

FORGET ABOUT IT

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. EMBANKMENT - BENCH - LONDON - DAY

A light grey mist sweeps over the Thames. The picture is monotone, timeless. A man in a TRILBY HAT sits reading a copy of the TIMES on a wrought iron bench.

MUSIC PLAYS

A pastiche of the John Le Carre era, echoes of the Ipcress File and Get Carter. The mood is cold war.

CHANGE OF ANGLE

A set of BABY BUGGY wheels move past, followed by a pair of feet in PINK trainers -- they apply the brake.

BACK TO SCENE

Trilby Hat looks around, furtive...expectant. PIGEONS strut around the man's feet, he kicks at them, scattering them, he's not a bird lover.

Another MAN approaches, a furred umbrella under his arm, clutching a rolled up newspaper.

He sits next to Trilby Hat on the bench -- hands him his newspaper and in turn is handed a wad of cash. He leaves.

Trilby Hat looks at the baby buggy which has been abandoned fifty feet away. Looks around for the mother, no sign.

A whirring SOUND from the buggy.

ANGLE ON BUGGY

A baby's HEAD swings up -- the snout of a machine gun extends out -- jams, then sinks back in.

BANG! It's head blows off.

INT. CAR - VIEW THROUGH TV MONITOR - DAY

A small black and white screen.

CHANGE OF ANGLE

HANDS wearing nail polish fiddle with a remote control joystick.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Bollocks!

EXT. EMBANKMENT - BENCH - LONDON - DAY

Trilby Hat stands up. He turns and runs towards the road.

BRRRRRR This time the baby's head gun strafes the bench he's just left. Trilby hat glances behind -- keeps running.

WHUMP!

A bus smacks into him -- sends him flying into the air before crashing onto the ground. Dead.

The bus skids past. There's a poster on it's side, a giant pigeon's head advertising an animated film -- VALIANT II.

EXT. LLANDUDNO, SILVER SCREEN SALOON - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A film themed pub on the seafront. Newspapers blow past, it's out of season and deserted apart from mobility buggies that grind past it.

INT. THE SILVER SCREEN SALOON - DAY

Signed photo's of film stars on the walls, lots of chrome and perspex. Three middle aged MEN perch uncomfortably around a garish acrylic table. Pints of beer in front of each of them.

A MAN reads a tabloid newspaper which obscures his face.

MAN (V.O.)

I don't believe that!

He puts the paper down. An open face, the sort of face you'd buy double glazing from. Meet TERRY GLENDALE (50s) he's always got an opinion. A empty chair at the end of the table.

On Terry's left sits GEORGE MORTON (50s) he clutches an electronic cigarette, stares at it mournfully.

GEORGE

Remote controlled babies with machine guns? Naa, me neither, load of bollocks!

Terry shakes his head. Picks up the paper again. Reads.

TERRY

No. This. Samantha, twenty one from Essex, thinks that our soldiers should be brought home sooner instead of cutting back on more strategic parts within our defence budget.

He shows the picture to the man on his right. This is LEONARD SELBY (50s), a perpetually mournful face, looks like he has the weight of the world on his shoulders. He looks at the paper.

LEONARD

Well she's certainly cut back on her outfit.

Terry shows the paper to George.

GEORGE

I'd go AWOL for Samantha!

Terry nods in the direction of the barmaid, a woman who's seen a lot of good times, probably in Essex.

TERRY

Let's face it mate you'd go AWOL for anything right now.

(yelling)

Same again gorgeous.

BARMAID

Coming right up monkey face.

GEORGE

I'm just going through a dry patch.

TERRY

Dry patch? More like the Gobi desert.

LEONARD

We can't all be babe magnets.

TERRY

I was a Velcro gigolo compared to Ray.

GEORGE

Yes, he was the master. It won't be the same without him.

They look at the empty seat.

TERRY

He's probably shagging his way through the celestial choir as we speak.

LEONARD

Live by the sword, die by the sword.

GEORGE

Or under a three hundred pound
Filipino maid in his case.

LEONARD

Least he died happy.
(a beat as he takes a sip
of beer, then)
Got to be better than a lingering
death.

GEORGE

If I get something nasty I'm taking
the pills.
(drinking up)
Right, your round I believe.

He looks at Leonard who seems distracted.

LEONARD

Is it?

Terry shakes his head.

TERRY

Mine's a half.

PRELAP the sound of a jet taking off.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - ARRIVAL HALL - DAY

A throng of passengers dressed in the wrong clothes for
anywhere but an airport.

A passenger reads USA Today. The headlines read "**Texan
manhunt continues**" A blurred identi-kit picture of a man
wearing a STETSON accompanies the article.

A luggage TROLLEY heads through a crowd of people. Smacking
into shins.

PASSENGER (V.O.)

Ow! Watch it! Bloody yanks.

Cowboy boots click across the floor -- a trolley wheel
shrieks. A tall MAN with a hard looking face and a white
STETSON scans the crowds. He clutches a bottle of JD whiskey.

A WOMEN holds up a card which displays MR. EZEKIAL GULCHER.
Meet MELANIE SYMS (40s) a pretty face threatened by worry
lines. Her blue eyes alert.

The cowboy approaches her. EZEKIAL GULCHER (30s) close up we see he's a mean rattlesnake of a man.

EZEKIAL
You looking for me?

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - CONCOURSE - DAY

Melanie struggles to load a large suitcase into the boot of her elderly Volvo. Ezekial stands by the door watching her. He lights up a cigar. Melanie opens the door.

MELANIE
No smoking I'm afraid.

Ezekial climbs in, continues puffing on the cigar.

EZEKIAL
You don't say.

He uncaps the bottle of Jack Daniels, takes a big gulp from it. Melanie sighs, slams the door.

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

The Volvo heads towards London. A glass sliding partition has been fitted between the front seats and the back.

INT. VOLVO - TRAVELLING

Ezekial picks up a postcard from the floor of the cab.

MELANIE
You from Texas then?

Ezekial looks at her. He studies the picture of Llandudno beach on the postcard -- stuffs it in his pocket absently.

EZEKIAL
What makes you think that?

Melanie shrugs. Tries to keep the conversation going.

MELANIE
Just a hunch.

EZEKIAL
Gee, is everybody over here as smart as you?

Melanie bites her lip.

EXT. MOTORWAY - HARD SHOULDER - LATER

A car is parked up. A WOMEN toilets her small child as the wind from passing lorries batters her. She yells at the child.

WOMEN

Finished?

She dresses the boy. A familiar white STETSON rolls past. The women looks at it -- turns to see.

A pair of booted feet poking out of the grass at the edge of the hard shoulder.

A police SIREN wails in the distance.

INT. LEONARD'S FLAT - LOUNGE - DAY

Leonard sits in an armchair doing a crossword. He's only managed one clue. The flat is scruffy, lacking a women's touch. He puts the paper down and gets up.

LEONARD

Bloody thing, used to be easier.

On the mantelpiece some photos. Leonard and George in some Eastern European landscape wearing UNICEF overalls. Leonard and his bride at a wedding. A much younger Leonard than now.

He turns the television on. Heads into the...

KITCHEN

Puts the kettle on.

SITTING ROOM

The news comes on. A reporter stands on a motorway bridge overlooking the traffic.

REPORTER (V.O.)

...the body found earlier today was
a man wanted by police for
questioning about a series of child
murders on the borders of El
Paso...

Leonard comes back in with a mug of coffee and a teaspoon. He picks up a yellow post it note and reads it.

LEONARD
Sugar. Bollocks!

INT. HOSPITAL - CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

Leonard sits opposite DR WISDOM (50s), a dry, sallow cheeked individual with a sniff. He studies some notes.

DR WISDOM
There are some further tests we can do...

LEONARD
And if it is, I mean...is there anything that can help?

The Doctor looks at him.

DR WISDOM
Well, not specifically, but things change all the time, and science is always moving forwards. There could be a cure just around the corner.

Leonard stares at him, frightened and angry.

LEONARD
Which bloody corner?

EXT. PARK - DAY

George and Leonard stand in front of a small lake. They throw some pieces of bread to the ducks who squabble over them.

GEORGE
You're sure?

Leonard nods.

LEONARD
It's been gradual, I just thought I was tired. After Marjory left I was all over the place, never really got back into any kind of routine.

GEORGE
I just thought you were a bit absent minded.

LEONARD
Me too, but no. It's the big A.

GEORGE
Amnesia?

LEONARD
No.

GEORGE
Aspergers?

LEONARD
No.

GEORGE
Asthma?

LEONARD
For Christ's sake George! It's
Alzheimers.

GEORGE
Oh right.

He nods sympathetically, struggles for something to say.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
They're always finding cures for
things.

LEONARD
Well they'd better hurry up. I can
barely find my slippers.

They continue to feed the ducks in silence.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Do you remember that orphanage
outside Split.

GEORGE
Yeah, bloody hell hole.

LEONARD
Those men that had been there all
there lives, minds gone, vacant
eyes, just dribbling and smiling.

George looks at him, wonders where this is going.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
We made a pact.

Leonard looks at George. George nods.

GEORGE
I remember, but...

LEONARD

I don't want to go this way George.

GEORGE

You're not going anywhere. We haven't seen the Crazy Horse show in Paris yet.

LEONARD

I haven't even seen Paris.

A silence as they both think about this.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I'm not asking you to do it yourself. But you know people, you served in the forces.

GEORGE

Yes, but...

LEONARD

I have ten thousand pounds. I just need you to make the call. I don't want to know when, just make it quick.

He pulls a brown paper packet out of his pocket and sticks it in George's hand.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

It's what friends do.

He walks off. George stares at him, looks at the money and back at Leonard walking away.

INT. SCHOOL CANTEEN - DAY

A ZOO of jostling kids, some bigger and uglier than the others, future captains of industry, some already small bankers. Melanie serves a kid dessert -- custard and sponge.

MELANIE

There you go.

A thick necked boy shoves the kid aside. Leers at Melanie.

THICK NECK

Slap something moist in there babe.

He sniggers to his friends. Melanie fills his plate with sponge, then pours some custard.

MELANIE
Watch out it's hot.

Thick neck leans over and whispers to his mate.

THICK NECK
Unlike her, ha.

Melanie expertly flicks a gob of hot custard at him, catches him in the eye.

THICK NECK (CONT'D)
Ah! My eye!

MELANIE
Told you to watch that. Next!

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

George is on his mobile in his car.

INT. CAR - DAY

George listens.

GEORGE
Hello, Bill...yeah long time no see. Look I need a favour...

A SERIES OF SHOTS

George in an empty bus shelter.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
A wedding, I don't see how that...

George walks through the PARK.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I saved your life you ungrateful...hello, hello?

George in a deserted children's playground.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
He's dying anyway...what's the difference?

From his expression it's another dead end.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Yeah, you too.

Off George's face, desolate.

EXT. PARK - DUSK

George, tired and world weary, sits on a swing in the park. He puffs on a large CIGAR, savours the guilty pleasure. Listens on his mobile. A kid comes up to him.

GEORGE

Jog on.

(the kid runs off)

Hello, yeah, I got your number from a friend. I was wondering...how much!?

(He listens)

Overheads, what overheads? It's not like I'm asking you to take the Prime Minister down.

Cigar clamped in his teeth, he listens on the phone. Starts to unconsciously swing backwards and forwards.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Well do you know anybody who...I see, okay, text me the number.

