

SKIN JOB

by
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FADE IN:

INT. - STRONG ROOM - DAY

SUPER TITLE: CRIPPS BANK - OMAHA.

Three spiritual dignitaries, Hutukhtus, wearing Tibetan ceremonial costume stand watching as an elderly MAN, a Bodhisattva studies an ornate PRAYER WHEEL.

It's beautifully crafted from gold and is decorated with a MANDALA design covered in swirling Sanskrit symbols.

The ancient relic dances with fire. Light shimmering from hundreds of diamonds set into it's surface.

He places it back into a shaped velvet recess within a safety deposit box. The dignitaries chant a mystical incantation.

A high melodic stream of words that seem to hang in the air before fading away. A moment of reverence.

A security guard steps forwards. KYLE, young and blond with an infectious grin slides the numbered box back into its steel niche. Locking it with two keys. He takes one key out and hands it to the Bodhisattva.

He writes the key number down in a book. Hands his key to another bank employee, an older MAN who puts it on a numbered hook before locking a steel door over it.

INT. R.I.P. CHURCH - NIGHT

Cavernous and empty. Moonlight streams through a stained glass copy of a 16th century Kilchsperger scene, The Priest Grinder.

In lieu of an alter there is a black leather Doctor's couch. A computer sits beside it linked to a strange mechanism on a cantilevered arm.

A wireless router flashes.

ANGLE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Information is downloaded into the computer. A whirling vortex of color swirls across the screen.

ANGLE ON MECHANISM

A rustle of silver needles -- a steel insect preparing to strike.

INT. R.I.P. CHURCH - NIGHT

Four figures now stand at the edge of a pool of light. One of them a MAN, moves towards the computer.

He's stripped to the waist and wears a black leather bondage mask.

He taps the computer keys. Uploads a rotating 3D version of the Mandala design on the PRAYER WHEEL.

Gigabytes of computing power come into play as it's ray-traced and enhanced - becoming more detailed as information is added to it billions of times a second.

The steel needles in the overhead mechanism shiver. Awake from their sleep.

The cantilevered arm hums, begins to uncoil.

A silver snake's head, hungry for flesh.

Another figure moves into the light. A GIRL with long auburn hair spilling from beneath her mask. She lies face down on the couch. An act of total surrender.

The mechanism descends towards her back. Settles on the skin. Light as a butterfly.

A low chatter as the needles bite. The girl sighs. A thin trickle of blood slides down her side.

The two men in the shadows watch. Pink tongues flicker behind their masks.

Needles slither across flesh. The girl moans softly as the mechanism goes to work.

INT. CRIPPS BANK - DAWN

Two sets of leather BOOTS thud along a marble floor. One pair gleaming, the other scuffed and worn.

A FACE encased in a POLICE motorcycle helmet.

Meet WILL COLEFAX. A walking recruitment poster. His uniform tailored and immaculate, trousers a shade too tight at the crotch.

By contrast his companion NICK WOOLF, seems to have dressed in the dark. A man born creased. Colefax is arguing with Woolf. He breaks off.

Points at a stain down the front of Woolf's jacket. Face wrinkling with distaste.

COLEFAX
'the fuck's that?

WOOLF
Mayonnaise?

He shakes his head.

COLEFAX
I'm not saying I don't like 'em.
I'm just saying they fuck with your
Karma. Thing is you got a certain
level of primal energy.

WOOLF
Allison's got a lot.

COLEFAX
Right. But you can increase the
energy level by retaining it,
letting it build.

WOOLF
What. You mean don't do it?

COLEFAX
I'm not saying don't do it.
I have a hosepipe. It don't mean I
have to water the garden all the
time.

WOOLF
What is this a drought warning?

Colefax looks at him despairingly.

COLEFAX
You know your trouble Nick. You're
a fucking philistine, and if you
don't mind me saying, you look like
a sack of shit.

WOOLF
At least I'm a happy sack of shit.

COLEFAX
We're here to escort a security
truck carrying a relic worth
millions. you look like you just
got in from a party.

Woolf smiles sheepishly.

WOOLF
Allison jumped me.

COLEFAX
The woman's an animal.

Woolf smiles wryly.

WOOLF
What's wrong with animals?

COLEFAX
They make a mess.

WOOLF
So I was distracted.

COLEFAX
That woman's going to distract you
to death one of these days.

Woolf smiles, scratches at the deposit on his jacket.

WOOLF
Everybody has to go sometime.

EXT. CRIPP'S BANK - MOMENTS LATER

A black BMW rockets away. It's followed by a security truck.
Colefax and Woolf follow behind on their bikes.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAWN

Two other riders wearing full face helmets, one with long
auburn hair, sit astride powerful black KAWASAKI motorbikes.

A ROAR as they start their engines.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Woolf and Colefax move up alongside the security truck's
windows. The driver gives a thumbs up.

In the passenger seat Kyle smiles his infectious grin and
holds up a bacon roll.

Woolf and Colefax drop back behind the truck.

A ROAR as the black Kawasaki's blur past them.

THUD! They each stick something to the side of the BMW,
before accelerating away.

ANGLE ON THE BMW DRIVER

His eyes widen as he sees a...

MAGNETIC CONTACT MINE

An illuminated timer counts down from thirty.

He slams on his brakes.

DRIVER

Shit!

Smoke pours from locked wheels as the BMW skids to a halt.

It's doors are flung open.

THE SECURITY TRUCK

Swerves past the BMW.

BANG! Takes off an open door. Keeps going.

Men hurling themselves clear.

WHUMP! A shower of burning debris as both devices detonate.

The truck keeps going. Heading for a bridge across the river.
Woolf shoots a look to Colefax.

From nowhere the Kawasaki's return. Scream past them, pulling
level with the truck.

THUD - THUD. Two more charges are slammed onto the truck.

The bikes roar off. Become specks in the distance.

Kyle struggles to open his door but can't.

The mine is jamming it.

His terrified face stares at the device's LED timer.

A moment when life seems to compress into one second.

This is Woolf's second.

He accelerates level with the truck's door. Pulls one of the
mines off. Sends it tumbling behind him.

WHUMP! The shockwave causes both riders to wobble
dangerously. Woolf signals to Colefax. Points to the other
mine. Colefax shakes his head signals for Woolf to get clear.

Woolf swings across, begins to tug at the remaining mine.

It comes loose. In slow motion we see it tumble to the road, bouncing up to jam between the double wheels at the back of the truck.

The metal of the device begins to glow red with the friction as it scrapes along the road trailing a shower of sparks. The truck swerves.

Catches Woolf's bike a glancing blow. He slams on his brakes, the bike spins out of control - skids along on it's side beside the truck.

He's pinned under the bike as the truck goes past.

WHUMP!

A white flash as the mine detonates.

The truck smashes through the bridge safety rail and plunges towards the river. It hits the surface in an explosion of water and flames.

ANGLE ON WOOLF

His bike slams against the bridge's safety railing - Ruptures the fuel tank - Petrol spews over the road and Woolf as the bike keeps on going.

Man and machine spinning across the tarmac. Sparks trailing in gold plumes from the metal. Suddenly a sheet of flame engulfs Woolf.

He comes to rest. A split second as he burns. Then...

Survival instincts kick in. Intolerable levels of pain...

...tolerated. He staggers to the edge of the bridge, hurls himself over.

Another of those long seconds. As he tumbles towards the water. Trailing smoke and flames as he spins through the air.

A wheel of fire.

Still SCREAMING as he hits the surface.

INT. WOOLF'S FLAT - NIGHT

The flare of a match. The scream of an alarm clock.

And now it's TWO YEARS later.

Woolf's sweating face as he jerks awake from a reoccurring nightmare. Older now. Signs of pain and life in his eyes.

He rubs automatically at a patch of tattooed flesh on his forearm. A phoenix rising from swirling flames.

It hides old scarring.

On a bedside table a red LED clock reads Two A.M.

Next to it a photo of a happier Woolf posing beside a police Motorcycle.

Another photo of a WOMAN hugging an embarrassed tousle haired BOY, this is ZEKE (13)

In bed next to him is the woman in the photo, CAZ (30s), a fading biker chick, still attractive and sensual. She draws on a roll up. Leans over to Woolf. Strokes his face.

CAZ

How come I always wake up before
you?

She offers him the roll up

CAZ

Here, It'll ease the ache.

Woolf smiles, shakes his head. He reaches for Caz, hands tracing her curves. He pulls her to him, crushing her lips to his. She melts - begins to respond, pulls gently free.

CAZ

You have to work. Maybe later?
You, me and pasta makes three.

Woolf smiles, drops back on the pillow.

CAZ

Why don't you speak to Beaky? Get
some stuff. It'll help ease the
pain.

Woolf looks at her. Shakes his head.

CAZ

Don't look at me like I'm a
criminal. Pensioners grow it in
pots. It's good for their
arthritis. For Christ's sake you
should get it on prescription the
state of your bones.

Woolf looks at her.

CAZ

You know I really enjoy these
little chats.

She leans down to kiss him. He grins at her.

WOOLF

I'll think about it.

EXT. SCRIBES TATTOO PARLOUR - NIGHT

A wet black darkness. Wind rocks dumpsters in a grimy
alleyway. A bright flash from inside lights the window.

Leaves a purple afterglow on our retinas.

A door opens -- throws a shaft of light across the ground, a
shadow flicks past. Darkness returns.

A lull in the background beat of the city's night heart...we
hear a machine noise. A high whine like the rustle of steel
insect legs scraping together.

We're drawn towards the sound...

INT. TATTOO ROOM - SAME TIME

Candles flicker. The atmosphere's thick with incense.

The walls are decorated with weird SANSKRIT symbols and
satanic Hieronymus Bosch paintings. One wall is covered with
drawings and sketches of tattoo designs.

A glass display case gleams with silver body jewelry.

A computer monitor cycles through tattoo designs, its
shifting patterns of light washing the room.

Reflections dance in a pool of glittering black blood.

The noise is louder now and it comes from above.

A black umbilical snakes up from a squat computer tower, ends
at the head of a mechanism on a cantilevered arm.

It hovers in front of a MAN's face. Needles flicking like
steel tongues in a feeding frenzy - biting into raw meat.

Mouth a rictus of pain.

He's naked. Hanging from hooks plunged deep into his flesh.

On his back a large circular tattoo. A MANDALA.

It's design mirrors the intricate pattern on the gold prayer wheel we saw in the Cripps bank vault.

Meet NATHAN - There's no question. He's dead...

EXT. STREET - MORNING

A collection of motorcycles. Some commuters bikes mixed in with the more battered transport of regular couriers.

The air thick with the sound of traffic and radio squawk.

Two couriers, ROGER (30s) a giant of a man with an explosion of red hair, and DAVE (30s) small and birdlike, chat over the finer points of a gleaming red Japanese machine.

ROGER

It'll pull fifteen thousand, sweet
as a nut.

DAVE

Mine's pissing oil like a stuck
pig.

The noise of an engine grows. Sounds like a hundred spanners stuck in the spin cycle of a washing machine.

An ancient BSA shudders to a halt alongside the bikers. Woolf kills the engine, a cloud of smoke drifts from the crankcase. The bikers smile, they know Woolf.

ROGER

Hiya Wolfy. Still smoking.

DAVE

'bout time you buried 'er don't you
think?

Woolf pulls off his helmet, smiles good naturedly.

WOOLF

It doesn't get stolen, what can I
say.

ROGER

I can believe that. How's it going?

WOOLF

Tickin' over, you know how it is.

DAVE

Yeah we're pretty slow ourselves.

WOOLF

You guys want a coffee?

DAVE

Cheers Nick. Get us some rolls in
will ya.

WOOLF

Sure. Usual shit?

The bikers nod. Woolf goes over to the small Italian cafe
opposite. He still carries a slight limp from his crash.

INT/EXT. CAFE - DAY

Woolf enters. MARIE (30's), a bubbly redhead, and the owners
daughter, greets him. She has a soft spot for Woolf.

MARIA

Morning handsome.

WOOLF

Morning gorgeous.

She begins to prepare three strong mugs of coffee. Makes up
some rolls with bacon and sausage, two of them she douses
liberally with ketchup, pauses over the last one.

MARIA

Still on the health kick huh?

WOOLF

Sure. It's the ketchup that kills
you. how's your mom.

MARIA

She says if she catches the bastard
that stole her purse she'll cut his
balls off and serve them to him in
a bun.

WOOLF

Seems fair.

He takes the food.

WOOLF

Thanks. See ya.

Maria smiles at him as he goes, the face of an angel.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Woolf and the two bikers enjoy the sunshine, eat their
breakfast and study the pretty girls that stream by.

ROGER

You know it's always amazed me
Wolfy...

He pauses as he digests a chunk of bacon.

ROGER

...how every woman within fifty
feet of you goes weak at the knees.
I mean it's not as if you're good
looking is it?

DAVE

Well to be fair Rog. Compared to
you, he is.

ROGER

I'll have you know that in my day I
was considered quite a catch.

DAVE

Yeah, but then the war ended and
they had more choice.

Roger grins good naturedly. Woolf stops listening -- stares
down the street.

WOOLF'S POV

A thin pockmarked guy moves amongst a crowd of foreign
tourists jabbering in an excited group by a hot dog stand.

