

TRIGGERED

Written by

Ritchie "Stonian" Johnston

Draft completion date:  
24.04.2025

Contact info:

E-mail: richardjohnston83@hotmail.co.uk

Phone Number: (+44) 07718 275 002

©. All rights reserved. 2025

FADE IN:

INT. ARENA - MAIN STAGE - NIGHT

Blinding camera flashes strobe across a roaring sea of people. The arena is electric—cheers, chants, posters, purple balloons exploding in the air. A showbiz frenzy for something far more dangerous.

INT. ARENA - BACK ROOM.

Dim, cold. A flickering bulb swings overhead.

GRAYHAM AUSTIN (50s), sharply dressed but visibly on edge, grips the sink. He splashes water on his face, stares down his haggard reflection.

AUSTIN

You got this. They'll beg for more.  
You're Grayham fucking Austin. Man  
of the people.

The door creaks open. A nervous STAGE MANAGER peeks in, clutching a clipboard.

STAGE MANAGER

It's time sir. Are you ready?

Grayham slowly turns, eyes like daggers.

AUSTIN

Don't insult me...  
(Beat. tightens cufflinks)  
I was born ready.

The lion steps into the arena.

INT. ARENA - MAIN STAGE

A brass band swings into "In the Mood." Grayham emerges into a thunderstorm of applause. Confetti rains. Flashbulbs pop. Banners ripple with his name.

He soaks it in—arms outstretched, face smug, glowing in self-importance.

He steps to the podium. Adjusts the mic. Grins.

AUSTIN

Britain. Look at us. Immigration?  
Through the roof.

INT. ARENA - RAFTERS - SAME TIME

A sniper's crosshairs lock dead-center on Grayham's chest.

Behind the scope: a steely blue eye, encased behind smart-glasses. A tiny red-blue LED pulses in the lens.

AUSTIN (V.O.)  
Unemployment? Worse than ever. The  
government? Silent. But not me.

A round is slipped into the chamber—silent, surgical.

AUSTIN (V.O.)  
Our health service is gasping.  
Security? A joke. But we can fix  
it.

INT. ARENA - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Grayham paces, drinks water, lets the silence hang before the hammer.

AUSTIN  
It's time to tear this rotten  
system down. And there's only one  
man for the job.

The crowd erupts.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
I, Grayham Samuel Austin, will run  
in the next election. So will my  
party—United England!

INT. ARENA - RAFTERS - SNIPERS P.O.V

The scope hones in. Finger hovers over the trigger. No tremble. No breath.

AUSTIN  
We take back our island—from the  
invaders stealing our jobs, our  
homes, our culture.

INT. ARENA - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

He raises a fist. The frenzy reaches fever pitch.

AUSTIN  
We make British goods British  
again. But I need you—brave, proud  
soldiers.

A flash—metal catches the light in the rafters.

Grayham hesitates.

POP!

Blood sprays. He reels back, arms flailing. A crimson bloom  
spreads across his shoulder. The crowd gasps—shock freezes  
time.

Then chaos.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
Shots fired! On the stage!

POP! Another shot. A security agent's head snaps back—gone.  
The body crashes to the floor.

SECURITY GUARD #2  
Rafters! Shooter in the rafters!

INT. ARENA - RAFTERS

A tactical unit storms a narrow maintenance platform.

They find the sniper—JOSEPH SMITH (30s)—waiting, emotionless.  
He lifts a pistol to his temple.

JOSEPH SMITH  
The revolution is here!

BANG.

He drops. So do his smart glasses—marked AUCTA-RE. As they  
fall, a message flickers across the cracked lens:

"MIND'S EYE DELETING..."

The body lies still. Guns stay trained. Silence.

INT. ARENA - MAIN STAGE

Austin—bleeding, furious—is helped to his feet. He brushes  
the medics off. Steps back to the mic.

His voice booms, venomous.

AUSTIN  
 You saw it! They fear the truth.  
 They want to silence us.

The crowd turns wild again—fear mutated into fanaticism.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 But we won't back down! I AM  
 COMING. WE ARE COMING!

CROWD  
 (chanting)  
 UNITED ENGLAND, UNITED ENGLAND,  
 UNITED ENGLAND!

Austin revels in this, carried out like a martyr. Today he is the winner.

SMASH CUT TO  
 BLACK:

### TRIGGERED

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING

A paperboy coasts by on his bike, launching newspapers like he's dodging chores. One lands smack in a heap of dog crap on the pristine lawn of a large, showy house.

Headline: "PANIC IN THE STREETS OF LONDON."

From inside the house:

LAURA (O.S.)  
 Rufus, you need to hurry up, you're  
 going to be late.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - KITCHEN

RUFUS MALONE (50s, grizzled, uniformed) enters adjusting his tie. His wife LAURA (30s, capable, amused) flips pancakes like a champ. Bacon sizzles. Life's good.

He kisses her and grabs his plate.

RUFUS  
 Wouldn't be late if someone hadn't  
 used all the hot water. Boiler ETA?

LAURA  
Thursday. The guy said it's  
ancient. We should really go smart.

RUFUS  
(already skeptical)  
Smart? Why? So it can text me when  
it's feeling sad?

LAURA  
It is a bit more than that honey.

RUFUS  
Last thing I need is a boiler with  
mood swings. One of us is enough

He sits, bites into bacon, then scans the table.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
Where's the paper?

LAURA  
Lawn. Paperboy missed again.

RUFUS  
Brilliant!

He stands, grumbling.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
Bet it's soaked. Or chewed. Or  
worse.

As he exits, SUZIE (7, cute chaos gremlin) enters, yawning.  
Rufus pats her head on the way out.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
Morning, trouble.

SUZIE  
Morning daddy.

EXT. MALONE HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Rufus spots the paper marinating in poop.

RUFUS  
(deadpan)  
You got to be kidding me?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rufus storms back in, holding the soiled paper at arm's length. Laura and Suzie recoil.

SUZIE  
Ew daddy, that stinks!

LAURA  
Seriously?! Get that biohazard  
outta here Rufus.

Rufus rinses the paper, chucks it in the bin, muttering.

RUFUS  
Just once, I'd like to read the news  
not covered in excrement.  
(beat)  
Is it seriously that hard puttin'  
it through the letter box?

He returns—stops. Suzie's chomping his breakfast.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
You making sure it's safe?

SUZIE  
It's sooo good. You should try it  
some.

She turns to Laura.

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
Can I ask him now?

RUFUS  
Ask me what?

LAURA  
Go on. No point in torturing the  
man.

RUFUS  
No, there most definitely isn't. I  
am a detective you know.

SUZIE  
Okay... I want a pair of Aucta Re  
glasses!

RUFUS  
(blank)  
Aucta.. What?

LAURA  
Augmented reality glasses. Made by  
Red Bird.

RUFUS  
The social media lot? Absolutely  
not.

SUZIE  
But it will be for home work! And  
gaming! Three of my friend have  
them.

RUFUS  
Yeah sounds more like a one way  
path to brain-rot and bad eyesight  
to me.

LAURA  
They'd help me, too-real-time  
recipes, note reminders...

RUFUS  
You don't need tech to cook like a  
goddess.

Suddenly, a car HONKS outside.

Laura peeks through the blinds—an AUDI RS6 waits curbside.

LAURA  
Sounds like your other wife is  
here.

RUFUS  
(grabbing jacket)  
Now, now—don't be jealous. If I  
could spend my day with anyone...

He steals a strip of bacon from Suzie's plate

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
...it'd be my queen and my  
princess.

SUZIE  
Hey! That was mine!

Rufus ruffles her hair, throws a kiss to Laura, and heads for  
the door.



EXT. MALONE HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MORNING

Rufus mutters to himself as he adjusts his coat.

RUFUS  
Everyone's married to bloody  
gadgets these days...

He glances next door.

JEFF (50s, classic slob), in boxers and a robe, scratches his gut and picks up his own paper. Notices Rufus.

JEFF  
Morning mate.

RUFUS  
Morning, Jeff. Maybe keep your dog  
from crapping on my lawn?

JEFF  
(plays dumb)  
Dunno know what you're talking  
about man?

RUFUS  
Sure you don't. Just... keep it off  
my lawn. And clean it when it  
happens. Not hard.

JEFF  
Sorry officer, didn't realize I was  
breaking the law letting my dog out  
for air.

Jeff storms back inside, mumbling.

RUFUS  
And why don't you clean up and get  
a job, you damn waster!

Rufus hops into the passenger seat of the Audi, slams the door. It pulls away.

INT. AUDI RS6 - MOVING

CAMERON SOL (late 20s, nerdy but jacked, thick glasses, energy of a Labrador) drives. Rufus stares out the window, chewing on annoyance.

CAMERON  
Morning partner. What was that  
about?

RUFUS  
Neighbor. His dog keeps shitting on  
my lawn. Doesn't clean it up.

CAMERON  
Well... obvious solution. You gotta  
go shit in his yard.

RUFUS  
(deadpan)  
What is wrong with you?

CAMERON  
A lot. But I'm also just excited.  
(beat. Eye's widen)  
Big day.

RUFUS  
And why's that?

CAMERON  
You not listening to the news?

RUFUS  
(irritated)  
Paperboy landed mine in a steaming  
pile of lawn lasagna

CAMERON  
Newspaper? What are you 80?

RUFUS  
I'm 52 motherfucker. I like  
simplicity, the paper and quiet are  
part of that morning simplicity.

CAMERON  
Well, FYI-Grayham Austin got shot  
last night.

RUFUS  
(sits up)  
What?! You mean Sir United Britain,  
the racist windbag?

CAMERON  
The very one. Right in the middle  
of his rally. Boom-down he went.

RUFUS  
Huh. Tragic. Can't say I'll light a  
candle.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Let me ask you something—am I mad for not turning our house into a smart tech showroom?

CAMERON

Nope. That stuff's practically begging to be hacked. Though, I heard they're trialling those new glasses in a few hospitals for the staff.

RUFUS

(impressed)

See, now that's something.

(rolls eyes)

But Suzie wants those AR specs and Laura wants a smart boiler.

CAMERON

A smart boiler? What's it gonna do—diagnose itself with anxiety?

RUFUS

For the price, it better be boiling holy water.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - MORNING

Cameron's Audi RS6 nudges through chaos. Protesters line both sides of the narrow road—Grayham's die-hards on one side, counter-protesters on the other. Cops struggle to keep the two groups from killing each other.

INT. AUDI RS6 - MOVING

Cameron keeps his cool... barely. Something thuds off the car roof.

CAMERON

Was that a can?

(yells out window)

I just had this detailed you prick!

RUFUS

Man, I ain't seen things this tense in a while. Countries one tweet away from a civil war.

CAMERON

They're protesting at the hospital too. The official statements Austin's "clinging on". Half want justice, the other half want vengeance.

RUFUS

And nobody wants the truth. Classic.

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - CONTINUOUS

The car dips into the underground car park as the crowd's roar reaches fever pitch.

Above, in a glass office, CHIEF INSPECTOR GAVINS (50s, sharp-suited, stone-faced) watches through the window. She sips her tea like it's poison.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CHIEFS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A muted TV hums in the background. On screen: MORNING COFFEE with MCALISTER GRANT, smug CEO of Red Bird Technologies.

MCALISTER GRANT

With our tech, this attack could've been stopped.

INTERVIEWER

The Prime Minister called your glasses "Orwellian."

