

# OFFSIDE

ORIGINAL STORY

BY

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UK SCREENPLAY

BY

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EXT. INTERSTATE TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

18-wheelers rip through the busy truck stop. Truckers step out to stretch their legs, eat dinner or settle down for a rest. A car pulls up to one of the pumps and MALORY, a 30's dressed-down English ex-pat, starts filling her tank.

She scans the rest-stop until she makes eye-contact with HENRY, husky, for an accountant of 45, standing outside of his car with a cup of coffee reading a race sheet. He nods and steps into his car. He drives over to the other side of the massive parking lot. Malory watches him park, stops pumping, and drives over next to him.

INT. HENRY'S CAR - INTERSTATE TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Henry hands Malory a thick folder. She flips through it. He sips his coffee while circling longshots. Malory smiles as she reads the documents.

HENRY

You gotta give me a cool name, like  
"Deep Throat"! No one remembers  
"informant"... but everyone remembers  
"Deep Throat"!

MALORY

Can I keep these?!

HENRY

Keep 'em... They're copies... Boy,  
whenever John Mike reads your column  
(chuckle) he doesn't know whether to  
shit or go blind! Last time, he kicked  
his own dog!

Malory puts the folder in her bag and clasps it closed.

MALORY

Well, this time you get to laugh when the  
police show up to put that bastard away!

HENRY

John Mike indicted for racketeering!  
That's a good headline!

MALORY

It's called "conspiracy" nowadays.

She opens the door, stops, and pulls it closed. She turns to him with a serious look. Henry concentrates on the race sheet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENRY

Don't worry... I covered my tracks!

MALORY

This could get messy!

He looks deeply into her eyes and smiles.

HENRY

Just give me a good name!

Malory gives him a stern look and leans over to peck his cheek. She bolts out of the car. Henry circles a few more horses. When the door flies open, it's Malory.

MALORY

Seabiscuit!

HENRY

What?!

MALORY

...your cool name "Seabiscuit"!

She slams the door and Henry breaths in and out to settle his heart. He smiles and nods in approval.

HENRY

Yeah... Seabiscuit!

INT. THE HERALD - NEWSROOM - LATE NIGHT

Malory types with a pencil in her mouth. A copy-boy shows her the blue-line roughs of tomorrow's front page. She looks over the headline. It reads, "Unions and John Mike conspire to Siphon Ground-Zero Funds". She examines the rest of the page.

MALORY

Where's the picture?

COPY-BOY

Art's looking for the sleaziest picture of John Mike we got!

MALORY

Good! Show it to JB, then send to press.

EXT. THE HERALD - LOADING DOCK - DAWN

Trucks are loaded up and roll out in all directions.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - EARLY MORNING

Stacks of papers fly out of the back of the truck. A news agent cuts a stack open. The picture of JOHN MIKE, 50 year-old life-long criminal, looks like a mug-shot.

EXT. FEDERAL COURT BUILDING - MORNING

Reporters and cameramen wait on the steps as a fleet of black cars pull up. John Mike is pulled out of the center car in cuffs. The media descends on him, sticking microphones and cameras in his stoic face.

JOHN MIKE

No comment, boys... No comment!

Federal agents whisk him up the steps and escort him into the building. A reporter steps in front of a camera.

REPORTER

Federal agents raided John Mike's mansion this morning at 4:30 a.m. John Mike has been indicted by a grand jury on twelve counts including conspiracy, racketeering and tax evasion!

INT. THE HERALD - JB'S OFFICE - MORNING

JB VANDERGELDER, late 50's is a stocky publisher and life-long newsman. He watches the TV broadcast with Malory.

REPORTER

If convicted... John Mike could face up to 300 years in prison.

JB

Beautiful!

JB mutes the TV. He pulls out two glasses and a bottle of Scotch from his desk drawer and pours two drinks.

MALORY

300 years! Can they really do that?

JB

Even with advances in medical technology, John Mike will never see parole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY

Even convictions in this country can be "supersized!"

JB

Do not besmirch this great nation... before you came here you were writing fluff pieces about charity balls and polo tournaments.

Malory winces at the thought of it. JB pulls out a folder brimming with clippings and reads out some of the headlines.

JB (CONT'D)

"Tips for Creating a Fund-raising Gala" or "Find the Perfect Moisturizer for You".

Malory is in shock as he reads, reaching over JB's back to grab her old clippings. JB holds them at arms length and keeps reading in a seasoned game of "keep away".

MALORY

Give me that!

JB

Here's my personal favorite. "The Top City Bachelors to Marry Now"! Boy, you really dug deep for that!

Malory gives up falling into a chair.

MALORY

Those were the worst years of my life! Why do you keep those "things" in your desk!

JB

It's my blackmail file. I keep a couple of them handy just in case your head gets too big!

MALORY

So long as no one else finds them.

He hands Malory a drink.

JB

Truce, truce! To scooping all of New York City!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY

To putting a miserable son-of-a-bitch  
away for good!

They clink glasses and toss them back. JB winces and pours  
another. The copy-boy appears with a large fruit basket.

COPY-BOY

Congrats from the Daily News!

JB

On the desk... This means Pulitzer  
Prize, you know that!

MALORY

I don't care about that kind of thing!

JB

I care! It's good for the paper and  
good for you, fathead!

Malory lifts the scotch and glares at JB.

MALORY

My head is NOT fat.

He examines her head like a Ming vase.

JB

Oh, how I wish it were. That way it  
could hold more words. More words to  
type for my paper.

She shakes her head and looks up to the ceiling. The copy-boy  
enters with a medium-sized box.

COPY-BOY

This was left at the front desk for  
you, Miss Stone!

JB

Open it... Maybe medical advances  
could increase your head size!

Malory smiles.

MALORY

Shut up!

The copy-boy opens the package and looks up stuttering.

COPY-BOY

Mr. Vandergelder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JB

And grow you another set of hands to  
type with!

MALORY

BE! QUIET!

COPY-BOY

SIR!

Malory and JB look over at the copy-boy. He reaches into the box and holds up a bloody race sheet. Malory slowly walks over to the box. JB beats her to it, blocking her. He looks into the box, then closes it.

MALORY

Oh God. It's not?

JB

Seabiscuit... Call Capt. DeJesus, 1st  
Precinct... Yesterday!

The copy-boy darts out of the office. Malory quickly drains her glass. JB pours her another. She sits down and stares at her drink.

JB (CONT'D)

They're scared of you Malory...  
They're scared of your words... Words  
that can topple presidents... kings...  
Don't let them scare you!

MALORY

I'm not scared!

JB

I am!

JB empties his glass. The copy-boy, breathless, sticks his head in the door.

COPY-BOY

Capt. DeJesus is coming over!

JB

Forget it! We're going over there!

MALORY

Let's go!

JB and Malory grab their coats. JB points to the box.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JB

Keep an eye on that!

They leave. The copy-boy slowly opens a corner to peek in, but catches himself.

INT. THE HERALD - CAR PARK - MORNING

Malory walks towards her car with JB dodging between cars in a low-crouched stutter-step. She is about to open the door when JB stops her.

JB

Wait! Don't open the door... it could be booby-trapped. Look, if you have no regard for your own life... think of me!

MALORY

Oh, c'mon, JB. What are you a man or a mouse... squeak up!

She throws open the door. JB flinches. Malory shakes her head and puts her bag in the back seat.

JB

I've been in this business since the Peanut administration. Look, not a scratch on me. Why? Because I don't go around jumping willy-nilly into cars after my informants' heads are delivered to my desk!

MALORY

If that's the way you feel... I'm surprised you're getting into a car with me!

JB throws his finger in the air to retort, then relaxes.

JB

You're right! I'll take my car. Keep'em guessing... See you there!

JB walks away. Before Malory can get into her car, he returns. He hugs her as if he were never going to see her again, then slinks away in a low crouch.

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

Pulitzer!

Malory gets into her car. She clicks her seatbelt and puts the key in the ignition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stops before turning the key and pulls her hands away slowly and looks around. She observes JB slinking into his car. She shakes it off.

MALORY

Keep it together Stone!

Malory reaches for the key again. Her hand gingerly turns the engine on. BOOM! A car explodes.

INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

JB is in a full body cast with nurses attending to him. The squad of police are there securing the perimeter and keeping Malory from leaving.

CAPT. DEJESUS

Miss Stone, I don't think it's wise for you to go home or anywhere without protection.

MALORY

What are my options? What have you got, Captain?

CAPT. DEJESUS

I've got safehouses close to the city. You can hideout there for a few days until this blows over. Miss Stone, please consider my situation. I've got a head without a body, a publisher in the hospital, and a maverick reporter lining up to be another notch on John Mike's hit-list. So please, Miss Stone.

MALORY

Safehouse! Oh c'mon, Captain. How am I supposed to file my articles from some farm-house Upstate. That head was a friend of mine and he stuck out his neck to put away a low-life. You should be putting the witnesses in safehouses. Just make sure the charges stick!

A bed-pan hits the floor. JB excited, but in traction, motions for Malory to come close. Malory darts over.

MALORY (CONT'D)

What is it, JB?

JB has difficulty speaking so Malory puts a pencil in his mouth and holds up her notepad. He writes with awkward concentration and hands it to Malory. It reads "Report to London Herald".

MALORY (CONT'D)

You want me to go to London!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks over to Capt. DeJesus for approval.

CAPT. DEJESUS  
It's not exactly incognito, but as  
long as you're out of my city...

JB motions for the pad again and starts to write. Malory  
leans into him.

MALORY  
It's time to finally find the man of  
your dreams!

MALORY (CONT'D)  
(rolling her eyes) I'm afraid he's  
just an illusion in my soul!

JB writes again.

MALORY (CONT'D)  
Take the belly flop! We all do!

Malory closes her eyes and mumbles.

MALORY (CONT'D)  
I don't think I can trust a guy again!

MALORY (CONT'D)  
(resigned she takes a deep breath)  
Well, it's been a long time since the  
Krays, but there's plenty of work for  
me to do there!

EXT. CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW -- LATE MORNING

Malory is being led through the show gardens by ABI, mid-  
30's, attractive English Rose, the society photographer for  
the paper. Abi is pointing out the whose who of society.

ABI  
That's Lord and Lady Blake, and their  
son James. (whispers to Malory)  
Notorious reputation with the ladies.  
(to the Blakes) Lady Blake, a photo  
for the Herald?

The BLAKES pause for the camera.

ABI (CONT'D)  
Perfect!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Abi guides Malory past the Blakes. Abi stops in front of a mother/daughter team, dressed identically in Chanel suits.

ABI (CONT'D)

Henrietta... Looking fabulous as always. (They air kiss) And Charmaine, you look more and more like your mother every day! (Indicating Malory) Ladies, may I introduce you to my colleague, Malory Stone... she's a journalist who's just transferred back from our New York office.

HENREITTA extends a perfectly groomed hand.

HENREITTA

So have you covered any famous families?

MALORY

Ugh.... I can't really say... confidential you know!

HENREITTA

Oh... we can keep a secret!

ABI

(jumping in) Let me take a picture ladies! The light is fabulous!

HENRIETTA and CHARMAINE pose for Abi's camera. Abi snaps the photo and guides Malory along. Malory looks to see James Blake approaching her. She quickly goes to make her exit.

MALORY

Abi, why don't you go ahead. I need some air!

ABI

Don't go far. The presentation is starting soon.

Abi continues to saunter through the crowd with her camera as Malory makes a quick getaway.

Malory wanders through the show gardens finally stopping at an ornate bench in one of the more secluded gardens. The garden appears empty and Malory takes a seat and lights a cigarette. She takes a drag and sighs in satisfaction. A voice breaks her out of her reverie.

WILLIAM

Can you pass me that shovel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Malory startled, turns to find WILLIAM, 60's, English gent, kneeling behind the bench, planting at the foot of a tree. William is dressed in a gardening overcoat, wearing gardening gloves and a Monet hat. Malory hands William the shovel by her feet. She takes a closer look at him.

MALORY (V.O.)  
[thought] Hmmm... what an attractive older man!

William looks at her like he's reading her thoughts.

MALORY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry... did I say something?

WILLIAM  
Yes (chuckles)... you did!

MALORY  
[clears throat] Sorry! I didn't mean to disturb you.

Malory turns to leave.

WILLIAM  
Where are you going? You're not disturbing me. (Indicating the garden with the shovel) Please, feel free.

Malory takes a look around at the surrounding herbs. She looks uncomfortable. William watches her in amusement.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Like this!

William buries his face in the rosemary and inhales deeply. He steps aside and indicates to Malory to try the same. She tentatively buries her face and inhales.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
A garden is meant to be enjoyed, not looked at. (He smiles) Here, try this.

William takes a pen knife out of his pocket and cuts a piece of bark from a cinnamon tree. He breaks it in half. He holds up the bark to her mouth and looks deeply into her eyes.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Taste.

She hesitates and apprehensively puts the bark in her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY  
(surprised) Cinnamon!

William nods and slips his piece of bark in his mouth.

WILLIAM  
Cinnamon.

They exchange smiles.

ABI (O.S.)  
Malory!

Abi's standing in the distance. Her voice startles them and breaks the moment. Malory turns her head to look for Abi.

ABI (CONT'D)  
Come on, the presentation is about to start.

Malory turns around to say goodbye to William but he's gone.

MALORY  
Wait up! (she hurries towards Abi) Did you just see that man I was with?

Abi shakes her head no.

MALORY (CONT'D)  
(thoughtful) His eyes were so mesmerizing!

ABI  
Sorry! I haven't found a guy yet that's worth a deeper gaze!

EXT. CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW -- PRESENTATION -- LATE MORNING

Malory and Abi position themselves to one side with the other members of the press. An MC addresses the crowd.

MC  
Good morning to you, and welcome to the launch of this year's Chelsea Flower Show. It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you ladies and gentlemen, William Betancourt, whose team's achievements have kept us glued to our TV sets this season!

Applause as William takes centre stage. He has discarded the gardening overcoat and wears a smart suit.

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CONTINUED:

WILLIAM

Thank you...

