

TARTAN ARMY

BY

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EXT. HAMPDEN PARK - DAY

High above Hampden Park, the national football stadium of Scotland. A FOOTBALL MATCH ends. JEERS and BOOS ring out.

**TITLE CARD: HAMPDEN PARK, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND - THEN**

INT. HAMPDEN PARK - DAY

We move through the crowd of Scottish fans (**or THE TARTAN ARMY as they are collectively known,**) trudging out of the ground - people everywhere, a little disorientating until...

We settle on FOUR DISAPPOINTED BOYS exiting the stadium.

MARC is a cocksure 15 year old, skinny jeans and hoodie.

SHAUN, 16, with his dirty blond hair and fake ray bans looks like The Jesus and Mary Chain in a Scotland shirt.

Two younger boys trail behind. Shaun's brother DAVIE is 8, same dirty blond hair, hand me down blue jacket and Saltire painted on one cheek.

Marc's brother JACK, 10, tousled, brown hair, small and skinny drowning in a large PARKA with a SCOTLAND SCARF draped around him, has his face in the matchday programme.

Jack looks up. He's lost sight of his friends.

Panic sets in--

A HAND GRABS him.

MARC

Didn't I say to stick with Davie?

JACK

I am.

MARC

No, you're not. Mum said you could only come if you listened to me and I said to stick with Davie.

JACK

(protesting)

Marc.

SHAUN

If the wee dick falls behind again, leave him. Cops can take him home.

JACK  
(pleading)  
No don't.

MARC  
Well?

JACK  
I'll stick to Davie.

MARC  
Good.

Jack aims a 'WANKER' sign at the older boys.

Davie smirks and joins in. They pull faces and do the 'wanker' sign at anyone close by as they fall behind again.

A MIDDLE AGED MAN catches the boys.

MIDDLE AGED MAN  
Cheeky wee shites.

The boys burst with laughter and run off.

Shaun and Marc stop.

MARC  
Hurry up.

EXT. HAMPDEN PARK - DAY

The boys exit the gate with thousands of other fans.

BUZZ.

Shaun checks his phone.

SHAUN  
That's our boy with the gear.

MARC  
You two stay here.

JACK  
Why do I have to look after him?

DAVIE  
I want to go.

SHAUN  
Stay put.  
(to Jack)  
(MORE)

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
Watch him, or I'll make your life a  
living hell.

JACK  
Okay.

DAVIE  
Shaun wait.

SHAUN  
Stay put.

The older boys disappear into the mass of bodies.

Jack leans against a wall and pulls out his programme.

JACK  
Stay close Davie. I don't want  
another kickin' off your brother.

Jack looks up to see Davie vanish into the crowd.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Davie come back!

Jack races after but is caught in the throng.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Davie!

Jack glimpses Davie's jacket.

He CATCHES the boy but it is NOT him.

OH NO. Jack's head spins, disoriented. He sees the middle  
aged man again.

MIDDLE AGED MAN  
You alright son?

Jack can't hear him. It's like a dream...

EXT. HAMPDEN PARK - MOMENTS LATER

A discarded scarf lies in the gutter near Jack's feet. The  
boy weeps into his hands as Shaun and Marc return.

SHAUN  
Where's Davie?

DISSOLVE TO:

**TITLE CARD: TARTAN ARMY**

BAGPIPES. The tinny sound of SCOTLAND THE BRAVE struggles out of a cheap PA system.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY

**TITLE CARD: GLASGOW, SCOTLAND - NOW**

The music is lost within the mix of a modern shopping mall.

A disenchanted JACK, now late twenties -- short, tousled brown hair and slim build hidden under a FOAM COSTUME representing the mascot of the betting firm JIMMYBET.

It is the worst amalgamation of Scottish stereotypes - TARTAN SEE YOU JIMMY HAT, BIG GINGER BEARD, TARTAN TREWS, SUSPENDERS over a BLUE CLAD BEER BELLY, all riding on the back of the LOCH NESS MONSTER.

He stands at a BOOTH in the middle of the shopping centre.

Most passers-by ignore him. Some pass in disbelief.

Jack recites the script but to say his heart isn't in it would be an understatement. He's the physical manifestation of the SCOTTISH CRINGE.

***(The Scottish Cringe: a persistent sense of inferiority, self-pity - and embarrassment at overt expressions of Scottishness.)***

JACK

Och aye the noo. Scotland has qualified for the World Cup finals for the first time in twenty eight years and you can be at the opening match in Las Vegas, USA, courtesy of Jimmy Bet.

An UNIMPRESSED WOMAN, forties, chews gum and stares back.

UNIMPRESSED WOMAN

Oh aye? What dae I have to dae like?

Jack hands the woman a flyer.

JACK

Open an account of £10 or more and you will go into the free prize draw to win a trip to Vegas.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

You'll be wined and dined at the all new Hotel and Casino complex inside the new Las Vegas Arena. You'll also receive a complimentary free bet on the game as Scotland take on The Democratic Republic of Congo in their opening match.

She looks at the flyer for a beat...

UNIMPRESSED WOMAN

Naw.

And walks off.

UNIMPRESSED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Your patter's shite by the way.

Jack slumps back in his costume. Nessie's considerable TAIL TAKING OUT the entire DISPLAY STAND. Jack regains his composure catching the stand before it falls.

MALE PASSER BY

Fanny.

What a prick.

A group of CHINESE TOURISTS watch Jack's dance with the display. Two stop, laughing and pointing.

CHINESE TOURIST

Loch Ness, very funny.

JACK

Would you like a free bet on Scotland in the World Cup?

CHINESE TOURIST

No. Scotland terrible. I bet against Scotland. Also very rich. I have tickets already.

They laugh and walk off joining the rest of their party.

JACK

(to no one in particular)  
Nobody said you had to bet on us.

Above him THREE TEENS lean over the barrier.

The MIDDLE BOY snorts up a huge gloopy lump of SPIT and SNOT and lowers it onto Jack's oversized foam TAM O'SHANTER.

A direct hit. The three boys celebrate.

Jack doesn't FEEL the hit until it runs down INTO HIS EYE. He raises a hand to meet it. It comes away like mozzarella cheese on a pizza.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What the...oh, gads.

Jack looks up and sees the boys wetting themselves.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Little bastards...

MIDDLE BOY  
Whit ye gonnae dae about it ya fud?

Another VOLLEY and they run off.

JACK  
To hell with this.

He rips, trips and stumbles out of the costume in a pathetic attempt to storm off.

TWO OLD MEN watch gobsmacked.

OLD MAN IN FLAT CAP  
Here, we were wanten a bet.

JACK  
Help yourself.

Jack thrusts a bunch of flyers into the men's hands and storms away.

INT. JACK'S FLAT - DAY

Jack crashes into his flat. SLAMS the door. Throws his jacket away. Dumps his keys and phone. His phone RINGS.

He looks at it.

MARC.

Not just now. He slumps onto the sofa, grabs a games console controller and fires up PES instead.

Behind Jack has a POSTER depicting the moment Scotland fans stormed Wembley stadium after beating England in 1977. It's the picture where the fans destroyed the goalposts.

BZZZZZ.

For fuck's sake. Jack trudges to the door and opens it.

MARC, now in his mid-thirties, is sharply dressed, tall and everything Jack wishes he could be. His Harrington jacket probably costs more than Jack's entire wardrobe.

MARC

Not answering your phone baby brother? It's a big wide world out there. When it comes knocking you should answer. Never know what you'll find.

JACK

A stalker apparently.

Jack heads back through to the sitting room. Marc follows.

MARC

Who'd ever bother with stalking you?

JACK

I'm sure there's at least one maniac out there for all of us.

Jack slumps into the sofa, picks up a controller.

MARC

Come on. We're going to watch the football. Last warm up game --

JACK

Och, I'm just in...

MARC

And now you're going out.

Jack's jacket lands on his head.

JACK

Fine.

INT. HIPSTER BAR - DAY

Sat in a modern city bar, Jack and Marc have nearly finished two pints of craft beer they can't remember the name of.

Jack's leg TWITCHES under the table.

MARC

So you just walked?

JACK

I do have some self-respect.

MARC

And they haven't called wondering what's happened to their giant, gob stained Nessie costume?

JACK

Pretty sure I'm not the first person to walk out on that job but no, not yet.

There's a TV in the bar showing FOOTBALL but no one is paying it much attention apart from the brothers and an OLD MAN sat across from them.

Jack scrolls through the JimmyBet site on his phone checking the live odds.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm mean, look at it.

Jack turns his phone so Marc can see the garish caricature.

MARC

I'm just surprised no one lamped you.

JACK

You'd be amazed how people's tolerance for insulting national stereotypes goes up when they think they can make money from it.

MARC

Well at least you feel guilty about it. Anyway, what's important is that you got out there. Trying to stand on your own two feet.

Friday night revellers and after work drinkers swell the bar.

Marc takes a drink.

MARC (CONT'D)

Talking of which, I have a wee surprise for you.

JACK

Oh aye?

MARC

Jack, I know life's not been easy since --

JACK  
 (Interrupting)  
 Don't, just don't Marc...

MARC  
 Okay, but it seems, you know, like there's finally a bit of light at the end of the tunnel. With you... with this... Getting a job...

JACK  
 Quitting a job.

MARC  
 Well anyway, I think you're ready.

JACK  
 For what?

Marc reaches into the inside pocket of his jacket and pulls out an envelope. He slides it over to Jack.

MARC  
 A once in a lifetime opportunity.

Jack opens it to reveal a PLANE TICKET to Las Vegas and TICKETS to Scotland's World Cup group games.

JACK  
 No fuckin way.

MARC  
 You and me baby brother on the road across America. Watching Scotland at the World Cup for the first, and maybe only, time in our lives. When are we gonna get that chance again?

Shit. No. Okay maybe. Jack knows he's right.

JACK  
 I don't know Marc. I can't afford to go.

MARC  
 I'm paying.

JACK  
 How can you afford to go?

MARC  
 It's all sorted, don't you worry about that... Jack, look... you can't hide from the world forever.

(MORE)

MARC (CONT'D)

I know what happened was tough. It was tough on all of us but you have to stop blaming yourself.

Jack ponders...

MARC (CONT'D)

This is the next step. The light at the end of the tunnel Jackie. Trust me.

Jack looks at his brother. He doesn't want to let him down. Not again.

JACK

Aye. Alright, I'm in.

Scotland SCORE in the TV game. The crowd cheer.

MARC

Halle-fuckin-lujah.

Marc grabs Jack and HUGS him.

JACK

Get off ya dick.

The brothers laugh, at ease with each other.

JACK (CONT'D)

Same again?

MARC

Yeah. I need a piss.

Marc leaves and Jack picks up the empties. He moves out passing the Old Man who GRABS him by the wrist.

OLD MAN

Be warned son. That light at the end of the tunnel, it's usually just a lamp and a dead end.

Jack PULLS HIS ARM FREE and continues to the bar, spooked.

AT THE BAR

A group of drunk OFFICE WORKERS on a night out surround Jack.

It hits Jack that the pub is much BUSIER than he realised.

A DRUNK OFFICE WORKER barges him to one side.

DRUNK OFFICE WORKER  
Two pints of lager when you are  
ready pal.

Jack feels them closing in, CRUSHING him. He squirms.

The BARMAN places the drinks down but Jack feels his chest  
tighten - his hands cold and clammy.

He starts to lose focus, to TUNE OUT.

The barman's lips move but make no audible sound.

Jack puts his phone up to the machine and pays.

A concerned look on the barman's face.

BARMAN  
You okay mate?

Jack can't hear him. He might PASS OUT.

He looks for his brother but...

DAVIE.

The boy is still 8 YEARS OLD. Exactly as he was that day he  
disappeared except, pale, somehow hollow.

He stares at Jack putting his finger to his lips.

DAVIE  
Shhhhhh.

Then, he's gone.

BARMAN  
Mate?

JACK  
Aye -- sorry.

Jack grabs the beers, turns, panicked, into two drunken  
workers behind him. He Knocks BEER down HIMSELF.

DRUNK OFFICE WORKER  
Easy pal.

JACK  
Sorry.

Soaked, Jack rushes for the door.

EXT. HIPSTER PUB - DAY

It's summer but Scottish summer. Jack feels a chill run through his wet shirt. He pulls out a cigarette. Lights it...