He's a pick pocket -- works the group like a well oiled
machine, his companion a man with close cropped hair, bumps
into people distracts them as he goes to work.

WOOLF

Starts up his bike. Roger and Dave choke in a cloud of smoke
as he roars off. They look after him.

ROGER

Shit, not again.

Woolf hurtles towards the group of tourists. They scatter.

The pick pockets run for their lives, terrified shoppers
throw themselves clear as the bike roars down the centre of
the pedestrian precinct.

Woolf closes on the short cropped man first. The bikes faring
strikes him a glancing blow.

He spins into a street sign, goes down. The pock marked guy is faster -- not fast enough.

Woolf catches him behind the knees with his boot, sends him sprawling. He slews the bike to a halt. Hauls him to his feet.

POCKMARK

The fuck you doing?

Woolf pushes his jacket over his arms, unzips the front. A stream of wallets, purses and pocket books tumbles onto the pavement.

WOOLF

Take a guess.

A police officer appears. Looks at the wallets, then at Woolf.

OFFICER

This is turning into a bit of a habit isn't it?

Woolf looks through the wallets, picks up a small purse.

WOOLF

Just returning a bit of lost property.

OFFICER

Yeah well, how'd you feel if I started to deliver packages?

WOOLF

Grateful.

Woolf starts up his bike and heads back up the road. The officer looks after him.

OFFICER

Dickwad.

EXT. CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Woolf is extricating himself from the arms of a large and enthusiastic Italian woman LOUISE, Marie's mother and the owner of the recovered purse.

LOUISE

...anytime...you have coffee,
free..

Woolf thanks her and comes over to where Dave and Roger wait.

DAVE

Even the old ones are at it now.

ROGER

You'll be wearing tights and driving a batmobile by the end of the week.

Woolf pokes Roger in his ample stomach.

WOOLF

You could be Robin.

ROGER

No really. Is honesty habit forming?

WOOLF

It's just something that stays with you I suppose.

He pulls a black Harley Davidson wallet from his pocket

WOOLF

Unlike your wallet.

Roger stares at it, feels his back pocket.

ROGER

Where is the little shit I'll kick his head in.

WOOLF

That's what I like, a responsible citizen.

INT. WOOLF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The flat is lit with candles. Soft music plays. Caz is cooking pasta. She wears thigh length PVC boots with six inch heels and a latex micro skirt that ends just short of rape.

Her hair is back combed to within an inch of it's life. A man's wet dream.

The door bangs. Woolf comes in. His eyes gleam as he heads towards her. He runs his hand down her back. Caz turns round. She smiles. It's like the sun just came out.

CAZ

Jade said I could borrow them for tonight. What do you think?

WOOLF

Think! I'm beyond thought. How ready's the pasta?

She kisses him hungrily, begins to unbutton his shirt, flicks the cooker off.

CAZ

Not as ready as you. Follow me slave.

She walks with an exaggerated wiggle towards the bedroom. Woolf follows. Never takes his eyes off the latex...

BEDROOM

Falling backwards onto the bed they begin to tear at each others clothes. Caz's dress unzips and she's naked and within seconds so is he. Her lips move down his chest -- he moans as we go to...

INT. SCRIBES TATTOO PARLOUR - MORNING

CSI'S crawl all over the place, bagging loose items, dusting for prints.

WEEKS the pathologist works on the body. He's young and fit in his late 20's, wears a statement tee-shirt and loafers.

A couple of officers flick through some tattoo mags. Commenting on various pictures - pierced women in various states of undress.

They quickly put the mag down as the door opens.

DETECTIVE SHAFTER comes in. He's big and black. An African American who counters the irony of his name with a heavy dose of cynicism. He looks at the body. Grimaces.

SHAFTER

The hell happened to this guy?

Weeks presses a finger on the body's skin.

WEEKS

Skin lividity says he's been dead five or six hours.

(dead pan)

I'm guessing, but I don't think this was suicide.

Shafter looks at him.

SHAFTER

Damn right. You seen anything like this before?

WEEKS

Indian Sadhus hang from flesh hooks during O-Kee-Pa ceremonies. It's part of their primitive rituals.

SHAFTER

He look Indian to you Doc?

WEEKS

No. But he could be part of the S&M scene. Leaving aside the people just into dressing up and sex, there's a hard core of people who use pain like it was some sort of religion.

SHAFTER

Come again?

WEEKS

Pain and pleasure are only separated by a fine line. Once you cross that line it becomes something else. You enter an altered state.

Shafter looks at the various steel skewers that have been pushed through the dead man's flesh.

SHAFTER

Guy's been altered all right. You think this was some sort of ritualistic thing that went wrong?

Weeks studies the skewers closely.

WEEKS

He could have done the piercing himself. But hauling himself up? No, somebody else was here. Look at these.

He indicates the steel skewers that protrude from points on the man's body.

WEEKS

A fakir can pass these through his flesh without feeling pain. Believe me this man felt pain.

He looks at the skewers closely.

WEEKS

He was still alive when that thing started on his face.

Shafter tries not to look at what's left of the face too closely.

SHAFTER

Jesus!

WEEKS

My guess is he died from suffocation.

SHAFTER

You mean someone killed him then hung him up?

WEEKS

No. Hanging in this position for more than twenty minutes is almost impossible. It's like being in a bear hug. You can't breath.

Shafter looks up at the machine in front of the man's face.

SHAFTER

What's this?

WEEKS

Ever put your hand into one of those pin sculptures?

SHAFTER

Sure.

WEEKS

Same idea. It fits to the contours of your body. Normal tattooing uses one needle and an ink supply...

He gets down from the stool. Picks up a handheld tattoo rig from a bench and shows it to Shafter.

WEEKS

...takes a long time and is moderately painful. This uses bubblejet printer technology. Needles are fed with different colour inks, a thousand of them maybe more.

SHAFTER

What controls the needles?

Weeks walks over to the computer.

WEEKS

Computer. Like one of those T-shirt machines. Only this prints on your flesh...injects ink under the skin.

Shafter looks at the Mandala tattoo.

SHAFTER

Is that how this was done?

Weeks studies the tattoo.

WEEKS

Maybe. Computerised tattooing allows complex designs to be done very quickly. Something like this would normally take months. A machine could do it within minutes.

Shafter looks at the steel wire leading down to hooks piercing the dead man's flesh.

SHAFTER

Who'd kill someone like this?

WEEKS

Maybe they had a thing about chalk outlines.

Shafter takes a moment to think about this, cracks a grin.

SHAFTER

You're a funny guy to be working with stiffs.

WEEKS

No, I'm a funny guy because I'm working with stiffs.

INT. OMAHA POLICE HEADQUARTERS - COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

CHEN a young oriental MAN works in front of a large computer display. The screen shows some gruesome photos of body piercings. Shafter appears at his side.

SHAFTER

This the stuff from the tattoo parlour?

CHEN

Yeah, kept records of his clients designs and addresses in an image bank.

SHAFTER

Anything?

Chen hands him a pile of printouts.

CHEN

He did four of the Mandala designs, no client details. Looks like they were special.

An AMPALLANG a particularly painful looking genital piercing flicks onto the screen. Shafter looks at it.

SHAFTER

Ouch.

CHEN

It's meant to improve your sex life.

SHAFTER

Yeah right. Like stapling your dick to the floor.

CHEN

Don't knock it till you try it.

SHAFTER

No way. This piercing shit gives me the creeps. A bit of animal passion is one thing. But this?

Shafter looks at the picture on the screen.

CHEN

People are tapping into their primitive feelings, using pain as a gateway to a higher plane. The search for Nirvana.

SHAFTER

No shit. I'll remember that next time I slam my fingers in the car door.

Chen scans through some more images.

SHAFTER

This system. It's gotta cost right?

Chen is busy on the computer.

CHEN

Auto tattoo rig, top of the range color scanner, Hi-Def camera, over clocked, super-cooled core stacked processors. You bet.

Shafter thumbs through the list of clients and their designs. He shakes his head at some of the pictures.

SHAFTER

I want to know everything about this Nathan guy. Bank details, phone records. Question everybody that's had a tattoo done by him within the last couple of years. Let's find the sick sonofabitch that did this. Before he gets a taste for it.

EXT. OLD MARKET - NIGHT

Woolf is sitting on his bike. He looks at his watch. Seems nervous.

A young stoner on a flashy Jap street bike screeches to a halt beside him making him jump.

The man flicks up his helmet. A large grin beneath a big nose.

Meet BEAKY.

WOOLF

Beaky. Scared the shit out of me.

BEAKY

Yeah I can see how speed would be a novelty to you, riding that.

Beaky starts to reach into his jacket. We hear the roar of a bike approaching fast. Beaky looks behind Woolf.

BEAKY

I'm outta here.

He bangs the clutch out and smears rubber down the pavement, leaves a trail of smoke as he shoots down the street.

Woolf turns round, sees a black Kawasaki heading right at him. The rider's face is hidden behind his helmet. It doesn't look like he's going to stop.

Woolf bangs in the clutch and lurches off his engine misses before picking up speed.

Behind him the rider flicks his main beam on, pins him like a moth in the light.

Woolf hurtles down the centre of a pedestrian precinct weaving around obstructions. The Kawasaki's gaining on him.

Woolf throws his bike into a skid, accelerates down a narrow alleyway. Sparks flying from his handlebars as they scrape against the walls.

The Kawasaki skids to a halt -- too big to fit through.

Woolf bursts out of the lane in a cloud of oily smoke. He accelerates down the road looking behind, checking for the bike.

The Kawasaki explodes out of a side street directly in front of him. It slows down -- blocks the road.

Woolf slams on his brakes. Swings into an --

UNDERGROUND CAR-PARK

The entrance barrier is swinging down. He ducks under it, Accelerates up the ramp.

KAWASAKI

Skids to a halt at the barrier. A fist slams on the ticket button. The barrier swings slowly up, the bike roars through it's rider ducking under the arm.

WOOLF

Still accelerating round the curves, climbing levels.

A CAR suddenly appears.

He swings round it.

Smashing along the side of it with his kick stand.

Wobbles. Keeps going. Bursts out onto the --

ROOF

Empty. Omaha City lights glitter below.

He circles round the roof. Looking for a way out.
 A metal fire escape leading down to the street below.
 Accelerates towards it.
 He's almost there when...
 Lift doors slide open.
 A ROAR as the Kawasaki rockets from the cage.
 Slams to a halt in front of him.
 He stops an inch from it's fairing.
 The Kawasaki rider pulls off his helmet.
 ANGLE ON COLEFAX
 His partner on the CRIPPS SECURITY job.
 He smiles.

COLEFAX

Just because I have a better bike
 doesn't mean we can't be friends.

EXT. CAR PARK ROOF - LATER

The two men look out over the City. The atmosphere is heavy
 between them.

COLEFAX

I hear you're still keeping your
 hand in...the odd citizens
 arrest...

WOOLF

I like to think it makes a
 difference.

COLEFAX

Pissing in the wind.

WOOLF

Yeah well it's the best I can do.

Woolf turns to go.

COLEFAX

Wait.

WOOLF

Why? So you can tell me what a failure I've become.

COLEFAX

You'd hate it in the force. They ride BMWs for Christ's sake.

Woolf stares at him.

WOOLF

Maybe. But while you were being promoted, I was lying on a rubber sheet sucking my food through one tube and pissing down another.

COLEFAX

Nick listen.

WOOLF

No you listen. If you'd backed me up I'd still have my wife and a job.

Colefax looks at him. A long beat; then.

COLEFAX

The relic wasn't in the truck Nick.

WOOLF

What?

COLEFAX

Don't you think that they'd have found something by now. All those police divers, the amateurs. It's been two years Nick.

WOOLF

So?

COLEFAX

A tattooist was murdered. Some sort of ritual killing. Phone records show a call into a secure line TO his computer from Cripp's bank the day before the robbery.

WOOLF

You think he was one of the gang?

COLEFAX

That's the way it looks.

Woolf looks at him. Waits. Colefax continues.

COLEFAX

The relic's worth millions. Maybe someone's getting greedy. Doesn't want to share his part of the take.

WOOLF

So you think one of the gang's doing a bit of housekeeping.

COLEFAX

If we can find the rest of the gang before the killer does. We can nail whoever it is. And get the relic back.

WOOLF

Why are you telling me this?

COLEFAX

The guy that was killed was into a pretty heavy scene. S&M shit. Body piercing. That scene's pretty tight. We need someone who's in the scene. Or at least on the fringes.

WOOLF

Uh uh, not me. I'm not in the force anymore Will. I was discharged, you were at the psychological review board, or had you forgotten. That's when my career ended.

Colefax smiles. It doesn't reach his eyes. They remain cold and unblinking.

COLEFAX

That's right. And whoever planned the Cripps job did that didn't they, fucked you over. Drove your wife away because she couldn't stand your drunken self pity. I thought you'd want a chance to get even, find the people that screwed your life up. Looks like I was wrong. The explosion must have blown your balls off...

The force of the punch takes Colefax by surprise.

Lifts him clean off his feet. Sends him crashing to the ground. He rubs some blood off the side of his lip. Looks at Woolf with a shit eating grin.

