

# **GANGS OF LONDON**

## **Episode 5**

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Silence. Black.

A title card reads: Gangs of London.

Slowly. The faint sound of wind blowing through trees grows.

Soon joined by the sound of two pairs of feet walking, crunching through loose twigs and brambles.

1

**EXT. FOREST - DAWN**

1

A damp, almost frosty landscape of brown and green.

Morning dew leaving a glossy cloak to hang over a carpet of ferns, sky above broken by overhanging, skeletal branches.

In the middle of all this, a grand oak tree stands tall.

A rusty, old, thick nail buried into its flesh.

A capital "D" scraped into it's head.

EOIN, in healthier times since we last saw him (chopped up in a bathtub) takes a closer look at the inscription.

EOIN (O.S.)

Did it have to be your initial?

DARREN inspects, unimpressed.

DARREN

Doesn't matter shite, we found 'er first.

Takes a hammer to it, hits the nail loose 'til it drops to the ground. Pockets it.

TIMECUT

Both boys stand side by side against the tree.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Right.

Look out at the forest in front of them. Darren pulls out a mobile phone - his burner phone. Pulls up a text message.

Eoin steadies a compass in his hand.

DARREN (CONT'D)

(reading from phone)

15 North, East 30 - over the brook, North 25. Then we dig.

EOIN

Big or small?

DARREN

What?

EOIN

Steps? North fifteen baby steps'll  
put ye a fair fuckin' way from  
north fifteen daddy steps is all  
I'm saying.

DARREN

(incredulous)

Daddy steps? Metres. It's in  
metres.

EOIN

Oh...

TIMECUT

Darren and Eoin cross the river.

"Guesstimating" their 1 metre strides.

DARREN

Twenty-one, twenty-two...

EOIN (CONT'D)

Twenty-one, twenty-two...

Stop at a small clearing, stare at the soft earth below them.

Something about what must come next that sobers them up.

Eoin drops a duffle bag to the floor, unzips it and pulls out  
two foldable-camping shovels.

Click. Lock. CRUNCH! Shovel buries deep into the ground.

TIMECUT

Darren's trembling hands lift out an old, tattered, tin box.

Pops it open. Something wrapped in an faded purple rag.

Flicks the corners of the rag to one side. Reveals a pistol.

Darren's eyes widen. Eoin looks on, less enthused.

Three bullets roll, clattering into the side of the tin.

Darren turns, the gun heavy in his hand - puts it back in the  
tin, slowly wraps the rag back over it.

DARREN

Swap the life of some fucking nonce  
for a chance to be free. One shot  
and it'll pay for everything. We  
can get away. From all of them.

The fire and passion in Darren's eyes met with fear in  
Eoin's.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Just us.

There's an energy to it, they rarely get this kind of freedom.

EOIN

(smiles, excitedly)

Load it.

Darren grabs at the gun, fidgets with it - clearly it's his first time handling one - until...

POP! The barrel slides open...

CUT TO:

2

INT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY

2

...the barrel slides open. Loaded.

Gun rests in his hand. Two spent bullet shells, one intact.

They feel so much heavier now.

DARREN sits near the window of this old hideaway house, cries in a deep breath as he looks out at the mountains that surround the place. Isolated.

A look of crushing sadness in his eyes. Of knowing whatever dream he once had is long gone.

The world is a very different place now.

MAL (O.S.)

Away from the windows.

Darren looks across, tears in his eyes to see MAL stood there.

DARREN

Please, Mal. Been days stuck in here, can I not just get some fresh air? Just for a minute.

MAL looks at Darren long and hard, studying him a moment.

MAL

Sorry, boy.

(beat)

You're here 'til the boat arrives.

DARREN

Ye can't just make me get on a fuckin boat...

MAL

I can. And I will. That lad n' his family want you dead. And every day you stay here, the more they'll look for ye. Ye Da' too.

DARREN

You think I give two shits about that cunt after wha' he did to Eoin?

MAL

Would ne'er had reason to do it had ye not killed who ye did.

That doesn't sit well with Darren.

MAL (CONT'D)

He had to give that Wallace boy someone.

Darren's shoulders fall, defeated.

MAL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Darren. But this is too big to fix. Even fer your Da'. A lot of us will be hurtin now thanks to what ye did. Least ye can do is make sure they don't hurt more than they have to.

Darren looks down at the gun heavy in his hand.

Mal watches, suddenly struck by how young he is, and the weight he will now have to carry with him for life.

A moment of quiet. Broken by...

DARREN

Is there really no wifi?

Mal allows him a gentle smiles.

EVIE (O.S.)

Is that all you bloody go on about?

EVIE enters the room (60's, Black British, weather beaten - *but you should see the weather*, tough, owns the house, runs the operation - we'll learn what that is soon enough).

Darren on reflex, tucks the gun into his hoodie pocket.

EVIE (CONT'D)

There's no wifi. There was none last week, none yesterday, there's none today and there'll be none tomorrow when ye ask then.

DARREN

And next week?

EVIE

The boat will have come and got ye  
by then.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Thank God.

DARREN

Thank fuck.

Mal distracted by something, looks up to the top of the surrounding mountain - sees a man walking atop it, bright red goose down jacket.

MAL

(to Darren)

Oi! The window!

Darren puts a foot against a small table, pushes against it - sliding himself and the chair back just out of sight of the window with all the petulance of a teenager.

Mal watches as the red jacket is joined by his excited pet dog who turns and disappears beyond the peak, away from them.

A rambler?

EVIE

(to MAL)

I need ye to go to the Inn up top.  
Got supplies arriving and my boys  
have the wheels.

MAL

Have you not got legs?

EVIE

That hill? These knees. Fucking  
suicide mission.

DARREN

I'll go.

MAL

The fuck you will.

EVIE

You musta done something awful,  
can't even pick up me bread and  
beans without looking over ye  
shoulder.

This isn't the first time Evie has tried digging, this isn't the first time Mal has had to deflect...

MAL

Fine. I'll go. Izza just the bread  
and beans yas wanting?

EVIE

Frank'll have a box ready.

MAL

A box? Ah Evie...

MAL (CONT'D)

Not too heavy. I promise.

Evie heads out from the lounge to the kitchen.

EVIE

I'll get the money to ye now.

As Evie disappears, Darren quickly takes out the bullets from his pocket - slides them back inside the barrel.

Slams it shut. Clink!

3

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DAWN**

3

Thud!

A bullet hits the ground, bouncing into a cushion of wet leaves. Blood inevitably follows.

....a burning hot blade is pressed against gaping flesh before

....large, heavy hands grip at some moss from a nearby stone.

....packed into a freshly cauterized hip wound.

KINNEY lets out a pained groan, red flecks of blood rest vibrant on his pale face beneath layers of feverish sweat as he patches himself up.

Hidden amongst the trees.

It's the morning after the night of Sean's exercise in retribution.

Kinney sits against a tree, overlooking the destruction of his community, a look of crushing sadness in his eyes.

Nothing burning anymore. Just the charcoal grey remains of caravans, cars and bodies.

Until there is something. Kinney squints to make sense of it.

A white van arrives, parks up in the middle of the carnage.

A man steps out, walks through the campsite, surveying it.