A MALE PASSERBY gives Jack the once over.

PASSER BY  
Somebody spill yer pint?

JACK  
You should see the other guy.

PASSER BY  
Aye, pishin himsel laughing.

The man walks off.

Marc rushes out of the pub.

MARC  
You alright?

Jack doesn't speak but Marc gets his answer.

INT. GLASGOW AIRPORT SECURITY - DAY

Marc waits in line to go through the gate. He scans for Jack who is nowhere to be seen.

He is with the RORY, mid-thirties of Scots/Asian heritage. As immaculate as he is vain in his smart chinos and crisp cotton oxford.

He flicks some fluff from his sleeve that had the audacity to tarnish his perfect look.

RORY  
I told you he'd let you down.

MARC  
Jack 'll be here.

RORY  
Selfish little shit doesn't deserve all you do for him.

Rory makes eyes at A PASSING WOMAN.

RORY (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
What is the fucking holdup?

The boys looks up.

A GORMLESS LOOKING MAN with greasy hair and a donkey jacket heads through the gate.

A BIG HIGHLANDER struggles to put his BAGPIPES through the scanner. He's a proper Tartan Army foot soldier, late fifties, kilt and glengarry hat.

They are followed by a YOUNG MAN, early twenties, full tracksuit tucked into white sports socks. He scratches at his crotch, awkwardly trying to hide what he's doing.

All three seem a little drunk. **(They all speak with rock solid Scots dialects).**

Rory eyes him with contempt.

RORY (CONT'D)

Jesus.

Marc and Rory watch on.

A FEMALE SECURITY GUARD ushers the young man to the gate.

SECURITY GUARD

Are you alright there sir?

YOUNG MAN

Aye.

(Whispers)

Just ma catheter's botherin' me you know.

The big highlander motions back.

BIG HIGHLANDER

(LOUD)

Have ye telt her aboot yer incontinence problem son?

YOUNG MAN

Wid ye speak up. I think there's an aul' biddy in Shetland that didnae quite catch that.

The exacerbated security officer waves for a MALE COLLEAGUE to pat the young man down.

SECURITY GUARD

Do you have a doctor's note?

Marc and Rory struggle to keep a straight face.

RORY

I hope your brother doesn't turn  
up. I don't want to take the chance  
I'll get stuck in a seat beside  
this lot.

Marc takes one last look around before stepping up to the  
gate. Jack's not coming but then...

JACK (O.C.)

Marc.

Jack is stood in his retro Scotland shirt, kilt, converse  
trainers and red socks with a bag slung over his shoulder.

Marc makes his way to his brother and they hug losing their  
place in the queue much to the annoyance of Rory.

MARC

What changed your mind?

JACK

Like you said, maybe there's some  
light at the end of the tunnel.

MARC

That a boy.

RORY

Can we get on this fucking plane  
now?

INT. PLANE - DAY

Marc and Jack put their bags in the overhead.

Rory is a couple of rows behind them.

Jack sits but the leg is going. Marc notices.

MARC

You alright?

JACK

Aye.

MARC

Once we're up in the air, have a  
beer and you'll be fine. I've got  
this baby brother. You are going to  
have the time of your life.

The gormless man and the young man pass the brothers followed by the Highlander, inebriated, clutching his pipes.

The big man crashes into the seat next to them.

BIG HIGHLANDER  
Ready for a sing-song boys?

Jack turns to Marc with terror on his face.

JACK  
He's no going to play them in here  
is he?

Marc just smiles and nods.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

FURTHER BACK

Rory is horrified to have the two seats beside him taken up by the other two men from the gate.

YOUNG MAN  
Alright pal.

INT/EXT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

BEGIN MONTAGE - A SERIES OF SHOTS OVER MALCOLM MIDDLETON'S RED TRAVELLIN SOCKS:

The doors shut.

Plane engines firing up.

The plane takes off.

Marc gets two beers from a FLIGHT ATTENDANT.

Jack's leg is still shaking.

Beer cans open.

ON RORY AND YOUNG MAN.

The Young Man grimaces as he pulls the CATHETER TUBE OUT. Rory tries to ignore him as he wipes the end of the tube on a napkin and takes a slurp of smuggled BUCKFAST TONIC WINE.

YOUNG MAN  
 Got tae hae ma buckie fur the  
 flight like.

Rory is repulsed.

The young man offers a sip from the tube but spills it onto  
 Rory's chinos.

Rory loses it.

The gormless man stares at the back of his seat.

ON JACK AND MARC.

The Highlander BLASTS out a tune on THE PIPES. We do not hear  
 it but Jack does.

He is not a fan but his leg has slowed. He's starting to  
 enjoy himself, if not the music.

He and his brother share a laugh and a drink.

EXT. HEATHROW - DAY

Plane lands.

INT. HEATHROW - DAY

Jack, Marc and Rory are at the check in desk.

Behind them, the young man RUNS. Chased by AIRPORT SECURITY.

ENGLISH SECURITY GUARD  
 Oi! Get back here.

A worse for wear Highlander lags behind.

BIG HIGHLANDER  
 Just gie them the buckie son.

The gormless man stands nearby, oblivious to his companions'  
 situation. Jack smiles awkwardly at him and moves on.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Arses hit seats.

Belts on.

Plane takes off.

Light goes off.

Seats fold back.

The plane roars across the Atlantic.

A can of beer is dropped from a limp hand.

Jack closes his eyes.

He puts his feet up and we see his red travelling socks at the end of two very relaxed legs.

END MONTAGE.

INT. PLANE/DREAM - DAY

Jack wakes. The plane is quiet, everyone is asleep.

Out of the corner of his eye. Someone is watching him.

A CHILD... DAVIE.

Jack moves to the aisle.

The boy stands with his back to Jack.

JACK

Davie?

Jack reaches out a hand.

DAVIE LUNGES -- His FACE, A CONTORTION OF PURE EVIL. Razor sharp teeth, black eyes and torn flesh. A blood chilling SCREECH from the child turns into...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PLANE - DAY

The SQUEAL of wheels hitting asphalt.

Jack jolts from the nightmare.

MARC

You okay?

JACK

Eh, aye. Just... Just a bad dream.

INT. MCCARRAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The Airport is busy. Jack is a little nervous. They make their way to the escalator.

SOMEONE IS WATCHING THEM. The MAN snaps a photo on his phone and sends it.

Jack takes in the 'Welcome to Las Vegas' sign completely unaware...

He CLATTERS into ABBY, late twenties, light brown skin with a head of shoulder length black curls. She's as tough and no nonsense as the boots and jacket she is wearing.

ABBY

Hey!

JACK

Jeezo, I'm so sorry.

He gives her a hand up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

ABBY

Watch where you're going next time.

JACK

Sorry... Aye... Will do.

Jack stands like an eejit. The young woman's eyes say get lost. Jack gets the message.

JACK (CONT'D)

Eh, sorry again.

He joins Rory and Marc who laugh at him.

RORY

Nice one slick.

The boys disappear into the Nevada sun. We stay on the woman revealing she is wearing an ear piece.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey Abby... Abbs, you there?

ABBY

Yeah. I'm here Jules.

We follow her to the position of the mysterious POV.

JULES (O.S.)  
What happened?

ABBY  
A kilt with a moron inside.

JULES (O.S.)  
That checks. You see our guy?

Abby looks around for the mystery man.

ABBY  
He's gone -- Shit.

JULES  
See who he was there for?

ABBY  
No.

EXT. STADIUM/HOTEL/CASINO - DAY

An Uber pulls up to a huge GLEAMING stadium.

JACK  
We're staying here? In the actual  
stadium? Fuck off.

Marc just smiles.

They head into the stadium hotel.

INT. LAS VEGAS ARENA CASINO/HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Jack is astonished to find himself inside as GLITZY a casino  
as Vegas has to offer.

The three men approach the reception.

A female RECEPTIONIST greets them.

RECEPTIONIST  
Welcome to the Las Vegas Arena  
casino and hotel complex. How can I  
help you today?

MARC  
I've got a reservation...

WE FOLLOW JACK

as he wanders off, taking in the surroundings. He sees a man dressed as JIMMYBET handing out promotional materials.

JACK  
You are joking.

A COUPLE walk past.

WOMAN  
So funny. I love Ireland.

Jack ignores them.

He doesn't notice CHIP.

CHIP  
Hi my name is Chip. Welcome to the Las Vegas Arena. Here for the big game tomorrow?

A small man, around his age in a HOTEL UNIFORM is standing beside him.

JACK  
Eh, yeah... Wait your name is Chip and you work in a casino?

CHIP  
Hotel.

JACK  
Okay then.

CHIP  
It's so exciting isn't it. Which team you following?

Wider shot of a puzzled Jack in his Scotland shirt and kilt.

JACK  
Take a guess.

CHIP  
Oh I'd hate to get it wrong. That would be embarrassing... You're from the UK right? So England?

JACK  
Got it in one.

CHIP  
Oh Great, I always get you Brits confused... Anyway, can I tell you a little about the hotel here?

JACK  
You sure can Chip.

Jack moves off but Chip follows.

CHIP  
Built only this year specifically for the soccer World Cup, The Las Vegas Arena can hold up to 94,000 fans. It has over 200 restaurants including two Michelin Star fine dining experiences. 300 bars including the longest bar in the world. 140 executive suites, rooms and venues--

Rory and Marc join Jack abruptly interrupting Chip.

MARC  
Would you look at this place.

JACK  
Mental isn't it.

RORY  
Blackpool on fuckin steroids.

MARC  
When have you ever been to Blackpool?

RORY  
Thankfully never...

Rory is distracted. ARMED SECURITY with MILITARY GRADE TACTICAL GEAR and WEAPONS cross the foyer.

RORY (CONT'D)  
Fuck me, those boys mean business.

MARC  
Welcome to America.

They escort a wealthy, middle aged RUSSIAN COUPLE to a PRIVATE ELEVATOR. The man is stocky, hard. His wife, a walking bone knife with a face lift and Hermes handbag.

CHIP  
Mr Zolotov owns the largest of our executive suits. Including rooms, offices, private bar, casino and restaurant. With full views of the pitch so they never miss the action.

(MORE)

CHIP (CONT'D)

They have their own security and private lift. Need one of these to access it.

Chip indicates the KEY CARD on his belt.

CHIP (CONT'D)

No doubt hosting one of their VIP parties for the soccer tomorrow. Now, if you follow me.

The boys follow Chip to the elevators.

Marc's phone buzzes. He swipes it and reads the text:

*The Söck Saloon, S 19TH. 8PM*

JACK

Who was that?

MARC

Nothing. Just booking confirmation. Come on, wait to you see the room.

Marc heads off. Jack looks at his brother with unease.

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT.

A cab pulls up to a dive bar. With its flat roof, lack of windows and anything remotely welcoming, The Söck Saloon screams KEEP OUT.

Marc pays the driver. Rory screws his face up at the sight of the bar. Jack looks nervous.

JACK

You sure this is the place?

MARC

This is it.

RORY

Did everyone get their tetanus shots before we left?

Marc pulls Jack aside.

MARC

Listen, do you trust me?

JACK

Up until you said, do you trust me.

MARC

This might seem a bit weird but don't freak out, everything will be good, okay. Things are different.

JACK

Why? Who are we meeting?

MARC

It'll be cool.

Marc and Rory share a worried glance before heading in.

Jack follows confused.

JACK

Marc?

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

The three men enter. Jack knows when to shut it and now is one of those times.

It's quiet. Two EASTERN EUROPEAN THUGS eye them. One looks like a BULLDOG, the other, older and kind of GRUFF.

RORY

You sure this is the place?

MARC

Yeah.

Marc is not sure but they head to the bar.

JACK

Is it okay to freak out yet?

The BARMAN is a big bearded CARNIVAL STRONGMAN. Well over 6' and 250 lbs. He's all NECK and Russian prison tattoos. He nods to BULLDOG, who heads out the back.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bulldog stomps down the corridor until he reaches an office door. He knocks and lets himself in.

INT. BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Bulldog steps into the dingy room. A MAN in a WHITE LINEN SUIT and RED SHIRT sits at a desk with his back to Bulldog.

BULLDOG  
Your eh, guests--

The man raises a finger interrupting Bulldog.

Bulldog shrugs and walks out.