George goes to look at his phone, takes his hand off the swing -- flies through the air and out of shot. A dull thud.

GEORGE (OS) (CONT'D)

Shit!

EXT. PARK - EVENING

George limps through the park, dials a number.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Melanie drinks a cup of tea, tucks into ham egg and chips. On the table in front of her are three battered, pay as you go phones, same make and model Red, Green and Yellow.

The YELLOW one rings, it has an oriental ring tone. Melanie picks it up.

MELANIE

Hello, Mr Wong...when? Okay, address?

She scribbles an address down.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Cash yes?

She cuts the phone off. The GREEN phone rings, a poppy ring tune.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Oh Hi babe, thanks for ringing back. I've gotta' go out this evening, a job yeah. There's a casserole in the freezer, and don't stay up late, you've got job interviews tomorrow...yeah, love you.

She takes a gulp of the tea and a last forkful of food. Bends down and picks up a black holdall from under the table. Plops some cash down, scoops up the phones and leaves.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Melanie's Volvo sits outside a house.

INT. VOLVO - SAMETIME

The holdall is on the back seat. Melanie wears a long dark coat. She's nervous, takes a deep breath, tries to calm herself.

MELANIE

Pull yourself together, you've done it before, it pays well and it doesn't take long. Right.

She reaches round and grabs the holdall -- leaves the car and heads across the road, up the path to the house and rings the bell. A light goes on in the hall.

Melanie reaches into the holdall -- the door opens...

INT. WONG'S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

A party is in full swing. A group of twenty CHINESE men clap and whoop excitedly. MUSIC plays.

In front of them, a WOMAN in a dragon mask and a sequined bikini is doing an exotic belly dance. It's Melanie. The men are going wild, and to be fair she's pretty hot.

She dances amongst the men and they stuff five pound notes into her costume as she wiggles around them.

One man, CHANG (30s), is mesmerised -- follows her with puppy dog eyes, shoves twenty pound notes into her costume, tries for a quick feel, she flicks his nose -- Chang's eyes water.

EXT. WONG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Melanie heads out of the house towards her car.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

She gets into the car. Dumps the holdall onto the back seat. Begins to count her takings. It's a lot.

MELANIE

I'm doing the right thing for the
Wong people.

She starts to laugh.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

What am I like?

She pulls out her RED mobile phone from the bag -- it's dead. She plugs it into the cigar lighter. It comes on.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

Ten missed calls.

VOLVO

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Typical.

The voicemail calls back -- a snatch of the Mission Impossible TV theme. She hits answer. Listens.

OFF MELANIE'S FACE. Not happy at what she hears.

EXT. GOLDEN SLOTS ARCADE - LLANDUDNO SEASIDE - DAY

An arcade that's seen better days. Even the laughing policeman in the window looks miserable. KIDS hang around the front entrance eating fish and chips.

An OBNOXIOUS KID sneers at her, spits on the ground. He has so many gold chains on one of his wrists he can barely lift his arm to take a final drag on his cigarette.

OBNOXIOUS KID

Oi, gis' a fag bitch.

He flicks the butt away, just misses her.

MELANIE

Does your parole officer know
you're out?

OBNOXIOUS KID

Funny bitch...hope your face get's
better soon.

They laugh as she goes past them and into...

INT. GOLDEN SLOTS ARCADE - DAY

She goes over to the change machine. A white haired MAN
counts change out -- studies a dime coin.

WHITE HAired MAN

Bloody yanks.

Melanie taps on the glass.

MELANIE

Marconi's expecting me.

The man nods -- hits a button. Melanie heads towards the back
of the arcade -- pushes through a door which buzzes shut
behind her. Heads up a flight of stairs.

INT. GOLDEN SLOTS ARCADE - MARCONI'S WORKSHOP - DAY

A large man, MARCONI, (50s), hums across the floor in an old
ELECTRIC WHEELCHAIR.

The workshop is littered with electronic equipment, most of
it, like Marconi, past it's sell by date.

An old delivery doorway set into the wall is padlocked shut --
a DO NOT OPEN sign on it with the silhouette of someone
falling off a cliff next to it.

Melanie joins him at his workbench. There's a movie poster on
the wall behind -- Robert Redford in "Three Days of The
Condor" Pieces of a plastic BABY DOLL are strewn around.

MARCONI

Bloody hinge jammed.

MELANIE

If he hadn't stepped in front of a
bus...

Marconi levers a piece of plastic out of a set of gears.

MARCONI

Cold weather must have weakened the glue, the mouth jammed...stopped the barrel coming out.

Melanie looks around.

MELANIE

You need to get yourself some new equipment. Mickey Mouse would be embarrassed to be seen using this stuff.

MARCONI

The economies's shit love, that's why you're busy, 'cos we're cheap.

MELANIE

You don't have to tell me. I'm doing three jobs just to keep my daughter in trainers.

Marconi gets out of his wheelchair and walks over to a filing cabinet -- pulls out a file. Melanie nods at the wheelchair.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Where'd you get that thing?

MARCONI

Car boot sale, it was a bargain.

Melanie goes over to it -- touches one of the armrests, which immediately falls off. She picks it up and slides it back on.

MELANIE

A real bargain. I'm surprised you didn't snap up a stair lift while you were there.

MARCONI

Don't be stupid, those stairs are the only exercise I get.

He hands her the file.

MELANIE

What's this?

MARCONI

The job you missed because you were too busy to answer your phone.

She dumps the file on the table. A PHOTO slides half out, a HEADSHOT. It's Leonard. Melanie barely registers it.

MELANIE

Thanks for that, wasn't my fault the sodding battery died. You could've waited.

MARCONI

You know the rules, you snooze you lose.

MELANIE

The amount of sleep you get how big a loser are you? What sort of job was it anyway?

MARCONI

Some guy with a disease, doesn't want a lingering death.

MELANIE

Bollocks.

MARCONI

Bollocks is right. Would have been the easiest ten thousand you ever earned. Minus my expenses.

MELANIE

What expenses?

MARCONI

We're in Wales, anything specialist has to be brought in. They don't have a Spies-R-Us shop in Llandudno.

MELANIE

Right. Well the next job I do for you I don't want any more babies with exploding heads.

Marconi reaches into a draw and pulls out a stuffed cat. wires dangle from it's arse. He strokes it. Does a bad Sean Connery accent.

MARCONI

How about a Pusshy cat?

INT. LEONARD'S FLAT - DAY

Leonard stares blankly at the crossword. The phone rings, he goes over and picks it up.

LEONARD

Hello? Dr who? Wisdom? I er, yes I remember...when? Okay, I'll see you then.

He puts the phone down. Picks up a yellow post-it note and writes a time and a name down. "DR WISDOM 3,0'CLOCK TODAY."

He adds a date. He picks up a TAXI business card by the phone and dials the number.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I'd like to book a taxi.

EXT. STREET - DAY

George hurries along the pavement towards a post box, he still limps. The postman is emptying the letters out. George gets there and hands him a sheaf of letters.

POSTMAN

Just made it.

George nods, too out of breath to speak. He leans against the box, red in the face.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)

You alright mate?

George nods.

GEORGE

Bit out of breath, I'll be f...

He flops over onto the pavement -- gasping for air, face grey.

POSTMAN

Shit!

EXT. LEONARD'S FLAT - DAY

A familiar Volvo waits outside. For the first time we see the sign on the side of the car door "CONDOR CABS".

INT. VOLVO - DAY

Melanie looks over at the flats. Waiting for her fare. Leonard's face looms up next to the window -- she jumps.

MELANIE

Shit!

She lowers the window. Leonard looks at her.

LEONARD
Condor cabs?

MELANIE
That's me. Hop in.

Leonard gets in the back. Melanie looks in the rear view mirror.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
Have you used me before?

Leonard tries to remember. Shakes his head.

LEONARD
I don't think so. I must have one
of those faces.

Melanie tries to remember where she's seen him -- can't. She looks in the rearview mirror, studies him.

MELANIE
We've all got one of those faces
love.

She starts the car up and pulls out.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Melanie pulls up outside.

INT. VOLVO

Leonard hands her a five pound note.

LEONARD
Keep the change.

He goes to get out.

MELANIE
You want me to wait?

Leonard hesitates.

LEONARD
No, I'll be fine, if I need you I
have your card...

He fumbles in his pockets, looks in his wallet, can't find it. She hands him another card.

MELANIE

There you go.

Leonard takes it, puts it in his wallet.

LEONARD

Thanks.

He smiles at her and hops out. She watches him go.

INT. HOSPITAL - DR WISDOM'S OFFICE

Leonard sits opposite Dr Wisdom's desk. On the wall behind him are two pictures of brain scans -- a before and after of some sort of treatment.

LEONARD

You saying there's a cure?

Dr Wisdom ploughs on, excited.

DR WISDOM

They took forty mice, half of them had Alzheimer's the others were normal. They gave them nicotinamide for four months...

Dr Wisdom gets up and taps the pictures behind him.

DR WISDOM (CONT'D)

The mice that originally had Alzheimer's were completely cured...

LEONARD

But isn't it years before they allow humans to use the drugs?

DR WISDOM

No, nicotinamide is vitamin B three it's already freely available. They're looking for test subjects to help them with their research...you've been accepted.

He picks up a sheet of paper...slides it across to Leonard.

DR WISDOM (CONT'D)

You won't even have to pay for the tablets.

Leonard looks at him, starts to smile, it fades.

DR WISDOM (CONT'D)
What is it, what's a matter?

LEONARD
I don't know. I can't remember.

DR WISDOM
It doesn't matter, forget about it,
you'll soon be able to remember
whatever it was. And all the other
things you've forgotten.

Dr Wisdom goes over to his desk -- pulls out a bottle of
pills and hands them to Leonard.

DR WISDOM (CONT'D)
There's a month's supply to be
going on with. You just need to
check in every month and keep a
diary of how you're getting on.

Leonard takes the tablets, stares at them bemused.

DR WISDOM (CONT'D)
Off you go. Today's the first day
of the rest of your life.

Leonard smiles hesitantly, something nagging away at the back
of his mind.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Leonard wanders down the corridor in a daze.

TERRY (V.O.)
Leonard? Leonard!

Leonard turns to see Terry staring at him.

TERRY
How did you know?

LEONARD
What?

TERRY
George. He's had a heart attack.

LEONARD
When?

TERRY
Few hours ago...he's in a coma.

LEONARD
I didn't know...

Terry looks at him.

TERRY
What are you doing here?

LEONARD
Just a check up.

TERRY
Oh. Everything okay?

LEONARD
Yes, I think so.

INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - DAY

Terry and Leonard sit either side of George who is hooked up to monitors and life support machines.

LEONARD
I was only speaking to him
yesterday.
(beat)
I think.

TERRY
What about?

Leonard thinks.

LEONARD
I forget.

TERRY
Those bloody cigars, I always said
they'd be the death of him.

LEONARD
Did he say anything?

TERRY
I got here just after the
ambulance.

GEORGE
Was he conscious?

TERRY
Slipping in and out...now you come
to mention it, he did say
something.

LEONARD

What?

TERRY

It sounded like...Condor.

EXT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - DAY

A small semi-detached house in an ex-council estate. The Condor Cabs Volvo is parked outside.

INT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Melanie pokes at something in a frying pan. Her daughter ZENA, nineteen going on thirty. A painful reminder of how beautiful Melanie used to look, does her nails at the table.