Down on the ground we see him. He's someone we know.

LEIF.

Behind him, another door opens out steps Tove (the waitress / assassin planted in the Wallace House) with a basset hound.

Leif picks up a thick branch from the ground, uses it to turn the bodies of those that fell to Sean's fury.

Identifying whatever is left.

The branch glides through the face of a man as it crumples in on itself.

Leif doesn't flinch. Leaves the basset hound to sniff at it.

Back on the bank and Kinney watches confused - this man is definitely not associated with Sean.

Watches as Leif ignores all the other caravans and instead inspects his.

He has come looking for something, or someone.

If not him. His boy.

4

**INT. KINNEY'S CARAVAN - DAWN**

4

Sunlight pours in from the holes in the roof, catching the raindrops that still drip into the caravan.

Burnt slick black.

LEIF examines partial remains until he finds in one of the drawers a charred phone charger.

Twirls the cable around his gloved finger, as he tours what's left of the caravan.

Sees the hole in the floor, where Kinney escaped from - fixates on the blood stained edges, then - buried in the mud, Kinney's mobile phone.

Lifts it, brings the charger connection to the phone - it doesn't fit.

Takes it anyway.

5

**EXT. CAMPSITE - DAWN**

5

KINNEY's attention turns to a riderless horse, limping up the hill.

Bullet hole in it's thigh. Trickle of dried blood running down to the hoof.

Stirrups dangling as it struggles to climb the soft earth.

LEIF steps back out from the remains of Kinney's caravan and casts a look across the site.

Shouts to Tove across the campsite as she watches the van.

LEIF  
(in Danish)  
Set up a perimeter, I want eyes  
everywhere - the old man can't be  
far.

Leif scans through Kinney's phone, sees an SMS exchange with "EV" - it reads:

"Need your roof and a boat."  
"No boat til next week"  
"Roof til then."

TOVE  
(in English)  
Requesting F/R\* support teams on  
all CCTV, petrol stations,  
transport routes, roads, high  
streets all surrounding areas.  
Suspect code Alpha-Foxtrot-Echo-  
7384 - Edwards, Kinney.

\*Facial Recognition

Leif clicks on the name EV - phone number details pop up:

"07XX-XXX-XXX"

Leif mouths out the number under his breath like a mantra.

TOVE (CONT'D)  
(in Danish)  
What is it?

LEIF  
(in Danish)  
Darren. His son. I know where he's  
hiding.

Kinney's eyes as he hears Darren. Knows exactly why they know his name.

What they are after.

Suddenly, a loud gargled, pained neigh as the horse limps on.

Kinney freezes. Leif stops. Is looking RIGHT AT HIM.

From where Kinney is sitting, he'd swear it to be true.

From where Leif stands however, the forest is too dense to be sure.

Kinney's phone rings in Leif's pocket. Kinney recognizes the ringtone in a heartbeat.

Leif lifts it - sees "MAL" written on the screen. Studies it. Let's it ring out as he looks up at the forest.

Kinney scrambles low, across the bank, climbing diagonally up as he does, trying desperately to reach the horse before it leaves him behind.

Every inch deepens the pain, every ounce of energy to make his movement as quiet as possible draining him even more.

The horse battles on.

Phone stops ringing.

Leif drops the branch and opens his jacket to reveal a semi-automatic rifle hanging at his side.

Lifts it as he slowly walks towards the tree line.

TOVE does the same. Both aiming up the hill.

Kinney, eyes darting back and forth - from horse to Leif.

Soft earth sliding at his feet. Edging closer and closer.

Can almost feel the breath of the horse as it staggers by.

Hope drifting by. Kinney reaches. Desperate.

His large, heavy hand clasps around a hanging stirrup.

The horse reacts, grunts.

Leif looks up - aims, in its direction.

In his sights however, through a sea of branches he sees only what appears to be a stumbling, riderless horse...

...as it drags Kinney up the hill and out of sight.

6

**INT. INN - DAY**

6

A slobbering, basset hound puffs and pants as he enters the Inn followed by it's owner.

Slumps to the ground, hanging lips spread out over the stone floor.

The man in the red jacket. Thirties. Athletic build. More hiker and climber than mere rambler.

As he enters he sees TWO MEN sat at one end, two plates of steaming hot food sat between them.

And FRANK (50s, owner / landlord) sat behind the bar, reading a newspaper. Quiet day. For now.

RED JACKET RAMBLER approaches. Thick Scandinavian accent.

RED JACKET RAMBLER  
Beer please.

Frank looks, not getting up he nods to the bar, there's only two pumps - both beer.

RED JACKET RAMBLER (CONT'D)  
(points)  
That one.

Frank starts to pull a pint of it.

RED JACKET RAMBLER (CONT'D)  
It's ok, my dog is inside?

Frank nods.

RED JACKET RAMBLER (CONT'D)  
Beautiful hills.

Frank nods again.

RED JACKET RAMBLER (CONT'D)  
What's the population?

Frank looks around the Inn. Visibly counts.

FRANK  
Four and a dog.

RED JACKET RAMBLER  
(laughs)  
Such... what you call "local  
humour"?

Frank ignores the question. Hands him the pint.

FRANK  
That'll be three-fifty.

7

**EXT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

7

It stands completely alone inside a basin of mountains.

MAL, hiking shoes and winter coat at the ready - exits, sound of the ocean not so far away.

Looks back at the house, hesitates a moment before beginning his long walk up to the Inn.

8 INT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY

8

Back at the window, DARREN watches MAL begin his ascent. Looks across to a rug in the lounge, spots something. Subtle fold revealing a hinge beneath it. Trapdoor. Darren walks to it. Lifts the rug. Pops open the trapdoor. Sounds of an industry chugging away downstairs. Follows it. Down the basement steps into...

9 INT. EVIE'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY

9

A line up of steam punk mechanisms. Heavy machinery. Scattered bullet shells, laying around a funnel tray, each one hand filled and stacked waiting to be primed, loaded, sealed - waiting to be put into someones gun. Some dumb kid'll get given three of these and make the biggest mistake of his life. DARREN looks at the bullet farm industry that surrounds him.

EVIE

You've been told not to come down here. I swear if you've taken any...

DARREN

I haven't, I wouldn't. I promise.

There's a vulnerable honesty about him. It's not lost on her.

EVIE

If you had, you'd be hard pressed to shoot fuck all with those. That calibre won't fit inside your starter pistol, boy.

Darren is visibly uncomfortable.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Who gave you it? Round your way I only know Mikey Cartwright make a toy like that capable-of-killing a man.

DARREN

You know I can't tell ye. Sure as fuck same applies to anyone asks where I been this last week.

EVIE softens, smiles. Clearly likes his answer.

EVIE

Good answer.

DARREN

How much do you make with all this?

EVIE

Enough not to worry. Enough to keep this place running. And enough to get my kids out of it all, should time take me before I get to enjoy any of it myself.

DARREN

But still not enough to pay for a fucking internet connection? Ya tight old cow.

EVIE

Cheeky bastard.

They share a smile together.

But it doesn't last long as Darren looks at the machines, with enough manpower they could churn out a fistful of killers per minute.

DARREN

How did you - where do you start with something like this?

