

Take Care
Part One - "*Sosea*"

by
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EXT. HEDONISTA CITY - NIGHT

A massive metropolis of skyscrapers, neon lights and excess. The city centre streets swell with the masses.

SUPER: The city of Hedonista, sometime soon...

Through the busy streets all forms of nightlife mingle.

EXT. BABELONA HOTEL

Huge. Central. Shiny. A red sports car approaches at speed.

From high above a diseased pigeon flutters down.

It passes the huge "Babelona Hotel" roof sign to land on a window ledge - one hundred and fifty floors up.

Its one good eye peers into a plush bedroom.

INT. BABELONA HOTEL - ROOM 2585

Loud and aggressive ROCK music BLARES from mammoth speakers. It's an extended mix of the Reef song "Naked".

Discarded clothing litters the luxurious white carpet.

On a large glass coffee table in the centre of the room is a small mountain of cocaine. It gradually crumbles.

Grains pulsate across the shiny surface.

They pass credit cards, rolled-up bank notes and three champagne flutes vibrating to the beat.

Beside them a toppled glass slowly circles.

The nose candy grains fall onto several small but enlarging heaps on the sumptuous carpet.

In a corner a small wizened OLD MAN sits bolt upright in an armchair. A black pool ball gag fills his gummy mouth.

A crumpled old suit jacket covers his puny upper frame.

His wrinkled tattooed hands reach into his tatty trousers.

They rhythmically rummage. GIGGLES and LAUGHTER. Old Man goggles at three people frolicking on a king-size bed.

Two are stunning women - in sexy lingerie. They kiss with passion and smiles. The redhead is PAULA; blondie is LAURA. Neither's long out of their teens.

They tease and play with a big beefy bald bastard called FAT MAN. He wears a stylish bathrobe and a horny grin.

Bling style jewellery adorns his abundant neck and flabby fingers. He's at least fifty, maybe more - hard to tell with a guy this size.

A thick black handlebar moustache almost obscures his top lip. His piggy eyes twinkle as he laughs, revealing tiny brown-black teeth. A big fat cigar hangs from his lips.

Ash drops into his lap as the women push him back. They delve into his bathrobe...

FAT MAN

Oooh yeah, baby. Ooooh ya...

A very loud THUMP - all four freeze.

Old Man's hands whip out of his trousers. Dribble drips from his stubbly chin.

The women protest as Fat Man pushes them away. He stiffens. A lot. His porcine eyes narrow to search.

FAT MAN

Fuck was that?

Nobody responds. All focus falls on the door. Old Man and Fat Man swap a serious look.

Old Man athletically hops to his feet - he's much fitter than he appears.

Silence - apart from the loud rock music, of course. Fat Man grabs a remote, points it. The music volume lowers.

They listen - nothing untoward to hear. Old Man returns to his previous position.

Fat Man relaxes as the women resume their wily work.

FAT MAN

S'alright, probably just...

A scary and louder THUMP.

The women GASP. Old Man flinches. Fat Man tenses.

BANG. The door bulges.

The remote drops.

Old Man's crinkled hands jerk out of his trews again.

CRACK - the door flies open. Splinters of its frame shoot out like shrapnel.

A tall broad MAN strides in.

Dark shiny cloth masks his face. Wraparound sunglasses shield his eyes. Jet black hair cascades over his shoulders.

This is KARL. A long and well-aged leather jacket cloaks him.

Highly polished Cuban heeled boots step with confidence. Everything about him says "Don't ever dare fuck with me".

A big black ROTTWEILER shadows him - watching attentively.

The men and women gawk at the two menacing presences.

Old Man stands - reaches into his jacket.

A Cuban heel rises fast towards his ancient crotch. The Cuban connects - bang on target. Ow.

Old Man SQUEALS - soars ten inches into the air. He manages to grip his antique ball bag on the way down.

Karl's fist flies back, then forward - directly at Old Man's descending face.

CRUNCH. Old Man YELPS as his head snaps back.

He's unconscious before he hits the carpet.

Blood pumps from his pulped nose, across his wrinkled cheeks, then down onto the plush white carpet.

Karl reaches into Old Man's jacket, pulls out a gun big enough to stop a racehorse. He pockets it.

The women and Fat Man gape fearfully at Karl and dog. Eyes real wide - springboks staring at lions.

They watch him move towards the speakers. He raises a leather gloved hand to switch off the music.

Silence. Old Man's WHEEZE becomes audible.

Karl strolls to the bed, hands deep in jacket pockets.

He grunts as Fat Man sits up with a struggle - now waving his chubby palms with resentment. His copious cheeks glow as red as his cigar tip with anger.

His mouth opens to speak, causing his cigar to slip from his lips. It lands on the sheets. He barely notices...

FAT MAN

Woah woah! Fuck's sake. This is a private fucking party! Who, in the name of FUCK, are you?

The Rottweiler emits a low GROWL. Karl clicks his tongue, shakes his head. The growling stops. Fat Man splutters...

FAT MAN

What you doin' in here? You got the slightest fuckin' idea who I am?

KARL

Why?

He gazes into Fat Man's little eyes.

KARL

You forget?

Karl's voice has distortion, a deep gravelly edge - as if damaged. He remains absolutely still.

FAT MAN

Plenny o' people are sittin' in the cemetery for a damn sight les...

Karl nods to the Rottweiler.

KARL

Compel.

The dog pounces onto Fat Man - he wasn't expecting that. Panic makes him cringe like a chastised child.

FAT MAN

Oh my bastard shit!

It BARKS fiercely in his face. Canine muscle and sharp teeth menace. Drool splatters his features. The women cower.

FAT MAN

Jesus fucking Christ!

KARL

Won't help you.

Old Man slowly comes to. Fat Man spots it - hides his glee. The dog stops barking, focuses intently on Old Man.

Karl studies his pet. The ancient bag of bones on the floor reaches into his jacket. MOANS forlornly. He moves to sit up, fails, promptly passes back out. His head hits the carpet.

Fat Man's head drops too. The dog resumes BARKING at him.

Karl reaches into his jacket to pull out a long silver gun. Nine small buttons circle its 'Toledo' logo. Its barrel mounted laser emits a thin blue beam.

It moves towards Fat Man.

His face folds with fear as the beam roams over his fulsome forehead. The blue dot stops dead centre.

KARL

Cease.

The Rottweiler instantly stops barking.

KARL

Shadow.

It returns to its master.

Fat Man scrambles to sit back up - just manages it. Heavy breaths heave his chest. Beads of sweat roll from his forehead. One rolls through the dot of blue laser light.

Karl presses a button on the gun. A tinny voice says...

TOLEDO GUN

Hollow point.

FAT MAN

Woah! Did that fucking thing just talk?

His chubby cheeks and lips smirk - but not for long. Laura nods to Paula. Both girls slip off the bed.

FAT MAN

Oh, that's right! Just fuckin' run away. Fuckers. Pair of cheap twat bitches! I'll remember this.