He looks intently at Malory and winks.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I'm very proud that we, the Wanderers, are sponsoring a garden here at the show this year! Almost as proud as I will be if we win a spot in the playoffs! In recognition of the fine work the Royal Horticulture Society does in staging this world-class show, it's my pleasure to donate this cheque for £10,000.

William presents a giant cheque to the MC as applause ripples across the audience. He holds the cheque for photographs.

Abi snaps away. Malory leans in and nudges Abi.

MALORY

That's the man I was just asking about!

ABI

(surprised) William Betancourt! Well you certainly don't go for the easy ones! His nickname is the UNCATCHABLE!

MALORY

(rolling her eyes) figures... the one time I might be interested and he's "UNCATCHABLE"!

INT. CHAMPAGNE RECEPTION - CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW -- LATE MORNING

Abi is taking photos. Malory is sitting to one side - bored. Her phone rings. She answers.

JB

How's it going kiddo?

INT. MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL ROOM -- EARLY MORNING

We see JB in the hospital. Only now he has an office set up in his room. He's wearing a remote headset surrounded by office equipment, fax machines, a coffee pot, the whole works. He's reading the paper. Headline reads "John Mike held for questioning"!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY (O.S.)

You've got to get me out of here!

JB

No can do! Things are heating up here.

MALORY (O.S.)

I'm going out of my mind with boredom!

JB

Better than not having a head! Just stick it out kiddo... It's for your own good as well as the paper's. A witness has disappeared and John Mike is out on bail. You really stirred things up.

A NURSE comes in with a huge injection in her hand.

NURSE

Ready for your shot Mr. Vandergelder?

Nurse walks slowly towards JB holding up injection.

JB

Yo lady... where're you going with that? The rhinos are at the zoo!

NURSE

(mockingly stern) Hmmmm... from where I'm standing you LOOK like one!

MALORY (O.S.)

JB, did you hear me? I want to come back!

JB

(leaning backing into pillow) Malory I'm a little busy right now. (to nurse) Listen lady, get that thing away from me...

Nurse starts to prepare the injection site. JB takes a deep breath and resigns himself to the shot.

JB (CONT'D)

Okay... but please be gentle!

INT. CHAMPAGNE RECEPTION - CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW -- MORNING

Malory holds out the phone as we hear JB's screams.

MALORY

JB?... JB!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Malory snaps her phone shut and walks outside.

ABI  
Malory wait!

EXT. CHAMPAGNE RECEPTION-CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW -- MOMENTS LATER

Malory finds a bench outside and sits down. Abi sits beside her.

MALORY  
(Dejected) I'm sorry, I'm not much help!

ABI  
Don't worry. You'll get back into it!

MALORY  
That's what worries me.

ABI  
What's it like?

MALORY  
What?

ABI  
Working so close with dangerous people!

Abi excitedly moves closer to Malory.

MALORY  
(looking cautiously around) Shhh! No one's supposed to know!

ABI  
(whispering) Don't worry, JB's a friend of my dad's. Your secret's safe!

Abi leans in closer.

ABI (CONT'D)  
Now... tell me everything!

MALORY  
Well, it's not the Godfather. No Marlon Brando, no Al Pacino... believe me. It's ugly men... who think that everything... everything beautiful; human lives... can be reduced to coins. Debauchery. No honor. No solace. It's looking over your shoulder in bathrooms.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY (CONT'D)

It's eating out of cardboard containers seven days a week. It's meeting in cold dark places for a scrap of dirt... a receipt, an old photo, something I can use... to put those ugly men away. In the end that's all you remember. That's what makes it all worth it.

Malory is interrupted by a very loud snore. Both Malory and Abi exchange surprised looks.

They stand up on the bench and look over the hedge to discover William asleep on the grass on the other side, snoring loudly. His face is covered with his Monet hat. His snores are interspersed with him singing a Wanderers song in his sleep.

They watch as a waiter walks up to William and gently nudges him. William wakes up startled.

WAITER

Is everything alright sir?

WILLIAM

(clocking his surroundings)

Just taking a shut eye before the game.

WAITER

Would you like some coffee sir?

WILLIAM

Coffee sounds good (indicating Malory and Abi) and why don't you get the ladies a drink. (to Malory and Abi) Ladies... Would you like to join me?

Malory and Abi sheepishly climb down from the bench and join William on the other side. They sit on either side of him.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

There! A little change in perspective, more intimate, don't you think?

The waiter appears with William's coffee and some champagne for Abi and Malory.

MALORY

(taking her champagne) What I wouldn't do for a real drink!

William breaks into a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM

I've got just the thing.

He throws his coffee over his shoulder and takes Abi and Malory's glasses and throws the champagne out. He produces a flask, unscrews the top, and holds it out to Malory.

Malory takes the flask and a swig and passes it to William. William takes a swig and passes the flask to Abi. Abi timidly holds it under her nose and holds it away uncertain.

ABI

What is it?

WILLIAM

Best lighter fluid money can buy.

Abi takes a swig. She pauses, her face breaks into a smile. She takes another swig.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Go easy there. (taking the flask he fills their glasses and puts it away).

Malory looks over the crowd as they sip drinks, eat canapes and make idle chit-chat.

MALORY

(wincing) I don't think I can do this again! Ladies who lunch and "Did you hear about Mrs. So-and-So?" I've been on the job less than a day and I'm already breaking out in hives.

WILLIAM

(begins to stand and holds out his hand) Come on! I know just the thing!

EXT. - VIP GATE - STADIUM -- LATER

William walks through the gates with Malory and Abi. Security guards bow before him like royalty.

WILLIAM

Big day today! Very important! We've got to win this one!

SECURITY GUARD

Gonna' win sir!

William leads them through a long tunnel. It opens up to the field and it's a deafening roar to a packed stadium.

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CONTINUED:

Abi and Malory are dumbstruck. He steps back to take Malory's arm. She gives him a seductive smile. He's acknowledged by every porter, security personnel and ticket taker. Abi takes her time appreciating the players.

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- AFTERNOON

They enter an area where the players are warming up.

WILLIAM  
Give us a good game today... Reggie!

REGGIE  
Best money can buy sir!

He points to another player.

WILLIAM (IN FRENCH)  
You're looking fit today Jacques!

JACQUES (IN FRENCH)  
Thank you sir, I guarantee a win today!

WILLIAM (IN FRENCH)  
I'll hold you to it!

He walks by another player.

WILLIAM (IN SWAHILI) (CONT'D)  
Oh.. I took care of that thing for you!

TEMITAYO (IN SWAHILI)  
Thank you very much sir!

He stops and waits for Abi to catch up to them.

WILLIAM  
There's the man I want to speak to.  
Excuse me ladies I'll be right back.

Malory watches him walk away and turns to Abi.

MALORY  
(linking her arm with Abi's) He maybe  
UNCATCHABLE! But I think I'm caught!

ABI  
(mumbles) You know this after a couple  
of hours?!

Abi smiles sarcastically at her and slangs her words.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABI (CONT'D)

I'm actually gobsmacked... He's way too old! I prefer fresh bums meself... Mmmm... no wrinkles!

MALORY

(chuckles) Well... I'll let you know after I've checked 'em out.

ABI

(grimaces) no need luv... I'd rather not know the details!

MALORY

Well... All I'm saying is he intrigues me... he's been there... done that!

ABI

He's been there.. done that.. all right (gleam in eyes) did you know he's known for notching his bedpost after every conquest... (mumbles) must be a pretty big bedpost.

Malory speechless looks away and observes a thin gruff-looking man, NIGEL, stooping down to inspect the pitch. He clips a few blades of grass from the sidelines with small gardening shears. William speaks to him in passing.

WILLIAM

How's the pitch looking today, Nigel?

Nigel stands up proud but stern.

NIGEL

She's regulation top to bottom, but we've got to stop hosting those bloody concerts!

WILLIAM

Those bloody concerts pay well.

NIGEL

Tear up my pitch is what they do.

Nigel catches Malory looking at him. He spots her press credentials then goes back to surveying the pitch. William walks over to the team manager. They have an animated conversation.

Malory and Abi look around at the boisterous crowd and are in awe of playoff fever. The stands are filled with the crowd waving scarves and singing chants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Some are dressed in team colors with several men with painted faces in the same colors.

MALORY

There must be 30...40,000 people here!

ABI

Try 50,000!

Malory locks eyes with William as he walks towards them, He swerves on to the pitch to avoid some players stretching.

NIGEL

(irate) Only football studs on the pitch!

WILLIAM

Quite right! Sorry! (mumbles)  
thought I was one!

ABI

(mumbles) The old bugger probably  
thinks he is one!

Malory hears Abi's comment and nudges her. William hurries off the pitch. He takes Malory and Abi to the VIP box, while Nigel inspects the spot where William trespassed.

MALORY

Is that your partner?

WILLIAM

Nigel's my groundskeeper. It's my  
team, but it's his pitch.

INT. STADIUM -- WILLIAM'S LUXURY BOX -- AFTERNOON

William walks slightly ahead of them and waits at the entrance of the luxury boxes. They take their seats and he sits down next to Malory. People from the surrounding box congratulate William and pray for a win.

FAN NUMBER 1

Great result on Wednesday....

FAN NUMBER 2

Nice win...

FAN NUMBER 3

A win today and it's PLAYOFF TIME!

WILLIAM

We're on a roll!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAN NUMBER 4

Let's make it 5 in a row!

A group takes their seat, one of them is wearing the kit of the opposing team. He's given a fair amount of stick from the surrounding boxes, but takes it in good humour. His friends, who want to die from shame, shake their heads and apologize.

In front of them is a group of men who are intently staring at William and the ladies.

Malory notices GEORGE, stocky late 40s with a shaved head wearing Versace casual and a team scarf, yelling loudly from that box. He is surrounded by HARRY, early 30's thick-necked but child-like brute, and several Goons.

GEORGE

How do they look today?

WILLIAM

Like winners!

George smirks into his beer.

GEORGE

That's what I like to hear.

Abi observes Harry and whispers to Malory.

ABI

He's cute!

Malory looks over at Harry and grimaces.

MALORY

Didn't realize you like goons!

ABI

I don't know... there's something sweet about him!

William focuses on the field waiting for the game to start. Malory stares at George. He picks up on her stare and turns his attention to the field as the Wanderers take the pitch. George cups his hands to his mouth.

GEORGE

Come on WANDERERS!

The crowd is cheering. The game is in full swing. The Wanderers are fighting for control of the ball. George starts to sing a football chant. Goons start to chime in. The song is cut short by the referee's whistle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ref has made a penalty call. The call is in favor of the WANDERERS and the opposing team protests. The ref holds strong. Behind George, the opposing team supporter makes a sour face.

SOUR FACE MAN  
Wrong decision!

GEORGE  
What do you know!

The Wanderers set up for a penalty kick. The striker centers the ball and takes a few paces back, winds up and bends a beautiful kick into the back of the net. The crowd goes crazy and starts to jump up and down. Malory joins in.

SOUR FACE MAN  
BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Laughing, his friends try to get him to quiet down. He sarcastically yells and holds up glasses.

SOUR FACE MAN (CONT'D)  
Ref you want to use these!

George slowly turns to him.

GEORGE  
Shut... Your... FUCKIN PIE HOLE!!!

Harry and the goons square off to him. George intensely stares the guy down and waits for him to take a seat. George locks eyes with Malory. He takes off his scarf and wraps it around her neck.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Here you go miss... you're lookin' a little cold.

Malory makes a face at him but George is pre-occupied and glares at the sour-faced man when his mobile rings. George smiles deliciously and answers it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Are you watching the game?

The crowd erupts and everyone jumps to their feet. William leans over to discuss the game with Malory. Her attention is split between William and George on the phone.

The Wanderers keep possession while the opposing team tries desperately to get the ball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Beautiful decision by the ref. It's  
 like I said, it doesn't matter who  
 commits the foul it only matters who  
 calls it. And right now...

The game whistle is blown and the Wanderers jump in the air  
 to celebrate.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 ...we call it.

William jumps up in excitement and Malory, caught up, throws  
 herself into his arms. Abi mischevously maneuvers herself  
 over to Harry and hugs him. Harry startled pulls away and  
 Abi winks at him then walks over to Malory.

While the fans celebrate. George, Harry and goons walk past  
 William, Malory and Abi. Harry shyly looks at Abi.

HARRY  
 You smell nice!

Nigel glares at George as he passes. Malory watches George  
 leave then takes his scarf off, letting it drop to the floor.  
 She looks around and notices Nigel staring up at her.

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

William pushes out his chest as he walks around the locker  
 room. Malory observes Abi eyeing the men getting dressed!  
 William starts to talk and the players hush.

WILLIAM  
 At the start of this season the  
 Wanderers were a second tier fluke. Now  
 we're contenders for the premiership!

He walks to the other side of the locker room and turns.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
 Anyone here want to play in that!

Players erupt with roars. William raises his hand for silence.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
 Keep up the great work! Just don't  
 drink TOO many pints...

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
 (he scans the room) But have one on me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The players start to chant.

PLAYERS

Betancourt! Betancourt! Betancourt!

A caravan of carts with an assortment of beers come into the room. The servers start handing them to the players. William is the first one to be served and raises the beer up and waives it. He then pours it into his mouth. His players start chanting again. William beams at Malory who smiles back. A player passes by Abi and smacks her in the ass. She turns to give him a dirty look but is mesmerized by his naked butt.

ABI

Hmmmm.... baked just right!

Nigel watches the celebration from the shadows. He pulls out a screwdriver to tighten a loose sign, then walks away frowning.

EXT. LEAVING THE STADIUM -- LATER

William walks Malory and Abi out of the stadium with their arms around each other singing the club anthem in the throws of the boisterous crowd leaving. After the song Abi breaks from William's embrace. Malory continues to walk arm in arm until they get to Abi's car.

WILLIAM

Can I invite you ladies back to see my garden? You could join me for dinner!

Malory looks at Abi and silently communicates with her.

ABI

Sorry, but I have plans for this evening!

MALORY

I don't!

WILLIAM

Fantastic! I'll send a car for you around 6:00 p.m.?

MALORY

Great!

EXT. WILLIAM'S MANOR - OUTSIDE LONDON -- EVENING

William's two-story mansion has immaculate grounds with topiaries and manicured hedges. William is at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM  
Make sure to take out the 1973 Chateau  
Mouton Rothschild.