EVIE pulls down on her collar, between it and her tied up hair - the scar tissue of a bullet hole - entered at the back, exited at the front of her throat.

A miracle she survived.

EVIE

You make what you know. When you see one that close up...

Darren smiles politely, but Evie knows he questions the motivation.

DARREN

Selling what almost killed ya, did it not make ye feel... y'know...

EVIE

If not me, then... Fuck it, I may have lost the ability to turn my neck, but I gained a six figure income. And I'm good at it too.

DARREN

Can sure s'fuck see that.

They both smile. Momentarily.

EVIE

So when are you planning on telling  
me who you killed?

10

**EXT. HILLTOP - DAY**

10

MAL stands at the top of the hill. Looks back, down at the house, breathing heavy from the hike.

Walks across the plains, until he reaches the start (or end depending on your approach) of a gravel road.

A lay-by parking area. So far only occupied by one vehicle.

An old beat up, dark blue van - unassuming in every way except for the latch on the back door with a padlock on it.

Mal studies it a moment, then heads for the local Inn, an old stone wall tavern.

11

**INT. INN - DAY**

11

Door opens. Like a cowboy saloon. Cautious entrance.

MAL immediately spots the two friends still eating the same meal - barely looks touched.

Walks to the bar, hears the panting dog behind him. Sees a reflection of the red goose down jacket grow larger as the RED JACKET RAMBLER joins him at the bar.

MAL

(impatient)

Frank?

Red Jacket Rambler stands alongside him. Smiles an unfriendly smile. Mal politely nods, but avoids conversation.

MAL (CONT'D)

You there Frank?

FRANK (O.S.)

Coming up!

MAL

Can I help you?

RED JACKET RAMBLER

Excuse me?

MAL

You've got three quarters a pint  
sat there going to go flat.

RED JACKET RAMBLER

I just want -

MAL

I just want ye to leave me the  
'fuck alone. Can ye do that for me?

FRANK arrives carrying a stainless steel bowl of water.

Before MAL can say anything else. Frank hands it to the Red Jacket Rambler.

RED JACKET RAMBLER

(to FRANK)

Thank you.

FRANK

Sure.

RED JACKET RAMBLER

(to MAL)

For Baxter.

Mal let's his eyes stay rooted to the floor, no intention of apologizing.

The Red Jacket Rambler returns to his "best friend" quietly.

FRANK

Christ, haven't seen you in years,  
what is it this time?

MAL

Evie sent us.

12

**INT. INN, BACKROOM - DAY**

12

FRANK leads MAL down a corridor at the back of the Inn.

FRANK

Hope you drove, got a months of  
supplies for her you know ol' Evie  
likes a drink.

MAL

Living here, can't blame her. You  
not thought about doing a door-to-  
door service.

FRANK

Only five doors within five miles  
round here and in fifteen years  
you're the first to complain.

(smiles)

Fucking city boys...

MAL

(laughs)

Get fucked wouldja.

FRANK

Shoulda drove.

As they pass the toilets.

Through the door of a toilet cubicle.

Someone is watching them.

Back in the corridor. They reach a storage room, filled with steel shelves, loaded with boxes of supplies.

Groceries. Cleaning products. Bottles of scotch.

Frank goes straight for the shelf, Mal waits.

Meanwhile, a box across the room goes by unnoticed.

Low down. Torn open. Blood stains on frayed edges.

Medical materials inside.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Right, now you tell her I got no luncheon meat for her this week, but I've thrown in some extra beef paste. Her Albert loves the stuff.

MAL

(uninterested)

Sure. Whatever.

FRANK

How long's he there? The boy.

Now Mal couldn't be more interested.

MAL

Just the beef paste is it?

FRANK

S'alright. Like I said, five doors, five miles and fifteen years, we all help each other out with whatever we need to get by.

MAL

Aye and no questions asked I thought. You're a talkative bunch.

FRANK

Once Albert docks tonight, sure to Christ I'll be the one refueling that boat for ye's ready for tomorrow. Bit of respect and trust wouldn't go a-miss.

MAL  
(genuine)  
Sorry.

FRANK  
Look, if you want anything, or if  
the lad...

MAL  
Lad only wants his wifi...

FRANK  
Well, we got fuck all of that.

Suddenly, Mal stops him dead. Guard back up. Frank looks to where Mal is looking.

Creeping red sleeve of a jacket at the end of the corridor.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You lost?

The Red Jacket Rambler steps out from behind a wall.

Looks sheepish. But not missing a beat.

RED JACKET RAMBLER  
Toilet?

Mal is unconvinced. Frank equally so.

Both playing a game of "I know you know".

FRANK  
Right next to you. Where it says  
toilet. Piss only. Shitter's out of  
order.

RED JACKET RAMBLER  
(smiles)  
Lucky me...

Mal doesn't break his stare. Frank returns the smile.

FRANK  
Lucky for both of us.

As the Red Jacket Rambler steps inside the toilet, Frank  
grabs at the box of supplies, feels heavy.

Dumps it into Mal's hands with a thud.

Clearing of trees. Dappled sunlight. Shimmers against  
trickles of spring water.

Dying horse. Tired breaths.

Beyond it's imminent carcass. KINNEY. On his knees. Pool of light. Scoops water to his thirsty lips.

Kinney leans back. Lifts his shirt to check his hip wound.

Picks at the frayed moss that sticks to his bloody wound, crumbles in his fingers.

Stops as he spots something. Creeping out from the gaping wound.

Something he hadn't noticed working it's way deep inside him.

Pinches it between his finger and thumb, starts to pull.

Out it comes, inch-by-inch, a blood-drenched earthworm - too long to be comfortable, too deep to be healthy.

Tosses it aside. Breathes heavy.

Looks to the horse behind him.

Kinney watches as the horse's breaths become shallower. Eyes glazing over.

15

**INT. LEIF'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - NIGHT**

15

LEIF sits on a sofa chair, steam rising from a mug of tea next to him, laptop open at his knees.

His Mother, INGRID, sits in a single seater recliner, looking in the direction of a television that plays something.

Leif logs into an email account. Empty inbox.

Just the standard "welcome to *something-mail*" account registration messages.

Mouse hovers and clicks on "Drafts (1)".

Inside it is an email. No subject header. Opens it.

"- - - - -  
*Checking GPS co-ordinates.*"

Leif types.

"- - - - -  
*Update?*"

Saves the draft. Waits a moment. Hits refresh. Impatient. Hits refresh again.

Nothing. Hears a scream from Adelina, his captor in her room.

Echoes down the hall, into the lounge.

Ingrid looks at him. He allows himself to acknowledge her.

Stretches across, balancing the wobbling laptop on his knees as he takes the TV remote and hits volume up. Whatever she's watching now fills the room.

*REFRESH!*

Finally. Re-opens the draft. A new message.

"\_ \_ \_ \_ \_  
Call From: 07XX-XXX-XXX  
Located. N51-52-53.3022 / W3-26-36.6138"

Leif reads it, pulls out a post it note - 07XX-XXX-XXX "Mal". Reads the rest.

"SMS SENT TO: 07XX-XXX-XXX  
Located. N51-52-52.9089 / W3-26-35.1242  
Within 1 mile Radius"

Consults the post-it note - 07XX-XXX-XXX "EVIE".

