

Untitled 'The Screenplay So Far' Screenplay

by

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INT. ALBAN'S HOME - NIGHT

[Alban gets ambushed by the figure. Gets knocked out, wakes up in a house ablaze.]

EXT. ALBAN'S HOME

[A paramedic asks how Alban is, but Alban has a mission now. He leaves.]

INT. JOE'S GYM

[Ginny does a jujitsu sparring, then gets picked up by her foster dad Flint.]

INT. FLINT'S CAR

The beige family car rolls through the inner-city, yellow streetlights passing by in quick succession. Big shiny buildings with glowing logos propped on top of them alternated with older but well-kept structures. Thunderous clouds terrorise a faraway town, making the dark city quiet and peaceful in comparison.

GINNY stares through the window of the car. FLINT, her foster dad, glances over with parental worry.

FLINT

Do you want to talk about it?

GINNY shakes her head.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Would ice cream help?

GINNY nods.

EXT. FAST FOOD CHAIN PARKING LOT

The rumbling gets louder, but is far off still. FLINT leans against the car, eating his ice cream from a small happy-looking container. GINNY eats from a cone, slowly pacing back and forth over the tarmac. She has difficulty standing still, it seems.

FLINT

I know I'm beating a dead horse here, but there's a gym close to the new place.

GINNY shakes her head, takes a bite from her cone.

FLINT (CONT'D)
I can still take you to Joe's...

GINNY
I'm not abandoning Joe.

FLINT
But seeing as you're now dependent
on us now to get there, I don't see
us keeping up this frequency, is
all.

Silence.

GINNY
Then I'll take the bus.

FLINT
Which is not happening.

GINNY
I take the bus to school everyday,
now!

FLINT
That's during the daytime.

GINNY
I can fend for myself.

FLINT shakes his head. He walks around the car and opens the door to get in. GINNY stays in place.

GINNY (CONT'D)
I mean, ask Patricia.

FLINT
(firm)
Watch your step, missy.

GINNY
She's three years older!

FLINT
It's not happening.

GINNY wants to start, but FLINT cuts her off.

FLINT (CONT'D)
Beating an untrained, unfit
schoolgirl into the hospital is not
the same as "fending for yourself"
on an inner-city night bus, Ginny.
(MORE)

FLINT (CONT'D)

(pause)

It's not happening.

(pause)

You'll have to come up with a better solution.

GINNY looks at FLINT. Fire in her eyes, then she calms down. She looks defeated. He's right.

FLINT gets into the car. GINNY follows suit. They drive off in silence.

INT. FLINT'S CAR

Streetlights whirl by again. The buildings have lost their shine, the logos their glow. Whatever is in-between looms dark and dilapidated over the beige family car.

GINNY

Hey Rich...

FLINT

Yes?

GINNY

How did you get through high school?

FLINT

What do you mean?

GINNY

How did you survive it? Like, what did you do to make it manageable.

FLINT snickers.

GINNY (CONT'D)

It's just endless... you know.

FLINT makes a sound of agreement. He turns a corner.

GINNY (CONT'D)

So?

FLINT

Oh... eh, well-

(considering)

I smoked a ton of weed.

GINNY bursts out laughing.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Like, a ton. Can't remember half of what happened to be honest.

He glances over to GINNY in anticipation of a reaction.

GINNY

That's so lame.

FLINT nods. Pride and shame at the same time.

EXT. SHEFFIELD BUSSTOP - MORNING

ALBAN gets off the bus. He looks at the building in front of him. He observes it for a short time and then turns around and walks down the street.

INT. GINNY'S HOME (KITCHEN)

A bright yellow glow fills the kitchen. GINNY stares at the timer on her phone. She yawns. Water boils relentlessly on the stove.

INT. GINNY'S HOME (LIVING ROOM)

GINNY sits on the couch, eggshells on a napkin next to her, a big glass of some juice half empty in her hand. The television shows the weather. It's grey. It will stay grey. Then her foster mother WENDY walks briskly into the room, looking for something. She then sees the napkin on the couch and looks at GINNY accusingly.

GINNY

I couldn't find a plate.

WENDY

They're in the box under the table.

GINNY

There's five boxes under the table.

WENDY has no time for this. She keeps looking for whatever she's looking for.

WENDY (O.S.)

Bloodbank called again!

GINNY

(fixated on the TV)

Yeah, they keep harassing me too.

WENDY sticks her head out of the kitchen with a frown.

WENDY
Then call them back!

GINNY nods absently, then-

GINNY
When do you need to go to school?

WENDY (O.S.)
Tomorrow. At 6.

Silence. The TV plays an obnoxious commercial which makes GINNY turn to a different channel.

WENDY walks out of the kitchen. She's found her shoes. She looks at GINNY. Concerned. GINNY doesn't look up.

GINNY
I'm fine.

WENDY considers something, then drops it. She grabs her bag from some more unpacked boxes and walks out of the living room.

WENDY (O.S.)
She's fine.

EXT. SHEFFIELD STREET

GINNY is running down the street, backpack in hand, catching up to TROY, who is walking 25 meters out ahead of her.

GINNY
(when she catches up)
You said you'd wait for me.

TROY
(chuckles)
I did, I waited for a whole week.

GINNY
Fuck you.

TROY
(jokingly)
A week, redhead. I was really
lonely. And hungry.

GINNY faints a punch at TROY.

TROY (CONT'D)

What? Are you gonna beat me up too?

GINNY

She came it at me first. You were there. You saw what happened.

TROY

Don't sweat it Reds.
(pauses and grins)
Just don't punch me.

TROY and GINNY keep walking and are talking out of earshot.

EXT. SCHOOL GATES

GINNY peels off headed into a different direction than TROY.

TROY

Where you goin'?

GINNY

I have to see the counselor first hour.
(fakes a grown up voice)
It's just how it works here.

They fist-bump and head off.

INT. COUNSELORS OFFICE

GINNY is sitting at the Counselors office. Arms folded. Staring into nothingness.

COUNSELOR

This kind of thing doesn't work if you don't talk to me.

GINNY doesn't respond. Looks at the clock rebelliously.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Yes. We still have half an hour to go.

(Walks to the corner of her office)

Do you want more coffee?

GINNY

No, but I would like a cigarette though.

The COUNSELOR chuckles, but gets back in to character quickly.

COUNSELOR
So.. No coffee then?

Pause. Ginny nods.

The COUNSELOR sits back down and hands GINNY her coffee.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
So, can you tell me what happened?

GINNY
What good will that do? You didn't listen to me that last time either.

The COUNSELOR stays quiet and just looks at the girl across the desk. A few seconds go by.

GINNY (CONT'D)
So what did Patricia tell you?

COUNSELOR
That doesn't really matter does it. I want your side of the story. But she said you just came at here.

GINNY gets up and walks towards the door.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
That's not how this works. You know that. Sit down.

GINNY reluctantly sits down and starts staring at the clock again.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)
Okay, so we're back to this again?

One last shot of GINNY staring at the clock. A slow close up.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE COUNSELLORS OFFICE

GINNY closes the door behind her and is eye to eye with PATRICIA.

GINNY
Hey.

GINNY fakes a move at PATRICIA who ducks down, protecting her head with her hands.

GINNY (CONT'D)
 (smiles)
 Fuck you.

The SECRETARY sitting at her desk suddenly looks up from her keyboard. She looks shocked.

SECRETARY
 GIRL! We don't say things like
 that. Come here.
 (pauses)
 GIRL!

GINNY walks away.

INT. CLASSROOM

[GINNY gets picked out by the teacher. Unfair. She throws the teacher down.]

INT. COSTUME SHOP

A fake plastic police badge hits the counter and the clerk scans it.

CLERK
 That'll be 5.99 sir.

Alban throws a ten pound bill on the counter, grabs the badge and walks away.

CLERK (CONT'D)
 Sir! Your change!

INT. CHILD SERVICES SHEFFIELD

Janine is sitting at the front desk. As always. Suddenly the phone rings.

JANINE
 Sheffield Child Services.

CALLER
 Hello, this is Musgrave with the
 Sheffield Police Department. We
 have an open investigation and a
 person of interest in it is
 currently in foster care. A girl,
 14 years old, Ginny Ingram. Long
 story short, we need the file.
 (MORE)

CALLER (CONT'D)

I have a detective in the area and he will arrive soon to pick it up.

JANINE

(whilst making notes)

I'm sorry officer, but this is not how it works. We need an official request for information before I can give out files on the people in our system.

CALLER

I understand and we will have that request with you shortly, but we fear that this girl is in grave danger and we need the file as soon as possible. So if you could prepare a printed copy, that would be great. The request will follow in about 10 minutes.

JANINE

Listen sir, this is not...

The line is disconnected and JANINE turns towards her colleague.

JANINE (CONT'D)

I don't know how many times I've told these idiots that this is simply not how it works, but they just keep ignoring me. How can it be this bloody complicated just to fill out a form properly.

Her colleague Mindy is sitting at the desk next to her reading a magazine.

MINDY

Then don't give them the file before you have the request. It's pretty simple actually.

JANINE

I've tried that already and Gavin tore me a new one. Going on and on about how important our collaboration with the Police is and that I shouldn't be so 'anal' about the rules.

EXT. SHEFFIELD STREET

ALBAN is standing on a street corner as a random bystander hangs up. ALBAN slips him a 100 pound note, takes the phone from him and starts walking towards the Child Services Building.

INT. CHILD SERVICES SHEFFIELD

JANINE prints out the file and puts it in a classic case folder. She throws it on the front desk and walks to the back of the room to make herself a cup of tea. Tea always helps when she feels riled up. The front door opens and Alban walks in. He walks up to the front desk and immediately spots the file, just sitting there.

JANINE
(From back of the room)
Can I help you sir?

ALBAN folds open his wallet, showing the fake police badge and points at the file. JANINE approaches and ALBAN makes sure that the badge is back in his pocket long before JANINE has a chance to study it. He grabs the folder.

JANINE (CONT'D)
You're here for the Ingram file?
Yes. That's it. And tell that
Musgrave that he has to fill out a
proper request for information the
next time. There are rules you
know.

ALBAN shrugs and makes an apologetic gesture with his hands. He grabs the file, nods at JANINE and turns around.

JANINE (CONT'D)
You can't just leave with that. You
have to sign!

ALBAN spins around and grabs a pen out of his jacket pocket. He signs the form JANINE presents him and walks out the door.

INT. GINNY'S HOME

GINNY steps quickly but softly inside the apartment. Her white t-shirt is covered in blood. Her forehead has quite the bruise developing. She checks around the corner of the kitchen. The coast is clear. She drops her sportsbag and runs into the bathroom, locking the door, trembling the apartment.

FOSTER MOTHER (O.S.)
Ginny is that you?

GINNY
Uhuh, yup! It's me!

FOSTER MOTHER (O.S.)
I thought you were going to the gym first?

GINNY
Eh... yeah... I eh... forgot my bag.

Silence on the other side of the door.

FOSTER MOTHER (O.S.)
Your bag is here at the door...
Ginny, is everything okay?

GINNY
Yeah no, I'm fine, thank you, just washing up quick.

She's thrown the shirt into the bathtub and has started to douse it in bleach. When she takes the shirt out it comes out pink. The bathtub water is red. GINNY tries coughing away the bleach fumes, but to no avail.

FOSTER MOTHER (O.S.)
Ginny, are you alright?

GINNY keeps coughing. She's never going to cover this up. And the dizziness is also not helping. In a state of panic, she unlocks the door and bolts out, straight past her foster mom and her approaching foster dad. She's being called after by her parents, but she can't speak through the coughing.

She starts rummaging through the clothes scattered on the floor, just to have a shirt on her body. Her parents are up in arms when suddenly...

The sound of wood breaking, two muffled bangs, two large objects hitting the floor and then silence.

GINNY stands motionless in her room for a second, her head halfway through her shirt.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

The HANDYMAN throws the door shut with way more force than actually needed. He opens the vans side door and takes out his equipment.

It's raining, so he's hunched over and races inside. As he enters he can already hear the water dripping. He sighs a sigh of immense frustration and beats the rain off of his coat. He starts walking up as the camera pans down the stairs to reveal the white sneakers in a pool of blood.

He arrives on the second floor stairwell, where a pool of water has already formed under the leaking pipe. He inspects it. Hits it with his wrench and then crouches down, starting his actual work.

[Alban enters the complex downstairs and spots the dead body]

HANDYMAN

Almost there, come on now, I know you'll fit on...

He stops because suddenly something is blocking his light. He turns around frustrated.

HANDYMAN (CONT'D)

Hey, would you mind awfully...

He sees the most determined face he has ever seen in his life staring back at him. There's no malice in his face. He doesn't seem threatening at all, but it is certainly not the type of man we encounter often. A dog suddenly runs up the stairs and starts staring at him as well.

HANDYMAN (CONT'D)

What...

The man holds out his hand. The handyman simply doesn't know how to react. He stares back at the man. We cut back and forth several times. The handyman eventually holds up his wrench as if to say "is this what you want?" The man is still standing there with his outstretched hand. Staring at him. If you would ask the handyman, years later, why he gave the man his super expensive wrench, he would still not be able to tell you. It just seems like he had too. He simply didn't have any other choice. He hands over the wrench. Alban nods and walks up the stairs.

INT. BASEMENT

The floor is permanently wet and the walls are infested with critters as big a shoebox. A lone light bulbs dangles from the ceiling, rocking back and forth as if to evade all the water dripping down. The Figure is sitting on a small chair in this godforsaken inner-city basement. He's tending to whatever is left of his ear, with a hand that already needed bandaging. His eyes won't leave one corner of the room.

Ginny is tied to a rusty pipe, aside from some scratches and the bulge on her head, she's fully in tact. The blood surrounding the duct tape that covers her mouth is not hers. Her eyes spout hellfire and her posture says she's ready for whatever is coming for her, though she maintains her calm.

A buzzy ring fills the room. The Figure picks up the phone, his eyes fixated in the corner. Someone tells him something.

The FIGURE makes an affirmative sound. Then hangs up the phone.

He reaches in his coat pocket and takes out a crumpled pack of American Spirits. He puts a cigarette in his mouth and then reaches for his lighter. Except he keeps patting himself down. No lighter.

The FIGURE looks at GINNY. A twinkle in GINNY's eyes. She shakes her head in delight.