There is a security monitor covering the bar. The man watches the three Scots order drinks.

He leans over and SNORTS A LINE of something. He takes a moment and composes himself before exiting.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Jack sips his beer. The Barman smiles but Jack is pretty sure it's a threat.

The back door opens, Jack spins to see...

SHAUN. THAT SHAUN. White linen suit. Slim but haggard with longish hair, slicked back and blood shot, manic eyes.

He walks in and lights a cigarette.

SHAUN  
Hello boys.

Jack nearly drops his beer.

Rory greets his friend. Jack grabs Marc.

JACK  
Shaun! Fuckin' Shaun! I would never have come if I'd known that bam put this together. You know what he did to me after,  
(struggling) after Davie.

MARC  
Give him a chance. He's changed, wants to make amends. Maybe this will help us all heal.

JACK  
Fuck that.

Shaun approaches them.

SHAUN  
Good to see you pal. After all these years, eh.

Shaun hugs Marc.

MARC

Thanks for setting this up mate.  
The room is amazing. Can't wait for  
the game tomorrow. Scotland might  
actually do it this time.

SHAUN

It's the hope that kills you, Marco  
but how often are Scotland playing  
at a World Cup? And in my town no  
less. Have to don't we. Win lose or  
draw.

JACK

Is this a joke?

MARC

Jack.

SHAUN

No, it's alright, it's alright.  
Jackie boy, I get it. You must be  
raging and I have a lot of making  
up to do.

JACK

You think.

SHAUN

I wasn't in a good place after  
Davie disappeared and well, I took  
a lot of my anger out on you. But  
I've been seeing someone. They  
helped me to understand that anger  
was misplaced. She suggested I  
reach out. Make a mends. Then  
Scotland got to the world cup and  
it seemed like the universe was  
telling me something. So I did and  
here we are.

Shaun waves to the barman to pour some drinks.

Jack scowls at Marc.

JACK

Are you for real?

MARC

Give him a chance.

SHAUN

This trip is my peace offering  
Jackie boy. If you don't want it I  
will understand but I hope you'll  
at least consider it.

The General pours whisky into five glasses. He hands out the  
drams keeping one for himself.

THE GENERAL

Any friend of Shaun is friend of  
mine.

SHAUN

This is The General. We run this  
place together. He's a good man.

The giant barman pauses as he gives Jack his drink.

THE GENERAL

Are you friend?

You could cut the tension with a fucking power saw.

SHAUN

What do you say Jackie boy?

The heavies at the bar watch Jack, waiting for the nod, it  
won't come. Jack TAKES THE DRINK.

He raises his glass and joins the toast.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Slàinte.

They down their whiskies.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Drinks are on me tonight. I've put  
the word out to the Tartan Army.  
The party starts here.

Jack scowls at his brother.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

Shaun is true to his word, this is the place to be. SCOTLAND  
FANS party with FANS from other nations, US, Congo and more.  
There are GIRLS, TUNES, BOOZE and a few other substances.

Sat at a table, Marc, Rory and Shaun laugh, drink and tell  
stories like old friends do. Jack is there too but is not  
part of this.

He watches the party -- Fuck, it's LOUD and fuck, it's BUSY.

Across the room -- DAVIE. Not quite the nightmare from the plane but still a vision of pale death. Jack tries to ignore the apparition.

Maybe another drink will help. He heads to the bar.

As he waits, a familiar set of staring eyes come into view. The gormless man from the airport.

GORMLESS MAN

Aye.

Bagpipes start up. The Highlander marches through the bar BLASTING out a tune.

Jack is joined by Marc. Then the young man from the plane.

YOUNG MAN

A'right boys.

MARC

How the fuck did they let you into the country?

YOUNG MAN

I have ma ways. Ah'm Wee Fan by the way. Ken, cause Ah'm a pure fanny magnet.

Marc nods politely.

WEE FAN

This glaikit ol fella is ma Uncle Compton, or Compo to his pals and the auld boy is Columbus.

He points to the Highlander playing the pipes.

MARC

Columbus?

WEE FAN

Aye. He got lost on his way to the 78 World Cup. Pished oot his nut, he stowed away on the wrang boat, ended up in the Caribbean instead of Argentina, the fanny.

MARC

Right...

The General approaches.

WEE FAN  
Geis twa pints a' lager pal. Yous  
wantin yin?

Marc points to what he wants. Jack smiles.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)  
Twa mair n' awe.

THE GENERAL  
What?

WEE FAN  
Does nae cunt in this bit ken  
English?

The General turns to Marc for help.

THE GENERAL  
What the fuck does little ugly man  
say?

WEE FAN  
Ugly? Four pints and shut yer fuck  
Rasputin. Better?

MARC  
That was four of your finest beers  
please General Sir.

The General laughs.

THE GENERAL  
You I understand. Him no. But  
pretty sure that not what he say. I  
like him though. Reminds me of pet  
rat I had as boy.

WEE FAN  
Pet rat?

The big Eastern European gives Jack a fuck you look and moves  
to pour the pints.

MARC  
You're a good man.

Marc turns to Jack.

MARC (CONT'D)  
See it's alright isn't it?

Jack glance round. Davie is still watching him.

JACK  
I need a smoke.

Jack heads for the door.

MARC  
Och Jack, come on...

Fan leans into Compo.

WEE FAN  
Whit's his deal?

COMPO  
Aye.

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Jack finds his way outside. He goes to light a cigarette.

A TRUCK pulls up across the road. TWO MEN get out of the front and TWO MORE out of the back. They are ARMED.

Jack doesn't notice as his eyes are fixed on Abby, the girl from the airport.

She approaches the bar with a not so exuberant as usual JULES, mid twenties, and a geeky hispanic guy called ANDRES.

ABBY  
This is it.

JULES  
You sure? I mean there are so many bars in this city. Maybe we could try one that does Mojito's and has karaoke instead of scary mobsters and sex trafficking?

ANDRES  
Don't forget the drugs and numerous health code violations.

JULES  
What else could a girl ask for on a night out with her friends.

ABBY  
That guy.

Abby directs Jules' gaze to Jack. Jack acts like he's not been gawking at her... Badly.

JULES  
Really? Think you're aiming a  
little low there Abbs.

ABBY  
(shouts to Jack)  
Hey!

JULES  
Wait. Is that the guy from the  
airport?

Jack smiles politely struggling to make eye contact.

ABBY  
You're the guy that knocked me on  
my ass, right?

ANDRES  
(to Jules)  
I'm guessing it is.

JACK  
Eh, aye. Hello again. Sorry about  
your ass. Not that I'm... Sorry...  
I just, well I've never--

ABBY  
Been in an airport before? Talked  
to a woman before?

JACK  
Well no. Actually aye, I mean yes,  
of course I have but...

Jack has nothing. Awkward beat.

JULES  
Are you ok buddy?

JACK  
Sorry. Aye...

ABBY  
Seems like quite a party going on  
here tonight. Buy a girl a drink?  
By way of an apology?

JACK  
Really? I mean aye. Sorry. Eh, I  
mean yes. Least I can do...

Jack leads the way. Bulldog is by the door eyeing them.

Andres smiles at him nervously.

ANDRES  
This is totally fine.

JULES  
They better do mojitos.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Columbus, Fan and Compo party with Marc, Rory and Shaun.

Jack scans looking for Davie but he's gone. Worse, Shaun catches his eye and raises a glass.

ABBY  
Who's that?

JACK  
Him? That's just my brothers pal.  
This is his place apparently.

ABBY  
So I'm guessing he's not your pal?

JACK  
Long story. You want a drink? I  
think they only do beer or whisky--

JULES  
No vodka?

ABBY  
A beer is fine.

Jack gives a puzzled smiles and goes to the bar.

ANDRES  
Definitely no mojitos.

The girls look over to Shaun.

ABBY  
I'll see what I can get out of  
Scottie. You guys take a look  
around -- and be careful.

Jack returns with four beers.

Jules and Andres take their drinks and head off into the crowded bar.

ACROSS THE BAR

Rory nudges Marc. Marc looks over at his wee brother talking to Abby.

RORY  
He's cheered up. Tenner he makes a  
tit of it.

MARC  
You're on.

BACK ON JACK

He tries to look cool but is failing.

Behind them we see the MEN from the truck enter the bar.

JACK  
So eh, I didn't catch your name.

ABBY  
Abby.

JACK  
Hi Abby. Jack.

The men catch The General's eye.

ABBY  
Hey Jack.

JACK  
So, short for Abigale?

Abby watches the men. The General nods to them.

ABBY  
You should never assume Jack.

AT THE BAR

The barman starts lining up shots. The music dies...

THE GENERAL  
Ladies and gentlemen and strange  
little men in skirts...

A number of the Scots boo him.

THE GENERAL (CONT'D)  
It is time for the good stuff.

He pulls out a couple of strange bottles from under the bar.

THE GENERAL (CONT'D)  
Shots for everyone or get the fuck  
out. No exceptions. On the house.

The crowd cheers. Music starts up...

The General pours and starts handing out drinks.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A WAITRESS moves around the room handing out the drinks.

We see Columbus, Fan and Compo down theirs.

Andres and Jules knock them back in one.

Abby and Jack take their drinks from the waitress.

JACK  
Cheers.

ABBY  
Down the rabbit hole we go.

AT THE TABLE

Marc, Rory and Shaun clink glasses.

MARC  
What is this stuff?

SHAUN  
Secret recipe from the Old Country.  
The General doesn't tell and I  
don't ask but it will take you  
places.

Shaun downs his.

RORY  
The local emergency room maybe.

The boys down the shots.

BACK ON JACK

who is smiling at Abby, he feels WOOZY.

Jack's POV, his vision a blur.

ABBY  
(voice sounds distant)  
Hey, you alright?

At first we think Jack has finally had one too many.

JACK  
Aye -- you're pretty...

He gazes round the room.

Marc is SLUMPED and Rory FALLS off his stool.

Columbus attempts to play the pipes but can't get a tune before FALLING into a nearby TABLE full of drinks.

The noise of the bar is muffled and distant.

Jack turns back to Abby who collapses into him. He catches her then falls back himself.

In Jack's POV. The General stands over him, grinning as we...

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Jack stirs, but it's like a dream. He's being loaded onto the truck by the armed men.

One of them punches Jack in the face and he blacks out again.

INT. JACK'S CELL/CONTAINER - NIGHT

Still in Jack's POV as he comes round and feels -- an ARM, a HEAD, a BODY -- lots of BODIES crammed together.

It slowly dawns on Jack that he is in something akin to a small SHIPPING CONTAINER.

It is dimly lit. Dank, rust covered walls appear CLAWED at. The floor is stained with BLOOD but Jack doesn't notice any of this.

Cold and clammy extremities are the first thing he is aware of, his heart picks up speed like an out of control freight train. A full blown PANIC ATTACK has its claws in him.

JACK  
Oh, fuck...fuck... Hey! Wake up!

He shakes Abby.

ABBY  
What? Wait --

She looks at Jack for a moment thinking she's waking to a terrible one night stand only to realise --

ABBY (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

JACK  
I don't know.

ABBY  
(noticing Jack's panic)  
It's okay, just breath. We'll figure something out.

She takes his hand and strokes his chest. She looks round, no Andres or Jules.

INT. MARC'S CONTAINER - NIGHT

We are on Marc coming round with the hangover from Hell. IN HELL. It takes him a few moments.

MARC  
Fuck...

WEE FAN  
Nae shit.

COMPO  
Aye.

Fan, Compo and a passed out Columbus share the cramped space with Marc, Rory, Shaun and a handful of OTHER PATRONS from the bar.

Rory sits in stunned silence.

MARC  
Where's Jack? JACK! JACK!

Marc frantically looks through the people in the container but no Jack. Marc GRABS Shaun.

MARC (CONT'D)  
Shaun, what the fuck is going on?

SHAUN  
Why the fuck do you think I know?

Shaun pushes him away.

MARC

I thought this was your town? I thought you said you pal was a good man?

SHAUN

Well, he seemed okay. I've only been in business with his a couple of weeks.

MARC

A couple of weeks!? Jesus Christ.

Marc rattles the side of the container stirring Columbus and knocking a grate covering an air vent lose.

COLUMBUS

Keep it doon some of us have a hangov... Wait... Whit in God's name?