Leif memorizes it. Clicks delete on the draft. Gone.

Clicks on "Compose New Email." Types.

"Target Located. En route." Saves draft.

**END OF PART ONE**

16

**EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY**

16

Wave after wave of rush hour traffic. Moves fast.

He peers out from inside a hedge row. KINNEY.

Brambles cling to his clothing, fresh scratches on his face and neck.

Looks at the traffic camera pointing down from above, enough worry to nudge him an inch or two back inside the hedge.

Looks at a road sign.

"Wrexham  
Anglessey"

Swallows deep. The journey has been arduous. But it's far from over yet.

Disappears back out of sight.



Keeps a close aim as he curls around the lip of the barn door. Squeezing himself under the hanging chain.

21

**INT. BARN - DAY**

21

Stops. Sees the Jeep running. No one near it.

Before he has a chance to react.

KINNEY's close in. Blade at his throat.

KINNEY

Want nothing to do with ye. Just  
the jeep, your phone and your gun.

The FARMER is slow to relinquish it.

KINNEY (CONT'D)

This isn't a barter. Cock open the  
barrel. Hand it to me.

Kinney pockets his phone as the Farmer does as he is told. Cocks it open so he can't fire a shot off.

Kinney adjusts his grip of the knife to press it hard against the Farmer's throat as he allows one hand free to accept the gun.

Slowly. Confidently. Letting the Farmer know he is in control.

KINNEY (CONT'D)

She full?

FARMER

Two-thirds. Can do a couple hundred  
before she stops.

KINNEY

More than I need.

Kinney takes the gun, steps back rapidly away from the Farmer and slings the rifle shut.

Primed. Aimed right at him. Now it could do damage.

YOUNG DAUGHTER (O.S.)

Dad?

Joined by the sound of a baby crying.

The Farmer sees his children stood by the doorway, moves to the barn door.

FARMER

Stay there, Jules! Dad's coming!

Kinney cocks as he aims. Stops him in his tracks.

FARMER (CONT'D)

Please, don't do it.

KINNEY

Not planning to. But I will if you take another fucking step.

(reaffirms)

I've some ways to go, so tomorrow you's can call the p'lice n' report it stolen, but not a moment 'fore. You don't want an enemy of me, ye hear.

The Farmer nods.

KINNEY (CONT'D)

Go. Be wit yer kin.

The Farmer leaves the barn. Kinney gets into the jeep.

Can't help but steal a look as the Farmer has his arms around his family. Would do anything to protect them.

Without saying a word the Farmer turns his back on Kinney and ushers his family back towards the house.

KINNEY slams the door to the jeep shut, winces at the pain in his side.

Kinney flips open the phone, dials a number, looks back over his shoulder at the young baby boy in the daughters hands.

Hears a voice as it picks up.

MAL telling him to leave a message. He curses under his breath, and waits for the tone.

KINNEY (CONT'D)

(in Welsh)

Mal, the Wallace boy, he hit us,  
hit us hard... Your Angela's fine,  
but there was someone else - a wolf  
- think he may be coming for ye,  
for Darren. I'm on my way an' I'll  
be there soon, but if Al's boat  
arrives 'fore i do... Jus' make  
sure the boy's on it.

Flips the phone shut.

Puts his foot down and drives away from the farm.

No longer such a mountain to climb.

Although...

22

**EXT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

22

EVIE takes clothes off the line. Dumping them into a basket at her feet.

DARREN, appears stood by the back door to the house. Has a look about him. Like he wants to talk.

Evie notices it.

EVIE  
Shouldn't you be inside.

Darren looks around. Not a soul in sight.

DARREN  
Mal he said...

EVIE  
(smiling)  
I won't tell him if you won't.

Darren softens. Approaches her. Helps her take clothing down off the line.

Folds the clothing before he puts them in the basket.

DARREN  
Should fold them b'fore. Saves ye having to iron em later... Me ma says.

EVIE  
Albert and I have worn creases since the day we met. Our laziness is one of the few things we have in common.

DARREN  
Yeah, well while I'm here, ya's can make a bit of fucking effort.

EVIE  
You think you're that special now?

Stops. Actually thinks about it.

DARREN  
No, actually. No I don't think I am at all.

EVIE  
Ah, well don't go out of your way to prove otherwise. We'll end up keeping ya for ourselves if you do.

Darren smiles. What if.

Evie turns, walks to the back of the house. Darren follows.

As they round the corner, Darren's pace slows to a stop as he notices what sits down below, just over the brow of the hill.

A small wooden jetty stretches from the rocky shore out into the murky water.

Evie stops and turns back to Darren, notices his gaze.

DARREN

When's the boat arrive?

EVIE

Before dark.

Darren face pales.

DARREN

Today?

Evie reads him easily and approaches him with a rare kindness in her eyes.

They stand side by side, both looking out at the endless sea.

EVIE

Albert won't want to set out for at least a day or two more. An' if Mal gets his arse in gear with the food and drink, we'll be able to have a proper send off for ye.

DARREN

Can't I just stay? Can't ye just take me in. Like the others.

Evie sees the desperation in him.

EVIE

Aww love.

DARREN

I can work. I'll do whatever you ask of us.

EVIE

I know you would. But you killed someone, Darren. Being here longer than needed - its not safe for you, nor us.

Sees how crushed he is.

EVIE (CONT'D)

But you'll have a room here, when you come back.

(MORE)

EVIE (CONT'D)

I'll be too old to do all this,  
reckon my neck will have finally  
packed in by then.

Darren smiles. It's a smile shared by Evie.

DARREN

Did it hurt? When you were shot?

The memory of it burns at her even now.

She looks long and hard at Darren, the question hanging heavy  
in the air.

Turning towards the house she gestures for Darren to follow.

EVIE

Not at first. I was closing up the  
shop. In the city, back before all  
this. Like a camera flash. Whoosh -  
I saw my shadow on the shutter.  
Then it was like I got punched in  
the back. Really hard. Could taste  
the blood in my mouth before I hit  
the ground. Didn't feel it burn  
'til after.

They enter the back door, through a small laundry room.

23

**INT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

23

Continue walking through the kitchen.

EVIE

Beer and fags is all they took - no  
money left in the till for them...  
I just thought is that it? Is that  
all my life is worth. Laying there,  
memories draining from a hole I  
couldn't plug.

They reach the airing cupboard beneath the stairs.

EVIE (CONT'D)

In there please.

A shell-shocked Darren places the laundry basket inside.

Spots, hidden behind the hanging jackets a metal sliding door  
at the back of the airing cupboard.

EVIE (CONT'D)

Still, knives hurt a fuck load  
more. Given the choice. I'd rather  
be shot.

She shuts the airing cupboard door. Ending DARREN's curiosity.

EVIE (CONT'D)

But I wouldn't worry about that.  
According to what your Dad told me -  
that paedo you killed - only police  
gonna be looking for you. And they  
don't shoot *white* kids.

24

**INT. LEIF'S CAR - DAY**

24

LEIF drives along the hillside. TOVE sat next to him.

An old 90's Range Rover. Worn the fuck out interior. Crumbs and dust fighting for space in the folds of the seat lining.