ZENA

Thanks for this mum, sorry I've been a bit off...just losing my job, well I know how hard you have to work just to stand still.

MELANIE

It's alright, I was going to rustle up something for myself anyway.

Melanie prods at some sort of chicken in a sauce busy gluing itself to the bottom of the pan. Zena looks over.

ZENA

You okay?

Melanie looks over, smiles.

MELANIE

I'm alright.

ZENA

It's just you look a bit...distracted.

MELANIE

Honestly I'm fine, just got a lot on at the moment trying to keep on top of things.

ZENA

I can stay in if you like? We can watch a mindless talent contest and take the piss out of the contestants.

MELANIE

No, you go out and have a good time with your mates. I've got some stuff to do. Besides you need to relax a bit after your interviews.

Melanie looks at a framed photograph on the wall. It shows Zena playing hockey. Melanie runs a finger over the photo.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

It only seems like yesterday you were on the hockey pitch.

ZENA

On the ground you mean. You'd yell "BALL" from the sidelines every time the ball came near me and I'd throw myself to the ground. It was well embarrassing.

Melanie smiles.

MELANIE

Yeah. And that's why you still have all your own teeth.

Zena smiles and shakes her head at the memory.

ZENA

You know, there's nothing stopping you coming out with us for a drink one night.

MELANIE

I'm not really looking for a grope with a spotty teenager, but thanks for the offer.

ZENA

That's not what I meant...some of them have quite smooth skin.

Melanie throws an oven glove at her.

MELANIE

I know how your mind works. Get the old bag hooked up with somebody and I'll be off your back.

ZENA

No, it's not that. But you won't have your allure forever.

MELANIE

Allure? Where'd you hear that?

ZENA

Dunno' some TV show I think.

MELANIE

Well me and my allure aren't dead yet. I'm just not in the mood at the moment.

Zena comes over, gives her a hug.

ZENA

Sorry mum, I know you miss dad. But you won't always feel like this, you just need to meet the right man.

MELANIE

I know...Bollocks.

She looks down at the pan -- the chicken's a goner.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Fancy a Chinese?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Melanie parks outside the LAUGHING WOK restaurant. Heads in.

INT. LAUGHING WOK - NIGHT

She goes over to the desk. CHIN, a beaming waiter comes over.

CHIN

Goo evening miss Melanie, how you this morning?

Melanie smiles at his mangled English.

MELANIE

Fine Chin, how are things with you?

CHIN

Very lickity split miss Melanie. You want fifty-seven?

MELANIE

Thanks Chin, two of them and two portions of ninety seven rice, thanks.

Chin cocks his head to one side -- grins toothily.

CHIN

Big date Miss Melanie?

MELANIE

Dinner in with my daughter, but
thanks for the optimism.

CHIN

Sorry Miss Melanie, you pretty
lady, love come soon yes.

MELANIE

Throw in some fortune cookies and
I'll let you know.

Chin chuckles.

CHIN

You funny. We have new chef, very
good, maybe you eat here one night
yes?

Melanie smiles.

MELANIE

Maybe.

Chin shoots off. Melanie looks around at the diners. A
smattering of couples, a few of them actually look happy.

She turns back and sees a face peering through the glass
window in the kitchen door. Chang from the belly dance party.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Shit!

Chin appears with the food order. He sees Melanie staring at
the kitchen door.

CHIN

You see Chang, he new chef, shit
hot, I introduce you, he want to
acquaintance you.

Melanie slaps a twenty pound note down on the desk, grabs the
food.

MELANIE

I'm sure he does, maybe next time,
bit of a rush, thanks Chin.

She hurries to the door leading to the street, flicks a quick look behind her as she yanks it open and heads out.

BANG!

She smashes straight into a MAN coming in -- FOOD EXPLODES everywhere, rice and sauce splattering both of them. She looks at the man -- it's Leonard.

INT. MELANIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Leonard is in the back seat, Melanie drives. She looks in the rearview mirror at Leonard.

MELANIE

I'm really sorry.

LEONARD

It's alright, you didn't need to go to all this trouble...

MELANIE

It's the least I could do, can't have you wandering the streets in that state...looks like a drunk's thrown up over you.

LEONARD

I suppose, but you didn't have to buy me the meal.

(beat)

Have we met before?

Melanie flicks a look at him -- is he serious.

MELANIE

I really have lost it.

LEONARD

Sorry...lost what?

MELANIE

My allure...just something my daughter said.

LEONARD

I don't think that's true.

MELANIE

Thank you...and yes we have met before, I took you to the hospital the other day.

Leonard wrinkles his nose in concentration.

LEONARD

Right, sorry, my memory...

MELANIE

No problem, rather your memory than my allure...sorry, I don't mean...

LEONARD

That's alright, I'm not normally like this.

Melanie looks at him, confused at this information.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Condor cabs, interesting name.

MELANIE

My dad used to like the Cigars...Condor.

LEONARD

There was an advert wasn't there?

MELANIE

Yes, that Condor moment, mid eighties. Funny we used to love the smell...now we know they're a health risk it takes the edge off it.

LEONARD

Yes, my friend used to smoke cigars.

He pauses sadly.

MELANIE

Something wrong?

LEONARD

He's in a coma.

(beat)

The last thing he said was Condor.

MELANIE

He must have loved his cigars.

Leonard looks out of the window.

LEONARD

Yes, he did...just here on the left.

EXT. LEONARD'S FLAT - NIGHT

Leonard and Melanie stop at the door to the building. Melanie holds the bags of food as Leonard searches through his pockets for the keys.

LEONARD

Ahh.

MELANIE

Problem?

LEONARD

I think I may have left them in the flat.

Melanie puts the bag down -- pulls out a small pick from her pocket -- jiggles the lock, it clicks open. Leonard stares.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

That's impressive.

MELANIE

I used to be a locksmith.

They go in.

LEONARD

I guess you'll have to come up.

MELANIE

Yale?

LEONARD

Sorry?

MELANIE

The lock.

LEONARD

Right, yes.

INT. FLAT - HALLWAY

Melanie puts the food down and jiggles the lock. The door opens. She hands the food to Leonard.

MELANIE

There you go. Soak your shirt in cold water with a bit of bleach.

She turns to go.

LEONARD

Wait. Er, I hate eating alone, why don't we share?

Melanie looks at him -- considers.

INT. LEONARD'S FLAT

Leonard nips around tidying as he talks. The television plays in the background as he goes into the...

KITCHEN

Searches for a couple of clean plates and some knives and forks.

LIVING ROOM

Melanie is perched on a small clear area of a sofa that's seen better days, cluttered with newspapers and magazines.

LEONARD (O.S.)

How'd you like it, on the rice or alongside?

Melanie is distracted by something on the television.

MELANIE

Either's fine.

Leonard comes in and hands her a plate and knife and fork. He sweeps the magazines and papers along the couch making some room.

LEONARD

Sorry about the mess, I've been a bit out of sorts recently.

Melanie is now staring fixedly at the television.

INSERT SCREEN

A report from CNN on the BBC news. An anchorman interviews a tall MAN in a stetson. It looks like Ezekial Gulcher, but it's not...it's SCOTT GULCHER his twin brother.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

Scott Gulcher has vowed to clear his brother's name and to find his killer and bring him to justice.

The camera pans to Scott -- he doesn't look happy.

SCOTT (V.O.)

I will be travelling to Europe,
England to find my brother's killer
and to clear his name of these
heinous allegations...and when I
find the sonofabitch that cut short
his sweet life they will not be
spared...

The anchorman steps in to cut short the escalation.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

There you have it, if any viewers
out there have information you can
call us at KZ678...and now the
weather...Daisy.

An impossibly beautiful golden tressed girl points at a map
of Texas.

BACK TO SCENE

Melanie stares at the screen. Sauce leaks from her plate and
drips unnoticed onto her jeans.

LEONARD

Sauce.

Melanie looks at him.

MELANIE

I guess he has a right...

LEONARD

No, your sauce.

Melanie looks down at her plate.

MELANIE

Great.

Leonard gets up and heads into the kitchen.

LEONARD (O.S.)

Cloth with a bit of cold water?

MELANIE

Thanks.

Leonard comes in and hands her the cloth. Melanie rubs at the
stain. Leonard nods at the TV.

LEONARD

Wouldn't want to be on the wrong
side of that nut job.

Melanie looks at her congealing meal.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

You'd better eat that before it
goes cold.

He wolfs down his food -- talks with a mouth half full.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

He's probably all hat and no
cattle.

OFF Melanie's bloodless face.

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - ARRIVAL HALL

SHINY alligator skin BOOTS clack across the floor. SCOTT
GULCHER (30s) and the spitting image of his brother, pushes a
baggage cart through the arrivals hall.

It contains a huge black canvas bag, the size of a body bag.
He comes to a halt. A porter hovers nearby -- comes over.

PORTER

Wanna' hand mate?

Scott stares at him menacingly.

SCOTT

No one puts a hand on my bag, less
he wants to lose it.

The porter backs off, hands raised.

PORTER

All right mate, take it easy.

Scott throws the massive holdall onto one shoulder like it
was a handbag and strides towards the exit.

INT. GOLDEN SLOTS ARCADE - MARCONI'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Marconi tinkers with something on his workbench. Melanie is
pacing behind him.

MELANIE

What am I going to do?

Marconi looks over -- he wears a magnifying glass on one eye, looks like a demented cyclops.

MARCONI

There's nothing to link you with anything. The Police think it was an accident, which it was.

MELANIE

Until his brother starts snooping around. What if he wasn't the serial killer? What if it was really his brother Scott and he took the rap?

Marconi stops soldering.

MARCONI

Ahh.

MELANIE

Ahh, what does ahh mean?

MARCONI

It means Ahh shit, we may have a problem.

MELANIE

You're a real help.

Marconi shrugs.

MARCONI

Well just have to head him off at the pass.

He produces a white STETSON. Slips a slim curved box with a flashing red LED into the SWEATBAND inside. He jogs the hat back and forwards as if on a galloping horse

MARCONI (CONT'D)

Move 'em up, Head 'em up
Head 'em up Move 'em on
Move 'em on Head 'em up
Rawhide! KABOOM!

He holds up a mobile phone.

MARCONI (CONT'D)

Triggered remotely.

Melanie looks at him.

MELANIE

Oh right, I just wander over and ask to borrow his hat.

MARCONI

Just a thought.

MELANIE

I need some money. What about that job, can't you tell them I'm available?

Marconi shrugs.

MARCONI

It's a closed loop, once it goes back to the office that's the end of it.

MELANIE

What happens if the contract isn't fulfilled?

MARCONI

It goes back into the pool.

Marconi zips over to the window in his wheelchair -- looks out over the promenade at the sea skyline.

MELANIE

Sod it.

She sees the file lying on the worktop. Idly flicks through it -- her eyes widen as she sees the photo. She runs out of the room.

MARCONI

Anyway, that's not likely to happen. Man like that's a sitting duck.

He spins round -- Melanie's gone.

MARCONI (CONT'D)

Charming.

EXT. LOU'S LIMOS - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A garish sign displays a pink stretch limo. Scott goes in.

INT. LOU'S LIMOS - DAY

A large battered desk a phone and a mic. Behind the desk, stomach flowing onto it, LOU COSMOTOPOLIS (50s) greasy hair, hand a conveyor belt between his mouth and a bowl of crisps.

