

TRIGGERED

Written by

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Based on the Novella "Triggered"

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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.
(straightens posture)
Man of the people.

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

STAGE MANAGER

Mr. Austin sir, they're ready if
you are?

Austin swaggers past the manager, disdain in his voice, eyes like daggers.

AUSTIN

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

He steps into a BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT, encompassed by the sounds of SNAP, SNAP, SNAP from camera shutters.

INT. ARENA - SURVEILLANCE ROOM

AGENT. JONES (30's, bleach-blonde, smug) watches a wall of monitors in a dark claustrophobic security room.

He throws a ball in the air catching it with the same hand.

Boredom written into his expression, he watches the surveillance feeds wearing a pair of sleek AUCTA RE glasses.

In the lenses, faint lines of code ripple – almost imperceptible.

Tiny LEDs built in the frames pulse red and blue.

Jones lazily lifts his radio.

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

ON SURVEILLANCE MONITOR:

Austin makes his entrance down the walkway, waving and pumping and bumping fists with eager patrons.

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.

Austin soaks it in—arms outstretched, a smug cheek-to-cheek grin, bathing and glowing in his own self-importance, he makes his way up the steps to a large-open stage, he passes a BODYGUARD, who checks-in via their earpiece -

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

Austin steps up to the podium, almost looking down his nose as he adjusts the mic, grinning and allowing the applause to die down.

He speaks, his voice echoes through the arena:

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

INT. ARENA - RAFTERS - SAME TIME

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

AUSTIN
Unemployment? Worse than ever.

OTHER SIDE OF THE SCOPE:

A steely blue eye, encased behind a pair of Aucta Re, smart-glasses.

AUSTIN (V.O.)
The government? Silent. But not me.

A HOLLOW-POINT bullet is slipped into the chamber-silent, surgical.

INT. ARENA - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Austin takes a sip from a glass of water.

He recomposes, but the vitriol is still in his tone of voice.

AUSTIN
It's time to tear this rotten
system down.
(dramatic beat)
It's time to take back what belongs
to...
(slams fist on podium)
US!

The crowd erupts.

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

The chants become louder.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
I will protect you! I will bring
back freedom of speech!

INT. ARENA - RAFTERS - CONTINUOUS

SNIPER'S POV:

The sights line up on the unsuspecting Austin, he's relishing in the mass raucous, he leans in and continues to talk.

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

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

Angry CROWDS hold pickets protesting Austins presence, the mood is tense, POLICE OFFICERS stand guard at rocking rails.

AUSTIN (V.O.)
Outisde, the liberals protest this.

POLICE OFFICER #1
(nervous)
It's like a powder keg out here.

INT. ARENA - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Austin raises a fist.

The frenzy reaches fever pitch.

AUSTIN
They don't realise.
(softens tone)
We're trying to save them. To bring
back British goods made by British
people.
(tone hardens)
This is why I need you. I need
you-brave, proud soldiers. To step-
up! I need you to -

A flash-metal catches the light in the rafters.

Austin hesitates then -

POP! a beat, he reels backwards, blood spurts from an open
wound in his shoulder.

The crowd gasps- a beat of shock sets in. Then chaos.

The SECURITY TEAM moves to the stage.

BODYGUARD #1
Shots fired! On the stage!

POP! - Another shot.

BODYGUARD #2's head snaps back - BOOM. It EXPLODES.

The body crashes to the floor.

The remaining bodyguards swoop in on the injured Austin,
cautious-ready.

BODYGUARD #3 looks up -

In the rafters - the light shines off the scope.

BODYGUARD #3
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 the narrow, maintenance platform.

Ahead -

They find the sniper-JOSEPH SMITH (30s)-waiting, dressed smart in a waistcoat-shirt and jeans combo, his hand shakes holding a PISTOL. The sniper rifle laid down next to him.

TACTICAL OFFICER #1
(yells)
It's over! Put it down and get on
your knees.

Joseph, emotionless, lifts the pistol to his temple.

JOSEPH SMITH
The revolution is here!

BANG.

Time slows as he falls. His glasses fly off his face, the lenses damaged by the gunshot - cracked, they sail through the air, descending into the scared, panic-stricken crowd below. But faintly in their reflection, a message flickers across the cracked lens:

"MIND'S EYE DELETING..."

Joseph hits the ground with a THUD.

The tactical team swoops in - Guns stay trained. Silence.

INT. ARENA - MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Bleeding-Austin pushes aside his detail, he clambers to his feet, brushing off approaching MEDICS as he steps back up to the microphone, adrenaline surging through his veins, venom from this tongue -

His voice booms across the atrium.

AUSTIN
You saw it! They fear the truth.
They want to silence me! But again,
the right-side prevails!

The panic stops for a moment, a shared confusion maybe, but this is it, their hero is still alive, he has their attention.

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.

The medics approach to tend to him, but he rises his fist - victorious!

SMASH TO BLACK:

TRIGGERED

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING

A wheel squeaks on an electric bike, it's rider a PAPERBOY, saunters down a quaint, suburban cul-de-sac.

He throws a paper.

It launches through the air, the headline visible: "SHOT IN THE DARK"

The paper lands in a pile of dog turd outside the otherwise, orderly, tidy, landscaped garden of THE MALONE HOUSE- a quaint four-bedroom detached maisonette.

From inside the house, a warm sounding woman's voice calls out -

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

INT. MALONE HOUSE - KITCHEN

RUFUS MALONE (50s, grizzled, suited, sharp) 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. We got a lead on the new Boiler ETA?

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

RUFUS
(dismissive)
Pft. Last thing I need is a boiler with mood swings. One of us round here is enough

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

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Hey Laura honey. Where's the paper?

LAURA
Lawn. Paperboy missed again.

RUFUS
Brilliant!

He stands, grumbling.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Too much to ask he deliver it through the letter box.

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 stares out, he bites his bottom lip, patience is bubbling.

RUFUS
(deadpan)
You got to be kidding me?

He storms across his front yard and yanks the paper from the turd.

INT. MALONE HOUSE - MAIN ENTRANCE/KITCHEN

Rufus storms back in, holding the soiled paper at arm's length, he slams the FRONT DOOR behind him.

As he walks past the dining table Laura and Suzie recoil.

SUZIE
Ew daddy, that stinks!

LAURA
Rufus. What the hell?

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

RUFUS
Just once, I'd like to read the news not covered in excrement.

He washes his hands muttering to himself.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
That damn Jeff. Son-of-a-bitch.

He returns to the table, he stops brow raised -

Suzie's chomping his breakfast.

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

He takes a seat and kisses Suzie on the head.

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
Least let him get through his
coffee.

RUFUS
Hey. Hey! What's all this "he"
business. I am here y'know.

SUZIE
I want a pair of Aucta Re glasses
daddy.

RUFUS
(blank)
Aucta - What?

LAURA
Augmented reality glasses. Made by
Red Bird.

RUFUS
The social media lot?
(beat, then)
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. So, no. You know how I feel
about all these smart gadgets.

Laura interjects -

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 horn, HONKS from outside.

Laura peeks through the binds -

THROUGH THE WINDOW:

A pristine, modified, police marked AUDI RS6 waits curb side,
eighties gold, pumping out loud enough for the street to
hear.

Laura turns to Rufus.

LAURA
Your other wife is here.

Rufus stands. He takes his suit jacket from the back of his
chair and puts it on.

RUFUS
Now, now-don't be jealous. If I
could spend my day with anyone -

He steals a strip of bacon from Suzie's plate

SUZIE
Hey. I was eating that.

RUFUS
It'd be my queen and my princess.
(to Suzie)
And so was I.

Rufus winks. He ruffles his hands through her hair.

EXT. MALONE HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Rufus exits the house closing the door behind him.

He takes two-steps off the porch and checks for his badge on
his belt.