MCALISTER GRANT

I'm not here to lie to you. Any step up in security is worrying, but wouldn't you rather be safe than know that some immigrant was trying to kill you. Besides, our Aucta Re glasses have millions of users throughout the U.K, with other countries quickly getting interested.

INTERVIEWER

We don't know the shooter's nationality.

The chief turns from the window, she looks at the television, disgusted and irritated at Grants sentiment.

MCALISTER GRANT  
Whoever they are—my friend Grayham  
was shot. Action is overdue.

INTERVIEWER  
Coming up: a live statement from  
Chief Inspector Gavins and M.I.5's  
Arthur Jones...

Chief Gavins clicks the TV off, face curdled. She straightens her suit, sighs, and strides out of her office.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Chaos. Phones ringing, detectives darting between desks. Gavins enters and clears her throat—the room freezes.

CHIEF. GAVINS  
Alright, everyone's heard. Any  
leads on the shooter come through  
me. M.I.5 is taking point.

She scans the room. Eyes narrow.

CHIEF. GAVINS (CONT'D)  
And where the hell are Malone and  
Sol?

DING. The elevator opens. Rufus and Cameron step out like a sitcom intro.

CHIEF. GAVINS (CONT'D)  
(calls out)  
Malone! Sol! My office now.

RUFUS  
And a good morning to you too  
Chief!

SWIPE TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CHIEF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Gavins sits. Rufus and Cameron opposite, fidgeting like schoolkids. Her walls are packed with plaques, photos with politicians, and one shot of her shaking hands with the Pope.

CHIEF. GAVINS  
You two are on this. Meet M.I.5 at  
the O2 Arena.

RUFUS

Chief... you do remember what Austin  
thought of people like me?  
(gestures to self)  
I'm basically his wokest nightmare.

CHIEF. GAVINS

Exactly why you're perfect.

CAMERON

And me? Comic relief?

RUFUS

Nah, token white guy.

CAMERON

You wound me.

CHIEF. GAVINS

(snaps)  
Enough! You're both on it. A brown  
cop solving Austin's case? That's  
poetic. Let's rub it in their  
faces.

RUFUS

You're using me as a PR stunt.

CHIEF. GAVINS

I'm giving you the lead. Spin it  
how you want—just don't screw it  
up. The Yard needs this win.

She slides a file across the desk.

CHIEF. GAVINS (CONT'D)

Make me proud, boys. Or at least  
don't embarrass me on live TV.

RUFUS

You better make me sound like the  
best damn detective in London.

CAMERON

What about me?

RUFUS

(grins)  
Eh, him you can keep in the  
footnotes.

CHIEF. GAVINS  
(exhales)  
Just get to work already.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA - CONFERENCE ROOM.

A PACK of reporters crowd the podium, buzzing. Cameras flash like paparazzi piranhas.

The doors swing open. Enter ARTHUR JONES (30s, bleach-blonde, immaculate, smug), wearing sleek AUCTA RE GLASSES. He steps to the mic like he's walking a runway. Sips water. Serious now.

JONES  
Last night, politician and social commentator Grayham Austin was wounded in an attempted assassination. The shooter died on scene-self-inflicted.

REPORTER #1  
Was this racially motivated?

JONES  
No. The shooter was a white British male. We're still confirming ID. So, let's be very clear here, there is no racial motivation at play!

REPORTER #2  
He's in a secure, undisclosed hospital under round-the-clock watch.

JONES  
He's in a secure, hospital under round-the-clock watch.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA - MAIN ENTRANCE

The press conference plays on a JUMBOTRON above the lobby.

Forensics techs sweep the floor. Jones watches himself on screen, coffee in hand. Next to him is JACINTA FLINT (20s, sharp suit, hair tied, business). She watches, stoic

REPORTER #3

(on screen)

Is it true the Prime minister is forcing your hand on this one?

JONES

(on screen)

Despite public disagreements, we both agree—transparency is key.

JONES (CONT'D)

(to Flint)

Can you believe this?

FLINT

You do look good sir.

JONES

Thank you. I'd look even better not working with The Yard.

FLINT

I thought we were "co-operating"?

JONES

Oh we are. Let them do the legwork—we take the glory.

Behind them, Cameron and Rufus duck under tape, entering the scene. Jones clocks them with distaste.

JONES (CONT'D)

Here comes London's finest.

CAMERON

Agent Jones, we're here to assist.

JONES

Fantastic. You'll report to Agent Flint.

CAMERON awkwardly turns to Flint, starstruck.

CAMERON

Hi-uh-nice to, uh... meet you..

RUFUS

(confused)

The hells wrong with you?

FLINT

Pleasure, D.C.I Malone. Looking forward to working-



JONES

(cuts in)

Let's be clear. This is an open-and-shut case. You find a bow for it, we'll tie it.

RUFUS

Oh it's like "that" is it?

JONES

Only reason you're here is politics. Not necessity.

CAMERON

Got it all worked out huh?

JONES

White man shoots public figure. Grudge. Mental health. Pick one.

CAMERON

And you have proof of that?

JONES

Soon.

His AUCTA glasses flicker-purple to blue. No one notices.

FLINT

We'll share what we find. Here's my card.

She hands it to Cameron.

FLINT (CONT'D)

-- If you find anything contact me.

CAMERON

I look forward to your call-I mean my call. I mean-

RUFUS

(wmutters)

Cam, shut the fuck up!

JONES

Alright, That's enough. Time to go.

Flint shoots a small, apologetic smile.

FLINT

Sorry. He's... under pressure. Youngest head of MI5.

CAMERON  
Still no excuse to be a dick.

JONES  
Flint! Let's go.

Flint nods and follows Jones.

CAMERON  
Wow, she was nice.

RUFUS  
Really? I couldn't tell you were interested.

CAMERON  
Wait—really? That means I'm getting better, right?

RUFUS  
(walking away)  
No.

INT. ARENA - CRIME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

LOIS (30s, cool-headed forensic tech) approaches Rufus with a sealed evidence bag.

RUFUS  
Lois, that the weapon?

LOIS  
Yeah. Frankenstein job. Some parts machined, others 3D printed. No serials. Untraceable.

RUFUS  
Custom build?

LOIS  
Seen one just like it in Manchester. Comedian shot two weeks ago.

RUFUS  
Same kind of gun?

LOIS  
Yup. Welcome to the dark web, Guv.

INT. ARENA - SECURITY ROOM.

A wall of CCTV monitors. JENKINS (30s, tech genius, zero filter) types furiously. Cameron sits beside him.

JENKINS

Here. See? That's our guy entering.  
No bag. No bulge. Patted down.  
Clean.

Footage shows Joseph Smith walking in, empty-handed.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

Then ten minutes later—bam. He's  
upstairs.

Joseph slips into a "STAFF ONLY" door. Camera cuts.

CAMERON

Then he shows up in the  
rafters—armed. He didn't bring it  
in. Somebody gave it to him.

Rufus enters, carrying takeaway coffee.

RUFUS

What've we got?

Rufus passes a coffee to Cameron.

CAMERON

He wasn't carrying when he entered.  
He disappeared into that side  
corridor.

RUFUS

(to Jenkins)  
Extra sugar right Jenkins?

JENKINS

Sweet as sin, boss.

RUFUS

Lois says the gun's a ghost. No  
markings, no trail.

JENKINS

I could get a team to check the  
last weeks surveillance we can see  
if it leads anywhere. It'll take  
time though.

RUFUS

That's why you the man Jenkins.

JENKINS

Yeah you're damn straight I am.

Rufus notices Jenkins' glasses.

RUFUS

Those new specs?

JENKINS

Aucta Re. Total gamechanger.

RUFUS

My kid wants a pair. MI5 boy was rocking them too.

JENKINS

Yeah, Red Bird's trying to land a government contract. Their CEO and Austin were playing kissy-face online for months.

RUFUS

Charming.

CAMERON

Jenkins—rewind that hallway shot.

Jenkins scrubs back. Joseph walks, then—PING—his glasses blink red to blue.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

There. He was wearing Aucta Re glasses too.

RUFUS

Check the evidence. They with the shooter's stuff?

Jenkins points to a cart in the back.

JENKINS

Should be. All tagged and prepped for transfer.

Rufus rifles through the evidence bags.

RUFUS

They ain't here.

JENKINS

They should be, that was everything.

CAMERON  
Where'd they bring him down from?

JENKINS  
The rafters.

Rufus and Cameron share a look. Rock, paper, scissors.  
Cameron loses.

CAMERON  
Two outta three?

RUFUS  
Get climbing.

SWIPE TO:

INT. ARENA - RAFTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Cameron climbs through the access hatch, muttering.

CAMERON  
I hate this, I hate this!

The metal catwalk CREAKS. He flinches. Loud feedback CRACKLES through his radio followed by:

RUFUS (V.O.)  
You up there yet?

CAMERON  
(startled)  
Jesus, Rufus! Warn a guy.

RUFUS (V.O.)  
What do you see?

CAMERON  
A terrifying drop and bad life choices.

Cameron reaches the chalked outline. Evidence marker, no glasses.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
The glasses...  
(beat)  
They ain't here Rufe!

INT. ARENA - SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Rufus sighs, squeezes his radio.

RUFUS  
 Alright, come on back down.

Rufus turns to Jenkins.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
 Can you see who's been up there  
 since last night?

JENKINS  
 Gimme a few hours, but yeah.

Rufus's phone BUZZES. He answers.

RUFUS  
 Malone. Talk to me.  
 (nods)  
 That's confirmed? Brilliant. Call  
 me if anything else hits.

Cameron enters, flushed from the climb.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
 We got an ID on the shooter. Let's  
 go.

He heads for the door, then turns back.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
 Jenkins, I'm leaving this in your  
 hands.

JENKINS  
 Guv, who's your man?

RUFUS  
 You are Jenkins.

JENKINS  
 You're damn fucking straight I am!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

CAMERON'S RS6 is stuck in a sea of standstill traffic. Horns honk. Someone's blasting '80s synth from a nearby car.

INT. AUDI RS6

CAMERON taps along to the music. RUFUS stares blankly out the window, deep in thought.

RUFUS

Why do you think the glasses are missing?

CAMERON

Well, we know he didn't smuggle the gun in, so he had help. Once Jenkins scrubs the footage, we'll see who. What else do we know?

RUFUS

Name's Joseph Smith. Lives with his mum. Quiet type.

CAMERON

So, reckon I call this in to Agent Hot Stuff?

RUFUS

Don't bother. She called me.

CAMERON

She what?  
(chuckles)  
That harlot!

RUFUS

Tried you first, apparently. Said your line was busy.

CAMERON shifts, visibly annoyed.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

C'mon. She's classy. You... you're more "struggle with a houseplant" energy.

CAMERON

Ouch Rufe's.

RUFUS

Came from a place of love. Speaking of-dinner tonight? Laura's making that curry you like.

CAMERON

Tempting, but I've got a date with pizza, beer, and Lethal Weapon 2.

RUFUS

You need to get out more. Meet someone.

CAMERON

I do get out. I just prefer my  
chaos fictional.

RUFUS

You've got to talk to a woman for  
it to be chaotic.

CAMERON

Mocking my anxiety really deepens  
our bond.

RUFUS

(scoffs)

Shocking that this was the line for  
you.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - DAY

CAMERON'S RS6 is parked amid FORENSIC VANS. Neighbors loiter  
with cups of tea and judgment. A TECH exits in full  
coveralls, carrying a dusty PC tower.

