

TRIGGERED

Written by

Ritchie "Stonian" Johnston

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Contact Info:

E-mail: richardjohnston83@hotmail.co.uk

Phone Number: (+44) 07718 275 002

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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 - SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Dark. Claustrophobic. Banks of monitors flicker, scanning every corner of the arena.

AGENT JONES (30s, bleach-blonde, immaculate, smug) slouches in his chair, clearly bored.

On his face: a pair of sleek AUCTIONER glasses. In the lenses, faint lines of code ripple – almost imperceptible. Tiny L.E.D.s pulse red and blue.

Jones lazily lifts his radio.

JONES
(under his breath)
He's coming. Everyone maintain
eyes.

INT. ARENA - MAIN STAGE

A brass band swings into "In the Mood." Austin 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.

Austin passes by his group of black-suited protection detail. A BODY GUARD pushes the button on their earpiece.

BODYGUARD
He's taking the stage. Maintain all
positions.

Austin 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 - SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Frantic Jones checks the monitors. He yells into the radio.

JONES
Get everyone up there now!

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 by his detail. 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: "SHOT IN THE DARK."

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.
(beat)
And I'm just spinning idea's here,
but..
(smirks)
You totally 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)
I lost my paper to the lawn mine.

CAMERON
Paper? 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)
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)
They are? Well, that's something.
This morning I had Suzie ask me for
a pair...
(beat)
Oh and on top of that Laura's
trying to get me to buy a smart
boiler.

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

Rufus chuckles.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
So, what's this morning's playlist?
Eighties or Classic Rock.

RUFUS
Could we do silence?

CAMERON
(scoffs)
Radio it is then.

Cameron clicks on the radio.

PANIC by THE SMITHS starts playing.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Audi RS6 cruises down a quiet street as the sun rises
over the city of London, coming to life in the distance.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNING STREET - DAY

A wall of POLICE OFFICERS hold the line outside the black
iron gates.

Across the street: a surging sea of PROTESTORS - waving signs
defending Austin, screaming for answers.

The tension crackles.

CROWD
(chanting)
WE WANT THE TRUTH, WE WANT THE
TRUTH!

INT. PRIME MINISTERS OFFICE - DAY

A grand, oak-paneled office bathed in grim afternoon light.

Jones sits stiffly across from the PRIME MINISTER (50s,
polished, calculating).

PRIME MINISTER
Mr. Jones, we've had our differences – but we both know this is a powder keg. It must be handled delicately.

JONES
(cool)
Of course, Prime Minister. But I'm confident – this was a lone shooter.

PRIME MINISTER
(confident, but weary)
Austin's profile is growing. People love an "everyman." If we brush this off, suspicion festers.

JONES
(dry)
So you want to save face?

PRIME MINISTER
I want to show the people that everyone matters – no matter who they are.

Jones leans back, hiding irritation.

JONES
If you say so sir.

PRIME MINISTER
Scotland Yard's assigning two detectives. They'll meet you after the press conference.

Jones bristles – tries to mask it – but his jaw clenches.

JONES
Sir, with respect – this happened on my watch. My team can handle it. Transparency... is assured.

PRIME MINISTER
(soft but firm)
Nothing says transparency like an inter-agency investigation.
(beat, then smiles)
Think how good it would look. You the youngest head of MI5, showing a willingness to co-operate in the public's interest!

Beat.

Jones exhales, forced to concede.

JONES
(exhales)
Yes sir.

INT. PRIME MINISTERS OFFICE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The heavy doors shut behind Jones as he steps into the corridor.

He nods curtly to the ARMED BODYGUARD posted outside.

Ahead, AGENT JACINTA FLINT (20s, sharp-suited, all business) rises from a plush bench as Jones approaches.

Jones pulls off his AUCTA RE glasses, pinches the bridge of his nose - frustration leaking through.

FLINT
Everything okay sir?

They fall into step, brisk down the hall.

JONES
(flat)
We're working with Scotland Yard.

Flint frowns, falling in beside him.

FLINT
But it's a lone shooter, right?

JONES
That's what I tried telling him
Agent. Flint, but you know the P.M.
(beat)
it's all about optics.

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

If the crowd control team still had
that Beanbag launcher this crowd
would of been dispersed!
(beat)
I ain't seen things this tense in a
while. Countries one tweet away
from a civil war.

CAMERON

Yeah, shame about that. I can't
believe this though, 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.

GRANT

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

INTERVIEWER

The Prime Minister called your
glasses "Orwellian."

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 - CHIEFS 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 wokeest 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 Jones, 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 Flint. 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.