COLEFAX

That's what I like to see,
assaulting a police officer during
the course of his investigations.
Just the sort of low life behavior
you'll need to blend in.

Woolf goes over to him. Grabs him by the jacket. Pulls his
face up close.

WOOLF

Just stay away from me Will. Fuck
off back to where you came from.

He kicks the Kawasaki savagely. Sends it crashing over onto
it's side.

WOOLF

And take that piece of crap with
you.

He goes over to his bike. Kick starts it and roars off down
the ramp. Colefax stares after him, gives a strange smile.

INT. WOOLF'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Woolf lets himself in. Caz has fallen asleep on the couch,
she wakes up as she hears the door.

CAZ

Nick?

Woolf comes in. He looks like shit. She looks at him.

CAZ

Where've you been, I was worried.

Woolf avoids her eyes.

WOOLF

Bumped into an old friend. Colefax.

Caz looks at him.

CAZ

Colefax? Will Colefax?

WOOLF

Little prick wanted me to work with
him...

CAZ

I hope you told him where to shove
it.

WOOLF

Better than that. I shoved it for him.

CAZ

Why you?

WOOLF

There's been a murder. They think it's linked to the Cripps job.

Caz stiffens. Looks at him. Woolf slumps back onto the bed. A long beat. It hangs between them like a bad smell.

CAZ

Do you want to do it?

He looks at her. Turns away to hide his feelings.

WOOLF

That year I spent in hospital
...wasn't a day when I didn't want
to find those people, to hurt them,
let them feel the pain I went
through. Show them what it's
like...to lose everything.

Caz reaches out. Envelops him in her warmth. Feels him shaking with the memory. Touches his eyes feels the tears brimming.

CAZ

It's alright, it's alright, let it go.

He looks up into her face.

WOOLF

It doesn't matter anymore. You're the only thing that matters now.

INT. WOOLF'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sun streams across the bed. Woolf opens his eyes. Winces in the glare. Groans. Rubs his arm, then his leg. It's habitual.

He looks over at Caz. She's asleep. He brushes a stray strand of hair from her mouth, traces the curve of her lips. She wakes, sucks at his finger.

CAZ

Today's special offer is...

WOOLF

Coffee?

Caz releases his finger. Groans.

CAZ

That's pretty low down on the menu.

She looks him in the eye.

WOOLF

Sorry. I'm off my food at the moment.

He kisses her. Moves to get out the bed. Clutches his leg.

WOOLF'S

Shit!

CAZ

Bad today?

WOOLF

I'll be all right.

He grabs a dressing gown from the floor. Limpes towards the kitchen. Caz calls after him.

CAZ

Give Beaky a call. You should get some stuff.

WOOLF (O.S.)

He nearly had a heart attack the last time we met. I'd better see him at his place.

KITCHEN

Woolf finishes making coffee. Something in the paper catches his eye. An article by-line. TATTOOIST FOUND DEAD He scans the column. Heads into the...

BEDROOM

He drops the paper onto the bed. Hands Caz the mug.

CAZ

Thanks. What is it?

WOOLF

The guy that was killed. He had a Mandala tattooed on his back.

Caz takes a sip of her coffee. A beat as she looks at him.

CAZ

So?

WOOLF

I just wondered what a Mandala was?

Caz puts her cup down.

CAZ

You just wondered?

She sighs, picks the paper up. Scans it. Puts it down.

CAZ

You know about Buddhism?

WOOLF

Sure. Don't step on an ant it could be your grandma.

Caz gives him a look of pity. Wanders over to a bookshelf. Pulls down a book Dictionary of symbols and thumbs through it. Finds an illustration.

A complex design, a Mandala wheel of life.

CAZ

Tantra, a form of Buddhism, also known as Vajrayana, is an esoteric tradition.

Woolf smiles.

WOOLF

Tantra. Isn't that some kind of sex thing?

CAZ

Clever boy. It's when the man holds back for hours so he can give the women unbelievable pleasure.

WOOLF

Why would anyone want to do that?

She whacks him on the head with the book.

WOOLF

Ouch! Okay. I'm listening.

CAZ

The initiation ceremonies of Tantrism involve entry into a Mandala, a mystic circle, a kind of symbolic map of the spiritual universe.

She traces her finger round the design.

CAZ

It's a visual representation of an enchantment, a mantra.

WOOLF

The stuff they chant?

CAZ

Yes. These symbols are Sanskrit. They each have a specific meaning. A sound which links to an image. Buddhists stare at the symbol focus their spiritual energy.

WOOLF

Is that when they go into some sort of trance and float above the floor?

Caz nods. Reads from the book.

CAZ

The design is a spiritual gateway, a means of inducing certain mental states. Moving the spirit along the path from corporeal to spiritual.

WOOLF

Out of body experiences.?

CAZ

Yes. A true initiate can visualize thousands of different images in one mandala.

WOOLF

Shit. I have trouble with a where's Wally book.

Caz puts the book down.

CAZ

Jade's into this stuff. Maybe you should ask her about it if you're that interested?

Woolf looks at her. Their eyes meet. He turns away.

WOOLF

No. I'm not that interested.
Besides Jade's into everything.
I'd be there for days.

Caz gives him a look, part joking part probing.

CAZ

Not like you to pass up a chance to
be alone with Jade.

WOOLF

Don't start that again. I was going
through a rough patch.

CAZ

Jade's a rough patch alright. Now
that's when you needed Tantra.

Woolf sighs. Irritated. Gets off the bed. Shrugs a pair of
jeans on. Tries to change the subject.

WOOLF

Any news about Zeke?

Caz looks uncomfortable.

CAZ

They seem to think I have a good
chance but...

WOOLF

But, it would help if you weren't
shacked up with a loser delivering
packages.

Caz reaches out to stroke Woolf's face.

CAZ

It's okay Nick. Really. Look, I've
been clean now for a couple of
years. Christ I'm living with a
police hero.

WOOLF

Hero! That's rich. If I hadn't been
such a hero I'd still have a life.

Caz's face crumples. She gets out the bed. Storms past.

WOOLF

Shit. I didn't mean it like that.
Caz. CAZ!

The bathroom door slams shut rattling the walls. The photo of Woolf on his police bike crashes to the floor. Smashes into fragments.

CAZ (O.S)

Fuck off Nick. Just leave me alone.

The sound of sobbing comes from behind the door. Nick holds his head in his hands.

INT. BEAKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A messy and unloved pit. Some tatty posters of films cover the stained walls and there's a frayed nylon carpet.

Classical music pours out from a large an Ipod dock. Sounds of passion come from the bedroom.

BEAKY (OOV)

Yes! Yes! YES!

TINA (OOV)

You're not faking it are you?

BEAKY (OOV)

What? No No NO!

INT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

An exhausted Beaky slumps beneath a well developed girl with a pencil thin waist. She hasn't even broken sweat. Meet TINA (20s) with the body of a dancer

BEAKY

Amazing...

She grabs Beaky by the nose.

TINA

Remember what you promised.

BEAKY

Sure. I know the owner of the club.
No problem.

EXT. BEAKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A nondescript car parked in the car park below. Looks empty. It isn't. Low in the seat is Colefax. Wing mirror angled up at the flats. He's watching.

COLEFAX

Come on.

He sees what he's waiting for. Woolf, splutters up on the old BSA. Parks it near the stairwell. Kids playing nearby don't give it a second glance.

He heads towards the entrance to the flats.

ANGLE ON THE CAR

A youth begins to unscrew one of the wheels.

THUD! Colefax swings the door into his head as he gets out. Sends him sprawling. Bloodies his nose.

YOUTH

The fuck!

Colefax shows his I.D.

COLEFAX

Piss off.

He pulls a walkie talkie from his pocket. Speaks into it.

COLEFAX

Stand by.

EXT. BEAKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Woolf limps up the remaining flight of stairs comes to Beaky's door. Knocks. The door opens, Beaky's tousled head slides round the door. He's hyper. His eyes flick either side of Woolf.

BEAKY

You're early.

WOOLF

I love you too.

BEAKY

Bit busy man.

WOOLF

More auditions?

BEAKY

Yeah right. Come in.

He lets Woolf past.

INT. BEAKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Beaky wanders over to a cupboard and pulls out a tin box.

BEAKY

So. Who was that guy the other night?

WOOLF

Just someone I know.

Beaky stops what he's doing. Shoots him a look.

BEAKY

Jesus. Where'd you know him from? Guy's a headcase. I don't need shit like that. Why don't you grow your weed on an allotment, save me a freaking heart attack. Thought I was being arrested.

WOOLF

The only arrest you'll have is cardiac.

BEAKY

Everybody has to go sometime.

Woolf smiles. Beaky displays some stuff from the tin.

BEAKY

Got a nice Mexican, good stuff. This is Indian, I think they mix banana skins or some shit with it. Now this, this is the fucking creme de la creme of weed...

As he talks Tina appears from the bedroom. She's naked. She floats past them. Heads towards the kitchen.

She pirouettes gracefully. Two pairs of eyes follow her. She catches their looks. Smiles.

TINA

I'm a dancer.

Tina disappears into the kitchen. Beaky grins.

BEAKY

Yeah, right, private dancer. Now where was I...

SMASH! The door bursts open. Suddenly the flat looks like a cops locker room. Colefax comes in with that cold smile.

COLEFAX

Well, well. Sex, drugs and, what is it?

He moves over to the Ipod dock. Looks at the playlist.

COLEFAX

Bit high brow for you isn't it Beaky?

Beaky glowers. Tina appears from the kitchen. Heads turn.

COLEFAX

Ah...the strippergram. I didn't know it was your birthday Nick. You should have said. Why don't we pop down to the station and reminisce.

INT. OMAHA POLICE DEPARTMENT HQ - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Colefax faces Woolf across the table. There is a file next to him. An Officer brings in a cup of tea -- leaves.

Colefax slides the cup towards Woolf. He reaches over and switches off the recording machine.

COLEFAX

That's the official bit done. Now lets talk about real life.

WOOLF

You set me up.

COLEFAX

I prefer the word organized, set-up sounds criminal. I'm sure you know how this works, there's a good cop and a bad cop, they wear you down, put bright lights in your face and generally get sweaty...

WOOLF

You're mad. I wasn't even carrying. It won't stick.

COLEFAX

Due to a shortage of manpower I have to play the good cop and the bad cop. Quite frankly I like it that way.

He produces a print out of the Mandala tattoo taken from Nathan, the dead tattooist's back. Puts it on the table.

COLEFAX

His records show he carried out four Mandala tattoos using his computerised rig including his own.

WOOLF

So what?

COLEFAX

The guy was a biker, hung out at S&M clubs and tattoo fests. Chances are the other members of the gang moved in the same circles. I want you to find them.

WOOLF

I told you before I'm not into that scene anymore. Get your guys to do their own dirty work.

COLEFAX

Yeah right. Most of them may as well wear a flashing light on their heads.

WOOLF

Not my problem.

COLEFAX

Listen to me. After the accident you became a courier, hung out in that scene, mixed with those people. You didn't meet that chick you live with at Sunday school did you?

WOOLF

Leave her out of it.

COLEFAX

That depends on you.

Woolf gives him a look. Suddenly worried.

WOOLF

What do you mean?

COLEFAX

I need someone who can blend in. You know their world, you can look around.

WOOLF

Forget it.

Colefax sighs. Reaches over and picks the cup of tea up. Holds it clear of the table.

COLEFAX
How's the leg?

WOOLF
What do you...

His sentence is cut off by a savage kick to the knee by Colefax. Woolf doubles up in pain, clutches his leg. Colefax puts the tea back down on the table.

COLEFAX
See? Good cop, bad cop. Now we can do this the easy way or the hard way.

WOOLF
Go to hell.

COLEFAX
Not yet.

He picks up the phone. Dials a number.

COLEFAX
Colefax. How's it going? Put her on.

He holds the phone away from his ear as a torrent of abuse pours from it. He hands it to Woolf.

COLEFAX
It's for you.

Woolf listens. He pales.

WOOLF
Caz?

Colefax takes the phone from him. Puts it down.

COLEFAX
Quite the little firecat isn't she.

He looks at a file.

COLEFAX
Ex-Junkie. A few arrests for pushing, rents space in Pam's PVC Boutique, been clean for a few years now. Looks like you saved each other.

WOOLF

Go fuck yourself.

COLEFAX

I see she has a custody case outstanding. I wonder what the chances of that working out are? I mean, if we were to find drugs?

He leaves the question hanging. Woolf glares at him.

INT. WOOLF'S APARTMENT - LATER

Woolf looks around the flat. It's a mess. Books lie where they've been thrown. He picks up pieces of a broken ornament his eyes dead.

Caz comes out from the bedroom carrying a suitcase. She's been crying.

WOOLF

Caz wait...

CAZ

I'm sorry Nick...if you want to put yourself through that shit that's up to you, only I'm not hanging around to pick up the pieces. Not this time. I have to think of my future, and that includes Zeke.

She comes over to him. Puts the case down.

CAZ

He needs a father Nick. Someone who's going to be there for him. Do you understand?

Nick doesn't look up. Stares at a broken picture of him and Caz that lies on the floor. Caz picks up her case. Goes to the door. Turns.

CAZ

I'm staying with Jade.