They nod at Karl as they pass. He nods back. They tiptoe past him to the door, then out and away.

KARL

Alone at last.

Fat man give a nervous giggle. Then a flash of fear crosses his face. But not for long.

FAT MAN

Typical fucking women. Frigging typical. Can't trust them, can ya?

KARL

You can't tonight.

The big man on the bed suppresses a sneer. He swallows, composes himself, gestures with open palms.

FAT MAN

You're Calter's man, yeah? Am I right? I knew it. I'm always fuckin' right.

He waits for a response - doesn't get one.

FAT MAN

Hey, I need guys like you. I always do. You wanna new boss? Less grief, more moolah, more pootang? Way more. I gots loads o' both. Truckloads. You want?

Fleshy thumbs rub against flabby fingertips. Karl remains motionless. The dog sits beside him. Licks its lips.

Fat Man's sneer develops. He points at Karl.

FAT MAN

So what? The fuck do you want, huh? What the FUCK do ya want from me?

He bangs his chest with frustration. Karl hums quietly as his grip on the Toledo's trigger increases.

Fat Man squints, screws up his face as he whispers...

FAT MAN

No. Don't.

BANG - a bright FLASH.

Fat Man's mouth forms a perfect circle. The bullet HITS just above his nose - right between his eyes.

It exits, messily, from the back of his heavy head.

Blood and brains SPLATTER the wall.

The huge frame of flesh falls back - a skyscraper collapsing.

KARL

Just that.

The burly body bounces noisily on the mattress - bed springs protest with squeaks and sighs.

Karl closes in, glares down. Portly lips still forming that 'O'. Piggy eyes glare back - barely alive, light dimming fast. Paralysis grips tight.

TOLEDO GUN

Long tip.

A bullet THUMPS through Fat Man's right eye. Two more hit his enormous chest.

His torso jumps, expands then relaxes. Stillness. Dark blood soaks through the sizeable and stylish bathrobe.

The Fat Man's left eye becomes as dead as a shark's.

Karl holsters his gun.

He turns to Old Man, still prostrate where he fell. He kneels beside him, leans down to check for breathing - gentle WHEEZING. Also a very quiet buzzing.

Karl eyes Old Man's trousers with a quizzical look then stands. Lifts his Cuban heel high above Old Man's head.

It hovers, pauses. The tall masked man STAMPS his Cuban down - inches away from Old Man's head.

The hoary head bounces, but its slumber continues. The dog watches his master move back to the bed to pick up the cigar.

KARL

Bad habit.

He stubs it out in a crystal ashtray - pours the contents of a flute over a smouldering hole in the sheets. It HISSES.

The huge heap of cocaine catches a scowl.

KARL

Worse one.

The dog lies down, stretches.

Leather gloves scoop up a handful of the white dust - hurl it unceremoniously into the air.

KARL

Promotes paranoia...

A swift swing of Karl's hand scatters the rest of the heap. The dog SNEEZES while its master dusts Columbia's finest from his gloves.

KARL

Shrinks cocks.

The Rottweiler stands - observes Karl surveying the room.

KARL

Empties bank accounts.

The Bolivian marching powder gradually settles. Karl points a finger at the corpse on the bed.

KARL

Strip.

The dog eagerly jumps up. Heavy jaws slobber as they clamp deep into Fat Man's cheeks.

Karl turns to the window away from the sounds of growls and gnawing. He gazes out into the expansive city of Hedonista - below and beyond.

The Rottweiler noisily rips chunks of flesh from Fat Man's face as Karl watches the diseased pigeon fly from the ledge.

It heads high into the night sky.

KARL

Good boy.

LATER

Sunlight gleams in through the window. The diseased pigeon returns to its ledge.

Two men gawk at Fat Man's remains. Police shields on their jacket pockets denote their ranks as Detective Inspectors.

Both are knocking fifty. Years of hard-boiled expressions crease their faces. Bellies sag over belts, hairlines lie prematurely receded. Other hairs sprout where they shouldn't. There they remain - unplucked and unnoticed.

On the left is BOWMAN, taller and greyer than his partner. He flexes his left fist. Two fingers are absent, the others are gnarled. Both are as crooked as a dog's back legs.

BOWMAN

Sweet Jesus...

To his right is SPEAL. A deeply scarred cheek and bent nose flaw his once pretty face - cheekbones to die for.

SPEAL

What the hell did that?

A plain but young and sprightly forensic ASSISTANT in a plastic jumpsuit and face mask lifts a sample from the dried blood splatter on the wall with tweezers.

She drops it into a clear plastic tube.

ASSISTANT

I was at a gallery opening yesterday. There was a painting just like that.

Bowman raises an eyebrow, puts his hands on his hips.

BOWMAN

Very modern art.

Speal smirks. Then frowns.

INT. CALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Spacious, posh and stylish. A huge canvas by Joan Miró takes pride of place.

Stuffed animals adorn the walls. Pictures of stunning scenery and pretty people enhance expensive furnishings.

The hulking figure of Corbin CALTER in an old style pinstripe suit relaxes at the desk. He's in his sixties, ugly and overfed. A classic fat cat. Although uglier than most.

He's admiring the Miró. A wide variety of old scars mar his flobby face and neck. He holds a phone receiver to his ear.

CALTER

Good to know.

Calter's voice is real gruff - sandpaper rubbing velcro.

CALTER

Come up to see me sometime. Soon.

He cradles the receiver in his hands, pauses, smirks slightly then puts it down. He rises - stands in front of the Miró.

Reaches into his jacket to pull out a cigar case.

Takes one out to put it between his lips then picks up a zippo from the desk.

CALTER

No more cigars for you, fat boy.

He lights it.

INT. BABELONA HOTEL - ROOM 2585

A camera FLASH. A PHOTOGRAPHER takes photos of Fat Man's fucked-up carcass from several angles.

Bowman and Speal are almost exactly as before.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I think we can safely rule out suicide.

SPEAL

Hey, reminds me. You hear about that kid in the Quarter West the other week? Covered his... you know...

The Photographer and forensic Assistant stifle sniggers. Bowman eyes them with suspicion.

BOWMAN

No. I didn't.

(huffs)

Either tell me or don't.

INT. QUARTER WEST - TRAILER PARK - NO. 128 - A PREVIOUS NIGHT
Cheap, cluttered. Homely, but in need of a good cleaning.

SPEAL (V.O.)
So this beach ball of a kid is a
real mummy's boy...

A massive middle-aged woman with curly short black hair fills
the doorway. Her name is MARIA. She smiles, even when sad.

MARIA
Hon, I'm going now. See you later!

BRADLEY waddles in. A long-haired rotund teenager in a vest
and boxer shorts. All bad tattoos and fierce looking
piercings. Always looks like he's chewing wasps. Currently
he's chewing on a big bag of nachos.

BRADLEY
Yeah. Bye.