Marc goes to hit it again.

INT. JACK'S CELL/CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

WHAM.

Marc smashing the side of his cell carries over. Unbeknownst to the brothers they are in adjoining cells.

Everyone in Jack's cell quietens in fear but...

MARC (O.S.)

Jack? You there?

ABBY

You hear that?

JACK

Marc? MARC!

Jack looks around. There's a small air hole, no bigger than a fist at the back of the room.

He peers in. It's dark. Then... MARC.

JACK (CONT'D)

Arrgg!

MARC

Jesus. Jack, you ok?

JACK  
What do you think!

MARC  
 It'll be alright.

JACK  
 How is any of this alright?  
 You lied to me and now we are  
 locked in a fucking dungeon.

Jack turns his back on his brother.

Abby inspects the container. She sees hinges in the floor.

ABBY  
 What are those for?

INT. MARC'S CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

Columbus paces, Fan and Shaun sit nearby.

COLUMBUS  
 See whatever bastard is responsible  
 for putting us doon here? Ah'm  
 gonnae rip his heid aff and shite  
 doon his neck!

Shaun doesn't say anything.

WEE FAN  
 How come you're so calm?

SHAUN  
 Conserving energy.

COLUMBUS  
 For what?

SHAUN  
 For whatever comes next.

WEE FAN  
 What comes next?

A DEAFENING HORN HOWLS through the containers.

INT. JACK'S CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

Jack and the others cower. Claspng their heads trying to  
 drown out the noise.

Suddenly it stops. Jack sits up and looks around.

Distant, mechanical sound. Then...

SCREAMS.

JACK

What the fuck is that?

The sound gets closer. Marc is still on the other side of the air hole.

MARC

Jack I'm sorry. Whatever happens...

The sound creeps closer still.

MARC (CONT'D)

Oh Fuck!

Screams and shouts from the next cell.

JACK

MARC! What's going on?

MARC

Jack I, oh Jesus -- I --

And Marc is GONE.

Jack looks at Abby.

Abby looks at the hinges.

ABBY

Oh, shit.

Jack's eyes are like saucers as the FLOOR beneath them screeches OPEN, retracting up the metal container.

People scream. They claw at the walls trying to grab hold of something. Anything. Nothing.

They fall into darkness.

There's a SCRAMBLE, people fight to the back of the box.

Jack and Abby are pinned. The floor inches closer.

Then STOPS -- It's stuck, a weird GRINDING sound. Jack and Abby looks at each other. Relaxing, slightly.

Then a CLUNK as metal shears itself off.

The floor falls away. Jack screams. Abby screams. They disappear into the black.

INT. KILLING FLOOR - NIGHT

Jack comes round.

Something broke his fall. It takes him a moment before he realises he's lying on top of a DECOMPOSING CORPSE.

JACK

Ah!

Jack stumbles back as something GRABS him.

It's Abby.

JACK (CONT'D)

Jesus!

ABBY

Shh. We're not alone.

Movement in the shadows.

Jack surveys the room looking for Mark. It's too dark...

Abby bends down and pulls at a dead body.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Here.

She hands Jack some poor bastard's TIBIA. It still has a FOOT attached complete with white sports sock and sneaker.

JACK

You're joking?

ABBY

What do you think?

Abby reveals a METAL PIPE in her hand. She gets ready to swing like a batter waiting for the first pitch.

AT THE FAR END

Rory, Wee Fan and Compo huddle together.

RORY

Where are we?

WEE FAN

Hell.

Something CLACKS in the darkness making the men jump. They back away...

SOMEWHERE ELSE

A SUPPORTER sprints through the gloom past a DAZED Marc.

Marc's eyes follow the panic stricken man when he sees Shaun fashioning a crude HATCHET out of a piece of WOOD and a HOOK he has pulled off the wall.

MARC

Where's Jack? Wait, what are you doing?

SHAUN

Getting ready. Find something to fight with.

MARC

I've got to get to my brother.

SHAUN

You can't do that if you're dead, Marco.

A sudden burst of LIGHT as a number of HALOGENS crackle into life, giving some dim light to the centre of the room but leaving the edges in darkness. No one sees the CAMERAS ON THE WALLS recording everything.

Columbus spots Marc and Shaun.

There are loud excitable SCREECHES all around them.

COLUMBUS

What in God's name is that?

Ignoring Columbus, Marc spots Jack and Abby on the far side of the room about 50 feet away. The floor is littered with BODIES, tattered CLOTHING, SKULLS and BONES.

MARC

Jack!

Jack doesn't hear him.

Marc starts to make his way across. Shaun stops him.

SHAUN

Here.

Shaun gives him a plastic SGIAN DUBH.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Well, he's no needin it.

Shaun motions to the recently deceased SCOTLAND FAN bleeding out on the floor.

Marc gives Shaun a puzzled look.

MARC

It's plastic.

SHAUN

It's the best I could do. Just, you know -- stab.

DOORS GRIND OPEN.

Lights flicker. The thirty or so survivors start to back up into the middle of the room circling the wagons.

Abby spots her friends. Jules and Andres are ok. Well, relatively speaking.

A hoard of ANIMALISTIC MUTANTS creep slowly out of the shadows. These are THE HUNTERS. They're clad in human and animal skins. Horrific piercings and mutilations scar their faces and bodies.

The Hunters eye their prey.

No one moves -- The calm before the slaughter.

Suddenly, one HUNTER bursts from the ranks and launches itself at one of the TERRIFIED FOOTBALL SUPPORTERS -- It TEARS into him.

Shaun swings his HATCHET and smashes its skull in.

Marc and Columbus are stunned.

A beat, silence.

The Hunter twitches on the floor.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Well I'm no waiting around to die.

MARC

Right.

COLUMBUS

COME ON YA BASTARDS!!!

The men CHARGE. CREATURES HOWL into grotesque life.

Shaun pulverises the nearest one.

Marc PLUNGES the Sgian Dubh into an oncoming HUNTER'S EYE.

Columbus is JUMPED by FIVE CREATURES.

AT THE FAR END

The carnage is full on. The Hunters make short work of the prisoners. Tearing, stabbing, slashing, gnawing.

Rory stumbles as arms wrapped in BARBED WIRE slash at him.

Falling back he cracks his HEAD.

The Hunter POUNCES. It puts a wire studded arm to Rory's neck -- Rusty barbs puncture skin. Blood seeps into his shirt collar.

A sudden gush of BLACK BLOOD DREENCHES HIS FACE as a BLADE is THURST through the creature's chest -- Its body goes limp and it falls to the side.

A triumphant Compton stands over Rory who is in shock. Compo nods as a breathless Wee Fan offers Rory a hand up.

WEE FAN

Yer welcome ya fud.

COMPO

Aye...

WEE FAN

Let's go.

Compo doesn't move.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)

Mon aul' yin. Whit's wrang?

He falls forward DEAD. His dour expression never changing.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)

No!

A GRUESOME HUNTER is revealed to be standing there.

RORY

Run!

Fan and Rory bolt. The Hunter chases.

CLOSE BY

Abby and Jack scramble through the carnage.

A HUNTER CHARGES with a SPEAR like weapon.

Jack swings the LEG bone SMASHING the Hunter to the ground.  
Abby grabs the spear and thrusts it into the creature.

She pulls it out.

ABBY

Here...

She throws the METAL PIPE to Jack.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I'm having this.

JACK

Why do you get the spear?

Jules and Andres are ahead of them, they are struggling to fend off a HUNTER.

Abby springs into action.

She throws the spear and bullseyes the creature.

Jack runs over and helps Andres up.

Abby retrieves her spear.

ABBY

That's why I get the spear.

JACK

Look out!

Another HUNTER GRABS Abby and throws her down to the floor.

Jack LEAPS onto its back. He THROTTLES it as it swings him around wildly.

Abby, Jules and Andres watch on. Backs to the wall.

It slams Jack between the friends which is when Abby sees...

ABBY

It's a door...

Jack still flailing...

JACK

What?

ABBY  
IT'S A DOOR! We can get out of  
here!

JULES  
Open it!

Andres spots FOUR HUNTERS APPROACHING

ANDRES  
Hurry.

ABBY  
There must be a lever or...

The Hunters close in.

Jack finally chokes the creature to death.

He takes a moment. Then.. the DOOR scrapes OPEN.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
What did you do?

JULES  
Nothing... Guys...

Still watching the advancing Hunters.

JACK  
Who cares as long as the door... OH  
MY GOD!

Standing silhouetted in the gloom is a monstrous, hulking  
thing. THE CĂPCĂUN.

PART BEAR, PART MAN, PART GOTHIC BUTCHER, it pulls a huge  
SERRATED BLADE from its belt. RUST and slivers of ROTTEN  
FLESH hang from it.

It BURSTS into the room skewering Andres in the process.

ABBY  
NO!

This mountain of evil now stands in the middle of the killing  
floor surrounded by bodies and carnage. Other hunters cower.

The Căpcăun holds Andres up to the light by his head.  
Andres's feet, dangle, flailing around. Blood pours from his  
mouth. The monster pushes its THUMBS through the LENSES of  
Andres glasses and into his EYEBALLS with a stomach churning  
CRACK and POP.

Blood oozes out of the sockets and Andres goes limp as his skull is crushed by the vice like force of the The Căpcăun.

Jules watches frozen with horror.

The monster rips Andres head from his body like a mushy bowling ball, BLOOD sprays the creature's face as it ROARS with bloodlust.

Abby hauls Jack up.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Move!

JACK

But that's where that thing came from.

ABBY

We stay here, we die.  
(shouting to Jules)  
Jules. Come on.

Jules is in shock. Jack and Abby grab her by the arm and pull her away.

The three rush through the door leaving the carnage behind.

OTHER DOORS SPRING OPEN AROUND THE ROOM.

Columbus emerges from a cluster of mutant bodies SMASHING them with his considerably sized hands.

He grabs his next victim but STOPS. It's Marc.

MARC

Have you seen Jack?

COLUMBUS

No.

Shaun grabs them from behind.

MARC

Where's Jack?

SHAUN

He's doing fine.

Marc follows Shaun's gaze and sees his brother escape with the girls on the other side of the room.

But a look of sheer terror comes over them.

The Căpcăun approaches.

MARC  
Jesus Christ.

COLUMBUS  
You're mine ya big ugly bastard.

HUNTERS gather either side of them.

Marc grabs Columbus.

MARC  
Maybe next time.

COLUMBUS  
I can take him.

MARC  
No doubt but...

Shaun eyes the hunters.

SHAUN  
Time to go boys.

Columbus knows he's right.

The three men dart through a nearby door as it shuts.

INT. DEATH MAZE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The door begins to close behind Jack, Abby and Jules. They take a moment but hardly catch breath.

JULES  
What the fuck is going on?

ABBY  
I don't know.

JULES  
That thing... It killed Andy!

It's not a statement, it's an accusation.

ABBY  
I know. I'm sorry. I know how you must be feeling right now but--

JULES

You have no idea how I am feeling  
right now -- You just had to go a  
play god damn detective--

Jack's eyes go wide.

JACK

Guys...

Two SILHOUETTED FIGURES tear through the door before it  
shuts. Jack braces himself letting out a PRIMAL SCREAM.

WEE FAN

Who you screamin at ya big dafty?

Wee Fan and Rory step into the limited light.

JACK

Oh thank fuck.

Jack relaxes...

Then THROWS UP.

RORY

You done?

And AGAIN.

JACK

Sorry yeah, I'm...

He retches. Everyone waits for a long beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

What? I'm okay now.

RORY

I don't have time for this. I need  
to get out of here.

WEE FAN

Is that right, aye?

RORY

Yes it is right you Weegie  
degenerate.

WEE FAN

Well if it wisnae for this Weegie  
de..detge...detergent you'd be deid  
ya prick.

JACK  
Degenerate.

WEE FAN  
Aye that n'aw.

RORY  
I've heard enough.

Rory walks off into the darkness.

ABBY  
Hey, we should stick together.

Rory flips her the finger and is gone.

Jules scowls at Abby and moves out followed by the boys. Abby stands alone.

Another CAMERA watching them.

INT. DEATH MAZE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Shaun, Marc and Columbus FLEE. HUNTERS at their heels.

A fork in the tunnels. Marc turns LEFT, Shaun RIGHT.