A back seat littered with bad diet choices from dozens of service stations over the years.

As the asphalt transitions to the gravel path (that says we're close) he slows observing an abandoned jeep at the side of the road.

Drives on. Knowing whatever it is, the answer lies ahead.

25

**INT. INN, TOILET - DAY**

25

Cold air pours in through a set of forced open window slats.

Blood stains what remains of the broken, thin plane bubble glass panels.

Down below, curled up on the orange tiled floor of a toilet cubicle is KINNEY. A pile of blood stained medical supplies rests at his side. He strains out of his jacket, lifts his shirt.

Pours pure alcohol directly into the wound. Feet slide against the blood on the tiles as he fights the urge to scream in pain.

Rips open a stapler from its plastic wrapping. Tears open a box of staples - they scatter across the floor.

Squeezes the torn flesh of his stomach between it. Presses down hard, fighting through his own reflexes until the staple closes around it tight.

One down. Breathes heavy. Lines it up - counts the gap 'til the end of the wound.

Five to go.

FRANK (O.S.)

Hope you drove, ol' Evie likes a drink.

MAL (O.S.)

Can't fucking blame her. You not thought about doing a door-to-door service.

Kinney creeps open the door, enough to see out into the corridor. Sees MAL following Frank to Evie's order.

FRANK

Only five doors round here and in fifteen years you're the first to complain.

(smiles)

Fucking city boys...

MAL

(laughs)

Get fucked wouldja.

Kinney's eyes widen at the sight of his trusted ally.

FRANK (O.S.)

Shoulda drove.

Kinney gathers himself, moves to open the cubicle door.

Stops. Sees the Red Jacket Rambler - creeping in behind.

Stealthily observing. Listening. Kinney creeps back, softly closes the toilet door.

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

You lost?

RED JACKET RAMBLER

Toilet?

FRANK (O.S.)

Right next to you. Where it says toilet. Piss only. Shitter's out of order.

RED JACKET RAMBLER

(smiles)

Lucky me...

FRANK (O.S.)

Lucky for both of us.

Suddenly, the Red Jacket Rambler enters the toilet.

Suddenly, his fake smile disappears.

Kinney watches him. Anywhere but here. Under threat he keeps the door closed. He is blind now. But it's his only option.

The Red Jacket Rambler looks around the room, paces around until he sees written on the one cubicle door - OUT OF ORDER.

Up above it he notices the broken glass of the window space.

The Red Jacket Rambler walks towards the door. Curious, he pushes at it with his hand. It rattles against the lock.

Presses his ear against the door. Kinney on the other side swallows every breath his body desperately wants to take.

Absolute silence. As if time has frozen still.

The Red Jacket Rambler arches his neck, leaning in to hear. Something. Anything. Anyone.

Opens his jacket. Pulls out a gun. Presses it against the door. Slides it down against the texture of the wood.

Makes circles listening to the sound of the wood as it lines up with Kinney's resting head.

Kinney's eyes are wide open. He lifts the farmers shotgun and brings it softly to a rest against the door. Both men aiming in the dark.

Meanwhile. Down below, a mix of Kinney's blood and the rubbing alcohol pours along a channel of grouting between the tiles. Heading towards the toilet cubicle door.

Approaches the Red Jacket Rambler's boot.

Kinney sees it just in time. Stops it with an outstretched finger tip.

If the Red Jacket Rambler looks down now. Kinney is done.

It's over.

Kinney stays absolutely still. Slowly scrapes his fingertip back along the grouting.

Desperately keeping it as quiet as possible. Disappearing back behind the door.

MAL and FRANK's voices return. The Red Jacket Rambler quickly puts his gun away and rushes to the air dryer. WHOOSH!

As MAL and FRANK pass, the RED JACKET RAMBLER shoots them his best imitation tourist smile.

As the hand dryer screams. Kinney squeezes back out of through the open window space.

26

**EXT. INN - DAY**

26

KINNEY drops to the soft earth below. Walks along the side wall of the Inn. Shotgun in hand.

Passing through hanging laundry strung across from the wall of the Inn to a large petrol tank and brick sealed power generator that hums away.

An outdoor washing machine and tumble dryer grinds away loud and hard.

Hears the door of the Inn opening as MAL leaves.

MAL (O.S.)  
Thanks Frank!

Kinney makes a cautious move forward, desperate to be reunited.

As he turns the corner however...

Sees LEIF and TOVE arriving, they cross paths with Mal who walks by oblivious.

Kinney throws himself back around the wall. Stays hidden.

But observes as...

Leif watches a moment as Mal disappears over the hill, making his way to the house.

TOVE  
(in Danish)  
*Captain.*

Leif turns. Nods. Tove opens the door to the inn.

They enter.

27

**INT. INN - DAY**

27

Silence as LEIF steps inside. Makes eye contact with everyone.

The RED JACKET RAMBLER, the two friends who still haven't finished eating their meal.

Even Baxter looks up with his heavy hangdog face.

FRANK reads the room, "they know you know".

FRANK  
What can I get you?

Leif doesn't answer. They all suddenly stand and leave.

28

**EXT. INN / CAR PARK - DAY**

28

LEIF and his team follow as the RED JACKET RAMBLER leads them across the car park to his van.

Pops open the padlock door latch. Yanks open the heavy door.

Baxter, the dog, jumps inside - curls up in a ball inside a warm dog bed. Tove strokes Baxter, the RED JACKET RAMBLER (her partner) wraps his arms around her and kisses her as the rest of the team start to offload heavy duty metal boxes from the back.

Baxter, watches as they slide past his eye-line.

Dropped. Flipped. Opened to reveal artillery.

Semi-automatic assault rifles. Torch bayonets. Flak jackets. Knives. Flash bang grenades. Smoke. Tear gas. Side-arms.

They load up. Check clips. Cock weapons. A percussion of impending war.

The Red Jacket Rambler slides out from the side wall of the van a row of 6ft+, bullet proof riot shields with letterbox viewfinders.

The hit the gravel of the car park with a crunch. Baxter looks to his owner as he slams the door shut.

Leif starts to lead his team towards the pathway down the mountain - he nods to the Red Jacket Rambler.

Red Jacket Rambler rushes back towards the Inn, pulls out a handgun from his waistband, screws on a silencer.

29

**INT. INN - DAY**

29

FRANK phone in hand, spins the dial ring - calling Evie.

Click, click, click, click as the last number crunches through. Puts the phone to his ear, hears nothing but a dead tone.

A look of resignation as the door to the Inn pops open.

See the RED JACKET RAMBLER enter.

Pop. Pop. Pop. Frank falls to the ground. Holes in him.

The phone receiver dances, bouncing and twirling.

30      **EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY**

30

In the wide expanse we see LEIF and his men walking away from the car park. Behind them the RED JACKET RAMBLER rushes to join.

Much further down below, we see Kinney traversing the path down to the house below as a pick up truck arrives pulling in just outside the front door.

31      **EXT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

31

EVIE and DARREN step out to greet Evie's "kids" as they arrive back at the house.

Five in total, all different ethnicities and backgrounds, all except the noticeable brother/sister of CHARLOTTE (21, sleight but rugged, make-up free her entire life) and MATTHEW (17, younger brother but likes to act as her protective sibling, despite it almost always being the other way round.)