MARIA
Be good now. After those you stay
out of that fridge, and the
cupboards. Please, hon. I worry,
you know. You heard the doctor!

She shakes her head - smiles even more widely while waving.

MARIA
I love you sweetie pie! Kiss kiss.

She pouts to blow him one. He concentrates on the TV. She
shakes her head - smiles even more widely while waving.

BRADLEY
Yeah, ma. You'll be late.

She squints at her wristwatch. TUTS as she leaves.

BANG. The door slams. Bradley's all alone - except for a
golden Labrador stretching out in front of an electric fire.

It licks itself. Bradley eyes it. It too looks well fed, but
not half as much Bradley.

His gaze stays on the dog. Suddenly his eyes light up. He
jumps up to rummage through cupboards in the kitchen area,
returns with an open can of dog food then drops his shorts.

The dog watches him perch on the edge of the sofa - letting
it all hang loose.

Bradley thrusts his hand deep into the dog food can.

BRADLEY
Come here, girl.

The dog eyes move to him for a moment then close.

BRADLEY

Come on girl. Thrasher, come on!
Right then... walkies!

The dog's ears prick up. She gets to her feet to wander over.

BRADLEY

Come here, girl. Good girl!

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY

Bowman scowls at Speal, who gestures wildly with excitement.

SPEAL

He covered his, you know, dingaling
and who-hahs in...

BOWMAN

You what? What the fuck are you,
twelve years old?

Bowman resembles a stiff schoolmaster. Speal grins.

SPEAL

His genitals, right? In dog food,
get his pooch to... er, you know...

He whistles while miming a blowjob, tongue bouncing in cheek.

SPEAL

He got way more than that.

Speal sniggers then lights a cigarette, turns to the window.

BOWMAN

You do this every single time,
Speal. Every single bloody time.
Just fuckin' tell me what happened.

SPEAL

Can't you guess? I mean, why would
I be tellin'... Come on, Bowman. Do
some hypothesising.

BOWMAN

With what? Half a story? Call me
old fashioned, but how's about you
tell the thing?

Bowman wearily shakes his head. Speal mimics a dog GROWLING,
biting, then ripping something off.

BOWMAN

Fucking Christ almi...

INT. TRAILER NO. 128 - NIGHT

The dog's head shakes violently between Bradley's legs. It GROWLS fiercely. Blood spurts out. Bradley goes pale, grabs his ears - SCREAMS at the top of his lungs.

BRADLEY

Aaaiiiieeee!

INT. HOTEL BABELONA ROOM 2585 - DAY

Bowman shakes his head at a chuckling Speal.

BOWMAN

Bet yer real fun at parties.

He unconsciously squirms, crosses his legs.

SPEAL

They sewed them back on. I heard he's gonna go into porn soon.

BOWMAN

I'm sure that'll delight his mother. What happened the dog?

Speal shrugs as he takes out his cigarettes. Bowman exhales with despair. He bums a smoke off Speal, bums a light too.

SPEAL

You ever gonna buy your own?

Bowman sucks hard on the cigarette, sneers as he blows a perfect smoke-ring.

Speal studies the circle slide through the air.

BOWMAN

Why would I, with you around?
You've always got loads. Truckloads
of 'em.

The smoke-ring dissipates.

BOWMAN

Anyway, who the hell was the coffin
dodger, with the pervy ball-gag?

Bowman points to a blood stain beside a stool in the corner.

SPEAL

Dunno yet, still unconscious, I
think. They took him down to ICU.
(he giggles)
He was wearing skimpy women's
knickers, stockings too. Not only
that, he had, er, y'know, up his...

His hands move wildly, pulls a face - whistles then smirks.

BOWMAN

For frig's sake. What? Just say it,
man. Just fucking say it!

Speal raises his hands to calm a very tense Bowman - his
gnarled fingers curl. Speal stares at the finger stumps.

SPEAL

Woah. Chill, Bowman. A dildo,
right? A vibrating dil-doh. A big
huge fuck off one. The nurses found
it on the ward. Still buzzing too.

(laughs)

Right up his, well, even you can
guess where it was up.

The forensic Assistant's eyes widen. She grimaces.

BOWMAN

You mean a vibrator.

Speal looks like he might be being wound up. Frowns.

BOWMAN

Jesus. Dirty old bugger.

His smile turns to a wince.

BOWMAN

I'm still in pain about the dog.
That mummy's boy might get some of
those blowjobs he was so mad for.
From some real pussy.

SPEAL

There's always an up to every down.

BOWMAN

Very philosophical, Speal.

The two men smile.

BOWMAN

Did you read that in your
horoscope? Speakin' of pussy, you
should be talking to the two
hookers. Somebody musta seen who
did this guy. Get philosophical
with them.

Speal nods.

SPEAL

They're in hand.

Bowman raises an eyebrow before turning to the remains of the big body on the bed. Speal nervously eyes him.

SPEAL

Think it's a pro?

Bowman shrugs, scratches his forehead.

SPEAL

I erm, I sent Steptock to, you know... deal with the hookers.

BOWMAN

Aw, Christ, Speal. Steptock? For shit's sake. Say it ain't so.

Speal huffs, mumbles.

BOWMAN

He always screws it up. Remember that ancient old lady and those fucking kids with the pliers?

Bowman mimes pliers pulling teeth then fingernails.

SPEAL

Oh yeah. Now that was a nasty one.

BOWMAN

Fucking a. She wasn't too bad, considering what happened. Then Steptock worked his magic.

SPEAL

Yeah, yeah. I know... And now she's in the looney lounge. Hey, he's a damn good kid. He's gotta learn.

BOWMAN

Learn, Steptock? He's special, in many ways. Needs help. Loads of it.
(lowers his voice)
If it wasn't for daddy...

The forensic Assistant prises a sample from the remains of Fat Man's face with tweezers. She drops it into a tube.

SPEAL

'Scuse me, Miss? What did that?

He nods to the bed.

ASSISTANT

Could be a number of things. I think it's like your story...

BOWMAN

How? A dog?

SPEAL

A dog could do that?

The Assistant nods.

ASSISTANT

Of course.

SPEAL

No, I meant would they?

She nods as she waggles the tube then seals it.

ASSISTANT

But this will tell all. From the teeth marks and small hairs I found, I'd wager it's likely.

BOWMAN

I've no doubt it is. One thing it won't tell though...

The Assistant shrugs while packing up her equipment.

BOWMAN

Is 'why'.

HALLWAY - LATER

The forensic Assistant carries a leather case from room 2585. She passes the open door of -

ROOM 2587

Laura and Paula sit awkwardly on the bed in hotel bathrobes. Laura glances up at a tall twenty-something gawky bucktoothed man entering in a cheap ill-fitting suit - STEPTOCK, now shutting the door.

Sweat rolls down his neck. He resembles someone stuck in a sauna. The girls smoke cigarettes, eye him uneasily.