She goes through the door, closes it softly behind her. Woolf stares at the door.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

A small bookshelf crammed with books on Eastern religion, Buddhism, and Tibet.

Piles of Tattoo mags clutter a shelf. A MAN has his back to us. He stares at a Mandala design woven on tapestry pinned to the wall.

He chants a strange Mantra as he stares at the image.

Meet BODHISATTVA SHIMEETA, formerly Dennis Hardy. His face is covered by a swirling tribal tattoo stretching back over his bald head.

A face to give you nightmares.

He has a small design tattooed on his back. A tiger's eye. His eyes are glazed. Mind floating free.

INT. SHAFTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Shafter stands looking out over the City skyline. Colefax sits in a chair in front of him.

SHAFTER

I don't like it Colefax.

COLEFAX

It'll work. Trust me.

Shafter swivels round from the window. Moves to the desk. Leans on it, stares at Colefax.

SHAFTER

Trust you? Why the fuck should I?
You want to involve a civilian,
your ex-partner, some burnt out has
been from a security heist screw up
you were involved with two years
ago.

COLEFAX

We were commended Sir...

Shafter snorts.

SHAFTER

Yeah, sure sign of a fuck up a
commendation, helps the press
forget you lost a religious
artifact worth millions.

COLEFAX

It's still out there.

SHAFTER

Sure it is. So's Jimmy Hoffa's
body, but I'm not hiring a
roadsweeper to find it.

Shafter leafs through a thick file.

SHAFTER

Woolf was injured trying to remove
a second mine from the side of the
truck.

(beat)

What were you doing while he was
being a hero?

Colefax looks away for a second, a beat as if remembering.

COLEFAX

He went against procedure Sir...put
the public at risk...

Shafter looks at him with disbelief.

SHAFTER

Risk? It was five in the morning.
Not exactly rush hour was it. Two
men died in that truck Colefax.
Don't you think it was worth the
risk?

COLEFAX

I don't write the rules Sir.

SHAFTER

That's right Colefax you don't, and
it's my ass on the line if I
authorise anybody to break them.

Shafter moves round the desk. Face to face with Colefax.

SHAFTER

If you involve a civilian in this I
want to know what goes down. You
learn anything, it goes in the
report. You getting this?

COLEFAX

Sir.

SHAFTER

You suspect anything. It goes in
the report. And if you screw up,
you go.

No commendation, no write up, no pension. Do I make myself clear?

Colefax looks at him. Cold eyes unblinking.

COLEFAX

Yes Sir.

SHAFTER

Right. Get out of here.

EXT. TATTOO AND BIKE FESTIVAL - DAY

A large field given over to the event. A hog turns on a spit, kegs of beer spurt into cups and hot-dog vendors dispense meat in soggy buns.

A Heavy Metal group plays something unintelligible from a small stage.

A number of tents contain tattoo artists who carry out on the spot tattooing and display photos of their work.

An exhibition of Harley Davidson bikes draws a sizeable crowd. The place is heaving with biker chicks, pot bellied bikers and general enthusiasts.

INT. TENT - DAY

Gloomy and cluttered with rucksacks. The dull gleam of naked flesh. A match flares as MATTY, an attractive black GIRL lights a cigarette.

She draws deeply on it. Passes it over to JON, a young biker. She stands up, lowers herself down. Straddles him.

An older man, GRANT looks on for a moment then moves behind her. She smiles, pink tongue darting between perfect white teeth. A groan from Grant as he joins with her.

His back arches with pleasure.

He pulls her hair hard, she cries out.

He smiles enjoying her pain.

The dim light spilling into the tent illuminates his sweating back for a second. Revealing the tattoo.

A Tibetan MANDALA.

EXT. TATTOO FESTIVAL - DAY

Woolf cruises amongst the stalls and displays. His eyes darting around, searching. He comes to a halt, pulls the Mandala photo from his jacket. Props his bike up.

Several bikers look at his machine and shake their heads.

He sees their looks, nods at them.

WOOLF

Found it in an old barn. I'm doing her up.

BIKER

I'd have 'er put down man, she's got serious problems.

Woolf smiles.

WOOLF

Haven't we all.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Woolf chatting to tattooists while they work, showing his photo around.

B) Woolf moving amongst the crowds of people sitting listening to the music, showing them the photo.

C) Woolf moving around the bike exhibits showing the photo, people shaking their heads.

EXT. ED'S TATTOO TENT - LATER

Woolf heads towards a tent with a display of ornate primal tattoos, swirling Sanskrit syllables linked to make complex patterns. A sign says ED SADDLER - TATTOO CREATIONS.

INT. TENT - DAY

ED, a wiry man with piercing eyes and grey hair tied in a knob, is working on a young girl's wrist.

His arms are covered with Celtic symbols. He doesn't look up as Woolf comes in.

His eyes remain focused on his work.

The needle buzzes. The girl smiles shyly at Woolf.

WOOLF

Ed?

ED

Yes, what can I do for you?

He finishes the girl, winks at her.

ED

All done.

She stands up hands him some money, looks at her wrist.
A small bluebird flutters around the bone.

GIRL

Great.

She hurries out the tent into the sunshine. Woolf shows Ed
the Photo of the Mandala.

WOOLF

Could you do one of these?

The tattooist looks at it. A beat while he takes it in.

ED

Why?

WOOLF

You're a tattooist?

ED

Wrong answer. See, the thing is,
you have to want it.

He gets a book out, flicks through some pictures. Small
designs. Butterflies, birds, roses.

ED

These, they're what I'd call
fashion tats, you wear these like
you would an earring.

He turns to more complex designs. Swirling dragons, mystical
Celtic patterns.

ED

Now something big, well it's there
for life. Not like a piece of
clothing you can take off. It has
to be bound up with who you are. It
becomes part of you.

He pushes Woolf's sleeve up, reveals the Phoenix tattoo
covering his scars.

ED

Not a great piece. You had it done to hide the scarring. But you chose it.

Woolf rubs at the tattoo.

WOOLF

Didn't give it much thought, it was the right size.

ED

A phoenix. Symbol of re-birth. Whether you knew it or not something inside you was drawn to that. It became part of you. When you look at it you'll know exactly where you were in your life at that time. Like 9/11.

Woolf looks at the tattoo. Remembering.

A young girl walks into the tent.

A mane of curly hair and a mouthful of gum.

She sits down. Peels off her top, breasts spilling out.

GIRL

I'd like them done with the silver bars.

She points to some jewelry in a display case behind Ed.

Ed looks at her, produces two items from a small box beside him.

ED

Both of them?

GIRL

Sure.

Ed produces a small bottle of antiseptic wipe, begins to work on her nipples. Woolf looks away. The girls oblivious, she could be having a manicure for all the notice she's taking.

ED

The Mandala, that's a spiritual gateway. You a Buddhist Mr?

WOOLF

Woolf, Nick Woolf. No.

Ed produces a small piercing gun, dips it in alcohol, works a clamp around her nipple. The girl stops chewing gum, begins to look pensive.

Ed squeezes the trigger there's a dull click as the point bites through the flesh.

A drop of blood dribbles across the girl's milk white skin.

Her hands clench on the chair.

ED
So why would you put yourself
through months of pain and
discomfort?

Woolf rubs at his chest, screws up his face, looks like he's in more pain than the girl.

Ed looks at him suspiciously.

ED
What do you really want Mr. Woolf?

WOOLF
I need to find some people. They
all have this tattoo.

ED
Maybe they don't want to be found.
Tattoos are all about personal
freedom Mr. Woolf. That's why
they're so popular with prisoners.
It says fuck you I can do what I
want with my body. Are you trying
to rob people of their freedom Mr.
Woolf?

Ed begins to work on the other nipple. Shoots Woolf a look.

ED
You a pig?

WOOLF
No. That is I used to be...

Ed presses the trigger. This time the girl squeaks, face flushed, a tear squeezes out her eye, rolls down one cheek.

He slides the silver bar in. Wipes blood off.

ED
There. All done. You'll need to
keep things clean for a few weeks.

Here's my card, any problems give me a ring. And if you want anything else pierced you know where I am.

The girl hands him some money, winces as she eases her breasts back under her top, walks carefully out the tent.

ED
What have these people done Mr. Woolf?

WOOLF
They stole something.

ED
I can live with that.

WOOLF
Some people were killed.

Ed locks eyes with Woolf. He taps at Woolf's scarring.

ED
They did this to you didn't they? That's what this is about isn't it. They fucked your life up and now you want to fuck them.

WOOLF
It's not that.

Ed looks at him.

ED
What?

WOOLF
Somebody's killing them.

ED
Why should you care? Legal system's screwed up anyway. Seems to me whoever's killing them'll save everybody a load of trouble.

WOOLF
I can't let that happen.

Ed shrugs, studies the photograph.

ED

This is a very complex design, only time I've seen it was in the papers. On the surface of the Kublai Khan's royal prayer wheel. It was stolen a few years back.

Woolf looks at him. Ed catches the look.

ED

They say that when the Kublai Khan meditated he used it to give him insight into his enemies weaknesses ...made him all powerful. He gave it to Marco Polo as a gift in the 13th century. His followers believed that's when his power started to wane.

WOOLF

What do you think?

Ed smiles.

ED

In Xanadu did Kublai Khan a stately pleasure dome decree.

WOOLF

Frankie goes to Hollywood?

ED

I think the Khan started to lose his power when he began taking pleasure from women rather than giving pain to his enemies.

WOOLF

Could someone believe the prayer wheel would make them as powerful as Kublai Khan?

ED

Kublai Khan was a pussycat. A hundred years after his death Tamerlane was building pyramids with his enemies skulls from Persia to the Ganges. In those days they gave out pain like candy.

WOOLF

And today?

ED

Today people take their pleasure
and pain on a one to one basis.

WOOLF

S&M clubs?

ED

Sure. What ever turns them on.

WOOLF

What about tattooing?

ED

Some people go for the pain, it's
part of the deal. He who wants the
rose must respect the thorn

WOOLF

I don't know that track.

ED

It's an old Persian proverb. I've
had women in here who want their
whole bodies done. They get
tattooed like a junkie has a fix.
They need the pain.

WOOLF

Why?

ED

It goes back to primitive rituals.
A time when we used to prove
ourselves by the measure of pain we
could take. Today it's a way of
tapping back into that primal
energy, getting back the identity
we've lost by becoming civilised.

Woolf takes back the photo.

WOOLF

I need to find these people.

Woolf hands him a card.

WOOLF

You hear anything you give me a
call.

ED

Sure, and watch your back or...
(beat)

You could end up with a tattoo on it.

He laughs. Woolf smiles, unsure. Leaves the tent.

EXT. HOG ROAST - MOMENTS LATER

Woolf orders a piece of hog in a bun. Stands eating. His whole attention appears to be focused on the wet tee-shirt competition. But it's not. One eye remains fixed on Ed's tent.

EXT. WATCHERS POV - THAT MOMENT

Somebody looks down on the festival through a video camera's zoom lens. We see them scan over to Ed's tent, see Ed as he leaves. See him go to the tent with Matty and the two men in it.

A moment later he comes out, looks around and hurries back to his tent. Seconds later Grant and Matty appear. They climb onto a cherry red 1935 Indian Four bike and roar off.

The camera closes in on the bike's registration plate.

EXT. TATTOO FESTIVAL - THAT MOMENT

Woolf throws his bun to the ground. His eyes follow the bike as he runs towards the BSA. He grabs his helmet and stamps on the kick start.

A FIST smashes into his face.

Knocks him to the ground.

He looks up at a giant of a man, name of RIBS.

He's hauled to his feet.

Three more men appear beside Ribs blocking off any chance of escape. Wolf wipes blood from his nose with the back of his hand.

WOOLF

I think you're making some kind of mistake...

Ribs smashes a fist deep into his stomach.

Nick doubles over in agony.

RIBS

You been asking a lot of questions.

RAT a small runt of a man, kicks Woolf in the ribs. A sharp pop as a bone cracks. The little man smiles, scuttles back near Ribs.

RAT

Yeah. Maybe you're a pig wot got out of his pen...?

RIBS

Perhaps you like pain. Fucking little perv.

WOOLF

No. I'm really not into it...trust me.

RIBS

Maybe you should try it.

WOOLF

Oh I've tried it alright, how about you...

And with that he swings his helmet up in a vicious arc.

THUD! Slams it into the big guy's nuts.

Ribs shrieks in agony, clutches himself, eyes watering. Rat looks at Woolf with astonishment.

RAT

You're dead.

They close in on him. He rolls into a ball as kicks and blows rain down on him.

As if by magic two of the bikers keel over onto the floor, eyes glazed. A familiar voice rings out.

DAVE (OOV)

I was wrong Rog, compared to these shits you're positively handsome.

Dave and Roger, Woolf's courier mates face up to Ribs and Rat.

RIBS

Beat it you two, this guy's dead meat.

Roger moves up to Ribs, they stand beer belly to beer belly. Roger has an inch over ribs. They lock eyes.

ROGER

You so much as lay a finger on him,
and I'll shove your helmet so far
up your ass you'll have to empty it
each time you crap...copy?

There's a second when it looks like Ribs might not buy it.
Then he sags, nods at Rat. The two of them skulk off. Dave
turns to Roger.