COSMOTOPOLIS

I don't care what you were doing,
when I give you a job you do it...

Scott towers over Lou. Lou waves at him to take a seat. Scott ignores him. Lou listens to the phone.

COSMOTOPOLIS (CONT'D)

Triple bypasses aren't that big a
deal nowadays...just get your mum
some flowers and make the pick
up...

Scott reaches down -- takes the mobile from him. Scrunches the phone in one iron fist, reduces it to plastic fragments which trickle onto the desk in front of him.

SCOTT

I'm looking for a taxi company
based in Llandudno, Wales. Picked
my brother up from Heathrow airport
two days ago.

He produces a photo of Ezekial Gulcher -- puts it down on the desk. Lou tries to get up but Scott pushes the desk into his gut, trapping him between the wall and the desk -- keeps pushing as Lou struggles to breath.

COSMOTOPOLIS

Why Llandudno?

SCOTT

This was in his pocket.

Scott slaps the postcard of Llandudno beach onto the desk. Lou's eyes bulge.

COSMOTOPOLIS

That doesn't mean they came from
here. You can buy those cards
anywhere.

SCOTT

He phoned me from the airport, told
me he was being picked up by a
women with a card that had a Welsh
dragon on it...

COSMOTOPOLIS

He would have got a name as well.

Scott looks at a piece of paper.

SCOTT

It sounded like Ronda.

Lou is turning a funny colour.

COSMOTOPOLIS

We don't have any female drivers,
and I've never heard of a
Ronda...maybe it was the Rhondda
valley. Have you tried googling it?

Scott stops pushing -- Lou takes a deep breath.

SCOTT

Do I look like a moron?

Lou shakes his head.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Good.

Scott produces a razor sharp knife. Lou goes pale.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Give me a name, someone that knows
more than you, or?

He carves a picture of a cartoon man with blood spurting from his neck in the wooden desk...it's both funny, yet terrifying at the same time. Lou is terrified. He nods, chins quivering.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Good. Because if I don't get the
information I want, then I'm going
to slice you into little pieces and
use you as bacon bits on my burger.

COSMOTOPOLIS

There's somebody...

Scott slams the knife down onto the desk skewering the postcard.

SCOTT

Go on.

EXT. GOLDEN SLOTS ARCADE - DAY

Scott goes past the kids hanging around outside. They take one look at him and fall silent.

COSMOTOPOLIS (V.O.)
 He's called Marconi, runs the Golden Slots arcade on the promenade. Got fingers in lots of pies.

INT. GOLDEN SLOTS ARCADE - MARCONI'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Marconi is in his wheelchair. His arms are taped to the arms of the wheelchair -- his eyes are terrified. He's been badly beaten, one eye is swollen.

Scott sits opposite him, cleaning his nails with the knife.

SCOTT
 Mr. Cosmotopolis wasn't nearly as uncooperative as this, I just had to show him the knife and he spilled his guts like a stuck hog.

Scott gets up and wanders over to a kettle. He shakes it to check how much water is in it. Seems satisfied. He flicks the kettle on.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 The native Americans were a savage people...

He wanders up to Marconi -- runs the blunt side of the blade across his stomach.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 They used to slice their victims open, then put their intestines in a pot of water and boil them while they were still alive...

Marconi's eyes bug out as the kettle starts to steam.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 Do you think that kettle's going to be large enough?

He prods Marconi's stomach with the tip of his knife.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 I mean you ain't bin shy about putting them pies away.

Sweat is running off Marconi's face.

MARCONI

Wait. I can make a call.

SCOTT

Outstanding. Do you have any decent coffee round here?

EXT. ROOF TOP - DAY

A man with an angular face lies on top of the roof. A rifle with telescopic sights sits on a tripod. An earpiece snakes into one ear and off to a mobile that rests next to him.

HAWK

Yes, I got it this morning.

He squints through the sight -- adjusts it slightly.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Shouldn't be any problem. Just cementing a deal, and then I'll be on it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A folder next to him blows open revealing a photo of Leonard.

BACK TO SCENE

As his FINGER tightens on the trigger.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

A group of MEN stand in front of an OFFICIAL with a clipboard. He's shaking his head, and waving his arms.

OFFICIAL

I don't care about your penalty clauses. Until we have the site checked over by the archeologists the work has to stop...

ANOTHER ANGLE

PHUT! The silenced bullet flies out the barrel and...

INT. CRANE - DAY

Slices through the steel cable holding a...

BUCKET full of cement. Which plunges through the air.

WORKER (O.S.)

Look out!

THUD!

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

Workmen run towards the bucket of cement which has impacted onto the ground. A hand clutching a clipboard sticks out from beneath it.

HAWK (V.O.)

He's history.

INT. MELANIE'S CAR - DAY

She's talking on the mobile.

MELANIE

Hi, it's Mel. Been trying to reach you for the last half hour. I'm going need some help to get away...ring me back.

INT. GOLDEN SLOTS ARCADE - MARCONI'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Marconi wrists are still taped to the wheelchair, and now his mouth is taped as well. Scott looks at him -- thoughtful. Goes to the window and looks over the promenade out to sea.

SCOTT

The thing that don't sit right with me is this Hawk, he's a guy right?

Marconi grunts from under his tape -- eyes bulging.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Which leaves me wondering why you're keeping the woman out of the picture.

He goes over to the wheelchair. Angles it at the sealed off door set into the far wall.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

My guess is whoever your covering for, she means a lot to you. So I guess we're going to have to move on. When I say we...

He jiggles the joystick control, gets the feel of how to work the wheelchair.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Okay, let's just give you a bit of a run up.

He moves the chair as far back as he can -- lines it up to head for the sealed off door.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
There, straight as a coyote after a jack rabbit.

Marconi is struggling wildly, trying to speak.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Calm down, jeez you limeys get so knotted up don't ya. It's just business, you gotta appreciate I need to tidy up stuff, so I can move on...emotionally.

He tears a piece of duct tape off and uses it to tape the joystick accelerator full on.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Okay, here we go...just hit this little doohickey...

He hits the on button. The wheelchair rockets towards the sealed door -- SMASH!

OFF SCOTT'S SMILING FACE...as the sound of splintered wood takes us to...

EXT. GOLDEN SLOTS ARCADE - MARCONI'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Melanie pulls to a halt outside the Arcade. A small crowd of onlookers stare at the mangled wreck of the wheelchair on the promenade beneath the Arcade.

ONLOOKER 1 (O.S.)
Looks like a hit and run...

ONLOOKER 2 (O.S.)
He never stood a chance.

Melanie forces her way through the crowd -- a SIREN wails in the distance. A hand pokes out from under the wheelchair -- a wrist festooned with gold bracelets.

The obnoxious kid.

INT. GOLDEN SLOTS ARCADE - MARCONI'S WORKSHOP

Melanie bursts in, looks around.

MELANIE

Marconi!

There's a gaping hole in the door where the wheelchair went through. She goes over and looks out of the hole. Hears a weak voice.

MARCONI (V.O.)

Help.

She wrenches the door open -- down below, hanging on to the ledge -- Marconi.

INT. GOLDEN SLOTS ARCADE - MARCONI'S WORKSHOP - LATER

A PARAMEDIC finishes bandaging Marconi's wrists.

PARAMEDIC

You're lucky to be alive...if the hand rests on that chair hadn't broken off you'd have landed on that poor kid down below.

MELANIE

How is he?

PARAMEDIC

He'll live but you won't be seeing him round here for a bit. Broke both legs and one of his arms.

Melanie deadpans.

MELANIE

Shame, he was a sweet kid.

The paramedic packs his kit up.

PARAMEDIC

Well I'm off. Good luck with the insurance claim.

MARCONI

Thanks, must have been a faulty switch.

He exits.

MELANIE
(to Marconi)
I tried ringing you.

MARCONI
I was a little tied up.

MELANIE
What did you tell him?

MARCONI
I gave him a name. A guy.

MELANIE
And he believed you?

MARCONI
Maybe, but he also thinks a woman
did the hit.

MELANIE
But he's going after this other guy
anyway? That's not fair.

MARCONI
Fair! Did you not hear the part
about the boiling intestines?

MELANIE
Yeah, okay. So who is it?

MARCONI
They call him The Hawk.

MELANIE
Bit of a nose on him has he?

Marconi flips open a folder on his desk. A PHOTO and some
details of The Hawk inside. Melanie glances at it.

MARCONI
No. He prefers to carry out his
hits from high vantage points, like
a bird.

MELANIE
So Mr. Ten Gallon Hat is going
after the Hawk, what about Leonard?

MARCONI
Why are you so interested in
Leonard?

MELANIE

I saw the file.

Marconi looks at her, she looks away.

MARCONI

Oh Christ, you're not...

MELANIE

No I'm not, but that's not the point.

MARCONI

I think it is. You need to lie low. If Scott finds out The Hawk didn't kill his brother he's going to come after you. Leonard's not your problem.

Melanie sighs. Marconi looks at her.

MARCONI (CONT'D)

Oh God, that's the look you give when you tell me about some stray cat you've taken in.

MELANIE

There must be something we can do.

MARCONI

You know there's no way of telling who got the contract on Leonard. The Hawk contract came direct to me and not through the agency.

MELANIE

I'm going to need some money to get out of the country.

MARCONI

Don't look at me, I'm running on fumes as it is.

(He holds up the hat)

I can give you the hat.

MELANIE

Oh great. That'll help I can use it as a boat.

MARCONI

We'll I'm going to stay with my sister in Ghent till this blows over...you'll think of something.

INT. CHANG'S FLAT - NIGHT

MUSIC PLAYS: Melanie gyrates around in her belly dancing outfit. Chang's eyes are like saucers. The music comes to an end. Chang springs up.

CHANG

Now Bird's Eye moment.

Melanie sags.

MELANIE

Okay, one bowl and if you touch me
you will never walk
again...understand?

Chang nods excitedly.

CHANG

I never wank again.

MELANIE

Close enough.

INT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Melanie is making a cup of coffee. Zena comes in.

ZENA

I'm starving.

She looks in the fridge. There's a withered spring onion and a piece of mouldy green cheese.

ZENA (CONT'D)

Have we been burgled?

MELANIE

Sorry, bit of a cashflow crisis,
but I have got some news.

Zena sniffs at Melanie.

ZENA

What is that smell, custard?

MELANIE

Don't ask. Look you know you're
always banging on about me getting
back on the horse and meeting
people.

Zena looks at her suspiciously

ZENA

Yes.

MELANIE

Well I met this fella', Leonard.

ZENA

You dark horse. How long has this been going on?

MELANIE

Not long. Anyway, he's asked me to go away with him.

ZENA

Great. When, where?

MELANIE

Today, it's just, I don't know him that well, and I just thought you could come as well.

ZENA

Chaperone? Yuk, I don't know about that.

MELANIE

It's Paris.

ZENA

When do we leave?

MELANIE

Tomorrow, just have to tie up a few loose ends.

INT. LEONARD'S FLAT - DAY

Leonard has made a bit of an effort to tidy up. Melanie sits on the couch in the living room.

LEONARD

Well this is a bit of a surprise. Did we have something planned?

MELANIE

No, not exactly. I just thought I'd come round to say I'd be happy to accept your offer.

LEONARD

Well that's great...er, what offer?