Something catches his attention, his eyes shift left -

Next door, in the garden - JEFF (30s-40s, classic slob), in boxers and a robe, scratches his gut and picks up his own paper. Notices Rufus.

JEFF
Morning mate.

Rufus maintains a pleasant demeanor, he's bubbling on the inside.

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

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

RUFUS
Sure you don't. Just - keep it off my lawn. And clean it when it happens. It's really not hard.

JEFF
(sarcastic)
Sorry officer.
(slurps energy drink)
Didn't realize I was breaking the law letting my dog out for air.

Rufus scoffs, he proceeds to the Audi, he mutters under his breath.

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

INT. AUDI RS6 - CONTINUOUS

CAMERON SOL (late 20's, tech nerd, wears glasses, energetic, but jacked) sits in the drivers seat, he looks over -

The annoyed Rufus gets in, he slams the door behind him.

CAMERON
Who's shit in your coffee this morning, Partner?

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

CAMERON
I really hate that.
(nods to cupholders)
There's a coffee in there for you.

Cameron shifts the car into gear, the engine ROARS to life as he starts to drive.

RUFUS
I appreciate it Cam, I really do.

Rufus takes the coffee, he sips it - it tastes good.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Damn, the pricey stuff too.
(realization)
What's going on? You don't get the
pricey coffee unless shits got
real.

CAMERON
You not been listening to the news?

RUFUS
(irritated)
I lost my paper to the lawn mine.

CAMERON
Paper?
(disgusted beat)
What are you 80?

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

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

RUFUS
(sits forward)
What?! You mean Sir United Britain,
unless your tone don't match the
pale-paint scheme, racist windbag?

CAMERON
The very one. Right in the middle
of his rally. Boom-down he went.
It's all the news is covering.

RUFUS

Huh. Tragic. Can't say I'll light a candle.

CAMERON

You won't have to. He survived. Shooter clipped his right shoulder. Took out a couple of bodyguard detail though.

RUFUS

Damn. That's rough.

A silence fills the car for a beat. Rufus shift subject.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Hey Cam. Let me ask you something?

CAMERON

What other than that first question.

RUFUS

Don't be a smart-ass. It doesn't suit.

(beat)

But seriously. Am I mad for not turning our house into a smart tech showroom? Laura wants a new "smart" boiler. Suzie some special VR glasses.

CAMERON

A smart boiler? What's it gonna do—diagnose itself with anxiety? However, the glasses are something. I heard they are using them in hospitals. Works a charm for surgery. The trials been quite popular.

RUFUS

She's ten. If she pulling off surgeries then we have a problem.

Rufus turns up the radio.

"PANIC by THE SMITHS" starts playing.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Audi cruises out the street joining with busy traffic, like a drone, moving slowly towards the metropolis that is - LONDON.

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. Justice for
Grayham!

INT. PRIME MINISTERS OFFICE - DAY

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

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

PRIME MINISTER
Mr. Jones, I know we've had our differences - but, I am hoping in this situation we can come together.

JONES
(cool)
Of course, Prime Minister.

PRIME MINISTER
So. What do we know?

JONES
We have the shooter. He's dead. We're searching, but he has no affiliations with known groups. He's a loner, a gamer. 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. We
both know how dangerous Austin
would be in charge.

Jones removes his glasses, he pinches the bridge of his nose
and squints, then answers, his tone dry:

JONES
So you want to save face?

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

Jones leans back, hiding irritation, he puts the glasses back
on, the LEDs flash in the rims.

JONES
So what do you suggest?

PRIME MINISTER
Scotland Yard's assigning two
detectives. A joint task-force,
ensuring all corners are covered.
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.
Full transparency.

PRIME MINISTER
(soft but firm)
Hmm. Yes. But nothing says
transparency like an inter-agency
cooperation.
(beat, then smiles)
Think how good it would look. You
the youngest head of MI5, showing a
willingness to cooperate in the
publics interest!

A silent beat. Jones exhales, he knows the Prime Minister is
right, his tone softens:

JONES
Yes sir. I suppose this would look
good for the two of us.

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

The Audi RS6 nudges through a chaotic street, protestors
lined up either side- some chanting for Austin, the others
against.

Lines of UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS hold back both sides, but
it's clear it's a struggle.

A CAN OF LAGER sails through the air -

BOOM it hits the windscreen of the RS6, it's contents
spilling out across the windscreen.

INT. AUDI RS6 - MOVING

Cameron keeps his cool- barely.

CAMERON
Was that a can?

He unwinds the window and yells out:

CAMERON (CONT'D)
I just had this detailed you prick!

He leans back in, the window coming up behind him.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Can you believe these assholes?

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
(guilty but hides it)
Yeah, shame about that.
(clears throat)
Apparently it's like this all over the city. Protestors at the hospital. It doesn't help that the official statement coming out is Austin's "clinging on".

RUFUS
It's a scary time we live in Cam.
That ain't no lie.

EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

The RS6 moves through a barrier. In front -

A metallic, automated door rises upwards, welcoming the car inside.

Behind -

The crowd's roar reaches fever pitch.

PAN UP THE BUILDING:

In a glass office, CHIEF INSPECTOR GAVINS (50s, sharp-suited, stone-faced) watches the chaos unfold below, she sips a cup of tea with a stern, grimace.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CHIEFS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A muted TV hums in the background. On screen: MORNING COFFEE with MCALISTER GRANT, (40's, well dressed, well spoken) 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

Okay. Look, 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.

INTERVIEWER

We don't know the shooter's nationality.

GRANT

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

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

GRANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Aucta Re has millions of users world-wide. My point is, the first intent of ill intention and boom, we would of caught them.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

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

Gavins turns, she click the T.V off.

She straightens her suit, sighs, and strides out of her office.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Chaos. Phones ring, detectives dart between desks.

Gavins enters and clears her throat—the room freezes.

CHIEF. GAVINS

(stern)

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.

They freeze, the room is silent.

Cameron turns to Rufus.

CAMERON

Wow talk about awkward moments to be late.

CHIEF. GAVINS (O.S.)

(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 school kids.

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 know I am probably the
worst person to be on this.
(gestures to self)
Austin ain't exactly welcoming to
people like me.

CAMERON
Yeah. he's Austins, Freddy
Kruegger.

Rufus shoots Cameron an off look.

RUFUS
Really?

CHIEF. GAVINS
That is why you're perfect.

CAMERON
And what about me? Comic relief?

RUFUS
Nah, token white guy.

CAMERON
Really?

CHIEF. GAVINS
(snaps)
Enough!
(sighs, then calmer)
You're both on it.
(to Rufus)
You solving this is poetic. I'm no
fan of Austins politics.
(to Cameron)
And you're the perfect tech nerd,
make us proud. We could do with the
win.

SMASH 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.

In his lenses - the speech rolls down like a teleprompter.

JONES

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

From the crowd, REPORTER #1 raises their hand, they call out, louder than the other mesh of voices.

REPORTER #1

Was this racially motivated?

JONES

(composed, calm)

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

What about Austin? Where's Grayham Austin?

JONES

He's in a secure, hospital under round-the-clock watch. I can assure you that this is a lone shooter.

REPORTER #3

So why are you working with Scotland Yard?

Jones hesitates, his brow flickers to narrow then calm, he adjusts his tie and leans in.

JONES

We're working together. It's in the public's best interest. Full transparency with quick and effective results. Isn't that what we all want?

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 (O.S.)
(on screen)
Is it true the Prime minister is
forcing your hand on this one?

Jones turns to Flint, he's had enough.

JONES (O.S.)
Despite public disagreements, we
both agree—transparency is key.

JONES (CONT'D)
(to Flint)
Can you believe this?

She turns to him, it's clear she has great respect.

FLINT
You do look good sir.

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

FLINT
I thought we were "cooperating"?

