

# MUTE

A Screenplay By

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**EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY**

Above, sharp against the waves, the silhouette of a young boy - LEO. He floats, motionless, at the centre of the light fantastic, the blue chop riven with sunlight. It is beautiful. A moment of serenity.

...And then the cloud begins to form, seeping out from him, out from his head, neck and chest, thick and red against the crystal water.

Another shape appears, the hull of a motorboat, a thin haze of red trailing out from its blades as frenzied hands paddle towards the boy.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MOTORBOAT. LAKE - WEST GERMANY 2006 - CONTINUOUS**

A young blonde WOMAN - hands over her face - tries to stifle her sobs as her BOYFRIEND grabs frantically at LEO, hauling him out of the water.

She desperately looks around for help and finds herself staring at a lone figure on the shore, a frozen sixteen year-old dressed in a simple brown dress with a bonnet, as if from a different era - SYBILLE - staring back in rigid shock from the beach.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY**

The echo of footsteps fill the corridor as the BOYFRIEND from the boat runs towards the emergency desk, LEO clutched to his chest. LEO'S eyes remain unfocused.

SYBILLE runs behind them, terrified as she watches LEO'S blood spatter across the floor.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

SYBILLE sits on a bench across from the door. She watches a DOCTOR enter the room and approach her MOTHER, a pale, slight woman, dressed as simply as her daughter, and sat next to LEO'S bed.

The boy's throat is bandaged and his mouth caked with blood.

SYBILLE can barely make out the murmurs and half-descriptions above the noise of the hospital as the American military DOCTOR has his words translated into German by his ASSISTANT...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR

Severe trauma to the throat and mouth...  
vocal chords severed... major internal  
tissue damage...

A nurse sees that SYBILLE is listening in, and gently closes the door. Through the window we see Leo's MOTHER is upset. She won't agree to what the DOCTOR is suggesting. She wants to get her son and leave as soon as possible. The DOCTOR looks exasperated and shakes his head as she leaves the room.

Leo's MOTHER sees SYBILLE standing teary-eyed in the hallway. She walks over and pulls SYBILLE into a tight hug.

MOTHER (ENGLISH SUBTITLE)

He'll be fine. We just need to get him  
home. God will heal him.

On the bedside table is a notepad, a pencil attached with string. Written in hard, scripted text is a single word:

**M U T E**

**CREDITS BEGIN.**

CUT TO:

**INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY**

The length of the pool is a mosaic of screens, showing footage of dolphins and fish racing alongside the oblivious swimmers.

LEO, now in his forties, swims powerfully. With purpose. As he finishes a length he smoothly flips around, revealing a series of angled scars from his abdomen up to his throat.

He is a big man, his face, hammered by a life of experience; he has taken a punch or two over the years, both literally and figuratively.

He reaches the end of another length, the water thrashed to foam behind him. He flips around against the edge of the pool and takes a huge lung-full of air, then plunges underwater and pushes off against the side.

He powers along beneath the water for almost three-quarters of the pool before breaking the surface again. When he reaches the far side he stops to catch his breath.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. CAR/EAST BERLIN 2046 - EVENING**

Berlin is carved out of shadows; pools of sodium green and yellow shape nooks and crannies at the street level of the city. Flickering neon the only real life here. Above, the city stretches upwards towards affluence and light.

There is still a recognizable Berlin here, but one that technology has grown on, like moss on a rock. Buildings retrofitted and re-purposed; an old city remoulded for a new era.

Leo scratches at the base of his neck, a few inches below a deep scar at his throat.

He is parked up in a 40 year-old Bentley, a car as battered and worn with character as himself, watching an unassuming doorway on the opposite side of the street.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. CAR/BERLIN STREET - CONTINUOUS**

A striking young Afghan woman walks out of the doorway and starts up the street. Her name is NAADIRAH - mid-twenties.

LEO starts the car and follows her at a distance, smiling gently as he watches her walk.

NAADIRAH, oblivious to his presence, turns a corner and LEO drives on. At the next corner he backtracks and comes out at the top end of the street NAADIRAH took. She sees him approach and crosses the road to meet him.