SHAUN  
Where you going? This way.

MARC  
Jack's that way.

SHAUN  
You off yer head?

MARC  
I can't leave him. I made a promise  
I'd look after him.

The Hunters turn the corner, they're gaining.

COLUMBUS  
Make a decision wid ye boys.

MARC  
He's my wee brother. He wouldn't be  
here if we hadn't made him. I can't  
leave him.

SHAUN  
Suit yourself.  
(to Columbus)  
(MORE)

SHAUN (CONT'D)

You want to live big man, follow me.

Shaun doesn't look back and bolts into the darkness.

COLUMBUS

Sorry son but he seems tae ken what he's daein'.

Columbus is right. Marc thinks on it for a second as the big Highlander follows Shaun up the dark tunnel.

The SCREECH of approaching Hunters snaps Marc out of it and he darts up the opposite tunnel.

INT. DEATH MAZE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Wee Fan leads the way Jack and Abby follow with Jules behind.

JACK

We should have caught up with Rory by now.

ABBY

He could have gone any number of ways. Hey, maybe he got out.

Neither believe that.

JACK

Maybe... By the way, what did your friend mean, detective?

ABBY

I'm a PI.

JULES

Trainee.

ABBY

Okay, I don't have my licence yet but, well short story, your friend is mixed up with some real bad people. I'm sorry.

JACK

Shaun is no friend of mine.

ABBY

Still, that bar of his is a front for the Russian mob. I'd been tailing one of their guys for a couple of days--

JACK  
So you weren't, you know, just  
passing, saw me and thought...

ABBY  
What?

JACK  
Well...

Penny meet drop.

ABBY  
Oh god no! I had two missing  
persons, I've been waiting to get  
inside that place for--

Jack fails to bury the rejection.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Sorry... It's not that your not a  
nice guy I--

JACK  
No... it's fine. No worries...  
Anyway...

WEE FAN  
Haw, if ye've finished flirting.

They turn a corner.

JULES  
Is that--

WEE FAN  
The proverbial light at the end of  
the tunnel? Aye.

A light shines at the far end of a long corridor.

ABBY  
Might be a way out. Come on.

JACK  
Sometimes the light at the end of  
the tunnel is just a lamp and a  
dead end.

Abby gives him a look.

WEE FAN

Don't mind him he's just Scottish.  
It's often mistaken for misery but  
it's no.

INT. DEAD END - MOMENTS LATER

They reach the end of the long corridor. Jack was right. It's  
a DEAD END WITH A LAMP ON THE WALL.

They all scowl at Jack.

JACK

What?

JULES

Nice going.

JACK

How?

ABBY

Maybe there's a hidden door or  
lever or something.

JULES

Like last time cause that worked  
out real well for everyone.

ABBY

Jul's I--

JULES

What?

WEE FAN

Weel, whatever yous are gonnae dae,  
gonnae hurry up?

TWO HUNTERS are at the far end of the corridor but they  
haven't spotted the group yet.

ABBY

Shit.

Everyone freezes.

The Hunters start creeping up the corridor.

Jack looks up then motions to the group.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 What?

Jack points to a HIDDEN LADDER in the ceiling above them.

A NOISE distracts the hunters and they disappear.

JULES  
 Come on.

Jules jumps -- misses.

JULES (CONT'D)  
 It's too high... Yeah, definitely  
 too high.

The considerably taller and more athletic Abby takes a jump.  
 And misses. Yep. It's too high.

ABBY  
 Damn it.

JACK  
 Okay, one of us has to stay down  
 here and give the others a boost  
 up.

The group looks at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Me?

WEE FAN  
 You're the fanny in the kilt.

The group nod.

JACK  
 Fine.

Jack cups his hands and thrusts Abby's foot up into the air.

She grabs the lowest rung but pulls the ladder free. It  
 crashes down with an almighty CLANG.

Jack and Wee Fan look at each other.

The TWO HUNTERS return to the corridor.

They've been spotted. The monsters CHARGE.

Abby and Jules don't hang about and are already climbing.

WEE FAN  
Go ya muppet.

Jack races up. Fan follows.

The hunters screech.

Fan looks up and gets an eye full up Jack's kilt.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)  
Gads... Next time you go last.

The creatures reach the ladder. They climb.

Abby, Jules and Jack get to the platform above.

ABBY  
HURRY!

A Hunter GRABS Wee Fan.

Abby - SPEAR. She throws it to Fan. Fan THRUSTS it into the GAPING MOUTH of the Hunter. Losing the weapon in the process.

The creature FALLS knocking the one below off the ladder.

Jack helps Fan up.

INT. DEATH MAZE - NIGHT

Columbus stumbles through the dark. Shaun is nowhere.

COLUMBUS  
Shaun! You up there?

There is no reply.

COLUMBUS (CONT'D)  
Shaun?

The big highlander scans the gloom in front of him.

COLUMBUS (CONT'D)  
Bastard.

Wait, is that? The sound of a CHILD CRYING?

COLUMBUS (CONT'D)  
Whit's that? Is that... Hello? Is  
somebody there?

Something dashes through the dark ahead of Columbus.

COLUMBUS (CONT'D)  
 Christ is that a wee lassie? Hello,  
 are ye alright hen?

INT. HORRIFIC NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Columbus follows the sound of the girl.

A PATTERN OF FEET somewhere behind him, or is it in front? He can't tell. This may have been a mistake.

He inches along, darkness all around. It takes forever. The big man doesn't scare easy but now is one of the rare occasions the creep of death tingles the hairs on the back of his neck.

Ahead he spots a figure, A YOUNG GIRL, maybe only 11 or 12.

COLUMBUS  
 Dae ye need help? I'm no gaun tae  
 hurt ye.

He steps into the room, a dim fluorescent flickers above. The girl is hunched on the ground sobbing.

COLUMBUS (CONT'D)  
 It's okay. Are ye hurt?

He approaches. Then he sees. She's not sobbing...

She's EATING, gnawing on a disembodied ARM.

COLUMBUS (CONT'D)  
 Oh dear god.

SHE POUNCES.

Her TEETH RIP into Columbus's THROAT tearing LUMPS OF FLESH.

Columbus bats her off. He stumbles. Frantic to get away. Blood pouring from his neck.

It's dark. SCREECHING and PATTERN OF FEET as it pursues.

Columbus feels weak. Dizzy and disoriented. He spins. Where is she?

A giggle. A squeal.

Total confusion.

He runs but his legs give way. He crashes to the floor.

The girl appears behind him.

COLUMBUS (CONT'D)

No...

She approaches. Razor sharp teeth bared.

The big man's SCREAMS echo through the dark maze.

INT. DEATH MAZE - NIGHT

Columbus's screams reverberate through the corridors.

Jack, Abby and the others pause.

JULES

What was that?

WEE FAN

Ignorance is bliss.

ABBY

Come on let's keep moving.

JACK

What if it's Marc?

Jack does a 180 and heads away from the group.

WEE FAN

Are you daft?

JACK

I should go, in case --

ABBY

Hey, we stick together.

JACK

Aye but --

WEE FAN

We stick wi the lassies ya fuckin  
rocket. Whit's wrang with ye?

JULES

Uh, yeah what he said.

ABBY

Look, Jack, if your brother is  
alive he's doing what we're doing.  
Heading up and heading out. He's  
okay but you won't be if you leave.

Jack knows she's right. He takes a moment peering into the darkness, at the far end of the corridor he sees DAVIE'S GHOST. He re-joins the others.

JACK

Okay.

WEE FAN

Aye that brother o' yours seems like a smart boy, like mysel. He'll be daein' awright.

They head into the darkness.

INT. MAZE - NIGHT

Marc tears down a corridor.

A horde of HUNTERS on his tail.

An ARROW zips past his head. From a CROSSBOW.

MARC

Where'd these fuckers get crossbows?

He runs as fast as he can. Turning the corner, he's faced with another fork in the tunnels.

Marc darts into the right hand tunnel. There is a small gap in the wall. He squeezes into it and holds his breath.

The horde reach the fork. A noise from the left tunnel distracts them and they disappear down it.

Marc carries on through the gap until he reaches a room.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Marc takes in the room. He's at the bottom of a METAL STAIRWELL. There are LOCKERS. He opens one.

MARC

No way...

INT. MAZE - NIGHT

Rory is not doing well.

CLANG.

He freezes.

His eyes dart around the blackness of the tunnels. He's shaking, almost whimpering.

A CLACKING sound. They must be all around him.

He trips over something and smacks the floor.

Rory looks up to see a MANGLED CORPSE lying next to him.

A RAT crawls out of its mouth. It JUMPS at him.

RORY  
(Screams)  
OH GOD!

Springing to his feet, he knocks the rodent away. He feels unclean, like he is crawling in rats. He runs.

Rory rushes blindly through the tunnels.

Turning the corner, he smashes into something.

Rory cowers on the floor.

RORY (CONT'D)  
Please...

He looks up

A HUNTER emerges from the gloom.

Rory frozen with fear. Pisses himself.

The troglodyte takes Rory's face in its hand, almost caressing, checking it in the light. It pulls a BLADE from its belt.

A glint of his own reflection in the knife is the last thing Rory sees before the creature starts to cut off his face.

Rory screams.

INT. MAZE - NIGHT

Jack leads the group.

JACK  
Look.

A LARGE METAL DOOR with a small round WINDOW at the far end of the corridor.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Might be a way out?

ABBY  
 I wouldn't bet on it.

JULES  
 Oh thank God.

Jules rushes past and up to the door.

ABBY  
 Jules wait.

She pushes it OPEN.

JULES  
 Come on.

She doesn't notice THE HUNTER on the OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR.

ABBY JACK  
 LOOK OUT! NO!

It's too late. It SWINGS ITS AXE.

Jules's HEAD lands on the floor at her FEET.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
 (screaming)  
 NO!

Wee Fan charges...

WEE FAN  
 BASTARD!

...and TACKLES the Hunter into the room.

Something WHISTLES past Jack. An ARROW. It misses.

A pack of HUNTERS at the end of the corridor.

JACK  
 Move, go.

Jack grabs a shocked Abby jolting her into action.

INT. SILO - CONTINUOUS

The pair dart into the TOWERING STRUCTURE.

WEE FAN  
Gonnae gies a haund here.

Fan is struggling with the creature on the floor.

JACK  
Shit.

Jack frozen -- Abby picks up the Hunter's AXE and BASHES it's head in -- REPEATEDLY. Blood spraying her face.

Hunters are coming up the corridor.

Jack rushes to the door.

ABBY  
Leave it open.

Abby stands ENRAGED, BLOODY, AXE IN HAND.

JACK  
I appreciate your enthusiasm but maybe now's not the time.

Jack pushes the door but something's JAMMING it.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Why won't this door shut?

The first Hunter breaks through.

Abby brings the axe down on a Hunters arm severing it.

ABBY  
I said leave it open!

JACK  
No.

Jack spots what's blocking the door.

Abby falls back when she sees JULES'S SEVERED HEAD.

WEE FAN  
Open the door.

JACK  
Would everyone stop telling me to leave the door to the corridor full of monsters open!

WEE FAN  
DAE IT!

FAN SWINGS A FOOT and SMASHES Jules'S HEAD into an oncoming Hunter. It FALLS BACK causing a PILE UP.

Fan celebrates his goal like he's just curled in a last minute winner against England.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)

Back of the fuckin net!

Jack SLAMS the door and fixes it shut with the METAL PIPE he's been using as a weapon.

JACK

Maybe not the time, eh.

The pair look to Abby who's sat against the wall curled up, looking at the dead hunter on the floor. Its head mashed to a bloody pulp.

WEE FAN

Sorry. Didnae mean... it wis the adrenalin...

Abby doesn't look up.

JACK

Abby? You okay?

ABBY

It's all my fault.

JACK

No, you couldn't have known... None of us...

ABBY

She was my friend and she died hating me.

JACK

No she didn't. Well maybe a wee bit, but she loved you, you know deep down.

She says nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)

Abby?

Fan watches the door. Grotesque faces snarl at the glass. He makes a face back confusing the creature.

JACK (CONT'D)

Abby? Abigale?

She gets up. AXE in hand.

                          ABBY  
I told you...

She SMASHES the dead HUNTER again.

                          ABBY (CONT'D)  
My...

And again.

                          ABBY (CONT'D)  
Name...