MATTHEW

Who're you?

DARREN

I'm no-one.

CHARLOTTE

New recruit, mum?

EVIE

Jus' passin' through. Be on his way  
come morning.

Nods head. Understanding. Seems they have all been a version of Darren at some point.

Arriving behind them is Mal, struggling with the boxes. Out of breath - his eyes widen as he sees the pick up truck. Incredulous at the timing.

MAL

Are you fucking kidding me?!

Quick as a flash, MUUSE (18, Somalian) stands in the back of the pick up truck, shotgun in his hand.

MUUSE

Stop walkin' old man!

He cocks it. MAL stands statue still.

MAL

Evie...

MUUSE

No talk!

EVIE

I'm telling you now, son - if he drops my shopping, there'll be bloody hell to pay.

Evie approaches an unsure Muuse and lays a maternal hand on his arm, pushing the gun down.

EVIE (CONT'D)

He's with the boy. Give him a hand would ya.

Muuse moves forward sheepishly. Mal is having none of it.

MAL

No you fucking don't! I could just as well throw the box into the house from here. Where were ya when I was halfway from breaking my fucking neck?

CHARLOTTE

Are you his dad?

Mal looks, realizes that Darren is out in the open.

MAL

Oi, get back inside. Now!

Darren sheepishly backs away, almost embarrassed.

Evie spots a few boxes on the back of the pick up truck.

EVIE

Lot of stock left, you's been gone more than a week. That long, I expect you to shift the lot.

MATTHEW

Couldn't deliver 'owt to Mikey Cartwright. Not gonna be able to anytime soon neither. Someone torched him in his kiosk.

EVIE

Torched him?

CHARLOTTE

Aye, he went up with his stock. Police had already cordoned it off 'fore we got there.

Evie sees a reaction in Darren upon hearing the news.

Something that says he knows exactly why Mikey Cartwright was killed. And why he would know why she would also...

EVIE  
(to Darren)  
You! Give me that gun!

Evie rushes him as he steps into the house.

34

**INT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

34

Charges him like a bull, DARREN is caught off guard, gone is the friendly "old lady" he's staring at the eyes of something else entirely.

He pulls the gun from his pocket. Points it right at her.

She stops, smiles. They both know his ability to pull a trigger started and ended that night in the Albanian apartment.

In a flash she reaches forward, pops the barrel out to the side as he holds it. Disarmed.

Flips the one live round out, into the palm of her hand. Looks at it.

EVIE  
That's Mikey's metal. And this,  
this is my slug.

Darren drops the pistol to his side.

EVIE (CONT'D)  
No paedo's head gets Mikey killed.  
Certainly doesn't make Kinney  
Edwards' boy need to run and hide.

MAL  
C'mon Evie, you know how this  
works.

EVIE  
No questions asked. Aye. And I  
never had the reason to... Until  
now.  
(to Darren)  
Tell me, 'fore I start asking the  
city. Who the fuck did you kill?

MAL  
Finn Wallace.

EVIE  
(incredulous)  
Him? Finn? No, no, no no.

Darren backs across the room. Standing in the window.

MAL

I couldn't in all right tell ye...

EVIE

Yeah, cos I would never have agreed to fucking hide him.

MAL

(to Darren)

Away from the window.

Darren can't move. His eyes locked on something outside.

EVIE

Why? Why on earth did ye go for them?

MAL

We didn't. He didn't know who he was...

(distracted)

Darren! Would ya step away from the fucking window.

EVIE

(to Darren)

Who fucking hired you?

Darren lifts his hand up. Points to the window.

DARREN

Him.

EVIE looks out, through the open doorway - sees an exhausted Kinney running to the house, as his body stumbles with each step she sees in the distance exactly who Darren meant by "Him".

Leif.

Gun raised. As do the rest of his team. Aimed at Kinney as he scrambles to the house.

EVIE

GET DOWN!!!!!!

Gunfire.

Kinney drops to the floor. Scrambles across the ground.

Evie's kids on the truck get torn to shreds. This isn't rat-at-tat gang banger gunfire. This is precise. Clinical.

CHARLOTTE'S'S body pops as she bounces hard against the body of the truck, collapsing in a heap onto the ground. Throat clicking as she struggles to catch breath.

Kinney scrambles beneath the chassis, powering his way in through the open door to the house.

MUUSE and LIAM (another of Evie's boys) run, firing at windows - splintering the glass before diving through.

In the midst of the chaos and carnage...

**END OF PART TWO**

SMASH!

35

**INT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

35

Shattered windows rain down on the backs of MUUSE and LIAM as they dive to safety inside the house.

DARREN shell-shocked screams, covering his ears.

MAL watches as he obliviously edges closer to a window. He rushes, dragging him down to the ground, out of sight.

EVIE screams out in anguish rushing to the front door as she sees a scrambling Matthew shot down outside - the sadness in Matthews eyes as he reaches desperately for Evie crushes her.

MATTHEW

Mum, please...

He's too far out of reach to be saved. And Evie knows it.

A bullet snaps at the side of his head. With a roar of maternal grief Evie slams the front door shut.

This is the first time we will have consciously noticed that the inside of the door is strengthened bullet proof steel.

36

**EXT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

36

Bullets impact against it immediately. Pounding hard against the wooden exterior surface.

LEIF watches as the wood crumbles and flakes away to reveal the impenetrable structure behind.

LEIF

(in Danish)

*Flank!*

They spread out - two men rushing to the left, two to the right continuing to fire at the house leaving Leif, RED JACKET RAMBLER and TOVE to hold the fort at the front of the house.

LEIF (CONT'D)  
(to Red Jacket Rambler, in  
Danish)  
Pop it.

Gestures at the door. Red Jacket Rambler crouches low and opens a duffle bag - pulls out explosives starts to assemble.

37

**INT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

37

Back inside and EVIE gathers herself as she sees the men starting to rush to the side of the house.

EVIE  
(shouts)  
Liam! Don't let them surround us!

LIAM reacts immediately, the broken glass drifting off his body as he runs for a connecting door.

TOVE spots him, fires through the window - bullet clips his shoulder, forcing his body to spin, stumbling through the door into the kitchen at the back of the house.

The moment he lands, Liam makes eye contact with a mercenary, in the window of the back door - about to break in.

Liam throws himself up to reach a winch handle next to the light switch. Hits it. The winch starts to spin as steel security shutters fall around all the windows of the house.

As they fall the Mercenary opens fire, pops through the glass and into Liam's body - killing him. Another sacrifice.

KINNEY drags himself across the floor towards a couch, turns it over - rips open the underside to reveal an arsenal of weapons, small semi-automatics designed to spit death.

Kinney slides an MP5 across the floor to Mal. Scoops it up, rises into the smashed open window frame and fires back at them.

A hail of gunfire clatters, ricocheting against Leif's riot shield.

Return fire from Leif splinters at the wooden frame, Mal ducks away, the side of his face shredded by debris.

38

**EXT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

38

Shut out. The flanking mercenaries start climbing the drain pipes, digging climbing hooks into the old crumbling cement of the stone wall.

Like a swarm. They work their way up to find any vulnerable point of access. Tearing tiles off the roof.