BUTLER  
Ah! Special guest?

WILLIAM  
Pretty guest!

The butler nods appreciatively. The door bell rings. The butler moves to answer the door and William waves him away.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
That's okay, I'll get it!

He answers the door to Malory and admires her appreciatively. She's wearing a classy form fitting black dress.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
(smiling) Heeeeelllllloooo!

He takes her hand to kiss it. She smiles and looks around.

MALORY  
All Mod Cons?

WILLIAM  
And a few not so "Mod".

EXT. OUTSIDE GARDEN - EARLY EVENING

William and Malory walking through his vast gardens in full splendor of landscape horticulture with a lake, footbridges and different vistas.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- EARLY EVENING

William walks over to a table in the greenhouse and shows her an English rose. He continues on and opens a special door in a small atrium. It's cleared except for one large plant.

WILLIAM  
(looking at the flower lovingly) This is my favorite. Amorphophallus Titanum. Commonly known as the corpse flower.

MALORY  
(holding her nose) It smells like something died!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He smiles with pride.

WILLIAM  
Exactly! Isn't she beautiful!

She walks closer to it.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
It might not bloom for decades, but  
when it does it can grow five inches a  
day and produces a scent so strong  
that the human nose can detect it from  
over a half mile away.

The butler walks in with an old fashioned World War I gas-  
mask. His voice is barely audible.

BUTLER  
Dinner is served!

EXT. - ATRIUM AT LAKE SETTING - EVENING

Twinkle lights intertwined in vines that outline the atrium.  
The moon shines on the lake. William holds out Malory's  
chair. There's an elegant spread with candles lit and a  
tasteful flower centerpiece.

The server brings over the wine and shows him the bottle.  
William nods and the server fills the glass.

MALORY  
(enjoying the view) How old is this place?

WILLIAM  
We'll be celebrating its 200th year!

MALORY  
200 years!

WILLIAM  
My great, great, great, great  
grandfather acquired it.

William leans into her.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Word has it that he won it in a poker  
game from the Duke of Wellington!

MALORY  
Really! Are you now the Duke of  
Wellington?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM  
Duke of The Wanderers!

He leans back in his chair.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
So tell me, what we're you doing  
covering the Chelsea Flower Show?

MALORY  
(shrugs) It's a career change.

WILLIAM  
From what?

MALORY  
(evasive) Ahhh! A dash of this and  
a little shake of that...

She distracts him by stroking his arm.

MALORY (CONT'D)  
(changing the subject) So, why is  
it you never married?

WILLIAM  
(thoughtful) I don't know, I guess it's the  
fact that realistically on paper, men and  
women just don't work. We're so different!

Malory laughs.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Truly! How can we co-exist?

MALORY  
(seductive smile) I have some ideas!

William deep in thought doesn't hear her.

WILLIAM  
Don't get me wrong, I truly appreciate  
women... but I also understand why some  
sex couples are together!

Malory looks confused.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
Seriously! The opposite sex will never  
understand you better than your own sex.  
It's genetically impossible!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY

(reflective) Hmmm! You could be right! A woman may understand me better, (she leans into him) but there's nothing like a ruggedly handsome older man (she softly touches his jaw line) who's been there... done that (her fingers slowly move to his lips) and can now see her uniqueness which allows them to live in harmony! (she slowly leans towards his lips) Does such a man exist!

WILLIAM

(Looks at her with fire in his eyes)  
Yes!

William pulls Malory into a deeply passionate kiss. **[MUSIC ATTACHED - "AND THEN I SMILE"]**

Butler stands at the end of the terrace and clears his throat. William slowly pulls away from Malory.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

What is it, Phipps!

The butler walks over and whispers. William nods.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry! I'll be back in a moment.

Malory watches him walk to the house.

MALORY

(she fans herself with her napkin)  
Whew!

She absently looks out over the lake and sighs. She hears a noise towards the house and looks to see William talking to George in his office. George is animated and yelling at William. She can't hear what is being said. With curiosity she briskly walks up to the house and leans against it trying to hear their conversation.

WILLIAM

ENOUGH!

William walks to the door and holds it open. George gets in his face then abruptly storms out of the room.

MALORY

Oh... Shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Malory takes off her shoes and runs to the front of the house to get George's license plate number. She mouths the number to memorize it then runs back in stealth mode so she can beat William back to the table. She spots him walking ahead of her. Her only short cut is through the lake. William walks around the terrace.

WILLIAM

Malory?

He hears a splash and sees her in the water. He jumps in.

INT. SITTING ROOM -- LATER

William and Malory are in robes in front of the fireplace.

WILLIAM

I have to remember to get that damn lake heated.

She snuggles up to him. He gets a chill and rubs his arms.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I still don't understand how you fell in!

MALORY

(distracting him) Don't worry about the arms... You have to warm your torso.

He starts to rub his chest.

WILLIAM

How do you know so much about this?

She replaces his hands and slowly moves hers around chest.

MALORY

I'm a fisherman... well my father was, my six brothers too. 2 days at home, 8 days at sea. The boats would go out in force 8 gales, the big ones in force 10. There'd be times the boats would come back with icicles a foot long hanging off the beams. You'd just thank god that they came back at all. No pension. No sick pay. Fishing's good... the pubs are busy, when it's bad... they're empty.

He picks up his drink and holds it up to her mouth.

MALORY (CONT'D)

(flirty) So we're sharing tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM  
I'd like too!

She puts her hands over his on the glass gently stroking them and takes a sip.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
HMMMMM! Your hands are warm.

MALORY  
(whispers) I'm a fisherman...

He leans in and kisses her softly. She moans and pulls him closer as he deepens the kiss. **[MUSIC ATTACHED - "WANNA BE WITH YOU"]**

INT. - HOTEL -- MORNING

Malory strides through the hotel lobby in William's Seville Row suit and tie. Hotel guests and staff openly stare.

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She throws herself on the bed and plays with the tie absentmindedly. Abi stands at the open door and smiles.

ABI  
Ah! I see you've got a new tailor.

Abi closes the door and leans against it.

ABI (CONT'D)  
Can I get a little twirl?

Malory springs off the bed and starts to twirl.

ABI (CONT'D)  
Well I guess the fit isn't everything!

Malory keeps twirling with a dreamy look on her face.

ABI (CONT'D)  
I see you had a good night!

Malory plops back on the bed and sighs.

MALORY  
I've NEVER had someone this good!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABI  
(lifts eyebrow) Hit the right spots...  
Did he?!

Malory leans up on her elbows.

MALORY  
Never knew there were so many!

ABI  
REALLY! Maybe I should try me an older  
gent!

MALORY  
I've become a believer! I think I now know  
the key to making a relationship work!

Malory is just getting started on her speech when Abi  
interrupts her.

ABI  
Okay!!!!

MALORY  
(mockingly annoyed) The keyyyyy... is  
looking for a man, let's say that's 10,  
15 or even 20 years older than you.

Abi yawns.

ABI  
Am I going to have to sit down for this!

MALORY  
Wow... you're annoying... by dating  
someone of a different generation  
he doesn't have the issues or  
narcissistic ways of a guy your  
age...

ABI  
Mmmmmmm! Hnnnnnnnn!

MALORY  
(Bubbly) Don't you see... there'd  
be less drama... less fights!  
(stretching she curls up on the  
bed)

Abi pushes away from the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABI

We'll I'll see if I can find me a younger one with those qualities.

MALORY

(yawns) You'll be looking the rest of your life!

ABI

Hey don't be getting ready for a 'kip', we've gotta get going in a half hour.

MALORY

(grumbles) Okay.. Okay! (pushing herself up) Before I forget do you know anyone that can look up a licence plate for me?

ABI

Licence plate?

MALORY

That creep from the game showed up at William's house last night.

Malory gets up from the bed and goes to write on a post-it.

ABI

Which one?

MALORY

The guy that gave me the scarf at the game.

She hands Abi the note.

MALORY (CONT'D)

William threw him out... I think he's trying to extort money from him.

Abi's eyes light up.

ABI

Really! I'll be happy to check this out after the shoot today. So hurry up!

INT. WAGGLESTAFF LONDON TOWNHOUSE -- SOUTHBANK -- DAY

Lady Wagglestaff is awkwardly holding her screaming baby, while trying to look glamorous. She is a horse-toothed English High Society gal.

Abi sets up for the shoot. The room is filled with society people. Malory has a glazed look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY

What's the kid's name?

Abi reads off the card.

ABI

Lord and Lady Wagglestaff are proud to announce the birth of their son Augustus Bertram Frederick Lester-Wagglestaff.

Malory reacts to each of the names.

MALORY

Bertram, sounds like a computer program.

ABI

Must be a family name.

The wailing baby is brought up to Malory. She waves a bear in front of the baby's face.

MALORY

Augustus? come on...smile for me!

The baby wails.

MALORY (CONT'D)

Let's go Bertram... enter... upload

The baby wails again.

MALORY (CONT'D)

Frederick...

(she mumbles)

Be a good little nazi!

The baby wails louder. Malory looks up and notices William. She tosses the bear over her shoulder and walks over to him.

WILLIAM

(sarcastic) You're a real natural!

MALORY

That really got on my nerves... do you have more of that lighter fluid?

WILLIAM

Do you want to get out of here?

She grabs his arm and pulls him away.

MALORY

You've got the hint!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks over at Abi and waves.

MALORY (CONT'D)  
Make sure that you get enough pictures.

Abi looks up from the camera.

ABI  
Hey... where you going?

Abi runs over and stops her.

ABI (CONT'D)  
Malory... don't leave me here alone!

Malory gently pulls her aside and takes Abi's face to look out at the well-heeled crowd.

MALORY  
Abi, take three more pictures and get out of here while you can. This is a beautiful cage. The world, flawed, dangerous and magnificent. Look for the things you love, the things that scare you... and take photos of that! Go... and look for it.

She kisses Abi on both cheeks and walks off with William. Abi stares at the Wagglestuffs and their shrieking bundle of joy. She takes out of her pocket the post-it and mouths the licence plate number. She scans the crowd, picks up her camera bag and walks out.

EXT. LONDON -- WHITE CUBE -- DAY

William and Malory are walking through a large gallery with the curator. The curator pulls out a couple of smaller prints. William appraises them as Malory walks off and sits down. She pulls out a pad and starts to sketch. She looks up and notices William looking at her. He waves. She smiles and nods.

INT. NEWSROOM -- LONDON -- DAY

Abi sits at her desk staring at the post-it with the licence plate number. She picks up the phone and dials.

ABI  
Giles, this is Abi... I'm well, thank you! Giles dear... can you do me a favor?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABI (CONT'D)

I need you to check a licence plate  
for me... Yes, you heard me  
correctly... a licence plate!

INT. OXO TOWER -- EARLY AFTERNOON

Malory, William and the Curator are sitting at a table having wine. Malory is in an animated conversation with them. She stops to sip on her wine and notices William intently looking at her as he drinks his wine. She slips her foot out of her shoe and slowly moves it up his calf. He chokes.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA -- LONDON -- AFTERNOON

Abi is on a roof top with a telephoto lens the size of a small telescope. It's mounted on a tripod. She's snapping photos.

Photo 1 - photo of the car license plate (which matches the number on the post-it).

Photo 2 - photo of George and Harry stepping out of car.

Photo 3 - Harry has an ice cream cone that's dripping all over him.

Abi looks up with pity and goes back to snapping photos.

Photo 4 - George talking to two guys with suit case.

Photo 5 - George taking the suitcase and shakes their hands.

Photo 6 - George hands them football scarves. The guys laugh and put on the scarfs.

Abi looks away from the camera and writes notes.

EXT. STADIUM -- AFTERNOON

William's car stops at the stadium. Malory looks at him surprised.

MALORY

I didn't know there was a game today!

WILLIAM

There's not! I have a surprise for you!

He leans in close to kiss her. She pulls back and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY

MMMM! I could never get tired of surprises... it's amazing how some guys just don't get the fact that it doesn't matter the size... It's the fact that he was thinking about you!

WILLIAM

(smiling) Well... this one's BIG!

INT. STADIUM -- LATER

The stands are empty and there is a crew setting up for a concert on the pitch. Malory follows William through the empty seats and onto the stage. William turns to her with a mischievous look and pulls out a handkerchief placing it over her eyes. He then seats her in a chair on stage.

WILLIAM

Sit tight. I'll be right back!

William walks over to the stage manager and puts an arm around him as they walk backstage. Nigel comes up behind Malory.

NIGEL (O.S.)

I recommend you stop seeing Mr. Betancourt, Ms. Stone!

Malory startled turns towards Nigel's voice behind her.

MALORY

I'm sorry!

NIGEL

Does he know your past? New York isn't that far away Ms. Stone. I did some checking on you! You can find anything on the internet. Like... society clippings, indictments!

MALORY

You've got the wrong Malory Stone!

NIGEL

(leans close to her ear) He's a good man... I don't want to see him hurt by some high profile yank!

Nigel sees people coming and slips away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY  
(Annoyed) Excuse me!

A crash on the stage startles Malory. She yanks off the handkerchief and looks around.

MALORY (CONT'D)  
This is crap! Leaving me alone... to beat off creeps!

Malory looks around adjusting her eyes. The band starts to warm up. There's a guy, Steve on the microphone.

RICH  
Check one, check two, check three.  
That's starting to sound good.

The lead singer BROOKLYN walks from backstage up to the mike.

BROOKLYN  
Rich! Let's pick up the song after the bridge!

Malory in shock whispers.

MALORY  
Brooklyn!

Brooklyn looks at her and smiles!

BROOKLYN  
Hello! Would you like to join me?

Malory star struck shyly shakes her head no. William appears from back stage and goes up to Brooklyn for a hug and kiss!

WILLIAM  
Sorry for the interruption... Brooklyn!

BROOKLYN  
(flirting) Are you kidding! I always look forward to getting my Betancourt fix!

William smirks and turns to wink at Malory. He walks over and sits down next to her pulling her close.

MALORY  
(sarcastic) Hmmm! Not surprising that your appeal transcends all ages!