JONES
(scoffs)
Oh we are.
(sips coffee, then)
Let them do the legwork—we take the
glory.

AT THE ENTRANCE:

Cameron and Rufus duck under tape, entering the scene.

Jones clocks them with distaste.

JONES (CONT'D)
Well. Here comes London's finest.

Cameron and Rufus approach, they offer a friendly tone.

CAMERON
Agent Jones, we're here to assist.

JONES
Fantastic.
(eyes them up and down)
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
White man shoots public figure.
Grudge. Mental health. Pick one.

CAMERON
And you have proof of that?

JONES
Soon.

Jones Aucta glasses flicker-purple to blue, he stiffens, but
no-one notices.

Flint continues talking to the detectives.

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
(mutters)
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.

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?

RUFUS
(walks away)
No.

ACROSS THE ARENA:

LOIS, (30s, cool-headed forensic tech) exits from behind a curtain, she's carrying the sniper rifle, now plastic-wrapped in an evidence bag.

Rufus approaches.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Lois, that the weapon?

LOIS
Yeah. Frankenstein job. Some parts machined, others 3D printed. No serials. Untraceable.
(holds it out to Rufus)
It's impressive and scary all in one.

RUFUS
Custom build?

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

RUFUS
Same kind of gun?

LOIS
Yup. Welcome to the dark web age
Guv. Anyone with a 3D printer can
make carnage.

Rufus gives Lois an uneasy look.

INT. ARENA - SECURITY ROOM - SAME TIME

JENKINS (30's, tech nerd, zero-filter) sits watching the
footage from the previous night on the wall of monitors.

Next to him - Cameron sits eye's flitting between screens.

ON MONITOR:

Footage shows Joseph walking in to the arena, he's empty
handed and passes a check brush down from a SECURITY GUARD.

The video pauses:

JENKINS (O.S.)
Here. See? That's our guy entering.
No bag. No bulge. Patted down.
Clean.

Jenkins sits back in his chair, he raises his hand and points
across to another screen.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
Then. Ten minutes later -

ON THE MONITOR:

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

JENKINS (CONT'D)
Then ten minutes later-bam. He's
upstairs and the camera shuts down.

CAMERON
So someone messed with it?

JENKINS

That MI5 guy. Jones is it. He was on watch last night. His people are looking into that.

CAMERON

Well something happened there. That is where he must of got the gun.

Rufus enters, carrying takeaway coffee.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Someone helped him.

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. Custom build.

Jenkins takes a bite from a bagel, crumbs roll down his chin as he eats open-mouthed and speaks:

JENKINS

I could get a team to check the last weeks surveillance. If the weapon was there someone planted it. We could find out who and when.

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.

ON HALLWAY MONITOR:

Joseph walks, then—PING—his glasses blink red to blue, it's
grainy but visible on the footage.

Cameron, Rufus and Jenkins all lean in, eyes fixed.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
There. He was wearing Aucta Re
glasses too.

RUFUS
What they doing with the collected
evidence?

Jenkins points to a cart in the back.

JENKINS
It's all on that cart. Bagged,
tagged and ready for transfer.

Rufus rifles through the evidence bags.

RUFUS
There's no glasses in here.

CAMERON
(to Jenkins)
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

Uneasy, Cameron climbs through the access hatch - muttering.

CAMERON
I hate this, I hate this!

The metal ground under his feet CREAKS.

Cameron looks down -

He sees the gaps in the walkway, the view straight down to the auditorium.

Cameron looks back up, he's queasy, light on his feet, he clasps onto the side-railing.

Loud feedback CRACKLES through his radio followed by:

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

CAMERON
(startled)
Jesus, Rufus! What the fuck is wrong with you?

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 -
(scans around, then)
They ain't here Ruf.

INT. ARENA - SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Rufus sighs, squeezes his radio.

RUFUS
Alright, come on back down.

Rufus turns to Jenkins.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Alright, it's upto you. Check that
footage. Let me know what you get.

JENKINS
Whatever you say guv.

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, he's unsteady, pale.

Rufus lowers his phone, he nods over to his partner.

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

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

Camerons Audi sits stuck in a back-tail of standstill
traffic.

HORNS sound out.

RUFUS (V.O.)
So why do you think the glasses are
missing?

INT. AUDI RS6

Cameron taps along to the music, he stops and turns to Rufus.

CAMERON
Well, we know he didn't smuggle the
gun in, so he had help.
(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Once Jenkins checks the footage,
we'll see who. So, this guy?

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

Damn rafters had no signal. Fuck
you Rufus.

RUFUS

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

CAMERON

Ouch Rufs that hurts.

RUFUS

It 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.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - DAY

A forensic crime scene is set up outside the SMITH HOUSE, a middle house in a terrace.

POLICE OFFICERS stand guard outside the house.

CROWDS gather behind the police tap to get a view of what's going on.

Masked FORENSICS SCIENTISTS exit the house, they carry computing equipment.

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
My Joseph was a good lad. Quiet. Kind. Always helped people. This isn't him.

A beat. Cameron looks around the room, then:

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

MRS. SMITH
He was happy. He loved his games. His coding. He was so smart.

RUFUS
Did he start spending time with anyone new? Mention any names? A new group chat?

MRS. SMITH
No. Nothing like that.
(beat, remembers)
He did get a free pair of those fancy new glasses from that company - Ah, what's their name. On the tip of my tongue.

RUFUS

Red bird?

MRS. SMITH

That's it. He was gifted them cause
he found something in their code.

(fondly remembers)

He was so proud about it.

RUFUS

Did he say what it was?

MRS. SMITH

He mentioned something. But, it
went over my head. Their people
came out, he visited them in their
main office. They even paid him. He
took a friend and they took this -

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 in the back drop.

MRS. SMITH (CONT'D)

That was about three months ago.

Rufus and Cameron trade a look.

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 would he do this? He was
so innocent.

CAMERON

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

MRS. SMITH

No. Never.

Cameron and Rufus stand to leave.

CAMERON

If you think of anything.

He gives her a card from his belt.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Don't hesitate to call us.

MRS. SMITH
Wait. There was one more thing.

Something hits Mrs. Smith, she opens table draw and takes out a small BLACK CARD.

MRS. SMITH (CONT'D)
This card was in the box with the glasses. I told him, this was the card that opens doors.

Cameron flips the card.

CLOSE IN: ON THE CARD -

A number and a handwritten phrase: "Heroibus Volare Excelsum
- M"

Cameron examines the card, brow raised.

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?

She shakes her head.

RUFUS
Thanks again Mrs. Smith. We'll be in touch.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAYBY - DAY

The Audi sits parked up next to a GREASY SPOON WAGON.

Traffic whizzes by on the busy dual-carriageway road.

Rufus chows down on a greasy looking, overstuffed burger at a nearby picnic table,

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 day.

RUFUS

Yeah and it keeps getting rougher by the minute.

Rufus wipes his mouth with a napkin, he takes in a deep breath, then turns his attention back to Cameron -

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Alright, recap. Kid found something in Red Birds code.

CAMERON

Something big. So big they paid him and gave him the royal treatment alongside Grayham Austin.

RUFUS

Then a month later, he shoots at Austin then kills himself.

CAMERON

Those glasses are a grand. So to get a freebie, he must've known something big.

RUFUS

I'm guessing that M, maybe McAlister Grant.

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
Yeah. Well, as you said, I'm having a rough day. How about giving me some slack?

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. That just seems easy right?

RUFUS
We puttin' a bet down on this?

The line rings.

CAMERON
Put me down for fifty.

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

In a dark office, a computer screen is the only illumination.

Seated in a leather chair, someone holds a phone to their ear.

In front of them - a half-closed blinded window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW.

A busy office at work, people move back and forth, only slightly visible through the blinds, but the back wall of the hallway is visible, on that wall, the words RED BIRD in chrome writing.