DAVE

Very Mad Max.

They help Woolf up.

WOOLF

Am I glad to see your ugly mugs.

DAVE

What did you do to upset them?

WOOLF

Good question. Maybe they didn't
like my bike.

ROGER

Fair point.

Woolf feels his ribs. Groans.

DAVE

You okay?

WOOLF

Great, I've always wanted a rib
tuck.

ROGER

Speaking of rib tucks...

He trails off as two Biker Chicks in spray on denim and well
filled T-shirts walk past.

ROGER

We'll catch you later.

WOOLF

Sure...and thanks.

He watches them go. Climbs painfully onto his bike. Looks in
the direction he last saw the '35 Indian Four. Long gone.

WOOLF

Shit!

A P.A System starts up.

PA SYSTEM(V.O.)
 And now it's time for that other
 great American legend the classic
 Indian.

Woolf kick starts the BSA, grunts as he moves his cracked
 rib.

Heads off towards the exit.

As he passes the display area he recognizes the style of
 bikes parading past.

He stops next to a contestant lovingly polishing his bike.

WOOLF
 Nice bike.

OWNER
 One of the best '41 Sport Scouts
 around.

WOOLF
 If I wanted to find an Indian
 owner...someone I'd lost touch
 with?

The owner gestures with his thumb.

OWNER
 Owners club right over there.

INT. GRANT'S FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's dark in here. Music throbs through from somewhere in
 the house.

Candles flicker in silver holders shaped like winged
 serpents.

The room is decorated like a Nazi war shrine. A huge brass
 bed dominates the room.

Grant slams into Matty from behind, his tattooed back wet
 with sweat, it's strange design satanic in the glow from the
 candles.

Matty grits her teeth. Face a mixture of pain and pleasure.
 Eyes glazed in a drug induced euphoria.

Her hands are tied to the bed posts. A florescent tattoo on
 her back shimmers as she moves.

The SOUND of the music suddenly grows louder. Grant barely notices.

A FLASH. The room a frozen tableaux.

Grant turns. Starts to open his mouth as we...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Woolf hammers down a dark country road. It's raining. Lightening flashes overhead.

He pulls up and looks around.

A flash of lightening illuminates a wooden sign in the shape of a tank.

GRANT MATTHEWS - WAR MEMORABILIA - BOUGHT and SOLD.

It's gun barrel points down a rutted track. Woolf lets the clutch out. It stalls.

He tries to kick start it, wincing with the pain in his ribs each time. Gives up. Leans it against the fence. Pulls his collar up against the wind and down the track.

INT. GRANT'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Matty is huddled in the corner of the room. She snuffles. Pupils like pin pricks in her wide eyes.

Glistening rivulets of blood run down her naked body. Her hands open and close like an automaton as a shadow dances across her face.

She no longer has a mind.

She lost it earlier.

EXT. TRACK - THAT MOMENT

Woolf is now soaked. His hair matted to his skull, legs caked in mud.

He arrives in front of a small rundown farmhouse with a large barn opposite. He heads towards the barn and peers through a window set in the side of it.

VIEW THROUGH WINDOW

Of a collection of dark shapes, First World War half tracks, bikes and trucks.

A flash of lightening throws one bike in particular into relief. A '35 Indian Four in Cherry red, the color of fresh blood. Woolf turns and heads towards the cottage.

INT. GRANT'S FARMHOUSE - SAME TIME

Somebody is going through the house. The sound of furniture being overturned, glass smashing.

INTRUDER'S POV

Of a room dedicated as some sort of torture chamber.

A collection of sadomasochistic whips and implements of pain line the walls.

A wooden cross with fixed hand-cuffs is set up in the middle of the room.

A sliding wardrobe opens to reveal racks of military uniforms, PVC rubber and leather outfits.

At the bottom of the wardrobe lies a scrap book. The intruder starts to flick through it.

We catch glimpses of newspaper cuttings. They detail the police attempts to trace the Cripps robbery gang.

The last page contains an article about the ritualistic death of Nathan. We hear a noise. The book is slammed shut.

Moving through the house now. Heading down the hall moving towards the front door. The door handle starts to turn...

EXT. GRANT'S FARMHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Woolf continues to turn the door handle. Surprised to find it open he cautiously goes in. He begins to head down the hall. Comes to a halt outside the bedroom door.

ANGLE ON THE DOORKNOB

It's trembling.

WOOLF

Grasps it. Swears under his breath.

WOOLF

Shit!

He moves away from the door. Listens. Nothing, just a strange humming sound. Like steel wire stretched way too tight.

The door knob stops shaking. Then he hears another sound. Sobbing. Sniffs. Animal like noises. He takes hold of the door knob, slowly turns it.

BANG! The door is wrenched open.

Catapults him into the room. He sees the swinging body of Grant, Hooks plunged into his flesh. A steel wire slung over a beam supporting his weight one end tied to the bedroom door.

Sheets stained black with blood on the bed.

Bits of flesh and grey matter are smeared across the wall.

Matty, a small figure in the corner of the room, coal black eyes set in a frozen mask.

Woolf staggers, is violently sick. Somewhere in the house a door bangs shut. Woolf pulls himself together -- goes over to the girl. She stares at him vacantly.

Eyes glazed with shock and drugs.

He sees a handbag on the floor. Rifles through it. Tips the contents out onto the floor.

Make-up, match books, cigarettes. Some credit cards. He looks at the name.

WOOLF

Matilda? Matilda Hayes...Who did this?

The girl looks at him and smiles. The smile of a five year old. She begins to suck her thumb. Mind retreating to an age before men and pain.

Woolf moves over to a phone...dials.

INT. JADE'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Caz opens the door, sees Woolf standing swaying in the doorway. Takes in the battered face and cut lip.

CAZ

What happened to you?

WOOLF

You know how these festivals are one big party...

He keels over into her arms.

INT. JADE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Woolf comes slowly awake. Looks into the concerned eyes of Caz. Smiles, winces as he remembers his cut lip.

WOOLF
What time is it?

CAZ
Four o' clock.

Woolf groans and sits up on one elbow.

CAZ
You want some coffee?

WOOLF
Thanks. Look I'm sorry. I didn't
feel like going back to my flat.
I'd better get going...

Caz looks at him.

CAZ
You don't mean that do you?

Woolf meets her eyes.

WOOLF
No.

CAZ
You'd better tell me what's going
on.

A long beat while he decides what to do. Then.

WOOLF
The bust at Beaky's. It was a set
up. Colefax.

CAZ
Little shit.

WOOLF
He was going to plant something in
the flat if I didn't cooperate.
Screw up your chances of getting
Zeke back. I couldn't let him do
that.

Caz puts her arms around him. He winces.

CAZ

Oh Nick. I'm sorry. Why didn't you say something?

WOOLF

Didn't seem worth it. You're better off without me.

CAZ

I don't want to be without you Nick. You know that. It's just...

WOOLF

I know.

Woolf holds her. They kiss. He pulls gently away.

WOOLF

I need to borrow your car.

INT. GRANT'S FARMHOUSE - THAT MOMENT

Crime Scene Investigators work the room. Prints are being taken, blood samples scraped from floors. Shafter looks at the body.

SHAFTER

I left New York to get away from shit like this...

He goes over to Weeks.

SHAFTER

What've you got?

WEEKS

This one's different.

SHAFTER

He's hanging from meat hooks, same tattoo as the other guy.

WEEKS

Yes. But the last victim was tortured before he died. This one...

SHAFTER

You saying we got two killers working?

WEEKS

It's a possibility. A copycat maybe. The similarity ends in the head department.

Weeks spins the body round. Matted hair and goo. Shafter reacts.

SHAFTER

Shit!

Colefax comes up to him.

COLEFAX

We're getting a lot of prints Sir. I'm sure we'll turn up something.

SHAFTER

I wish I had your confidence Colefax, 'cos so far we've turned up squat. The idea was to find these people before they died. That's right isn't it. Correct me if I'm wrong but isn't this guy missing a vital part of his head?

Colefax visibly blanches.

COLEFAX

We do have the girl.

SHAFTER

Yeah right. Could be years before she snaps out of it. Wearing your lover's face as a beauty mask tends to unhinge people.

(beat)

Where the hell was Woolf while this was happening?

COLEFAX

I'm not sure Sir. I seem to have lost touch with him.

Shafter glares at him.

SHAFTER

Lost touch? Losing touch is something you do with your relatives.

(beat)

You'd better get some results soon Colefax or you'll find yourself losing touch with your job.

INT. PVC PAM'S BOUTIQUE - CAZ'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Caz works on an intricate piece of silver body jewelry. She wears protective glasses and is heating the metal with a small hand held blow torch.

She has a workbench, computer and a display case within the area of PVC PAM'S a fetish clothing boutique.

She stares at a 3-D rendering on a laptop screen, an image of the piece she's working on. Compares it to the design in her hand.

A freckle faced Goth GIRL comes over. She has a figure like Betty Boop, and so many piercings her face looks like a cutlery rack. Her name is JADE, and she's the owner of PVC Pam's.

JADE

I'm off now. We're having a fashion show at De Sade's. Will you be all right?

Caz looks up.

CAZ

Sure, no problem.

(Beat)

Jade...look I really appreciate you putting me up...

JADE

That's okay...

CAZ

I know I've been really shitty with you...it's just...

She tails off. There's an awkward moment. Jade hugs her.

JADE

Look...me and Nick, it was a one off thing we were both feeling sorry for ourselves, you know how it is. I'd never steal someone else's man.

Caz nods. Wipes her eyes.

CAZ

Thanks Jade...I'll see you in the morning.

Jade leaves. Caz goes back to work. Pours molten silver into a mold to cool. Begins to work on a half finished piece. It's quiet - just the HISS of the flame.

In the main part of the shop, metal CLINKS. Leather gauntlets swing on a rack. Caz looks up. Goes on working. THUD - a black rubber dildo rolls across the floor. Caz looks up.

Leather masks look down at her. Blank eye slits following her every move.

CAZ

Hello...is anybody there?

She gets up and walks through the shop. Looks around the hanging racks of fetish clothes. Nothing. She shivers walks back to her workbench.

A door bangs suddenly. She jumps.

EXT. PVC PAM'S BOUTIQUE - NIGHT

Colefax walks to his car. It's raining. He turns the collar of his raincoat up against the cold. Reaches his car, gets in.

WATCHERS POV THROUGH A CAR WINDSHIELD - THAT MOMENT

As Colefax climbs into his car. Black leather gloves rest on the steering wheel. On the passenger seat, photographs of an attractive girl with long auburn hair and of Colefax.

Colefax moves off. The watcher follows.

EXT. COLEFAX'S APARTMENT - WATCHERS POV FROM CAR - NIGHT

Colefax lets himself into the lobby of the flats.

WATCHER

Gets out the car. Goes round to the...

TRUNK

Opens it. A leather tool bag inside. Unzips it. Inside a collection of tools. Steel wire, some metal hooks, spikes and skewers.

The bag closes. Is lifted out. Going with it as it leaves the trunk, heading towards the flats.

LOBBY

A gloved hand pushes all the intercom buttons, it skips the one marked COLEFAX. A voice answers.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Who is it?

MAN (O.S.)

Utilities.

The door release BUZZES. We go in. Up the stairs to...

COLEFAX'S APARTMENT

We reach down to the handle, slowly turn it. It opens.

HALL

A retro lava lamp the only illumination. The sound of a shower running. Moving down past an open door. The bedroom, it's empty. Come to the bathroom door. It's ajar. Steam wafts out.

We slowly open the door. Look into the...

BATHROOM

It's difficult to see in here, the lights are dimmed and the steam obscures our view. What we can see is a vague shape behind the shower curtain. We move closer.

ANGLE ON

A steel spike held tight in a hand. Moving up in an arc. Swinging down as...

COLEFAX

Rips the curtain back. Swings the shower head up. Points the scalding spray straight in our face.

A dreadful scream. Hands clawing at blistered skin. The clatter of steel falling on tiles. A MAN staggers backwards into the...

SITTING ROOM

Colefax follows. Stands dripping in his raincoat. Kicks the man in the stomach. Stamps on him for good measure.

COLEFAX

Everyone's a fucking Hitchcock...

He punctuates his sentences with more kicks to the MAN's body.

COLEFAX

No. Fucking. Originality.

The man, a nasty looking individual with a thick neck and a bad haircut has rolled into a protective ball. He whimpers. His face starting to swell up.

Colefax picks up the man's leather tool bag. Unzips it. Looks inside. Sees the hooks. He bends down and yanks the man's head up by the hair.

He drags the man across the floor by his hair. The man screams with pain. Colefax bends down, puts his face close.

COLEFAX

Shhhh! I'm just going to ask you a few questions. You're probably wondering why I don't read you your rights...thing is...you don't have any.

With his other hand he slams a fist into the man's face. Knocks him out cold.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

The man is now bound with the steel wire to a wooden chair. He's stripped to the waist. His mouth is gagged with an S&M ball on a strap.

A bare bulb hangs over him. His face is a mess, blistered and raw looking. Colefax sits opposite him. Soothing New age music plays from an Ipod dock.

He holds a long thin steel spike. The man's eyes open.

Wet slits beneath puffy lids.