He groans. He waits. Then gets up. He makes a 'stay put' motion, and then heads out the door.

Silence. GINNY tries to undo herself, but to no avail. Then the sound of the front door again. But instead of the FIGURE, it's DOG who shows through the door. She barks once, which produces ALBAN. ALBAN immediately goes to help GINNY.

The DOG sniffs out the place, walking in and out of rooms, while ALBAN untangles a befuddled GINNY. When GINNY is finally able to get up she braces herself to fight the silent man. But ALBAN looks at her in compassion, as if to ask whether she's okay. GINNY nods. ALBAN motions her to stay.

The DOG returns to the room and awaits orders from ALBAN, who by this point is looking at the technology left of the desk. He grabs what looks like a small external hard drive, puts it in his breast pocket, then smashes the rest with his wrench.

When that's done ALBAN motions at GINNY to follow along. He then whistles and clicks his mouth once.

EXT. BASEMENT

The trio head out the door in tactical fashion. They get in ALBAN's car and drive off.

INT. ALBAN'S CAR

GINNY sits with her legs pulled up on the seat, glances over to ALBAN. Then the DOG.

GINNY
I- Where- How-

Her breathing is quick, uncontrolled. She looks around the high rise buildings passing by the window. Back to ALBAN.

GINNY (CONT'D)
Why?

ALBAN fumbles in his pocket, takes out a note and gives it to GINNY. GINNY opens the note and reads it.

STICK WITH US AND YOU'LL BE FINE.
MY NAME IS ALBAN AND THIS IS MY DOG

She looks at ALBAN. He taps his ears and makes a cutting motion with his hand.

GINNY looks at the note again. Below the message is something of an address.

LA3 6DE 12 COLLARHATCH

ALBAN point to the address, then points to himself and the DOG. They keeps driving in silence. GINNY's breathing is slightly calmer now.

INT. ALBAN'S CAR (HIGHWAY)

The car speeds down the highway now, though they have yet to escape the city. Then ALBAN moves over a few lanes. GINNY tries to figure out why, when she sees they're running low on gas. ALBAN points to the sign with his intended gasstation and looks for her approval. She nods.

INT. ALBAN'S CAR (GAS STATION)

They pull up to a pump. ALBAN motions her to stay put and then motions that the DOG wil stay here with her. He then gets out of the car and fills up the tank.

GINNY takes a good look at the DOG, who's sitting vigilant on the backseat. Her dark fur has a healthy shimmer, her head slightly tilted forward as not to hit it on the car's ceiling.

GINNY slowly moves her hand closer to the DOG's nose until she's reached it. The DOG investigates the hand and then follows it up with friendly lick with her giant tongue. Freshly approved, GINNY brushes her hand through the DOG's thick hairs when SUDDENLY...

ALBAN knocks on the window and moves towards the shop to pay. He's keeping a firm eye on the car. GINNY observes how the vehicle is being observed, following ALBAN's every motion.

When he's finally ready to pay, he glances over to the car...

GINNY sees him move swiftly away from the till, being called after by the attendant, when the car wobbles slightly. Then behind her glass shatters. A gloved hand grabs GINNY's arm fiercely and starts dragging her out of the car, but lets go with an agonising yelp.

The DOG has a firm grip on the arm for just a second, but let's go with a slight whimper after a couple of thuds.

EXT. SHEFFIELD GAS STATION

GINNY moves away from the broken window as the FIGURE outside of it grabs his bitten arm. He then gets tackled by a sprinting ALBAN.

ALBAN lands on top and gives The FIGURE a few good punches, overwhelming him. ALBAN then gets back on his old feet to make a run for the car when he notices the tires are slashed beyond repair. He looks at GINNY with a slight panic in his eyes and mouths the words "GO". GINNY opens the door and gets out the car.

A bloodied arm grabs ALBAN from behind and chokes him. The DOG's barking reaches a fever pitch. A muffled flash behind ALBAN's back. GINNY sees from behind the car how the man who saved her life just a few moments ago coughs up blood and drops to his knees. A silence hushes over the gasstation, until...

Go.

GINNY opens the door for the dog as they run into an alleyway next to the shop.

EXT. HIGH WAY UNDERBELLY

[GINNY and DOG flee from the FIGURE.]

EXT. JOE'S GYM - DAY

GINNY peeks around the corner of an alley overlooking Joe's Gym. She's out of breath, but physically unscathed. There's no more pursuing, it seems, so GINNY sprints strategically from cover to cover until she's reached the gym's parking lot.

The door swings open and two bulky men with bulky bags over their bulky shoulders walk out. GINNY watches as they get into their car and drive off. She uses the car as cover and makes a run for the backdoor entrance of the gym. But it's locked.

She looks at a crevice above the door and tries to reach for it, but to no avail. Then, the DOG positions herself in front of the door, so that GINNY can use her back as a step. GINNY does so and retrieves the spare key. #Teamwork.

INT. JOE'S GYM - DAY

A small dark hallway, lit by a single light, with a door in front of her and a stairwell going up on her left.

GINNY peeks through the door into JOE's office that overlooks the gym. Through the office windows she sees that JOE is coaching some fighters, while others are using the weights. Lots of movement. Lots of shouting. Familiar terrain. GINNY closes the door again and goes up the stairs.

INT. JOE'S GYM (APARTMENT) - DAY

GINNY sneaks into the apartment. She quickly checks the parking lot, but no movement. The apartment is quiet. It's a bit messy, but at least it's quiet.

Then, her breathing suddenly takes a turn for the worse. With rapid heaves she grabs a paper McDonald's bag from the kitchen counter, empties it and puts it to her lips. She sits down on the floor and focuses on her breathing. The DOG lets out an empathetic whimper and curls up against her. The McDonald's bag moves slower now as she feels the warmth of the DOG's embrace.

EXT. GINNY'S HOUSE

It's raining as it always does at times like these. Blue and red lights take turns lighting up the sober street and the flurry of police activity that has taken over the entire front of the complex. A black BMW drives up, an officer holds up the 'do not enter rope' and the car drives through.

LARKIN and WINSLOW exit the car. LARKIN is holding a paper above his head. He doesn't really know why, but he saw it in a movie once and has since adopted it as a way to keep his head dry when it rains, and when he happens to have a paper on him. LARKIN approaches a cop that is standing in front of the house.

LARKIN
Any word on the girl?

COP
None whatsoever sir. We just know
that she's not here.

LARKIN nods and gestures for WINSLOW to follow him, but WINSLOW isn't looking at him. He's standing with his back to the house staring at the flashing lights and the pandemonium that is taking place on the streets. A woman cries, a dog barks. It's always the same.

LARKIN
WINSLOW!

WINSLOW turns around and walks towards LARKIN.

WINSLOW
Any word on the girl?

LARKIN
None, we just know that she's not
here.

WINSLOW sighs. He has already seen too much rainy nights interrupted by flashing lights and sirens. LARKIN is already on his way to the front of the apartment complex and WINSLOW follows him. Even though he would rather run in the other direction.

INT. GINNY'S HOME (STAIRWELL)

The hallway is filled with police officers. Looking at the dead man under the stairs. LARKIN and WINSLOW walk up the stairs.

INT. GINNY'S HOME

The entire house is in shambles. Broken vases, the tv is knocked off the stand and the saloon table is broken in half. In the middle of the chaos are Wendy and Flint, pools of blood have accumulated around their lifeless bodies.

LARKIN
Jesus. What a mess...

WINSLOW doesn't respond. He walks around the apartment almost as if he is expecting to find the bad guy casually sitting in a chair in a corner. Philip Johnston, the coroner is taking pictures of the parents. LARKIN walks up to him.

LARKIN (CONT'D)

Hey Phil.

Johnston nods in acknowledgement.

LARKIN (CONT'D)

(Grinning)

Can you Phill us in?

JOHNSTON

That joke is getting real old real fast Paul.

Johnston gets up from his crouched position and starts pointing things out.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

3 adults dead including the one downstairs, one missing child.

(pause)

Parents were both shot in the head, been dead for about 3 hours if you believe the neighbors testimony about the noise. Died on impact. No exit wounds. No signs of a weapon and as you can see, there was clearly a struggle. That's about all I can tell you: I just walked in.

LARKIN

Seems kind of hard to believe that a 15 year old girl did this doesn't it? I mean sure, maybe she could have overpowered the mother, but her dad is a big guy.

WINSLOW is looking at a file.

WINSLOW

14 and they are not her parents.

LARKIN

What?

WINSLOW browses through the file while speaking.

WINSLOW

The girl is an orphan. Her parents died when she was a baby. She has been in the foster system ever since. Looks like she went through some juvenile facilities and finally ended up with this family.

LARKIN

Oh..

JOHNSTON

(pointing at the parents)
If I may. I don't like the girl for
this.

WINSLOW looks up from the file.

WINSLOW

What do you mean?

JOHNSTON

No exit wounds... On either of them.
And with calibers like this, those
are pretty much a given.

WINSLOW

Go on..

JOHNSTON

Well, I'll be able to tell you more
once I've done a proper autopsy,
but these don't look like regular
bullets to me. If you ask me, these
are specialized and handmade.

WINSLOW

How can you tell?

JOHNSTON

A normal bullet would have exited
at the back of the head, taking a
large part of the skull with it.
These... Didn't. I think they never
left the brain. That, combined with
the placement.. This couldn't have
been the girl. This feels like a
professional.

LARKIN

So.. That means intruder.. and the
girl escaped?

WINSLOW

Or he took the girl...

LARKIN

(clearly panicking)
Jesus... I'll call the chief, we need
to..

As he reaches for his phone, it starts ringing. He picks up.

LARKIN (CONT'D)
Chief. We need to..

LARKIN listens for a few seconds as WINSLOW inspects the two dead bodies in the middle of the room.

LARKIN (CONT'D)
(to WINSLOW)
We need to go. Body at a gas station on Omskirk Road. A girl was seen fleeing the scene.

They walk out of the apartment. As they walk through the hallway, they pass a uniformed police officer, talking to a witness.

HANDYMAN
I don't know. I just gave it to him.

COP
So you gave a random man your wrench, because he asked you to?

HANDYMAN
No. He was just standing there. It's very hard to explain.

WINSLOW and LARKIN have already passed the man, when LARKIN suddenly turns around and taps the handy man on his shoulder. He shows him his badge.

LARKIN
Detective LARKIN. You saw the assailant?

HANDYMAN
I don't know. Maybe. He took my wrench and it's bloody expensive by the way. I'd like it back.

WINSLOW
(now next to LARKIN)
Did he attack you?

HANDYMAN
No no. Nothing like that. He just held out his hand and I gave it to him.

LARKIN
You gave it to him?

HANDYMAN

(angry now)

Christ. Yes I gave it to him. He was very convincing.

LARKIN

Why? What did he say?

LARKIN (CONT'D)

(still angry)

Nothing. He was just standing there, staring at me, with his dog. He held out his hand and I gave it to him.

LARKIN and WINSLOW look at each other. What would a man, armed with a gun with specialised bullets, need a wrench for?

LARKIN (CONT'D)

When was this?

HANDYMAN

An hour and a half ago. I just started my shift. The pipes on the second floor walkway started...

WINSLOW

What did he look like?

HANDYMAN

Pretty normal. He was black, about 50 years old and he was wearing a leather coat. I just started working on the pipe. They're pretty old so..

LARKIN

And he had a dog with him?

HANDYMAN

Yeah. A Great Dane. A black one.

EXT. SHEFFIELD GAS STATION

WINSLOW is smoking a cigarette at the edge of the gas station. Those god damn lights again. More of that same rain and yet another dead body.

WINSLOW

(softly)

The more I get to know mankind, the more I love my dog...

He shoots his cigarette away with his fingers and walks up to an Audi S7 parked at pump 1. The doors are open and the back window is shattered. Next to it: a man with a bullet wound in his forehead. No exit wound. LARKIN is already bent over the body. Looking closely.

LARKIN

This seems to be the same bullet.

WINSLOW

(under his breath)

Yeah, no shit.

LARKIN

What?

WINSLOW

Any ID?

LARKIN

None that I can find. His prints are being checked as we speak. Maybe we'll get lucky there.

WINSLOW

I doubt it.. Any witnesses?

LARKIN

Yes. The teller said this guy was paying for gas, when he suddenly turned around and attacked a man who was breaking into his car. A long struggle, during which the girl..

WINSLOW

Ginny.

LARKIN

(sighs and continues:)

...during which Ginny and a large dog ran off in THAT direction. And after killing this poor guy, the assailant ran after her.

WINSLOW follows his finger and stares at the bushes that Ginny supposedly disappeared in.

LARKIN: What is up with you?

WINSLOW

I don't know James... We're are being dragged into something that we really don't want to be a part of..

WINSLOW shakes his head as if he himself now thinks that it's time to snap out of it. He starts pacing back and forth.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

So.. Ginny is abducted, put in the back of a car and her assailant takes time to stop for gas, leaving her unattended? It just doesn't make sense. And to make things even more confusing.. Someone else tries to take an already kidnapped girl from a kidnapper, but instead of wanting to be rescued, the girl runs.. What do you make of that?

LARKIN just stares at him. A phone vibrates. LARKIN fishes his phone out of his pocket, takes off his glove, grabs a notepad and answers it.

LARKIN

LARKIN. Yeah tell me. De Wit? Is that W-I-T? What kinda name is that? Yeah. Oh, when? Forward it to me. Thanks.

LARKIN hangs up and turns to WINSLOW. Who is yet again preoccupied, staring into the distance. Murmuring to himself.

LARKIN (CONT'D)

Apparently.. this guy is a Dutch citizen: Jan de WIT. Which, apparently, is the Dutch equivalent of John Smith.

(Pauses while he looks at his notes)

Lived in Morcambe and had done so for the last 13 years until, last night, his house burned down and he just walked off with his dog. Before that: no mention of him anywhere. He has no drivers license, no job and no family. Station is trying to get a hold of the Dutch police. Maybe they have some more on him.

WINSLOW

I wouldn't hold my breath.. Anything else?

LARKIN

The girl apparently just walked into the police station with a friend.

WINSLOW
Seriously?

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

JOE walks in on GINNY sitting on his floor with the DOG curled around her. GINNY's asleep. The dog is not and starts growling at JOE. Her menacing bare teeth spook the gym owner.