And again.

                          ABBY (CONT'D)  
Is...

And again.

                          ABBY (CONT'D)  
Not...

And again.

                          ABBY (CONT'D)  
Abigale.

Jack and Fan are a bit shocked.

                          WEE FAN  
Better tae let it oot.

She hits it one more time for good measure.

                          ABBY  
Come on...

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Căpcăun hunts his prey...

INT. SILO - NIGHT

Jack, Abby and Fan take in the giant CHAMBER.

The room is close to eighty feet tall. There are gantries and walkways above their heads.

JACK  
 Old missile silo by the looks of  
 it. Maybe an old military base or  
 something?

WEE FAN  
 Ken loads about missile silo's dae  
 ye?

JACK  
 Just saying like.

ABBY  
 Wait.

JACK  
 What?

ABBY  
 Listen.

WEE FAN  
 There's naebody at the door.

The three gingerly approach the door. Jack checks.

SLAM!!!

Shaun appears at the window. He thuds the door repeatedly.

SHAUN  
 Open the door!

Jack hesitates.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
 Jack!

Jack thinks. He could just leave him...

ABBY  
 Jack? Open the door...

A beat.

JACK  
 Aye...

He removes the pipe and lets Shaun in.

SHAUN  
 What the fuck Jackie boy?

Shaun threatening. Jack throws a rage filled glance at him.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
 You got something to say like, eh?

A long beat...

JACK  
 No.

Jack turns his back on Shaun replacing the pipe in the door.

SHAUN  
 Aye, that's what I thought.

ABBY  
 Hey.

Shaun ignores her, staring at Jack.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Shaun turns to her.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
 I don't know what this is, but it  
 stops now. I am in no mood for this  
bullshit!

SHAUN  
 Apologies, emotions running a bit  
 high, eh. We're cool, aren't we  
 Jackie.

Jack nods.

WEE FAN  
 Is it just yersel?

Jack suddenly realises.

JACK  
 Where's Marc? I thought he was with  
 you?

SHAUN  
 I don't know. He went looking for  
 you. We got separated.

WEE FAN  
 Whit about the ol' yin, Columbus?

Shaun shakes his head.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)

Bastard.

SHAUN

Where's Rory?

JACK

God Rory... I'd forgotten... No. He went off on his own. We've not seen him since --

ABBY

Where'd those things go? Did you see them?

SHAUN

Lets no wait to find out, eh.

INT. MAZE STAIRWELL - NIGHT

HUNTERS race up a hidden staircase. This is a trap.

INT. SILO - NIGHT

A LADDER at the far side of the silo. They look up and take in the daunting climb.

Jack's eyes wide with terror.

Fan BARGES past.

WEE FAN

Here! I'm gaun first, cause if I die climbing up that bastard the last I see will no be your hairy fuckin baws swingin aboot in ma face again.

Shaun takes one look at Jack in his kilt.

SHAUN

Boy has a point.

Fan starts up the ladder.

JACK

I'll just bring up the rear then.

Abby follows, then Shaun and finally Jack bringing up the...  
Ahem.

AT THE DOOR

the handle moves slowly.

The other side of the glass MISTS with the breath of something huge. The Căpcăun.

INT. SILO LADDER - LATER

The survivors climb.

The hatch is even higher than they first thought.

Fan passes, keeping his eyes up but looking tired. He reaches up a hand but slips.

A RUSTED RUNG BREAKS as a metal bolt falls away.

Abby jumps as the bolt passes.

Shaun watches it fall to the dark below.

SHAUN

Everything all right up there?

WEE FAN

Aye.

ABBY

Jack, you okay?

Cut to Jack who is ten or so feet behind the others. Terror etched into his face. The bolt misses narrowly.

JACK

Oh, I'm just fuckin dandy.

Jack is around thirty feet in the air. He's sweating, his eyes shut, a freezing terror taking over. He fights it off and looks up.

Shaun is watching him. It's weird.

SHAUN

Thought we'd lost you there for a minute.

JACK

No. I'm good.

CLANG!

The metal pipe jamming the door hits the ground.

ABBY  
What was that?

Silent and dark below. Silent and dark above.

A blood curdling ROAR.

The Căpcăun BURSTS INTO THE SILO.

Jack looks down.

JACK  
Move!

Everyone hauls ass.

Wee Fan reaches the top. The hatch is BOLTED.

WEE FAN  
It's locked.

ABBY  
Take the axe.

Abby climbs up and hands the AXE to Fan.

Fan struggles to gain the purchase to swing at the lock.

The Căpcăun starts climbing the ladder.

JACK  
Hurry the fuck up.

Fan fumbles -- swings out dropping the axe.

WEE FAN  
Shite! Heids up.

To Jacks surprise as much as anyone's, he instinctively CATCHES the axe in mid air.

JACK  
I got it! Ooh shit...

He loses his grip and FALLS BACKWARDS.

ABBY  
JACK!

Jack manages to keep a leg wrapped around the rungs of the ladder. He DANGLES UPSIDE DOWN, his KILT up over his chest exposing himself for all the world to see.

Abby and Fan wince with embarrassment.

Shaun turns away in disgust.

CAMERAS capture the moment.

Jack is oblivious.

JACK

I'm okay.

But his delight is short lived.

Jack's POV as he is now FACE to UPSIDE DOWN FACE with The Căpcăun.

It ROARS at him. Jack ROARS back. He smashes it in the face with the axe handle.

The monster FALLS taking Jack with him.

Fan and Abby look on in horror.

ABBY

Jack!

SHAUN

Get that gate open!

Shaun passes up his club.

Fan pries the lock off. He opens the hatch...

HUNTERS pour onto the gantry above.

Wee Fan pulls the gate shut.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Get up there.

Wee Fan holds the gate and shakes his head.

FURTHER DOWN

Jack takes a moment to realise he is no longer falling.

Then it hits him. He is SAT on The Căpcăun's shoulders, IT'S HEAD UP HIS KILT.

We get a quick shot of the monster unhappy at the situation.

It swings wildly. Jack clings for dear life.

JACK

Aahhhhhh...

The Căpcăun THROWS Jack off and heads up the ladder towards the others.

AT THE TOP

Wee Fan holds the gate -- hunters approaching.

Shaun looks down. The Căpcăun climbs.

SHAUN

Open the fucking gate now and get up there.

WEE FAN

Nae chance.

ABBY

Well we can't just wait here.

Fan looks up as SOMEONE DARTS across his head.

INT. SILO GANTRY - CONTINUOUS

A sudden BLAST OF LIGHT. The Hunters scatter.

MARC stands tooled up. A bright LED light in one hand and a CROSSBOW in the other. He fires an arrow straight through a hunter's eye. The rest retreat the way they came.

MARC

Come on!

Fan is the first to climb up onto the gantry. Reaches the door the Hunters came from. Slams it and wedges Shaun's club in the handle blocking it.

Shaun climbs up passing Abby who waits on the ladder below.

Marc gives him a hand up.

SHAUN

Never thought I'd see you again Marco.

MARC

Where's Jack?

SHAUN

Down there somewhere.

INT. SILO LADDER - CONTINUOUS

Abby waits on the ladder to see if Jack is behind her.

She spots movement.

MARC  
Do you see him?

ABBY  
No.  
(calling out)  
Jack?

The Căpcăun BURSTS from the darkness and SLASHES at Abby's leg. Abby screams.

MARC  
Give me your hand.

The creature has Abby -- Marc grabs her.

Grip slipping.

ABBY  
I can't hold on...

Suddenly an AXE slices through The Căpcăun's hand holding the ladder taking TWO FINGERS CLEAN OFF. It WAILS in agony before pulling Abby away as it falls into the darkness below.

Marc loses his grip on the young woman.

Jack CATCHES Abby and pulls her close.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
Jack!

INT. SILO GANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Marc and Fan watch on.

MARC  
Jack!

WEE FAN  
Get it up ye, ya mangled, tunnel  
dwelling baw bag!

They help Abby up and then Jack.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)  
Thought we'd lost ye there pal.

JACK  
Me? Nah, I had it under control.

Marc embraces his brother.

MARC  
Thank God. If anything happened to  
you --

Jack breaks away.

JACK  
It's good. I'm alright.

MARC  
Eh, right -- Good.

Abby nurses her injured leg.

ABBY  
Ah...

JACK  
Are you alright?

ABBY  
Don't worry about me. I'll be fine.

Marc goes to help but Jack stops him.

JACK  
I've got her.  
(to Abby)  
Let me help.

Jack helps Abby up.

MARC  
Come on, this way.

Marc leads them out the way he came in.

We linger on Shaun who eyes the brothers with contempt.

INT. CURVED HALLWAY - NIGHT

The survivors reach the top. They are in a long tunnel.

Voices up ahead.

MARC  
Someone's coming.

Jack spies a store room.

JACK  
There, go.

INT. CURVED HALLWAY/STOREROOM - CONTINUOUS

A squad of 11 SECURITY GUARDS, the same guys from the casino, pass in full tactical gear.

HENCHMAN  
Check the silo and work back. Find them and be careful. That thing might still be alive and they ain't paying me enough to deal with that shit.

Marc watches the men pass.

MARC  
Those are the same guys from the stadium?

Jack sees to Abby.

JACK  
You sure?

ABBY  
It's possible we're somewhere underneath the complex.

Abby winces in pain.

JACK  
I'm going to find something for your leg.

Jack starts searching the shelves and boxes. He finds some OLD MEDICAL SUPPLIES. He takes the bandages and tends to Abby's leg.

ABBY  
Hey, I'm sorry about earlier... If I upset you.

JACK  
Forget about it. I'd rather go through this with you, well no, I wouldn't wish this anybody, well maybe one or two folk... but point is, I'd be down here regardless.

She looks over to Shaun. He doesn't notice her.

ABBY  
Yeah, you would.

JACK  
And I don't think we would've got  
this far without you.

WEE FAN  
Ah would huv. You'd be deid.

They both give Fan a scornful look.

ABBY  
Ignore him... You saved my life.

JACK  
Just reacted really.

ABBY  
All in the reflexes, huh?

Marc interrupts.

MARC  
How are you doing? Can you walk?

ABBY  
Yeah.

JACK  
She's fine, I've got this.

MARC  
(stung)  
Okay -- Come on, we'd better go.

Jack helps Abby up.

ABBY  
You know, you should cut him some  
slack.

Jack knows she is right.

JACK  
Maybe.

Shaun skulks in the shadows. Lost in thought.

MARC  
Shaun... Shaun. You coming?

SHAUN  
Aye Marco. Aye.

The group sneak away.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

HEAVY BLAST DOORS suggest escape.

To the side is a CONTROL ROOM.

ABBY  
Hey.

WEE FAN  
Ah see it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door BURSTS OPEN. Fan leaps through. The element of surprise his one advantage.

WEE FAN  
Aw'right ye... Wait there's naebdy here?

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jack stops Marc. Both brothers ill at ease. Abby moves on, nods that Jack is doing the right thing.

JACK  
Marc... I, eh... I just wanted to say... Well, back there, I shouldn't have been so--

MARC  
Jack no. Look, you've every right... We're in this mess because of me and I take full responsibility, you know?

JACK  
Aye.

MARC  
I don't know what's going on here but we will get through it. Together.

JACK  
Together.

The brothers hug -- an awkward man hug.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Still, we get out of here you're  
owed a boot in the baws.

MARC  
Fair enough.

They follow the others into the room.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The gang stand in an empty room. On the walls are MONITORS  
broadcasting live feeds of the killing floor, maze, the silo  
and passages no one has seen.

Shaun is at the controls. He kills the outgoing broadcast. He  
eyes the keypad to open the door.

MARC  
They've been watching us?

Looking up, Shaun sees Abby eyeing him with suspicion. He  
moves away to the back of the room.

JACK  
Guess we know what happened to  
Rory.

Marc checks the monitor. He sees Rory's corpse.

MARC  
Fuck, Rory.

AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM

Fan breaks into a cabinet. Inside are two REVOLVERS and  
ammunition. Fan takes one.

WEE FAN  
Fuckin magic man.

Shaun joins Wee Fan and nabs the other gun.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)  
Here, that's mine.

SHAUN  
Not anymore.

Shaun takes the gun and loads a clip into it.