Colefax smiles his cold smile.

COLEFAX

Hello. Remember me.

He holds up the photo of him we saw in the man's car earlier.

COLEFAX

Handsome devil aren't I?

The man groans.

COLEFAX

You watch TV? Cop shows...there's always a good cop and a bad cop. Well...

He moves forwards. It's so quick we can't see what he does. The man shudders. He now has the spike driven into his shoulder. It oozes blood.

COLEFAX

This time there isn't a good cop.

The man begins to struggle as Colefax pulls another spike from the bag.

COLEFAX

Here's the thing. I need some information.

The man desperately tries to say something. It just comes out as a mumble.

COLEFAX

What's that? You can't talk. I know, but really it's very simple. You're a contract killer and your specialist subject is the Cripps security truck robbery. It's one Mmph for yes, two for no. When we get to the complex questions I'll take the gag out. Okay?

MAN

Mmmph.

COLEFAX

Good. Now. First question. Who the fuck does your hair?

The man begins to mumble unintelligibly. Colefax laughs.

COLEFAX

I'm sorry that was a joke. But seriously, tell me in your own grunts who'er you working for.

The man looks at Colefax. If half closed eyes could plead that's what they'd be doing.

MAN

Mmmph...Mmmph.

Colefax lunges forwards a sickening thud as he drives the spike into the man's other shoulder. The man struggles to move.

COLEFAX

Without wishing to appear cliched
I'm afraid this is going to hurt
you far more than it hurts me. Just
a moment.

He reaches into the bag. Pulls out a fistful of steel
spikes.

COLEFAX

It's okay. I was worried I wouldn't
have enough. Now where were we. Oh
yes. You're going to tell me who
hired you.

The man says nothing.

COLEFAX

I'm sorry I didn't explain the
rules properly. You aren't allowed
to pass on any of the questions.

He goes over to the man. Takes a fold of skin between his
fingers. Picks a spike up. The man begins to struggle.

COLEFAX

Thing is about pain. There comes a
point when it becomes so intense it
actually seems quite pleasant. Your
mind just drifts away. Floats above
your body.

He pushes the spike through the flesh. The man tries to
scream. It comes out as a dull noise.

COLEFAX

You S&M freaks. You irritate me.
It's all PVC and rubber knickers
with you isn't it?

The man looks at him his eyes terrified. Colefax moves round
behind him. Begins to massage his neck.

COLEFAX

Thing is, it's not about having
sex. The Sadhus believe that the
longer they go without sex the
greater their primal energy flow.
Forget sex. That's just a temporary
release of power.

Colefax does something with a knife to the man's back. We don't see what. Just the blood dripping onto the floor.

COLEFAX

Pain is one of the last ways man has to get back to his God. A way of reaching down into our primal roots. Am I making myself clear?

The man gives an emphatic Mmmph through his gag.

COLEFAX

Good. My father made it very clear to me I suppose I should be grateful to him. Pain's given me a lot of pleasure. Still, enough about me. What about you? We really must get on. Things to see, people to do.

EXT. OLD MARKET - NIGHT

Woolf drives round the back streets.

COLEFAX (V.O)

Name's Zeta. She has an act at a club called Lashers. Take her home. I'll speak to Shafter, get him to set up surveillance.

EXT. LASHERS PRIVATE CLUB - NIGHT

Woolf pulls up outside a club. A studded door set in a brick wall. A dull brass plate gleams in the half light. LASHERS - MEMBERS ONLY.

Woolf gets out the car. Goes over to the door. Rings a bell. A steel flap opens. Piggy eyes peer out. The door opens. A large MAN stands there.

He looks at Woolf's battered face.

DOORMAN

We don't want any rough stuff.

WOOLF

I'm a friend of Zeta's.

The doorman still looks unconvinced.

DOORMAN

I don't recognise you.

Woolf sighs, reaches into his pocket and pulls out some twenty dollar bills. Counts two into the doorman's hand.

DOORMAN

Naaa. Still can't place you...

Woolf adds two more notes into his hand. The doorman smiles.

DOORMAN

Yeah now I remember, Zeta's friend.

Woolf smiles, moves on past him into the club.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Colefax naked to the waist wipes blood from himself with a towel. Behind him the man is slumped in the chair.

A steel skewer through his heart.

He's dead.

Colefax reaches down and picks up a clean shirt.

We see his back.

See the TATTOO. A TIBETAN MANDALA. Same as the other members of the gang.

INT. LASHER'S - NIGHT

Woolf walks down a leather studded corridor. Towards the dull thump of hard core techno. Heads into the...

CLUB

A cavernous womb. A packed dance floor. Pools of dim light. A place where people navigate by touch.

A naked women hangs in a leather sling above the floor, tonight's slave. Men and women touch and fondle her freely, she moans with pleasure.

A girl appears by Woolf's side. Along with her glazed look she wears a studied leather peep hole bra and PVC body sheath.

GIRL

Eat me.

WOOLF

No thanks I already ate. Where can I find Zeta?

The girl sighs, sees she's onto a loser.

GIRL

She's on in a couple of minutes.
She'll eat you alive.

She stalks off.

Woolf makes his way towards the bar.

Two statuesque women sit on leather stools. Both naked. They nuzzle each other. Hands working overtime.

Woolf catches himself staring, wrenches his eyes away and waves at the bar lady. He's confronted by a pair of gravity defying breasts with pierced nipples.

The girl looks at him. Eyes like a lizard.

BARMAID

Upper or downer?

WOOLF

A beer?

The women looks like she's been slapped.

BARMAID

I'm sorry?

Woolf sighs.

WOOLF

Upper.

The women returns with something green in a tall glass. Plonks it down in front of Woolf.

BARMAID

That's twenty.

Woolf goes to say something, thinks better of it, hands over a twenty.

Suddenly a cheer goes up. Colored spotlights play over a small raised stage at one end of the room, bare save for a large black leather couch.

ANNOUNCER

Please welcome tonight's star turn
the overpoweringly wonderful ZETA !

The music level is cranked up a notch Frankie goes to Hollywood's RELAX explodes through the speakers.

Woolf turns to watch. A girl strides out onto the stage. She wears PVC thigh boots with impossibly high heels, gloves and a tight leather corset.

Her breasts jut through openings in the front. She has long auburn hair.

The girl from the photo on the car seat.

She carries a whip. Cracks it in the air. Prowls the stage like some exotic wild animal, her long auburn hair flicks to and fro.

She moves to the edge of the stage, selects a victim, a young blonde girl. She's stripped by the crowd, passed up onto the stage by willing hands, kneels at her feet.

She pulls the girl upright by her hair, drags her over to the chesterfield, bends her over the arm.

The crowd begin to go wild.

CRACK! Zeta brings the whip down on the girls back leaving a livid weal. The crowd bay with excitement. Their faces twisted into masks of ecstasy.

Zeta throws the whip down. Straps on a large rubber dildo.

Moves towards the girl. The crowd howl. The girl screams.

Woolf turns away, but not before he's seen the distinctive tattoo on Zeta's back.

A TIBETAN MANDALA. And this one is very much alive.

INT. LASHER'S CLUB - CHANGING ROOM. LATER

A small room. Just enough space for a shower and a hanging rack with some clothes on it.

A selection of leather and plastic wear adorns the rack. The huge rubber dildo serves as a wig stand where her long auburn hair hangs.

Zeta is finishing in the shower. She soaps herself all over, her hair is short and black. She looks very powerful now, losing her hair has made her appear stronger.

A knock on the door. She turns off the shower.

ZETA

Who is it?

Silence.

ZETA

Bernie. Is that you?

She towels herself down and slips into a one piece, backless latex dress. Moves to the door. Listens. Shrugs and pulls it open. Woolf stands there.

ZETA

Who are you?

WOOLF

I'm selling life insurance...

ZETA

Fuck off.

She slams the door. Woolf's foot kicks it back open.

WOOLF

Listen. That tattoo on your back makes you an endangered species. If you want I can walk away and you can become extinct like the rest of your kind. Or you can talk to me and I might be able to keep you alive. Your choice.

On Zeta.

INT. ZETA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

One wall is given over to a mirror. A huge bed dominates the room. The paraphernalia of a Dominatrix litters a large dressing table.

Zeta sits on the edge of the bed smoking. Woolf leans against a leather vaulting horse facing her.

She looks at him. Goes over to the window. Looks out at an empty street.

ZETA

I don't see anybody.

WOOLF

Trust me. They're out there.

Zeta's wired. Her head's tripping with a potent cocktail of adrenaline and toxic substances.

ZETA

Why the fuck should I trust you?

Woolf comes off the horse like a coiled spring. Yanks the cigarette out of her mouth. They're nose to nose. His eyes bore into her.

WOOLF

Because of you I've been blown up,
burnt to fuck, and lost my wife and
job. So if I was you, I'd quit
worrying about the police and start
worrying about me.

That does it, she goes quiet. Hands fumbling in her bag for a lighter. She lights a cigarette up, hands trembling as she sucks in a lungful of smoke. Blows it up at the ceiling.

ZETA

What do you want?

WOOLF

Two years ago you were involved in
an attack on an armored truck which
resulted in the death of two
security guards and the loss of a
relic worth millions.

ZETA

You can't prove that.

WOOLF

Maybe not. But if we just wait here
someone will be along pretty soon
to kill you. Obviously we'll do
our best to stop him carrying out
his plan.

Woolf shrugs. Zeta looks at him. Nagging suspicion in her eyes accelerating towards realization.

ZETA

You can't let him kill me. You have
to play by the rules.

WOOLF

I'm a civilian. A civilian with a
grudge. Don't confuse me with an
officer of the law.

Zeta looks at him. Starting to sweat now.

WOOLF

The clock is ticking.

ZETA

Okay.Okay. I have to use the
bathroom.

She gets up and goes to the bathroom.

INT. WATCHERS POV - FROM BEHIND THE MIRROR - THAT MOMENT

The lens of a camera, tightens in on Woolf.

The lens follows him as he looks around. Sees Zeta come out of the bathroom, she heads towards Woolf a strange look on her face. Looks like she's taken something.

She keeps her back away from Woolf, circles round him.

We zoom into the Mandala tattoo on her back, the shutter clicks -- there's a gun tucked into the back of her dress.

INT. BEDROOM - THAT MOMENT

Zeta floats towards him. Eyes wide and dreamy. She strokes the outlines of her breasts through the skin tight latex, squeezing and moulding, moving closer - squeezing and moulding.

ZETA

What say we have a little fun first
eh? Then I'll tell you what I
know.

Woolf stares at her, off balance. Male hormones kicking in, swamping his reflexes.

WOOLF

I don't think so...

A flash of grey steel as she whips the gun out from behind her back. A spray of blood and a dull crunch as she smashes it across Woolf's face, sends him reeling back onto the bed.

She leans over him now. Her face a mask of pure hatred.

Woolf clutches his lip, blood gushes from between his fingers. Zeta pushes the snout of the gun against his forehead, digging into his flesh.

ZETA

Get up fucker. And don't breath
until I say so.

Woolf gets up painfully, limps away from the bed. Zeta waves him into the centre of the room with the gun.

ZETA

Take your shirt off. Do It!

Woolf painfully begins to take off his jacket and shirt.

ZETA

Turn round.

Woolf turns round, reveals a scarred back. Zeta seems surprised.

WOOLF

What are you looking for?

ZETA

Sit down on the bed. Keep your hands where I can see them.

Woolf slumps onto the bed. Zeta points the gun at him. Hands trembling.

ZETA

How'd you know where to find me?

WOOLF

Police informant. Your tattoo is hardly inconspicuous.

ZETA

I don't believe you. You know me, you know all of us. You were going to kill me like you killed the others.

WOOLF

You're wasting time. The only way you'll stay alive is to give yourself up. Put yourself under police protection.

Zeta brings the gun up. Levels it against Woolf's forehead. Cocks the hammer back.

ZETA

But you're not police are you? Nice try but you really have to be going now.

BANG!

The mirror fragments into a million crystal daggers. Coats the frozen pair with glittering shards.

A spray of blood splatters Woolf. Zeta falls to the ground. Woolf wipes blood from his face.

Stares at Colefax looking at him through the broken mirror

Colefax smiles, keeps the gun pointed at Woolf. Picks up Zeta's gun from the floor with gloved hands. Sits down in a chair.

COLEFAX

There now, that's all tidied up.

Woolf looks at him. Realization smacking him in the face like a cold wind.

WOOLF

You set me up...

COLEFAX

You set yourself up. Stupidity is no excuse in the eyes of the law.

Woolf comes off the bed, hands outstretched reaching for Colefax's neck. Face twisted in rage. BANG! A spurt of blood from Woolf's leg. He collapses writhing on the floor.

COLEFAX

You need to chill out...stress can be a real killer.

Woolf glares at him from the floor.

WOOLF

You're insane.

COLEFAX

I prefer the term psychologically challenged. Besides it's only a flesh wound, unlike you I was fairly useful at target practice.

(beat)

You're a bit of a loser Woolf, just stupid enough to do what I wanted. And not clever enough to see I was pulling your strings.

WOOLF

You planned the whole thing?

COLEFAX

'fraid not. A very bright individual calling himself the Bodhisattva Shimeeta, also known as Dennis Hardy.