Steptock scribbles in a small notebook, eases his shirt collar, clears his throat. An awkward pause. He coughs, then remembers his manners by covering his mouth.

STEPTOCK

Ahem. Hi, who was your, er, your...
ahem, your trick, ladies?

Laura turns to Paula, who glances back up to him. He stares intensely at her stockinged thighs. She adjusts her bathrobe accordingly. Laura squeezes on a slight smirk.

LAURA

His name is...

STEPTOCK

Was, you mean.

LAURA

What? Oh, yes... Was Fat Man.

Steptock's brow furrows. He jots it down, coughs again.

PAULA

What's your name?

Steptock holds up a hand to say 'hold on'.

STEPTOCK

Fat Man? Hmmm. You sure?

She nods. So does Paula.

PAULA

I think his real name was Curtis.
He didn't deserve that...

STEPTOCK

What? Oh yeah, of course. Yeah.
Hmmm. Curtis what?

PAULA

I dunno. He never did say.

Steptock points his pencil at Laura. She shakes her head.

LAURA

He was more show off than tell all.

PAULA

He was nice, well, he paid well. He
was a bit... erm... strange.

LAURA

He was a dirty filthy pervert, you
mean. A proper one.

Steptock clears his throat, adjusts his trousers. He wipes his sweaty palms on them.

The women watch him pull out a used tissue to mop his brow. Laura giggles at Paula, now turning away with disgust.

STEPTOCK

Er, in what way exactly...?

PAULA

Don't speak ill of the dead, Laura.

LAURA

Why not? They don't talk back. And
what's the worst that can happen to
him now?

Paula hovers on the verge of tears.

Laura bites her lip with regret. She moves to hug Paula but body language causes her to pull back.

STEPTOCK

Tell me, who killed him?

Paula snuffles, wipes away tears.

Steptock tugs at his shirt collar. His eyes lock onto Laura's cleavage - she notices, he doesn't. His gaze stays locked on while swallowing hard.

A wry smile crosses Laura's bright red lips.

LAURA

He was tall, had some type of mask.

She gestures to her face. Steptock lifts his leering eyes.

STEPTOCK

What? Oh, right. We'll come back to him. What about the other person? The em, frail old man?

LAURA

Frail? He was many things detective, but frail he certainly was not!

PAULA

His name's Jerome. He just watched. He always had a, er, never mind...

His eyes bulge. He loosens his tie, unbuttons his collar.

Sweat covers his face - glistens like raindrops in sunshine.

LAURA

He always does. Watch, I mean. Watches and well... fiddles.

Steptock frowns, puzzles...

STEPTOCK

Eh? You mean...

He trails off then baffles both ladies of the night by miming violin playing. The women twig - laugh heartily.

LAURA

Don't be bloody daft, detective!

Paula tuts at Laura - now expertly miming male masturbation.

LAURA
 He had a really huge one too.
 (she gestures)
 Always as hard as a friggin...

PAULA
 Laura!

LAURA
 But he did! It was really amazing
 for a skinny man of his years...

Steptock coughs, shakes his head then scribbles "Old man Jerome - fiddles & watches".

LAURA
 Oh yeah. That guy with the mask.
 There was a dog with him.

STEPTOCK
 A dog? What type? I like dogs.

LAURA
 A big one. I like big ones. What's
 your name?

STEPTOCK
 D.I. Steptock, miss.

LAURA
 No, D.I. Steptock. Your first name?

PAULA
 Laura! Don't...

STEPTOCK
 Er, it's Stephen, actually. What
 type of big one? I mean the dog.

His cheeks redden. Laura smiles at his awkward stance.

LAURA
 Of course you do. But I dunno, a
 big black one, I think. I'm a call
 girl, not a dog breeder.

Steptock's eyebrows rise. He writes "big black one" in his notebook.

LAURA
 So Stephen, you wanna...

Laura eyes him seductively. Her hands caress her thighs.

LAURA
 ... have some fun, detective?

Steptock lets out a small WHINE. Laura yanks him towards her by his lapels. He tongue protrudes and curls. His notepad and pencil fall from his hands.

Paula leaves. Her hands cover her face - upset and appalled.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A red sports car guns its way through traffic along the middle lane.

INT. SPORTS CAR

The Rottweiler stretches on the back seat. It licks its lips.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

The red sports car's lights die. Its engine REVS as it speeds towards a farmhouse.

EXT. FARM - OUTBUILDING

A large roller door rises. Two powerful lights on its roof illuminate.

They shine through white smoke rising from the farmhouse chimney.

INT. OUTBUILDING

A tall and beautiful young woman watches the red car enter.

Her name's JANINE. Full-length dark red dress hugs her curves. She's the type that turns heads - causes cars to almost crash.

She flicks back her waist-length jet black hair, swings her hips while moving to the roller door control box.

Karl kills the car's engine, gets out. The dog follows. Janine presses a blue button. The roller door descends.

She saunters towards Karl - red stilettos CLICK on concrete.

They embrace. Scarlet fingernails glide over his back. She lifts his mask to uncover his mouth.

His chin and cheeks are covered in deep burn scars. She glides her fingertips over them.

JANINE
You're beautiful.

She kisses him with a passion that smoulders.

JANINE

My man.

Sixteen computer monitors display different shots of the farm and nearby roads. One shows headlights approaching. Neither Janine or Karl notice. Each are lost in each other's eyes.

JANINE

How did it go, darling?

KARL

He's passed.

He holds her tight to him.

KARL

History.

JANINE

Good. Calter will be pleased.

Karl makes his way to a large metal plate in the floor, lifts it to reveal a concrete staircase. Janine and the dog step down. Karl follows. The metal plate lowers.

EXT. OUTBUILDING

The two lights dim then die. Darkness shrouds.

LATER

The headlights of a silent black Jaguar XJ6 stop a few metres away from the door. Four large MEN get out with stealth.

All wear identical clown face masks and black commando style uniforms. Heavy boots CRUNCH gravel.

Each man carries an AK47. One puts a finger to his lips. He points to light at the base of the outbuilding's roller door.

The four men strain to lift it up. A small gap appears. The biggest man holds it while the other three struggle to duck inside. They succeed.

INT. OUTBUILDING

The door silently lowers as the three men prowl, guns cocked.

CELLAR

The remains of a fancy meal for two covers a long table.

On the floor the dog gobbles leftovers from a metal dish.

Karl watches all four men on CCTV monitors.

He reloads his Toledo gun. Janine passes him a Muela Hornet knife - a serious blade.

He kills the lights.

KARL

Stay.

She nods. The dog sits, pants, sniffs and glances around.

OUTBUILDING

One man discovers the large metal plate. He indicates to the others, lifts it, steadily steps down.

CELLAR

A red wall light flashes. Quiet footsteps - getting louder.

Janine crouches in a corner. Karl leans back against a wall.

He watches the man's shadow enlarge. A man in black enters.

Karl grabs him from behind with speed.