RUFUS (V.O.)

What can you tell me about your  
son, Mrs. Smith?

INT. SMITH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

A time capsule from 1994. CROCHETED DOILIES. CRT TV. Trophies  
and certificates line the walls.

MRS. SMITH (60s) dabs her eyes. Rufus and Cameron sit  
opposite her, gentle.

MRS. SMITH

He was a good boy. Quiet. Kind.  
Always helped people.

CAMERON

Looks like he did well for  
himself—top marks all over.

MRS. SMITH

He was happy. He loved his games...  
his coding.

RUFUS

Did he start spending time with  
anyone new?



MRS. SMITH

No... but he did get those fancy glasses from a tech company—Red Bird, I think? He won them in a contest.

RUFUS

He won them?

MRS. SMITH

He submitted a software idea. Got shortlisted. They had him taken to their main office in the city... Even gave us a cheque. Helped with rent.

She passes them a photo.

CLOSE ON: PHOTO

Joseph, all smiles, shaking hands with McAlister Grant. Standing beside them, beaming, is Grayham Austin. Red Bird logo behind them.

MRS. SMITH (CONT'D)

That was about a month ago.

Rufus and Cameron trade a look.

CAMERON

And you don't know what his idea was?

MRS. SMITH

No. He tried to explain it—sounded like wizard talk to me.

Mrs. Smith starts to sob again. Rufus sits beside her, soft.

RUFUS

We're going to find out the truth, I promise you that.

MRS. SMITH

He hated guns... That's what I don't get. Why?

CAMERON

Did he know anyone who had one? Or how to make one?

MRS. SMITH

No. Never.

The detectives rise to leave. Mrs. Smith stops them.

She rummages in a side drawer and hands Cameron a small BLACK CARD.

MRS. SMITH (CONT'D)

He gave me this. Said if anything ever happened, someone might ask.

Cameron flips the card. A number and a handwritten phrase:

"Heroibus Volare Excelsum - M"

CAMERON

What is that?... Latin?

RUFUS

Looks like it.

CAMERON

Can you read it?

RUFUS

I'm a little rusty but, looks like...

(looks closer)

"heroes fly high."

CAMERON

(to Mrs. Smith)

Does that mean anything to you maam?

She shakes her head.

RUFUS

Thanks again. You've been a huge help.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAYBY - DAY

The RS6 is pulled over. Rufus chows down on a greasy roadside burger. Cameron watches in disgust.

CAMERON

Seriously, Ruf? You're better than this?

RUFUS

Hey man, back off. I Skipped breakfast. Suzie stole my bacon.

CAMERON

You really are having a rough one.

RUFUS

Alright, recap: a quiet kid wins AR glasses from a tech giant. Gets a photo op with McAlister Grant and Grayham Austin. Then a month later, he shoots one of them and tops himself.

CAMERON

Glasses worth five hundred quid. Idea must've been decent.

RUFUS

Grant gave him the glasses... and maybe more.

CAMERON

So who talks to Grant?

RUFUS

That'd be me. You're off to the hospital.

CAMERON

So I get the racist politician and you get I can't believe it's not Silicon Valley?

RUFUS

I'm saving my charm for the bigots.

Cameron steals a chip from Rufus's tray.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Oh, now it's good enough for you?

Cameron pulls out the card, starts dialling the number on the back.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

CAMERON

Finding out who "M" is. I don't buy it's McAlister.

The line rings. Cameron raises his eyebrows.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

It's ringing.

CLICK.

Someone answers. No one speaks.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. RED BIRD HQ - GLASS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A sleek corporate office high above the city. Modern. Sharp.

Seated in a leather chair, someone holds a phone to their ear, watching the office buzz beyond the glass walls.

Behind them: the words RED BIRD in chrome.

The mysterious figure listens. Says nothing.

Then slowly hangs up.

EXT. LAYBY - CONTINUOUS

Cameron lowers his phone, frowning.

CAMERON

They answered. Just didn't talk.

RUFUS

Think that's our second player?

CAMERON

I'd bet your burger on it.

RUFUS

Then let's get to it.

Rufus wipes his mouth with a napkin, tosses his trash in the bin. He and Cameron head for the RS6.

SWIPE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. RED BIRD HQ - DAY

A glass-and-steel monolith in the heart of London. A crimson phoenix statue blazes outside, mid-swoop—Red Bird HQ.

Rufus climbs the steps, unimpressed. Cameron's car speeds away behind him.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MAIN ENTRANCE

A polished, eco-minimalist lobby. Designer plants sit next to gleaming bins. LED screens hum silently. A receptionist greets Rufus with corporate warmth.

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to Red Bird. How can I assist you?

RUFUS

(flashes badge)

D.C.I Malone, here to see McAlister Grant.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

RUFUS

Do criminals usually book ahead?

She stares. He raises an eyebrow. She picks up the phone.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MONITORED DARK ROOM.

Surveillance feed shows Rufus at the desk. A figure sits in shadow, observing.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Hello? I have a detective here for Mr. Grant... Uh-huh... Okay.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The receptionist hangs up.

RECEPTIONIST

-- Hello, I have a detective downstairs for Mr. Grant -- Uh huh -  
- right okay.

The receptionist puts down the phone, she turns her attention back to Rufus.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Please take a seat. Mr. Grant will see you shortly.

Rufus walks to a comically futuristic sofa, glances at a glowing coffee table like it might bite him.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MONITORED DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The shadowy observer taps on a keyboard. A program called MINDS EYE opens. A digital map zooms to London Bridge Hospital. Dots appear. One is selected:

MELISSA SAUNDERS - Nurse. Glasses: AUCTA RE V2.1.

A glowing button: ACTIVATE.

CLICK.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE HOSPITAL - EVENING

MELISSA (30s, drained, eating an apple) sits on a bench in scrubs. Her Aucta Re glasses flicker from red to blue.

The screen in her lenses flashes: [TARGET: GRAYHAM AUSTIN] - KILL.

Her pupils contract. Her body stiffens. She rises like a wind-up doll just as Cameron walks past.

INT. LONDON BRIDGE HOSPITAL - LOBBY

Cameron enters the bustling hospital and heads for the lifts. Behind him, Melissa climbs the stairs—expression blank, movements precise.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MAIN ENTRANCE

DING.

McAlister Grant (slick, curated, CEO-polished) strides from the lift, all smiles—too perfect.

GRANT

Detective. As you can imagine, I'm an incredibly busy man.

RUFUS

Then you'll appreciate my need to cut to the chase.

He flashes a photo: Joseph Smith shaking hands with Grant and being patted on the back by Grayham Austin.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Recognize this? Let's talk.

GRANT  
 (examines photo, then)  
 Hmm, My office, then.

INT. LONDON BRIDGE HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM.

Grayham Austin lies in a hospital bed, arm in a sling, still smirking through his arrogance. Cameron leans against the wall, unimpressed.

CAMERON  
 How'd you know the kid? Local Klan chapter?

AUSTIN  
 Officer-

CAMERON  
 Detective Inspector.

AUSTIN  
 Ah. So the force sends me a liberal babysitter.

CAMERON  
 I'm not a liberal. I'm just an equal opportunity hater. Now-how do you know Joseph Smith?

AUSTIN  
 Don't.

CAMERON SOL  
 Sure you do. Got a nice photo with him and McAlister Grant. Looked downright friendly.

Austin pauses. Memory flickers.

AUSTIN  
 Some student event. I was there for lunch. PR nonsense.

CAMERON SOL  
 So you didn't talk to him?

Melissa enters with a clipboard and a soft smile.

MELISSA  
 One last check before you're discharged, Mr. Austin.

AUSTIN

Do what you need, love. Just make it quick—I'm craving meat.

CAMERON SOL

You're a true gentleman.

She shines a penlight in Austin's eyes. He flinches.

AUSTIN

I told you—I wasn't paying attention. McAlister was handling it.

SWIPE TO:

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MCALISTERS OFFICE

Luxurious. Minimalist. Grant sits behind his desk; Rufus across from him, scribbling notes by hand.

GRANT

He was a competition winner. Bright kid. Found a line of infected code in our OS. Won the prize.

RUFUS

Okay, so then what happened?

GRANT

That was it. Never saw him again.

RUFUS

Right. One last thing—

Rufus leans forward.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

What does "Heroibus Volare Excelsum" mean to you?

GRANT

(blank)  
I'm sorry?

RUFUS

Yeah, I didn't think so.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - OFFICE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

BOVIS, Grant's hulking security guard, stands like a statue by the door.



Across the open floor: cubicles. Coders tap away. CHARLIE SPINKS (30s, jittery, balding) watches McAlister's office nervously.

EDISON KANE (gaunt, dead-eyed) appears behind him.

EDISON  
What are you doing Charlie?

CHARLIE  
(jumping)  
Just... wondering what that's about.

EDISON  
Rumor is—it's about the shooting.

CHARLIE  
You think Grant's involved?

EDISON  
Who knows? But you should probably finish that debug.

Charlie turns back to his cluttered desk.

Enter MS. KING (40s, sharp, executive). Folders in hand. Annoyed.

MS. KING  
Gentlemen. Unless this is mission-critical, back to work.

EDISON  
Just helping tidy up.

MS. KING  
Then return to your cubicle. Please.

She glares at Charlie's desk.

MS. KING (CONT'D)  
Your workspace is a health hazard.

CHARLIE  
Sorry. I'll get it sorted.

Charlie mumbles an apology. She nods and walks off—straight to McAlister's office.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MCALISTERS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ms. King pokes her head in, tone softened.

MS. KING

Mr. Grant, sorry to interrupt.  
You've got prep for the PM meeting  
tomorrow.

GRANT

(to Rufus)

I'm sure you understand—my time's  
tight.

He gestures toward the door without standing. No handshake.

RUFUS

Of course.

He gets up. Pauses at the door.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

You sure you don't know what  
"Heroibus Volare Excelsum" means?

GRANT

Sounds like a cheap perfume.

RUFUS

(scoffs)

Yeah, you'd probably love it, cause  
it would smell like bullshit.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - HALLWAY

Rufus walks beside Ms. King.

RUFUS

Everyone here wears those glasses?

MS. KING

They boost productivity by fifteen  
percent. Internal metrics. Our  
staff loves them.

RUFUS

And nobody's watching through those  
lenses?

MS. KING

That would be illegal, Detective.

RUFUS  
 (dubious)  
 Sure.

Edison brushes past, bumping Rufus.

EDISON  
 Oops—sorry, mate. Clumsy feet.

RUFUS  
 You're okay there. Just be more  
 steady maybe.

They approach the lift. Ms. King presses the call button.

MS. KING  
 Red Bird isn't some villainous  
 corporation, Detective. We want to  
 build a better world.

She glances back at McAlister's office.

MS. KING (CONT'D)  
 Some of us anyway.

RUFUS  
 Better world, huh? I call it a co-  
 dependency with WiFi.

MS. KING  
 Two sides, one coin.

Lift doors open. Rufus nods politely.

RUFUS MALONE  
 Thanks for the tour.

MS. KING  
 My pleasure, Detective Inspector.

He steps inside. The doors begin to close—

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
 Hold that lift!

squeezes in, sweaty and flustered. Smiles nervously at Rufus  
 as the doors close.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LONDON BRIDGE HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - EVENING

Cameron leans against the wall, arms folded. Austin reclines on his bed, smug in a hospital gown, arm in a sling. Melissa, the nurse, stands at a cabinet behind them, back turned.