INT. SILO STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The security team head back up towards the control room.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Abby checks the monitor and sees the men.

ABBY

We don't have much time. How do we open the door?

Shaun moves beside Abby at the console.

Comms crackle into life.

THE GENERAL (O.S.)

Mr Campbell you there?

SHAUN

Reading you loud and clear, General sir.

WHAT THE FUCK? Marc turns to face his friend.

Shaun raises his gun.

MARC

Shaun?

THE GENERAL (O.S.)

Are you done playing?

SHAUN

Tell you what, you should of tried it. I am absolutly buzzin. It's been a blast. Well, apart from the jammy bastards surviving.

THE GENERAL

Not my problem. Kill them already and lets go.

SHAUN

On ma way. You got the door code?

THE GENERAL (O.S.)

150467. Hurry up, it's time to cash in.

Shaun punches in the numbers.

INT. BLAST DOORS - CONTINUOUS

A light turns green and the heavy metal door unlocks.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone looks at Shaun.

MARC

You planned this?

JACK

Of course he did. He's mental.

SHAUN

Well, no all of it... My job was to kill the feeds and draw the security away from up stairs. You blootering their pet monster did my job for me. Maybe I should thank you Jack.

MARC

But why Shaun? I thought --

SHAUN

Well you thought wrong Marc.

Shaun starts backing out of the room.

Fan turns his GUN on Shaun.

WEE FAN

Where'd ye think you're gaun?

Shaun grabs Abby and puts the gun to her head.

ABBY

Hey!

JACK

Let her go.

SHAUN

What are you going to do about it Jackie boy, eh?

ABBY

Asshole. Jack it'll be alright --

SHAUN  
No. It won't.

We see on a monitor that security team are in the corridor.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
Well, the reunion was fun but all good things and that, eh. Anyone so much as twitches and she dies.

Shaun backs out.

MARC  
Shaun, listen to me. Whatever grievance you've harboured since Davie --

SHAUN  
SHUT IT!

MARC  
Jesus, Shaun. It doesn't have to be like this.

JACK  
Don't bother Marc. You'll get no sense out of him.

Shaun pauses, turning the gun on Jack.

MARC  
Shaun don't.

SHAUN  
My wee brother is gone Marco. It's time to join the club. Cheerio Jackie boy.

MARC  
NO!

BLAM!

Marc THROWS HIMSELF between Jack and Shaun.

Shaun hauls Abby out of the room and disappears.

MARC (CONT'D)  
(weak)  
Jack...

Now Jack sees. Marc, DARK RED BLOOD soaks his chest.

Marc collapses to the floor. Jack goes to him.

JACK  
No, no, no, no, Marc... Please  
Marc...

Marc puts a bloody hand up to Jack's face.

MARC  
I'm sorry... I love you wee brothe-  
-

Marc slips away.

JACK  
Marc? Marc, no...

Jack can't hold back the tears. He feels numb. What remains of his world is shattered.

Fan grabs him.

WEE FAN  
Sorry pal but we'd better scarper,  
pronto.

Jack does not respond.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)  
Jack!

Nothing.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)  
Fuck sake... fannybaws! Sorry Jack  
but I dinnae have time.

Fan attempts to SLAP Jack out of it. Jack intercepts the slap catching Fan by the wrist.

Anger and determination across Jack's face.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)  
Mair like it.

The pair pick themselves up and head out the door.

INT. CORRIDOR/BLAST DOORS - NIGHT

Fan and Jack rush into the hallway and into the path of the armed security detail.

HENCHMAN  
There they are.

JACK

Shoot them!

Fan pulls the trigger but nothing happens.

Jack gives him a look.

WEE FAN

Ah'm fae Drumchapel, nae Detroit,  
whit dae ah ken aboot guns?

HENCHMAN

You're so done.

The lead henchman aims his semi automatic at Jack...

A CLACKING. A WHIZZ and a crossbow bolt splits the man's head wide open. He falls to the floor.

JACK

Jesus!

Jack sees a horde of hunters tear up the corridor.

The YOUNG GIRL that killed Columbus LEAPS ONTO A GAURD. The man SHRIEKS in agony and flails around.

The hallway is filled with gunfire, screams and A BLOOD CURDLING ROAR. The Căpcăun tears into them.

The men scatter.

WEE FAN

YAAS!

The Căpcăun grabs a guard and RIPS him in two.

JACK

Ooh. Fuck. Let's no hang about.

WEE FAN

Aye.

The pair escape through the blast doors.

INT. STADIUM SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

A metal HATCH, like something you'd see in a submarine, set into a nondescript concrete floor swings open. Jack and Fan haul themselves out.

Fan closes the hatch but doesn't lock it. No time. They haul ass out of the room.

We stay on the hatch as a giant, gruesome hand with two fingers missing bursts out.

INT. STADIUM LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

The boys find themselves in a cavernous loading dock. At the far end Shaun hauls Abby through a security gate.

ABBY

JACK!

JACK

ABBY!

The CRACK of gun fire. Jack and Fan dive for cover.

Shaun hits the button and the metal shutter crashes down.

The coast is clear. Fan dashes to the gate. He hits the mechanism but nothing happens.

WEE FAN

It's locked.

JACK

Shit.

Jack searches and then he sees it. A truck parked on the other side of the loading bay.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Jack climbs into the driver's seat.

JACK

You stolen many cars?

WEE FAN

Whit are you sayin' like?

JACK

Nothin but I just thought --

WEE FAN

Keys.

Jack checks but there are no keys in the ignition.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)

You never seen an American movie  
a'fore?

JACK

Eh?

WEE FAN

Daft bastards a'ways leave spare  
keys in the sun visor.

Fan leans over and pulls down the visor. Nothing.

JACK

That right, aye?

WEE FAN

Fuck sake, gies a minute.

Fan jumps out the truck. Within seconds he reappears.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)

Budge ower.

Jack, confused, does as he's told and moves into the  
passenger seat. Fan jumps into the driver's seat and pulls  
out a SCREW DRIVER.

He jams it into the ignition. The engine fires into life.

BANG.

A portly stadium SECURITY GUARD rattles the truck window.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, out of the truck asshole.

Fan gives Jack a look. He moves it into gear and floors it.

The security guard opens fire.

They rip across the loading dock. TWO MORE GUARDS stand in  
the way. They shoot. Fan doesn't stop. The guards dive clear.

WEE FAN

OH SHIIIIIT!

JACK

OH SHIIIIIT!

They hit the shutter obliterating it.

INT. STADIUM PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

They screech to a halt and fall out. They see an ELEVATOR.

Jack and Fan make for it. The doors open immediately as the  
security men pursue. Lucky bastards.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Fan stand quietly in the elevator. They hear the crowd cheer somewhere above them.

JACK  
I forgot all about the game. See if we can find out the score.

WEE FAN  
Aye. Before or after we kill Shaun?

JACK  
Play it by ear.

WEE FAN  
Aye.

The doors open...

INT. STADIUM CONCOURSE - NIGHT

The game is finished. THOUSANDS of SUPPORTERS head out.

Fan darts out of the lift and onto the concourse.

Jack is pinned against a wall heart pounding, hands clammy, cold. People FLASH past. Jack is DIZZY. DISORIENTATED.

WEE FAN  
Fuck sake man, after aw the shite we've been through?

JACK  
I'm not good with big crowds, okay.

Then... DAVIE. He points the way.

A surge of adrenaline. A new determination.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I'm alright. I can do this...

The pair run out onto the concourse full of supporters.

PASSING SUPPORTER  
GUN!

Jack and Fan look around in surprise. Who? Oh aye. Shite.

The crowd screams. Panic. Chaos.

TWO COPS at the end of the concourse rush in. A male and female officer.

Jack and Fan run.

The cops draw on them.

FEMALE OFFICER  
Drop the gun and get on the ground  
or I'll shoot.

MALE OFFICER  
NOW!

JACK  
No, wait.

Jack and Fan get on the floor. Fuck, they're done. It's over.

SMASH!

A stairwell door bursts. The Căpcăun explodes into the crowd.

MALE COP  
Jesus Christ!

The cops turn all their attention on the monster.

FEMALE OFFICER  
(into her radio)  
We need back up on the south  
concourse... All of it!

The hulking monstrosity intercepts the male cop by the throat. It picks him up snapping his neck.

The dead cop rag-dolls to the ground at the feet of a terrified 9 YEAR OLD GIRL.

The Căpcăun turns to the petrified youngster. The female officer dives between the two.

AWAY FROM THE MONSTER

Fan and Jack pick themselves up.

WEE FAN  
Get Abby.

JACK  
What are you going to do?

WEE FAN  
Deal wi Captain fuckin' Caveman.

A discarded Scotland flag flutters across the concrete into Fan's hands. He picks it up and smiles.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)

Aye, nae bother.

Jack scrambles to the executive elevator and hits the button. The doors open and he gets in.

BACK ON THE CAPCAUN

The Officer shields the little girl best she can.

It's nearly on them.

The brave officer braces herself.

FEMALE OFFICER

Come on you ugly son of a bitch.

A discarded drinks cup explodes against the back of the Căpcăun's head. Flat soda and ice down its back.

It turns.

Low angle wide shot on Wee Fan stood hands on hips, Saltire cape fluttering behind him. He's like the shittiest superhero you've ever seen.

WEE FAN

Remember me ya big hairy bawbag?  
Aye ye dae.

The Căpcăun roars -- CHARGES.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)

Oh fuck... Ah've no thought this  
through.

Fan takes off, The Căpcăun in hot pursuit.

The Officer hurries the little girl away.

INT. CASINO/HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The Casino is busy, too busy for Jack. Gamblers, press and football supporters from all over.

JIMMY BET in his stupid foam costume is there.

Jack sucks it up. He sees Chip.

JACK  
Hello Chip.

He makes this way through the crowds getting funny looks.

Chip too.

CHIP  
Hey buddy, you ok there? Can I help  
you with something?

FOUR ARMED HOTEL SECURITY appear on Chips shoulder. TWO more  
behind Jack -- IT IS OVER.

JACK  
You don't understand I--

A woman SCREAMS. Then another. And then EVERYONE.

SECURITY GUARD  
What the fuck?

Out of the stairwell across the casino floor -- HUNTERS burst  
into the room -- PANIC and CHAOS erupts.

The security guys are distracted.

Jack SLAMS Chip to the ground and tears the KEYCARD away.

HUNTERS POUNCE

Some Squeal with pain at the bright lights and noise.  
Security OPEN FIRE -- killing as many people as hunters.

Jack bolts for the elevator.

He gets in -- INSERTS THE KEYCARD. Doors sliding shut...

The man dressed as JIMMYBET tries to reach him but is JUMPED  
by two HUNTERS -- it's the last thing Jack sees. The doors to  
the UTTER CARNAGE close and Jack ascends.

INT. EXECUTIVE SUITE - NIGHT

The elevator opens to reveal the most luxurious executive  
suite Jack has ever seen. Luxury seating, massive screens,  
private bar, an office to one side and an emergency exit on  
the other.

Dotted around the room are GUESTS of our host, Mr Zolotov,  
the Russian oligarch.

Every type of neoliberal shitebag, including a couple of World Cup officials sat around viewing screens which are BLANK.

Bulldog and Gruff flank the room. AR 15's in hand. They are supported by at least FOUR OTHER GOONS.

One of the goons keeps a gun on THREE MEN in sharp suits. Hotel security. All with BULGES under their jackets. They are pinned against a wall. Arms raised.

Zolotov sits with his wife by a massive VIEWING WINDOW looking down on the pitch.

People scatter in panic as HUNTERS rampage.

Zolotov hits the CONTROL and the window turns OPAQUE blocking out the horror below.

Everyone stares at Jack.

Shaun enters. He's cleaned himself up a little. He twirls a small knife, a SGIAN DUBH in fact, in his hand. He uses it to steal food from people's tables.

SHAUN

I do not fucking believe it. Well done son, well done.

He begins to clap. Encouraging the others to join in.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Come on, round of applause for the boy. Here is your new champion folks.

A smattering of fearful applause join in. Zolotov does not.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Dimitry, come on. He beat your maze and your pet beasties.

The Russian slow claps, glaring.

JACK

Where's Abby?

Shaun prowls taking more food as he goes. A grape here, some caviar there. He passes a scowling WOMAN. Hand twitching to go for the concealed pistol in her purse.