William smirks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brooklyn turns to her band and gives them the okay to play. Brooklyn smiles at William and Malory kissing.

BROOKLYN

(teasing) So William... it looks like the Uncatchable... has been caught?

William winks at Brooklyn.

The music starts and melodically flows through the stadium. Brooklyn breathes in the sound and has a serene look on her face as she starts to sing. As Brooklyn finishes the first line of the song 'When I Look Into Your Eyes', William turns to look into Malory's eyes for the remainder of the song.

BROOKLYN (CONT'D)

WHEN I LOOK INTO YOUR EYES  
I SEE THE MILES WE'VE TRAVELED...  
SEE THE SMILES WE'VE SHARED...  
AND THE DAYS WE'VE LOVED...  
WHEN I LOOK INTO YOUR SOUL...  
I SEE YOUR LOVE BESIDE ME...  
COULD I LOVE YOU MORE  
THAN I DO TODAY...  
**[MUSIC ATTACHED - "COULD I LOVE YOU MORE"]**

The last note Brooklyn sings, echos softly through the stadium. There's a moment of silence. Malory exhales deeply and stands up with William as they clap exuberantly. Brooklyn nods her head with appreciation.

MALORY

(whispering) Do you know the name of that song?

WILLIAM

(softly) 'Could I Love You More'

MALORY

I wish I could've heard the whole song!

WILLIAM

I'm sure that can be arranged!

Malory and William sit back down and watch the stage transform into the next scene. Malory is confused by the change.

MALORY

Is Brooklyn done? Who could possibly be following her... She's a headliner!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM

No worries! She's in the next song. It's from a new show, by the same name, opening in the West End next month?

MALORY

Really! What's the name?

WILLIAM

'The Boy Can Dance'!

MALORY

(excited) Ohhhh! Isn't that the show starring Jenna Dewan?

William nods his head.

WILLIAM

And Brooklyn!

**Downbeat "The Boy Can Dance". The Boy Can Dance is an innovative composition. Innovative because of the genre, tempo and culture changes which feature a large number of performers and bring out the best of 'ghetto-influenced' modern dance today. Jenna Dewan is the projected featured female dance performer and choreographer in this scene.**

**The innovativeness of this scene is abounding due to the 12 piece live band on stage during the show with a renowned R&B vocalist (Amy Keys) and rappers, Dubb and 6-year-old sensation, Jovanny. [MUSIC VIDEO ATTACHED - "THE BOY CAN DANCE"]**

INT. HARRODS - LONDON -- AFTERNOON

Abi walks into Harrods with a shopping list.

CLERK

Can I help you?

ABI

Yes...

She reads from a list.

ABI (CONT'D)

I'm looking for a Minox B submini camera.

The clerk doesn't bat an eye and is excited to help her.

CLERK

Cameras and electronics... 4th floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Abi writes on the piece of paper.

ABI  
WIRE TAP....and a parabolic microphone.

CLERK  
Spying and Surveillance... 5th floor.

ABI  
A Walther PPK!

He leans into her.

CLERK  
Ahhh! We're having a sale on those...

Abi's eyes light up.

ABI  
Oh! Brilliant!

EXT. EAST END -- LONDON -- LATE AFTERNOON

Offices of the P&Q Shipping Company - George walks up the loading dock stairs through the bustling warehouse and into his office. He picks up the phone.

Abi is sitting in her car. She has on a CIA wire headphone earpiece with her hand cupping her ear.

GEORGE  
Meet me at the old warehouse and bring your scarf... It'll be chilly.

EXT. LONDON EYE -- DUSK

The base of the London Eye. William walks with Malory to the desk to register. The people at the desk are checking names.

WILLIAM  
William Betancourt!

The gentleman looks at him.

GENTLEMAN  
Of course, Mr. Betancourt!

He comes around the desk to pin on a Lily. William hears his name being called. He is motioned over to a group of people having their picture taken on a grandstand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOOTBALLER

William!

Photographer is setting up for the shoot with footballers, managers and distinguished guests. William walks over to get in the picture and Malory stays back behind the photographer.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay everyone ready!

WILLIAM

Hold on!

He grabs Malory. She tries to get out of his grip.

MALORY

No... William please!

He continues to pull her. She throws up her hand and walks with him.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay everyone say... Premiership!

Flashes go off. The photographer gathers people in smaller groups to take pictures.

William and Malory walk off the grandstand with a couple of footballers and dignitaries. A couple of photographers are following them with flashes going off. William, Malory and the others join their party at the base of the London Eye.

EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE ON ESSEX & BLOOM -- NIGHT

A car pulls up to the warehouse in a light fog. It flashes its headlights. Harry sitting on the loading dock springs off and walks over. A balding man with neatly cropped hair steps out of the car. He's wearing thick glasses and is well dressed. Harry escorts him into the warehouse.

Abi observes them. She is in full secret agent mode. Long black wig, black Trench Coat (Burberry), Fedora (Stetson) and is wearing designer night vision glasses. In stealth mode she pulls up the collar of her coat and looks for an entrance to the warehouse.

INT. OLD WAREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Boxes and crates are strewn across the place. Some are stacked several stories high. Loading apparatus, fork lifts and hand trucks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a 12-foot long table in the middle of the warehouse with two lights hanging from the ceiling shining on the desk with a phone on the corner of it. George and a bunch of Goons are at the table eating chicken out of a bucket. There are unpacked stacks of Wanderers t-shirts, pennants and scarves on a corner of the desk. George is off to the one side.

Everyone in the room is laughing. A chicken wing flies across the table. A goon starts to choke and gets whacked on the back. George holds up his hand.

GEORGE

I got one... I got one... A priest,  
rabbi and lawyer are on a cruise ship.  
The ship is sinking and the rabbi  
says, save the children... the lawyer  
says...

Harry walks in with the man with glasses. George abruptly stops talking and gets up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Have you eaten?

The man eyes the Goons and the pile of bones. They are throwing the bones onto a newspaper on the desk. The man eyes this in disgust.

MAN WITH THICK GLASSES

No thanks!

George takes out a big drumstick and walks up to him.

Abi finds a good position in the warehouse between some crates. She puts in her earpiece and pulls out the parabolic microphone that is mounted on a pistol grip. You start to hear sound but there's terrible static. She struggles with it.

George uses the chicken drumstick to emphasis his words.

GEORGE

Tomorrow night...

He rips off a piece of meat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I need you to do a man's job.

Static swallows the rest and she struggles with the microphone. She switches over to her telephoto camera.

George points his drumstick at one of the Goons. The Goon takes a napkin wiping his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He picks up the metal suitcase and brings it over to the center of the table. The Goon opens up the suitcase. George rips another piece of meat off the drumstick and chews loudly while the man with thick glasses looks inside the briefcase. He pulls out a stack of money, large denominations, and runs his thumb through it. He puts it back in and runs his hand across the stacks and starts counting them inside the suitcase. George picks the bone clean. The man with thick glasses closes the suitcase. George throws the bone onto the chicken in the bucket and sticks his greasy hand out to shake. The man with thick glasses shakes his hand with a queasy look on his face.

Abi pulls the camera away from her face and walks away. She slips out a back staircase and runs right into Harry who's throwing a ball against a wall. She stops abruptly and stands ramrod straight.

ABI

Can I help you?

HARRY

(Startled) Hey! What are you doing here?  
(piercing stare) Haven't I've seen you  
somewhere before!

ABI

May I speak to the lady of the house?

HARRY

(confused) Lady of the House?

ABI

Yes, I'm going door to door taking donations  
for the children who get car sick!

Harry grows thoughtful.

HARRY

I get sick on trains!

ABI

It's a terrible affliction. I've seen  
it... rooms full of children, so  
nauseous, all we want to do is bring a  
bit of cheer to their queasy lives.

Harry chokes back tears and checks his pockets for money. He pulls out a tenner.

HARRY

Here miss!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Abi a sucker for a sensitive guy kisses his cheek and steps towards her car.

ABI

Bless you! Not many sensitive guys left in this World! You're very generous.

HARRY

Wait!

She stops abruptly. He walks up to her. He holds up the pistol grip and hands it to her.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You dropped this!

ABI

Thank you, it's a toy for the children.

She slips into her car and starts to drive past Harry.

HARRY

(waving to her) You sure smell nice!

ABI

(wincing) Bollocks! I've got to remember... not to leave a scent!

INT. - LONDON EYE -- LATER

William and Malory are in a pod on the London Eye. The benefit is in full swing with champagne being handed out on trays. Footballers are intermingling with society people. The manager of the team is in discussion with MPs and barristers. Servers are walking around with canapes. Malory leans against William as they look out the floor to ceiling glass window. All of London is lit and the moon is shimmering on the Thames.

MALORY

It's a wonderful family you've got here!

WILLIAM

I've put my blood into this team!  
Into all of this... And in two more  
games... this will all pay off!

She turns to kiss him. An MP comes up to him playfully.

MP

Betancourt! I'd like a word with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM  
(smiling) Excuse me a second.

As the pod rotates she enjoys the lights on Big Ben. She notices a flash of light from below. It hits her in the face once, twice, three times. She presses her face up against the glass and sees Abi signaling with a flashlight and mirror.

EXT. BUSHES AT THE LONDON EYE -- CONTINUOUS

Abi peers out from the bushes and watches William and Malory's pod slowing and them getting off with other people. Abi covers the flashlight with her hand. Malory looks around for Abi. She excuses herself and is hit again in the face with the light. Malory puts her hand in front of her face and walks over to Abi.

MALORY  
What the hell are you doing?

ABI  
Come on! I've got something to show you!

INT. NEWSROOM -- LONDON -- LATER

Diagram on a wall of the newsroom. There are photographs of the man with thick glasses, Harry, the metal suitcase, scarves, bucket of chicken, at the top of it all is George. All lines radiate out from him. Most spaces are filled, some are left with question marks. It is an elaborate and well thought out diagram that takes up the whole wall.

ABI  
Which brings us to Exhibit "F" the metal suitcase. Filled to the brim with money.

Malory examines the photos that Abi has taken of the man with thick glasses counting the money and closing the suitcase.

MALORY  
What's the scarf creep's name?

ABI  
George Windsor, 48. Owner of P&Q Shipping

MALORY  
Any convictions?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABI

He's done a few years... they all  
have... 3 years racketeering.

Malory puts the file down and grows thoughtful.

MALORY

Good work... but you shouldn't have  
gone alone! These guys are bad news!

Malory then notices Abi's clothing.

MALORY (CONT'D)

What kind of clothes are you wearing?

Abi proudly poses.

ABI

Do you like it? A lady should dress  
for any occasion.

Malory looks at the diagram again.

MALORY

You'd better pick out something nice  
for your funeral!

She pauses and looks closer at a photo of George.

MALORY (CONT'D)

I knew that creep was up to no good...

ABI

What do you think his angle is?

MALORY

I don't know, but I'm gonna find out!

Malory walks over to the photos of George and the man with  
thick glasses.

MALORY (CONT'D)

Do we know who this guy is?

ABI

Never seen him before.

Malory picks up her phone.

INT. MT. SINAI HOSPITAL SUITE - NEW YORK -- DAY

JB puffs on his cigar and is checking blue lines. Copy boys are coming in and out and he hands out documents to them without looking up. He's got police officers doing interviews. The nurse is injecting him in the arse. The phone rings. The screen goes back and forth between JB and Malory.

JB

JB! (grimacing) Owwww!

MALORY

JB!

JB

MALORY! Hold on a minute.. I'm waiting for this needle to be pulled from my ass....(glaring at nurse) Okay... Are you sitting down? John Mike walked!

MALORY

(startled) What! What the HELL happened!

He puffs harder on the cigar.

JB

WHAT HAPPENED! He got to a couple of the witnesses. He paid off a few guys at the DA's office. He even got a letter of commendation from John Ashcroft. You know how these guys get off. The thing is you've got to get back here and put that thug away. Capt. DeJesus said he'll put some detectives on you.

MALORY

JB.. look I can't right now... I've got something else going on here!

JB almost chokes on the cigar and takes it out of his mouth.

JB

What!

MALORY

I'm onto something else.

JB

Judas! Malory... didn't you hear me... your nemesis walked!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY (O.S.)

Sorry! It's just going to have to wait.  
I have to figure out who is putting some  
muscle to William Betancourt.

He starts to write down the name and stops.

JB

The William Betancourt!!! I thought  
you were supposed to lay low and cover  
flower shows.

MALORY (O.S.)

You know me... Now.. I'm sending over  
a photo... one guy is George Windsor.  
We don't know who the other guy is,  
but I want you to find out whatever  
you can on both of them.

JB

Do you smell something kid?

MALORY

I smell a rat... A big one!

JB

Okay! Okay! I'll put the boys on it...  
but you'd better real it in fathead!

INT. NEWSROOM -- LONDON -- CONTINUOUS

She hangs up the phone and looks over at Abi.

MALORY

If he doesn't stop it, I'm going to start  
believing it! Do I have a fat head?

ABI

(Confused) No!

MALORY

(phone rings again) Look JB!

WILLIAM (O.S.)

Hey Cinderella!

William stops abruptly realizing she said a man's name.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Who's JB!... do I have competition!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY

Ummmmmmmm!

WILLIAM

We'll talk about it later... I just called to see if you'd like a late snack... and to find out why you ditched me at the benefit.

Malory winces, mouthing "William" to Abi.

MALORY

Sure... I could stuff something down!

INT. WILLIAM'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

William drives through the city.

WILLIAM

I'll come pick you up. Where are you!

MALORY (O.S.)

I'm at the Herald putting finishing touches on the Flower Show article.

WILLIAM

Ahhh! I look forward to reading it... be downstairs in 10 minutes.

MALORY (O.S.)

Where are we going? Everything's closed.

WILLIAM

I know a place.

EXT. KEBAB HOUSE -- LONDON -- NIGHT

William and Malory walk out of a kebab shop carrying take-away. They walk down the street eating.

WILLIAM

My father's office was over there. He had me start in the mailroom. "Top to bottom!" He'd say. Before he let me near the Wanderers, he put me on groundskeeping staff under Nigel.

MALORY

That guy gives me the creeps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM

Oh, that's just his way. He scared the hell out of me the whole time I worked for him. He once made me cut the grass on the entire pitch to exactly four centimeters... went around checking it with a ruler.