MELANIE
The trip to Paris.

LEONARD
Paris?

MELANIE
Yes, you were so romantic, I just
had to think about it for a bit.

LEONARD
Well I guess we should arrange some
things.

Melanie produces three tickets.

MELANIE
No problem, all sorted. Eurostar,
today, five o'clock.

Leonard counts the tickets.

LEONARD
Three tickets?

MELANIE
Yes, my daughter's coming along
too.
(beat)
It'll be fun.

OFF LEONARD'S bewildered face.

INT. ST PANCRAS INTERNATIONAL STATION - DAY

Melanie, Zena and Leonard struggle down the platform towards
the Eurostar signs. Zena totters along on high heels
dragging a huge suitcase and a large handbag.

Melanie just has a small holdall.

MELANIE
We're not going to an airport. It
doesn't just go onto a conveyer
belt.

ZENA
I couldn't decide what to take.

LEONARD
As long as we have our passports
and some euros we'll be fine.

He stops, rummages frantically in his pockets. Melanie produces three passports and a plastic voucher with tickets and euros in it.

MELANIE

Don't worry, I've got everything here.

ZENA

Can we go up the Eiffel Tower?

LEONARD

I don't really like heights.

MELANIE

And I don't like queues.

Zena rests the case on the ground.

ZENA

Well this is going to be exciting.

Melanie looks around, scanning the crowds.

INT. VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS ABOVE STATION.

Sweeping over the passengers streaming down the platform. Moving over Zena, Leonard and Melanie. Coming back, focussing on the trio.

ANGLE ON

Binoculars dropping down from a face. The Hawk. He crouches down on an inspection platform next to a large illuminated advertising display high above the station.

While down below.

INT. ST PANCRAS INTERNATIONAL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Scott stands on the platform looking around. He moves off.

INT. W.H SMITHS BOOKSTORE - DAY

The Hawk flicks through magazines on the racks. Selects a copy of HANDGUN MONTHLY. That seems to please him.

EUROSTAR ESCALATOR

Zena staggers onto the moving escalator. Plops her suitcase down. In front of her. Melanie and Leonard hold onto their luggage.

Note: *Unlike the normal escalators which change into rising steps, this one rises up to form a steep metal slope.*

ANGLE ON

A magazine held tightly against someone's side -- a silenced pistol just visible inside.

EUROSTAR ESCALATOR

The Hawk works his way towards Zena, who suddenly realises that this is no normal escalator.

THE HAWK

Lifts the magazine up. Lines it up on Leonard.

ZENA

Tries to hang on to her suitcase as the escalator tilts.

THE HAWK

Finger tightening on the trigger.

WHOOSH!

Zena's suitcase handle TEARS FREE! Rockets past startled passengers who throw themselves clear to avoid it.

It picks up speed, hurtles back down towards the only person not concentrating on anything other than Leonard.

Two things happen simultaneously.

The Hawk squeezes the trigger as --

WHUMP!

The suitcase smashes into him, sends his arm flying up and his aim wide. Pigeon feathers drift from above. He howls in pain as the suitcase buries itself deep into his nuts.

He's driven back down the escalator and spat out onto the ground -- bumping passengers holding hot teas and coffees, scalding liquids shower onto his face -- he howls.

Smacks into a metal support column -- is knocked out. His gun spins under a table unnoticed.

INT. EUROSTAR TRAIN - DAY

TRACKING along the luggage racks, past hand baggage to alight on a large pink suitcase, stained with tea and coffee rammed into the small space, clinging tenuously onto the rack.

Zena, Leonard and Melanie enjoy some wine. Evidence of a meal litters the table in front of them. They are laughing.

LEONARD

I wonder what happened to him?

MELANIE

I don't know, he just disappeared,
I didn't even get a look at him.
Weird.

ZENA

He ruined my suitcase, I'll have to
buy another one.

LEONARD

That's an interesting way of
looking at things. I think he might
view it a little differently.

MELANIE

Yes, and some things he's viewing
will be more swollen than when he
last saw them.

LEONARD

My eyes are watering just thinking
about it.

The train leans over as it hurtles through the French countryside.

ZENA

Does everything French tilt?

LEONARD

Depends how much wine you've drunk.

MELANIE

Another bottle?

LEONARD

Why not.

Melanie looks around, peers down the carriage.

MELANIE

Be an angel love and try and track
down the trolley.

Zena rolls her eyes.

ZENA

You'll be legless by the time we
reach Paris.

MELANIE

Oh I hope so.

Zena heads off down the train. She reaches the doors
separating the carriages. Struggles to open them, finally,
they reluctantly open. She heads through.

ZENA

Whenever you're ready.

The doors suddenly slam shut, threatening to crush her.

HANDS halt their progress just in time.

Zena turns around and stares into the chest of a man tall
enough for her to look up to. Scott.

SCOTT

Howdy Mam, them French doors sure
are ornery.

ZENA

Thanks. Yes, must have been
designed by the same guy who made
the guillotine.

There's a moment of awkwardness as they both try and get
through the doors at the same time.

SCOTT

Purty women first Mam.

He doffs his stetson. Zena colours and hurries through.

ZENA

Thank you.

SCOTT

Pleasure.

He watches her go. His smile fades. He looks back down in
the direction she came from.

INT. EUROSTAR TRAIN - CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Melanie and Leonard are tipsy. They lean forward to speak to each other, Melanie's eyes are shining, she's not as far gone as Leonard, but starting to relax more as the miles pass.

LEONARD

I can't believe I'm finally going to Paris. In fact I can't believe I actually asked you to go with me.

MELANIE

Sometimes you just have to go with the moment. What do you think attracted you to me?

LEONARD

It was probably the way you threw your Chinese takeaway over me, that's always an icebreaker.

Melanie empties the remains of the wine between their two glasses.

MELANIE

When we first met you told me you weren't normally forgetful. What did you mean?

A pause as Leonard summons up the courage.

LEONARD

I have problems, with my memory.

MELANIE

Don't we all. I sometimes forget I'm not a teenager anymore.

LEONARD

It's a bit more serious than that. I have early stage alzheimer's

MELANIE

I'm sorry.

LEONARD

It's alright, I'm getting treatment.

MELANIE

I didn't know they...

LEONARD

Me neither, I'm part of a trial group.

MELANIE

That's great.

LEONARD

Yes, early results on mice have been promising.

MELANIE

That's great. And if there are any side effects they'll certainly show up while we're in Paris.

LEONARD

Sorry?

MELANIE

The French are big on cheese. Squeak squeak.

LEONARD

Very funny, but seriously, how do you feel about going out with someone who may forget who you are?

Melanie leans forwards, gives him a long kiss.

MELANIE

I guess I'd have to keep reminding you.

ZENA (O.S.)

Heh! Get a room.

Zena plonks herself down next to them, breaks the mood.

MELANIE

I had one, all your stuff's in it.

ZENA

Hey, I pay rent.
(beat)
When I have it.

She puts a couple of bottles of wine on the table.

MELANIE

Thanks hon. What kept you?

Zena smiles.

ZENA
Nothing. Why?

MELANIE
'Cos I'm your mother, I can read
you like a book.

ZENA
I may have met someone.

LEONARD
Oh God, does he smell of garlic and
have a cute French accent.

ZENA
No. That would be an epic fail on
the cool front.

MELANIE
Let me guess, tall, handsome and
well hung...over.

ZENA
Mum! You are so wasted!

MELANIE
I may be a little merry...

ZENA
Yeah, like Robin Hood and his men
on a stag night.

MELANIE
Okay, so what was he like?

ZENA
Mum. It's not like I'm changing my
facebook status.

MELANIE
God forbid.

ZENA
It's just he was kind of cool...

MELANIE
In a married man way or a dopehead
way.

ZENA
Neither. He was tall, good
looking, mature...and he did have a
cute accent, but it wasn't French.

MELANIE
Eastern Europe?

ZENA
Naa, more like a wild west Cowboy.

Melanie starts to sober up...fast.

MELANIE
With a hat?

ZENA
Is there any other sort?

Melanie looks down the length of the carriage. A door slides open giving her a clear view down the adjoining carriage.

INT. CARRIAGE - MELANIE'S POV - DAY

The dark silhouette of a stetson bobbing along between the seats -- heading their way.

BACK TO SCENE ON MELANIE

MELANIE
Shit!

ZENA
What is it?

MELANIE
I'll explain later, but right now
you get yourself out of this
carriage and into the toilet, and
keep your mobile on.

ZENA
But Mum!

Melanie gives her a look which scares the hell out of her. Zena swallows, grabs a bottle of wine and heads down the carriage to the nearest set of doors and the...

TOILET

She rattles the lock. It's occupied. The door suddenly opens. A MAN comes out, shoots her a look.

He has a florid and bruised face -- a band-aid over his nose. Looks like he's been in a brawl. It's the Hawk. He narrows his eyes, tries to place Zena, but can't.

She pushes past him and locks herself in the toilet. The Hawk limps off in the opposite direction towards Melanie and Leonard.

CARRIAGE

MELANIE hurries away from Scott. Leonard struggles to keep up with her as she moves like a ballet dancer, absorbing the swaying rhythm of the tilting train as it speeds along.

Leonard in contrast, crashes into arms and legs that stick into the aisle, clutches at seat headrests for balance.

LEONARD

Any chance you could tell me what's going on?

Melanie shoots him a look.

MELANIE

Do you ever watch the recaps at the start of TV series?

LEONARD

Er yes, but I don't see...

MELANIE

We have a lot to cover and not much train.

Melanie swerves round and past a meal trolley. Leonard bumps into it, steadies a bottle before it falls.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Okay, I have quite a few jobs...

LEONARD

Taxi driver, dinner lady...

MELANIE

I do a couple of other things...

LEONARD

Multi- talented, I love that.

MELANIE

I'm a belly dancer.

LEONARD

That's it? Thank God for that, for a moment there I thought it was something really....

They reach the carriage divider, the doors slide open and shut affording them a moment of privacy between the carriages. Melanie drops her voice.

MELANIE
And I kill people.

Melanie heads through the doors. Leonard remains behind, goes to follow. Smacks into the doors as they close in front of him. Forces them open, hurries after Melanie.

LEONARD
What?

MELANIE
You heard.

LEONARD
I heard, but it's all a little fuzzy. Are you saying you work for dignatus, the Army, you're a bad surgeon. Which is it? You're going to have to fill in the blanks here.

MELANIE
Private, contract work. But that's not important.

LEONARD
No, right. Let's focus on the belly dancing, or the pie pilfering from the school canteen...

They come to another sliding door.

MELANIE
If I don't do it someone else will, and in a moment that will mean more to you than it does now.

They head through and into the next carriage.

LEONARD
It's clearer already.

MELANIE
You had alzheimer's, you thought it was incurable. You asked your friend George to hire someone to kill you, he contacted our firm.

LEONARD
Condor, that's the last thing he said before he lost consciousness.
(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)

We thought it was the cigars he was talking about, but it was you.

MELANIE

Yes, but I didn't take the job.

LEONARD

Because you'd met me and fallen madly in love.

MELANIE

Not exactly. I had a flat battery on my mobile.

LEONARD

Not quite as romantic, but let's go with it.

MELANIE

By the time I picked up the message the job had gone to another contractor.

LEONARD

The Cowboy?

MELANIE

No, he's after me because he thinks I killed his brother.

LEONARD

So who's after me?