JOE
(carefully)
Ginny... eh... Ginny, sweetheart?

GINNY puts her hand on the dog, which calms her growling.

GINNY
Since when am I your sweetheart?

She looks up to JOE, sluggishly. Her eyes are red, her face puffy, the shock has not left her.

JOE crouches down to be on GINNY's eye-level.

JOE
Are you okay?

GINNY
What's the time?

She stretches.

JOE
(looks at watch)
It's 6 now...
(back to ginny)
Ginny, what happened?

GINNY gets up and scratches her head, the DOG follows her, while looking at JOE suspiciously. She then sits down on the couch. The DOG sits next to her.

GINNY
I must've been out for a while.

JOE
(stern)
Ginny, what happened?

GINNY doesn't say anything. She blankly stares at JOE, as if she's forgotten everything. JOE tries something else.

JOE (CONT'D)
Where'd you get the dog?

GINNY looks at the DOG. She pets it.

GINNY

(in a daze)

Oh, this is not my dog. This is ALBAN's dog. He picked me up earlier today and he had this DOG with him. She's scary-looking but a real sweetheart. She helped me open the door earlier.

(pause)

I don't even know when she's last had food or water. I don't even know what she eats. Or how much. Shit. I should've asked Alban before-

She then looks at JOE, eyes watery. JOE then sees the blood stains on her hoodie.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Joe- Can you please take me to the police?

INT. POLICE STATION - TWILIGHT

A boring brown office, papers on the wall, folders stacked up on a shoddy looking cupboard. The sign on the door says "CHIEF OF POLICE CLEMENT". It's the room of a busy man with a lot on his mind.

GINNY sits at the desk, sipping on a coffee. The DOG sits next to her, vigilant. JOE occupies a chair away, on the other side of the desk. He scrolls through his phone, an empty plastic cup next to him, crushed beyond repair.

Then CLEMENT walks in and gestures for JOE.

JOE

(to GINNY)

I'll be right back, okay?

GINNY acknowledges.

JOE talks to CLEMENT outside of GINNY's earshot.

CLEMENT

Our apologies for the wait, I hope you feel taken care of.

CLEMENT scans the worried look on JOE's face and pats him on the shoulder.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)
How've you been, Joe?

JOE
On the right side of the track,
chief. I'm just worried about the
kid.

CLEMENT
Yeah- us too.

JOE
Usually she's a lot more talkative,
but now-
(pause)
Did the name Alban ring any bells
here?

CLEMENT shakes his head. Negative.
They look at GINNY through the glass panes.

JOE (CONT'D)
And Flint and Wendy? Any news
there?

CLEMENT
Yeah-
(to someone off-screen)
LARKIN, WINSLOW!

LARKIN and WINSLOW introduce themselves to JOE.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)
This is JOE, runs the gym where
GINNY showed up and the next best
thing this kid has in terms of a
guardian.
(turns to JOE)
I don't know how else to say this,
but Flint and Wendy were found dead
in their apartment this afternoon
and-
(sigh)
We need GINNY to ID them. I'm- I'm
sorry, JOE.

JOE takes it in. He looks at GINNY through the glass.

JOE
Does she know?

WINSLOW

We can't know what she's seen. But we do need her confirmation. It's procedure.

CLEMENT

WINSLOW and LARKIN will take both of you down to the morgue. And under the circumstances I think it's best if she goes with you after that's done.

JOE

Alone?

LARKIN

You'll get around the clock surveillance at the gym, you know, in case this fucker shows up again.

JOE

Thank you.
(pause)
I'll tell her.

JOE goes back into the office and talks to GINNY.

CLEMENT turns to his detectives.

CLEMENT

And?

LARKIN

We might have a match with the body found at the gasstation. Someone who lived a quiet life at a coastal town. Nobody named Alban, though. Quiet life until this guy's house burns down last night.

CLEMENT

And somehow turns up dead here?

LARKIN

Shot by an unknown assailant. No further history in either direction. A total ghost. Both of them.

(pause)

We'll start with checking out what's left of the house.

CLEMENT

Good.

WINSLOW

What did strike us was the precision with which the parents were shot. Two shots fired, dead on impact. The bullets are still at the lab, but the precision kills matches our coastal friend.

CLEMENT

Mercenary-type.

WINSLOW

I wouldn't be surprised.

Silent contemplation. Things don't add up.

CLEMENT

Then why this kid?

GINNY nods in acknowledgement of what JOE is telling her. She takes another sip from her coffee. Her breathing is controlled and slow.

INT. JOE'S GYM (APARTMENT) - NIGHT

GINNY is sitting on a very comfortable couch with the dog laying next to her. The dog has her head on GINNY's lap and is sleeping. GINNY is staring into nothingness, trying not to think about the crazy day she just had. After hesitating slightly she grabs the dogs collar and turns it around. She grabs the name tag and reads it.

It reads:
DOG 36431

Ginny can't help but giggle.

GINNY

Your name is Dog? That seems a bit lazy doesn't it.

DOG looks up at her and wags her tail.

JOE walks in and hands GINNY a mug.

JOE

One black coffee. Are you alright?

GINNY nods absently.

JOE walks across the room and stares out the window. He sees a cop crossing the street and walking towards a car, parked across from his gym.

EXT. JOE'S GYM

A uniformed police officer is sitting in the drivers seat of a civilian car. He is looking at his phone and is reading a Guardian article on Liverpool FC's 3-0 win over Manchester City.

"Egyptian Magician Salah leads Liverpool to victory with a fabulous hattrick against City"

The passenger door opens and his colleague drops into the seat next to him. He hands him a piping hot cup of take away coffee.

COP 1

Here you go. Extra sugar.

His partner takes the coffee, takes the lid off and blows on it.

COP 2

Thanks. I really needed this. Looks like it's gonna be an unbelievably boring night.

COP 1

I thought you would be off today. Didn't you have tickets for the Man City game?

COP 2

Thanks Corgan. I was sitting here desperately trying to ignore the fact that I missed Liverpools championship game because I owed the captain a favour.

Cop 1 laughs and pats his partner on the shoulder.

COP 1

A well. At least you got to hang out with me and drink horrible coffee. And thanks to Mo, we are now 8 points clear.

COP 2

Yeah man, we...

A knock on the window on the passenger side. A man with black eyes is looking at them and raises a gun with a silencer.

INT. JOE'S GYM (APARTMENT)

JOE is still looking out the window when the darkness is suddenly lit up by two distinct flashes and two muffled bangs. JOE's eyes widen and he turns around to GINNY.

JOE
We need to go. Now.

INT. JOE'S GYM

[Joe/Ginny/Dog try to get away from the FIGURE.]

EXT. APPARTMENT CORRIDOR

JOE is banging on a door. GINNY and DOG are close behind him. They are all out of breath.

JOE
(yelling)
Come on. Flip, open the fucking door.

GINNY
What if he's not home?

JOE
I know him. He's always home. And he's always high.

GINNY
(Looking at DOG)
Oh goody.

FLIP
(from behind the door)
Relax! Relax! I'm not a bloody magician.

JOE keeps banging on the door.

FLIP (CONT'D)
Yesyes! I'm almost..
(The door swings open)
There.
(His face lights up when he sees JOE)
BAKA! My god how long has it been? I haven't seen you since that thing in the place with the guy!

JOE

(sighs)

Hi Flip. Are you gonna let us in?

FLIP

Us?! Did you bring company?

(Looks around the doorpost

at at GINNY and DOG)

What an absolute delight. Do come in. Do come in.

INT. FLIP'S HOME

The trio walks past flip into the dimly lit apartment. It's modern, the furniture is 5 different kinds of white and the house is unbelievably clean, which doesn't add up at all with the shabby look of its owner. There's a small mirror on the dinner table, with a rolled up banknote next to it. They sit down on uncomfortable looking modern furniture in FLIP's living room.

FLIP

(while shaking GINNY's hand enthusiastically)

I'm FLIP. Glad to meet you. Are you related to JOE? I always said that him and could just as easily been nephews. We've known each other for soooo long. Way to long. I met him he was still just a..

JOE

Flip!

(Flip snaps out of it and looks at JOE)

This is GINNY. She's a student of mine.

FLIP smiles widely at GINNY. He apologizes non-verbally and pats DOG as he walks towards his all black kitchen. He throws his hands up.

FLIP

So! Drinks! Still whiskey BAKA? I have a beautiful Spey Side that will do magical things to your insides. Cost me a fortune!

JOE

(already exhausted by FLIPS enthusiasm)

Flip.

FLIP

Alright. Something lighter then.
I've got French beer, German beer
and some Heineken if you just want
to keep it simple. Or do you
fancy..

JOE

(yelling)

FLIP! I'm not here to catch up, or
to have drinks. I need your help.

FLIP seems to settle down a bit. He fidgets a bit and looks
at JOE with a disappointed smile. Tapping his foot
uncontrollably on his tile floor.

FLIP

I don't do street work any more
BAKA. I just do all my business
from home now and I'm doing pretty
well actually. I'm making more
money than I know what to do with.
I bought this beautiful table the
other day and then I realized I
have no where to put it. Threw it
in the trash JOE. Just threw it in
the trash. I mean I..

JOE looks at FLIP intensely and the drug dealer quiets down.

FLIP (CONT'D)

(Running his finger
through his hair)

What do you need?

JOE

I need to get to SHORTY.

FLIP visibly panics. He clearly doesn't want to talk about
this 'SHORTY'.

FLIP

Are you sure you don't want
anything to drink? Maybe the lady
wants something.

FLIP looks at GINNY almost begging her to tell hem that she's
kind of thirsty. GINNY shakes her head.

FLIP (CONT'D)

I uh - I - I'm independent now JOE.
I don't work with SHORTY anymore.

JOE
But you do know where he is don't
you?

FLIP
I know where is..

JOE
Then tell me. Now.

EXT. SHORTY'S GARAGE

Joe raises his hand and bashes against the giant steel door. No-one answers for a considerable amount of time. Joe bashes against the door again, more desperately this time.

JOE
Come on. Don't leave us out here!

The door opens and large man is standing in the doorway, going out of his way to show Joe that he is armed.

MAN
Joe. We told you not to come
directly to us, didn't we?

JOE
I know Gio, but I need to talk to
Shorty.

GIO
He's not here.

JOE
Don't fuck with me man. He's always
here.

GIO takes a threatening step forward. Joe doesn't flinch. Dog starts growling in the background.

JOE (CONT'D)
I'd rather not Gio. You need those
arms in your line of work.

Gio thinks about Joe's statement and realises that this man is capable of breaking his limbs one by one. He starts to turn around.

GIO
Wait here.

The giant door slams shut and JOE looks at GINNY. Who is staring at him. A mix of confusion and disappointment in her eyes.

JOE

Don't look at me like that. This is the only place that I could take you. They can keep us safe while we try to come up with a plan.

GINNY says nothing. She wouldn't even know what to say. She just wants this godforsaken day to be over. She looks at Dog, who has positioned herself between Ginny and the giant door. Vigilant as always.

The door opens again, GIO looks at them angrily and gestures for the trio to follow him.

INT. SHORTY'S GARAGE (DARK HALLWAY)

They walk through a dark hallway that seems to go on for hours. Nobody speaks. Eventually they reach another giant steel door.

GIO

Are you armed?

JOE shakes his head.

JOE

I wish...

GIO

What?

JOE

Nevermind. Are you gonna search me or what?

GIO pads JOE down and looks at GINNY, who also spreads out her arms. As GIO approaches DOG jumps out in front of the girl and starts growling. GIO stops in his tracks.

GIO

Let's go.

INT. SHORTY'S GARAGE

They walk through the door and enter a chop shop. Filled with stolen cars on their way to new owners. In the middle of the chop shop, a single lavish table is set up: filled with enormous amounts of food.

A single man is sitting at the head of the table. Eating. Clothed in a suit that looks unbelievably expensive.

SHORTY

Never thought I would see you here again Baka. Welcome, welcome. Are you hungry?

JOE

Not really. I..

JOE looks at GINNY, who clearly DOES want to eat.

JOE (CONT'D)

Yeah, we're pretty hungry.

GINNY looks at JOE. Her eyes seem to say "Thank You".

SHORTY

Sit down, sit down. There's more than enough here.

JOE and GINNY sit down and are handed plates by a random gangster that appears out of the shadows.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

I would ask you what you are doing here Baka, but I..

JOE

Don't call me that.

SHORTY

(Smiles)

What are you doing here Baka? And who is this girl?

Silence as JOE and GINNY look at each other. They are playing a game of chicken. Seeing which of them is going to talk first. Finally JOE caves.

JOE

We're in big trouble Gigi. I don't know who it is, but some guy has been chasing us through the city all night. Killed a bunch of cops protecting us and already got to us twice.

(Pauses)

I didn't want to bother you with it, but I didn't know where else to go.

SHORTY

(Smiles)

That sounds familiar doesn't it
Baka? Guys chasing us around, just
like the old days.

JOE

Not now Gigi and stop calling me
that. I need your help.

SHORTY

(Keeps smiling)

With what? Do you need money? Those
days are over Baka. You got out.
You wanted out.

JOE

(Looking helpless)

I- I know. But I- We- Need a safe
place to stay.

SHORTY

Then you'd better tell me
everything. I'm not getting into
business I don't know anything
about. What's in it for me?

JOE

It's not business Gigi. It's
different. This guy is not after me
for money or territory.

SHORTY

(Intrigued)

Then what? What does he want? And
who is the girl?

JOE

This is GINNY. She's not from our
world Gigi. She's a student of
mine. She was with me when it
happened.

SHORTY looks at the girl. He clearly knows that this is not
the whole story.

SHORTY

(Irritated)

When what happened? And where did
the cops come from? I don't like
being played with Baka.

JOE

I don't know the whole story either
Gigi. He just showed up today and
killed everyone that got in the
way. I don't know what he wants...

GINNY interrupts him. She speaks clearly and resolutely, but
tears are welling up in her eyes.

GINNY

He's not after Joe. He's after me.

GINNY wipes the tears from her eyes and sits up. She braces
herself as she has to relive the horrible day she is trying
to put behind her.

SHORTY

What does he want from you?

GINNY

I don't know. But he abducted me
earlier today, after he shot the
family I live with.