MALORY

Good lord!

WILLIAM

It's true. Amazing gardener, and he's Wanderers all the way!

William takes a napkin to Malory's cheek, wiping away some yogurt sauce and kisses her nose.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

So tell me who's JB? Is it someone I need to fight? (he pretends he's boxing)

MALORY

(chuckles) no need to worry... he's a really old friend of my grandfather's... poor guy... he was just diagnosed with a bad case of the mange...

WILLIAM

Sounds disgusting!

Malory puts her arm through his.

MALORY

So, is it true that you notch your bedpost after each conquest!

William raises an eyebrow and slowly smiles.

MALORY (CONT'D)

So.... What number am I!

WILLIAM

Sorry! A gentleman never kisses and tells!

MALORY

(dry humor) Well I think it's time for a new bedpost!

He chuckles and takes her arm walking into the night.

EXT. STADIUM -- DAY

Exuberant and boisterous people coming into the stadium. Ticker takers are ripping stubs. Vendors are selling shirts, and banners. The crowd is filled with people singing football chants. The manager and players are standing around a microphone at the center of the pitch. William walks over with Malory to the dais and walks up to the microphone.

WILLIAM

In recognition of this outstanding season!

The crowd roars. William looks out at them and smiles.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

24 wins!

The roars grow louder.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

5 in a row!

William has to yell above the crowd.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I present you with the Coca-Cola  
Football League's Manager of the Month  
Award.... Let's hear it for OUR  
MANAGER.

The crowd explodes and Malory walks over and hands him the award. She steps back. The manager takes the microphone and thanks everyone. Malory scans the crowd and observes George, Harry and the Goons take their seats. Malory looks over at Abi who is on the sidelines with a big telephoto lens ready to go. Malory motions for her to look up. Abi swings the camera at George and carefully snaps photos.

Nigel rushes in and takes the microphone away, while his crew smooth the pitch for the game. Malory watches Nigel suspiciously as she leaves the pitch.

EXT. STADIUM -- LATER

William and Malory take their seats. Malory notices George staring at her. He blows her a kiss. She abruptly looks away.

The game starts and the Wanderers rip down the field displaying impressive team work and quickly get a two goal lead. Malory's excited but keeps one eye on George.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The opposing team charges right back. The Wanderers put up a strong defense, but the opposing striker with much hard work finds the back of the net.

The crowd boos and yells then taunts the opposing team with football chants. The Wanderers have the ball and are moving back up to pitch and move the ball to mid-field but quickly have it stolen by the opposing team who are awarded a corner. The opposing team cross it in front of the goal. The striker kicks but the shot is stopped by the Wanderers goalie. The crowd cheer the goalie who throws the ball up field.

Malory who has been staring at George looks over at the score board. The Wanderers are holding onto the lead. She looks over at Abi who stops snapping photos and Abi shrugs.

There is two minutes left on the clock. The Wanderers are playing keep ball to protect their lead, but the ball is stolen by the opposing team and they start to drive forward.

George pulls out his scarf and with great ceremony puts it around his neck standing tall and yelling. Malory wonders what he's up to.

GEORGE  
Wanderers!!!

The opposing striker sinks a beautiful unstoppable goal. They start to celebrate. Then a whistle blows. George smiles as the opposing team surrounds the referee in protest. Malory looks down at the mayhem on the pitch.

The referee takes out a red card and sends off the opposing team's striker for a 'foul' on the Wanderers goalie, JACQUES. Malory looks at the Jumbo-Tron and is startled. The referee is the man with thick glasses.

Malory observes George taking off his scarf smiling. The Goons barely contain their snickering. George and Harry toast pints.

She looks around for Abi and observes her taking pictures of the referee. She whips the camera to George taking a picture and gives the thumbs up sign to Malory. George and the Goons get ready to leave. George gets a phone call.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Course I'm watching the game sir!  
Everything's under control! The  
premiership is in the bag!

They start to walk away and Abi is running up to Malory with her camera. She bumps into Harry and quickly moves away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY  
Hello again miss!

Abi looks uncomfortable. George notices the exchange.

GEORGE  
How do you know that girl?

HARRY  
I met her last night... she was  
collecting for the Red Cross!

GEORGE  
Last night! Where?

HARRY  
At the warehouse!

GEORGE  
Warehouse!

George glares over at Abi and Malory walking away whispering to each other while going through the digital photos. William is being congratulated by fans in the surrounding boxes. He peels away from the crowd to go down field to hug his manager.

INT. STADIUM -- LOCKER ROOM -- LATER

Everyone is in high spirits. William comes in and slaps their backs.

WILLIAM  
Jacques... You had me fooled...

He walks over to the goalie.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)  
I thought you were going to let that  
one in!

Jacques smiles and starts to chant.

JACQUES  
GOING UP!

The players all join in.

PLAYERS  
GOING UP! GOING UP! GOING UP!

Malory and Abi are preoccupied and chant halfheartedly.

INT. NEWSROOM -- LONDON -- NIGHT

Abi is spreading the board with more pictures. Malory holds up the new photo of the man with thick glasses as the referee who's blowing the whistle, and another one of him holding up the red card. They match perfectly with the pictures of him on the board.

MALORY  
This isn't good!

Abi is pulling out pictures from files and inspects them with a magnifying loupe. Malory steps back and examines the board.

MALORY (CONT'D)  
This is really not good!

NIGEL (O.S.)  
(brooding) No. It isn't.

Nigel walks towards them from the far end of the newsroom.

MALORY  
You're not allowed in here!

NIGEL  
I know I told you to stop seeing William, but that was before I suspected something was wrong. I need your help before William gets hurt, and the Wanderers!

Malory looks at him confused.

ABI  
Do you know him?

MALORY  
(surprised) You're the guy that spoke to me at the concert!

NIGEL  
The scandal... it'll crush William if he finds out!

MALORY  
Wait, what are you talking about?

NIGEL  
Game fixing! The Wanderer's season! Winning streak! (he walks up and taps on the board) Do you know what this is!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABI

Why don't you tell us what you know!

INT. STADIUM -- LOCKER ROOM -- LATER

The room is dark and empty, lit only by the replay of Wanderers game on the television screens. Nigel has stacks of videotapes, each carefully labeled. He throws in a tape, then forwards to a specific moment. Nigel is reliving the game, commenting and pumping his fist as he watches.

NIGEL

Pass! PASS!!!

Malory and Abi split their attention between the tapes and Nigel's impassioned and frightening display. Abi tries to chime in...

NIGEL (CONT'D)

ARRRGH! You muppet! You've ruined my life!

... but thinks better of it. Malory has had enough.

MALORY

I'm sorry. What.. are we supposed to be looking at?

Nigel freezes the tape and looks at Malory incredulously. Malory wonders what she has done wrong.

NIGEL

Are you blind? Look again!

Nigel rewinds to a play where the referee blows the whistle in favor of the Wanderers. Malory and Abi are still confused.

MALORY

Good decision?

Nigel is slack-jawed. He takes the tape out and slams another one in. Another call for the Wanderers. Eject! Slam! Opposing team's goal disallowed. Eject! Slam! The referee awards the Wanderers a penalty. Eject! Slam! Eject! Slam! Every tape shows the Wanderers receiving favorable decisions from the referees and linesmen. Malory leans forward. She looks at all of Nigel's tapes, a whole season's worth.

MALORY (CONT'D)

Hold it, are you saying this has been going on all season?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nigel freezes the tape.

NIGEL

I went back to the beginning of the season and started to tally. The Wanderers were pulling out victories in the final minutes, beating good teams. Not enough to win the league. Just enough to fill bookie's pockets.

ABI

But they haven't won every game. They aren't going to win the league!

NIGEL

But they have been beating the spread. That's what tipped me off.

ABI

The spread?

MALORY

The point spread... bookies use it to even out the odds.

Abi is still perplexed.

MALORY (CONT'D)

If a good team plays a bad team the bookies adjust the odds so the good team has to win by, say, two goals! If they win by one goal, they lose the bet and vice versa.

ABI

So the Wanderers could lose by a goal?

NIGEL

... and the bets still pay off.

Malory takes the remote control and watches the penalty back and forth. Abi takes out a folder of her photos. She spreads them out in front of Nigel, pointing to the ones of George and the man with thick glasses.

ABI

What can you tell me about these men?

Nigel and Abi pour over the photos and exchange notes.

MALORY

You're right. He barely grazed him and the ref blew the whistle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Malory's phone rings.

MALORY (CONT'D)  
Stone!

INT. HERALD NEWSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JB is at his desk with neck brace and a halo. He's wearing a tie over a torso cast that's connected to the neck brace.

JB  
Fathead!

INT. STADIUM -- LOCKER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MALORY  
JB are you back in the office?

INT. HERALD NEWSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JB  
Yeah, half of me is...

He grabs a t-square off the art department's desk and scratches his back.

JB (CONT'D)  
Look your scarfman.. He's got a record a mile long... some heavy hitters. His "SHIPPING COMPANY" has been cited for everything except "white slavery". He's a classic wiseguy.

INT. STADIUM -- LOCKER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MALORY  
I knew it. I think he's fixing games!

INT. HERALD NEWSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

He's hitting an itching spot and moans in rapture.

JB  
Oh Baby!

INT. STADIUM -- LOCKER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

MALORY

I don't have all the facts yet, but I  
plan on ripping this thing wide open!

INT. HERALD NEWSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JB

(smirking) Well... stop talking to me  
and hit the streets Fathead.

He puts the phone down.

INT. STADIUM -- LOCKER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Malory looks at the phone.

MALORY

I DO NOT HAVE A FATHEAD!!!

Abi peels away from Nigel.

ABI

What are you going to do!

EXT. WILLIAM'S MANOR - LONDON -- LATER

Malory knocks. The butler opens the door.

BUTLER

Ms. Stone! Always a pleasure.

MALORY

Is William in?

BUTLER

He has company right now... I'll let  
him know you're here!

Malory sits in the foray looking around at the grandeur. Her  
eyes land on a marble bust that has his Wanderers scarf on  
it. She walks over and fixes the scarf. William steps out  
of the drawing room and closes the door behind him.

He smiles at her with a gleam in his eye.

WILLIAM

Well... this is a pleasure! What can  
I do for you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY

Look... I've...

William looks at her with concern.

WILLIAM

Come... we'll talk in private.

Malory walks towards the drawing room door. William steps into her path and takes her arm walking to an adjacent room.

INT. WILLIAM'S LIBRARY -- MOMENTS LATER

Photos are spread out on the table. William and Malory are sitting on a couch looking at them. William leans back holding some photos with a shocked look. He looks like he's been kicked in the stomach.

WILLIAM

I think I'm going to be sick.

Malory is consoling him.

MALORY

I'm sorry! I don't know exactly how long this has been going on. We've already fingered the last 10 games.

He closes his eyes.

MALORY (CONT'D)

Maybe more!

WILLIAM

What will I tell the team?

He puts his hands in his head for a moment then looks up.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Who else knows about this?

MALORY

No one... William, I saw him here that first night... and creeps like this extort money all the time. I'm sure you're not the first...

She kisses him on the cheek and gets up to put her jacket on.

MALORY (CONT'D)

I'm going to make damn sure you're the last.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She zips it up and gathers the evidence.

WILLIAM

Let me handle it... I'm sure it's just a misunderstanding!

He watches her walk to the door.

MALORY

That's sweet William... but there's something about me that I haven't told you yet... but it'll have to wait!

William watches her car drive away. George comes in from the adjacent room and walks over to the bar and takes out two glasses and pours the scotch.

GEORGE

What'd I tell ya!

William is poker faced and takes the drink from George.

WILLIAM

I knew we were pushing it! This has gone too far!

GEORGE

Not to worry, we only have two more left!

WILLIAM

Two more... she's got photographs of you and the referee!

George smiles with a gleam in his eye and downs the drink.

GEORGE

I wouldn't worry about her... she's just a woman!

INT. NEWSROOM - LONDON -- LATER

Malory's writing notes and occasionally looking up at Abi's wall diagram. It's quiet with only a few people working.

EDITOR

What's this?

Malory looks at the Society Editor. The Editor is smacking two tickets in her hands. The Editor has a Chanel suit with grey hair... and Chanel sun glasses on top of her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY

Just something that I'm working on.

EDITOR

Where's the article on the boat show?

Malory winces.

MALORY

Oh right! boat show.. was that today?

EDITOR

Yes today! So far, I'd have to say you haven't been doing too good of a job!

She pauses.

EDITOR (CONT'D)

Well, be sure you're there tomorrow!

The Editor throws down two tickets.

EDITOR (CONT'D)

Tomorrow's event isn't something that you should miss.

MALORY

Well... I'm a little busy...

Editor walks away.

EDITOR

TOMORROW!

Malory picks up the tickets and closes her eyes.

MALORY

Oh god, no.

INT. LONDON DOG SHOW - MAIN ARENA - DAY

It's the Best of Breed competition. Hound Dogs are being paraded around the arena by their handlers.

Malory is interviewing Henrietta and Charmaine (who we saw earlier in the flower show) whose Hound Dog wears the first place rosette. There's an uncanny similarity between all three - they're dressed in the same yellow jackets and all have slightly similar facial features.

MALORY

So congratulations on your win.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENREITTA

Thank you. But you should congratulate Mr. Winston, he did all the work.

MALORY

Congratulations Mr. Winston... So what's your secret?

HENREITTA

Well Charmaine and I naturally have an eye for style, which comes through in Mr. Winston's grooming. I design all of his coats myself.

MALORY

It's a very stylish dog!

On hearing "dog" Mr. Winston stands to attention - ready to pounce - he starts panting wildly at Malory.

CHARMAINE

(trying to calm Mr. Winston down)  
Please don't use the "d" word. Mr. Winston is very sensitive.

MALORY

Oh... I'm sorry!

CHARMAINE

(to Winston-like a baby) It's ok Mr. Winston. It's ok. Mommy's here. Mommy's here!

Suddenly, George appears behind Malory with ADOLPH, a lethal rottweiler on a scary collar and leash.

GEORGE

I just want to congratulate you and Mr. Winston.