The man's eyes widen as Karl firmly grips his jaw. The Muela's razor sharp blade STABS deep into the man's throat.

The masked man panics - fires his AK47 wildly.

Karl grips the knife's handle, slits the man's throat wide open.

Bullets RICOCHET off the walls.

Karl and Janine duck. Blood SPURTS out in a fountain.

A bullet HITS Janine in the chest. She slumps to her knees.

KARL

No.

The Muela clatters as it hits the floor.

OUTBUILDING

The two men in black freeze. Exchange panicked glances. Both head for the cellar stairs.

CELLAR

Karl lets the dying man go.

He falls to the floor - clutching hopelessly at his neck. Blood squirts through his fingers. A dark red puddle pools around his head.

Karl moves quickly to Janine. Presses down hard on her wound. Blood soaks her dress.

KARL

No.

Janine gazes up. The light in her eyes fades.

Karl stares back at her.

Her left leg goes into spasm.

KARL

Can't be.

Karl caresses it. The spasm slows, stops.

JANINE

Sorry, Karl.

KARL.

No. Stay! Please...

He cradles her in his arms. She coughs. Blood fills her mouth.

He rocks her gently, back and forth. She smiles. Tears fall.

A noise makes him still. He turns to glare at the stairs.

Silence.

JANINE

I'm cold.

He turns back to her, just as her eyes close.

KARL

No. Please...

Her head falls forward. He holds her tighter to him.

KARL

No.

He stays still - for quite some time. His head lowers.

KARL

Don't go.

A long moment passes.

Karl coughs, sniffs, gently lies her body down.

His masked face moves down to beside her cheek. He embraces her. His gloved hands slowly form fists.

Silence. Breathing breaks it. She coughs.

Karl's head jerks up. He whispers into her ear...

KARL

Hold on Janine.

She blinks her eyes in response.

He takes her hands to push them against her wound.

She MOANS gently, forces a weak smile.

Janine's eyes are full of fear. Karl delicately runs a gloved finger over her cheek. It leaves a thin streak of blood.

KARL

Stay. Need you.

He rises, turns away to move to the man in the pool of blood.

He pulls his Cuban back a long way - kicks the man with power right in the ribs.

Bones CRACK - no response. Karl SNARLS.

He kicks him again - with more force. Definitely no response.

Karl rips the clown mask off. Blood covers a young face frozen with pain.

Karl pulls out his Toledo gun - lifts it to near his mask.

KARL

Killing time.

He climbs the stairs with speed. Bloody footsteps mark his steps.

OUTBUILDING

A man in black approaches the cellar entrance. A dot of blue laser light lands on his mask.

BANG. The man collapses - a house of cards in a gust of wind.

The other man shrinks away. His name is JEPP.

He splutters and moans as he tries desperately to lift the roller door. He fails miserably.

JEPP

Oh no...

CELLAR STAIRS

The dog GROWLS. Karl pats it on the head.

KARL

Suppress.

The Rottweiler dashes up the bloody steps.

OUTBUILDING

JEPP

Oh, bollocks.

Jepp SQUEALS. He raises his hands as the dog pelts straight at him. His finger squeezes around the AK47's trigger.

Bullets FLY around the dog. They just miss.

The Rottweiler pounces.

SCREECHES echo off the walls as powerful canine jaws clamp firmly into Jepp's neck.

He falls - heavily. The dog maintains its grip.

Canine GROWLS mix with human WHIMPERING.

EXT. OUTBUILDING

The large masked man turns towards Jepp's SCREECHES. He raises his rifle, breathing hard as he creeps to the door.

INT. OUTBUILDING

Karl climbs the steps.

KARL (O.S.)

Cease.

The dog lets go of Jepp. It hovers over him.

Karl reaches the top step.

Jepp sprawls on the floor - spluttering and clutching at his throat. The blue dot moves over the nose of his mask.

Karl kicks the AK47 away then rips off Jepp's mask - revealing a young face of pure panic. His jaw quivers. Breaths increase.

KARL

How many?

Jepp gabbles and hisses. His stutter kicks in...

JEPP

Fu foo fu fuck you b bi big boy!

Karl kicks him. Jepp SQUEAKS.

KARL

How many?

JEPP

How mu ma many what, for fo fu f-ff-
fuh fuh fuck's sake?

KARL

Of you.

JEPP

I yi ya I cu can't tu ta tell you!

KARL

Oh.

Karl points the laser at Jepp's eye. He squints in response.

KARL

Wanna die?

Jepp shakes his head.

KARL

Sure?

The dog growls. Jepp sweats.

JEPP

No no! Ow oo okay! Je Je Jesus
Mary... F fa fu...four? Oh oh okay?

KARL

Who sent you?

JEPP

He'll kuh kuk ki ki kill me!

KARL

No.

He brings the gun closer to Jepp's eye.

KARL

I will.

Jepp yabbers. Karl shakes his head, presses two buttons on the Toledo. It BEEPS.

TOLEDO GUN

Molotov.

Jepp groans. The blue laser roams over his crotch.

KARL

Death. Finality.

JEPP

Whu wu what?

KARL

Eventually.

Karl make a small clicking noise with his mouth. The dog snaps to attention.

KARL

Compel.

Karl turns away from Jepp's pleading gaze. The Rottweiler BARKS ferociously. Dog spittle sprays Jepp.

JEPP

St stu stop! Pu pu p please!

KARL

What?

The dog's bark INCREASES in volume.

JEPP

Pu pu p please!

Karl pauses, admires his gun. He slowly turns back to Jepp.

KARL

Cease.

The dog does. It gazes up at him. Drool drips from its lips.

KARL

Sit.

The dog BARKS. Karl GROWLS. The Rottweiler speedily sits.

JEPP

Fucking hell...

KARL

Maybe.

Jepp shakily raises his hands.

JEPP

Aw aw... alright!

Karl gestures to him to continue.

JEPP

Mu mu mu...

His face screws up with frustration...

JEPP

Mumu Muh Muh...

KARL

Muh Muh...

JEPP

Mac! Uh muh, mu... Menace.

KARL

What?

JEPP

Muhh muuh... McMenace!

He squirms, breathes out with relief.

KARL

McMenace? Fuck.

Jepp nods. His body shakes.

JEPP

Du du don't tell him I t tu told.
He's a mo mo mu monster! Pu-pupu-
please! He'll su su skin me.

KARL

No...

Jepp closes his eyes, screws up his face.

KARL

Dog's job.

Karl shoots him in the head. Jepp relaxes for the last time.

KARL

Strip.

The dog goes to work on Jepp's corpse. Karl watches it, swings the AK47 over his shoulder.

He spots movement on one of the monitors.

KARL

Shadow.

The dog does so. Drool and flesh hang from its mouth. Its master points to the cellar.

KARL

Shift.

The dog drags Jepp's remains down the steps. Karl picks up the other AK47 then dons it.

The canine beast returns to drag the remaining corpse to the cellar.