39

**INT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

39

Ears prick to the sound of climbing gear, digging into the walls surrounds them. Drawing closer. Sound echoes from the empty fireplace.

Silence. Until. A rapid sound of descent. Growing louder.

Mal spins and fires at the chimney flume.

A bloodied, bullet riddled body of a mercenary hits the ground. Clattering into a pile of fire wood.

KINNEY moves to the fireplace, rams a poker through the hip of the dying merc - screams as he is pinned to the ground.

Kinney sprays lighter fluid over the body and the firewood - ignites both. Flames screaming up the chimney.

One less entrance.

MAL assess the situation.

MAL

The roof!

He charges up the stairs. Followed by Muuse.

MAL (CONT'D)

(to Evie)

You see any feet other than ours ya  
fire ye hear?

Evie nods. Takes cover behind the upturned sofa with Darren. Her gun trained where the top of the stairs and ceiling meet.

40

**INT. EVIE'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS - DAY**

40

MAL and MUUSE arrive on the third floor loft.

Two bedrooms connected by a landing space.

Separate. Mal in one room. Muuse the other.

Empty. Ghost-town.

Scrape sound from the roof. A tile removed? Muuse trains his gun on the ceiling. Waiting for confirmation.

Meanwhile, up on the roof - a Rooftop Mercenary carefully clears some insulation and places an explosive charge onto the plaster board.

Delicate hands. Gentle as he can. But still.

S-C-R-A-P-E.

Muuse's eyes widen. Opens fire. Through the ceiling. Popping at roof tiles.

The Rooftop Mercenary rolls to one side as debris pops around him. Activates the charge.

BOOM! A hole blows through the roof. Mal watches in horror as Muuse tumbles beneath the wreckage of falling beams.

Mal rushes to him - BAM! - A second explosion. The room behind him. Sends him flying across the landing.

Looks up - sees the Rooftop Mercenary in the hole through the roof - immediately shoots at him.

The Rooftop Mercenary charges across the roof. Joins the rest of the troop.

They drop down. Into the house. Infiltrate!

Muuse and Mal scramble to safety. Out of sight. Keeping their breaths quiet as they look to each other from either side of the door.

Mal slides across the floor low, into the doorway and fires immediately at the Two Mercenaries.

Takes out one. The other makes it downstairs. Only to be met by Evie's waiting gun. Bullet riddled body falls, crashing down the stairs, breaking through the bannister spindles.

Back in the loft.

A game of cat and mouse leaves Mal forced to dive for a fresh gun, while Muuse provides cover.

In the melee, Muuse is wiped out by the vastly more experienced mercenaries, while Mal charges - fresh gun blazing after taking a shot to the neck - it doesn't kill him though. He charges on, reducing the threat to a sole Injured Mercenary as he dives low, spraying his legs with bullets.

Knees pop. Sending him tumbling to the floor. Eye to eye.

Guns cast aside the Injured Mercenary pulls out a hunting knife and starts grabbing at Mal's legs.

Pulling himself across the floor towards him - he slashes wherever he can, stabbing whatever he can stab at - trying to get high enough to hit something vital.

Mal defends desperately. Using every ounce of cunning and guile he has to avoid certain death.

Scrambling, it's ugly, nasty - it's Mal managing to seize control of the knife and plunging it deep up through the palette of the Mercenaries mouth.

Shape of the blade pressing from inside the skin of his cheekbones as his eyes roll back.

Mal pushes the dead body away from him. Drags himself across the floor to a ripped open window space.

Looks down from above, squints to see in the corner of his field of view the Red Jacket Rambler with his bag of c4 - plastering the explosive charge onto the hinges of the door.

Mal coughs blood from deep in his lungs. He's dying. It's just a matter of how he goes.

What little he can do. It's what he has to do.

Grabs at a holdall of explosives. Uses all his strength to clamber over, back to the the window frame directly above the Red Jacket Rambler...

Leif and Tove see him, open fire immediately - trying to keep him inside the house.

Bullets smash through the window frame, tearing into Mal's back. He sets a charge and through sheer will and momentum leans his body back out and over the ledge.

41

**EXT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

41

He falls.

TOVE and LEIF follow - firing into his body as he falls bouncing off the stone wall -

Red Jacket Rambler looks up to see Mal's dying eyes as he lands nearby.

Thud. Wait.

NOW! BAAAAAAM!

A huge explosion rips the door open. Spreads Red Jacket Rambler and Mal across the ground.

You couldn't tell them apart.

An explosion so big, it sends Leif and Tove into the air back across the ground.

A slowly dying CHARLOTTE is showered by the exploding windows of the pick up truck.

42

**INT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

42

The house floods with light and thick smoke.

Pockets of fires illuminate the darker corners of the house.

Groaning, bleeding from a wound to her head EVIE regathers - sees the totality of the damage to everything she held dear.

Looks across to KINNEY, who holds a trembling DARREN in his arms.

Shielding him. But for how much longer.

A look of defeat in his eyes...

Not yet. Evie shakes her head. Kicks out, scraping a rug across the floor.

Lifts open the trapdoor beneath. Kinney starts to shift Darren to it.

DARREN

No! Take your fucking hands off me.

You fucking killed him...

(overwhelmed with emotion)

You fucking... Eoin... fuck ye...

(sobbing)

Ye fucking bastard...

Kinney's emotionally exhausted. Now is not the time. He strong arms him, a smothering bear hug giving his boy no choice but to collapse into him.

Wordless. He moves him to the trapdoor - overwhelms him with the sheer weight of his body.

EVIE

Go on!

Down they go.

KINNEY

Thank you.

Evie doesn't follow. Darren turns.

DARREN

What? Wait, no - come with us.

Evie looks, the smoke is starting to settle, silhouette of a riot shield approaching the now wide open space where the door used to be.

EVIE

Be worth it, boy.

DARREN

No!

Slams the trapdoor shut on them. Drags the rug back over it as cover.

Evie rushes towards... Bang!

A bullet pounds into her shoulder, forcing her to tumble over a sofa, down to the floor. Hard.

But it's not enough to keep her there.

She scrambles, crawling across the floor as follow up shots pop at sofa cushions and a vase.

Reaches up, pulls open the airing cupboard door under the stairs. As her hand slips, a bullet smashes into the door handle - shattering it.

Thick red jewels of glass rain down on her body as she crawls inside, disappearing into a pile of hanging jackets.

Into a crawlspace.

Slams shut a steel cover that pops with titanium sparks of ricocheting bullets.

Suddenly quiet.

It's too dark to see clearly her movements as she prepares her response.

Mercenary 2 steps inside, cautiously. Feet crunching at the broken glass. Floorboards creaking.

Bullet proof riot shield scraping along the rug.

Watching as the smoke settles between the hanging jackets.

Something moves. Behind the steel cover. Strains to see it.

A panel opens. Through it. The nose of a gatling gun emerges.

Eyes widen.

BRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPP!PP!

A stream of gunfire and bullets tear across the lounge, hanging jackets flapping as they are hit by the sheer power of the artillery. Sleeves catch light and start to burn.

Bullets whizz, crashing hard against the riot shield.

PANG! PANG! PANG!