CHARMAINE

Oh, thank you so much.

Malory tries to remain poker-faced while Adolph stares at her.

GEORGE

Adolph, here, is no good for all this...pagentry.

CHARMAINE

Nonsense, he's a beautiful dog. Strong topline and hind quarters, lovely color and coat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Malory takes a step back and Adolph growls.

CHARMAINE (CONT'D)

Oh, but his temperament needs to be reigned in. A serious fault, and the judges will take notice. You don't want to hurt me. Do you, Adolph?

Charmaine bends down and scratches Adolph behind his ears.

MALORY

If you'll excuse me, I must be leaving. Congratulations again!

Malory turns and smacks into Harry and one of the Goons.

GEORGE

Harry, show Miss Stone your dog.

MALORY

I'm sorry, but...

Harry adjusts his jacket and let's Malory see his pistol.

GEORGE

Take her to the kennels, Harry.

HARRY

Won't take long, Miss Stone.

Harry leads Malory out. George turns back to Charmaine.

GEORGE

You were saying?

CHARMAINE

An aloof or reserved dog should not be penalized, as this reflects the accepted character of the breed. However, an aggressive or belligerent attitude...

INT. LONDON DOG SHOW - KENNELS -- MOMENTS LATER

The Goon walks ahead of Malory with Harry pulling the rear. They walk at a slow even pace, past the empty pens and cages.

MALORY

How long is this going to take? I've got a yacht race to cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Goon stops and Harry pulls Malory's arms behind her back. With a great flourish the Goon unfurls a butterfly knife. He snaps his wrist and it disappears. Another lightning snap and it is extended again. He throws around the knife in an impressive and lethal display of skill. Then it is gone again. He takes a step towards her.

GOON

Maybe you should take a holiday from writing. (chuckle) Long holiday.

The Goon whips the knife open inches from Malory's face.

GOON (CONT'D)

Look, Harry, no more jokes? (mocking)  
No more Yacht races to cov...

Malory kicks the Goon swiftly in the groin. Then, while the Goon vomits and collapses, she throws her head back breaking Harry's nose! As Harry is blinded by his pain and bleeding nose, Malory makes a break for it.

INT. LONDON DOG SHOW - LOADING AREA - DAY

Malory explodes out the back door, dodging forklifts and dog cages. Harry, a disheveled and bloody mess, soon follows but, still half blind from the pain, watches Malory disappear down the busy streets.

EXT. LONDON -- STREET -- DAY

Malory is hopping mad. She furiously dials on her mobile phone while darting through the street.

ABI

How are the doggies?

MALORY

What's the spread on today's game?

ABI

The Wanderers have to win by three goals.

MALORY

I'll meet you at the stadium. Bring a few assistants. I want every angle covered. We're closing this thing today!

INT. STADIUM -- WILLIAM'S LUXURY BOX -- AFTERNOON

Malory walks up to William at the luxury box. She's breathing fire.

WILLIAM

Where've you been... I was getting worried about you.

MALORY

Mr. Scarfcreep is the one that should worry.

WILLIAM

What do you mean?

MALORY

His Goons tried to muscle me.

WILLIAM

What are you talking about!

She lets off steam.

MALORY

This game is fixed. The spread is two points and the referees are going to make sure the Wanderers win by three. I'M going to send THEM to jail. THEN, I'm going to strangle that son-of-a bitch with his scarf if he has the nerve to show up here.

She flips open her pad and takes notation on the game.

WILLIAM

Did they hurt you?

MALORY

Don't worry about it.

WILLIAM

I'm going to go talk to security and make sure that he doesn't get into this stadium. Can you sit tight until then?

MALORY

I'll be here!

INT. STADIUM - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

William calmly walks out of the box and nervously glances back at Malory.

INT. STADIUM - TUNNELS -- CONTINUOUS

William walks down a tunnel saying hello to fans and employees as they pass.

INT. STADIUM - CONCESSION STAND KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

He takes a short cut through the concession kitchen. The kitchen staff greet him as he walks through.

INT. STADIUM - HARRY'S LUXURY BOX -- CONTINUOUS

William comes up to the other side of the stadium luxury boxes and sits down next to George. George is whistling. William rips off a pair of binoculars from the guy next to him. He looks at Malory. She is studying the game like a hawk. He hands the glasses back to him.

William leans into George and whispers.

WILLIAM

It's off.

GEORGE

What... the scarf... Of course it's off... We don't need it yet.

WILLIAM

No this... The game... it's off!

GEORGE

You're crazy... We've got long odds on this one. We got to score three goals.

George grabs his arm.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Everyone says we're due to lose... we've put a fortune down on it.

WILLIAM

You don't understand.

He grabs the binoculars from the other guy again and gives them to George. Binocular guy throws up his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BINOCULAR GUY

What the hell!

George gets a frustrated look and William takes out his money clip and hands it to the binocular guy. The guy is taken aback by the amount of money and starts to count it. William points to Malory.

WILLIAM

Look!

George looks through the binoculars and shrugs.

GEORGE

What the!!! How did she!!! we had her on ice!

William tries not to show that he cares for Malory.

WILLIAM

Well...

GEORGE

Well... I'll handle her later!

He hands William the binoculars.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We've got a million pounds spread out over every bookie in London! THIS GAME IS ON!

WILLIAM

Have you lost your mind?

GEORGE

No... and I don't want to lose my head!

William grabs George's scarf from his pocket and runs out.

INT. STADIUM HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

William runs back and takes the money clip out of the binocular guy's hands. He peels off a few bills and hands it to him.

BINOCULAR GUY

Hey!

WILLIAM

My change!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

William darts out again.

INT. STADIUM - HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

He's huffing and puffing and sits down next to Malory and leans over to give her a kiss. Malory smiles at him.

MALORY

Where'd you get the binoculars?

William picks up the binoculars and looks down at the field.

WILLIAM

Found 'em!

He spots George on the other side of the stadium. He is handed a new scarf by one of his Goons. He puts it into his pocket as the game begins. William shakes his head.

MALORY

Are you OK?

WILLIAM

Hmmm! Fine.

The opposing team passes the ball up the pitch and barrels towards the Wanderers goal. The Wanderers defense prepares for the attack. The opposing team drive is cut short by a whistle. A Wanderers player is down and the referee shows the opposing striker a yellow card. The striker protests the call.

MALORY

I missed that tackle. Did you see it?

William looks through his binoculars at George proudly wearing his scarf.

WILLIAM

Uh... yes! Close, but the referee caught it.

Malory looks back at the field with suspicion.

MALORY

Hmm!

William peels away from the binoculars to watch Malory as she makes notes on the time and people involved in the tackle. He turns back to watch George waving his scarf like a banner.

WILLIAM

I have to go... to the gentlemen's room!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stands up and the crowd explodes. The Wanderers have scored a quick goal. William tries to maintain his composure.

INT. STADIUM - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

William steps out of the box and glances back a couple of times to make sure Malory isn't looking. He breaks into a run.

INT. STADIUM - TUNNELS -- CONTINUOUS

William bumps into people as he races down a tunnel.

INT. STADIUM - CONCESSION STAND KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

He shoots through the kitchen narrowly avoiding the cooks and vendors.

INT. STADIUM - HARRY'S LUXURY BOX -- CONTINUOUS

William comes up and sits down next to George.

WILLIAM

You're going to get us carted off to jail!

GEORGE

If you keep this up... we'll be carted away in a pine box.

The crowd goes crazy again as...

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

..the Wanderers quickly score another goal!

INT. STADIUM - HARRY'S LUXURY BOX -- CONTINUOUS

The fans look certain of the Wanderers, patting each other on the back and toasting pints! An older fan kisses his betting slips.

OLDER FAN

One more goal! Give us one more!

William's desperate and whips off George's scarf. George grabs it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Don't be stupid, William.

There is a quick tug-of-war for the scarf. The Binocular Guy watches the struggle and whispers into George's ear.

BINOCULAR GUY

Let him have it, son. He's paying top-dollar!

William rips the scarf free from George and strides off victorious. George follows after him. William looks around and sees George.

WILLIAM

Where are you going?

INT. STADIUM - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

George storms past him right up to a concessions stand.

WILLIAM

What are you doing?

George walks right up to the front of the line.

GEORGE

One home scarf, please.

VENDOR

There IS a line, sir.

George whips out a large roll of money. The vendor's eyes go as big as saucers.

GEORGE

Ten home scarves, if you please.

The vendor goes to turn when William jumps in front of George.

VENDOR

Mr. Betancourt, sir.

WILLIAM

Yes, hello. I need to purchase all of your scarves!

The vendor is noticeably confused.

VENDOR

Sir, there's no reason for you to pay retail. Besides they're your scarves!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

No they are not! I put my cash down first! They're mine.

WILLIAM

No, they are not! They're mine! (pulls out his money clip) All the scarves... have them delivered to my office!

The vendor is torn. William pushes the money in front of him.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

C'mon now!

VENDOR

Yes, sir!

The vendor starts to box up the scarves. William looks at George victorious! George is fuming.

GEORGE

Where is the next closest stand?

VENDOR

That would be upstairs on the mezzanine, sir.

William cannot believe his ears. George takes off running.

WILLIAM

Send those to my office and come with me!

William and the vendor pursue George.

INT. STADIUM -- WILLIAM'S LUXURY BOX -- CONTINUOUS

Malory watches the game. The Wanderers are putting up a championship effort. Racing down the pitch and setting up a play. The referee looks at George's box. The Goons are there, George's seat is empty.

The Wanderers cross a kick in front of the goal. The Wanderers striker heads it toward the goal where the opposing goalie leaps and snatches from the air. One of the Wanderers is down close to the goal. The referee looks again at George's box confused.

INT. STADIUM - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

A troupe of vendors with carts filled with Wanderers scarves follow William as he talks into his mobile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM

That's right. I want every scarf in the stadium brought to my office, then put an armed guard at the door. Why? There's a flaw... in the weave! Yes! Damn, textile mills! Regardless, I'll be very upset if another scarf is sold in or around the stadium... Good, man.

William sends the vendors off with the woolen cargo. He spots George trying to buy a scarf as they walk by. William strides up to him.

GEORGE

Where are you taking them? Give me one of those scarves or I'll brain you...

WILLIAM

It's over, George. There are no scarves for sale today.

GEORGE

You've lost your mind. Do you know who we're dealing with?

He spots a scarf in William's pocket.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And I'm not going to let you kill us both. Give me that scarf, William.

George puts his hand in his side pocket and points his gun at William. William looks at the tell-tale bulge in George's jacket and takes off running.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Give me that scarf!

INT. STADIUM -- WILLIAM'S LUXURY BOX -- CONTINUOUS

Malory looks around as the game ticks down to its final minutes. The score is two-nil but the opposing team has possession. The referee looks over at George's box. The Goons throw up their hands. The confused referee jogs down the pitch, following the action.

INT. STADIUM - TUNNELS -- CONTINUOUS

William bolts down the tunnel. George is in hot pursuit. William nimbly avoids the crowd. George plows through, gaining ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
Give it to me!

WILLIAM  
You can't have it!

INT. STADIUM - CONCESSION STAND KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

William and George burst into the kitchen and food flies everywhere. The staff look concerned.

WILLIAM  
No need to worry... He's a friend!

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

The opposing team passes up field and the Wanderers are in trouble as the clock counts down.

INT. STADIUM - CONCESSION STAND KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

William jumps across a table of cod ready for the deep-fryer. He kicks over a can of oil which ignites on the grill. The kitchen staff races to attend to the fire, while George tries to draw a shot on William. William lobbs cod fillets at George to throw off his aim. George fends off the attack until he is about two feet away from William.

GEORGE  
Give me the bloody scarf!

William grabs George's hands struggling for the gun.

WILLIAM  
Let it go!

George is determined and starts to pull away. William desperate, knocks the gun to the floor and sticks George's left hand in the deep-fryer.

GEORGE  
WwwwWOOOOW!!!!!!!!!!!!

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

With seconds ticking away the opposing team makes their move. They breakaway for the Wanderers defense and lob a high kick in front of the Wanderers goal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then, like a cobra strike, the opposition's striker bicycle kicks the ball hard to the back of the net. GOAL!

INT. STADIUM - CONCESSION STAND KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

The goal stops all the pandemonium in the kitchen. George nursing his "extra crispy" hand falls to the ground and watches the celebration on the monitor.

GEORGE  
Sweet Jesus.

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

The referee looks at George's empty seat. He watches the final seconds tick away and blows the whistle ending the game.

INT. STADIUM - CONCESSION STAND KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

The kitchen staff celebrates. George is on the floor slack-jawed. William is resigned to his fate.

WILLIAM  
What have I done!

GEORGE  
You idiot... you've killed us both.

George gets up and tries to brush himself off. A cook walks up to him with a can of medicinal spray. George looks a bit skittish and holds out his hand. William walks over to George and puts his arm around him.

WILLIAM  
I now realize that we were wrong to get caught up with JM.

GEORGE  
(in pain and dejected) I guess you're right! We're all given the opportunity to walk down several paths in our lifetime... it's up to us to make the right choice... this one I'll regret and have to live with the consequences.

William nods his head in agreement. George reflects thoughtfully then shakes off the melancholy walking towards the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me Betancourt! I've got to find my goons and roll some heads!

WILLIAM

(shakes his head mumbling) I thought for a moment that I saw a glimmer of humanity.

INT. STADIUM -- WILLIAM'S LUXURY BOX -- EVENING

Malory is confused. She sits as the Wanderers fans make their way out of the stadium chanting "Going Up". She looks at the scoreboard and watches the Wanderers shake hands with the opposing side then leave the field.

Malory looks at her notes, flipping back and forth looking for clues. She flips the notepad closed.

MALORY

It just doesn't make sense.

Malory looks up and sees George across the stadium berating his Goons.

INT. STADIUM - HARRY'S LUXURY BOX -- EVENING

George takes turns yelling then smacking around the Goons. They recoil and try to explain themselves.

GEORGE

Let me see if I get this straight.  
While I'm getting my hand fried, you  
nimrods are watching THE FOOTY!  
Watching our MONEY GET FLUSHED DOWN THE  
TOILET! Not one brain cell amongst the  
lot of you!