KARL

Down.

The dog descends. Karl closes the metal door. He presses a button. The roller door rises.

He hears the quiet clicking noises of a rifle reloading.

Karl throws himself back against a wall. BULLETS from an automatic rifle FLY in. Karl doesn't flinch.

They RICOCHET off the walls. Silence.

On one of the monitors the large masked man can just be seen crouching behind the black Jaguar.

Karl scrutinizes him, presses a button on his gun.

TOLEDO GUN

Heatseeker.

A low volume BEEPING commences.

Karl waves the gun with care. The BEEPS increase until they become a single tone. He pulls the trigger.

EXT. OUTBUILDING

A WHIZZING sound causes the masked man to glance up.

A twisting trail of black smoke heads directly for him.

MASKED MAN

Oh my...

The bullet THUDS into his right ear. It exits, complete with blood and brains, through his left.

The man sinks into a heap.

Karl strides towards him, picks up the AK47. He grabs the man by his boots - drags him inside.

A trail of blood snakes behind them.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The dog sticks its head between the front seats. Karl elbows it back. It grunts with annoyance.

KARL

Behave.

The dog GROWLS. Karl GROWLS back. The dog WHIMPERS, lies down on the back seat.

KARL

Quiet.

The whimpers cease. The dog closes its eyes to rest.

Karl places his hand on Janine's forehead then stares down at her dress - drenched with blood. Her eyes flicker.

KARL

Don't sleep.

The dog's eyes snap open.

JANINE

Can't stay...

Her eyes drift to a close. He squeezes her hand.

Her eyelids gradually open.

KARL

Stay.

A tiny smile flickers over her lips.

Karl selects a lower gear. The engine loudly REVS.

EXT. "RAINBOW'S END" - NIGHT

A dilapidated three storey house. Rotting frames and flaking paint surround cracked filthy windows.

Thick grass in the garden stands a good three feet tall. Karl lifts Janine out of the car.

He carries her with haste to the front door. The dog jumps out to follow.

Karl gives the door three swift kicks - it SHUDDERS. Within the house floorboards CREAK.

KARL

Open up, Pollock.

POLLOCK (O.S.)

Aw fuck, no.

KARL

Fuck yes.

The door SQUEAKS as it opens. Karl barges right in.

LIVING ROOM

POLLOCK peers at Karl through lenses as thick as planks. He's a weedy little old man with straggles of long thin grey hair. A wince flashes across his face when he sees Janine.

A large wooden table sits covered in objects in the centre of the room. Karl clears it with a swift swipe of his arm.

Pollock quietly whines as his possessions bounce on the dirty tiled floor.

He watches Karl lay Janine gently down onto the table then point at her wound.

POLLOCK

Aw no. Not again, Karl.

KARL

Fix her.

Pollock rubs his forehead, chews his lip.

POLLOCK

What if I can't? What if you fix me instead?

KARL

Please.

POLLOCK

Please? Wow! That's not the Karl I unfortunately know so well. You getting soft in your old age?

KARL

Doubt it. Hurry.

POLLOCK

Hmmmm.

Pollock's tongue wets his lips while his thumb rubs against his fingertips.

POLLOCK

Cost ya.

KARL

No shit, Socrates.

Pollock pulls a Doctor's bag from a nearby cupboard, takes a large pair of scissors from it. He heads to Janine then stops as Karl raises a hand. The hand waves around the room.

KARL

Clean.

POLLOCK
You're fucking joking. Oh, you're
not joking. But she could bleed to
death.

KARL
Stop the blood.

Karl watches him snip open Janine's dress. He turns away to
attempt to glare through a cracked grimy window.

KARL
Then clean.

KITCHEN - DAY

Sunlight struggles to shine through filthy panes.

Karl's gun lies in pieces upon a wooden worktop. His leather
gloves lie next to them. His bare hands are visible, for the
first time. Severe burn scars cover them.

He cleans the barrel with a thin cloth.

FOOTSTEPS get louder. Karl hastily dons his gloves.

Pollock enters - covered in blood. He wipes his hands with a
tea-towel. It turns a fetching shade of pink.

KARL
Well?

Pollock sticks out his bottom lip way out, making him
resemble an undiscovered tribesman from a rainforest.

POLLOCK
She's out. She's lost a lot of
blood, her appendix too. Her left
lung collapsed, but it should
recover well.

KARL
She'll live.

POLLOCK
She should. I can't prom...

Pollock shifts uncomfortably. Karl huffs, stares at him.
Nerves almost get the better of Pollock.

He shakes himself back to sense. Karl lowers his gaze.

KARL
Just say it.

POLLOCK

Well, there is the thorny subject
of my fee to discuss.

Karl nods to a carrier bag hanging from a chair as he
reassembles his gun.

Pollock empties the bag's contents onto a small table -
bundles of cash flow out.

POLLOCK

That will do nicely. I'll look
after her. Come back tomorrow.

KARL

If she dies...

He clicks together the last of the gun pieces. The blue laser
beams out. Small lights flash as they circle its Toledo logo.
He presses a button.

TOLEDO GUN

Burrower.

The laser bounces off Pollock's thick lenses.

POLLOCK

Stop that! Come on Karl. I'll do
everything I..

Karl heads to the back door. The dog follows. The door SLAMS.
Pollock leans against the worktop, breathes a sigh of relief.

POLLOCK

It's definitely time I moved house.

INT. OUTBUILDING - CELLAR - NIGHT

Four corpses lie beside a huge vat of dark liquid.

Karl kicks one in - HISSES and BUBBLES rise as the corpse
disintegrates. The Rottweiler sits, observes.

The remaining three corpses follow the first.

KARL

Shadow.

The dog moves quickly towards him. He pats it on the head.

KARL

Good boy.

EXT. "RAINBOW'S END" - DAY

Karl BANGS on the front door. It CREAKS with the strain.

Silence. He peers through a grimy window, wipes it with his gloved hand - no improvement - the dirt covers the inside.

He bangs on the floor door - no response.

KARL

Typical.

A Cuban heeled boot KICKS the front door with force. It collapses - then falls to pieces.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Karl enters. The table where Janine lay is covered in blood.

Janine is nowhere to be seen.

KARL

POLLOCK!

SMALL BEDROOM

Cardboard boxes and dusty old medical equipment fill its filthy interior.

THUMPING FOOTSTEPS on the stairs increase in volume.

The door SQUEALS as it flies open.

Karl scans the interior. Nothing to see. He leaves.

KARL (O.S.)

POLLOCK!

LARGE BEDROOM

Janine lies on a large double bed. Her eyes are closed, face white as snow.

Her hands are clasped in prayer. Rosary beads drape through her fingers.

Pollock sits forward in a chair beside the bed. He holds his hands together as he mouths a silent prayer.

FOOTSTEPS THUMP nearby.

Pollock blesses himself, gazes to the door.

POLLOCK
In here Karl.
(whispers)
God help me...