SHAUN

Don't you want to know what's going on? Who these people are?

JACK

Not really -- Bunch of mega rich wanks betting on which of us would survive their maze of monsters for kicks? Who fucking cares.

Zolotov is offended.

ZOLOTOV

How dare you--

SHAUN

Shut it Dimitry -- Astute as ever Jack.

JACK

Rich people don't care about people like us. I get it. Where's Abby?

SHAUN

No they don't. That's why I'm robbing them.

ZOLOTOV

You won't get away with--

SHAUN

Fuck sake Dimitry.

Shaun pulls out his REVOLVER--

BANG.

People cower. Mrs Zolotov shrieks.

Zolotov lies motionless, his brains over the opaque window.

Jack flinches but stands strong.

The security men want to react. Can't. Pushed back by the goon with the gun.

The doors to a side office open and The General throws Abby into the room. A bar running along one side of the room separates them.

JACK

Abby!

ABBY

Jack?

THE GENERAL

You shot Dmitry Ivanovich?

SHAUN

Aye. He was a prick.

Abby tries to warn Jack with her eyes - look behind you dumbass.

THE GENERAL

Come on, the transfer is done.

Jack doesn't understand. Abby, frustrated, tries again.

SHAUN

We got the money?

Jack, puzzled, looks behind him -- THE ELEVATOR. Someone is coming up.

The woman with the concealed gun takes it out unnoticed and holds it down at her side.

THE GENERAL

You are rich man Mr Campbell.

Abby nods to the bar that runs along the length of the room. Jack sees her plan. Finally.

SHAUN

Ye dancer!

The woman cocks her weapon.

Shaun swings his revolver round to Jack.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

Here that Jackie boy? I'm a rich--

PING. ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN.

Jack glances round -- SIX HUNTERS rush the room.

THE GENERAL

What the fuck...

The General and his men open fire.

Security pull guns on The General and his men.

A HUNTER leaps on the woman with the pistol before her can even get off a shot.

ABBY

JACK!

Abby SMASHES the General out of the way, spraying bullets wildly into the room.

Shaun flees.

Jack drops behind the bar as does Abby. An explosion of violence rains down as one percenter hostages, hunters and mobsters attack each other.

We're with Jack. SCREAMS. SMOKE. SPLINTERS. SHRAPNEL. It swirls around him.

GRUFF spills over the bar dead. Abby reaches up and grabs his MACHINE GUN.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Stay here.

She dives over the bar and disappears.

THE SOUND OF EXTREME VIOLENCE

As we stay on Jack. But he can't stay hidden. He has to do something. He spots the woman's pistol -- Fuck it.

He grabs it and pounces.

JACK

Come on ye bastards!

Everyone in the room is dead except Abby. She gives him a what the fuck are you doing look.

JACK (CONT'D)

Eh, sorry --

He throws the pathetic pistol away.

JACK (CONT'D)

Wait... Where's Shaun?

ABBY

Gone.

Jack heads for the emergency door.

ABBY (CONT'D)

You're going after him?

JACK

Have to.

ABBY

Hell, I ain't gonna stop ya. Here take this.

She throws him a machine gun. His catch is awkward.

JACK

Get help and find Fan, he's down there somewhere. And be careful.

ABBY

You too, huh.

JACK

No. That thing, the big one, it's not dead. Followed us up here.

ABBY

Come on! Are you serious Jack?

JACK

Sorry... Don't die.

Jack dashes out the door. Abby makes for the elevator grabbing another machine gun as she goes.

INT. STADIUM CONCOURSE - NIGHT

A SWAT TEAM cuts through the stadium.

It's faint but we see someone running toward them.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

FREEZE. Hands where I can see them.

The person is not just running, he's proper Tom Cruising it.

WEE FAN

SHOOT IT, FUCKIN' SHOOT IT...

Fan skids to the floor.

SWAT OFFICER 2

Hey! What the...

The Căpcăun ROARS from the dark.

The SWAT team open fire on the creature.

It BELLOWS before CAREERING OVER the side of the concourse into the darkness below.

Fan glances up.

WEE FAN

YES!

TWO OFFICERS pin Fan to the ground and cuff him.

SWAT OFFICER 2

You are under arrest asshole.

WEE FAN

How? Whit have ah done?

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Abby smashes a new magazine into a machine gun. She cocks it.  
DOORS OPEN...

INT. CASINO - CONTINUOUS

She cricks her neck and steps out in to the casino floor.

ABBY

Viva Las Vegas baby...

She explodes into the room killing hunters with ease. She's a  
TOTAL BADASS.

INT. DESERTED CONCOURSE - MOMENTS LATER

An emergency door slinks open and Jack steps out into a  
foreboding, brutalist concrete tomb of a concourse.

The POWER CUTS plunging JACK into darkness.

JACK

That can't be good.

He checks behind him before moving forward.

The sound of a door somewhere in the distance rattles off the  
concrete walls.

JACK (CONT'D)

Shaun?

SHAUN (O.C.)

You will not die, will you Jackie  
boy.

CUT BETWEEN JACK AND SHAUN

Shaun pauses, he pulls the SGIAN DUBH.

SHAUN  
One more game...

CRASH. Jack tenses. Something big smashes its way onto the concourse.

Jack looks over his shoulder.

We cut back to Shaun who is also caught off guard.

SHAUN (CONT'D)  
That's no you is it, Jackie boy?

Shaun takes a step backward and disappears into SHADOW.

INT. CASINO/HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

A bloody Abby comes face to face with the SWAT TEAM.

Hunters in retreat now -- they scurry for the stairs and back to their underground sanctum.

SWAT TEAM LEADER  
Freeze.

Abby raises her hands.

ABBY  
Hey, I need your help.

INT. CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Jack creeps along.

He stops. Ice at the base of his neck. He turns around.

Davie is stood behind him.

DAVIE  
He's coming...

Shaun LEAPS from the darkness brandishing his knife.

Jack smacks the concrete losing his gun to the level below.

The blade SCRAPES the ground millimetres from Jack's cheek.

Jack KICKS Shaun away giving him time to get to his feet.

Shaun sneers.

SHAUN

Thank you Jack. To do you up close like this, so much better than leaving you to die in that dungeon.

Shaun looks to the heavens.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

I telt ye Davie didn't I, eh? I always said I'd make them pay.

JACK

You're insane. He ran after you, because of you. I tried to stop him but he was gone. I was ten years old for God's sake. It's on you Shaun, it's always been on you.

SHAUN

I'm gonna gut ye Jackie boy.

JACK

Try it.

Jack CHARGES. He tackles Shaun. They FALL over the concourse barrier.

INT. CONCOURSE BELOW - MOMENTS LATER

Jack comes round. He clattered the concrete HARD.

BLOOD pours from a deep gash across his forehead. He's CRACKED a couple of RIBS and probably has a concussion but he can stand. Just.

His vision blurry. Around ten feet away Shaun staggers to his feet. He spits out BLOOD and TEETH.

Shaun looks up in time to see Jack CRASH into him.

The fight is sloppy. Jack slams a fist into Shaun's already broken nose.

CRUNCH.

Shaun reels backward. Jack should go for the kill but he takes a breath, his ribs sear in pain.

Shaun comes at him.

Jack slams to the floor. A skull shattering blow.

His vision slips in and out. Shaun is over him.

Shaun puts a knee on Jack's chest. He's too strong. He puts his hands to Jack's THROAT and SQUEEZES.

It's now or never. Jack gouges at Shaun's eye drawing blood.

Shaun HOWLS and falls back.

His scream is mirrored by something close by.

Jack bolts up. A fresh adrenaline burst. Shaun's sgian dubh is right there.

He gets to his feet grabbing the blade.

Behind him Shaun rises up. The MACHINE GUN in his hand.

SHAUN

Sorry Jack. Looks like you brought  
a sgian dubh to a gun fi--

The Căpcăun, bloody and enraged, tears out of the darkness.

It SKEWERS Shaun with its BLADE.

The monster lifts Shaun in the air ROARING with bloodlust.

Jack watches in horror. But the knife.

He lunges -- the small blade plunging into the creatures throat. It swats Jack away. Gasping. Stumbling.

It falls back swinging Shaun through the GLASS FACADE on the outside of the stadium.

Glass SHATTERS.

The creature stumbles. It's going to fall.

It teeters, groping the air but it can't find a hold due to its MISSING FINGERS.

THE CAPCAUN FALLS TO ITS DEATH TAKING SHAUN WITH IT.

Jack sighs and collapses to the floor, exhausted.

Abby and the cops run up to him.

She helps him to his feet, hugging him.

EXT. STADIUM - NIGHT

Jack is being tended to by TWO PARAMEDICS.

Abby and Fan wonder up.

ABBY  
Look who I found.

JACK  
Fan!

WEE FAN  
The state o' you, ye cunt.

Fan hugs Jack who squeals in pain.

WEE FAN (CONT'D)  
Whit a fanny. Couple of swedgers is  
aw ye need. Man up.

JACK  
They said you'd been arrested?

WEE FAN  
Nah. These Yanks cannae resist ma  
Scottish charm.

Abby looks in disbelief at Fan, the antithesis of charm.

A DETECTIVE approaches the three.

DETECTIVE  
Aberdeen Grey, how did I know.

ABBY  
Shit.

JACK  
Wait, Abby is short for Aberdeen?  
Like the Scottish city?

Abby nods.

ABBY  
Like Kurt Cobain's birthplace. My  
mom was a big Nirvana fan.

WEE FAN  
Kurt Cobain wisnae Scottish.

DETECTIVE  
We've been here before haven't we  
Miss Grey.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
Sticking your nose in where it  
doesn't belong. When will you trust  
us to do our job?

ABBY  
If people trusted cops, then they  
wouldn't need people like me would  
they.

He frowns -- A UNIFORM approaches the detective.

DETECTIVE  
Don't go anywhere. We're not done.

The detective leaves.

ABBY  
I'll be here.  
(whispers)  
Asshole.

They sit for a moment.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
So, you gonna be okay?

JACK  
It looks worse than it is.

A paramedic jabs Jack with some painkillers. It hurts.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Ahg. Would ye...

ABBY  
That's not what I meant.

Jack pauses, thinking.

JACK  
Maybe -- Don't really know. Marc --  
Well, jeez, Marc... He was always  
trying to look out for me, you  
know. He said, this trip would be  
the light at the end of a very dark  
tunnel for me.

ABBY  
Oh boy, he wasn't kidding.

JACK

I've lived in the shadow of something I thought was my fault for a long time and now I know it wasn't... So, maybe he was right. And maybe that's how I honour him... by finally stepping out into the light. Standing on my own two feet.

Jack goes to stand. He immediately stumbles.

ABBY

Woah.

WEE FAN

No yet yer no.

JACK

Well, once I'm out the hospital.

ABBY

Good for you Jack.

JACK

What about you?

ABBY

Don't know yet. Guess it depends on how much trouble I'm in.

They smile at each other sharing a moment.

WEE FAN

Boak. Get a room.

A SCOTTISH SUPPORTER is escorted past by a COP. He sees Jack.

SCOTLAND SUPPORTER

Thought I had a rough night.

JACK

You've no idea...

The man keeps going.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Fan)

Shit -- What was the final score in the game?

WEE FAN

Nae idea. Forgot awe about it.

JACK  
 (Shouting)  
 Hey pal, what was the score? Did we  
 win?

SCOTLAND SUPPORTER  
 You taking the piss? This is  
 Scotland we're talking about.

The man sighs, shakes his head and walks away.

Jack and Fan look at each other.

JACK  
 Och, for fucks s --

WEE FAN  
 Och, for fucks s --

SMASH OUT:

POST CREDITS:

EXT. STADIUM, ALLY - NIGHT

The detective walks back to his car. Shocked at the sights he  
 has just witnessed. He unlock the door. Opens it but--

SOMETHING MOVES in the dark ally ahead.

DETECTIVE  
 Hello?

A SMALL GIRL darts behind a dumpster.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
 Shit. Hey kid... Kid? You okay?

He approaches.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
 It's alright I'm a police officer.

The child is huddled. Back to him. He reaches out to her...

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
 It's okay. I can -- Oh dear god...

She turns -- MUTILATED FLESH and SHARP BLOODY TEETH.

SHE POUNCES.

THE END.