glass, and blood is sprayed over the inside.

He approaches slowly, each step slow and deliberate, looking carefully to see if GRIMM makes any movement.

He stops just in front of the car and lifts his gun, then walking even slower to the side door.

The gun is lifted towards the glass as he opens the door.

GRIMM falls out, his bloody corpse hitting the road.

The STRANGER points his gun at the body for a few seconds, making sure he is dead.

The gun is slowly lifted, and he peers inside the car. Smirking slightly.

Leaning over the front seat, he gingerly picks up the briefcase in the back, as if it were hot, smiling brightly.

CHLOE is nowhere to be seen.

The STRANGER picks up the briefcase and puts it on the bonnet. He gently moves his thumbs across the combination lock, as if caressing it, before hurriedly setting the numbers to 237.

CLICK.

The Briefcase is opened slowly.

The STRANGER looks on in amazement, as blue light covers his face - his face of awe at the contents.

He drools slightly, licking his lips as he closes the case again - hiding its contents from the audience.

Pause.

The STRANGER comes to terms with what he has just seen; brushing his hand through his hair and shaking his head.

After a few seconds, he pulls out a mobile phone and dials a number.

He stands in silence as it rings.

Pause.

STRANGER

I've got the case.

*(pause)*

They were broken down a few miles away from the hotel - a couple of dead Portuguese guys aren't bad breadcrumbs.

*(pause)*

I'll get it to you as soon as I can. I think the others have my number plate, so I'll take a sheltered route. You'll get your case back.

*(long pause)*

The girl?

The STRANGER takes a long peer inside the car.

STRANGER

Long gone. They either threw her out or killed her.

*(pause)*

You don't even need to say that. No witnesses; if I see her I'll shoot her in the fucking head.

The STRANGER peers back into the car - and frowns.

STRANGER

Yeah -

He squints, noticing the backdoor is ajar.

As he speaks, he leans over the back seat, and pushes it open.

STRANGER

Of course I'll keep my head down.  
A bunch of amateur gun-ho Portuguese  
guys aren't going to catch me out -

There are droplets of blood on the road outside the door,  
as if someone has crawled out the back door.

The STRANGER frowns. Confused.

He leans back outside of the car. Before his face drops.

All blood drains from his face.

The STRANGER turns to his right, phone still tight to his  
ear.

A bloody CHLOE sits there, having crawled round the back of  
the car. She clutches GRIMM's gun, pointing at him.

*Long Pause.*

Their eyes meet.

STRANGER

Wait -

CUT TO:

The CAMERA switches to the other side of the car, we can  
only see the feet of the pair from underneath the car.

GUNSHOT.

The STRANGER hits the floor in a spray of blood. Dropping  
the suitcase and phone.

CUT TO:

CHLOE sits and breaths heavily, wiping the blood from her  
face and whining in pain at her own injuries.

She forces herself up, getting up in a limp.

Slowly, she walks to the STRANGERS corpse - pulling the trigger again - her eyes tearful.

SILENCE.

She gently picks up the briefcase from his grasp, and limps away.

Slowly she gets to the strangers car, and puts the suitcase on the passenger side, moving slowly to the other door and getting in.

LONG PAUSE.

The car slowly drives away.

WIDE SHOT.

The camera surveys the chaos. The bodies strewn out and bloody vehicle.

PAUSE.

LONG SHOT.

CHLOE and her newly acquired vehicle drive off slowly into the distance.

The camera lingers as it disappears into the horizon.

FADE OUT.

BLACK SCREEN.

PAUSE.

PORTUGUESE MAN (v.o)  
Vimos o carro de sicário.  
Seu norte de cabeça.

SUBTITLE. We've seen the hitman's car. Its heading North.

The Mechanic

Written by Luke Prince

First Draft

PORTUGUESE MAN (v.o)  
Empenhe.

SUBTITLE. Engage.

CREDITS.