WOOLF

Who the hell is he?

COLEFAX

Used to hack into bank security systems and demand money to keep quiet about it. Was doing quite well 'till he got religion. Formed a sect called R.I.P. - Religion In Pain. Believed he was going to be the next anti-Christ. He was found wearing a fifteen year old girl on his dick. Got three years.

WOOLF

So that's where he recruited Nathan, Grant and Zeta. How do you fit into all this?

COLEFAX

I dabbled in the pain thing. Hardy needed an inside man. The force never really paid enough for my life style. Have you any idea how much it costs to be a well dressed pervert these days?

WOOLF

So he planned this whole thing from prison?

COLEFAX

Yes. Unfortunately he had a vision while he was inside and decided to use the relic as a Godhead and form a new sect with him as it's omnipotent leader. As I'm sure you'll understand this left our little group short of cash. And speaking for myself, fuck all loyalty.

WOOLF

So he arranged for you all to be killed. Make it look like some kind of ritualistic thing.

COLEFAX

Would've worked if a friend of mine inside hadn't spotted Hardy's fixation with Mandalas.

WOOLF

Won't he be pissed off that you've decided to alter his little plan?

COLEFAX

Pissed off? I'd like to think he's become more of a spiritual person.

On Woolf.

WOOLF

You had him killed?

COLEFAX

Let's just say I helped him achieve Nirvana ahead of schedule.

Colefax looks at his watch.

COLEFAX

Well it's been great catching up on old times, but I have a date with the lovely Caz.

Woolf's instantly alert.

WOOLF

You lay a finger on her.

COLEFAX

Oh now don't get melodramatic. I just need her to do a little freelance computer design for me...besides, as a widow she's a free spirit...

WOOLF

What?

Colefax goes over to Woolf. Keeps Zeta's gun trained on him -- hauls him upright. He bends down and wraps Zeta's fingers around the trigger -- levels it at Woolf.

COLEFAX

You've seen those westerns. The good guy and the man in black go through the whole film gunning everybody down. It's the final scene, somebody has to die. But there's an ironic twist. The good guy doesn't care if he lives or dies. You see he's got an incurable disease.

Colefax cocks the gun and takes aim at Woolf.

COLEFAX

Two guns blaze. Sounds like one shot but we know it's two. The bad guy crumples. We see the good guy smile. But then, a trickle of blood, he falls.

WOOLF

You've been watching too many bad movies... forensics have really come on.

COLEFAX

Time of death is always a bit tricky. An hour here an hour there.

There's another of those seconds -- the compressed ones where everything slows down.

Woolf hurls something at Colefax it glitters in the light.

A shard of mirror lands with a wet thud - embeds itself into his shoulder -- bright crimson seeps out.

Woolf whirls round -- throws himself across the room -- smashes through the window.

OUTSIDE

An explosion of glass and brick dust as Woolf slams into a bright yellow trash chute...

INSIDE

ON COLEFAX

Firing wildly at Woolf.

COLEFAX

What is this? Fucking Die Hard?

OUTSIDE

Bullets ricocheting amongst the scaffolding. Shards of yellow plastic spraying through the air...ropes, plastic and bricks in a whirlwind of noise and dust.

SILENCE.

The CLICK of a hammer on an empty chamber. Colefax peers through the dust and flapping plastic sheeting.

A blur as something smashes into him. Woolf swinging from pulley ropes catches Colefax in the chest with his feet.

Sends him sprawling into the leg of the vaulting horse -- grunting in pain as his wounded shoulder takes the blow.

His head smashes onto the floor -- his eyes glaze as he slumps unconscious.

ON WOOLF

Breathing heavily. Face bloodied and dust smeared. He drags himself upright, yanks a set of HANDCUFFS from Zeta's dressing table, fastens Colefax to the metal bed legs.

Lurches towards the door, staggers through it.

EXT. PAM'S BOUTIQUE - OLD MARKET - NIGHT

A glimmer of light under the door of PVC PAM'S BOUTIQUE
Caz's car is parked outside.

INT. CAZ'S STUDIO - THAT MOMENT

Woolf's bike is at the back of the shop. He and Caz sit in front of her laptop.

They have two photos spread out on the table - pictures of the Mandala tattoos taken from the backs of Nathan, and Grant.

CAZ

This is crazy. What if he comes here?

WOOLF

He won't. I phoned Shafter he's sending some men round to Zeta's apartment.

CAZ

What makes you think the tattoos have anything to do with the relic? They could just be some sort of initiation thing. Like the Yakussa

WOOLF

No. These tattoos were done for a reason. I think that phone call into Nathan's computer somehow coded the location of the relic within the tattoos.

CAZ

Then whoever made the phone call
would know the location.

WOOLF

Yes. It had to be Kyle.

CAZ

And he died in the crash.

WOOLF

It's a classic closed loop.

CAZ

Nobody knows anything till all the
pieces are in place.

WOOLF

Right. Like the Egyptian
architects that died with the
secret of Remises's tomb.

CAZ

So this guy Hardy.

WOOLF

Bodhisattva Shimeeta.

CAZ

Right. This Bodhisattva plans to
steal the relic from the Cripps
truck.

WOOLF

He has Kyle switch the relic
sometime before the pickup.

CAZ

The location of which he sends down
the phone into the computer...

WOOLF

Which splits the information
between the four Mandala
tattoos...so when Kyle is killed...

CAZ

The secret dies with him.

WOOLF

Hardy must have arranged it so none
of the gang would recognise each
other. Only Hardy would be able to
put them all together.

CAZ

And he wasn't going to do that
until he was free.

WOOLF

Only he changed his mind.

CAZ

Planned a double cross so he could
get the relic and use it to start
his new sect.

WOOLF

But he still had to put them
together to find out where Kyle had
stashed the relic...

Caz picks up the photos. Places them on top of a scanner.
Presses some keys. The pictures are scanned in, appear on
the screen as she talks.

CAZ

So he takes a contract out on them.
Gets the hitman to photograph their
Mandala's after he strings them up
to make it look like some
ritualistic thing.

WOOLF

That's why he needed you. He was
going to get you to somehow match
up the tattoos using your computer
and scanner.

There's a loud click. They look up to see - Colefax. Or
rather the gun he holds levelled at them.

COLEFAX

They say two heads are better than
one...but not as good as four
pictures. Scan them all in.

He produces two more photos and places them on the scanner.

COLEFAX

These are Tibetan Mandalas, used in
Tantra initiation ceremonies.
Tantrism, also known as Vajrayana,
the Diamond Vehicle. Hardy was a
clever fucker. Break the images
down into separate components,
overlay them and you get the real
story.

Caz manipulates the images and merges them. They form one dense circular collage filling the screen.

COLEFAX

Okay adjust the transparency to fifty percent...slowly.

As she increases the transparency of the photographic elements the Mandala's blend into each other to form another quite different picture.

We're inside the deserted church - headquarters of the R.I.P. sect. Light streams through the grotesque Priest Grinder window. Colefax smiles his cold smile.

COLEFAX

Good girl. Now close in on the centre of the image.

Caz adjusts some cross hairs on the screen. The image expands out. Becomes pixillated.

COLEFAX

Sharpen that.

Caz hits another key the software interpolates, smooths the color and sharpens up the detail. We see a statue of Jesus on the cross.

COLEFAX

Praise the Lord.

WOOLF

What now?

COLEFAX

Tie her up.

INT. PVC PAM'S BOUTIQUE - NIGHT

Caz and Woolf are now tied back to back. Colefax heads for the door.

Reaches into his rucksack, produces a small limpet mine, same design as those used in the robbery.

COLEFAX

Better to go out with a bang than a whimper.

WOOLF

Wait. You don't have to kill us,
once you've got the prayer wheel
you can go anywhere, the police
will never find you.

COLEFAX

Oh I know that, don't you think
I've worked that out after all
these years in the force. I'm not
worried about them.

He twists the knob on the front of the mine. An LED readout
begins to count down in seconds from three hundred.

Colefax opens the door and clamps it onto the outside. Turns
and smiles his cold smile.

COLEFAX

It's you I worry about Woolf, you'd
never give up would you?

The look in Woolf's eyes says he's right. The door slams
shut. There's the RATTLE of a padlock.

The scream of a high powered bike accelerating into the
night. Silence. Except for the whine of the mine's electronic
counter.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Colefax hurtles through the streets.

INT. CAZ'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Caz and Woolf sit on the floor.

WOOLF

I'm sorry baby. Looks like I've
really fucked up this time.

Caz shakes her head, eyes starting to water. She tries to
stand.

CAZ

We'll have to do it together ...on
three. One - Two - Three...

With an enormous effort they manage to stand.

WOOLF

Where to now?

Caz swivels round. Nods at the bench.

CAZ

The bench.

They hop towards the bench. Caz bends down. Her face inches from something on the bench.

The Bunsen burner. She picks a screwdriver up with her teeth. Gradually pokes the burner towards the edge of the bench.

The burner snags on a pair of metal cutters, tumbles over. The flame shoots towards a small bottle of alcohol. It bursts into flame. Jets of fire spray against the wall.

Flames licking up towards the ceiling.

The blow torch rolls to the edge of the bench. It's flame jet shooting out over the side.

Flames lick around design charts on the bench now.

Woolf stares at the flames paralysed with fear.

MEMORY FLASH

The CRIPPS TRUCK exploding.

Plunging over the bridge. An inferno.

A motor bike impacting against the bridge. Petrol tank exploding.

WOOLF on fire staggering to the edge of the bridge.

SCREAMING. Plunging down into the water.

Blackened face bursting out gasping for air.

INT. CAZ'S STUDIO - PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Woolf snapping out of it. Eyes staring, face covered in a cold sweat. Caz brings her wrists level with the flame, the ropes begin to burn. She grits her teeth.

The flesh beginning to blacken on her wrists.

The workshop is turning into an inferno.

One of the strands of rope breaks free, Caz screams. Twists her wrists in agony. Sucks in a mouthful of smoke.

Choking. She unties her feet. Begins to struggle with Woolf's bonds. They're too tight.

A wall of flame now reaches up to the ceiling, smoke beginning to fill the room.

She looks around frantically. Sees a pair of metal cutters on the bench, surrounded by flames.

Forces herself along the floor towards the bench, grabs at the cutters.

They're red hot.

She drops them whimpering with pain.

Using her shirt sleeve she grasps them again, cuts at Woolf's bindings.

He's free. The whole studio is alight now, flames roar all around them.

EXT. STUDIO DOOR - THAT MOMENT

ANGLE ON

The counter on the mine: 30secs,29secs,28secs...

INT. STUDIO - THAT MOMENT

Woolf and Caz are huddled on the ground choking in the smoke. The smoke clears for a second.

Woolf sees his beloved BSA bike standing in the corner.

WOOLF

Come on!

CAZ

Where?

Woolf drags her towards the bike.

WOOLF

We're getting out of here.

Caz looks at him as if he's mad.

Woolf looks at her, gives her a what the hell look.

CAZ

If we're leaving I'm taking my designs with me.

She rips the laptop from the bench. Climbs onto the bike.

WOOLF

Put this on.

Woolf hands her a helmet, puts one on himself. Kicks at the starter. Again. Sweat pouring off his face now.

A final kick. The bike splutters, roars into life. He revs the engine. Bangs out the clutch, wheel smoking on the ground building up momentum.

WOOLF

Hang on.

The bike rocket's forwards. Heading straight for the brick wall. Hits it dead on. An explosion of bricks and dust as the bike smashes through.

INT. STUDIO NEXT DOOR - THAT SECOND

The bike crashes into a store full of showroom dummies sending them flying, keeps on going, hits the far wall.

EXT. OLD MARKET - THE NEXT SECOND

A welter of bricks and dust billow out into the night as the BSA bursts out through the wall.

As they accelerate away the building behind them seems to take a deep breath and blow out a ball of flame. There's a colossal roar as the mine detonates.

Tongues of flame belch out through the hole behind them, threatens to engulf them. Then they're clear.

Woolf slews the battered bike to a halt. They stagger off. Cling to each other against the burning backdrop of Granary market.

Caz pulls away. Looks deep into Woolf's eyes.

CAZ

Don't you ever, ever let me say one bad word about this bike again.

Woolf smiles. Kisses her. And then, before she can think, he's astride the bike again. Kicks the engine into life.

WOOLF

Call the police, tell them to go to the old Gothic church on 18th...

Caz looks at him eyes pleading.

CAZ

Wait!

Woolf roars away.

INT. PRISON - THAT MOMENT

Two PRISON OFFICERS, and a short sweaty man, D.I GOLDING, accompany Shafter down a steel walkway.

GOLDING

One of the guards doing a routine check found him during the night.

SHAFTER

What was he in for?

GOLDING

He was head of a religious cult called R.I.P. Did a lot of S&M with young girls, mutilation and stuff.

SHAFTER

Regular douchebag.

GOLDING

Got three years for the statutory rape of a fifteen year old girl. Due out next week. Time off for good behavior...

SHAFTER

Just your everyday psycho.

GOLDING

Not quite. Before he got into the pain thing he was a software programmer. Hacked into financial systems. Took a lot of hush money from banks to keep quiet about holes in their networks. We think that's how he learned about the Cripps job.