CAMERON

You've been about as helpful as a chocolate condom, Mr. Austin.

AUSTIN

How dare you speak to me like that!  
I'll have you demoted!

CAMERON

You ain't the first high profiler to try my man, so best of luck to you.

Melissa's hand tightens around a scalpel. Cameron clocks the tension.

She turns, calm but stiff.

MELISSA

Just need to take a little blood, Mr. Austin...

She steps toward him. The scalpel rises—

CAMERON

Whoa--!

He lunges. The blade punches through his palm—clean through—just missing Austin's throat.

AUSTIN

WHAT THE FUCK?!

Cameron kicks Melissa back—she slams into the wall. Blood sprays. Cameron howls in pain, but fights through it.

CAMERON

Back it up! Police! Drop the weapon!

Melissa's expression is flat. Eyes glazed. Robotic. She scrambles for scattered syringes on the counter.

She surges toward Austin again. Cameron shoves the gurney—Austin rolls away like a wheeled turtle.

Cameron intercepts Melissa—they grapple. He peers into her eyes. Blank. Glitching.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
C'mon, miss. Snap out of it. Stop!

AUSTIN  
She's on something!

CAMERON  
(to Austin)  
You need to shut the fuck up right  
now okay!

Melissa HEADBUTTS him—crunch! Cameron stumbles, blood pouring from his nose.

Melissa rears back, syringes clutched like knives. She charges.

Cameron recovers—dives into her path. They crash sideways—

SMASH!

—out the window.

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A shower of glass. Melissa crashes to the pavement, broken. Cameron gets tangled in the canopy wiring, slows his fall—lands hard but upright.

Dazed, bleeding, he stumbles to Melissa. Her glasses lie shattered nearby.

CAMERON  
Why? Why would you do this?

Melissa gasps, barely clinging to life.

MELISSA  
I... I was just... reading. My  
book...

She dies in his arms. The lens display flickers:

"MINDS EYE DELETING..."

The message vanishes.

Cameron, broken and stunned, screams at the gathering onlookers.

CAMERON  
Someone call for help! NOW! Stop  
staring, do something!

He stares at the shattered Aucta Re glasses. Horror dawns.  
Guilt thickens.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. RED BIRD HQ - LOBBY

DING.

The lift opens. Charlie rushes out—shoulders Rufus as he exits. No apology.

RUFUS  
Damn people. No manners anymore.

JONES (O.S.)  
Detective Chief Inspector Malone.

Jones and Flint stand waiting. Jones is visibly annoyed;  
Flint distracted, mid-call.

JONES (CONT'D)  
You were supposed to report any  
developments.

RUFUS  
Didn't have any until now. Found a  
photo—Smith with Grant and Austin.  
Came here to follow it up.

JONES  
You didn't think that was relevant?

RUFUS  
Yeah, Smiths mum, she gave us a  
photo, Smith, McAlister and Austin,  
taken a month back.

JONES  
And you didn't think this was  
relevant to us also?

RUFUS  
Not until I had more than a selfie  
to go on. Look, it's been a day.  
I'd like to sign out and get home.

Flint finishes her call, concern all over her face.

FLINT  
Sir—incident at London Bridge  
Hospital. Malone's partner's been  
stabbed.

(MORE)

FLINT (CONT'D)

Both he and the assailant went out a first-floor window. Second attempt on Austin.

RUFUS

What?! Is Cam-?

FLINT

Alive. Few stitches, busted nose. Austin's fine. Says he's ready to talk now.

RUFUS

Take me there.

JONES

No, You're done. We're handling this now.

RUFUS

You can't do that.

JONES

I just did.

He turns to walk. Then pauses.

JONES (CONT'D)

Expect a call from your Chief tomorrow, Malone. Enjoy your evening.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MCALISTERS OFFICE - SAME TIME

Grant watches the exchange on his desktop feed, emotionless. He closes the program, stands, adjusts his pristine jacket.

At the door, Bovis stands ready.

GRANT

Mr. Bovis. Fetch the car. I'm going home.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MALONE HOUSE - EVENING

An Uber pulls up. Rufus steps out, exhausted. He nods to the driver.

RUFUS

Thanks very much.

He walks across the lawn and stops suddenly.

Squish.

Rufus looks down. Then up at the sky.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
 (to self)  
 Don't get mad Rufus, Don't get  
 mad...  
 (beat)  
 Alright, I'm mad.

He turns on his heel and marches across the grass toward his neighbor's front door.

EXT. JEFF'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rufus bangs the door like it owes him money.

JEFF (O.S.)  
 Alright! I'm coming!

The door swings open. Jeff appears—sweaty, annoyed, and in boxers.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 The fuck do you w—

Rufus jams two fingers up Jeff's nostrils and drags him out the door.

EXT. MALONE HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Rufus hauls Jeff over to the offending pile of dog shit and drops him in front of it.

RUFUS  
 Now listen Jeff, I've had a bit of  
 a fucked up day.  
 (beat)  
 Now, I've asked nicely for a couple  
 of years now and enough is enough.

JEFF  
 What the fuck is wrong with you?

RUFUS  
 My dad? Old-school bastard. Dog  
 used to crap everywhere. He rubbed  
 its nose in it.



Rufus grabs Jeff—smears his face in the mess.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
 I ain't my dad.  
 (beat)  
 But responsibility, Jeff. It starts  
 with the leash holder.

JEFF  
 (gagging)  
 Ah, help! Someone help me!

RUFUS  
 Ah they ain't going to help you.  
 They know what you're like Jeff,  
 now you gonna clean up after your  
 dog?

JEFF  
 Alright! I'll clean it! Please!

Rufus releases him. Jeff rolls away, gagging and crying.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 You fucking psycho! I'll get you  
 fired, I swear to God, you're  
 insane!

Rufus takes a step toward him.

Jeff wets himself.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 Okay, Okay! I'm sorry!

RUFUS  
 Sort your fucking life out Jeff!

Rufus turns, calm now. He spots Laura and Suzie watching from  
 behind the curtain.

He waves. They awkwardly wave back.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - HALLWAY

Rufus enters. Laura rushes out from the dining room, half in  
 shock.

LAURA  
 Rufus! What the hell was that  
 about?

He hangs his jacket, casual.

RUFUS  
He had it coming.

LAURA  
You shoved his face in shit.

RUFUS  
And somehow, still not the worst  
thing I did today.

Suzie runs in and hugs him.

SUZIE  
Daddy!

RUFUS  
Hey, honey. Missed you.

He lifts her briefly, smiling. Sets her down gently.

RUFUS MALONE  
Go catch some cartoons, yeah?

She zips off to the living room.

LAURA  
Talk to me.

RUFUS MALONE  
hey've benched me. MI5's all over  
the Austin shooting. Cam got hurt.  
I got to meet with the chief in the  
morning.

LAURA  
Is Cam okay?

RUFUS MALONE  
I think so. Busted nose. Some  
stitches. But they won't even let  
me see him.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rufus grabs a beer from the fridge. Pops it.

KNOCK KNOCK.

He groans.

RUFUS MALONE  
If that's Jeff coming for round  
two-

LAURA  
I'll get it. You go sit with Suzie.

RUFUS MALONE  
Thanks.

He heads off, drink in hand.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Laura opens the door to a delivery driver holding a parcel.

DELIVERY GUY  
I got a package for Malone?

LAURA  
(confused)  
Okay...

He hands it over, scans a proof-of-delivery photo.

DELIVERY GUY  
Cheers. Have a good one.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cartoons flicker on the TV. Suzie curls beside Rufus, who looks almost at peace for once.

Laura enters with the package.

RUFUS MALONE  
Hey honey, what was it?

LAURA  
I don't know. But it's for you.

He takes it, opens the outer box. Inside: a sleek Aucta Re glasses box.

Suzie's eyes light up.

SUZIE  
Oh my God daddy! You brought me a pair of Aucta Re glasses?

RUFUS  
No. I didn't -

He pulls out a small card. Handwritten note:

"Thought these might help speed up the investigation.

- M"

His expression changes—tightens.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
These aren't for us to use okay?

SUZIE  
Ah but daddy!

RUFUS  
No buts. I don't bring work home.  
And trust me—these things? I don't  
like the look of them.

He sets the glasses box back on the table. Laura watches,  
worried.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WHITEHALL - NIGHT

Spotlights cast long shadows across the towering monolith of  
British Intelligence.

INT. WHITEHALL - DOCTORS OFFICE.

Cameron sits on a gurney, watching as a DOCTOR cleans the  
wound on his hand.

DOCTOR  
You're lucky. Another three  
millimeters and you'd be teaching  
your hand to write again.

CAMERON  
I always wanted to learn  
ambidextrous typing.

DOCTOR  
You're cleared for work—but don't  
go slap-boxing criminals for a few  
days.

The doctor rolls to a tray, preps a shot.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Little morphine. You'll be floating  
in five.

CAMERON

Doc, please. I'm a tough lad.  
Nothing messes with me.

The doc gives him the shot. Cameron's eyes widen.

INT. WHITEHALL - JONES OFFICE

Jones types intensely at his desk. On a monitor, Flint is visible interviewing Austin in a holding room. She leaves.

Jones finishes typing, shuts the laptop.

A knock at the door.

FLINT

Austin's in holding. Detective  
Sol's being patched up.

JONES

Once he's stitched, I want him  
gone.

FLINT

But sir, he—

JONES

We're not letting Scotland Yard  
fumble this further.

He rubs his temples.

JONES (CONT'D)

I've got a migraine and a Prime  
Minister to charm tomorrow. Move  
Austin out of the city.

Flint leaves.

Jones' glasses light up. His pupils dart—data incoming. Then,  
the desk phone rings.

JONES (CONT'D)

Hello?

A cold, digital voice crackles through the line.

MASKED VOICE

Do you understand your assignment  
Mr. Jones?

JONES

I do.

INT. WHITEHALL - DOCTORS OFFICE.

The doctor hands Cameron a pill bottle.

DOCTOR  
Two of these, three times a day. No  
alcohol. No weed.

CAMERON  
You really know how to kill a good  
time, doc.

Flint enters. Cameron lights up like a Christmas tree.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
Agent Flint. Defender of justice.  
Breaker of hearts.

DOCTOR  
He's on morphine.  
(beat)  
My guess, First timer.

CAMERON  
They ain't lying.

FLINT  
Is he safe to drive?

Cameron does a lazy shoulder roll like he's in Cirque du  
Soleil.

CAMERON  
You're looking at the embodiment of  
coordination.

The doctor shakes his head.

FLINT  
Okay, I'm taking you home  
detective.

CAMERON  
You are? Oh my God, did I at least  
buy you a drink first?

She drapes his arm over her shoulder and hauls him up.

INT. WHITEHALL - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Jones approaches a sealed door, flanked by two guards. They  
nod. One swipes the panel. The door opens.

INT. WHITEHALL - SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blue ambient light bathes the supercooled room. Vapor hisses at Jones' ankles.

He steps to a terminal. Slides in a thumb drive labeled: CERBERUS

Progress bar loads.

INT. WHITEHALL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jones exits the server room calmly. Heads to the holding cell.

Inside, Austin is pacing, red-faced.

AUSTIN  
This is unacceptable!

JONES  
I'm here to take you to a secure location.

AUSTIN  
It better have wine and WiFi.