George's mobile rings and he stops. He looks at the number and winces. He struggles to flip open the phone.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hello, sir... Yes, I saw the game.  
No... I'm not happy about it either.  
There was a... misunderstanding...  
Coming over?

George cradling the phone snaps his fingers. He motions for one of the Goons to jot down this information.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Heathrow... Tomorrow... 9 a.m. SHARP!

INT. STADIUM -- WILLIAM'S LUXURY BOX -- EVENING

Malory makes a few notes as George and the Goons leave.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT -- ARRIVALS RAMP -- MORNING

George looks sharp in his best suit and sunglasses. His left hand is freshly bandaged. Harry comes out of the terminal.

HARRY  
We're getting his bags now.

GEORGE  
Good.

George stands up straight and brushes himself off.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Was he... did he seem angry?

HARRY  
No... a little tired. Here he comes!

John Mike steps out followed by three Goons (one of George's and two of his own). He walks up to George. They shake hands pleasantly.

JOHN MIKE  
Hello, George.

GEORGE  
John Mike.

Malory sits in her car slack-jawed wearing sunglasses and a wig.

MALORY  
Oh! Now you're mine asshole!

George winces as John Mike grabs his bandaged hand and squeezes. John Mike pulls him into his face.

JOHN MIKE  
What the FUCK happened to my money!

George gives Harry a dirty look. Harry scuffs at the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Ah, perhaps we can discuss it on the way.

Malory watches them get into their cars. They drive off and she follows.

EXT. - OLD WAREHOUSE ON ESSEX & BLOOM -- LATER

The cars pull up to the warehouse. George, John Mike, Harry and the Goons step out and make their way up the loading dock steps. Malory parks out of the way and watches them.

A car drives past her, making it's way towards the loading dock. Everyone waits on the dock for the car to park.

The door opens and William steps out. Malory is stunned. She watches him walk up to John Mike and shake his hand. They disappear into the warehouse. Malory is heartbroken. She puts the car in drive and takes off.

INT. - OLD WAREHOUSE ON ESSEX & BLOOM -- CONTINUOUS

William stands in the middle of the room while George paces back and forth. John Mike leans against a stack of boxes and watches from a distance.

GEORGE

Everyone gets cold feet. Everyone loses their head, but we mustn't forget our commitments. Now, we're all willing to forget last night's trespasses and get back on track. Agreed?

WILLIAM

No. As I told you earlier, I'm through with all this.

George looks over at John Mike.

GEORGE

I'm sure you don't mean that.

WILLIAM

I do. I cannot believe that I've let things go so far. No more. You can count the Wanderers out of your plans.

John Mike walks over to the window with his back to them. George turns back to William.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

I think you should reconsider.

WILLIAM

I'm done.

John Mike turns around.

JOHN MIKE

Done. What makes you think you have any say in this? I decide what happens to the Wanderers! I decide when they win, when they lose! If I want the Wanderers to levitate off the ground and fly around the stadium, I can just snap my fingers!

He snaps and makes a whirling gesture, then walks over to William and George.

JOHN MIKE (CONT'D)

You're done? Well, I'm not! We've got to make up for last night and I'll advise you not to stand in our way again.

William grabs his coat.

WILLIAM

Security has been informed. I trust you won't make a scene, as I would hate to have you escorted out of MY stadium.

William walks out. George shakes his head and smiles as he walks past. John Mike does not move.

JOHN MIKE

I don't think he got the message.

GEORGE

Perhaps you'd like me to elaborate.

John Mike smiles.

INT. NEWSROOM -- LONDON -- AFTERNOON

Abi has almost finished the diagram on the wall. Nigel sits at Abi's desk reading the sports section. Malory walks up to her desk. She falls into her chair. There's a newspaper with William's picture on the front cover. The headline reads, "The Premiership is in the Bag!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ABI

I've been looking all over for you. I tried calling but you didn't answer.

MALORY

I was busy this morning.

NIGEL

It doesn't make sense. With yesterday's odds... they should have covered the spread!

Malory stoically looks at the diagram.

ABI

What's missing is the top spot. Who is the money man? Who is behind all this?

Malory takes out a pair of scissors. She cuts out the picture of William from the newspaper. Malory walks up to the wall diagram and pins it to the top spot. Abi starts to laugh then catches Malory's flat stare.

Malory walks back to her desk and turns on her computer to write. Her mobile rings.

MALORY

Stone.

INT. HERALD NEWSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JB is at his desk with neck brace and drinking a whiskey.

JB

I've been looking into George Windsor's business operations. Are you sitting? His business partner is none other than...

INT. NEWSROOM -- LONDON -- CONTINUOUS

Malory does not blink.

MALORY

John Mike.

INT. HERALD NEWSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JB is taken aback.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JB  
John... that's right! Boy, you're  
good, fathead!

INT. NEWSROOM -- LONDON -- CONTINUOUS

Malory is eerily calm.

MALORY  
My head is not fat and if you call me  
that again I'll cut out your appendix  
with a rusty tuna can.

INT. HERALD NEWSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JB pulls away the phone as she hangs up.

JB  
Sorry, already had my appendix out.

INT. NEWSROOM -- LONDON -- CONTINUOUS

Malory turns to write. She refers to her notes and starts  
typing. Abi and Nigel stare at William's picture.

NIGEL  
I don't believe it.

ABI  
This is a joke... Isn't it, Malory?

Malory never looks up.

MALORY  
Go back to the society pages, Abi.  
People are civilized there.

Nigel storms out of the office. Abi tries to read Malory  
while she continues to type. Unable to figure it out, Abi  
leaves Malory to her article.

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE -- LONDON-- EVENING

William meets with his assistant. He stuffs thick folders of  
a file into a large brown envelope.

WILLIAM  
Messenger these in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASSISTANT

Right.

She packs up to leave. William is distant.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Good luck.

WILLIAM

Hmm?

ASSISTANT

Tomorrow. Premiership!

WILLIAM

Premiership.

She leaves. William sits in his office staring at the trophies and photos on the opposing wall. He walks over to them. The trophies are of all shapes and sizes. Some of them are old with a dark patina to them. William picks up a small one. It is old with filigreed engravings on it.

William takes it and walks to his couch. He lays down, resting the small trophy on his chest.

INT. NEWSROOM -- LONDON -- NIGHT

Malory sits alone at her desk sipping tea in the empty room.

EXT. WILLIAMS MANSION - LATE NIGHT

The grounds are quiet, except for the crickets and frogs. A low fog rolls across the greenery right up to the tudor mansion, splendid in the moonlight.

INT. WILLIAMS MANSION - LATE NIGHT

The moon shines through the window onto the floor. The doorknob twists, then shakes violently from kicks. The door flies open and men, carrying crowbars and silhouetted by the moon, pile in. George walks into the Drawing Room and fixes himself a drink. He admires the scotch while his thugs tear the place apart.

GOON

No one's here... sir!

George nods and takes a long drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Harry sits at the piano. He studies the sheet music, cracks his knuckles, and begins to play "Putting on the Ritz". George chuckles and walks over and begins to sing.

GEORGE

If you're blue and you don't know  
where to go to why don't you go where  
fashion sits...

HARRY

Puttin' on the ritz.

The boys start pouring gasoline all over everything.

GEORGE

Different types of wear all day coat  
pants with stripes and cut away coats  
for perfect fits...

HARRY

Puttin' on the ritz.

The boys light fires in different rooms and flee. They do a quick head count in the foyer. A couple of the Goons bring the corpse flower from the nursery. They're happy to put it down because of it's weight and smell. The light from the fire dances on the walls. George, singing to himself, admires the flower and catches a whiff of its aroma.

GEORGE

Dressed up like a million dollar  
trooper. Trying hard to look like Gary  
Cooper...

HARRY (O.S.)

Super-Duper!

George takes an ax from one of the Goons and dances around the corpse flower.

GEORGE

Come lets mix where Rockefellers walk  
with sticks or "umbrellas" in their  
mitts.

George violently hacks the flower down with the ax. It takes some effort but George does not relent until the flower is in pieces. He leaves the burning mansion.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Puttin' on the Ritz!

EXT. WILLIAMS MANSION - LATE NIGHT

George and his Goons get into their cars, leaving the mansion and greenhouse consumed in flames.

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- EARLY MORNING

William takes penalty kicks in an empty stadium. He wears an old Wanderers kit and a knee brace. His kicks are strong and stopped only by the back of the net.

INT. STADIUM -- STEAMBATH -- LATER

William sits alone in a steambath. He throws water on the rocks and breathes in deeply.

INT. STADIUM -- LOCKER ROOM -- EARLY MORNING

William gets dressed in the empty locker room. His suit is impeccable.

INT. STADIUM -- GROUNDS -- EARLY MORNING

William is swarmed by reporters.

REPORTER ONE

Mr. Betancourt, is there any truth to the connection with you and John Mike?

REPORTER TWO

The Wanderers were awarded seventeen penalties this season. How can you account for that?

William rushes into his car leaving them behind. **[MUSIC ATTACHED - "I'M FEELING OLD**

INT. WILLIAM'S CAR -- LATER

William looks back at the crowd. A reporter is in the back seat who starts to ask questions.

REPORTER THREE

Is it true there will be an FA investigation?

William slams on the brakes and drags him out. The reporter starts to run after the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER THREE (CONT'D)

How can you account for the Wanderers' fantastic year, now only one game away from the premiership?

William's car disappears.

INT. WILLIAM'S OFFICE -- LONDON-- MORNING

The elevator opens. William lumbers out. Nigel stands in front of him. He looks like he has been crying. He opens his mouth, struggling to find the words. William braces himself.

NIGEL

Your father...

Nigel composes himself, then leaves down the stairs. His desk is filled with newspapers and magazines. Their headlines accuse William of racketeering and conspiracy written by Malory! There's also a sub-headline which reports that his house has burnt down. William cannot believe his eyes. He bolts out the door of his office.

INT. WILLIAMS MANSION - AFTERNOON

William drives up his scorched driveway. Police and fireman litter the place. William stares at the devastation.

POLICEMAN

We got it under control last night, but there wasn't much left. Too early to tell, but with this sort of destruction... arson is more than likely.

William walks past him in a trance, up to the charred remains of his corpse flower.

INT. WILLIAMS MANSION -- GREENHOUSE -- AFTERNOON

He stands in the middle of the charred ruins of his nursery.

William looks at the empty pot that once held his corpse flower. It is charred and cracked from the heat.

He walks out into the greenhouse. Malory is picking through the rubble, looking for plants or pots that might have survived.

William spots a few plants that may be salvageable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY

I'm sorry about this, William.

WILLIAM

Don't be. I'm the one that got involved with them.

William grabs a couple of pots that are in good shape. He fills them with fresh soil.

MALORY

Tell me you are being blackmailed by those thugs.

William transfers a few of the sturdier plants into new pots.

WILLIAM

Catastrophes happen all the time in Nature. Forest fires will wipe out whole generations. Some species have seeds that are designed to take flight in the hot air. Like lifeboats carrying off children.

Malory with tears in her eyes, places her hand on his shoulder.

MALORY

Tell me you're being blackmailed!

William takes her hand and kisses it softly. He carries the pot over to a sunny part of the greenhouse. He positions the plant towards the sun. William turns to speak and she's gone.

William grabs other salvageable plants and moves them over to the sun.

Malory walks through the streets of London. **[MUSIC ATTACHED - "WITHOUT YOU"]**

INT. NEWSROOM -- LONDON -- AFTERNOON

Malory packs up her desk. Her mobile phone rings.

MALORY

Stone.

INT. HERALD NEWSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JB is at his desk reading the London papers online.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JB

Jesus, I send you over to cover tea parties and you break a conspiracy ring!

MALORY (O.S.)

JB, this is not a good time.

JB

I'm kidding! I'm just calling to say nice work. You can't keep a good reporter down. What's your follow up story?

INT. NEWSROOM -- LONDON -- CONTINUOUS

Malory sits.

MALORY

(heartbroken) I'm done JB! I'm leaving.

JB (O.S.)

Are you crazy? This story's just breaking and you broke it! We don't need you at the New York office, we need you in London!

MALORY

I'm not coming back to New York!

INT. HERALD NEWSROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JB

Oh, I see. Got a better offer! This is the thanks I get for taking in a hayseed with fish guts in her pockets and turning her into a crackerjack reporter. Who is it... The Post?

MALORY (O.S.)

No, JB!

JB

Well, whoever it is, I'll pay ten percent more!

INT. NEWSROOM -- LONDON -- CONTINUOUS

MALORY

There are no other offers!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JB (O.S.)

Oh, then you're back to your old salary  
and I want a follow-up by Thursday.

Malory hangs up the phone then bursts into tears. She goes back to packing, pulling a Wanderers scarf out of her desk drawer. Malory looks at the wall diagram. She winds the scarf around her neck. She takes down the picture of William and walks out the door.

INT. STADIUM -- EARLY EVENING

The stadium is filled to capacity with rabid fans. Some hold placards supporting the Wanderers, other damn them.

INT. STADIUM -- LOCKER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The locker room is alive as The Wanderers suit up, but the mood is sober. Reggie takes the newspaper out of Jacques' hands and throws it in the bin.

REGGIE

We need to get our heads into the game.

All eyes turn to William as he walks in. His reception is chilly and filled with suspicion. William walks to the back of the lockers trying to make eye-contact with his players. They are torn.

WILLIAM

It's been a long day, lads, but  
there's still ninety minutes left.

Temitayo takes the paper out of the bin.

TEMITAYO

What they're saying, is this true?

WILLIAM

What if they are? What if everything were true. Did you not put forth your best efforts that day? Did any of you hold back at all during those games? No, I saw those games. I saw how you played.

JACQUES

But it might not have been good enough?

William walks in and around them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM

That's not for you to decide! Besides, you'll never know. No one will. But you'll know if you didn't put your hearts into this game. There'll be people out there looking for your spirit to be broken. With all the pressure on you no one will blame you for faltering now. It'd be human to do so. But if you can rise above all this and fight like the warriors you are, for what you have earned... That is for the ages! Those people who committed these crimes will be punished... I'll see to it personally, but right now... I have a match to win.