Pollock watches the door FLY open. He inhales as he shuts his eyes tight.

Karl enters. His eyes focus on the bed.

He falls to his knees.

KARL
No...

Pollock stands, raising his hands.

POLLOCK
I did everything I...

Before Pollock can finish Karl's hands wrap tight around his scrawny throat.

They squeeze. Pollock GASPS for air - eyes bulge, veins rise.

His feet lift three inches off the floor.

Karl mumbles. He lets go.

Pollock tumbles to the ground - a big bag of wheezing bones and coughs.

Karl leans back against a wall. His gloved hands form fists.

Pollock's hands rub his reddening neck. His voice is no more than a hoarse whisper...

POLLOCK
She just lost too much blood.
(coughing)
She passed a few hours ago. I'm
sorry, Karl.

Karl's fist flies back - then forward an inch. Pollock eyes it with fear as Karl holds it there.

Pollock closes his eyes. The gloved fist THUMPS into the wall. It leaves a hole big enough to house a grapefruit.

Pollock opens one eye. Karl caresses Janine's cheek, unfurls the Rosary beads.

He tosses them at Pollock - he catches them.

KARL
Not for her.

Pollock nods, pockets the beads.

Karl lifts Janine off the bed, carries her out of the room.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Pollock cleans the blood from the table with a dishcloth. He looks up as an engine REVS. It ROARS, grows distant.

Silence.

Pollock watches for a moment. Breathes out with relief.

POLLOCK

Right.

He rushes out of the room.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pollock hurriedly packs an old suitcase.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Karl drives - fast.

The dog sits on the passenger seat. Its head hanging out of the window - tongue flapping in the wind.

KARL

McMenace dies...

The dog barks once. Its tail wags.

KARL

For her.

He pushes the pedal to the metal - the car ROCKETS away.

EXT. THE MCMENACE HOTEL - NIGHT

A skyscraper of glass and steel glittering against the sky.

INT. MCMENACE'S OFFICE

Plush - but tastelessly decorated.

A bank of televisions dominates one wall. Each displays different images of the hotel.

An ornate wooden sign on the desk declares "M.X. McMenace".

A tall wiry man with long thin brown hair sits behind a huge wooden desk. He sucks on a cigarette as his long black nails tap on a computer keyboard.

A short young red-haired woman enters. He glances up at her. Gorgeous and lithe, she ambles towards the desk. This is...

AUDREY
You alright, Malc?

MCMENACE
Don't call me that. Any word yet?

AUDREY
They're not answering...

MCMENACE
Shitting arsewitted fucks! So they failed.

She nods with some worry then chews her lip. His head lowers.

MCMENACE
Fucking shitebags of shit.

Bony fists THUMP the desk. Audrey steps back.

MCMENACE
Shit and fucking twat. Twatballs!

Audrey watches him stare up. She shrugs her slim shoulders.

MCMENACE
He'll fecking well be coming for me now. You watch.

He stands, runs his fingers through his long thin hair.

AUDREY
Maybe they didn't tell h...

MCMENACE
Don't be so fecking dizzy, Audrey. Of course they bloody told him! They'd have told him if they wear women's fucking underwear at the weekends whilst slamming each other's shrivelled tiddlers of cocks in the arse cunting door. If he'd have asked.

He clenches a fist. A tiny grin raises Audrey's lips.

A mean glare from McMenace makes it swiftly disappear.

MCMENACE
This is no smiling fuckin' matter, Audrey. Sosea always gets them to talk. Then he goes and fucking kills them anyway. Fecking bete noir. Two of them, too. Call security. Get me... everyone.

She trembles.

MCMENACE

Everyone! Now, you dizzy daft tartbag. Now!

She hurries out. McMenace tips up the desk with temper. It lands with a dull THUD. The computer crashes onto the carpet.

MCMENACE

Fuck! Knobbity cuntng fuckwipe!

INT. POLICE STATION - EDIT ROOM - NIGHT

Bowman and Speal hover around a small middle-aged woman wearing tiny designer spectacles - this is FUHKOO. She manipulates the joystick control of a video-editing suite.

All their eyes focus on a monitor. It shows an image of a hotel corridor. It turns to snow.

SPEAL

Guy's smart. Proper player.

BOWMAN

Knocked out every single camera before he went up there. We got...

FUHKOO

Absolutely nothing, detectives.

They turn to see Steptock enter holding a piece of paper. Bowman pinches the top of his nose.

SPEAL

Hey Steptock.

STEPTOCK

Speal, Bowman. How are you gentlemen?

Bowman gestures to Fuhkoo.

BOWMAN

Have you no manners, Steptock?

FUHKOO

Obviously still out to lunch.

STEPTOCK

Oh right, sorry. Hello darlin'.

FUHKOO

Darling? Damn well don't think so dear. Weirdo.

Bowman giggles.

BOWMAN

Oooh! Good on yer, Fuhkoo. That the forensics report?

Steptock nods - Bowman snatches it from his hand.

SPEAL

So what's it say?

STEPTOCK

It was a dog. A Rot-wheeler.

BOWMAN

Rottweiler, you ignorant git. They're big, aren't they?

FUHKOO

Very.

STEPTOCK

They're black as well.

BOWMAN

Shut up, you silly tart.

INT. MCMENACE'S OFFICE - LATER

An almost bald young muscular man with an automatic rifle slung over his shoulder lifts McMenace's desk upright with ease, replaces the computer and keyboard. Meet FINUCANE.

McMenace picks up the mouse, sits behind the desk. He rubs his cheek while manipulating it.

FINUCANE

Security's good sir. Tight as a drum. The 'filth' are on standby.

McMenace waves a finger at him as he shakes his head.

MCMENACE

Hmm no. They're only filth when we don't need them. But let's avoid getting them involved. For now.

FINUCANE

They're more than willing to help.

MCMENACE

Oh, I'm sure they are. Thing is they cost even more than you do, ask too many fecking questions and do way more bloody damage. So, how's things downstairs?

FINUCANE

The lobby's sealed tight, sir.
There's no way he'll get up here.

MCMENACE

Come here, Finucane.

He beckons with a bony finger. Finucane arches an eyebrow then moves around the desk. McMenace prods the monitor as a long list of photos and names scroll up.

MCMENACE

Sosea killed them all. And he
killed the Fat Man. Jerome
protected that man for a decade. I
sent four of my best men to take
care of the fucker. Not one of them
came back. Not one!

FINUCANE

No offence sir, but I've personally
dealt with far more than that.

MCMENACE

This year? It's fucking June!

Finucane hums, considers the point.

FINUCANE

Even so. Not to worry. He'll be
begging for mercy before the
evening ends.

MCMENACE

You'd better be fecking right,
Finucane. I pay you guys enough to
protect me, so fucking protect me.
Take care of this motherfucker.

FINUCANE

Consider it done.

Finucane nods once before leaving.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Twenty five heavily armed men take positions around the shiny
luxurious interior.