SHORTY is clearly intrigued and leans forward, sliding his
plate of food aside.

SHORTY

Do you know what he looks like?

GINNY

Yeah. A guy. With black eyes. He
shot them all.

SHORTY

(rubs his immaculately
trimmed beard)
Sunglasses? Bald? Wears a suit?

GINNY

(slightly confused)
Yeah.

SHORTY

You're very lucky to be alive girl.
Everybody I know stopped working
with that psycho a long time ago.
(pauses)
How'd you get away?

GINNY

I didn't.. I got help. A man broke in to the basement he was keeping me in. I didn't know him, but he got me out. But he found us again.

GINNY starts crying. She's not ready to start thinking about this day already. She needs months - years - to actually proces what happened. But she has to now. She has to tell this rich gangster everything.

SHORTY

So, where is this man now? Your guardian angel?

GINNY

The guy that's after me found us at a gas station and tried to abduct me again. Alban fought him, but he- he got shot.. He's dead.

Hearing the words dog and Alban in the same sentence set off an explosion in SHORTY's head. He just sits there. Obviously flabbergasted by the situation that he suddenly finds himself in. He looks at Ginny and then over at Dog. He starts stammering.

SHORTY

So it's you. Ginny?
(Smiles)
God, it is a small world isn't it?

Shorty stares at the wall behind Ginny for a second. Processing the situation. He finally speaks again.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

We need to get you both out of here.

EXT. ALLEY WAY

They are walking fast. They're not running, but this is definitely not a normal walking pace either.

JOE

I can't guarantee that I can get this car back to you Gigi.

SHORTY

Don't worry about that now. Just.. Just get that girl out of here.
(MORE)

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Keep your head low and don't show your face here ever again. There's plenty of money in the glovebox it's yours now. Don't worry about it. Also, take this.

Shorty reaches in his coat and hands Joe a beautiful chromed gun, with a pearl handle.

SHORTY (CONT'D)

Believe me. You are going to need it.

INT. THE CAR GIFTED BY SHORTY - NIGHT

The car rolls through the inner-city. JOE sits tensed up behind the wheel. He scans the streets for anything out of the ordinary. The passenger's seat holds JOE's bag. JOE keeps his eyes on the road.

JOE

How'you guys doin' back there?

GINNY lies stretched on the backseat, mostly covered by a dark blanket. DOG lies next to her, sandwiched between GINNY and JOE. They both keep their heads down.

GINNY

As good as it gets.

Silence.

GINNY (CONT'D)

So-

JOE

Yes?

GINNY

Like... what now?

JOE

What do you mean?

GINNY

Well, where are we going?

JOE

What would you suggest?

GINNY peeks up from under the blanket. She sees nothing but tall flats pass by the window.

GINNY
Away from the city.

JOE
And then? North or South?

GINNY considers it for a second.

GINNY
I'd suggest North.

JOE
Why?

GINNY
Less of these tall flats.

JOE
We need our flats flat, not tall
and densely populated. Good
thinking.

Silence.

GINNY
Plus you have a guy there, don't
you?

JOE chuckles. He sure does.

He turns a corner. They drive in silence. GINNY pets DOG. JOE navigates the concrete maze. He turns another corner. The traffic is sparse in this area. A few stragglers of the night roam the street. Someone kicks against an advertisement display. It's relatively quiet until-

POP! The car moves much slower now, veers off onto the left lane. The flat tire flops about on the concrete. JOE halts the car.

GINNY peeks from under the blanket.

GINNY (CONT'D)
Bad tire?

JOE
No way.

They sit still. GINNY slowly comes up behind JOE, hiding in the darkness of her blanket when-

POP! The car moves slightly downward with the hissing of another tire. GINNY and JOE scan the streets. JOE has a firm grip on the bag.

JOE (CONT'D)
On three, run like hell into the alley on the right. Keep running until you see a bright purple neon sign saying Paradise. Tellem Baka sent you. One...

GINNY
But what about-

JOE
I'll catch up. Two.

GINNY gets up. DOG gets ready. She opens the car door.

JOE (CONT'D)
And Ginny...

GINNY looks at JOE. His hand inside the bag now.

JOE (CONT'D)
Don't look back. Three!

EXT. STREETS

The car door swings open. GINNY steps out of the car and starts running into the alley JOE told her to run into. She hears another door swing open behind her. And then metal hitting metal. Flashes. Bangs. Less clear now.

EXT. ALLEY

GINNY keeps a steady pace without losing her breath. She jumps over a garbage bag and then almost runs into a waiter when DOG makes a growl. The WAITER jumps away with a shriek.

Some people huddled together in sleeping bags. A man in a suit pissing against a wall.

They keep running, her head in the direction of that vantage point until-

EXT. MAIN STREET

They're greeted with a cacophony of sounds. Thumping basses. People are up and about, most of them drunk or high or both. In front of them a rowdy crowd has gathered. DOG barks and growls while GINNY pushes through.

The duo make it through, but GINNY trips over whatever caused the commotion.

Two women in their 30s are beating each other into a pulp while GINNY tries to crawl back up out of the fight. One of the women then notices the growling DOG and starts crawling away from the fight, the other follows, oblivious to the bare-teethed monster. GINNY and DOG can pass.

They hit upon the main street and zig-zag their way through the dense traffic, followed by loud hoots. Behind them a car window shatters with a loud bang. Chaos ensues, but fades quickly as GINNY enters the alley at full speed.

EXT. ALLEY

They run deeper into an alley that seems to get darker and darker until-

They hit a wall. The road diverges. For the first time in what seemed like forever, they halt. More darkness on their left. But on their right GINNY spots a bright purple hue. She immediately starts running again.

As she gets closer she can make out the letters in the bright light: PARADISE. A black door below the sign.

GINNY grabs the handle and pushes herself and DOG in.

INT. PARADISE

She pulls the door shut behind her and moves as far away from it as possible. With her back to the opposite wall she catches her breath, but braces herself to continue her journey. She keeps a firm eye on the handle. Her breathing stabilises.

She's in a room with a red carpet and a single very dim light. Besides the wall she's leaning against and the wall with the black door, the sides seem to go on endlessly. Pure black. A faint thumping can be heard close-by, an occasional moan and groan far off in the distance.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
What's a young thing like you doing
in a place like this?

GINNY looks into the direction in which DOG growls.

From the shadows emerges a large dark man in a dark turtleneck. His white eyes observing the visitors.

GINNY puts her hand on DOG to calm her down. Eyes on the door handle.

GINNY
(dismissive)
Joe will be here shortly.

DEEP VOICE
Joe is a common name.

GINNY takes her eyes off the door handle to look at the man again.

GINNY
They used to call him Baka.

The DEEP VOICE acknowledges the information. Takes it in.

GINNY (CONT'D)
He'll be here soon. You'll see.

Her eyes are starting to water, but her heart holds hope. That door handle.

The DEEP VOICE disappears into the shadow once more.

GINNY's breathing destabilises again.

The DOG moves closer to her. GINNY pets her. Then-

The door handle goes down, the door swings open and is immediately closed. A beaten up, bloodied, out-of-breath JOE stands in front of her. GINNY rushes towards him and hugs him. JOE groans. GINNY takes her distance.

GINNY (CONT'D)
What happened? U ok?

JOE makes the OK sign with his hands, but then drops to his knees. GINNY then notices the blood pouring down from his fingers.

The DEEP VOICE emerges once again, followed by some other men who immediately tend to JOE. One of them, clad in a shirt as purple as the sign outside positions himself next to the DEEP VOICE.

PURPLE SHIRT
Take Baka downstairs.

He then looks at GINNY and the DOG.

PURPLE SHIRT (CONT'D)
Come with me.

INT. PARADISE ATTIC

GINNY peers out a small round window overlooking the city. A glass of water sits in front of her, half empty. She's feeding DOG the sandwich she was given. She plucks small pieces of it and throws it on the ground for DOG to eat.

The moon lights the cramped attic, which is full of things that attics are full of: Old furniture, boxes of papers, and then the occasional pornographic poster.

Silence.

The door opens. JOE walks in, with PURPLE SHIRT as his support. He guides him to a stretcher close to GINNY. JOE sits down. The PURPLE SHIRT glances over at GINNY. He nods to her in acknowledgement of something positive regarding the situation. Then looks at JOE.

PURPLE SHIRT

I want you out of here at sunset.

JOE

Thank you, Andrew. I owe you.

ANDREW walks away to the door, then halts.

ANDREW

You do. Sunset. Both of you.

He walks out the door.

JOE tries to carefully lie down. He groans until his head reaches the pillow. He then exhales with relief.

GINNY looks at JOE from her spot at the window. She gets up and walks over to him. The state he's in gives her connotations. His arm is bandaged and stiff and he has a clean shirt that's slightly too big for him. The bruises on his face give us a glimpse of what preceded. He coughs, and then groans loudly.

JOE

That's a no to coughing then.

GINNY sits on the floor on her knees, next to the bed.

JOE (CONT'D)

So you heard the man. Sunset.

GINNY

Yeah-

JOE

So I was thinking, let's get some shut-eye and then navigate the city in daylight, we-

GINNY

Joe-

JOE

No, hear me out. ANDREW was kind of enough to let me buy a car for tomorrow. We'll go first thing, go North, I have family there, I have friends there. They can help us. I know it there. We'll be safe. What'd you think?

GINNY looks at JOE. He can hardly keep his eyes open yet his determination never saunters. She smiles at him.

GINNY

Sure.

JOE

My aunt Pauline makes a killer quiche, you'd love it there. No tall buildings for miles, hills rolling forever-

His voice trails off. He's fallen asleep.

GINNY gets back up, walks over to her spot at the window, but does not sit down. GINNY folds open the note ALBAN gave her. Studies it. Then looks out over the city once more.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAWN

A woman in her 40s plops down at the till. The shutters are still down on the window of her booth.

She starts up her computer and unscrews the lid of her flask. She fishes out a tea bag and throws it in the bin below her desk. The flask stays on the desk, with the lid unscrewed, to have it cool down. She looks up at the clock which strikes 6.

She pulls open the shutter and is surprised by what's waiting for her on the other side. A young girl and her large dog eagerly await the opportunity to buy a ticket.

She flips the microphone on.

TICKET CLERK

Hello dearie! You're early. What can I help you with?

GINNY

How much for a single ticket to Morecambe?

INT. TRAIN STATION (SHOP)

[Ginny wants cigarettes. The shopowner recognises Dog. Gives it to her.]

INT. WINSLOW'S HOME (OFFICE)

WINSLOW is sitting at his desk, flipping through files. A bottle of wine and an ashtray at his side. It's clearly late. A picture of Alban on a whiteboard on the wall. A phone vibrates. WINSLOW picks it up and throws it across the room. It lands on his beaten down couch in the corner. He continues reading.

The phone keeps ringing. WINSLOW throws a book at it. After 3 calls, he knows that he should pick up. He stands up and walks over to the phone. He sighs and picks up.

WINSLOW

They're gone aren't they? Yeah. I'm on my way.

WINSLOW throws on a coat and walks out of the door.

EXT. JOE'S GYM

LARKIN and WINSLOW are standing next to the cop car that still holds the two dead police officers. The lights again. No rain this time.

LARKIN

So now what?

WINSLOW: Well... We didn't find her yet, so let's assume that she won't just walk up to us in the next couple of hours and let's also assume that she's not dead yet. What would we normally do?

LARKIN (CONT'D)

We would go to Jan de Wits house.

WINSLOW

We would go to Jan de Wits house.

They get in the car and drive towards Morecambe. Passing that faithful gas station on the way.

INT. LARKIN'S CAR

WINSLOW's phone rings on the car kit.

WINSLOW
The bloody thing connected to your car again. I told you not to set it up.

LARKIN grins. He knew his partner would be upset by this. It's the whole reason he set it up. He presses the 'accept call' button.

Silence.

RANDOM COP
Hello?

WINSLOW
Yes?

LARKIN starts laughing. WINSLOWs lack of technological knowledge has always been one of his favourite entertainments. He hits LARKIN on the shoulder.

RANDOM COP
Detective WINSLOW?

WINSLOW
Yes. Speak.

RANDOM COP
Excuse me?

WINSLOW
(sighs and rubs his eyes)
Just tell me why you called will you?

The random cop accepts that this is as good as it is ever going to get and starts talking.

RANDOM COP
Well, I looked into the girls past..
(pauses)
She's connected to a cold case. The records were sealed, so that's why we didn't see it at first.
(MORE)

RANDOM COP (CONT'D)

She was dropped off at our police station 13 years ago. No note, no name, no nothing. An officer here made sure she was put under protection of child services.

LARKIN

You said something about a cold case.

RANDOM COP

Yes I just found this. Theory is that she is the daughter of Jack and Linda McCarthy. Both found dead in their apartment in [year] and the girl went missing afterwards, until she turned up at the police station that is. She was 1 year old at the time. Larkin looks at WINSLOW.

LARKIN

Thanks. Could you forward the case notes?

RANDOM COP

Sure thing.

LARKIN hangs up. He and WINSLOW exchange a loaded glance. They both face forward again and continue their drive in silence.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

GINNY sits down. The train starts moving. She looks out the window and dozes off.

GINNY is asleep. DOG is sitting at her feet vigilant as ever.

VOICE

(Off screen)

Ticket please.

GINNY wakes up violently.

CONDUCTOR

There's no need to be scared darlin'. I just need your ticket.

GINNY searches her pockets and hands her ticket to the conductor. Who keeps looking at her.

GINNY

What?

CONDUCTOR

Where's the ticket for the dog?

GINNY

You're kidding me right?

CUT TO:

GINNY outside an unfamiliar train station. She starts walking. DOG follows with a wagging tail.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY ROAD

GINNY is walking along the road side. DOG is darting through the high grass next to her. She walks past a road sign. It names a couple of towns she has never heard of and at the bottom: Morecambe 36 kilometers.

GINNY scoffs. She stares at the sign. She looks at the ground and starts picking up rocks. She starts flings a rock at the sign, screaming loudly. DOG stands beside her, trying to figure out what in god's name she is doing. Eventually DOG just lays down. Letting the girl be.

When there are no more rocks to pick up. Ginny sits down in the grass. She cries for a while and then gets herself together. DOG notices the change in mood and gets excited. She jumps up and down around GINNY, who cant help but smile.