CAMERON (V.O.)
C'mon. I know you're there. Don't be shy. I just want to talk.

The mysterious figure listens. Says nothing.

CAMERON (V.O.)
Don't be scared. I'm just a detective.

The figure slowly hangs up.

EXT. LAYBY - CONTINUOUS

Cameron lowers his phone, frowning.

CAMERON
Someone answered. But they didn't want to talk.

RUFUS
Think that's our second player?

CAMERON
I'd bet your burger on it.

CUT TO:

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. A busy, bustling plaza of technical minds.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
(warm and welcoming)
Welcome to Red Bird. How can I
assist you?

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MAIN ENTRANCE

A polished, eco-minimalist lobby.

Designer plants sit next to gleaming bins.

LED screens hum silently, playing the animated logo on
repeat.

At the reception desk, Rufus flashes his badge to the
RECEPTIONIST.

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

RECEPTIONIST
Do you have an appointment?

RUFUS
I didn't realize that I would need
one considering I'm conducting an
investigation.

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

INT. RED BIRD HQ - GLASS OFFICE

ON SURVEILLANCE MONITOR:

Rufus stands patiently at the desk. The receptionist picks up
the phone.

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

BACK IN THE ROOM:

The shadowy figure watches the feed, along with several other
feeds into the building.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The receptionist hangs up, turning her attention to Rufus.

RECEPTIONIST

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

INT. RED BIRD HQ - GLASS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ON THE SURVEILLANCE FEED:

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

IN THE OFFICE:

The shadowy observer taps away at a laptop, keeping their
attention on the surveillance.

ON THE LAPTOP:

A program called MINDS EYE opens.

A digital map zooms to London Bridge Hospital. Dots appear,
each one a user. One is selected:

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

A glowing button: ACTIVATE.

IN THE OFFICE:

The figure pushes down on the return key.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE HOSPITAL - EVENING

MELISSA (30s, drained, eating an apple) sits on a bench in
scrubs. She reads a book in a world of her own.

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 hospital, he walks across the lobby and hits the button for the elevator.

Behind him - Melissa walks past and enters through a set of double doors leading to the sign posted STAIRWELL.

CUT TO:

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MAIN ENTRANCE

DING - a set of ELEVATOR DOORS open.

Grant strides from the lift, all smiles-too perfect.

GRANT

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

Rufus stands to greet Grant.

RUFUS

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

He flashes the photo.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Recognize this? Let's talk.

GRANT

(examines photo, then)
Hmm. A chat in my office, then.

CUT TO:

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 liberal. I'm more a --
equal opportunity hater.
(beat)
Now—how do you know Joseph Smith?

AUSTIN
Who? I've never heard that name.

CAMERON SOL
Got a nice photo with him, you and
McAlister Grant. Looked downright
friendly at Red Bird about three
months back.

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.

SWIPE TO:

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MCALISTERS OFFICE

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

GRANT

Bright kid. Found a line of infected code in our OS. We offered him a job, but he turned us down.

RUFUS

Any reason?

GRANT

No. He was polite enough.

RUFUS

That why you sent him the glasses?

GRANT

That would of been our PR team. I have nothing to do with gifting.
(beat, irritated)
I find it a waste of good product.

RUFUS

You seem nervous. Any reason why?

GRANT

Detective, the fact your here makes my stock nervous.

He points to the wall, a mounted TV shows the live feed of a stock price ticker in decline.

Rufus doesn't care, he wants answers:

RUFUS

Right. One last thing—
(leans forward)
What does "Heroibus Volare
Excelsum" mean to you?

GRANT

(blank)
I'm sorry? What is that? A cheap perfume?

Rufus bites his lip, he knows this isn't his guy.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - OFFICE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

MR. BOVIS (mid 40's, well built, suited, emotionless) stands guard outside GRANTS OFFICE, his hands crossed, his back to the door.

Across the office floor, hidden at the back of rows of cubicles, hidden by the flow of passing foot traffic, CHARLIE SPINKS (30s, jittery, balding) watches McAlister's office nervously.

His view - the blinded windows allowing just enough of a view to see Rufus and Grant talking.

From behind Charlie - EDISON KANE (30's, gaunt, dead-eyed) appears.

EDISON

What are you doing Charlie?

CHARLIE

(jumping)

Woah Eddie what the fuck? I was being nosey.

(nods to Grants office)

What you reckon that's all about?

EDISON

Rumor is-it's about the shooting.

CHARLIE

What?

EDISON

The kid that shot Grant was the one who found "the glitch"

CHARLIE

He was?

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

MS. KING

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

Edison grabs some papers from the mess that is Charlies desk.

EDISON

Ms. King. I- I was just helping tidy up.

MS. KING

Hmm.

She glares at Charlie's desk.

MS. KING (CONT'D)

Charlie, this is disgusting. Red Bird demands better.

Charlie mumbles an apology.

King nods and walks off—straight to McAlister's office.

Edison and Charlie watch her walk away, she makes them both uncomfortable.

CHARLIE

What an uptight bitch.

EDISON

Ah. I don't know. She has her uses.

CHARLIE

Yeah Queen of the ballbusters.

Charlie and Edison bust into a quiet chuckle.

INT. 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.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

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. Maybe, 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 codependency with Wi-Fi.

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!

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

DISSOLVE 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
So you know nothing? Talk about
chocolate condom.

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.

Melissa turns, calm but stiff.

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

She steps toward him. The scalpel rises-

CAMERON
Whoa--!

Cameron lunges.

The scalpels blade punches through his palm-clean,
centimeters from Austins throat.

AUSTIN
(horrified)
What the fuck?!

Cameron kicks Melissa back.

She slams into the wall.

Cameron pulls the blade out his hand.

Blood sprays.

Cameron howls in pain, but fights through it, stays focused, he pulls the tazer from his belt and takes aim -

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 with the gurney out the way hitting the wall with a crash.

Cameron intercepts Melissa—they grapple.

He peers into her eyes.

Melissa's expression—blank. Driven, but emotionless.

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

AUSTIN
She— She's on something. Stop her.

Cameron tussles with Melissa, they're stalemating, his attention flickers to Austin, he spits out his words.

CAMERON
(to Austin)
You need to shut the fuck up! What
do you think I'm trying to do here.

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 CRASHES down, followed by Melissa who hits the pavement hard with a CRUNCH, twisted and broken.

PAN UP THE BUILDING:

Cameron hangs out the third-floor window, he struggles to hang on.

CAMERON
Shit - Shit - Sh -

His fingers loose grip, he starts to fall -

Cameron gets tangled in the canopy wiring, he bounces off the wiring slows his fall

He lands hard, but upright.

A stunned crowd—frozen can only watch in horror.

Cameron's bell is rung, dazed and bleeding, he stumbles around, dropping to his knees at the crumpled Melissa.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Why? Why would you do this?

Melissa gasps, barely clinging to life, scared— confused.

MELISSA
I-- I- was just - reading. My book.
What- what happened?

She dies in his arms.

Cameron notices her glasses next to her.

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 elevator doors open.

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

RUFUS
Damn people. No manners anymore.

Charlie continue to shuffle through the lobby, the last
dwindling sunlight creating almost a glow.

He bumps into someone - Agent. Jones.

JONES
Maybe you should mind where you're
going?

CHARLIE
(cautious)
Sorry, my bad.

He continue towards a black door EMPLOYEES ONLY and enters.

Jones scowls at Rufus, he's not happy. In the background
Flint paces back and forth taking a phone call, she seems
disturbed.

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 up 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
(cuts in)
Alive. Few stitches, busted nose.
(to Jones)
Austin's fine. Says he's ready to
talk now.

RUFUS
Take me there.

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

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MCALISTERS OFFICE - SAME TIME

SURVEILLANCE FEED:

Rufus' irritation slips through.