Jones opens the door. Austin steps out.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
I have a long list of grievances. I hope you're taking notes.

JONES  
Oh, I'm taking notes, alright.

They walk off together.

INT. WHITEHALL - UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Flint helps Cameron stumble toward a Ford Focus.

CAMERON  
She said I was weird. That's why it ended.

FLINT  
You're weird. But weird's not a dealbreaker.

CAMERON

That's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me. I'm absolutely going to ruin this moment, aren't I?

FLINT

No. Just don't say anything inappropriate or try your luck.

CAMERON

I would never do anything so... vaginal!

She stops.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Kidding! Morphine joke! Very tasteful.

She almost laughs.

They reach the car. She props him against the side while fishing for her keys.

Her phone rings.

FLINT

This is agent Flint --

(beat)

Wait, what? No--he's with Jones right now.

She looks up. Sees Jones and Austin crossing toward a sleek Jaguar.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Actually, scratch that. I see them now. I'll call you back.

She hangs up.

FLINT (CONT'D)

You wait here, okay?

Cameron salutes weakly as she walks toward Jones.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Sir--transport team just called. They're en route for Austin.

Jones barely turns his head.



JONES  
Get in the car Austin.

AUSTIN  
Wait a minute! I'm not going  
nowhere until I know where I am  
going.

FLINT  
What is going on sir?

Jones sighs. Pulls out his gun.

BANG. He shoots Austin in the leg.

JONES  
I said, get in the car!

Austin screams, crumples. Flint draws on Jones.

FLINT  
Put it down! Now!

Jones fires—straight at her heart.

SLOW MOTION

The bullet races through the air. Just as it's about to hit—  
Cameron yanks Flint out of the way.

THUD. They crash to the ground.

FLINT (CONT'D)  
Jesus—

CAMERON  
You okay?

FLINT  
Y-yeah, I think so.

Jones drags a sobbing Austin across the lot. Throws him in  
the passenger seat. Jumps behind the wheel.

The Jaguar tears off, smashes through the automated barrier,  
vanishes into the night.

Flint scrambles to her feet, grabs her phone.

FLINT (CONT'D)  
This is Agent Flint—Senior Agent  
Jones has gone rogue.  
(MORE)

FLINT (CONT'D)

I repeat, he's taken Austin—armed  
and dangerous. I need units now.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MALONE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Laura is curled up beside Rufus, who stares blankly at the TV. Some late-night comedy show flickers on, laugh track rolling.

He's not laughing.

His phone buzzes in his pocket. He awkwardly shifts, gently moving Laura aside and answering.

RUFUS

Jenkins? It's past midnight—what's  
going on?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - FORENSICS OFFICE

Jenkins sits at his desk, pale and tired. Security footage plays on screen, he wears his glasses, the L.E.D's flashing.

JENKINS

Sorry, guv. I've combed every inch  
of the footage from the arena. I  
can't find the glasses.

Rufus rubs his eyes.

RUFUS

Nothing at all?

JENKINS

Nothing. Still tracking how the gun  
got in, though. Should have  
something solid by tomorrow.

RUFUS

I appreciate the work. Don't burn  
yourself out. Get some sleep, yeah?

JENKINS

Will do. Sorry again, guv.

Jenkins watches as footage of himself handing the glasses to Jones plays on the monitor.

He hesitates. Then deletes the file.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMERONS HOUSE - NIGHT.

Flint's car pulls up in front of a modest but beautifully kept two-storey house. The garden is pristine.

INT. FLINTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Flint eyes the house, impressed.

FLINT  
This is yours?

CAMERON  
Was my mum's. I got it after she passed.

A beat.

FLINT  
She had great taste in hedges.

CAMERON SOL  
I maintain 'em. Enough death in the job—I want beauty at home.

FLINT  
That's... kind of poetic.

CAMERON  
You wanna come in? Drink?

FLINT  
Is this you hitting on me?

CAMERON  
Would it help if I said no?

A smile. She kills the engine.

INT. CAMERON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The lights click on. A clean, well-loved space. Movie posters line the walls—The French Connection, Heat, Lethal Weapon. A shrine to the genre.

Flint steps inside, admiring.

CAMERON

Make yourself at home. Sorry about the mess.

There is no mess.

FLINT

You've always wanted to be a cop?

She stops in front of a framed Turner & Hooch poster.

CAMERON (O.S.)

Yeah. Blame my dad. Raised me on those flicks.

He appears from the kitchen, holding two glasses of scotch.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Hope you're okay with whiskey. It's all I've got that isn't multivitamins.

FLINT

Whiskey's fine

She browses his vinyl collection. Finds a stash of '70s rock.

CAMERON

What about you? Always dreamt of chasing terrorists?

FLINT

No, I kind of fell into it at university, I got recruited, I was studying to be a financial analyst.

She picks up a graduation photo—young Cameron, his mum beside him.

CAMERON

From spreadsheets to spies. That's a hell of a pivot.

FLINT

You'd be surprised how much espionage is about money.

He hands her a glass.

CAMERON

To surviving one hell of a shift.

They clink. Sip.

They sit-close, but not too close-on the sofa.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
You and Jones... Were you close?

FLINT  
No. Assigned to him a few months back. But lately... he wasn't the same.

CAMERON  
That far-off look. Like the lights were on, but...

FLINT  
No one was home.

A quiet moment. The air changes.

CAMERON  
Like Melissa. The nurse. Empty eyes. Blank mind. Same as the shooter. Same as... Jones. They all had the Aucta Re glasses.

FLINT  
You're thinking it's the glasses?

CAMERON  
I don't do conspiracy theories. But yeah. Something's off.

FLINT  
You're saying Red Bird is behind this?

CAMERON  
Not saying. Just... Not, not saying.

FLINT  
That sounds a bit "Tin Foil Hat," Cam.

CAMERON  
You get to call me Cam and I so much as don't know --

FLINT  
I'm Jacinta. But... maybe stick with Agent Flint for now.

They both smirk.

CAMERON

Alright, Agent Flint. Here's the thing: every single one of them was wearing those Aucta Re glasses before they snapped.-

FLINT

And the shooter met McAlister Grant. With Grayham Austin standing beside him.

CAMERON

Exactly. The only link between 'em all... is this.

He reaches into his coat, pulls out the cracked glasses from Melissa.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

I snagged them before the scene got swarmed. Couldn't risk them "disappearing" like the others.

Flint takes them, examining.

FLINT

We need someone who can decrypt this.

CAMERON SOL

I've got a guy. Me and Rufus can swing by in the morning.

FLINT

So, what now?

CAMERON

Now? We finish the whiskey and try not to think about how royally screwed we might be.

Flint leans in, her voice soft.

FLINT

You're not what I expected Cam.

CAMERON

Yeah? And what did you expect?

FLINT

More cop cliché. Less... garden and vinyl.

A long look. Then—

CAMERON

So... Is this still just one drink?

She raises her brow. Smiles.

FLINT

Ask me again when the glass is empty.

They clink glasses again.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GRANT'S MANSION - NIGHT

A modern glass palace perched high above a secluded hill. Cold. Isolated. The lights of London twinkle below in the distance like a forgotten constellation.

INT. GRANTS PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

A luxury cocoon. Grant lounges on a sleek L-shaped sofa, nursing a scotch. Firelight flickers across the glass walls, half the room bathed in golden glow.

The TV plays in the background — a news report. The anchor looks grim.

T.V ANCHOR

Senior MI5 agent Arthur Jones is now wanted in connection with the kidnapping of politician Grayham Austin. A nationwide manhunt is underway.

Grant sits up, stunned.

GRANT

What the hell?

T.V ANCHOR (O.S.)

Jones' Jaguar was found abandoned five miles from the scene. His whereabouts remain unknown.

DING-DONG.

Grant finishes his scotch and rises, muttering.

INT. GRANT'S MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He walks through a minimalist corridor adorned with cold, expensive art. Opens the door.

GRANT  
This had better be--

He's rushed. Five masked intruders in overalls and Aucta Re glasses storm in. Two grab him, force him to his knees.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
What is this? Who the hell--??!

Jones enters behind them - calm, collected - dragging a sobbing, bloodied Grayham Austin by the collar.

JONES  
Evening, Mac.

He rips off his glasses. Tosses them aside.

JONES (CONT'D)  
Gotta say... you've made one hell of a product.

GRANT  
Arthur-what the fuck is going on?!  
Why do you have-?

BANG.

Jones shoots Austin in the head, mid-sentence. Blood hits the marble.

THUD.

Austin's body collapses.

Jones barely reacts. He steps over the corpse.

JONES  
If you need to do a job properly  
huh?!

GRANT  
What is wrong with you?

JONES  
Well, I'm a little bit pissed off  
Mac if I'm honest. Thanks to the  
(looks back at Austin)  
Cockroaches ability to survive, I  
had to expedite my plan some.  
(MORE)



JONES (CONT'D)  
 Couldn't have him coming out as the  
 "great white hope" now could I?

He approaches Grant. Reaches for the scotch bottle.

JONES (CONT'D)  
 Wow. Four grand a bottle?

GRANT  
 Aged 300 years a bottle.

Jones cracks the bottle, he sniffs it appreciating the scent for a moment.

JONES  
 Smells like revolution.

He pours himself a glass.

GRANT  
 Why are you doing this Matthew?

He sips. Smiles. Then leans over Grant.

JONES  
 I want everything, Mac. Power.  
 Access. The kind of control empires  
 are built on. And thanks to you,  
 I'm almost there.

He nods to one of the masked soldiers, who pulls out a fresh pair of Aucta Re glasses and places them on Grant's face.

GRANT  
 Wait—wait—what are you doing?!

JONES  
 What nobody else had the balls to.  
 (nods to Austin's body)  
 He knew we'd gone soft. The kid  
 knew it.  
 (exhales)  
 The system's broken. I'm just  
 streamlining the collapse.

He sits on the arm of the sofa. Casual. Almost friendly.

JONES (CONT'D)  
 After Joseph met with you, we  
 picked him up. Kid flagged an  
 exploit in your software. One teeny  
 little backdoor.  
 (beat)  
 That's when I saw it.  
 (MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)  
 Real potential. All that user  
 data—behaviors, habits, triggers...  
 (leans in)  
 Add a dash of CIA files from a  
 little something called MK  
 Ultra—yeah, I have clearance—and  
 suddenly, we've got something  
 beautiful.

He pulls out an old Nokia burner. Dials. Two rings. A click.

JONES (CONT'D)  
 Switch him on.

INSERT - GRANTS P.O.V

he lenses flicker. Purple to blue.

MINDS EYE INITIALIZING

Images flash - lights, patterns, subliminal commands.

Grant's pupils dilate. He tries to look away. Can't.

BACK TO SCENE -

Jones crouches in front of him.

JONES (CONT'D)  
 Your tech. Their research. My  
 vision.  
 (scoffs)  
 I've built an army that doesn't ask  
 questions. They obey. Anywhere.  
 Anytime. With a single app...  
 buried inside your own system.  
 (stands)  
 Now I need one more thing, Mac.

GRANT  
 (barely conscious)  
 What?..

JONES  
 (smirks)  
 I need you to have that chat with  
 the Prime Minister tomorrow, but  
 with a few revisions.

SMASH TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. CAMERON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Soft daylight creeps in through a gap in the curtains.

Cameron stirs. He blinks against the light, slowly registering the woman beside him - Flint, sleeping peacefully.