Charlie continue to shuffle through the lobby, he bumps into
someone, Jones.

JONES

Maybe you should mind where you're
going?

CHARLIE

(cautious)
Sorry, my bad.

He continue towards a black door EMPLOYEES ONLY, he enters,
cautiously watching as Jones and Rufus meet, Flint tailing
behind on her phone.

JONES

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

I was following a hunch.

JONES

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

RUFUS

Not until I had more than a photo 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. 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:

INT. RED BIRD HQ - OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT

Techno music thumps through EDISON's earpods as he hunches over his glowing monitors, lost in his own rhythm.

Lines of code scroll fast. Debug windows flash.

Suddenly – a flicker.

An app reveals itself, buried deep in the code: MINDS EYE.

Edison freezes.

Eyes locked on the screen.

Music forgotten.

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 MANSION - CONTINUOUS

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, it's muted as Grant talks on the phone.

GRANT
It is really late is this
important?

INT. RED BIRD HQ - SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlie talks on his phone with it rested on his shoulders,
he works a laptop hooked up to the main servers.

CHARLIE
I'm really sorry boss. I just have
some concerns about the amount of
processing --

INT. GRANTS MANSION - CONTINUOUS

GRANT
(frustrated)
Look, I'm at home at the moment.
(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)
I plan on staying here till the
morning. This can wait till then.

CLICK.

He throws the remote down on the sofa and turns the
television back up.

ON THE SCREEN:

The news anchor talks with an image of Jones, top right
corner.

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

Grant sits up, stunned.

GRANT
Can you believe this?

Mr. Bovis comes over he places a drink down on the table.

MR. BOVIS
Pure insanity sir.

Grant turns down the television to mute.

GRANT
Yes. The whole system is corrupt.

He takes a sip from the drink.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Anyway, that's it for tonight.
You're dismissed Mr. Bovis.

Bovis nods, leaves.

Grant turns the television back up.

T.V ANCHOR (O.S.)
In other news, more protests across
London in the response to the
Grayham Austin shooting.

DING-DONG.

Grant finishes his scotch and rises, muttering.

GRANT
Damn it Bovis, you'd best not have
forgotten the gate code out again.

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--

A beaten, bloodied Bovis is tossed at Grant.

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
Matthew-what 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.

BANG.

He shoots Bovis through the temple. His attention turns to
Grant.

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.
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. You know how I am
a strong believer of carpe diem.

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.
(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)
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. 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

The 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 Rufi, 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 NEWS ANCHOR stands in front of a dense line of UNIFORMED POLICE stands tense at the front gates, shoulders squared, eyes scanning.

The anchor address's their camera.

NEWS ANCHOR

Day two outside Downing Street, the crowd has doubled, three arrests last night. Four injured officers, no end in sight.

Beyond the barricades - a furious wave of PROTESTORS.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

More protests are arising across London. Officials are calling for you to stay at home unless it's vital.

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. PRIME MINISTER OFFICE - 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.

EXT. DOWNING STREET - CONTINUOUS

It's silent everyone is frozen, stunned; what just happened?

INT. PRIME MINISTERS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

Long live the future!

BANG.

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

EXT. DOWNING STREET - CONTINUOUS

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.
But we're going to need some punch.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT.

The Audi RS6 drives into the underground car park.

INT. ARMOURY - CONTINUOUS

The doors to the armoury open.

QUICK CUT MONTAGE:

Rufus and Cameron equip body vests.

A shotgun is loaded is shells and COCKED. CLICK-CLICK.

Cameron equips a belt of CROWD CONTROL GRENADES.

Rufus looks to Cameron.

RUFUS
This ain't going to be enough.

CAMERON
I thought about that.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - GARAGE

Rufus and Cameron stand awestruck.

CAMERON
I think if I ask the chief nicely
she'll let me take it out!

RUFUS
This time I think you might be
right.

In front of them a pristine, crowd control ARMOURED TRUCK.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
It'll get us through, but running
over rioters isn't going to go down
well.

CAMERON
Ah yeah, well I thought about that
too.

EXT. AUDI RS6 - MOMENTS LATER

The boot pops.

Cameron unzips a black case - inside, a riot-grade beanbag
launcher.

He tosses it to Rufus.

RUFUS
You're the one who stole it?

CAMERON
(lowers voice)
Had a stag party coming up. Thought
it'd be a laugh.

RUFUS
Why'd you take it apart?

CAMERON
Do you know how big it is?

RUFUS
We all got docked for that.

CAMERON
(grinning)
And now it's paying dividends.
(beat)
Let's go get the keys.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CONTROL ROOM.