MELANIE

I don't know. When I didn't take your contract it went back into the pool.

LEONARD

So the Cowboy's after you and someone else is out there with me in their sights?

MELANIE

Pretty much.

LEONARD

No wonder you wanted me and Zena out of the country. Can't you contact this pool thing and get my contract cancelled?

MELANIE

It's a closed loop, total
anonymity. Once the order's given
it can't be cancelled.

LEONARD

There must be a way.

They arrive at another door. It slides open. A drinks trolley
pushed by a hostess goes past them.

MELANIE

I am the way. I wanted you with me
in case they appeared.

LEONARD

Something to look forwards to.

They arrive at the locked door to the guard's compartment.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Now what?

MELANIE

We're ten minutes outside Paris, my
guess is he's not going to try
anything until the very last
minute. He doesn't want to be
trapped on a train with police
waiting for him at the station.

Scott appears at the end of the carriage, slows as he sees
them. Melanie bangs on the door. Scott turns around, keeping
his back to them. The guard's door opens, the GUARD appears.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Oh hello, I wonder if you can help
me.

GUARD

Qui, but of course Madam.

MELANIE

It's just my father.
(she nods at Scott)
Seems to have lost his ticket, and
he's too embarrassed to come to
you.

GUARD

I understand, I will help him.

MELANIE

Oh thank you, he speaks fluent french, so you should have no problem.

GUARD

Madam.

The guard dips his head and heads towards Scott.

LEONARD

How's that going to help?

MELANIE

C'mon, run!

Scott is cornered by the Guard who speaks rapidly in French at him. Melanie slips past him followed by Leonard.

Melanie moves like a snake, swerving round passengers, food trolleys and luggage as she races down the carriage with Leonard in tow.

Putting as much distance between them and Scott as they can. Melanie dials on her mobile.

INTERCUT BETWEEN MELANIE/ZENA

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Babe, you okay?

INT. TRAIN TOILET - DAY

Zena is sitting on the toilet seat drinking from a bottle of wine. She's on her mobile.

ZENA

Great, I'm spending my holiday in a high speed toilet. What's going on.

MELANIE

I need you to do something for me.

ZENA

I can flush the toilet or make paper animals out of the loo roll.

MELANIE

Just listen...

INT. EUROSTAR TRAIN - CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Melanie and Leonard race past the toilet door. Melanie looks back down the carriage. Scott is making his way towards them, moving briskly, shoving people out of the way.

Melanie keeps going. Scott sees her and Leonard, picks up the pace -- come's level with the toilet. Melanie speaks into her mobile.

MELANIE

NOW!

The toilet door flies open.

BANG!

Scott smashes into the door -- rips it off it's hinges, his hat sails through the air. He hits the ground -- HARD.

LEONARD

How is he?

MELANIE

White stetson down.

Scott struggles to stay conscious -- pulls himself upright, eyes burning with hatred.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

And he's back up. C'mon.

Melanie and Leonard stare back and see...

Zena helping Scott up.

CHANGE OF ANGLE

On SCOTT.

ZENA

I'm sorry, are you alright?

Scott grabs her arm, hard. Zena gasps with the pain.

SCOTT

Long as I got you I'll be fine.

Zena starts to open her mouth to scream. Looks down to see the barrel of Scott's gun digging into her side.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Let's go see Mommie.

They head towards Melanie and Leonard.

INT. CARRIAGE - MELANIE'S POV

Of Scott holding Zena as he heads towards them.

MELANIE

He's got Zena.

A moment of realisation. Time to make some tough decisions.

LEONARD

He won't hurt her, it's you he wants.

Melanie turns and walks away from the approaching Scott. Leonard can't believe his eyes.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

MELANIE

You're right. It's me he wants.

LEONARD

So you're walking away?

MELANIE

As far as he knows.

LEONARD

That's what it looks like to me as well.

MELANIE

Just do as I say.

INT. CARRIAGE - SCOTT'S POV

Of Melanie and Leonard heading through the glass dividing doors between the carriages. Some passengers cross, blocking his view for a moment.

The passengers clear. Now he sees Melanie at the other side of the doors, standing in the middle of the gangway looking back down the length of the carriage towards him.

ANGLE ON

MELANIE - eyes narrowed as she sees Scott and Zena walking towards her.

The doors swish open, Scott pulls Zena through. Stops in front of Melanie.

SCOTT

Smart kid. Be a shame to lose her.

MELANIE

It's me you want, let her go.

SCOTT

Maybe not.

MELANIE

What do you mean?

SCOTT

My brother, your daughter, maybe that's a fairer trade.

MELANIE

What about the sons and daughters your brother killed, how does that add up?

SCOTT

I'll do the math. You got five seconds before I put a bullet into her pretty head. One...

Melanie smiles at Scott. Scott doesn't get this at all.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Two...Three...Four...Fi...

He never finishes. Melanie steps to one side.

WHUMP!

A dinner trolley rockets into him pushed by Leonard. The trolley now wearing Scott -- smashes into the closed doors.

BANG!

The doors shatter with the impact. Scott lies pinned under the trolley, out cold, covered in pieces of shattered glass.

MELANIE

Come on.

Melanie, Zena and Leonard head away from the carnage. A passenger gets up from his seat and shadows them.

The Hawk.

The speakers overhead crackle into life -- the Gare du Nord approaching announcement ripples down the carriage.

Melanie, Zena and Leonard reach their seats. They pull down their luggage and head to the front of the train. The Hawk follows. He fiddles with a magazine in his hand.

ANGLE ON

THE HAWK who holds the magazine across his chest. We catch a glimpse of the gun hidden in its folds.

CHANGE OF ANGLE

Melanie, Leonard and Zena head through the final glass doors towards the guard's door at the front of the train.

Melanie turns to see The Hawk behind them. He swings his magazine up -- aims at Leonard.

Melanie throws herself across Leonard...

BANG!

The glass DOORS slam shut on The Hawk's outstretched ARM!

He howls in agony.

Off his bug eyed face.

INT. GARE DU NORD STATION - NIGHT

Passengers stream out of the train. A group of GENDARMES accompany some medics off-loading two stretchers. The Hawk lies on one, his arm stretched up in the air in plaster.

Another stretcher bears an unconscious Scott down the platform. His Cowboy HAT resting on his chest. Melanie, Leonard and Zena hurry towards the exit.

ZENA

Do you two want to tell me what the hell's going on? Or should I just start screaming?

LEONARD

Whatever gets it over quickest, I just want a nice peaceful night's sleep.

ZENA

Mum?

MELANIE

Let's just get away from here first, okay?

EXT. TAXI STAND - NIGHT

A huge queue of disgruntled people waiting for the trickle of taxis that filter back to the station.

LEONARD

I wondered why there was such a rush to get off the train at ten o' clock in the evening...not like they were going to be late for work.

MELANIE

The government must limit the licences for cabs.

LEONARD

They need to get their act together.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The taxi speeds through the streets of Paris. Cheesy accordion music fills the cab. Zena sits between Melanie and Leonard squashed into the back seat of a tiny Renault.

Zena's eyes are like two saucers. She looks from Melanie to Leonard. Tries to speak...nothing comes out but a squeak. She takes a swig from the remains of her wine, drains it.

ZENA

Two contract killers...?

LEONARD

Well, technically three with your mum.

ZENA

Oh that's okay then. Jesus!

MELANIE

I didn't want you to worry, I thought leaving the country, spending some quality time together...

ZENA

So you con Leonard into thinking he asked you to go to Paris, fail to mention he has a hit man on his tail and take me along as an extra target for some other loony tunes killer.

MELANIE

I didn't know...

ZENA

Really? Which part, the hit man with a grudge or the hitman who's just doing his job, like you would have been, if Leonard hadn't got lucky.

MELANIE

They're in custody, they can't hurt us now.

ZENA

That doesn't make what you did okay.

LEONARD

Can we give it a break, let's just get to the hotel, have a good night's sleep and sort things out in the morning.

He looks from mother to daughter.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Yes?

Zena screws her face up.

ZENA

S'pose.

MELANIE

The hotel's lovely, great view of Notre Dame.

LEONARD

I'd just like a great view of a pillow.

INT. HOTEL NOTRE DAME - DAY

The deafening sound of peeling BELLS fills the room.

UP FROM WHITE

Sunlight streams through the window. We TRACK across FACES. Swinging BELL shadows dapple them. Leonard and Melanie lie wedged in a double bed made from two sagging single beds.

Their eyes wide open, dark circles under them.

Zena lies on a single bed across the room. Cables snake from her ears into her iPhone. Tinny music spills out. Her eyes closed, she snores loudly between the chimes from the bells.

INT. HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

Breakfast in the vein of the living dead. Melanie and Leonard drink large mugs of coffee as they try to stay awake. The dining room is full of NUNS. Who nod at them.

ZENA

They're friendly.

LEONARD

They probably see us as customers.

MELANIE

Don't be silly, Nuns aren't undertakers.

LEONARD

They're all in the same club, just further down the pecking order.

ZENA

You're cheery this morning.

MELANIE

We didn't get much sleep.

ZENA

Really?

LEONARD

The hotel should have five bells, on its rating.

MELANIE

It was all I could get at such short notice.

Leonard looks around at the Nuns tucking into breakfast.

LEONARD

Maybe they're from a silent order and come here so they can't be overheard chatting.

MELANIE

Stop drinking coffee, it's making you gabble.

LEONARD

What are we going to do? Sleeping under a motorway would be preferable to staying another night in this place.

MELANIE

Okay we'll check out after breakfast.

ZENA

I think this place is cool.

Leonard and Melanie both look at her -- a palpable demonstration of an age gap right there.

MELANIE

That's because all you can hear is peabody funk.

ZENA

It's pdiddy.

Melanie sighs.

MELANIE

Whatever his name is you can listen to him in another hotel.

EXT. STREET - ARTISTS QUARTER - PARIS - DAY

Leonard, Melanie and Zena drag their luggage down the crowded streets, past gaily coloured shops and packed cafes.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Surrounded by their bags, they tuck into plates of chips and Croque-Monsieur, a slab of toast with ham drenched in cheese.

MELANIE

I'm starving.

LEONARD

Me too.

Zena pushes her food around the plate.

ZENA

Don't they have MacDonallds?

MELANIE

Yes, but they'll probably serve you a McBaguette.

ZENA

Yuk. Well can we at least go up
the Eiffel Tower?

Melanie and Leonard look at each other.

MELANIE

Okay, but let's find another hotel
first and get rid of our bags.

EXT. CHAMP DE MARS - DAY

Leonard sleepwalks towards the entrance to the tower.
Melanie leans against him drifting in and out of sleep as
they inch towards the lifts to the top of the tower.

Zena nods her head to music in her ears.

ZENA

We could have climbed the stairs,
that would have saved some time.

Melanie opens an eye.

MELANIE

Do you even know how many steps it
is to the top?

Leonard reads wearily from a tourist pamphlet.

LEONARD

It's around six hundred steps, then
a lift to the upper level.

ZENA

Cool.

MELANIE

No, not cool, suicidal.

LEONARD

If God had wanted us to climb steps
he would have had Mr. Otis invent
something else.

ZENA

I bet we look like ants to the
people up there.

LEONARD

Why don't we just ask the people
that have been up to the top what
we look like, save ourselves a
trip.

MELANIE

It can't be much longer...can it?