He carefully rolls onto his back, silently fist-pumps the air, then instantly regrets it as pain shoots through his healing hand.

CAMERON  
(low groan)  
So worth it though.

He slips out of bed, grabs his phone from the bedside table, and tiptoes out.

INT. CAMERON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The kettle starts to boil. Cameron scoops coffee into a mug, still in yesterday's shirt.

Behind him, Flint enters - hair messy, wearing one of his T-shirts like she's always belonged there. She plants a casual kiss on his cheek.

FLINT  
Morning.

CAMERON  
(softly smiles)  
M-morning. How did you sleep?

FLINT  
You slept?

Cameron blushes.

Flint smirks. Cameron stirs the coffee.

CAMERON  
You want some breakfast?

FLINT  
Tempting, but I've got to face the firing squad. Someone's going to want answers.

CAMERON  
Tell me about it. I'm terrified to even look at my phone.

FLINT  
But... I'll take a coffee. And  
maybe a hot shower?

CAMERON  
You've got both. Mi casa es su...  
cuppa.

She chuckles and starts to leave, then pauses in the doorway.

FLINT  
Dinner tonight? My place?

Cameron freezes, mid-stir.

CAMERON  
Wait, was that a-

FLINT  
-yes or no?

He nods, maybe a little too enthusiastically. She smiles and disappears down the hall.

Cameron stands there, dazed, a grin sneaking across his face.

CAMERON  
(quietly to self)  
Okay. So, that just happened.

He finally turns on his phone. It immediately rings.

He flinches.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
(dreading it)  
Here we go...

He answers.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
Chief?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CHIEFS OFFICE - DAY

Chief Gavins looms over Rufus and Cameron, who sit side-by-side like naughty schoolboys. Her jaw is clenched, fists planted on the desk.

CHIEF. GAVINS  
And now we have a dead Austin!

RUFUS  
Wait- what?

CHIEF. GAVINS  
Body pulled from the edge of the Thames. Gunshot to the head.

RUFUS  
What about Jones?

CHIEF. GAVINS  
Gone. Vanished. Like a fart in a wind tunnel.

She notice the huge smirk on Camerons face.

CHIEF. GAVINS (CONT'D)  
Oh is this funny to you?

CAMERON  
No, no! Sorry, Chief. Just... had a wild night.

Rufus side-eyes him.

RUFUS  
You and Agent Hot Pants?

CAMERON  
Hey Ruffi, a gentleman never tells.  
(beat, nods)  
But yes, fuck yes I did.

CHIEF. GAVINS  
WHAT. THE ACTUAL. FUCK.

She slams her palm on the desk. Cameron jumps.

CHIEF. GAVINS (CONT'D)  
I've got a corpse on the news, a rogue agent on the run, the Prime Minister breathing down my neck- And you're out here playing Love Island with MI5?!

CAMERON & RUFUS  
Sorry chief.

CHIEF. GAVINS  
That's it. You're both off the case. I'm assigning it to Angel and McClaine.

RUFUS

Those clowns? They once spent three days chasing a shoplifter in the wrong city!

CHIEF. GAVINS

Well, maybe they'll at least do it without flirting, bleeding, or getting witnesses murdered!

CAMERON

To be fair, the nurse jumped out the window with me—

CHIEF. GAVINS

You're on leave until that hand's fixed. You even touch a keyboard and I'll have you on traffic duty in Milton Keynes!

Cameron deflates like a punctured bouncy castle.

CHIEF. GAVINS (CONT'D)

Now get out. Hand everything to Angel and McClaine now. I want this off your desks yesterday.

Rufus and Cameron rise. Sheepishly. Silently.

CHIEF. GAVINS (CONT'D)

And if I hear one more thing about you shagging anyone from another agency, you'll be fixing parking tickets till you retire!

CAMERON

(to Rufus)  
She's talking to me right?

CHIEF. GAVINS

OUT!

They scramble for the door.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNING STREET - DAY

A dense line of UNIFORMED POLICE stands tense at the front gates, shoulders squared, eyes scanning.

Beyond the barricades – a furious wave of PROTESTORS.  
Placards swing:

“AUSTIN DIED FOR US”

“WHO’S NEXT?”

“COVER-UP!”

Chants rise like thunder:

CROWD  
JUSTICE FOR AUSTIN, JUSTICE FOR  
AUSTIN!

A bottle smashes near an officer’s feet. Another cop flinches as a flare erupts red smoke near the fence.

The officers exchange anxious glances, knuckles tight around batons. No one breaks the line... yet.

PROTESTOR (O.S.)  
He was silenced! We want answers!

CROWD  
(chanting)  
THEY KILLED OUR VOICE! THEY KILLED  
OUR VOICE!

Camera flashes pop. News drones hover overhead. The tension crackles like a live wire.

The gates hold. For now.

INT. NO 10 DOWNING STREET – HALLWAY – DAY

Grant sits stiffly on a bench outside the Prime Minister’s office. His Aucta Re glasses glow faintly. His eyes twitch – processing something.

The double doors open. An AIDE steps out, clipboard in hand.

AIDE  
Mr. Grant. The Prime Minister will  
see you now.

Grant stands. Doesn’t acknowledge the aide. Walks inside.

INT. PRIME MINISTERS OFFICE – MOMENTS LATER

The PRIME MINISTER, rises behind his desk – formal, cautious, the weight of the country on his shoulders.

PRIME MINISTER

McAlister, I respect your vision...  
but you must understand my  
concerns. Especially regarding  
military use.

GRANT

And I do, Prime Minister. But  
picture this: fifteen percent  
faster reaction times. Instant  
trauma response in the field. No  
missed commands. No delay.

(beat)

And all delivered by a British  
company. Jobs, GDP boost – isn't  
that the very mandate you were  
elected on?

The Prime Minister shifts. Grant presses.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Security. Growth. Popularity. Three  
birds. One stone.

PRIME MINISTER

And yet... you and I both know –  
every system is vulnerable. Yours  
included.

GRANT

If it were, would I be wearing  
these?

He gestures to the glasses with a grin.

PRIME MINISTER

Well, they are quite fashionable.  
But hardly battlefield-ready.

GRANT

There are other models.

PRIME MINISTER

(dry)

I'm sure there are.

Grant chuckles, then smoothly reaches into his jacket.

PRIME MINISTER (CONT'D)

McAlister, no gifts–  
(half-joking)  
–not after the sock puppet scandal.



GRANT  
Not a gift. A demo.

He opens a sleek case. Inside: a pristine set of Aucta Re glasses.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Try them. Just once. Before you tank my stock with another public takedown.

The PM hesitates. Eyes the glasses like a live grenade.

PRIME MINISTER  
My kids want them for Christmas.

GRANT  
Well, consider it research.

Before he can answer, the AIDE re-enters, discreet

AIDE  
Sir, you're next appointment is here.

The Prime Minister nods, then turns to Grant.

PRIME MINISTER  
Look - I appreciate the pitch. But between budget constraints and unresolved safety concerns, I can't-  
(extends hand)  
It's not personal.

GRANT  
(flatly)  
No. Of course not.

They shake hands. Grant turns to leave... then pauses at the door. Notices the ARMED GUARD standing just outside.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Actually, Prime Minister... there's one more thing you should know.

Without hesitation, Grant grabs the guard's weapon. Spins. Aims it point-blank.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
The Revolution is here!

BANG.

The Prime Minister's body slumps behind the desk.

Screams.

The aide freezes in horror.

The guard lunges – but Grant spins free. He grins, manic, euphoric. Raises the gun to his own head.

GRANT (CONT'D)  
Long live the future!

BANG.

He drops. Dead. Glasses cracked. Blood splashed across the Union Jack.

EXT. DOWNING STREET – CONTINUOUS

For a moment, everything is still.

The angry crowd falls silent.

The police brace.

The air is heavy – like the world is holding its breath.

Then–

AIDE (O.S.)  
THE PRIME MINISTER IS DEAD!

BOOM. Chaos ignites.

The crowd erupts – screams, shouts, fists in the air.

Placards are thrown. Bottles smash.

Someone hurls a traffic cone over the barricade.

A protest becomes a riot in seconds.

Police radios crackle. Officers scramble.

OFFICER  
Shields up! Hold the line!

The gates rattle. The system fractures.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

Classic rock hums in the background.

Rufus and Cameron slump at the bar, nursing beers, stewing in self-pity.

CAMERON  
So, that's it then?

RUFUS  
Does it have to be?

CAMERON  
Well, on that--

He pulls the cracked Aucta Re glasses from his pocket.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
Everyone else keeps losing these.  
Figured I'd hang on to the nurse's  
pair.

RUFUS  
Alright, so who do we know who can  
crack Red Bird tech?

CAMERON  
Butterman at the market? Or  
Riggs... if you fancy a road trip  
to HMP Hellhole.

RUFUS  
Nah. We need someone on the inside.  
What about your new girlfriend?

CAMERON  
Don't start--she stayed over once.

RUFUS  
And you had sex and she invited you  
to dinner. That my man; is dating.

The bartender approaches, unimpressed.

BARTENDER  
You two done with your little date?  
I'm closing up. Things are going  
sideways out there.

CAMERON  
What do you mean?

BARTENDER

Red Bird guy just shot the Prime Minister. It's bedlam at Downing Street.

Rufus bolts upright. His wallet hits the bar... and a crumpled note falls out.

CAMERON

What's that?

RUFUS

A note, on a red bird memo.

(examines)

Says, "Call me, I can help" then a number.

CAMERON

That sounds like a lead to me.

RUFUS

I think someone at Redbird wants to help.

CAMERON

Let's go get Flint and figure this out then!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WHITEHALL - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Flint stands alone, box of belongings in hand. A roomful of stone-faced superiors sits in judgment.

SUPERVISOR

Agent Flint, based on recent events, we are suspending you pending investigation.

FLINT

Yes sir. But I assure you I had nothing to do with any of this.

SUPERVISOR

Maybe so, but Jones hand-picked you for his detail. That, my dear is grounds for concern.

EXT. WHITEHALL - UNDERGROUND CAR PARK

DING.

Flint exits the lift, defeated, clutching her box. She fumbles for her keys—then—

Two SUITED MEN approach.

SUITED MAN #1  
Someone wants a work Agent. Flint.

Flint's eyes flash. She moves first.

CRACK. Elbow to the jaw. One man's glasses fly off—he collapses, eyes blank.

She turns—BOOM!—smashes the other in the nose.

But she backs into a BLACK VAN.

SLAM. Side door flies open. Two MASKED HENCHMEN grab her, drag her inside.

A muffled scream. The van peels out.

The downed suited man groggily comes to—blinking like he's waking from a dream.

SUITED MAN #2  
What.. What's going on?

BANG.

Suited Man #1 puts a bullet in his skull.

SUITED MAN #1  
You became a liability.

He jumps into the van. DOOR SLAMS.

INT. AUDI RS6 - MOVING

The Audi creeps through traffic.

Cam sips his coffee. Rufus scans ahead.

CAMERON  
That van's not driving casual, is it?

EXT. WHITEHALL/ STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The van peels out onto the street, it screeches turning into traffic and fighting it's way through.

INT. AUDI RS6 - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

RUFUS  
No, that is bad news on wheels.

Cameron dials Flint. Two rings.

JONES (V.O.)  
I am afraid Jacinta is a little busy right now. Detective!

CLICK.

CAMERON  
Shit. Rufus bring the noise!