The lift doors open - Finucane exits.

A large window SHATTERS. Everybody ducks.

A leather FOOTBALL sails in the through the broken window.

It bounces towards a chubby curly-haired man - CHARLTON. He catches it, then notices upside-down writing on it. He rights the ball, reads it. It states "Goodbye".

CHARLTON

Oh for fu...

The football EXPLODES.

A huge ball of FLAMES fills the lobby. The blast sends men spinning back like skittles.

Rubble and debris SHOOTs through the air.

Silence. Dust settles. An ornament rolls across the floor. A blue laser beam cuts through the smoke.

It stops on a CCTV camera. Its lens SHATTERS as a bullet pierces it. The process repeats three times.

Karl kicks out the rest of the broken window. He strolls in, dog close to his side.

A bulky man lies in the centre of the floor. He struggles to aim a shotgun at Karl. The Rottweiler BARKS. Karl turns - shoots the man twice in the chest.

The shotgun falls. The man lies back down.

KARL

Good dog.

Karl surveys the scene. A MOAN attracts him to one man - POINTER. Heavy shrapnel sticks out from his shoulder.

Small cuts cover his fifty-year old face. His grey hair is spiky, close cut. Karl presses a button on his gun.

TOLEDO GUN

Dum Dum.

POINTER

What?

Pointer drawls with pain. Karl points the Toledo at his head.

KARL

Where's McMenace?

POINTER

Stay away from me, you fuckin' psychopath!

Pointer tries to propel himself away using his hands. Karl places a Cuban heel on his ankle - YELPS.

KARL

No...

POINTER
Alright, alright! Just don't kill
me. Please! Get it off! Get the
fucker offa-me. Sweet Je...

Pointer pleads with his hands.

KARL
Cease.

The dog does so. It watches Pointer grab his bleeding knee,
grit his teeth with pain. Air hisses through them.

POINTER
Swear you won't kill me and I'll
tell you anything you want.
Anything!

Karl lowers his gun.

POINTER
Swear it! Swear on someone you
love's life. Even you must love
someone!

KARL
She's... gone.

POINTER
But you still love her!

Karl nods.

POINTER
So swear it. Swear it!

KARL
Fuck. Off.

POINTER
Then I ain't gonna tell you shit,
Sosea. I've heard about you. I know
all about you. I'll tell you then
you'll just kill me anyway. So,
what have I gotta lose?

Pointer shrugs with a smug smirk. A pause.

KARL
I... swear.

POINTER
On her life?

Karl nods again.

POINTER
So say it. Say it!

Another pause. Pointer's eyes grow wider. Finally...

KARL
On her life.

Pointer breathes out with relief.

KARL
Tell me.

POINTER
Jesus, just gimme a moment will ya?
That dog is bloody vicious.

The dog growls.

POINTER
Fucking hell, alright! Top floor.
End of the corridor. You need a
code for the lift.

Karl aims his gun at Pointer's head.

POINTER
It's six one six!

KARL
Appropriate.

Karl keeps the gun on Pointer whose hands slowly rise. They tremble as the blue dot drifts over his forehead.

POINTER
But you swore to me! On her life
Sosea, on her life!

KARL
She's dead.

Pointer goes pale as his mouth drops open. He closes his eyes. Karl's finger squeezes the trigger.

He freezes - his head bows.

KARL
I... swore.

Pointer holds his breath.

KARL
Sorry.

He lowers the gun.

KARL
Force of habit.

Pointer sucks in air as he watches Karl and the dog head to the lift.

They approach Finucane - lying still in a pool of blood.

He observes Karl with one eye - blood leaks out from the other as he silently slides a long knife from his boot.

As Karl passes Finucane stabs the knife into Karl's calf. Karl stops - glares down at the knife, then at Finucane.

Finucane glares back with disbelief.

FINUCANE

What, in the name of hell, are you?

Karl pulls the knife out - a blood stain enlarges.

KARL

Professional.

Finucane SCREAMS as Karl thrusts it towards his good eye.

MCMENACE'S OFFICE

The top row of screens display five blank pictures.

McMenace brandishes a big gun. He focuses on a screen showing an image of an empty lift. The Rottweiler enters it.

MCMENACE

Oh fucking feck my ring!

LIFT

A gloved hand pulls a wire from the rear of a camera mounted near the ceiling.

MCMENACE'S OFFICE

The image of the lift disappears.

MCMENACE

Oh my shitting aunt! Bastard
feekin' bitchin' cockhound.

LIFT

A leather clad finger taps the buttons on the wall-mounted keypad. The lift door closes.

KARL

Sit.

The dog does. Karl pats its head. Numbers on a display above the keypad increase.

KARL

Good boy.

MCMENACE'S OFFICE

McMenace stands near the wooden doors. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. He aims his gun at the door.

MCMENACE

Who the fuck's that?

AUDREY

It's me you foul-mouthed idiot! Let me in!

McMenace hisses with relief as he unlocks the doors then drags Audrey inside. He thrusts a gun into her hands.

AUDREY

But I don't know how to use it.

He points at the trigger.

MCMENACE

Just point it and pull that. Fuck's sake. Piddley doddle.

Audrey glares at him as he locks the doors.

MCMENACE

And keep fecking doing it until he stops moving. Especially that great big bastard of a dog. It eats people, you know.

Audrey gives him the gun back. She shakes her head.

AUDREY

No way! I'm not killing a dog.

MCMENACE

It'll fecking well kill you if you don't. Fucker will eat you alive. Gobble gobble gobble!

She stares at him then takes the gun back.

AUDREY

Well, in that case...

CORRIDOR

A CCTV camera is mounted high above the wooden doors.

The lift doors open. A silver gun appears. A gloved hand points it at the CCTV camera. A bullet SHATTERS the lens. Karl steps into the corridor, the dog beside him. They head towards the wooden doors.

MCMENACE'S OFFICE

Audrey cowers behind the desk. McMenace holds a phone receiver to his ear.

MCMENACE

Bowman? That bloody lunatic Sosea's here. Right now! The bastard killed all my men. He fuckin' well just blew up my bintin' lobby!

INT. POLICE STATION

Bowman sits with his feet up at a desk. He cradles the phone receiver on his shoulder.

BOWMAN

Oh dear, McMenace. Usual fee?

He cleans his ear with a car key.

BOWMAN

Stop shouting! We're on our way.

He puts the phone down then sips from a glass of whiskey.

BOWMAN

Just about to relax. Speal!

INT. MCMENACE'S OFFICE

McMenace slams the phone down. He joins Audrey behind the desk. They both point big guns at the door.

Audrey's bottom lip wobbles, McMenace bites his.

MCMENACE

The cops are on their way.

FOOTSTEPS get closer. They stare into each other's eyes.

AUDREY

He's coming.

McMenace nervously nods.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: Karl Sosea will return in

Take Care

Episode II: "*Kiss The Girls*"

- Sometime soon...