Chaos.

Operators shout across a wall of flickering monitors.
Chief Gavin stands at the center - grim, tense.

Cameron and Rufus burst in.

CAMERON
Chief - we need the hog.

CHIEF. GAVINS
Sol, Malone. Can't you see it's
chaos! I don't have time for one of
your stunts.

CAMERON
(stern)
Chief, if you don't we're going to
lose.
(beat)
Now, do us favour and for once
trust that we're about to kick some
serious fucking arse and make you
look good while we're at it!

Gavins hesitates. Noise blares from the radios.

CHIEF. GAVINS
(flat)
What do you need?

RUFUS
The army, but you'll need our
signal.

CHIEF. GAVINS
And what's that going to be?

Rufus and Cameron exchange a loaded look.

INT. ARMOURED TRUCK.

Keys twist.

Engine ROARS to life.

Cameron grins behind the wheel of an armoured truck.

In the back, Rufus leans out the sunroof, mounting the beanbag launcher.

CAMERON
How we doing?

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rufus drills and secures a BEAN BAG LAUNCHER to the roof.

RUFUS
I'd of been better if you hadn't
taken it to pieces. Why did you
have to steal it in the first
place?

INT. ARMOURED TRUCK.

Cameron smirks.

CAMERON
It looked cool and I wanted to play
with it. Sue me.

Cameron shifts the armoured truck into gear.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Time to bring the beat!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

London burns.

Flames lick broken shopfronts. Sirens wail.

Rioters clash with exhausted POLICE.

Through the smoke - the armoured truck rolls in.

INT. ARMOURED TRUCK.

Cameron grips the wheel, eyeing the chaos.

CAMERON
You ready?

In the back, decked in full riot gear, RUFUS checks his launcher.

RUFUS
(flat)
No.

CAMERON
Let's do this.

He slaps the radio - AC/DC's "It's A Long Way To The Top" blares.

Police lights ignite.

The truck roars forward.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Sending smoke.

He flicks a panel of switches.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A BRICK smashes into a cop's helmet - he drops.

The frontline buckles.

Then-

SMOKE GRENADE hurled from the truck - clouding the street.

BOOM!

A rioter folds under a beanbag hit.

BOOM! BOOM!

Two more drop.

The armoured truck barrels through the haze -

Rufus fires non-lethal rounds from the sunroof like a cowboy.

CAMERON
(through the P.A System)
Disperse and fuck off back home!
The army is coming.

The crowd wavers.

Two rioters charge – BOOM. BOOM.

They're flattened.

RUFUS

(yells)

Did you not hear the man you stupid
motherfuckers?!

Rioters scatter, clutching their sides.

Ahead – two RIOT OFFICERS overwhelmed.

BLAST!

A water cannon rips through the crowd, scattering bodies.

The truck pulls up alongside the officers.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Angel! McClaine! Fall back!

The riot police gather behind the armoured truck.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Everyone follow us, we're clearing
paths. We need to get to Redbird,
you need to contain the city!

The police regroup behind the truck –

Following it like a moving shield –

Momentum restored.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD – CONTROL ROOM.

Chief Gavins watches the battle turn on the monitors.

She clenches a fist in quiet triumph.

CHIEF. GAVINS

(into phone)

Yes, Deputy PM...

(beat)

It's time. Call in the army.

SMASH 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)

Money. Plain and simple.

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)

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

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. RED BIRD HQ - NIGHT

Rufus and Cameron race up the stairs outside the eerily lit
tower.

CAMERON

You think maybe we should of kept
the truck?

RUFUS

No, we got this, it's late. Ain't
no-one going to be here now.

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. The name is Charlie
Spinks.

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.
I'd need something that has had the
app previously installed on it.

Cameron gives Edison the nurses glasses.

CAMERON
Could these do anything?

EDISON
I could possibly plug them into my
terminal. Shut down the app that
way.

RUFUS
How many can this app control at
one time.

EDISON
Well, it's running our quantum A.I
Processor hard... so...

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 - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors slide open.

Cameron, Rufus, and Edison step out - tense, guns up.

Flint appears - wearing Aucta Re glasses, gun raised.

BANG!

She fires.

Cameron lunges - shoving Edison clear.

They dive.

Cameron yanks a flashbang - throws-

BOOM!

Blinding light floods the hallway.

Cameron tackles Flint hard - ripping the glasses off. They hit the ground in a messy 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.
(to Edison)
Can you hook up from here?

Edison nods.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Rufus, you go with him. Shut down
minds eye.