GINNY

Let's go.

An Almighty Thud by We Were Promised Jetpacks starts playing. Ginny walks off into the setting sun. With DOG out ahead of her.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

GINNY walks through the grass right next to a dusty old road bordering on some dark forest. The setting doesn't seem to bother her much, as she has her mind set on a goal. The DOG mimics GINNY's pace, with a step similarly goal-oriented, it seems. Every now and then they're passed by a car, who seem to leave the 16-year old GINNY to her own devices.

EXT. NOWHERE GASSTATION

The duo come upon a gasstation which has never seen much of civilisation. When GINNY gets closer, she notices the happy happy people buying food and beverages are nothing but a sticker stuck to the window of what used to be the shop. A poorly stocked vending machine is their only hope for regaining some energy. She counts the last of her coins.

GINNY pours some water in her hands and shows it to the dog, who then laps it up eagerly. They're seated on a bench, which is part of the gasstation, catching their bearings and breaths. The young girl opens a can of some foreign-looking soda and gulps it down with a handful of gummy bears. She doesn't seem to like it much.

She takes off her shoes to inspect her feet. Her white socks show patches of red. GINNY makes a painful face.

Then... the sound of a car pulling up at the gasstation. GINNY sits still with her head in her neck, deep in recovery, while the DOG watches every step of whoever owns said car. Growling makes the footsteps stop from getting closer. GINNY still doesn't look up. A voice speaks.

MAN (O.S.)

Your parents left you?

GINNY

You could say that, yes.

GINNY takes her head out of her neck and looks at whoever it is that's standing across from her.

A sleek-looking male cop, in full gear stand some 10 meters away from them, gauging the situation. A cop car behind him.

MAN

Name's Henry. What's yours?

GINNY keeps looking.

HENRY

Where do you need to go?

GINNY

The coast.

HENRY

That's a while still.

GINNY

Tell me about it.

They look at each other in silence for a second.

HENRY
Your dog?

GINNY looks at the DOG. She hadn't even thought of that.

GINNY
I guess so.

HENRY looks at GINNY in silence, still gauging. He then points to his car and kicks away a rock to look cool with the situation.

HENRY
I'm not going to the coast or anything, but I can help get you there a bit quicker. I can drop you off at the next town maybe?
(moment)
Whatever I can do to help, honestly... you guys look like you need it.

GINNY hesitates. An inner battle rages in her eyes. Trust no-one. The DOG looks at GINNY.

INT. COP CAR

The DOG lies on the backseat, while GINNY sits shotgun, her feet pulled up on the carseat. She's doing her best to stay awake. HENRY fiddles around with the radio, but is not getting a clear reception. He gives up his quest and tries to start a conversation.

HENRY
Grey sky.

GINNY nods. A sign saying the next town is about 40 kilometers out passes by.

HENRY (CONT'D)
It's late July and it's been grey for a week.
(turns to GINNY)
You believe this global warming nonsense?

GINNY shrugs. He fixates back on the road.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Let me tell you, if it were the case and we would be getting that South of France climate here, oh boy...

(turns to GINNY)

But yeah, none of that. It's all a load of crap.

(turns back to the road)

I saw this documentary the other day, where was it... on YouTube I think. Blew the whole thing wide open. That it was just a whole bunch of leftist propaganda.

(turns to GINNY)

I'm telling you, GINNY, it's a load of crap and if it's not, we're finally getting some good sun out here. You should watch it.

GINNY doesn't respond, but her face says trouble. The DOG lifts up his head as GINNY slowly puts down her legs and puts on her shoes. Next town 30 kilometers.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What do they say about it in high school?

GINNY decides to engage.

GINNY

Not much.

She glances over at the door, then the window, then HENRY's gun.

HENRY

(uninterrupted)

They should, they should talk about it more. This shit is important. We don't want to fill our future generation's head with lies.

GINNY nods, her hand slowly but surely reaching for the handle of the door when suddenly...

HENRY turns the car into the darkness of the dark roadside forest.

EXT. DARK ROAD

The police car pulls onto a dark road. Lights blare into nothingness.

If you were to google the words dark deserted road: this would be the first hit. GINNY already knows that this is life and death. She reaches for the door, but it turns out to be locked. You can clearly see GINNY is panicking. She turns back to the cop and looks down the barrel of a gun.

COP

Don't move. I don't want to kill you, but I will if I have to.

The cop reaches for his phone and takes his eyes off the girl for a little too long. He goes for the gun, it fires and the window shatters.

COP (CONT'D)

What the...

GINNY knows that she HAS to take the gun and starts twisting the cops arm further than an arm should. Pointing the gun away from her head. The cop screams in pain and punches GINNY in the face. Her head hits the door, but she doesn't have time feel pain right now and doesn't let go off the arm. She decides that being closer to the cop is her only chance. She crosses to the drivers seat and starts punching.

Suddenly she has two hands closing around her throat. She can't breathe anymore. She redirects her focus from doing damage to getting away. She tries the door handle and by the grace of God, it opens. GINNY plants her knee on the cops face and pushes for all she's worth.

She breaks free, hitting her head against the windshield. It hurts, the window breaks, but she is free now. She kicks the cop in the face rolls out of the car. Just a little bit closer to the plan that materialized in her head whilst being choked. She runs away from the car, scanning the ground. The cop climbs out of the car and screams in anger.

COP (CONT'D)

There's nowhere to go GINNY.

We hear the sound of a gun cocking, but GINNY found what she was looking for: she picks up a big rock whilst the cop charges towards her. She throws the rock at the police car at full force. The cop stops and turns around baffled by the girls decision. He observes her shortly, trying to figure her out. We hear the sound of shattering glass followed by the sound of rumbling paws and growling, rushing towards the two of them.

HENRY turns around in a fright and fires a few rounds in the general direction of the sound, but to no avail. With an incredible jump, the DOG sinks his teeth in HENRY's face, then, when the so-called cop falls down, his throat.

GINNY stands frozen in place, looking on, while the screaming and the growling in front of her melt together. A myriad of conflicting thoughts shoot through eyes when suddenly...

GINNY puts her fingers in her mouth. She tries to whistle, but it doesn't work. Meanwhile DOG keeps attacking HENRY. After multiple tries, it finally works. She turns away and starts walking to the cop car. The growling stops, the screaming turns into a mangled gurgling.

GINNY gets into the cop car and opens the passenger door. DOG jumps onto the seat. She starts the car, pulls the stick into reverse and floors the gas pedal.

The car doesn't move far though. It reverses a few meters and hits a tree.

INT. COP CAR

GINNY is holding her head. She can't keep her eyes open everything goes dark. DOG climbs on her lap and curls up around her.

EXT. COP CAR

We see the busted cop car. Reversed against a tree. It's basking in the orange glow of the rising sun.

INT. COP CAR

GINNY wakes up with a bloody DOG curled up around her. As soon as she sees that GINNY is awake she starts licking his face. GINNY laughs and pushes her away. DOG takes her spot on the passenger seat.

GINNY looks at her, starts the car and blasts out of the woods and back onto the road. DOG sits beside her, with her head out of the shattered window. GINNY feels something resembling peace. Knowing that it won't last doesn't change it. Not now.

INT. COP CAR (ON THE ROAD)

[GINNY/DOG drive, serenity.]

EXT. MORECAMBE STREETS

WINSLOW and LARKIN are walking down a narrow street. There's hardly any sign of life, besides from the occasional early commuter. The sun is up, caressing the street with a warm hue. LARKIN is occasionally sipping from a large paper cup. WINSLOW lights up a cigarette. LARKIN gives his partner a glare.

LARKIN
(critical)
When did you get those?

WINSLOW
Don't.

LARKIN doesn't. They keep walking in silence.

EXT. ALBAN'S HOME

The detectives turn a corner into ALBAN's street when LARKIN suddenly halts WINSLOW. There, on the drive, is a cop car. Poorly parked. The police tape on the front door is ripped apart.

LARKIN fishes his phone out of his pocket and dials a number.

LARKIN
Terry, it's Paul. Can you check a
license plate for me? PI82 YRG.

There's a pause while the person on the other side checks.

LARKIN (CONT'D)
Missing?
(glances at WINSLOW)
Guess we found it.
(pause)
Will do, thanks. Bye.

He pockets his phone, looks at WINSLOW.

LARKIN (CONT'D)
Proceed with caution, Terry said.

WINSLOW nods. He watches as his partner goes first, heading towards the car. WINSLOW follows shortly after, his back against the wall next to whatever is left of the front door.

LARKIN checks the car, but there's nothing in it. He motions as much to WINSLOW, who then proceeds into the house.

INT. ALBAN'S HOME

WINSLOW looks up the stairs, listens for movement, but nothing. LARKIN goes up the stair, while WINSLOW checks the downstairs. Nothing but blackened walls and crispy debris.

LARKIN meets WINSLOW in the kitchen in the back of the house.

WINSLOW

And?

LARKIN shakes his head. WINSLOW lets his guard down, he grabs a cigarette and start heading for the backyard.

LARKIN

Where are you going?

WINSLOW looks at LARKIN, motions at his cigarette. LARKIN wait for it... aaaand then WINSLOW notices the blackened walls.

WINSLOW

Sorry, force of habit.

WINSLOW walks out regardless. LARKIN chuckles and gets out his phone to make a phone call.

EXT. ALBAN'S HOME (BACKYARD)

WINSLOW lights his cigarette, inhales and pushes out the smoke. It dissolves in the ocean breeze.

WINSLOW

We ought to give you a parking ticket.

GINNY is sitting in the rubble and ash of the yard, her back to WINSLOW. They both look at an old stone wall dividing ALBAN's yard from whatever is beyond it. DOG sits next to her. She's sizing up WINSLOW.

GINNY

How'd you find me?

WINSLOW

We didn't.

GINNY

Can I get one of those.

WINSLOW reaches into his pocket, almost automatically, takes out a cigarette. GINNY turns and reaches for it, but WINSLOW holds it just out of reach. He looks at her. Her tired eyes.

Her tensed up posture. Her bloodied shirt. Then WINSLOW relents and lights her up. GINNY takes a deep drag. She exhales. The ocean breeze. The grass turned ashen. The old stone wall in front of them.

INT. RITA'S CAFE

A coffee place with faux-American-style booths and a fluorescent atmosphere. The yellow, red and blue marquee proudly states the Full Breakfast at the top. There aren't many customers who stay, as most of them come to pick up a takeaway coffee, though a few breakfast-seeking stragglers are scattered throughout the cafe.

A waitress plops down a plate full of food in front of GINNY who immediately starts wolfing it all down. She's observed by LARKIN and WINSLOW who are sitting across from her. DOG is on the floor next to her.

GINNY is clearly angry. She pushes the plate of food away as soon as it arrives and just picks up the cup of coffee that came with it.

LARKIN

Girl, you clearly haven't had a good meal in days and I'm paying for that, so you are going to eat it.

WINSLOW puts his hand on LARKIN'S shoulder.

WINSLOW

Let it go John. She's been through the wars the last couple of days.

GINNY ignores them both. Then the waitress comes back with two bowls: one filled with water, the other with some dog-food. She gives DOG a pat on her head and walks back to the bar.

LARKIN

So? Are you going to tell us what this is all about?

GINNY is staring out the window. Tears well up in her eyes. Winslow looks at her concerned.

WINSLOW

(to GINNY)

You're safe now GINNY. We're going to take you home. Get you some place safe and figure things out from there.

GINNY
(angrily)
What home?

WINSLOW knows he messed up and looks at the note ALBAN gave her that's now in front of the detectives. It crumpled up and has clearly been through a lot of punishment. He decides to push through.

WINSLOW
(to GINNY)
You left JOE, got that police car
and drove it here?

GINNY nods whilst looking out the window.

GINNY
I tried the train first, but got
kicked off.

WINSLOW
(laughing)
You didn't get a ticket for the
dog?

GINNY
(chuckles through tears)
Yah, sue me. I didn't know.

A few moments of silence. GINNY turns back towards the two cops. She takes a sip of coffee and starts looking longingly at the plate of food. WINSLOW scoots it back across the table and smiles.

LARKIN
Where'd you even get that car?

GINNY looks at LARKIN. Then starts eating. LARKIN now understands what WINSLOW is trying to do. This is not a normal conversation. The two cops are diffusing a bomb. LARKIN decides to go for the blue wire.

LARKIN (CONT'D)
You had quite the journey these
past 24 hours.
(pause)
Are you okay?

GINNY stops eating and looks at Winslow.

GINNY
(mouth full)
No.

WINSLOW

Of course you're not. And that's okay. You've seen a lot the last couple of days.

Silence fills the table. As if there has been a wall pulled up between the two parties.

LARKIN

We are going to need some answers though GINNY. We are completely in the dark here.

GINNY nods and keeps eating.

WINSLOW puts his hand on LARKIN's shoulder as if he's telling him: "Stay out of this. Let me try."

WINSLOW

(cautiously)

Can you tell us something about this whole ordeal? What about your black-eyed friend?

GINNY

I don't know..

WINSLOW engages again, taking all measures not to push this girl into a rage or state of panic.

WINSLOW

(Quietly)

Are you saying you don't even know what's going on?

GINNY's eyes tear up once more and she starts looking out the window again.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

You don't know who he is?

GINNY shakes her head. Still not looking WINSLOW in the eye. Single tear runs down her cheek. WINSLOW notices that the girl is about to break and changes the subject.

WINSLOW:

Allright. It's okay. Let's leave that be for now. Can you tell us where you got the car? Do you want more coffee?

GINNY nods. And WINSLOW signals the waitress to bring more coffee.

GINNY

(On the verge of crying)
 A cop. Or, like, he wasn't.
 (pause)
 But he- looked like one. He gave me
 a ride when I was stranded at a gas
 station. But then he - I had to -
 She...

She point at DOG and is now full on crying. DOG is finished eating and is looking at GINNY lovingly. She puts her paw on GINNY's lap clumsily. GINNY smiles through her tears.

WINSLOW

(Thankful for DOG's
 attempt to diffuse the
 situation)
 Where is he now GINNY? Do you know?

GINNY

(sobbing)
 He's dead. DOG killed him.

WINSLOW looks at the loving dog next to the little girl across from him.