RUFUS
You can't do that.

JONES
Have a good evening detective.

Jones walks away with Flint.

PAN BACK TO GRANT:

Grant watches the exchange on his desktop feed, emotionless.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MALONE HOUSE - NIGHT

An Uber pulls up on the curb outside the MALONE HOUSE. It's dark but well lit.

Rufus steps out, exhausted.

He turns and nods to the driver.

RUFUS
Thanks very much.

Rufus walks up the driveway, the Uber pulling away behind him. Suddenly -

Squish - his foot is stuck in a hot, steaming dog turd.

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.

Rufus veers away from his house, he marches across the garden, through a gap in the bushes to his neighbors.

EXT. JEFF'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rufus steps up to the front door, he BANGS on it like it owes him money.

A beat - from inside a pissed-off voice calls out:

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 cuts him off, he sticks two fingers up Jeff's nostrils and drags him out the door.

JEFF (CONT'D)
(terrified)
Hey- Hey what you doing?!

EXT. MALONE HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Rufus hauls Jeff over to the offending pile of dog turd.

He throws Jeff down in front of it, he hits the ground with a SQUELCH and THUD.

Rufus stands over him, like an old-school parent about to dish out punishment.

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

JEFF
(sobbing)
What the fuck is wrong with you?

RUFUS
My dad? Old-school bastard. Dog used to crap everywhere. He rubbed its nose in it.
(calmer)
I ain't my dad.
(firmer)
But responsibility, Jeff. It starts with the leash holder.

Rufus grabs Jeff—smears his face in the mess.

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 going to start cleaning 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.

Rufus waves smiling, happy to see them.

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
Yeah he had it coming.

Suzie runs in and hugs him.

SUZIE
Daddy!

RUFUS
Hey, honey. Missed you.

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

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Go catch some cartoons, yeah?

She zips off to the living room.

LAURA
Talk to me.

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

Rufus walks through to the KITCHEN, he opens the fridge and
grabs a beer.

He twists the top of and takes a sip.

For a moment, everything is calm, then -

KNOCK-KNOCK.

Rufus groans.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
If that's Jeff coming for round
two-

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

INT. MALONE HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Laura opens the door to a DELIVERY GUY 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
Hey honey, what was it?

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

Rufus takes it.

He 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
(adamant)
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.

ON HIS MONITOR:

Lines of code scroll fast. Debug windows flash.

Suddenly - a flicker.

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

Edison freezes, his brow raises. 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, as a DOCTOR dresses 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.

He shakes his head as the effects hit him like a brick wall.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Woah.

INT. WHITEHALL - JONES OFFICE

Jones types intensely at his desk. His glance moves to a
monitor -

ON MONITOR:

Flint is visible interviewing Austin in a holding room. She
leaves-frustrated.

Jones finishes typing, shuts the laptop.

A KNOCK comes from the door.

Flint stands in the doorway.

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 answers, but he's not emotionless, he's frustrated.

JONES (CONT'D)
Hello?

A cold, digital voice crackles through the line.

MASKED VOICE (V.O.)
Mr. Jones do you know what time it
is?

JONES
I do.

Jones opens his desk draw.

He pulls out a THUMB DRIVE— holds it up.

A white sticker on the side labels it as "CERBERUS V1.1"

INT. WHITEHALL - DOCTORS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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.
(chuckles then -)
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.

FLINT
Come on champ. Let's get you home.

INT. WHITEHALL - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Jones strides down the hallway, he approaches a sealed door at the end, flanked by two SECURITY GUARDS.

He offers a polite smile and a nod.

The guards nod back. They take out KEY CARDS from lanyards around their neck.

Simultaneously they insert the cards into panels either side of the sealed door.

PFSH - the door begins to slowly open.

INT. WHITEHALL - SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jones enters a sophisticated looking server room, supercomputers line up almost forming a maze, bathed in blue, ambient light, supercooled causing steam to roll from the metallic floor.

Jones steps up to a terminal in the heart of the room.

He pulls the thumb drive from his jacket and inserts it into the USB DRIVE.

The terminals MONITOR fires up -

ON THE MONITOR:

The CERBERUS program fires up, a text box and progress bar appears, the text reads: "CERBERUS INITIATING, FUNDS ACQUIRING"

Jones stares at the screen, his glasses flicker, his eyes focused.

INT. WHITEHALL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jones strides away from the sealed room.

He walks the hallway, towards the sounds of Austins yells -

AUSTIN (O.S.)
Hello? He-llo?

INT. WHITEHALL - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Jones enters the holding cell.

Austin pacing - stops, he's red-faced.

AUSTIN
This is unacceptable Arthur. Twice in twenty four hours attempts have been made on my life, on YOUR watch.

JONES
And I'm here to take you to a secure location to make sure your safe. Me. Personally. Doesn't that mean anything?

Austins temper frays.

AUSTIN
It better have wine and WiFi.

Jones rolls his arm out welcoming Austin out the door.

JONES
Only the finest for you.

Austin steps out.

AUSTIN
I have a long list of grievances. I
hope you're taking notes.

JONES
Oh, I'm taking notes, alright.

Austin and Jones exit the room.

CUT TO:

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, this does not amuse her.

Cameron smirks and shrugs.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Kidding. Morphine joke. Very
tasteful.

Flint almost laughs.

They reach the car.

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

Flints phone RINGS.

FLINT
This is agent Flint --
(beat, then confused)
Wait, what? No--he's with Jones
right now.

She looks up.

Jones and Austin walk through the car park 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
Now, hang on a second.

FLINT
What is going on sir?

Jones sighs.

He pulls out his gun from inside his jacket, takes aim -

BANG-

He shoots Austin in the leg.

Austin drops, screaming out in pain.

JONES
I said, get in the car!

Flint - horrified, stunned, uncertain - pulls her gun.

Jones locks in.

AUSTIN
(sobbing)
You shot me in the leg!

Flint and Jones stand off.

FLINT
Put it down sir! Put it down -
(firm)
Now!

Jones doesnt hesitate he pulls the trigger time SLOWS DOWN.

BOOM - the bullet ejects from the gun, it sails through the air, towards Flints heart.

Cameron dashes in shoves Flint, just in time.

They descend to the floor as the bullet misses.

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.

She grabs her phone, her eyes locked on the exiting Jaguar.

FLINT (CONT'D)

This is Agent Flint—Senior Agent Jones has gone rogue. I repeat, Agent Jones is rogue. 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.

Rufus is not laughing.

His phone BUZZ VIBRATES in his pocket.

Rufus 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.

ON THE SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE:

Footage plays of Jones in the arena carrying the gun and putting it in the store room.

RUFUS (V.O.)
I appreciate the work. Don't burn
yourself out. Get some sleep, yeah?

Jenkins responds, there's no emotion in his eyes.

JENKINS
Will do. Sorry again, guv.

He hits the DELETE KEY.

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.

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...
(stunned)
Kind of poetic.

CAMERON
You wanna come in? Drink?

FLINT
Is this you hitting on me?

CAMERON
(blushes)
Uh-what- 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.

Cameron 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

Flint 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 photo-

The image: 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.

Cameron 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. He was inspirational..

(heavy)

But lately. He's been more focused. Locked away.

CAMERON

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

FLINT

No one was home.

CAMERON

Like Melissa. The nurse. Empty eyes. Blank mind. Same as the shooter. 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 --

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. Aesthetically bland.

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

Frustration comes out clear in Grants voice.

GRANT
Look, I'm at home at the moment. I plan on staying here till the morning. This can wait till then. THAT is why I pay you guys.

CLICK - he hangs up.

Grant throws the phone 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 Arthur 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 from the front door, the ring echoes through the house.

Grant necks back his scotch and rises - he scowls and mutters:

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

INT. GRANT'S MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Grant walks through a minimalist corridor adorned with cold, expensive art.