Rufus and Edison sprint down the hall.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - OFFICE BLOCK - CONTINUOUS.

Rufus pushes a shelving unit against the doors to the stairwell.

BANG, BOOM, BANG. On the other side office workers wanting in.

Edison gets to his cubicle.

He fires up the computer, plugs in the nurses glasses.

RUFUS
How long do you need?

EDISON
I don't know. Five minutes maybe
less.

RUFUS
(grimacing, bracing door)
You got three!

INT. RED BIRD HQ - HALLWAY

Flint and Cameron stagger to their feet.

CAMERON
Let's finish this where is--

BANG!

Cameron's shoulder explodes with blood.

He collapses hard, gasping.

FLINT
CAM!

She spins -

Ms. King stands calmly in the office doorway, gun smoking.

MS. KING
I'm afraid you won't be doing
anything.

BANG!

She fires again.

Flint ducks - the shot ricochets off the wall.

Flint charges - spins - kicks the pistol clean out of King's
hand.

FLINT
You have fucked with the wrong
bitch today!

•

She drives a fist into King's jaw – King staggers – but the glasses stay glued to her face.

INT. RED BIRD HQ – OFFICE BLOCK

The stairwell door buckles.

Rufus shoves harder.

On Edison's screen:

"MINDS EYE SOURCE CODE DELETED."

Edison grins.

EDISON

Got it.

The banging on the door... stops.

RUFUS

(relieved)

Finally.

He turns – and sees Flint and King still fighting. Camerons huddled on the floor in a bloody mess.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

(to Edison)

Get everyone out you can.

Edison nods.

INT. RED BIRD HQ – UPPER OFFICE HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

Rufus kicks open the office door – gun drawn.

RUFUS

It's over. Minds eye is dead. Stand down!

MS. KING

Oh, I don't think so.

She HIGH KICKS Rufus square in the face.

He stumbles – drops his gun.

Flint manages to get a punch in, King stumbles back.

FLINT
If it's over then why is she still
fighting?

Charlie steps into view - holding a small device, blinking.

CHARLIE
Because she is special. She was my
first.

Flint charges at Charlie, but he shoots her in the leg, she
falls back to the ground.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Next one goes between the eyes.

He steps up to King, helps her to her feet.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I had to have a few people
surgically attach her glasses. I
needed someone twenty-four-seven,
not on the server...

He turns Ms. Kings head aside revealing the glasses stitched
to the backs of her ear.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
you know how it goes.
(laughs)
Well. This is a hell of a climax.

CAMERON
(groans)
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 OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Charlie casually gloats over his downed victims.

CHARLIE

Here's the deal—you chase us, the building goes.

(checks sleeve)

Dead man's switch. Fun, right?

Cameron feebly 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 like that 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

(pained)

Well, what now?

Rufus pulls the fire alarm.

SPRINKLERS activate. RED LIGHTS flash.

RUFUS

Go find the guy, Edison, he's getting everyone out. I'm going to end this.

CAMERON

You won't make it out.

He leads them through the office and towards the stairwell door.

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. It's over.

The pilot attempts to exit the helicopter, they pull a gun.

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
Yeah, that's exactly what I'm going
to do.

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?

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.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A clean-up operation goes on in the city as a NEWS ANCHOR
addresses the camera.

NEWS ANCHOR
It's been two months since a night
of chaos. A hundred lives lost, a
tech company in ruins and a
conspiracy the likes you would see
in a badly written science fiction
movie.

EXT. RED BIRD HQ - DAY

A DEMOLITION CREW work on the ruins of what was once the
Redbird tower.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
As a nation, we've carried on. Kept
calm and restoration is underway.
Those involved in the rioting.
Jailed.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

On a small portable t.v screen:

NEWS ANCHOR
Today, the new Prime Minister and
the Chief of London will meet with
the Mayor --

CLICK. The television goes off.

Laura passes, she pours hot coffee from the steaming jug.

LAURA
(calls out)
Rufus! You're going to be late!

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.
(beat)
How's the arm.

CAMERON
Cramps a little, but we're golden.

They get in the car.

INT. AUDI RS6 - CONTINUOUS

They buckle up.

RUFUS
So, what's on the cards today?

CAMERON
Chiefs called, there's been a
diamond robbery.

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

CAMERON
Amen to that brother.
(beat)
So eighties or classic rock?

RUFUS
How about eighties.

Cameron, shifts it in gear.

He puts his foot down.

Clicks the radio. "THE REFLEX- DURAN DURAN" starts playing.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC SUBURB - CONTINUOUS

The RS6 rides out into the sunrise.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.