WINSLOW

That must have been horrible GINNY...
 But we need to know where his body
 is. We need answers.

GINNY suddenly explodes. She throws her cup of coffee through the diner. The other guests look up at this little girl. Screaming at the top of her lungs.

GINNY

(Screaming)
 So do I. So. Do. I.
 I don't know what happened. I don't
 know who the bastard with the black
 eyes is. I don't know who Alban is.
 Nobody told me anything. That's why
 I went to this fucking town. To
 Albans house.. But there was
 nothing left! NOTHING! All I know
 is that I left a guy bleeding to
 death on a dark road of [insert
 road here].

LARKIN is looking around. Clearly uncomfortable with the amount of noise the girl is making, silently apologizing to all the other patrons in the diner. WINSLOW reaches across the table and puts his hand on GINNY's shoulder. DOG starts growling at him and he immediately lets go.

GINNY is breathing heavily. On the verge of a full on panic attack.

GINNY pets DOG to calm herself down, and looks around the cafe. The patrons are one by one, going back to the order of their day. Trying not to pay undue attention to the spectacle taking place during their morning routines.

Dog whines suddenly and starts gently pulling on GINNY's sleeve.

A man walks through the door of the diner. The sleeve of his arm looks as if it was torn and stitched back together. There are darker hues surrounding the torn parts. He's wearing sunglasses on a rainy day. It takes GINNY'S panicked mind another second to realize what's going on. Her eyes widen. WINSLOW notices the change in body language, looks around and then turns to LARKIN.

WINSLOW

Get ready.

The two cops dive behind their bench. GINNY is sitting there frozen, with DOG still pulling at her sleeve.

LARKIN

(shouting at GINNY in a
whispered tone)

Get down.

THE FIGURE slowly takes off his sunglasses, looks at GINNY and stays put. Standing in the entrance of the diner. Seconds go by. Nobody moves. The waitress is looking at the new patron.

The door to the Diner opens again. Two uniformed police officers walk into the room. They walk past the figure and walk towards the bar.

COP 1

Hey Rita. How about you get us 2
coffee's to go?

Rita looks at the cop intently. She gestures at the man with the black eyes in the door opening. The cop looks at her confused. Rita gestures again. The cops turn around and look at the figure, who is still staring at GINNY.

COP 1 (CONT'D)

Sir? Can we help you with
something?

THE FIGURE doesn't move and doesn't react to the cops question.

The cop goes for his baton and walks up to THE FIGURE. His partner follows him cautiously.

COP 1 (CONT'D)

Sir?

The cop reaches the figure and puts his hand on his shoulder. Then: as if it is played at 2x normal speed, the figure starts moving.

He grabs the cops arm, twists it down and pulls out his pistol in one fluid motion. He puts it up to the cops head and fires. Immediately he switches his attention to the cops partner and unleashes 3 shots. Two in the chest, one in the head. As the partner goes down, he also fires one more into the first cops chest, now lying at his feet.

Silence. THE FIGURE looks at Rita unfazed and slowly moves towards cover.

GINNY is still sitting frozen at the table. LARKIN and WINSLOW look at each other. LARKIN draws his gun. WINSLOW and LARKIN silently make a plan. They have to spread out, get this guy in a crossfire. WINSLOW nods at LARKIN.

LARKIN bursts out from cover, making a beeline for the bar, but as soon as he gets out from behind the bench, THE FIGURE fires twice. 1 in the head, 1 in the chest. LARKIN falls to the floor.

Seeing LARKIN die seems to wake GINNY up. She gets up and runs towards the back exit of the diner. THE FIGURE points his gun at her, but doesn't fire. He groans out of frustration and runs after her. As soon as he runs past WINSLOWS stall, the old cop throws himself at THE FIGURES feet. The figure trips, his gun goes off by accident, hitting an innocent bystander in the foot.

THE FIGURE turns to WINSLOW and pulls the trigger twice. Two clicks, no bullets. WINSLOW grins, whilst pointing LARKINS his gun at the figure. Both of them slowly get up.

Winslow and THE FIGURE are having a stare down.

WINSLOW

This is it son. End of the road.
Now: drop the gun, turn around and
get on your knees.

The Figure seems to accept defeat. He drops his gun and kicks it towards Winslow. Winslow drops to one knee, keeping his eye on the assassin. THE FIGURE's right foot suddenly shoots up and kicks the gun out of WINSLOWS hand, followed by another huge kick to the face.

Immediately THE FIGURE runs out of the diner. Leaving WINSLOW flabbergasted on the diner-floor.

EXT. ALBAN'S STREET

GINNY is running, with DOG running out ahead of her. She keeps running, towards Albans house. She can see the busted up cop car in the distance.

GINNY is sitting in the drivers seat of the busted cop car. Defeated. The car won't start. THE FIGURE slowly walks up to the car, gun raised. He gets to the door and pulls it open. Revealing a crying GINNY and a growling DOG in the back seat.

GINNY
Just shoot me already...

FIGURE
Can't do that I'm afraid. Get out
of the car. Leave the dog in there.

EXT. MORECAMBE STREETS

WINSLOW is going as fast as his legs can take him, evading pedestrians along the way, excusing himself wherever he can.

EXT. ALBAN'S STREET - DAY

WINSLOW turns a corner into at full speed. But then he gradually decreases his pace to a full stop. Even though he wants to continue walking towards the abandoned cop car, his legs won't let him. Sweat pours down his bleak face as he falls to his knees and vomits up some of Rita's coffee right there on the sidewalk. It's after that wave of nausea he notices that he's still holding onto LARKIN's gun. He looks at the object in his hand, studying it, before- another wave. Breakfast.

WINSLOW is back on his feet. He takes off his jacket and wipes his face with it.

The cop car just stands there, idly by. But as WINSLOW gets closer, something shoots into action from within. WINSLOW throws his jacket on the ground and walks gun in hand towards the movement until-

A bark. DOG is stuck in the car. WINSLOW assesses the dog's mood, then tucks away the pistol and grabs the door-handle. As soon as the door springs from its lock, GINNY's protector rushes out, pushing WINSLOW over, and takes off in a straight line. WINSLOW whistles after the dog, but to no avail.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)
Are you okay, sweetheart?

Two on-lookers have gathered in the door opening, both women in their late 60s. Some are behind their living-room window.

WINSLOW nods, out of breath still. One of the women walks over to the toppled over detective and helps him get to his feet. Standing now, WINSLOW looks down the street. His shadow reaches far beyond him. Tears well up in his eyes.

OLD WOMAN
It's fine, luv. Would you like some tea?

WINSLOW
Tea would be nice, yes.

They slowly walk to her house.

INT. SHEFFIELD POLICE STATION - DAY

CLEMENT sits at his desk anxiously fidgeting with a fidget cube when suddenly, the phone rings. CLEMENT picks up.

CLEMENT
Yes, put him through.
(silence)
John?

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

WINSLOW, surrounded by pastel, sits on the floral patterned couch in the floral patterned living room, a boiling floral patterned cup of tea in front of him. He's using her landline.

WINSLOW
We've lost the girl, her dog took off, we've lost black eyes and-

He swallows.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)
We've lost Paul.

Silence.

INT. SHEFFIELD POLICE STATION - DAY

CLEMENT has his head in his hands, shaking it slowly, mumbling inaudibly.

WINSLOW (O.S.)
Chief?

CLEMENT
Yeh, I'm still here.
(recomposes)
Have you called it in?

WINSLOW (O.S.)
They're working on it now. Curious
what this town will make of it.

CLEMENT
And you?

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

WINSLOW
I'm coming back.

CLEMENT (O.S.)
Trail's cold?

WINSLOW makes a sound of affirmation. He has his mobile phone in his hand it's broken beyond belief. Shattered glass sticks out. Wires exposed.

WINSLOW
Phone's cold too, so-

CLEMENT (O.S.)
See you in a few hours. Take care,
John.

WINSLOW
Chief.

He hangs up the phone and notices how the OLD WOMAN and her NEIGHBOUR are staring at him, gobsmacked. They have too many questions, none of which WINSLOW is ready to answer. He gets up.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)
Thank you for the tea Ms.- eh

OLD WOMAN
Bloomington, dear.

WINSLOW
Ms. Bloomington, thank you kindly,
but I must be going now.

The OLD WOMAN gets up too.

OLD WOMAN
Are you sure? I'm making pea soup.

NEIGHBOUR
Was Paul your partner?

The OLD WOMAN turns around, shook.

OLD WOMAN
Angela!

NEIGHBOUR
In those shows, they always have a
partner and-

OLD WOMAN
(hissing)
Manners.

WINSLOW smiles at the ladies. Amused.

WINSLOW
I really have to be going, now.
Thank you again for the tea. It was
lovely.

INT. WINSLOW'S CAR

Trees, clouds, the occasional truck.

WINSLOW fidgets with the car radio. It doesn't seem to connect to any nearby station nor does it emit any sound. He tries a different knob when suddenly-

A few loud bleed, but then nothing.

WINSLOW presses all the buttons until it shuts off. Then notices he swerved to the wrong side of the road, nearly hitting an on-comer. He audibly apologises to a car that's long gone.

His stomach rumbles and he looks pale. He forgot about his stint on the pavement back in Morecambe.

EXT. ROAD-SIDE FAST FOOD CHAIN

WINSLOW is eagerly eating a handful of fries, sipping on a coke in-between bites. He's stretching his legs next to his car. Absentmindedly, he fumbles around in his pocket and takes out a crumpled up piece of paper. He puts his coke on the roof of his car and uncrumples it. It's the note GINNY was carrying. He reads it again. And then puts it away in favour of the coke.

INT. WINSLOW'S CAR

Driving, damning the silence. He stares out the window. The signs say it's a while until LIVERPOOL still. Above LIVERPOOL are a few towns and cities, a gasstation along the way, and a forest.

Something shifts in WINSLOW.

EXT. SHELL GASSTATION

WINSLOW is inside the gasstation, conversing with the attendant, who's pointing in a lot of directions and then back to whatever is lying between them. WINSLOW nods.

INT. WINSLOW'S CAR

WINSLOW is driving carefully down a road, which is haunted by the edge of a thick forest, and is looking at a piece of paper in his hand. He looks back as if he missed something. There's no cars on the road except his.

He then comes upon a crevice in the road, which leads straight into the dark forest. A road-sign corresponds to the words on the piece of paper. He flicks on his blinker and turns into the leafy void.

EXT. DARK FOREST

In the midst of a familiar-looking clearing, that everlasting idyllic light creeping through, lies the motionless body of HENRY. The car-lights illuminate whatever is left of it. WINSLOW stops his car a few meters away from the body. He gets out, but holds at his car door for a second. He's observing the place. And then the body.

WINSLOW pats his pockets, then fumbles around in his car. He produces a stack of napkins and a paper bag. Then makes his way towards HENRY.

The sight makes him reconsider his burger joint breakfast, but he's in control. With the napkin in hand, he carefully searches the body. The jacket reveals a wallet, which WINSLOW promptly searches on the forest floor. Driver's license, bank card, picture of a woman and a child. It then disappears into the paper bag.

WINSLOW keeps at it. A receipt, a paperclip, some lint... and- a phone. An old flip phone, clearly a burner. The display states 2 missed calls.

While walking back to the car, WINSLOW opens the phone and discovers the calls were made anonymously. There's no text messages, no saved phone numbers, nothing. WINSLOW looks back at the body.

EXT. A ROAD SOMEWHERE

The hills roll forever behind the trees lining the roadside. Some walls, ancient now, divide the land. A mechanical hissing nearby.

An idle police car. Two officers look on from the safety of their car doors in the direction of the hissing.

OFFICER #1

It fits the description.

They nod to each other and slowly approach the hissing.

A car, a blue Volkswagen Scirocco, looks like it was abruptly halted against one of the trees. The source of the hissing seems to be coming from the engine, which is also emitting smoke.

The officers approach opposite sides of the crunched vehicle. One of them gives the other a look. The other gestures towards the front of the car.

When they arrive at the driver's seat, they notice a body, clad in black, broken sunglasses hanging onto his nose. Blood streams down from a gash in his head.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

Sir?

No response.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

(firmer now)

Sir?

A smile appears. Eyes are opened. Black as night.

THE FIGURE
I must've dozed off.

INT. WINSLOW'S CAR - NIGHT

Sheffield is closer now. WINSLOW takes another stab at the radio, this time keeping a firm eye on the road. After a few run ins with some white noise, finally, the machine does his bidding. He flips through a few channels and then finds one that suits him. A relief comes over him until-

A buzzing followed by a loud polyphonic melody. The bag lights up blue. WINSLOW hammers on the radio for it to shut off and then grabs the phone out of the bag.

UNKNOWN CALLER

He thinks. Considers. Then opens the phone and waits for a response.

THE MOUTH (O.S.)
Yes, hello Mr. Bellow, your services are no longer needed. We have the child. And not thanks to you, I might add. What do you-

The words suddenly stop. WINSLOW is silent.

INT. MANSION (OFFICE)

The WILLOWY MAN in his mid-30s sits behind a large desk in a sparsely lit office. He still has his ear to the burner phone. Then clicks away the conversation. He puts the phone down and fishes an iPhone from his pocket. He gets up and walks over to one of his large windows.

INT. MANSION HALLWAYS

The WILLOWY MAN walks with a quick step through the dark hallways of the mansion. He then stops at a door. He inhales, then exhales. He knocks on the door, opens it and peaks through.

WILLOWY MAN
Ma'am, I'm terribly sorry for waking you at this ungodly hour, but...
(pause)
We need to leave.

INT. WINSLOW'S CAR

WINSLOW is on the phone. His own, this time.

WINSLOW

Garry, hello, it's John. Winslow.
Yes.

(pause)

Can you get me a trace on a number?

(pause)

Great!

The car drives full speed away.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

A single light bulb is hanging off the ceiling. It flickers every now and then. THE FIGURE is sitting in a chair, his hands cuffed behind his back. Bent over. A faint snoring noise can be heard. He is sleeping.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

CLEMENT

Is he sleeping?

WINSLOW

Local PD found him wrapped around a tree. Apparently he was sound asleep minutes after being put in the back of the car. The crazy bastard probably hasn't slept in a week.

CLEMENT

John. Are you okay? I can find someone else to...