He Opens the door.

GRANT
This had better be--

A beaten, bloodied Bovis is tossed at Grant.

Grant falls back.

Five MASKED INTRUDERS (blue overalls, cheap masks) enter, the glow from their Aucta Res lighting up the eye sockets of each mask.

Grant gets Bovis off, but he's quickly restrained by the intruders.

Two grab him forcing him onto his knees.

Grant resists, he has a bit of fight, but not enough.

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

The heavy steps of Jones - he enters, calm, collected - dragging the sobbing, bloodied Austin by the collar and tossing him down on the ground next to Grant.

Jones kneels and meets Grant at eye level.

JONES
Evening, Mac.

Jones ruffles Grants hair and stands up.

GRANT
Jones. What's going on?

He rips off his glasses. Tosses them aside.

JONES
Gotta say. You've made one hell of a product.

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

BANG - Grants cut off by GUNSHOT.

Austin - a smoking hole in his head, shocked expression on his face falls backwards.

Jones holds the smoking gun in his gloved hand.

Grant- shocked, stares at Austin, blood pouring out onto the marble flooring.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Wh- Why did you do that?

JONES
I'm cleaning things a little bit.

He turns the smoking gun on Bovis - BANG.

Jones attention turns back to Grant.

JONES (CONT'D)
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?

Jones approaches GRANTS MINIBAR - he reaches for a dusty
bottle of scotch, he eyes it up- impressed.

JONES (CONT'D)
Wow. Isn't this four grand a
bottle?

GRANT
What do you want Arthur?

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

JONES
Smells like revolution.

Jones pours himself a glass.

He sips. Smiles. Then leans over Grant.

JONES (CONT'D)
I want everything Mac. But in order
to get it, me and my partners need
to sow a little chaos.
(sips and cheers Grant)
And thanks to you, I'm almost
there. You know how I am a strong
believer of carpe diem.

Jones paces pulls a chair towards Grant, it drags SCREECHING
across the floor.

He takes a seat - pulls the thumb drive out his pocket and
holds it out in front of Grant.

JONES (CONT'D)
See this. This little drive is my
key to the worlds vault.
(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

I can access any banking system
take what I want in small amounts
and vanish without leaving a trace.

GRANT

And what does that have to do with
me?

JONES

Well, thanks to your invention, I
can create a distraction, take what
I want and truly which is
everything. And then vanish. By the
time the dust settles no-one will
know where to look.

Jones nods to one of the Intruders.

They approach Grant, removing a pair of Aucta Re glasses and
readying them to put on Grant.

Grant starts to fight back, but he's too restrained.

GRANT

Wait—wait—what are you doing?!

JONES

You're going to be the match that
lights the fire.

The intruder puts the glasses on Grant.

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 as someone answers.

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.

The flashes hit Grants pupils, BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

He shifts his eyes, left and right rapidly - trying to look away but can't.

Jones stands proud, his back to Grant as he relishes the moment.

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 slips out of bed.

He 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.

Cameron turns on his phone.

It immediately rings - The caller display "THE CHIEF"

Cameron 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. Along with the shot to the knee.

RUFUS
What about Jones?

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

She notice the huge smirk on Camerons face.

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

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

Rufus side-eyes him.

RUFUS
You and Agent Hot Pants?

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

CHIEF. GAVINS
Are you two serious right now?

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.

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

(yells)

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!

Throughout the crowd, the glimmers of flashing LED's though mixed plenty wear the Aucta Re.

A bottle flies out from the crowd, it sails through the air SMASHING inches away from a UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS 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 #1 (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.

AIDE (V.O.)
Mr. Grant. The Prime Minister will
see you 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.

Grant stands. Doesn't acknowledge the AIDE. Walks inside.

INT. PRIME MINISTERS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Prime Minister stands looking out the window at the chaos outside, he's uneasy, cautious, the weight of the country on his shoulders.

PRIME MINISTER
McAlister, I respect your vision.

He turns to Grant sat opposite him.

PRIME MINISTER (CONT'D)
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, with live satellite intel
as it comes.

Grant sits back in his chair, he looks relaxed but his eyes say otherwise, the lenses darken to hide them.

GRANT (CONT'D)
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.

The Prime Minister takes a seat at his desk. A beat as he mulls this over, but still doubt remains.

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

GRANT
If it were—
(taps glasses)
Would I be wearing these?

PRIME MINISTER
I appreciate that. But they do look more fashionable than practical –
(leans forward)
And as we know fashionable is costly.

GRANT
There are other models.

PRIME MINISTER
(dry)
I'm sure there are.

Grant chuckles, then smoothly reaches into his jacket.

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

GRANT
Try them. Just once. Before you tank my stock with another public takedown.

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

GRANT
Not a gift. A demo.

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

PRIME MINISTER
My kids have wanted a pair for
Christmas, I am tempted I won't
lie.

GRANT
(grins)
Well then, consider it research.

Before he can answer, the aide re-enters, discreet, they
approach the Prime Minister and whispers in his ear.

AIDE
Sir, your 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 as he approaches the door, he pauses,
checks his surroundings.

An ARMED GUARD stands just outside the door.

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

Grant reacts he grabs the gun from the unsuspecting guard.

He spins, directly taking aim at the Prime Minister - near
point blank.

GRANT (CONT'D)
The Revolution is here!

He squeezes the trigger - no emotion.

BANG - a shot rings out.

EXT. DOWNING STREET - CONTINUOUS

For a moment the crowd is frozen, stunned, unsure of what happened.

INT. PRIME MINISTERS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Prime Minister slumps forward hitting the desk with a THUD face first.

The aide, frozen, manages a SCREAM.

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 blows his brains out, dropping to the floor. 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, fighting against a wave of confused, scared and some brain-washed people.

OFFICER
Shields up! Hold the line!

The gates rattle.

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. All those protests have
turned to rioting.

Rufus bolts upright.

He takes his wallet from his pocket, a crumpled note falls
out.

CAMERON
What's that?

Rufus picks up the note, he unfolds it.

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 Red Bird wants
to help.

CAMERON
Make the call. We'll get Flint on
the way.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WHITEHALL - JONES OFFICE - DAY

Flint sits at the desk, she looks pale, beaten down, alone.

Her SUPERVISOR sits opposite her, stone-faced, judgemental,
they hold a file in hand and shakes their head.

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

FLINT
Sir, I have nothing to do with
Jones.

SUPERVISOR
Maybe so, but Jones hand-picked you
for his detail. That, my dear is
grounds for concern. Surely you can
see that.

FLINT
Have I not passed all background
checks?

SUPERVISOR
Arthur Matthew Jones passed all his
with flying colours.
(takes in deep breath)
I'm afraid dear. It looks like we
can't trust our own data.
(softens)
Surely you understand where we're
coming from here?

Flint knows they are right, she bites her lip.

EXT. WHITEHALL - UNDERGROUND CAR PARK

DING - The elevator doors open. A deflated Flint steps out -
belongings in a brown box in hand.

She fumbles across the parking lot, trying to get her keys
from her pocket with one hand, THEN -

Two SUITED MEN approach both wearing Aucta Re.

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.

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.

He strides towards Flint.

Flint backs into a BLACK VAN. She fumbles looking for anything to defend herself.

SLAM - Side door flies open. Two MASKED HENCHMEN grab her. She fights back but is quickly dragged inside, a hand over her mouth muffles her scream.

The van peels out.

EXT. WHITEHALL/ STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

Further down the street, sat in traffic Camerons Audi slowly creeps.

INT. AUDI RS6 - MOVING

Cam sips his coffee. Rufus scans ahead.

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

RUFUS
No, that is bad news on wheels.

Cameron hits the speed dial on his dashboard phone.

RING.

CLICK - a familiar voice answers with a calm sinister tone.