She stares up towards the top of the magnificent structure
where...

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - VIEWING GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

A MAN peers through a telescope pointed down at the ground.
He moves away from the eyepiece to reveal -- The Hawk.

Face bruised, and with one arm in a cast he moves over to the
rail and stares down, the wind bringing tears to his eyes.

INT. LIFT - DAY

Leonard and Melanie are squashed between a couple of garlic
breathing FRENCHMEN who insist on talking across them. Zena
is being chatted up by a floppy haired FRENCH BOY.

LEONARD

Well this is fun.

MELANIE

Yes, a day to remember.

Her eye catches something nearby.

ANGLE ON

A MAN reading a newspaper. A headline in french with a
picture below it. It's a CCTV picture, blurry and hard to
see but we can recognise both The Hawk and Scott.

She leans over to the man. Speaks in bad French. We read the
translation in subtitles.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Excuse me, could I look at your
brand new piece of paper?

The man looks confused until Melanie points at his newspaper.
He nods and hands over the paper. Melanie gets Zena's
attention.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Zena. Put him down and get over here.

Zena rolls her eyes. Speaks to the boy with a surprisingly good French accent.

ZENA

Pardonez moi. What?

MELANIE

What does this say?

She thrusts the newspaper at Zena who scans it.

ZENA

Shit!

MELANIE

Don't embellish, just the broad outline.

ZENA

Two suspects in a shooting incident broke out from a local police station late last night...bla,bla,bla...police are warning people not to approach them as they are considered armed and dangerous...

MELANIE

How can they be armed?

ZENA

...after disarming police officers at the scene and making off with hand guns and a pump action shotgun.

MELANIE

Shit!

ZENA

Which is what I said.

LEONARD

Now's not the time to get smart with your mum.

MELANIE

Maybe it is, because it looks like we now have a bigger problem.

LEONARD
They're both working together.

EXT. VIEWING PLATFORM - DAY

Leonard and Melanie wander around scanning the views. Zena is back with the french BOY.

MELANIE
There must be a way to shut them down. Maybe Marconi knows.

LEONARD
Marconi?

MELANIE
Guy I freelance for. He's like my agent. Jobs come through him from a third party.

LEONARD
We need another assassin to take them both out.

MELANIE
We already have one. Me.

LEONARD
I was thinking about that. What would you have done if you hadn't missed the call that day.

MELANIE
What do you mean?

LEONARD
Well you'd have had the contract to kill me. How would you have done it?

MELANIE
This is not really the time...

LEONARD
This is exactly the time. We both have hitmen on the loose planning to kill us...might be good to know how they're going to do it.

MELANIE

You wouldn't have felt anything, a fast acting drug, I'd have made it look like you couldn't take the news about your disease.

LEONARD

We'll I doubt they'll be using that method.

MELANIE

This is different, Scott wants revenge, it's personal.

LEONARD

What about the other guy on the train?

MELANIE

The Hawk, Marconi had already given him a job. It looks like he got the contract to kill you when I passed.

LEONARD

And Marconi didn't know about it?

MELANIE

No. The Hawk took one job through him, the contract to kill you came direct from the agency.

ZENA (O.S)

Mum.

They turn to see a white faced Zena in front of a familiar sight. The Hawk, one arm in plaster, the other holding a magazine pressed into Zena's back.

THE HAWK

Well this is pleasant, the whole family in one nice little package.

MELANIE

I think there's been a misunderstanding.

THE HAWK

Oh really?

LEONARD

Yes, I don't want you to kill me.

THE HAWK

Nobody ever does.

MELANIE

But he did...

LEONARD

And now I don't.

THE HAWK

It doesn't work that way.

MELANIE

You get paid when the job's done, right?

THE HAWK

Yes. So the quicker we get this over with the quicker I can stop freezing my nuts off up here and collect my money.

ZENA

Sorry about that.

THE HAWK

What?

ZENA

Your nuts. The suitcase just got away with me.

MELANIE

How about we pay you your fee and you let us go.

The Hawk chews this over.

THE HAWK

I had a look round your houses. Doesn't look like you have that sort of money. Besides, even if you had the money, there's still a problem.

MELANIE

Scott.

THE HAWK

He's down below. He's expecting my call.

MELANIE

How about a million pounds.

Three sets of eyes WIDEN.

THE HAWK

Huh. When did you win the lottery?

MELANIE

I've been planning on retiring,
sending my fees over here, put a
deposit down on a small flat in the
rue du Frederick.

THE HAWK

And for this you want me to...?

MELANIE

Deal with Scott.

THE HAWK

And if he doesn't want to deal?

MELANIE

Convince him.

The Hawk nods slowly, weighing up the situation.

THE HAWK

A couple of conditions.

MELANIE

Go on.

THE HAWK

The kid stays with me until the
job's done and the money is in my
account.

MELANIE

How can I trust you?

THE HAWK

I haven't killed you yet.

MELANIE

Okay, but you lay a finger on her
and I'll kill you.

THE HAWK

That seems...optimistic, but let's
cut the crap. Where's the money?

MELANIE

In a locker at Gare De Nord.

THE HAWK

You have the code number?

MELANIE

Once you've dealt with Scott I'll tell you where to find it.

THE HAWK

Why should I trust you?

MELANIE

For a million reasons.

The Hawk nods.

THE HAWK

Okay. I'll meet you at six o'clock for the code, you choose the place.

Melanie hesitates for a fraction of a second.

MELANIE

Pont de l'Archevêché.

The Hawk nods. Zena looks at Melanie as they head towards the lift.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'll see you soon.

Zena looks at her, gives a brave smile.

EXT. CHAMP DE MARS - DAY

Melanie and Leonard make their way across the park towards the river. Tourists mill around everywhere. A group of JAPANESE TOURISTS pass on SEGWAYS.

Their tour leader holds up a Japanese flag. They are a bizarre sight framed by the old world ironwork of the tower.

LEONARD

Do you have it?

MELANIE

Of course. That's why I serve in a canteen, belly dance, work nights in a clapped out Volvo and risk my life as a contract killer...of course I don't have a million pounds or a flat in the Rue De Frederick.

LEONARD

Right. So we're just going to give him some random number and let him kill us all when he finds out it's a lie.

MELANIE

No. It's not going to get that far.

LEONARD

Right. So you're going to kill them all, is that it?

Melanie comes to a halt.

MELANIE

I don't know.

LEONARD

So we're screwed. And what about Zena?

MELANIE

Look. I've never actually killed anybody, not deliberately anyway.

LEONARD

What?

MELANIE

You know when sometimes you do something and if it's not for you it doesn't work out.

Leonard nods.

LEONARD

Like living.

MELANIE

The first job I did involved a fake baby with a machine gun in it's head which failed to work. The victim ran away and got hit by a bus.

LEONARD

Ouch!

MELANIE

I didn't feel that bad, he'd ordered a group of mercenaries to attack some villagers in the path of a logging contract in the Congo.

LEONARD
Felled by a bus.

MELANIE
Ezekial Gulcher was meant to meet
his end from carbon dioxide
poisoning in the back of my cab.

LEONARD
The serial killer?

MELANIE
Yes. He was smoking a cigar and
knocking back whisky. I had to
stop so he could take a leak on the
hard shoulder of the motorway.

LEONARD
Sounds like a nice guy.

EXT. MOTORWAY - HARD SHOULDER - DAY - FLASHBACK

Ezekial climbs out of Melanie's car. Heads unsteadily across
the hard shoulder, over the barrier into the undergrowth.

CHANGE OF ANGLE - VOLVO

Melanie watches him go. Fiddles with a switch under the
dash. Presses a button -- GAS hisses into the compartment
behind her. She switches it off. Waits.

EXT. MOTORWAY - HARD SHOULDER - DAY

MELANIE (V.O.)
He must have been looking the wrong
way when he climbed back over the
barrier.

Ezekial climbs over the barrier -- BANG. A lorry slams into
him. Kills him instantly. His Stetson carried away by the
wind. Melanie drives off.

EXT. CHAMP DE MARS - DAY

Melanie sits next to Leonard on a bench.

MELANIE
A lorry pulled in and he was
history. I drove off. I didn't
know he had a fruitcake for a
brother.

LEONARD

And when it came to me, you missed the call.

MELANIE

Yes. So you see, it's not for me.

LEONARD

And now you have to take out two killers and save your daughter. If that was a team pep talk I think you may need to rethink it.

MELANIE

I'm going to need some help.

EXT. PONT DE L'ARCHEVÊCHÉ/CAR PARK - DAY

Scott and The Hawk leave an underground car park and head across the road towards the bridge. Notre Dame an impressive silhouette in the distance.

THE HAWK

It's in a lock box at the station. We split it two ways, two-hundred and fifty thousand each.

Scott shoots him a look.

SCOTT

You're sure?

THE HAWK

Yes. Half a million. She wouldn't lie.

Scott suddenly whirls around. Grabs The Hawk by the neck.

SCOTT

No? But you would...

THE HAWK

Wha! What are you doing?

THUD! Scott punches him in the stomach. Sends him sprawling on the floor. He pulls out a gun, levels it at him. The Hawk kicks him in the shin. Scott howls with pain.

The gun goes flying into the road -- a lorry goes over it.

SCOTT

Dang, you're gonna' pay for that.

The Hawk drags himself up. Pulls out his gun.

THE HAWK

I don't think so.

Scott lashes out at The Hawk's plaster cased arm. His pistol goes flying, drops down a drain. Now they're equal. They circle each other. Eyes wary.

SCOTT

You thought you'd double cross me huh? Make me think there was money, then when my back was turned take me down.

THE HAWK

How'd you find out?

EXT. FLASHBACK - CHAMP DE MARS - PARK - DAY

The French BOY that chatted with Zena hands an envelope over to Scott who stands amongst the tourists that swarm around the park beneath the tower.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Some french kid brought me a note. Said that you were planning on keeping the whole million for yourself. That you were getting it as a fee for taking care of me.

EXT. PONT DE L'ARCHEVÊCHÉ - STREET - DAY

The Hawk, thinks it through.

THE HAWK

You're as dumb as you look. They just want us to shorten the odds. Doesn't matter who wins this, it's still one less for them to worry about.

SCOTT

Really? Well if that's the case I'd prefer it to be me.

WHAM!

He lashes out with his foot -- smashes into The Hawk's knee. The Hawk hit's the deck, clutching his knee.

THE HAWK

You Fucker!

Scott closes in. Circles The Hawk, who hauls himself upright, shuffles around trying to favour his good leg.

SCOTT

You're not gonna' make it to the bridge, why not just back off, forget about me and the money. It's just a job.

THE HAWK

A job I haven't been paid for.

He lashes out -- a blade now in his hand, he plunges the knife into Scott's thigh, blood spurts. Scott punches The Hawk in the ribs. Pulls the knife free, limps heavily.

SCOTT

Okay, you want to play it for keeps, then that's the way it's going to be.

He lunges towards The Hawk, but before he reach him...

BANG!

The Hawk goes flying. Hit by a Segway that comes out of nowhere.

They're suddenly surrounded by whirring Segways as the Japanese tour party bears down on them.

THE HAWK

Punches a surprised tourist in the stomach -- sends him tumbling to the ground. Climbs painfully onto the Segway.

SCOTT

Lashes out at the tour guide -- who falls to the ground, flag fluttering in the wind. Scott heaves himself onto the Segway.