WINSLOW raises his hand. He doesn't want to hear it.

WINSLOW

I can't stop now boss. I'm not made for the sidelines anyway. I have to find Ginny. I am too close.

CLEMENT

We are ALWAYS too close John.
That's police work. This guy almost killed both of you and..

CLEMENT's phone vibrates. He fishes it out of his pocket and looks at the display.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

The trace has been double checked.
It originated somewhere in the
Morecambe area. They tried to get a
live location, but the phone has
been switched off.

WINSLOW sighs. He expected this, but somehow he hoped to have
an actual location.

WINSLOW

So, the cavalry stays put for now?

CLEMENT

(shakes his head)

I can't send a tactical team on a
fishing expedition in a small town.

CLEMENT nods at the window.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

He knows the whole story doesn't
he?

WINSLOW

Yes. He does. And he doesn't seem
to lose any sleep over it.

WINSLOW rubs his face, forgetting his face is sore and cut up
from this morning. He flinches and puts his hands in his
pocket.

CLEMENT

So.. Get in there..

WINSLOW

I'd rather get back out there boss.
I don't think this one is going to
help us out.

CLEMENT

I know John. But this could be the
shortest path to an answer.

He walks out of the door.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

WINSLOW enters. He takes pulls up a chair opposite THE
FIGURE. He deliberately makes a lot of noise, but the figure
keeps sleeping. WINSLOW lights a cigarette and suddenly slams
his fist on the table. THE FIGURE doesn't seem to be startled
by the noise.

Just mildly annoyed. He looks up. His black eyes pierce through WINSLOWS's skin.

WINSLOW

So..

(He takes a drag from his
cigarette)

Why'd you go after the girl?

THE FIGURE stares at Winslow. He doesn't make a sound. The eyes keep staring straight ahead. His face doesn't move an inch.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

Who are you?

THE FIGURE shakes his head and is gearing up to go back to sleep. WINSLOW slams his fist down on the table again. THE FIGURE raises his head: he clearly didn't like that. WINSLOW notices that he's getting under the figures skin. He takes another long drag from his cigarette.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

(Tired)

Listen: I make the rules here. If you're not talking, I'll keep you in that fucking chair for for as long as I can. So let's save ourselves some time and get it over with. I want to go home. I'm tired, you're tired and neither of us actually wants to be here. So tell me where the girl is and in the morning I'll make sure you get thrown in prison for a million years.

THE FIGURE just smiles and keeps staring at WINSLOW. A long silence fills the room.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

Why go after the girl?

(Silence.)

Why did you kill the parents?

(Silence.)

Who was Alban and why did he have to die?

(More Silence)

WINSLOW lights a new cigarette and sighs deeply whilst keeping his eyes fixed on THE FIGURE.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

So.. Were your eyes always that fucked up or did you think it was sexy?

THE FIGURE still doesn't respond and just keeps looking at WINSLOW. WINSLOW waves his hand in front of his face. Trying to see if there is even someone home. He takes out a flask, takes a swig and puts it back in his pocket.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

Who are you?

THE FIGURE smiles. Winslow loses it and stands up so fast that his chair falls down behind him.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

(Yelling)

Listen, you monster. You are waisting my fucking time and for all I know you're condemning a little girl to die. God knows what is happening to her right now and I could be out there... I SHOULD be out there..

THE FIGURE doesn't say anything. He just looks at WINSLOW and smiles. WINSLOW takes a deep breath, trying to calm himself down. He turns around and picks up his chair from the floor. Instead of putting it back up. He stands there for a few seconds, looking at the smiling sociopath on the other side of the table.

CUT TO:

CLEMENT looking at WINSLOW through the observation room window.

CLEMENT

(Smiling at the uniformed police officer in the corner)

I think you'd better get in there. Quickly.

CUT TO:

WINSLOW hurling the chair across the table, hitting THE FIGURE in the face. The murderer falls backwards and has a momentary shocked expression on his face. Then he just starts laughing.

WINSLOW walks around the table and looks at THE FIGURE. The police officer bursts through the door and WINSLOW throws his hands up. He turns around and walks through the open door. Pushed out of the room by his own powerlessness. Followed by THE FIGURES taunting laugh.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY

CLEMENT is leaning against the wall as WINSLOW walks out.

CLEMENT

(smiling from ear to ear)
Never thought I would live to see
the day that I had to give
Detective Inspector John S. Winslow
an official warning for misconduct.
I should go in there: see if he
wants to press charges.

WINSLOW

I should have known better than to
appeal to the humanity of a serial
killer.

WINSLOW wants to keep walking but CLEMENT grabs him by the arm.

CLEMENT

John. Go home.

WINSLOW shakes his head. He can't go home. Not now.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

John. We lost Paul today. It's okay
to take rest. No-one will hold that
against you. You don't even know
what you're up against.

WINSLOW

Clement... I...

CLEMENT

We will find her John. Let the
local police chase after the trace.
We'll join them when they find
something.

(sighs)

It's dangerous John. That guy you
just threw a chair into is a cold
blooded killer. You don't deal with
people like that every day and who
knows how many people like that are
waiting for you.

WINSLOW looks at his chief. He doesn't have to say anything. CLEMENT can see that he has no intention of actually going home.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

Try not to get yourself killed
John. Some of us actually care
about you making it to retirement.
Call in the cavalry if you find
something.

WINSLOW holds out his hand and CLEMENT takes it. The two cops hug each other and WINSLOW starts walking out of the office.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

Hey,
(Throws WINSLOW a phone)
You should really stop breaking
these.

WINSLOW smiles faintly and walks out of the hallway. Back into night, back into the rain, back towards danger.

EXT. POLICE STATION

WINSLOW is at his car. He looks at his phone. It's 10 PM already. He dials a number and holds his phone up to his ear.

WINSLOW

Yes. This is detective inspector
Winslow, Sheffield Police. I need
someone with a lot of knowledge
about the area to talk to in your
station in about... 2,5 hours.

(pause)

Yes. I know what time it is. Do you
know what kind of profession you
are in?

(pause)

That'll do. Thanks.

WINSLOW gets in to the car en starts driving.

INT. WINSLOW'S CAR

A small montage of Winslow driving and stopping at a gas station for coffee.

EXT. MORECAMBE - MORNING

Eventually he drives past the sign Morecambe and drives past the beach. He looks a giant ferry that anchored at the shore.

EXT. MORECAMBE FERRY HARBOR

As he passes the harbor, he notices three people huddled around something, or someone. He looks closer: It's DOG.

WINSLOW
I'll be damned..

WINSLOW turns the wheel quickly and turns with squealing tires. He parks, gets out of the car and walks up to the three people petting DOG. He holds up his badge and introduces himself. DOG immediately recognizes WINSLOW and can't contain her excitement of seeing him here.

RANDOM BYSTANDER
(chuckles)
Must be a slow night detective.
They have you chasin' after lost
dogs now?

WINSLOW
How long has she been here?

RANDOM BYSTANDER
It's a she?
(thinks)
She's been here since this morning
I guess. We tried to get her inside
and the RSPCA already tried to
catch her, but she just took off
and came back. So we just gave her
some food and water

DOG pulls on WINSLOW's sleeve. Urging him towards the water. WINSLOW looks at the Island, barely visible in the darkness.

WINSLOW
Any of you have a boat?

EXT. BOAT GOING TOWARDS THE ISLE OF MAN

WINSLOW is standing on the bough of a small yacht. It's driven by one of the bystanders he met in the harbor. He's staring off in the distance. DOG is impatiently fiddling next to him. Whining softly. Winslow pets her.

WINSLOW
It's okay girl. We'll get 'em.

WINSLOW grabs DOG's collar and looks at her name tag. He chuckles.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)
(Yelling over his
shoulder)
How much longer?

SKIPPER
Almost there! Can't be more than a
couple of minutes.

EXT. ISLE OF MAN HARBOR

Winslow gets off and DOG races off the boat.

WINSLOW
DOG!

The Great Dane holds and turns around. As if she knows she needs the old man to find his companion. WINSLOW waves at the skipper, who puts his boat in reverse.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)
So, where are we going girl?

DOG leads the way into the sleepy town. Nothing but closed blinds and abandoned streets. WINSLOW follows the dog until they reach a house with a suspicious amount of activity. Two large black Range Rovers are being loaded with suitcases by men in black suits. DOG halts and growls softly. Winslow takes out his phone.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)
I'm sending you my location. Bring
the cavalry. I found her.

WINSLOW hangs up the phone and looks at DOG. He sighs and they walk onto the grounds.

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS

WINSLOW sneaks around the premises. DOG follows suit, trying to make herself as small as possible. Eventually they make it to the back of the house. WINSLOW starts checking windows, the first one he tries is open. He chuckles.

INT. MANSION ROOM

WINSLOW and DOG's arrival is observed from one of the large windows by... GINNY. She looks out over the hills. She looks calm.

Then behind her the doors swing open. GLENN CLOSE the philanthropist mogul, impeccably dressed, walks in and immediately walks over to GINNY. GINNY recognises her. Her calmness turns into many more questions.

GLENN CLOSE

It is so nice to finally meet you,
GINNY...

She holds out her arms theatrically and then, once she's in close proximity, grabs GINNY's shoulders. She pulls a serious face.

GLENN CLOSE (CONT'D)

Although I wish it were under better circumstances. It's such a mess. The house. I wish you could've seen it in summer.

(glows up)

Anyway, let me have a look at you.

She takes a step back and observes GINNY.

GLENN CLOSE (CONT'D)

Have they given you something to eat? To drink? Although I've just seen the cook leave... hm.

(thinks)

We'll get something at the airport. I've yet to have breakfast myself. Simply haven't got the time, yet.

Then an assistant walks in with a large bag and waits for further orders. GLENN CLOSE walks over to her and a large brown desk.

GLENN CLOSE (CONT'D)

Put it next to the desk, dear, I'll do that myself.

The assistant lays it open and leaves the room. GLENN CLOSE opens up a drawer and starts sorting through its contents, putting some things into the large bag. And others into a dustbin.

GLENN CLOSE (CONT'D)

It's been quite the morning, you see. It's such a shame we'll have to leave this place behind. It really felt like home.

(pauses)

Pardon me, I'm rambling. I'm just so glad you're here finally. I was worried for a second that we might never meet, but here we are.

She goes back to sorting. GINNY observes her. Her mind racing. Then she breaks her silence.

GINNY

Why are you leaving?

GLENN CLOSE shoots up. She inhales dramatically and quickly fumbles around in another drawer. She produces a yellow folder and walks over to GINNY.

GINNY opens up the folder and is met with files on extravagant looking houses all in faraway places.

GLENN CLOSE

All I'm saying is that I'd prefer the one in Beijing, because it has a gym with a boxing ring...

(winks at GINNY)

But it's all up to you, of course.

GINNY scans the files. Looks up to GLENN CLOSE who's gone back to sorting the desk.

GLENN CLOSE (CONT'D)

Isn't it nice to get to pick where you'll live for a change?

She flashes a smile. GINNY closes the folder and throws it on the chair next to her.

GINNY

Okay, that's enough. This is enough.

GLENN CLOSE stops sorting and looks at GINNY.

GINNY (CONT'D)

What the fuck do you want from me?

GLENN CLOSE

(saccharine)

I'd really prefer you'd not curse.

GINNY is fuming. She takes a step towards the desk. Face to face. Desk between them.

GINNY
Go fuck yourself lady.

GLENN CLOSE
Ginny, I-

GINNY
Tell me what's going on. Who's behind this?

GLENN CLOSE
Behind what, my dear?

GINNY
The killing, the chasing, the abducting... all the shit that happened.

GLENN CLOSE
Oh dear!

GLENN CLOSE puts her hand to her mouth.

GLENN CLOSE (CONT'D)
You poor thing.

She makes a move to get around the desk and take GINNY into her arms, but GINNY keeps the desk in between them.

GINNY
(threatening)
Don't.

GLENN CLOSE
But this was never my intention. Truly. I'll talk to Bernard, he was the one- killing? My dear Ginny. Who was killed?

GINNY
My parents, that cop... Alban.

That last name makes GLENN CLOSE loose control over her empathetic theatre ever so slightly. GINNY notices. Tightens her eyes.

GLENN CLOSE looks at her, keeping up her appearance as much as she can.

GINNY (CONT'D)
You?

She starts laughing.

GINNY (CONT'D)

I fucking knew it. I called it.
God, I wish my mom was here to see
this. She adores you and your crap.
Has all your books.

(to herself)

Had...

(back to GLENN CLOSE)

I fucking knew it. I knew you were
evil or some shit. Nobody's this
perfect.

GLENN CLOSE's sweet smile has dissolved.

GLENN CLOSE

Can you please refrain from cursing
as much as you do, sweetheart? It's
bad form. And very childish.

GINNY shakes her head in disbelief. GLENN CLOSE gets back to
sorting and packing.

GINNY

So then, why?

GLENN CLOSE doesn't look up.

GLENN CLOSE

We don't have time for this, dear.

GINNY

(pressures)

Why am I here, GLENN?

GLENN CLOSE stops. She checks her watch. Sweetness returns.

GLENN CLOSE

Ginny, we really need to be going.
Are you okay with Beijing? I mean,
we can always move someplace else
afterwards, but you can see for
yourself what it does to a
household. Why don't you check the
folder again?

GINNY hesitates. Then walks over to the folder. GLENN CLOSE
returns to packing and sorting. Then she smells something.

She looks up, just in time to catch GINNY throwing whatever's
left of the folder on the desk. It's going up in flames,
fast. GINNY stands there with a smirk, lighter in hand.

GLENN CLOSE looks at GINNY through the flames. It spreads on the desk.

An assistant runs in, sees the small fire and puts it out with a rag. Ashes fly everywhere. GINNY and GLENN CLOSE keep looking at each other. Sizing each other up.

GLENN CLOSE (CONT'D)
Beijing it is, then.

The assistant awkwardly sandwiched between their gazes. Then the WILLOWY MAN walks in with a clear goal, but is interrupted by the sight of the ladies and the ashes between them.

GLENN CLOSE (CONT'D)
(keeping her eyes on
GINNY)
We're in the middle of something
Bernard.

BERNARD
We eh- have a visitor.

GLENN CLOSE
Can it wait?

BERNARD
The *detective* insists.