He floors it.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The RS6 roars to life, sirens flipping on. It dives into traffic, closing the distance.

INT. BLACK VAN - MOVING.

Flint struggles against two goons.

Jones sits calm, watching her.

JONES  
You really were one of the bright ones, Jacinta.

FLINT  
This is the glasses. It's control. You're not like this.

JONES  
(smirks)  
Oh no. This? This is me—finally free.

He removes his glasses and waves them around.

JONES (CONT'D)  
See!

HENCHMAN #1  
Sir, the coppers are still on us.

JONES  
Seems I underestimated those guys  
too. Persistent little bastards.

Jones takes out his burner phone.

JONES (CONT'D)  
Yes, activate a deterrent.  
Something loud.

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

SCREECH.

From the opposite lane—A TRUCK barrels towards the Audi.

INT. AUDI RS6 - MOVING

RUFUS  
Hey.. Hey.. Cam, there's a truck  
coming at us!

Cameron yanks the wheel -

EXT. BUILDING SITE - CONTINUOUS

The Audi bursts through a barrier into a live building site.

Steel frames collapse behind them.

BOOM. Gas canisters explode.

BEAMS FALL. A bulldozer crashes into scaffolding.

INT. AUDI RS6 - MOVING

Cam swerves madly.

RUFUS  
This damn building's coming down on  
us, Cam!

CAMERON  
(gritted teeth)  
Relax will you! We're not dying  
under concrete!

Cam eyes a ramp of stacked pylons.

EXT. BUILDING SITE/ STREET - CONTINUOUS

BOOM. They hit it-

The Audi LAUNCHES.

SMASHES back onto the road. The van is in view.

INT. BLACK VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The henchman shakes his head at Jones, who is still on the phone.

JONES  
I need something else? Anything?  
(beat, raises brow, then)  
Interesting. Try it.

INT. AUDI RS6 - MOVING.

Rufus's phone rings.

RUFUS  
It's Laura.

CAMERON  
Well, we're a little busy if you  
haven't noticed Ruf!

RUFUS  
I know but she doesn't ring me on  
shift unless it's urgent.

He answers.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
Hey Honey, it's a bit of a bad  
time!

Her voice comes through clear, cold. Emotionless.

LAURA (V.O.)  
If you want your daughter to live  
you will give up the chase and come  
home now.

Rufus's eyes widen. Cameron notices.



RUFUS  
(silent beat)  
Look, it's okay. I'll do what they  
want okay.

He hangs up. Looks at Cam.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
Pull back.

CAMERON  
What?! Are you fucking nuts?!

RUFUS  
Pull back dammit! Whatever's going  
on, it's affecting Laura.

Cameron hits the brakes.

EXT. BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Audi U-TURNS, speeding in the opposite direction.

INT. BLACK VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The henchmen turns to Jones and nods.

JONES  
It worked. I'm on my way.

He hangs up. Turns his attention back to Flint.

JONES (CONT'D)  
I'm guessing you have questions?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MALONE HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

The RS6 tears into the yard, shattering the picket fence,  
tires screeching as it fishtails to a stop.

Rufus throws the door open mid-brake and charges out.  
Cameron hops out the passenger side, instantly clocking JEFF  
marching toward them.

JEFF  
Oi, what the fuck is this?

CAMERON  
 (flashes badge and gun)  
 Fuckwad, I suggest you step back  
 and go inside. This ain't the time.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - FRONT DOOR/HALLWAY

Rufus kicks the door open-

RUFUS  
 LAURA?! SUZIE?!

LAURA (O.S.)  
 (calm, almost robotic)  
 We're in the kitchen honey!

Rufus rushes through.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - KITCHEN

Rufus enters—and stops dead.

Laura stands a few feet away, gun raised to Suzie's head. The little girl sobs.

RUFUS  
 Okay, okay. Let's take it easy.  
 (raises hands)  
 So you knew I kept a service  
 revolver huh?

LAURA  
 Yeah. I did.

SUZIE  
 (sobbing)  
 Daddy. What's going on? I don't  
 want to die.

LAURA  
 (cold)  
 Stop crying.

RUFUS  
 Hey- no. No, It's gonna be okay  
 baby, you hear me.  
 (looks to Laura)  
 That's not your mum in there kid.  
 That's why I told you not to play  
 with the glasses.

SUZIE

She said she was getting a recipe,  
that it wouldn't hurt.

EXT. MALONE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cameron creeps along the house, ducks under a window, peeks into the kitchen.

INT. CAMERON'S P.O.V -THROUGH WINDOW

He sees the stand-off. Gun. Suzie. Laura—vacant, twitchy.

BACK TO SCENE:

Cameron pulls out his phone.

CAMERON

(low)

Chief, we got a hostage situation -  
Rufus' house. I need a tac-team  
now!

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chief Gavins, in a war room of chaos. Every monitor shows a burning London.

CHIEF. GAVINS

(flatly)

You're outta luck, Sol. London's on  
fire. We're spread thin. We're  
losing.

EXT. MALONE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Click. Cameron hangs up.

He stares at the back door. Then moves. Quiet. Fast.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rufus is now on his knees. Hands raised.

RUFUS

Laura... fight it. I know you can.  
Please.

LAURA

I have to destroy what matters most  
to you. That's the directive.

Rufus shifts his view.

He sees the back door creak open. Out of Laura's peripheral.

RUFUS

That's not you. You're stronger  
than this.

Laura's hand trembles. She cocks the hammer.

CLICK-CLICK.

LAURA

Goodbye Rufus.

EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN-

The door BLASTS open.

Cameron charges in, gun raised.

RUFUS

NO!

Rufus lunges at Suzie.

Laura spins, fires-

BANG!

Cameron grunts—a bullet punches through his shoulder—he  
crashes down.

PZZT! Taser darts fly-

Laura convulses, collapses.

Suzie screams.

Rufus grabs her, shielding her.

TIME RESUMES.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

It's okay, it's okay—it's over. I  
got you.

SUZIE

Daddy!

Rufus looks—Laura lies twitching.

RUFUS  
Stay here, baby. I'll be right  
back.

He rushes to Laura, gently pulls the darts.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
He rushes to Laura, gently pulls  
the darts.

LAURA  
(groggy, dazed)  
Is... is she safe?

RUFUS  
Yeah. She's okay. We're okay.

LAURA  
(tears streaming)  
I couldn't stop it... I didn't want  
to hurt her...

RUFUS  
You didn't. You're here. You fought  
it. Everything's alright.

CAMERON (O.S.)  
(groans)  
Uh... Is it Rufi?

Rufus turns—Cameron's sitting up, wincing, chest smoking.

RUFUS  
You wore your vest right?

CAMERON  
(grimacing, peels shirt)  
Like a second skin.  
(beat)  
But damn, this thing still kicks  
like a mule.

He looks to Rufus, steel in his eyes.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
We end this. Right now!

RUFUS  
Yeah time to bring down the roof.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MALONE HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

P.O.V - INSIDE THE RS6 BOOT

The lid creaks open. Backlit by the porch light, Rufus and Cameron stare down.

RUFUS  
You know, we're not supposed to be  
keeping weapons?

CAMERON  
(smirks)  
Says the guy who stashed a loaded  
revolver next to a Hoover.

BACK TO SCENE:

The boot's a mini-armory. Under a half-covered blanket:  
shotgun, handguns, cattle prods, smoke grenades, tear  
gas—enough gear to start a one-car revolution.

Rufus pulls the shotgun, checks the barrel, cocks it with a  
crisp CLACK-CLACK.

RUFUS  
This is definitely not regulation.

CAMERON  
So, what now?

RUFUS  
Find out who wants to help us.

CAMERON  
And when we do?

RUFUS  
We bring the storm. And we bring  
Flint home.

CAMERON  
(grinning)  
You really know how to pep-talk a  
guy.

They slam the boot shut.

RUFUS  
Also was that a --

CAMERON

Yup. It's going to come in handy.

CUT TO:

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MCALISTERS OFFICE - NIGHT

Flint sits bound to a chair.

Behind her, London burns. Fires flicker across a powerless skyline. Red Bird HQ glows like the last working monument.

Jones sips a fine whiskey, calm as ever, bathed in the orange flicker of chaos.

FLINT

Why do all this? Why?

JONES

(beat)

Why not? The world's addicted to outrage. I just gave it something to chase.

FLINT

So why keep me alive?

JONES

Oh, that.

(sips drink)

Well, I'll need someone to blame when the smoke clears.

(looks at Flint)

You'll be a tragic story.

(shrugs)

Unfortunate, but very useful.

FLINT

You won't get away with this.

JONES

Oh, I'm counting on not getting away with it.

(grins)

For a little while. Just long enough to disappear somewhere warm, untouchable, and a whole lot richer.

FLINT

(realizing, cold)

You're robbing the country.

JONES

I prefer the term "liquidating assets."

(beat)

While London tears itself apart, my program—Cerberus—is quietly leeching off every secure fund on the MI6 grid. Untraceable. Instant. Elegant.

FLINT

You're not a mastermind. You're a glorified pickpocket with delusions of grandeur.

JONES

And yet here we are. Me, with a drink. You, tied to a chair.

(smiles)

Point: me.

FLINT

So who's your partner, then?

JONES

(pauses, sets down glass)

Oh, don't worry.

(smiles wider)

You'll meet them soon enough.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Rioters clash with overwhelmed POLICE. Flames lick broken shopfronts. Sirens wail. London is burning.

Through the chaos, the blacked-out Audi RS6 rolls in—quiet, purposeful.

INT. AUDI RS6 - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Rufus scans the devastation, jaw tight.

RUFUS

Our guy wants to meet at Red Bird.

CAMERON

Right. Just gotta get through the apocalypse first.



RUFUS  
Got a plan?

CAMERON  
(grinning)  
Remember that thing in the boot?

EXT. AUDI RS6 - CONTINUOUS

The boot pops. Cameron unzips a black case. Inside—a riot-grade beanbag launcher. He tosses it to Rufus.

RUFUS  
Where the hell did you get this?

CAMERON  
Riot training, two years ago.  
Forgot to return it.

RUFUS  
We all got docked for that.

CAMERON  
And now it's paying dividends.  
Let's go.

INT. AUDI RS6 - MOVING

Cameron flips the siren switch. Lights blaze. The engine roars to life. He switches on the radio "HIP HOP IS DEAD by Nas" plays.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A BRICK smashes into a cop's helmet. He drops. Chaos surges.

Then—BLARING HORNS.

BOOM. A beanbag hits a rioter square in the chest.

BOOM. BOOM. Two more fall.

The RS6 barrels through, Rufus firing non-lethal rounds from the sunroof like a rooftop cowboy.

RUFUS  
Angel! McClaine! Fall back and  
FLANK!

The front line regroups and pushes forward behind them—momentum restored.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CONTROL ROOM.

Chief Gavins watches the chaos turn.

She clenches a fist in quiet victory. Then—phone rings.

CHIEF. GAVINS  
Yes, Deputy PM... I think it's  
time. Call in the army.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RED BIRD HQ - NIGHT

The Audi screeches to a halt outside the eerily lit tower.

Rufus and Cameron both get out, their armed and ready, taking caution with every step.

CAMERON  
You see our man?

RUFUS  
Not yet—

EDISON (O.S.)  
Don't shoot! I'm here!

EDISON steps out from behind a bush, hands raised, twitchy.

EDISON (CONT'D)  
Thought you'd call sooner...

RUFUS  
It's been that kind of day.