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

CAMERON
(alarmed)
Jones! You son-of-a-Bitch!

CLICK - the line goes dead.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Shit. Rufus bring the noise!

Cameron shifts the car into gear.

Rufus flicks the light panel on the dashboard.

Camerons foot pushes down HARD on the pedal.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The RS6 roars to life, sirens flipping on.

It dives into traffic - closing the distance between it and the van.

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
Arthur. This isn't you, it's the glasses. Please. Take them off.

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

The black van passes a CEMENT TRUCK.

The truck starts to SMASH through traffic.

FROM THE WINDSCREEN:

The driver wears a pair of activated Aucta Re.

The truck smashes through traffic, it's target - The approaching Audi.

INT. AUDI RS6 - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Rufus sees the truck, his eyes widen, he frantically taps at Cameron.

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

CAMERON
Yes. I fucking know stop hitting
me!

Cameron yanks the wheel -

EXT. STREET/ BUILDING SITE - CONTINUOUS

Cameron's Audi swerves -

It's course correction causes the car to SMASH through the fencing of a CONSTRUCTION SITE.

The cement truck still in pursuit, SMASHES it's way through the MAIN GATES.

It collides with a GAS TRUCK - BOOM - an explosion rocks the site,

Gas canisters ignite, some fly overpressurised through the air.

The Audi swerving it's way around

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!

Cameron eyes something ahead -

THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN:

A RAMP built from stacked wood and pylons.

BACK IN THE CAR:

Cameron YANKS hard at the wheel.

Both him and Rufus shift to the left.

EXT. BUILDING SITE/ STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Audi hits the ramp - it LAUNCHES in the air.

EXT. BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Audi SMASHES back onto the road.

The van is in view a few cars ahead.

INT. BLACK VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

A HENCHMAN watches through the tinted rear panels.

They turn to the back and shake their head.

Jone still on the phone is infuriated.

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

Flint allows herself a smirk.

INT. AUDI RS6 - MOVING.

Rufus's phone VIBRATES.

He takes it from his top shirt pocket- checks the ID.

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!

Laura's voice comes through clear, but off- Emotionless,
cold.

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

Rufus's eyes widen. He pauses to think how to answer.

Cameron notices.

CAMERON
(mouths)
What's up?

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

He hangs up.

Looks over at Cameron.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Pull back.

CAMERON
What?! Are you fucking nuts?!

RUFUS
(heated)
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,
becoming further away from the black van.

INT. BLACK VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The henchmen turns to Jones and nods.

Jones sits back, he smirks. Speaks into the phone.

JONES
It's worked. I'm on my way. Be
ready.

He hangs up.

Turns his attention back to Flint.

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

FLINT
Your "M" aren't you?

JONES
Guilty.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MALONE HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

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

Rufus throws the door open mid-brake and charges out, keeping low.

Cameron hops out the passenger side, instantly clocking the approaching 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
(desperate)
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.

Suzie whimpers and sobs.

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

LAURA
Yeah. I did.

SUZIE
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.
(mumbles)
That's why I told you not to play
with the damn glasses.

EXT. MALONE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

THROUGH THE WINDOW:

Cameron Watches the stand-off. Gun. Suzie. Laura-vacant, twitchy.

BACK TO SCENE:

Cameron pulls out his phone. Dials and puts it to his ear.

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. SURVEILLANCE TEAM clearly overwhelmed.

The wall of monitors watching LONDON, show a city in CHAOS.

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.

Cameron 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:

The BACK DOOR BLASTS open.

Cameron charges in, gun raised.

Rufus moves, his lunges towards Suzie.

RUFUS

NO!

Laura spins, fires at Cameron - BANG!

Cameron grunts- a bullet punches through his shoulder-he
crashes down, but pulls the trigger on his TASER - PZZT!
Taser darts fly-

POW - Laura convulses, collapses -

The glasses scatter across the floor.

Suzie screams.

Rufus grabs her, shielding her.

TIME RESUMES:

Rufus cradles Suzie. It's quiet. Calm.

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.

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
(reassuring)
You didn't. You're here. You fought
it. Everything's alright.

CAMERON (O.S.)
(groans)
Ugh - really? 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)
(MORE)

CAMERON (CONT'D)
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 locks in, he's determined, he nods back to Cameron.
Then -

He beacons Suzie over she comes in and embraces her mother
and father.

RUFUS
Baby, you and mummy are going to be
okay. Daddy's gonna get theses sons
of bitches.

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, doing their best to aid the forces on the street.

Chief Gavin stands at the center - grim, tense - lost.

Cameron and Rufus BURST in through the double doors.

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.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (V.O.)

(urgent, desperate)

We need backup- I repeat we need back up. I have three men down caught in cross-fire.

POLICE OFFICER #3 (V.O.)

We have trouble on Westminster Bridge. We're pinned.

Gavins snaps to -

CHIEF. GAVINS

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
(smirks)
Time to bring the beat!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

London burns.

Flames lick broken shopfronts. Sirens WAIL.

RIOTERS clash with exhausted ARMOURED POLICE.

LOOTERS emerge from the wreckage of smashed out shops their faces covered, some wearing activated Aucta Re.

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Three injured ARMOURED POLICE OFFICERS are stuck in the middle of a standoff, they take cover behind an upturned RIOT VAN.

Behind the van RIOTERS prepare MOLOTOVs, others fire out with CUSTOM FIREARMS.

Behind the three injured officers, a line of other armoured police offices stand-off, covering behind their vehicles dodging frenzied gunfire.

The ARMOURED POLICE LEADER looks to their crew.

ARMOURED POLICE LEADER
It's no good we can't get to them.

ARMOURED POLICE OFFICER #1
We need backup. But it ain't coming.

Then- From behind them in the distance, the sound of loud playing music gets closer, the song "RADAR LOVE BY GOLDEN EARRING"

A GAS CANNISTER launches through the air -

The armoured police watch on as it fires over their head, bringing with it a trail of smoke.

The ARMORED TRUCK cruises into view, SMASHING through the burnt out cars.

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.

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Police lights ignite.

The truck roars forward, pushing past the line of stuck Armored police.

ARMOURED POLICE LEADER
Follow that truck this is it!

INT. ARMOURED TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Cameron checks his mirror.

THROUGH THE MIRRORS VIEW:

He see's the armoured police following closely.

Cameron smirks and flicks the switches on the dash panel. He turns his head to the back addressing Rufus.

CAMERON
Sending smoke.

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A 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 (V.O.)
(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.

BANG. BANG. BANG - Rufus fires at the crowds -

BEAN BAGS hit hard, the crowd starts to disperse, some confused as their glasses come off.

The truck pulls up alongside the injured officers.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Angel! McClaine! Fall back!

The armoured officers aid the injured ones.

Rufus addresses the rest.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Everyone follow us, we're clearing
paths. We need to get to Red Bird,
you need to contain the city!

The truck moves forward, a line of invigorated, armoured officers follow it lead - ready for action.

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 - Jones stands watching out at the burning London through the walled PENTHOUSE WINDOW - the background a night sky lit with crimson, grey and orange.

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

FLINT
Jones why are you doing this?

Jones turns his head, he's calm, almost playful in tone.

JONES
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
Your a real son-of-a-bitch. You know that?

JONES
Yeah, I know. But me and my
partners are going to be rich. The
country however, a hot mess.

FLINT
(realizing, cold)
Your robbing the country.

Jones approaches a Laptop on the desk, he spins it around for
Flint to see.

ON THE LAPTOP:

Cerberus - a program connecting to networks, moving data, a
progress bar shows it's at fifty percent.

JONES
I prefer the term "liquidating
assets."
(beat)
While London tears itself apart, my
program—Cerberus—is quietly
leeching off every secure fund on
the MI6 grid. Untraceable. Instant.
Elegant.