GLENN CLOSE sighs. Then puts back on her kind smile.

GLENN CLOSE
My lord, what a morning. Let's say
we'll put a proverbial pin in it,
Ginny. We'll discuss it on the
plane.
(firm, to TIFFANY)
Keep an eye on our guest of honour,
please.

GLENN CLOSE starts following BERNARD out of the room, leaving GINNY and TIFFANY behind.

INT. MANSION (ANTECHAMBER)

WINSLOW sits in a smaller sized room on a dark red chaise lounge. DOG sits next to him. A security guard stands at the door. Then the door opens and GLENN CLOSE walks in with a concerned look on her face.

GLENN CLOSE
Dear detective...

WINSLOW
John Winslow, Sheffield Department.

They shake hands. Unsupervised, DOG gets up and starts sniffing the room. WINSLOW lets her.

GLENN CLOSE
Lovely to meet you, detective. As you can see the house is in quite a state. I have many things that still need attending and overseeing, so please don't take my brisk attitude towards this interaction as bad form, but I've gathered you were found trespassing on our property with your dog?

WINSLOW
That's correct.

DOG smells the security guard, but moves on.

GLENN CLOSE
So, if I may ask, what brings you on my property, might I add, a long way from your own home, detective? I mean, you're always welcome to drop by. I have a very solid relationship with the UK police force, something you might be aware of seeing as you've been in the field for a while. But unannounced, especially on a day like this...

WINSLOW
I'm terribly sorry. Are you moving?

GLENN CLOSE
Yes, sadly we are. This house was really a home to me. You should've seen it in summer.

WINSLOW
I can imagine. Where are you moving to then, if you don't mind me asking?

GLENN CLOSE
Beijing, detective.

WINSLOW observes DOG's behaviour.

INT. MANSION (HALLWAY)

GINNY is followed by TIFFANY who demands her in a firm whisper to get back into the room. Her bouncy step jangles the key-cord around her neck.

GINNY stands still in the hallway, turns around to TIFFANY and looks at her. But TIFFANY does not come closer. Does not touch her. GINNY turns around again and walks further down the hallway.

She opens a door on her left, which leads to a broom closet.

The next opens to a bedroom, quite spacious.

They venture further into the hallway. Keys jangle.

TIFFANY

Come on, Ginny, let's go back.
There's nothing here.

GINNY

Then why am I here?

GINNY opens another door. Peeks in. Closes it.

TIFFANY

Eh- I am in no liberty to- please
let's go back, you shouldn't-

GINNY

But you do know, right?

TIFFANY

Yes, I do, but-

GINNY

Then why am I here?

She opens another door. Another empty room.

TIFFANY

Miss Close will discuss this with
you at length- now let's please go
back before she gets there first!

TIFFANY looks back to the door from whence they came. She turns back around to GINNY who has halted in front of a door with a lock on it. It doesn't budge. She then looks at the key-cord around TIFFANY's neck.

GINNY takes quick steps forward. TIFFANY realises what's happening and steps backward to keep her distance.

GINNY catches up with her, grabs her hand and throws her down with a smack.

Then she unclips the keys from the cord and walks back to the door.

TIFFANY gets back up, enraged, but then changes her mind. She turns around and walks briskly down the hallway, down the stairs.

INT. MANSION (ANTECHAMBER)

GLENN CLOSE
...but we digress, detective.

WINSLOW
Ah yes... to be honest, it wasn't me who decided to trespass, miss. Dog here, she wandered onto the lawn in search of something.

DOG is at GLENN CLOSE now. Smelling her.

GLENN CLOSE
Oh! In that case, maybe we can help locating that something.
(change of thought)
Although I must once again mention the state of the house. I think most of our advanced tracking devices are well on their way to the pond, so you'll have to do with my men.

She pets the dog, but DOG won't stop smelling her hands. She then turns her attention to DOG, squats to her level.

GLENN CLOSE (CONT'D)
What is it that you lost, dear?

WINSLOW
It's her best friend.

GLENN CLOSE
(still to DOG)
Oh no!

WINSLOW
Yeah, she's looking for Ginny. And I think she's very close.

Then DOG starts growling. Bare-teethed. GLENN CLOSE slowly backs away from DOG.

GLENN CLOSE

Detective, can you please calm your dog.

WINSLOW

I wish I could, but she's not mine to calm down. I'm just along for the ride, miss.

GLENN CLOSE slowly gets up and backs away from DOG, who's almost foaming at the mouth with rage. She gets behind her SECURITY GUARD and tries to get close to the door. Calculates her chances. DOG slowly follows them, head down, ready to attack. Then-

A loud bark, which makes GLENN CLOSE run for the door, go through it and close it behind her.

INT. MANSION HALLWAY

GLENN CLOSE

(through gritted teeth)
We've killed people? How?

BERNARD

Ma'am, you wanted the girl. I handled it. I got it done.

GLENN CLOSE

(Angry)
So you killed her parents? You killed a cop?

BERNARD

Ma'am I didn't tell him to kill anyone. I told him to get the girl.

GLENN CLOSE

I don't care for excuses BERNARD. You got us into this mess, so you get us out of it. Get that detective off our back.

BERNARD stays behind as GLENN CLOSE walks back up the stairs, frustrated. He weighs his options. He turns around and grabs an old hunting rifle of the wall. He inspects it and cocks it. He opens the door to the room Winslow is in.

INT. DONOR ROOM

The locks click and turn. Then the knob moves. GINNY opens the door slowly.

She tightens her eyes to adjust to the brightly lit room. She walks in and looks around.

The room is sparsely decorated. In the middle of it sits an extravagant chair. Next to it a tray on wheels with tubes, needles and some surgical instruments.

A large refrigerator with a transparent door. There's a few plastic bags containing a dark red substance left in them. It seems to be mostly emptied out.

The wall opposite the fridge is decorated with some large screens. The screens display the rolling hills outside the house.

The center-piece of the room is a large bed. Neatly tucked in. Clean and pristine.

GINNY approaches the bed. She then notices someone move. Someone who's hooked up to the drip which is really slowly filling up with blood.

As she reaches the side of the bed, she's met by a ghastly face, drained of color, eyes buried deep in their skull. A plate of food, untouched, on the bedside table. The breathing comes unstable and in short bursts. It sounds like gasping.

GINNY's eyes well up. She takes a step back.

GLENN CLOSE (O.S.)

Ah, there you are.

GLENN CLOSE stands next to the extravagant chair.

GLENN CLOSE

I see you've met Albert. Awful, isn't it?

GINNY looks at ALBERT. She comes closer again. Unable to speak

GLENN CLOSE (CONT'D)

He's been such a kind man. Really our rock.

ALBERT

Glenn?

The words come out of his mouth like sandpaper rubbing on concrete. GLENN CLOSE walks to the other side of the bed.

GLENN CLOSE

Yes dear, it's me.

She grabs his hand.

ALBERT
Are we leaving now?

GLENN CLOSE
How are you feeling, Albert?

ALBERT
I am feeling-
(beathes)
I'm a bit under the weather, Glenn.

GLENN CLOSE
You look wonderful. Have you by any
chance met Ginny?

ALBERT turns his head to GINNY. Then back to GLENN CLOSE.

ALBERT
The new assistant?
(breathes)
Oh my-

GLENN CLOSE nods and then winks with a smile to GINNY. ALBERT turns his head back to GINNY and tries out his most joyous smile.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Oh Ginny, I'm beyond myself. How
could've-
(breathes)
I-
(coughs)
It's a pleasure, truly a pleasure-
(breathes)
To meet you. Wonderful.

GINNY looks at ALBERT. Then to GLENN CLOSE.

INT. GUEST HALL

BERNARD walks in as Winslow is sitting in a chair, looking out the window, watching the frantic packing of GLENN CLOSE's henchmen. He doesn't turn around.

BERNARD
Sir. I'm afraid you're going to
have to come with me.

WINSLOW doesn't say anything, he just keeps looking outside.

WINSLOW

Were are you even going? You're leaving the country I assume, but do you really think someone like GLENN CLOSE can hide? She's a multibillionaire and now; a killer and a kidnapper. She has like 300 companies to her name, and is being hunted by the British government.

BERNARD

355. Stand up. Come with me.

WINSLOW

Impressive. Good thing she has so many probably. Keeping so many faceless goons around tends to rack up the household costs.

BERNARD

(frustrated)

Sir. Get. Up.

WINSLOW

You are in a rush aren't you? Are you really going to shoot a Detective Inspector of the Sheffield Police Department in the back?

BERNARD is getting more and more frustrated. He pulls the bolt back again. A round falls on the floor.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

(grins as he hears the round drop)

You already did that didn't you? Listen: you can shoot me if you want to, but I'm not getting up yet. Not until you tell me what the hell is going on here.

BERNARD

The only thing relevant to your particular situation, sir, is that you are about to be shot if you don't co-operate.

WINSLOW

Why did you need the girl?

BERNARD walks around the chair and points his rifle directly at WINSLOW's face.

BERNARD

Will you just get up and follow me?!

WINSLOW

There is this interesting fact about killing I learned about recently. Saw it in a documentary. In the Second World War, a man named S.L.A. Marshall did a study on American troops in combat. According to his study, humans are psychologically hot wired not to kill other humans.

(pauses)

They missed on purpose. Aiming too high or at their enemies feet. They just couldn't bring themselves to shoot another human being. Marshall has later been discredited of course, with multiple journalists and scientists claiming he was a quack - that he fabricated his results, but in my experience there is a certain truth to it. What do you think?

BERNARD says nothing. He just stands there, holding the gun up to WINSLOWs face.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

I am NOT going anywhere. Tell me what's going on, or my friend will have to pull it out of you.

BERNARDs face is suddenly filled with horror. He forgot about the DOG. He hears growling behind him.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

I have seen what this dog can do Benny. It's not pretty. Tell me what's going on.

BERNARD turns his head to keep an eye on dog and instantly WINSLOW goes for the gun. DOG attacks from behind and BERNARD screams as he is attacked from two sides.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

(panting)

Let. Go. Do the smart thing here.

BERNARDs does let go. WINSLOW grabs the rifle and gets to his feet.

The door, leading to the hallway, flies open and two men in suits burst in. WINSLOW fires into the wall above their heads.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)
Hands up. Get up against the wall.

The two men throw their hands up as fast as humanly possible and a growling DOG directs them towards the wall. They don't even think about deviating from the directions. WINSLOW turns his attention to BERNARD, who is on the floor crying. He has deep lacerations all over his back.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)
Tell me what I'm doing here.

BERNARD
She needs her to stay alive. That's all I know.

WINSLOW didn't know what he was expecting, but it wasn't this. He thinks about what BERNARD said for a second.

WINSLOW
Alive? How?

BERNARD
She was the only one, the only one in Britain that would work.

WINSLOW
(pointing the gun at Bernard now)
For what?! Work for what?!

BERNARD
BLOOD! BLOOD! I don't know how it works. Don't shoot me.

INT. MANSION (DONOR ROOM)

ALBERT coughs. There's some blood in the corner of his mouth. GLENN CLOSE picks up a handkerchief from the bedside table and wipes it away.

ALBERT
I'm terribly sorry for this-
(breathes)
Horrendous cough

He turns his head to GLENN CLOSE.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 But doctors say I'm doing
 (breathes)
 better, Glenn.

GLENN CLOSE nods. There's something sad in her face now.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 So then-
 (breathes)
 Where are we off to?

He turns his head back to GINNY with a polite smile.

GLENN CLOSE
 I wanted to relay this to you on
 the airplane to Beijing, Ginny. It
 would've been much easier. But as
 you can see-
 (pause)
 We need an extra bit of help, is
 all.

ALBERT
 Oh, Beijing.
 (breathes)
 Lovely.

GINNY
 Help with what?

GLENN CLOSE
 I'm sick, Ginny.

GINNY takes a step back from the bed. She shakes her head. She looks at ALBERT. Then the chair. The bags with blood. Then at GLENN CLOSE in disbelief.

GINNY
 No. No fucking way.

GINNY starts walking out of the room.

INT. MANSION (HALLWAY)

The door swings open and GINNY wants to start running, but is immediately grabbed by a guard. A second guard stands by. She tries fighting the grip, but fails. Her hands are tied with a tie-rip.

GLENN CLOSE emerges from the room. She closes the door, locks it. Wipes away a tear. Then directs her attention at GINNY.

She holds GINNY's face tight in her hand and gets to her level.

GLENN CLOSE
I'm very disappointed. Very
disappointed. We'll discuss this
behaviour on the plane.

She turns her attention to the guards.

GLENN CLOSE (CONT'D)
Be careful with her.

They walk away.

INT. MANSION (HALLWAY)

DOG is racing through the hallways, looking for GINNY, sniffing frantically. Ignoring the occasional employee he runs into. Some of them simply don't react to her, others turn around, wondering where this dog came from.

GINNY
(way of screen)
Let me go!

DOG spins around and bolts towards the sound. She runs into a room where GINNY is being held down by two goons.

DOG doesn't hesitate for a second and charges. After a struggle she pulls one of the goons off GINNY.

GLENN CLOSE
Get her out of here!

The other goon drags GINNY out of the room and slams the room shut. Locking DOG in.

GLENN CLOSE (CONT'D)
GINNY. We are going to save the
world together. Think about all the
good things we can do.
(turns to her goon)
Get her to the cars. Be careful
with her.

INT. MANSION HALLS

WINSLOW is walking slowly. On edge. Every now and then he runs into one of GLENN CLOSE's employees, but they are all unarmed and scurry away from the armed Detective.

He hears DOG whimpering behind a door. WINSLOW opens it. DOG is bloody, wagging her tail at WINSLOW.

WINSLOW
Got yourself locked up again?

CUT TO:

GINNY is being dragged through the main hall. Through the door and into the driveway.

CUT TO:

WINSLOW on the walkway overhead. He aims, but before he can get a shot off, the door is closed. He runs down the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY

GINNY is struggling to get free from the henchman, but she is simply not strong enough. Eventually she gets a hold of his hand and starts bending a finger. The henchman screams and punches GINNY, throwing her to the ground.

BANG.

WINSLOW is standing in the door opening with a smoking rifle.

WINSLOW
(to GINNY)
GO!

GINNY gets to her feet and races towards the forrest behind the mansion