The shield is strong enough to prevent them from piercing, but as Evie twists and turns the direction of the gunfire - the sheer relentless power throws Mercenary 2 off balance, twisting and turning his body into an open space.

Rat-a-tat! Bullets tear through his side, body contorting as his back up desperately tries to provide cover.

Tove, filled with rage at the sight of the Red Jacket Rambler's fallen body angrily grabs at one of Evie's boys AK-47's from the pick up truck and storms in firing indiscriminately at the airing cupboard.

Dazed by ricocheting sparks, Evie pops open the crawlspace wall and continues deeper into it.

Bullets popping through the broken wood that splinters and falls behind her - but soon enough they catch up.

You make what you know. Until it kills you.

43

**INT. EVIE'S HOUSE, TUNNEL - DAY**

43

DARREN and KINNEY walk together passing crate after crate of ammunition. But no guns to fire them.

KINNEY

Jesus, the one place you actually  
need a fuckin' gun.

Kinney struggles to walk, his open hip wound coming back to haunt him.

Darren casts a look at the amount of shed blood that has left his father's face - looking drained and pale now.

Yet he isn't ready to show compassion.

Darren continues forward. Stuffs his hand in his jacket pocket.

Kinney sees the bulge. Mikey's metal.

Kinney grabs at handfuls of bullets from a number of crates as they walk past. Snatches the gun from Darren's pocket.

DARREN

Give that back! That's mine.

Pops open the barrel - looks at the calibre.

Starts tossing away the bullets in his hand that don't fit.

Whittles them down to the ones that do.

Fills the barrel. Pops it shut. Hands Darren the gun.

KINNEY

It's worth something now.

Darren stops - at the bottom of a staircase bathed in the promise of daylight.

Of escape. The sound of a boat chugging in the distance.

KINNEY (CONT'D)

That'll be Al' c'mon ye can still  
make it.

Takes the gun and points it in his father's face.

DARREN

For a week I had one bullet left in  
that gun. Every day I saw it I  
swore I'd use it on ye.

KINNEY

Take more than that to put me down.

Darren pulls back the hammer.

DARREN

I done it 'fore. It only took a  
second.

Kinney looks him in the eyes. Searching for his son in there.

KINNEY

No, son. It took far more.

It's a truth that hits both men hard.

Kinney, grimaces the pain isn't going away anytime soon.

Sees a look of sympathy in Darren's eyes. It didn't take all  
of him away.

KINNEY (CONT'D)

Come on. You let me get you on that  
boat safely, I'll let you pull the  
trigger on *us*.

Darren takes him by the arm, slings it over his shoulder.

Up.

44

**INT. EVIE'S HOUSE, MULTIPLE ROOMS / LOUNGE - DUSK**

44

As the gunfire settles and the debris hangs in the air the  
Team look around.

The house is empty.

TOVE

(shouts to LEIF, in  
DANISH)

*She's fucking gone!*

45

**EXT. EVIE'S HOUSE - DUSK**

45

LEIF looks on from outside.

Looks to CHARLOTTE, she's bleeding - heavily. Propped up by the truck. Catching whatever breaths she has left.

Leif walks across. Sits with her.

She is visibly shivering, a combination of cold air and blood fluttering from her lips.

Leif speaks, genuine compassion in his voice.

LEIF

What's down there? Beneath the floor.

Confused tragedy in her eyes as she sees Matthew's body hanging from the back of the pick up truck.

She won't get to complain about him being over-protective anymore.

LEIF (CONT'D)

(sighs)

It hurts I know. I can't imagine it, sitting here knowing you will soon die. So young.

(shakes his head)

The boy is why... the reason for all this. Wherever he goes. I must follow. And as long as he walks, this will continue.

(beat)

So tell me, where does it lead?

Charlotte looks weakened. Blood filling her mouth.

Leif looks disappointed. Hears something, rumbling in the distance. Charlotte hears it too.

The sound of an old tugboat engine.

A tear of resignation wells in Charlotte's eyes. Leif sees it, smiles.

LEIF (CONT'D)

You can die now.

Leif walks, past the house, over the brow of a hill.

In the distance, Evie's house looks tattered and torn.

Smashed windows. Smoke billowing.

Concealed by an over-growth of grass and sand, a door.

It opens. Out step KINNEY and DARREN.

Darren continues to drag his father, step by step, heavy arm slung over his shoulder.

Up ahead, the tugboat arrives at the jetty.

Its captain, ALBERT, 60s, rugged, Evie's husband - looks on in horror at the situation he has arrived at.

KINNEY  
Keep her runnin'

ALBERT  
What happened? Where's my Evie?

KINNEY  
We had a deal. Keep her runnin'

BAM!

Albert's face pops open. Small hole in his cheek.

Another opens out his neck.

A third shot smashes through a window behind him as he falls to the deck.

Kinney looks over his shoulder, in the distance he sees LEIF as he casually walks over the brow of the hill.

From that distance he would have to be some shot.

But he evidently is. And Kinney knows it.

As their feet pound at the wooden boardwalk, edging closer to the tugboat Leif starts firing.

Kinney wraps his body around Darren.

KINNEY (CONT'D)  
You get on her. You aim her straight.

His back exploding as bullets land into him with a thud.

DARREN  
Dad. Please.

He takes them.

KINNEY  
You push it as hard as ye can. As far as she'll go.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

His legs struggle to keep moving, to keep shielding his boy.

Leif watches. Almost in admiration.

But admiration is one thing. A job is another. Aims lower.

For the criss-crossing of Kinney's and Darren's legs.

Bang! Darren's knee pops. He falls, taking with him, the weight of his father as they hit the jetty.

Kinney lifts himself and Darren up -

As they rise, Kinney's arm rests draped over him, head resting on his shoulder - holds him tight, hand feeling Darren's heartbeat - as he did when he was just a child.

Together they look out as the sun sets on the horizon.

A moment of quiet.

DARREN

Dad...

KINNEY

Son.

Pop. A bullet travels through.

Goes into Kinney's back.

Comes out through the back of his hand.

Darren's eyes close. He falls from his grip.

Kinney's face flecked by the blood of his son.

The gunshot echoes, ringing out like a shadow of grief.

All that's left is the sound of the tugboat engine as it continues to chug and the footsteps of Leif as he casually approaches his targets.

Kinney, pinned to the floor, laying there on his chest.

Watches as Leif's feet pass him, as he crouches to place a finger on Darren's neck.

No pulse. Job done. Kinney lays there, resigned.

KINNEY (CONT'D)

Why? Why'dja pick him?

Leif turns, looks him in the eye.

KINNEY (CONT'D)

Because no one would care.

Leif walks back along the jetty, towards a broken Kinney.

BANG! A final gunshot pins his head down.



JEEVAN (O.S.)  
Any collateral?

LEIF (O.S.)  
Few casualties on our side.  
No one important.

JEEVAN  
Remove all trace. Then return to  
London. Orders just came in. We  
have a new target. Another son.

He hangs up the phone.

51

**EXT. EVIE'S HOUSE, JETTY - EARLY EVENING**

51

EVIE'S house burns in the distance.

Smoke and flames billowing from the windows.

Back at the jetty and as the waves roll in around him, leif  
watches as the dusk sky turns blood red.

**END OF EPISODE**