They arrive at a cell. A body lies on a bloodstained sheet on it's side on top of the bed. A pale, heavily tattooed face stares sightlessly. The Ex-Dennis Hardy.

SHAFTER

What's that on his face?

GOLDING

Some sort of ritualistic design.

A crudely fashioned knife spike protrudes from the centre of a tattoo on his back.

GOLDING

It's a tiger's eye. Apparently people used to have one tattooed on their backs to protect themselves. It's directly behind the heart.

They look round his cell. See the Mandala on the wall.

SHAFTER

You say there's a link between Hardy and the murders?

GOLDING

I've just spoken to computer forensics. They've been checking the other victim's bank records. Two years ago on the same day, each of them had fifty thousand pounds paid into their accounts.

SHAFTER

Where from?

GOLDING

That's what's taken the time Sir. The payments were routed through off shore companies, took a hell of a lot of persuading to get the banks to tell us who was behind it.

SHAFTER

Let me guess. Pizza face.

GOLDING

Yes Sir.

SHAFTER

Where the hell is Colefax? He should be in on this.

Golding's expression looks pained.

GOLDING

He's gone missing. And er...

SHAFTER

What is it Golding, don't go coy on me now.

GOLDING

One of the payments from Hardy's bank account was put into an offshore account. We traced it back to Colefax.

They're interrupted by a cell ringing. Golding fumbles in his pocket, pulls out his cell.

GOLDING
Detective Inspector Golding.

He listens while Shafter looks on impatiently.

GOLDING
Right, we're on our way.

He cuts the cell off. They head down the walkway.

GOLDING
Ops room just received a call from Woolf's girlfriend. Colefax turned up at her shop, tried to kill them both. She says Woolf's gone after him. Says he's headed for the old Lutheran church...

SHAFTER
I knew there was something weird about that guy...

EXT. PRISON - DAWN

They pause outside a waiting patrol car.

SHAFTER
This is going to be a shitstorm isn't it Golding?

Golding looks at him, doesn't hesitate for a second.

GOLDING
Yes sir, I think it is.

Shafter sighs, gets into the car. It roars away, lights flashing -- siren whooping.

EXT. R.I.P. CHURCH - NIGHT

An abandoned church. Boarded up. Surrounded by demolished buildings, backing onto a railway siding.

INT. R.I.P. CHURCH - NIGHT

Dark. Moonlight throws a few fronds of silver light through the remains of the grotesque Priest Grinder stained glass window.

The place is empty, long since fallen into neglect and cluttered with old bits of rubbish.

A beam of yellow light from Colefax's bike illuminates the statue of Jesus on the wall.

Colefax struggles to get the statue off the wall. His rucksack on the ground beside him.

He hammers at the fixings of the wooden cross which support the statue with a steel crow bar.

ON COLEFAX

His eyes burn with a strange fever. His grip on reality a distant memory. Sweat runs down his face.

He stops.

Listens, nothing just the sound of a shifting pigeon in the roof.

A gob of white lands on his shirt. A pigeon flaps off into the gloom.

COLEFAX

Shit!

He continues to work, levering at the statue. He wrenches the last fixing from the wall.

Staggers as he takes the weight of the cross across his back - moves across the floor.

Passes through the moonlight on his bizarre journey of penance.

CRASH! He throws the cross to the floor. The statue fragments.

The head of Christ splits from the body, rolls off into the shadows. Comes to rest against a...

ANGLE ON

A scuffed biker's BOOT.

COLEFAX

Wipes sweat from his eyes, moves to the crumbling brickwork behind where the statue hung - claws at a small recess sunk into the wall. Feels inside.

WOOLF (OOV)

How's it going Will.

Colefax whirls round staring into the darkness.

COLEFAX

Nick?

WOOLF (O.S)

What's that stain on your shirt
Will?

A NOISE, a scraping, dragging sound. Colefax bends down reaches into his rucksack. Pulls out a gun.

WOOLF (O.S.)

You look like a sack of shit Will.

Colefax moves away from the statue, into the dark. Points the gun in the direction of the voice.

COLEFAX

I had to do it Nick. I had no
choice. Ugly fucker was going to
have us all killed.

The scuff of a boot in the darkness. Colefax whips up the gun and fires.

The bullet whines into the night, thuds against the wall.

A spurt of dust.

Pigeons panic and flutter through the air, whirling wings, feathers floating down.

WOOLF (O.S)

All those people dead, my marriage
dead. And just when I'm putting the
pieces back together you turn up
again like a bad smell.

COLEFAX

It wasn't meant to be this way
Nick. I hadn't counted on you being
a hero.

WOOLF (O.S)

Every dog has it's day Will.
Today's mine.

COLEFAX

Don't be a fool Nick. Come with me.
We could be a team. You me and the
money.

Colefax moves forwards with the gun. Questing for a target.

COLEFAX

We split the money Nick you can have anything you want. You could even get yourself a new bike, make a new life.

Something spins through the air, a dark shape.

THUD!

Catches Colefax full in the chest. Sends him sprawling to the ground. The gun clatters off into the darkness.

The face of Christ stares into Colefax's eyes. Colefax pulls himself up - shakes his head.

Wipes dust from his face. A boot smashes into his ribs. Bones pop. A grunt of pain, he looks up at Woolf.

WOOLF

I don't want a new life. You're the one that's getting life.

Colefax spits blood, shakes his head. Laughs at the pain.

COLEFAX

Not me. Pain gives me freedom.

He rolls sideways. Scoops up his rucksack and swings it with colossal force into Woolf's bad leg.

Woolf buckles, screaming with pain, the rucksack tears open with the force -- scatters its contents over the floor. A dull metal shape rolls away. A CONTACT MINE.

Colefax staggers up. Smiles his cold smile.

Kicks Woolf in the face, a dull pop as the nose cartilage breaks. A spurt of blood. His head lolls to one side, eyes glazing over.

COLEFAX

Too bad Nick. For once in your life you could have been a winner.

He moves over to the recess in the wall.

Reaches inside.

A shit eating grin as he pulls out something wrapped in cloth. Kisses it, slides to his knees.

Unwraps it reverently. Reveals a glowing figure.

ON COLEFAX

A look of disbelief. Then rage.

ANGLE ON

A cheap luminous plastic Madonna and child.

He hurls it spinning across the room. It lies glowing in the dust. A noise from over by the bike. Colefax turns towards the sound.

ON WOOLF

He shouldn't be moving. Shouldn't even be breathing, but he is. He's dragged himself over to Colefax's bike.

Clutches the back wheel. Tries to drag himself upright.

Face a mask of blood and dust. Colefax sighs. Walks over to him. Kicks him away from the bike. Sends him tumbling end over end into the dirt.

COLEFAX

He's screwed us all Nick. Little fucker's laughing at us. Maybe there is something to this Buddhism stuff. Maybe he's a fucking pigeon.

He shoots wildly at the pigeons flapping overhead. Eyes ablaze with the fire of madness.

The sound of a siren approaches. Colefax moves to his bike. Starts it up. Looks over at Woolf's inert body.

COLEFAX

So long Nick. I'm truly sorry,
looks like it was all for nothing.

He sits on the bike, drops the clutch and roars towards the open door.

EXT. R.I.P. CHURCH - DAWN

Colefax hurtles through the door out across the wasteland surrounding the building.

Three police cars. Lights flashing. Sirens wailing. Slide to a halt, blocking his progress.

Colefax drops a gear screams round them and heads across a piece of wasteland full of wrecked cars.

Two of the police cars accelerate off after him.

Caz runs from the third police car. Towards the Church.

Tears streaming down her face.

INT. R.I.P. CHURCH - THAT MOMENT

Caz stops dead. Looks around. Sees the inert shape in the gloom. Cries out. A sound ripped from deep within her.

CAZ

Nooooooooo!

She runs over to Woolf's body. Bends down and gently cradles it in her arms. She strokes his face, crying softly.

CAZ

Why did you have to go Nick. I
could of made you happy. I know I
could. I loved you so much.

A groan. Noise forced through Cracked lips.

Woolf's eyes flutter open, try to focus.

WOOLF

I'm not going...he is.

EXT. WASTELAND - THAT MOMENT

Colefax weaves amongst the car wrecks.

Behind him the two police cars are fading.

Colefax looks round sees them in the distance.

Smiles his cold smile.

Then he sees it.

Clinging to the side of his bike. It looks back at him.

Small red eye winking. Colefax smiles. Throws up his hands

COLEFAX

Nirvana...

WHUMP!

The MINE detonates.

The shock wave reverberates through the night.

A crimson flower grows in the dark sky above.

Hangs for a moment. Beautiful against the dawn.

Pieces of machinery fall from the sky.

Burning metal rain. A flaming wheel rolls across the ground.

EXT. R.I.P. CHURCH - THAT MOMENT.

ON SHAFTER

He's holding a radio. His face lit by the light from the explosion.

He squints. Sighs. Turns to D.I Golding.

SHAFTER

The hell with the paperwork. Looks like a case of suicide to me.

EXT. CAZ'S APARTMENT - TWO MONTHS LATER - DAY

Woolf works on his BSA. It's had a coat of paint and it's chrome has been refurbished. It gleams in the evening sunlight. He polishes the filler cap.

A small boy runs up to him. It's ZEKE, Caz's son.

ZEKE

Mum says you're to come and do the sandwiches, and you're not to touch anything till you've cleaned up.

Woolf smiles. Makes as if to tousle Zeke's hair. Zeke ducks under his hand.

ZEKE

Yuk!

INT. CAZ'S APARTMENT - DAY

Caz works at her laptop. Designing a piece of jewelry. Zeke, is engrossed in a book of Stereogram images squinting at them, trying to see the hidden pictures.

Woolf comes into the room carrying a tray containing drinks and sandwiches. He looks rested and happy, no trace of his ordeal remains. He smiles at Zeke.

WOOLF

Hey you. Time to eat, before you go cross eyed. Put that down and have some tea.

Zeke looks at him. Face wrinkling in annoyance. He puts the book down.

ZEKE

Hey, not fair. At least I can see
the pictures.

Woolf smiles at him. Shakes his head.

WOOLF

Maybe I'm looking at them the wrong
way.

Zeke shrugs. Whatever. Caz turns round and smiles.

CAZ

You know he's got funny
eyes...remember he thinks his bike
looks wonderful...

WOOLF

Hey, remember what you said, I
won't hear a word against that
bike.

CAZ

Okay, okay...now what have we got
to eat?

She looks at Woolf's sad attempt at sandwiches, examining
them the way you would a rare kind of bug.

CAZ

Banana and chutney...spam
and...what have we got here...why
it's cucumber...

Woolf is studying the stereograms. Twists the book this way
and that. He squints at the picture. Suddenly stops. A
smile spreads over his face.

WOOLF

I can see something ...camels, I
can see camels...that's amazing.

CAZ

There may be hope for you yet...

She looks over at Woolf who's gone quiet. A strange
expression on his face.

CAZ

What? What is it Nick?

WOOLF

The Mandala...do you still have a
copy of it on your computer?

Caz looks at him, her face worried.

CAZ
I think so...why?

WOOLF
Could you bring it up on the
screen.

Caz calls up a file. The Tibetan Mandala fills the screen.
Woolf stares at it.

WOOLF
Do you see anything?

Caz looks at him. Speaks carefully.

CAZ
Just the Mandala...why?

WOOLF
Try putting it out of focus...like
the 3D pictures.

CAZ
Okay...

She peers into the screen. Slowly moves her eyes back from
the image. She looks at Woolf.

CAZ
I'm not sure but it looks like a
word and some letters...

Woolf puts his hand on her shoulder.

WOOLF
What does it say?

CAZ
I can't see but if it's a
Stereogram I can switch the
foreground information off, give me
a second.

She brings up a program. Clicks on a command. The Mandala
fades out leaving just the words and numbers. CRIPPS: 654398
Zeke peers at it.

ZEKE
That's boring dad.

Woolf sits down like someone's kicked his legs away.

WOOLF

The Prayer wheel never left the bank...

CAZ

What are you talking about?

WOOLF

It's still there...

MEMORY FLASHBACK

Kyle chatting to the bank employee Thomas. Handing key No: 654398 in. Giving him that infectious grin. While his hands...sign the book. No: 654399. As easy as that.

WOOLF (V.O.)

He switched keys. When they went to collect the prayer wheel to transport it to the museum they went to the box they thought contained the real one, but it was a fake. The original is still where Kyle put it. In the vault box number 654398.

INT. CAZ'S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Caz sits down. Looks at him. Talks just to keep hold of her thoughts.

CAZ

So that's why they never found any trace of it after the explosion.

WOOLF

It was probably paste.

Caz looks at him.

CAZ

What does this mean Nick?

Woolf kisses her.

WOOLF

A finders fee. Ten percent of the value normally.

CAZ

Ten percent?

WOOLF

Yup.

CAZ
Ten percent of...?

Woolf smiles.

WOOLF
Enough for a proper wedding.

Caz looks at him. Suddenly screams and throws herself at him. He spins her round. She kisses him passionately. Breaks off.

CAZ
Oh Nick.

On Zeke.

ZEKE
Oh Yuk.

FADE OUT.