The tourists flee, speeding off in all directions. Scott heads straight at The Hawk, wobbling dangerously, leaking blood from his thigh.

But The Hawk is too quick for him and swerves out the way.

And now it becomes a grotesque 12 M.P.H game of DODGEMS. They speed erratically along the embankment, headed for Pont de l'Archevêché. The Hawk seems to have the edge.

He SMASHES into the side of Scott's Segway nearly knocking him off. Scott regains his balance and pulls ahead. The Hawk follows in a slow speed pursuit.

They weave in amongst tourists and another Segway tour causing havoc -- a party of American tourists are enveloped in a multi-Segway pile up.

WHAM!

Again, the Segways collide -- but this time it's Scott who nearly sends The Hawk tumbling. The Hawk leans forwards, coaxing every last bit of power from his machine.

SCOTT

Looks behind him to see...

THE HAWK

Closing fast. BANG!

He smashes into the back of Scott's Segway -- pieces of fibreglass break off -- SPARKS explode from the battery compartment. A regulator is damaged.

Scott's Segway goes berserk, flicking between flat out and slow, smoke pours from the electric motor. He's able to move faster than The Hawk, but struggles to stay on.

They WHIRR onto the...

PONT DE L'ARCHEVÊCHÉ

Scattering tourists as they swerve from side to side across the bridge.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A TOURIST prepares to fix a LARGE BRASS padlock onto the mesh at the side of the bridge -- thousands of "lovers" padlocks of all shapes and sizes already adorn the side of the bridge.

BANG!

Scott's Segway knocks him to the ground. The Hawk bears down on Scott. He's leaning forwards, headed straight at Scott who is battling with his machine -- which is now...

ON FIRE!

The motor pouring SMOKE and losing power.

THE HAWK

Hurtles towards Scott who's a sitting duck.

ANGLE ON

The large brass PADLOCK from the tourist The Hawk hit is wedged between the back wheels -- sparks pour from it -- it LOCKS against the axle -- the Segway comes to a screeching halt.

The WHEEL EXPLODES!

The Hawk flies over the handlebars -- hurtles over the mesh RAILINGS of the bridge.

Spins out of sight -- plunges down towards the water. Tourists rush to the side of the bridge, camera phones capturing a YouTube moment.

SCOTT

Have a nice flight asshole!

The Hawk lands with a RIP!

Tears through a brightly coloured awning and crashes into the startled laps of diners on a Bateaux Mouche passing below.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Leonard and Melanie head towards the bridge. Melanie looks at her watch. Police cars speed past, SIRENS wailing.

MELANIE

It's nearly six...do you think The Hawk kept his side of the bargain?

LEONARD

Well something's going on. What if Zena's not with him?

MELANIE

I'll find her, don't worry. It's just the killing I'm rubbish at.

INT. PONT DE L'ARCHEVÊCHÉ - CAR PARK - DAY

Scott, battered, leaking blood and limping, heads towards a parked car. He opens the driver's door.

Pulls out a police issue GLOCK gun from the glove compartment and stuffs it into the waistband under his jacket.

He goes round to the boot and opens it. Zena, gagged and bound looks up at him with wide eyes. He leans in and unties her. Next to her is a holdall full of CASH.

SCOTT

I'm gonna' take the gag out and we're going for a little walk. You make a sound I'll kill you. Do you understand?

Zena nods, terrified. He undoes her gag. Helps her out of the boot.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Leonard and Melanie head across the road onto the embankment and down towards the bridge.

MELANIE

Okay. This is as far as you go. You know what to do. When I drop my hand...

LEONARD

Yes, I remember...I'm really getting quite good now, and before I forget.

He leans forwards and gives her a long, deep kiss.

MELANIE

I hope you don't think that's the long kiss goodbye.

LEONARD

No, but.

MELANIE

No buts. Just follow the plan.

LEONARD

And if he doesn't buy it?

MELANIE

Then I'm on my own. And I'm used to that.

EXT. PONT DE L'ARCHEVÊCHÉ - ROAD

Scott and Zena make their way slowly towards the entrance onto the bridge. A MAN with a small CHILD comes up to them, speaks in a wheedling voice. Holds up a GOLD ring.

MAN

Pardon me monsieur for troubling
you, but I believe you dropped this
beautiful gold ring.

Scott looks at him.

SCOTT

No, we didn't?

MAN

No?

SCOTT

No.

MAN

Well you should have it anyway, you
make a lovely couple, you should
keep it as a beautiful memory of
your time in Paris.

He presses it onto Zena's finger.

ZENA

Oh, thank you.

The man smiles and goes to leave, and then, as if it's an
afterthought.

MAN

Maybe you could spare a few euros
for some food, we haven't eaten
today...the child is hungry, just a
few euros monsieur.

Zena starts to fiddle in her pockets. Scott sighs. Rips the
ring from her finger and jams it into the surprised man's
mouth -- clamps his mouth shut, holds his nose, forcing him
to swallow it.

SCOTT

There, that should keep you from
starving. Asshole.

He releases the mans nose. The man coughs, eyes watering as
he gasps for breath before hurrying away, dragging the
wailing kid.

ZENA

That was mean.

SCOTT

Mean? Oldest trick in the book. Pretend you dropped a gold ring, which is cheap brass by the way, then stiff you for some euros to help feed his kid. Probably makes a hundred euros a day and dines on the Champs Elysees.

ZENA

Still mean.

Scott increases the pace, heads onto the...

PONT DE L'ARCHEVÊCHÉ - BRIDGE - EVENING

The sun is starting to set and not many tourist are about. Most of the artists and souvenir sellers along the embankment have packed up and gone home.

A few traders are still open, selling Padlocks, tacky plastic models of the Eiffel Tower, laser pointer key fobs, feltwork pictures and general trinkets for the gullible tourists.

Scott and Zena head down to the far end of the bridge.

SCOTT

She's meant to be here by now.

ZENA

There she is.

Melanie heads across the bridge, the setting sun casting long shadows down the walkway. Scott digs the Glock into Zena's side.

SCOTT

Don't try anything smart. She just gives me the code for the locker and you're free. Don't make things complicated.

Zena looks up, sees her mum in the distance.

ZENA

There she is.

SCOTT

Remember. Be smart.

ZENA

I thought you told me not to try anything smart.

Scott digs the Glock into Zena's ribs.

SCOTT

Zip it.

Melanie walks towards them. Halts fifteen feet away. Sees Zena's expression.

MELANIE

You alright?

ZENA

I'm fine. But he's a dick.

SCOTT

She could do to shut her mouth.

MELANIE

Really? Is that how it works in Texas?

SCOTT

No, that's how it works when I have the gun. You have the code?

MELANIE

Yes thanks.

SCOTT

Then tell me the number and we can all go home.

MELANIE

Let her go first.

SCOTT

Number.

MELANIE

Why should I trust you?

SCOTT

Well I could just shoot her and come after you. I put a bullet in her and I still have the rest of the mag for you and what's his name...where is he anyway?

Scott scans the crowd.

MELANIE

Lying low...where's Birdman?

SCOTT

He took a dive. Okay, enough of
the chit chat. Give me the number.

Melanie smiles.

MELANIE

I think you need to put the gun
down and let my daughter go.

SCOTT

And why should I do that.

Melanie drops her eyes to Scott's chest. Where a multitude
of red laser dots swirl around his heart in a tight group.
Scott looks down -- reacts.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

The hell...

He looks around, can't pinpoint the source, assumes it's
police marksmen -- starts to lower his gun.

Suddenly two kids race past playing Star Wars, brandishing
laser key fobs. Firing red laser beams at each other.

Scott smiles -- brings his gun back up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Nice try. The number, or hers is
up.

CHANGE OF ANGLE

ON LEONARD who holds a group of laser key fobs pointed at
Scott.

LEONARD

Bollocks.

EXT. PONT DE L'ARCHEVÊCHÉ - DUSK

Scott and Melanie face each other.

SCOTT

Last chance.

MELANIE

Okay, I'm texting the number.

She starts to send a number -- hit's send, then...

MELANIE (CONT'D)

BALL!

Her voice echoes across the bridge.

ZENA

Instinct kicking in, drops to the ground. There's a puff of smoke from Scott's STETSON!

It bursts into FLAMES.

SCOTT

Whaaa!

He grabs the flaming hat -- hurls it over the bridge -- it sails above the Seine.

WHUMP!

The hat EXPLODES.

But the diversion has done it's job. Zena races towards Melanie, Scott aims his gun at her fleeing figure -- squeezes the trigger...

BANG!

Scott is knocked to the ground, as Leonard, clinging to the controls of a speeding Segway smashes into him, Scott's gun fires harmlessly into the air.

Scott lies on the ground. Down and out.

GENDARMES race across the bridge alerted by the explosion.

ANGLE ON

Melanie hugging Zena. Tears in her eyes.

ZENA

How'd you know I'd hit the floor.

MELANIE

Because I'm you're mum.

Leonard climbs shakily down from the Segway. Melanie goes over to him, eyes sparkling.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

And you, where did that come from?

LEONARD

I guess I just forgot to be scared.

Melanie kisses him deeply. Zena wrinkles her nose.

ZENA
Heh, get a room.

Leonard holds up the small holdall full of cash.

LEONARD
I intend to.

INT. HOSPITAL - LLANDUDNO - DAY

Terry hands a postcard to George who's sitting up in bed. He looks rested and on the mend. George smiles as he looks at the picture.

ANGLE ON POSTCARD

The stage show at The Crazy Horse, Paris.

TERRY

Turns the card over and reads the message. A huge smile lights up his face.

EXT. GARE DU NORD STATION - NIGHT

Passengers stream out of the station and race towards the limited number of taxis that wait at the rank. Through the throng a figure in a WHEELCHAIR.

MARCONI...jostling past people, pushing his way to the front of the queue. A small ruck-sac on his back.

MARCONI
Make some room here guys.

He arrives at a taxi parked in the queue.

ANGLE ON

The DRIVER.

MELANIE

Smiles at Marconi. Helps him into the cab. Loads his wheelchair into the boot. Starts up the car. They head off into the streets of Paris.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Melanie shoots a look into her rearview mirror.

MELANIE

Good trip?

MARCONI

Champagne all the way.

Melanie shakes her head.

MELANIE

Do you have any scruples?

Marconi pats his pockets. Shrugs.

MARCONI

Nope. Must have left them behind.

(beat)

How's Leonard?

MELANIE

He's doing great, he's memorised all of the routes now. He gets his license next week.

MARCONI

That's great, and Zena?

The RADIO squawks.

MELANIE

She's loving it. Well, mainly the social life.

She keys her radio.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Condor one to base, POB.

INT. LE CONDOR TAXI'S - NIGHT

Zena sits in a small office overlooking the night vista of Paris -- lights twinkle below and the Eiffel Tower glitters in the distance, dominating the skyline.

Zena operates the computer and radio to the cabs in Melanie's fleet of cars.

ZENA

Okay Condor one, I'll put the kettle on.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

They sweep through the streets, Melanie weaving expertly through the busy traffic.

MELANIE
So. How was Ghent?

MARCONI
Boring.

MELANIE
So you thought you'd hop over to
Paris for some excitement?

Marconi smiles. Reaches into his Ruck Sack -- pulls out a shabby looking mechanical PIGEON.

MARCONI
Not exactly.

FADE OUT.