William stops and looks around. The players look like tigers.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Anyone here want to play in the premiership!

The locker room explodes.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Premiership!

THE PLAYERS

PREMIERSHIP!!

The Wanderers charge out of the locker room like berserkers!

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

The Wanderers take the field and the game begins.

INT. STADIUM -- MEZZANINE -- CONTINUOUS

Malory takes her seat and watches the game.

MALORY

C'mon, Wanderers!

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

The Wanderers are on the offensive. They set up a drive and kick the ball wide of the goal.

INT. STADIUM -- WILLIAM'S LUXURY BOX -- CONTINUOUS

The crowd is disappointed, settling back into their seats. William comes up the stairs. The fans in the surrounding boxes murmur as he sits down. He ignores them.

WILLIAM

C'mon, lads! Give us one more!

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

The opposing team moves down the pitch. Reggie runs after the ball. There is a rough scuffle for the ball and Reggie is thrown down to the ground. He immediately brushes himself off and charges after the ball. The fans eat it up.

EXT. STADIUM -- SIDE GATE -- CONTINUOUS

George and the Goons try to get into the gate, but there is a squad of security guards blocking them.

GEORGE

You are making a big mistake. I'm a season ticket holder.

GUARD

If you don't leave I'll be forced to call the authorities.

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

Temitayo is quicksilver, dodging tackles and moving the ball forward. He dribbles the ball with precise grace. Finally he passes to Reggie who drives a strong kick to the goal. It is caught by the oppositions goalie who throws it immediately down field.

INT. STADIUM -- MEZZANINE -- CONTINUOUS

Malory deflates along with the other fans.

MALORY

C'mon!

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

Reggie fights for the ball, but two of the opposing forwards strip him of it and kick the ball toward the Wanderer's goal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Only Jacques stands between the goal and the opposing striker. The ball lands between them inside the box. Both men race for the ball. The striker is about to unleash when Jacques, diving headfirst, gets there first. He grabs the ball in a bearhug. The striker cannot stop and kicks the ball out of Jacques hands and into his face. The referee blows the whistle to stop play. Jacques is bleeding from his lip, but is alright. He wipes his lip with his jersey and jogs back to his goal.

INT. STADIUM -- WILLIAM'S LUXURY BOX -- CONTINUOUS

William pumps his fist.

WILLIAM  
Good man, Jacques.

The fans in the surrounding box pat William on the shoulder.

FAN NUMBER 1  
Keep fighting, Wanderers!

EXT. STADIUM -- SIDE GATE -- CONTINUOUS

George and the Goons are making no head way.

GEORGE  
You. You've seen me here before. Tell them!

GUARD TWO  
I'm sorry, sir, but we have our orders. If you'll please step aside.

John Mike pulls away with his two Goons.

JOHN MIKE  
We have to try another tactic.

They slip away.

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

The Wanderers have the ball. Reggie passes to Temitayo. Temitayo dances past two defenders, but has the ball stripped from him. He pursues, delivering a tough clean tackle. A whistle is blown and the referee shows him a yellow card. He is about to protest when Reggie restrains him. The referee turns his back to give him time to cool off.

INT. STADIUM -- MEZZANINE -- CONTINUOUS

Malory does not like the call.

MALORY

BOO! Get it together, Ref!

INT. STADIUM -- WILLIAM'S LUXURY BOX -- CONTINUOUS

William grits his teeth.

WILLIAM

Let it go. Keep your mind on the game.

William checks the scoreboard. The game is still scoreless deep into the second half.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Watch the clock, boys! We need one.

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

The opposing team has a corner kick. They cross another kick in front of the Wanderers goal and just miss a sitting header.

INT. STADIUM -- MEZZANINE -- CONTINUOUS

The crowd exhales, the Wanderers having dodged a close one. Malory bites her lip as the clock winds down.

MALORY

We need a goal. We need a goal!

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

Reggie passes to Temitayo who curls a beautiful kick into the back of the net. Before the Wanderers can celebrate a whistle is blown. All eyes shoot towards the referees as he consults one of the linesman. Reggie is called offside and the goal is disallowed.

INT. STADIUM -- WILLIAM'S LUXURY BOX -- CONTINUOUS

William throws his hands up in the air.

WILLIAM

You must be. YOU MUST BE JOKING, REF!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The fans boo the referee and his linesman. The time runs out in the second half leaving only "injury time" for the Wanderers to score.

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

There is a war going on in mid-field, with both teams desperate to score. Reggie cannot shake his defender so he passes to Temitayo. One of the opposing players read the pass and heads it over to his teammate. The Wanderers scramble towards the ball. The opposing forward places the ball right in front of the penalty box to his striker. The striker kicks. Jacques leaps and misses the ball by a millimeter. The goal sends the opposing team into a frenzy as "injury time" runs out. The referee blows the whistle. The game is over.

A shocked silence overcomes the crowd. They freeze in sudden disappointment.

The Wanderers rally by their goal. Jacques gets up, wipes the blood from his lip and looks over to William. He stares back at Jacques. Then William starts to clap. Alone at first, but soon followed by the fans in the surrounding boxes. Jacques raises his fist.

INT. STADIUM -- WILLIAM'S LUXURY BOX -- CONTINUOUS

William raises his fist. He turns to the fans around him.

WILLIAM  
NEXT YEAR! NEXT YEAR!!!

The crowd goes wild, breaking into chants.

INT. STADIUM -- THE PITCH -- CONTINUOUS

The Wanderers run along the side of the pitch, shaking hands with their loyal fans.

INT. STADIUM -- MEZZANINE -- CONTINUOUS

Malory claps for the Wanderers as they pass.

MALORY  
Wan-der-ers!!!

She feels something stick into her ribs. It's John Mike and one of his Goons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN MIKE  
I've been looking forward to this moment! I wasn't too happy having to lay low. Now you're gonna pay!

John Mike pushes her forward to start walking. **[MUSIC ATTACHED - "BACK IN THE GAME"]**

EXT. STADIUM -- GROUNDS -- NIGHT

They walk past fans towards John Mike's car.

JOHN MIKE  
I read your latest article. (whispers in her ear) Didn't care for it.

MALORY  
Hmmm, I find it amazing that you can read.

JOHN MIKE  
(fake laugh) How come your articles aren't that funny?

He leads her to a car and shoves her in. William is in the car too. The car drives away.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR -- NIGHT

John Mike has a gun pointed at them. George looks at them in the rearview mirror and snickers.

JOHN MIKE  
Are you laughing now? I am!

Malory looks at William. He gives her a reassuring nod.

GEORGE  
Where to?

JOHN MIKE  
Someplace private.

INT. EAST END WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

A steel gate opens and George's car barrels into a large warehouse. Harry opens the car door, pulling Malory and William out. He takes them over to two chairs in the middle of the warehouse, pushes them down and binds their hands with plastic ties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY

C'mon John Mike. You don't want to add another murder to your charges.

JOHN MIKE

(smirking) What's another body... Killing you is something I've dreamed about for a long time. I've worked out an elaborate ritual in my mind... Do you want to hear it?

John Mike sneers and rips off a length of tape.

MALORY

I don't believe you... You'd have to have a mind in order to...

John Mike tapes her mouth shut and hands George the tape.

JOHN MIKE

Put an extra one on just in case her acidic mouth burns through the first one!

George gets a gleam in his eyes and walks over to stand directly in front of her. He puts his face close to hers and rubs a piece of her hair!

GEORGE

(whispering) My pleasure!

WILLIAM

Let her go. I'm the one you have business with.

JOHN MIKE

I have business with you, but I have a beef with her.

Two Goons cock the hammers of their guns.

JOHN MIKE (CONT'D)

Not so fast... Since I'm such a nice guy I'm going to allow you a few moments to say your goodbyes...

He intensely stares into Malory's eyes.

Then I'm going to tell missy here... how she's going to die!

Everyone around them walks away and William turns to Malory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM

(trying to find the words) I don't know how I got caught up in this... I guess I thought I was untouchable...

He looks away in thought.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I've lived all these years set in my ways... I didn't realize until now how great it feels to connect with that one person... to bask in her approval... always thinking of ways to make her smile.

He looks deeply into her eyes with remorse. Malory mumbles.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It's too bad that we didn't have more time to share this... (pausing) I'd have made an honest woman of you.

Malory's eyes open wide and she mumbles again. John Mike, George and the Goons walk back over.

JOHN MIKE

Very touching! So the uncatchable is hooked. It's a good thing I'm saving you from an inevitably bad mistake.

George chuckles and puts his gun to William's head.

JOHN MIKE (CONT'D)

So... where was I.

John Mike gives her a sinister look. Malory squirms in her seat.

JOHN MIKE (CONT'D)

Ahhh! Yes... (pulling out his knife he tests the blade) Did you ever know what an expert carver I am?

He walks over to her and kneels down taking her foot. She tries to kick him but he holds it tighter and does a mock demonstration with his knife. She starts to shake.

JOHN MIKE (CONT'D)

First... I start with the foot making a precision cut all the way up. After I cut all the way up... I then peel away the skin turning you inside out...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN MIKE (CONT'D)

(he pauses for effect) or maybe I'll kill you like I did your friend. How did you like my present that I sent to your office?

Malory looks at William for help. John Mike looks up at George and nods his head to shoot William.

GEORGE

(sarcastic) It'll be my pleasure JM. Never did like you Betancourt!

A long sustained volley of machine-gun fire rips through the warehouse. Everyone is frozen in their tracks.

ABI (O.C.)

Everyone face down on the ground!

Everyone lies down. Abi, dressed in full "Emma Peel" leather catsuit and holding a smoking M-60 submachine gun, has come to the rescue. She has all of Scotland Yard with her. She pulls off a digital recorder that's taped to her body and holds it up to John Mike and George.

ABI (CONT'D)

Thanks for the evidence gentlemen!

The Police officers leap into action. They frisk and cuff all the gangsters. Abi hands her weapon to a police officer so she can inspect the round-up.

Several officers stand next to George and John Mike in discussions. It takes two police officers to get Harry up. Abi moves forward to help them.

ABI (CONT'D)

Please be careful. Don't hurt him!

Abi brushes him off. Harry looks deeply into her eyes.

HARRY

I'd like to write you!

ABI

(smiling) We'll talk about it when I come to visit!

Harry has a wide grin on his face and continues looking at her as he's pulled away by two officers.

The officers help William and Malory to stand. William turns to Malory and gently removes the tape, kissing her mouth afterwards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER

Mr. Betancourt, you're under arrest. You have been charged with conspiracy. I'm sorry but you'll have to come with us.

William, smiling, looks deeply into Malory's eyes. The officer pulls him away.

WILLIAM

Will you wait for me?

There's a commotion with John Mike and the officers. Malory startled turns to watch them... then turns back to William and finds him gone.

MALORY

William!

[MUSIC ATTACHED - "WHEN WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN"]

INT. PRISON -- GARDEN -- DAY

William walking around the prison garden wearing an orange jumpsuit. He stops in front of a heavily-tattooed man tending the tomatoes.

WILLIAM

Coming along very nicely, Oliver.

OLIVER

I did what you said and they come busting out of every stem.

WILLIAM

A little fertilizer and good shake once flowering...

William's horticulture class is attended by the thickest brutes. He walks up to Harry as he prunes a rose bush.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Ah, make sure you rinse those shears before moving on to another bush. This prevents the transfer of diseases, such as black spot, between the plants.

HARRY

Oh, right.

A guard walks up to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRISON GUARD

Betancourt... you've got a visitor.

William is led off by the guard.

INT. PRISON -- VISITOR CENTER -- DAY

Malory sits at a booth with a plexiglass window and a phone. William is brought in and sits down. They pick up the phones.

MALORY

I have so much to tell you!

WILLIAM

How's the team?

Malory rolls her eyes and holds an article up to the window.

MALORY

Off to a good start. Three games in a row including a tough one against Peckham! They still have a lot of ground to make up on the other teams.

William skims the article.

WILLIAM

Peckham...

Malory takes the article down.

MALORY

Hey, I'm up here!

WILLIAM

Sorry, it's just...

MALORY

We're working to get you out. The lawyer says that with good behavior you'll be out in two years, maybe less.

William holds up his hand to the plexiglass. Malory puts her hand up to his.

WILLIAM

Really? (jokingly) Have you started planning our wedding?

MALORY

(chuckling) Of course, it's going to take me that long to plan!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALORY (CONT'D)

Do you know how many people will want to be at the wedding of the Century! I can see the headlines now... "The Uncatchable's finally been caught in Fisherman's net"!

They stare intimately into each others' eyes.

MALORY (CONT'D)

Oh... I almost forgot my exciting news!

Malory gets a sparkle in her eyes.

MALORY (CONT'D)

John Mike's trial just started... With his confession that Abi taped... and racketeering.. It looks like he's not going to be able to get off or should I say... pay off this time... We won't be seeing him again in this lifetime!

William smiles with her news.

WILLIAM

And what about my good friend George!

MALORY

Well I saved the best for last!

WILLIAM

Oh?!!!

Malory looks around the room making sure no one hears her and cups the phone.

MALORY

POOR George hasn't been too lucky!

WILLIAM

(gleam in eyes) OHHHHH!!

INT. FULL SECURITY PRISON -- DAY

George is in a cell with several LARGE thugs who are eyeing him like candy.

MALORY (V.O.)

The inside scoop is George's records got mixed up with someone else's.

Several guys are talking about him and start to approach. George turns with his face pressed up against the bars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
(Yelling) HELP! Is anyone out there!

People are walking back and forth ignoring him. George tries to get their attention.

MALORY (V.O.)  
Now they think he's some guy that's  
murdered several children!

He turns back and yells at some guards. George glances over his shoulder watching their advance.

WILLIAM (V.O.)  
Malory... did you have anything to  
do with that?

MALORY  
(chuckles) I'm sure they'll figure  
it out someday!

George is pressed up against the bars by several guys. George sticks his arm out and yells at two guards walking by.

GEORGE  
Why doesn't anyone believe that I'm  
George Windsor!

Guards walk by snickering.

GUARD  
POOR SOD! They're going to chew him  
up and spit him out!

FADE TO BLACK.

GEORGE SCREAMS!