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

JONES
And yet here we are. Me, with a
drink. You, tied to a chair.
(smiles)
Point: me.

FLINT
So who's your partners?

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 ascend the steps leading to the RED BIRD HQ - it's eerie quiet, no rioting, no looters - nothing.

The tower lit up, like nothing is wrong.

The ARMOURED TRUCK peels out behind them.

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.
(pumps shotgun)
But just incase.

Rufus and Cameron move slow - cautious.

CAMERON

You see our man?

RUFUS

Not yet-

EDISON (O.S.)

Don't shoot! I'm here!

Cameron and Rufus raise their guns -

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

EDISON (CONT'D)

Thought you'd call sooner...

Cameron and Rufus lower their weapons.

RUFUS

It's been that kind of day.

CAMERON

You said you could stop this?

EDISON

Not exactly. But I know where to start. But I think they're waiting for you.

CAMERON

Good. We like to make an entrance.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - MCALISTERS OFFICE - SAME TIME

DING- The lift opens. Charlie, (wearing a loud, black and gold patterned suit) exits followed by Ms. King.

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

JONES
Excellent, the download is nearly
complete, we've at least two-
hundred-and-fifty-million in our
holding.

CHARLIE
Your man did good with his program.

JONES
As you did with yours.

Jones closes the LAPTOP.

JONES (CONT'D)
Time to leave then?

MS. KING
About that.

BANG -

A surprised look hits Jones, the side of his skull EXPLODES,
he falls sideways - THUD.

Ms. King stands holding a smoking gun.

Charlie smirks - he's impressed.

CHARLIE
Efficient. I like it.

Flint still tied to the chair stairs in horror.

FLINT
Who the hell are you?

CHARLIE
A fan of chaos. And profit. And
anonymity. The name is Charlie
Spinks.

MS. KING
Do you want me to kill her?

Charlie steps-up to Flint, he leans in examining her with his eyes.

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

Charlie approaches the LAPTOP, he opens it.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN:

The "Minds eye" app opens - a map showing hundreds of activated users across the London area.

Charlie looks up from the laptop.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
One more soldier for the cause won't hurt.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - LOBBY

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

RUFUS
Why's the power still on?

EDISON
Private generator. This place would be powered in the event of nuclear blast.

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. That's how I
discovered it.

RUFUS
So? How many?

EDISON
At least half the population of the
city, maybe more.

RUFUS
Fuck!

DING - The trio look towards the lift.

DING - The lift stops floor-by-floor.

EDISON
I think we need to get to the
stairs.

DING. Lift doors open - WORKERS burst from the lift, their
glasses flicker, they look frenzied, each holding makeshift
weapons ranging from SCISSORS, STAPLERS, FIRE EXTINGUISHERS
and more.

The workers stop, they turn and notice Cameron, Edison and
Rufus heading to the STAIRWELL.

Cameron freezes -

CAMERON
Oh fuck me sideways.

RUFUS
Non-lethal! Aim for the glasses!

CAMERON
That. Is a big ask.

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 (CONT'D)
You okay?

EDISON
I- I think she bit me?!

RUFUS
Stairs-NOW!

The trio make for the stairwell door, Cameron yanking Edison by his collar, pulling him away from the frenzied crowd.

CAMERON
Could of really done with that bean
bag launcher now!

INT. RED BIRD HQ - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The doors BURST open - Rufus leads, Edison now in the middle and Cameron following in the rear.

They fight to secure the door as the workers fight against it.

Cameron drops the BOOT in a MALE WORKERS face, he stumbles backwards, the glasses fall off.

Rufus shuts the door, they make their way up the stairs

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, people confused, stunned, injured.

Cameron, Edison and Rufus reach the lift - Cameron slams the button.

DING - The doors open, the guys make their way in.

The elevator doors CLOSE behind them.

INT. ELEVATOR.

Rufus stands at the front, Edison and Cameron behind him, they're all out of breath, cut, bruised - bloodied, even more than that irritated by the awkward serene elevator music.

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 - The elevator doors open.

INT. RED BIRD HQ - UPPER OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS
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 FLASH BANG from his belt, – throws–

BOOM – Blinding light floods the hallway.

Cameron makes his move, he lunges forward.

He tackles Flint, they hit the ground hard – he pulls the glasses off.

Flint squints – fully back behind the wheel. Stunned.

CAMERON

You alright?

FLINT

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 -

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.

He shoots her in the leg.

She DROPS 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. Isn't 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 flies in over the city it's destination -
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.

Cameron slides to Flint, he aides her on her feet, his
shoulder -wrecked.

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.

Rufus SHOVES them toward the stairwell.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Now go dammit.

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

CAMERON (O.S.)
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 stumble down the stairs, it's a painful trek.

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 blew off my fucking
hand!

RUFUS
Relax, you've got another. It's
over.

The PILOT attempts to exit the helicopter.

They pull a gun.

Rufus is ready -

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Yeah, I don't think so.

BOOM - Rufus pulls the trigger.

The pilot SLAMS against the chopper, they fall face-down.
Dead.

Charlie is horrified.

CHARLIE
(screaming)
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.

Inside the open door - a PARACHUTE BAG.

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 move. Move. Move. This
place is coming d-

BOOM - A MASSIVE EXPLOSION rips through the building -

Cameron is thrown forwards.

The ground shakes.

The roof top EXPLODES, through the smoke and wreckage, a
burnt up HELICOPTER falls from the building.

It's a whole new level of chaos.

Cameron shakes it off, he looks over towards the building,
eyes widen -

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Rufus, no!

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

Through the smoke - Rufus, attached to Charlie and the
PARACHUTE sail through the air.

Below -

A scene of confusion, fear, terror, but for Cameron relief.

CAMERON
Rufus. You lucky motherfucker!

Rufus struggles with steering the parachute, he CRASHES into the tree surroundings of the Complex.

Cameron and Flint rush to the landing zone.

CAMERON (CONT'D)
Rufi, you alive?

Silence. Then-

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

Rufus climbs down dragging Charlie like a ragdoll.

SIRENS SCREAM -

Military trucks and police cars pull in.

The Chief steps out, speechless.

CHIEF. GAVINS
My God!

Red Bird burns, the building crumbles.

Survivors clamber, helping one another where they can, it's smokey, thick grey, clouds, hot embers sail through the air.

It's over.

FADE 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?
(MORE)

CHIEF. GAVINS (CONT'D)
Fuck, you boys saved some lives.
(turns to Cameron)
Which reminds me. Was that the one
that went missing in training?

CAMERON
(dismissive)
Who's to say?

CHIEF. GAVINS
Well, once your back on duty, we
can discuss it further.

RUFUS
So what happens now?

CHIEF. GAVINS
The army's taking the streets.
Deputy P.M. is stepping in.

CAMERON
And Charlie?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

SLAM - a CELL DOOR closes.

CHIEF. GAVINS (V.O.)
Let's just say, he won't be flying
free anytime soon.

Charlie sits with his stump of a hand. He looks out the
barred window, in a grimy, dark, solitary cell.

A robin lands on a the other side of the window.

Charlie can't help but smirk.

CHARLIE
Huh. Red bird.

His eyes-narrow.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
It's been two months since a night
of chaos. Hundreds of lives lost. A
national tragedy.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A clean up CREW works putting windows back in shops, sweeping the streets, cleaning the city back up, working together.

In front of it - a NEWS ANCHOR addresses the camera.

NEWS ANCHOR

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, it's final foundation crumbles away.

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 PORTABLE TV:

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 through the LETTERBOX.

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.

Cameron waits stood against the Audi.

CAMERON
So, what's the deal there?

He nods towards the neighbors -

A "for sale" sign sits outside Jeff's house.

Rufus smirks and shrugs.

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
Diamond robbery huh? Been a while
since one of those.

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 cruising towards the metropolis that is LONDON.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.