CAMERON  
You said you could stop this?

EDISON  
Not exactly... but I know where to  
start.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MCALISTERS OFFICE - SAME TIME

DING. The lift opens. Charlie enters, flanked by Ms. King.

CHARLIE  
Countdown's set—twenty minutes,  
this whole place is dust.

JONES  
Time to vanish.

MS. KING  
About that.

BANG.

Jones drops with a bullet through the eye.

THUD.

CHARLIE  
Efficient. I like it.

She kisses him on the cheek.

MS. KING  
He had it coming.

CHARLIE  
Oh yes he did.

FLINT  
Who the hell are you?

CHARLIE  
A fan of chaos. And profit. And  
anonymity.

MS. KING  
We should kill her.

CHARLIE  
Ah, why though? Such a waste. Fetch  
me some glasses.

Charlie sits at the desk, he opens a laptop and opens the  
MINDS EYE app.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - LOBBY

Rufus, Cameron, Edison sneak through the ominously quiet  
lobby.

RUFUS  
Why's the power still on?

EDISON  
Private generator. We've got twenty minutes.

CAMERON  
So this app?

EDISON  
Only works from Charlie's terminal.

RUFUS  
And how many can he control?

EDISON  
Fifty. Maybe more.

RUFUS  
So? How many?

EDISON  
About fifty people.

DING. Lift doors open.

Two lifts. Both crammed with MINDS EYE zombified office workers, armed with scissors, staplers, makeshift weapons.

CAMERON  
Oh fuck me sideways.

RUFUS  
Non-lethal! Aim for the glasses!

CAMERON  
Big ask.

EXT. RED BIRD HQ - LOBBY - MAYHEM

The workers charge.

Rufus HEADBUTTS one-shattering glasses.

Edison SCREAMS as he's stabbed with a fork.

Cameron SMASHES a fire extinguisher into a woman's face.

CAMERON  
You okay?

EDISON  
I- I think she bit me?!

RUFUS  
Stairs—NOW!

INT. RED BIRD HQ - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

They fight their way up. Edison leads. Cameron takes the rear.

BOOM. A kick sends attackers flying

CAMERON  
We're almost --

BOOM. First-floor door BURSTS open—MORE WORKERS.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
FUCK SAKES.

RUFUS  
Back downstairs!

They tumble back down over unconscious bodies.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - LOBBY

More chaos. Bodies everywhere.

They reach the lift. DING. Doors open. They scramble inside.

WORKERS LUNGE—but they're seconds too late.

SLAM. Doors shut.

INT. ELEVATOR.

They pant, bruised and bloodied. Awkwardly serene elevator music plays.

CAMERON  
Well, that was something?

RUFUS  
Yeah. It was. I think I'm bleeding  
from everywhere.

Cameron glances at Edison—he's pale, shaking.

CAMERON  
First time fighting off corporate  
zombies?

RUFUS

Rookie.

CAMERON

Alright, time to save Flint... and shut this circus down.

RUFUS

Amen, brother.

EDISON

Are we going to die?

CAMERON

Probably.

RUFUS

And this is why no one lets you comfort hostages.

DING.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - UPPER OFFICE HALLWAY

The elevator doors open. They step out, tense and ready.

Flint emerges from the office—wearing the glasses. Gun raised.

BANG. She fires.

Cameron lunges, shoving Edison—just in time. They dive.

Cameron pulls a FLASH BANG, throws—

BOOM.

Blinding light.

He tackles Flint, rips off the glasses. They tumble.

CAMERON

You alright?

FLINT

(dazed)

You're late for dinner.

CAMERON

Ah, I know, but I'll make it up to you I promise.

BANG. Cameron is SHOT in the leg. He screams.

Ms. King lowers her weapon, calm as a breeze.

Rufus charges—but she SPIN KICKS him into the wall.

THUD.

In the doorway, Charlie applauds, laptop tucked under his arm.

CHARLIE

Well. This is a hell of a climax.

CAMERON

Edison—that him?

EDISON

Yeah, that's him.

CHARLIE

Charlie Spinks. Chaos enthusiast,  
tech savant, soon-to-be ghost with  
a billion pounds in untraceable  
crypto.

RUFUS

You're insane.

CHARLIE

(scowls)

I prefer "liberated visionary," but  
sure.

(checks watch)

Anyway—places to be.

EXT. CITY OF LONDON - NIGHT

London burns. Riots rage. A HELICOPTER approaches Red Bird HQ.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - UPPER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rufus eyes the shotgun nearby. He moves.

MS. KING

I don't think so.

She KICKS it away.

CHARLIE  
 Here's the deal—you chase us, the  
 building goes.  
 (checks sleeve)  
 Dead man's switch. Fun, right?

Cameron raises his gun.

CAMERON  
 I could end this right now. you son-  
 of-a-bitch!

CHARLIE  
 Sure. And boom goes the city block.  
 (snaps)  
 Also—don't talk about my mum.

He grins, checks his watch again.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Five minutes. Use 'em wisely.  
 (to Ms. King)  
 Let's go make another mess  
 somewhere else.

They EXIT.

Flint helps Cameron up.

CAMERON  
 Well, what now?

Rufus pulls the fire alarm.

SPRINKLERS activate. RED LIGHTS flash.

RUFUS  
 You three—get everyone out. I'm  
 finishing this.

Edison opens the door to the stairwell.

CAMERON  
 You won't make it out.

RUFUS  
 And trust me neither will he.

He SHOVES them toward the stairwell.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
 Now go dammit.

He SLAMS the door shut behind them, SMASHES the handle.



CAMERON  
RUFUS! YOU STUBBORN MOTHERF—

INT. RED BIRD HQ - STAIRWELL

Cameron SLAMS a fist against the door.

FLINT  
We have to go. We have to save who  
we can—Rufus made his choice.

CAMERON  
He shouldn't have had to.

FLINT  
Then make it count.

They RUN.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - UPPER HALLWAY

Rufus grabs the shotgun and limps after Charlie and Ms.  
King—rage boiling beneath every step.

EXT. RED BIRD HQ - ROOFTOP - NIGHT.

The helicopter blades WHIP the air. Charlie and Ms. King step  
into the wind.

CHARLIE  
Ms. King, it's been fun. But  
without my override codes? You're  
just a bitch.  
(sighs)  
Walk off the roof, will you?

MS. KING  
Sure.

Without pause, she turns and walks clean off the edge.

CHARLIE  
(shakes head)  
Such a shame. Great cheekbones.

He heads for the chopper. The door swings open.

BOOM.

Charlie's hand EXPLODES mid-step. The laptop case drops. He  
SCREAMS.

Behind him: Rufus. Locked, loaded.

RUFUS  
You think I'd let you leave?

CHARLIE  
My hand! You psycho!

RUFUS  
Relax, you've got another. And I  
need you alive... for a few more  
minutes.

Charlie dashes for the pilot seat.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
Yeah, nah.

BOOM. Rufus takes out the pilot.

CHARLIE  
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

Rufus tosses the gun, charges forward, and CLOCKS Charlie in  
the face.

RUFUS  
You messed with the wrong family.

POW. Another hit. Charlie's a mess.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
And now, you're paying the price  
for it.

Charlie all busted up, laughs.

CHARLIE  
What you gonna book me?

Rufus smiles.

He looks at the helicopter. A plan clicks.

RUFUS  
I just need to buy my friend some  
time.

EXT. RED BIRD HQ - GROUND LEVEL.

Survivors pour from the building, helped by responders.  
Cameron limps out with Flint.

CAMERON  
EVERYBODY, KEEP GOING, GO, GO GO!!

BOOM. A MASSIVE EXPLOSION rips through the rooftop. Chain blasts follow—Red Bird HQ crumbles.

Cameron turns, eyes wide.

CAMERON (CONT'D)  
Rufus, no!

WORKER (O.S.)  
Look, up there!

Everyone watches in awe—

A PARACHUTE emerges through the smoke.

It's Rufus. Charlie is strapped to him, gagged and groaning.

Everyone's attention turns to the sky.

RUFUS  
Shut the fuck up!

They crash into the tree line.

Cameron and Flint rush to the landing zone.

CAMERON  
Rufi, you alive?

Silence.

Then—

RUFUS (O.S.)  
If they don't give me a pay rise  
for this shit I'm retiring.

He climbs down dragging Charlie like a ragdoll.

SIRENS SCREAM. Military trucks and police cars pull in. The Chief steps out, speechless.

CHIEF. GAVINS  
What the fuck happened here?

It's chaos, injured workers watch as their workspace is destroyed.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED BIRD HQ - LATER

Cameron lies on a stretcher. Flint and Rufus beside him. The Chief watches Edison with the laptop.

RUFUS

That's the only copy of Minds Eye.  
Edison can shut it down.

FLINT

The emergency fund's gone—but we  
can track it all from the laptop.

CHIEF. GAVINS

You two broke every protocol in the  
book...

(beat)

... but that riot-cannon stunt?

(turns to Cameron)

Was that the one that went missing  
in training?

CAMERON

Who's to say?

CHIEF. GAVINS

Well, you saved a hell of a lot of  
lives. The army's taking the  
streets. Deputy P.M. is stepping  
in.

CAMERON

And Charlie?

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

SLAM. Charlie sits with his stump of a hand. He looks out the  
barred window.

A robin lands on a branch.

CHARLIE

(chuckles)

Red bird.

CHIEF. GAVINS (V.O.)

Let's just say, he won't be flying  
free anytime soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING

A paperboy coasts by on his bike, launching newspapers like he's dodging chores.

He stops outside the Malone house, parks his bike up, walks up the path and posts the newspaper.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - FRONT DOOR/ HALLWAY

The paper lands on the mat, the headline reads:

NEW P.M OUTLAWS REDBIRD TECH.

A patched up Rufus picks up the paper, he smiles.

RUFUS  
(mutters)  
Now, that's more like it.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - KITCHEN

Rufus enters the kitchen, he kisses Laura on the head.

RUFUS  
Morning honey.

She smiles.

He takes a seat at the breakfast table next to Suzie, who's eating a full breakfast.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
I'm guessing you got here first  
again huh?

Suzie smiles and shares the plate with Rufus, she picks up a book and reads it.

Rufus notices the cover "GEORGE ORWELLS - 1984"

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
That's some heavy reading there  
baby?

HONK. a car horn outside.

LAURA  
You're other wife is here. tell him  
that it's dinner tonight.

RUFUS  
(grabs coat)  
I will.

LAURA  
And ask him if he's bringing  
Jackie?

RUFUS  
Oh he definitely will. They're  
joined at the hip.

Rufus kisses his wife.

He leaves.

EXT. MALONE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rufus exits the house, he walks down the driveway approaching  
Cameron waiting out by the drivers door.

CAMERON  
So, what's the deal there?

He nods over to the "for sale" sign outside Jeff's house.

RUFUS  
He says it got too crazy round  
here. Is moving up to Scotland.

Cameron laughs.

They get in the car.

INT. AUDI RS6 - CONTINUOUS

They buckle up.

RUFUS  
So, what's on the cards today?

CAMERON  
Chiefs wants us to check out this  
thing down the east end, something  
to do with a diamond heist,

RUFUS  
Well anything as long as it ain't  
computer related.

CAMERON  
Amen to that brother.

Cameron, shifts it in gear.

He puts his foot down.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC SUBURB - CONTINUOUS

The RS6 rides out into the sunrise.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.