LEO smiles and opens the door. NAADIRAH gets in and kisses him, caressing his face. LEO mimes "eat" and NAADIRAH nods. Then she clicks that he has arrived from an odd direction.

NAADIRAH

Are you late?

LEO grins, kisses her and drives off.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHEAP RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

The place is inexpensive but still making the effort. LEO and NAADIRAH are tucked away in a booth.

NAADIRAH talks animatedly as she eats, her voice smothered by the sounds of the cafe. LEO watches her as he toys with his food, his smile a beam of contentment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As NAADIRAH talks, she reaches for the pepper and douses her food with it. She fails to notice a cloud of it falling into her glass of water. LEO does notice, and immediately exchanges his glass for hers

NAADIRAH

Yuri talked to me the other night.

She looks up, waiting for his reaction. Another forkful of food disappears into NAADIRAH'S mouth, leaving a smear of sauce on her face. LEO leans over and wipes it off.

NAADIRAH (CONT'D)

He says as long as we don't smooch in front of the customers you can have the job.

NAADIRAH reaches up and takes his hand, kissing it gently. They look deep into each other's eyes and she smiles.

She reaches into her bag and pulls out a small, clever-looking pink phone, wanting to film a clip of the two of them together LEO hides his face in his hand, clearly uncomfortable.

As she switches on the camera, an image appears on the glass window of the restaurant beside them. The words "Select as screen?" glow lime-green. Almost every surface is now a cheap, proxy monitor for ones gadgets, and NAADIRAH taps the window, sending her camera image to it.

She comes round to LEO'S side of the table, leans in and records until LEO can bare it no more and gently folds his thick hand over the lens. She whines. He kisses her.

Music hammers in, loud enough to split stone...

**CREDITS END**

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. MAIN LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Two hands skim across bottles and glasses, a blur of efficiency.

LEO - the barman - fields the stream of orders without a hint of pressure. Though the words are lost beneath the music, LEO turns to indicate bottle or draught, points to ice, holds up fingers to clarify measures - cool, calm and collected. This is a man not bound by his disability but defined by it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The place is heaving and knows its clientèle, with the full spectrum of foreign, exotic women dancing on stage and in the laps of the men themselves.

Centre of attention, an "object d'art," an animatronic, robot; silver and straight out of a Hajime Sorayama portfolio. She dances an endless loop on sculpted, impossibly long artificial limbs.

A tray of empty glasses arrive at the end of the bar, deposited by the waitress - NAADIRAH. LEO turns and puts several prepared drinks onto the tray. He presses a final glass of cola into NAADIRAH'S hand with a wink.

As a DANCER on stage finishes her routine and leaves to polite applause, two English BUSINESSMEN at a stage-front table turn and start hollering at NAADIRAH for their drinks. She rolls her eyes with a smile towards LEO, drains her glass and sets off with the tray.

As she places the drinks on the BUSINESSMEN'S table, one of them tries to push money into her top. She guides his hand away and makes him drop the note on the tray.

Another waitress - LUBA, an Albanian girl in her twenties - waves NAADIRAH over. They slip out through a side-door.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

The music is a little quieter out here but LUBA and NAADIRAH still need to shout.

LUBA  
(lighting a cigarette)  
Nicky left a message for you.

NAADIRAH  
And?

LUBA  
Someone called Oswald Davies?  
(starts to dig in her pocket)  
I've got the address somewhere...

NAADIRAH  
It's all right, Luba, I know who he is.

LUBA  
He said two o'clock.

NAADIRAH  
Yeah, okay.

LUBA peers over at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUBA

How's Leo?

NAADIRAH

He's fine.

(seeing her expression)

Oh fuck off, Luba, I don't care what you think.

The bar manager - YURI, a large Russian in his sixties - has appeared in the corridor. There is something stoic and a little melancholy about him: a man who was once much more. He stands next to LUBA until she is so uncomfortable it is impossible to ignore him.

LUBA (CONT'D)

Yuri! It's our break!

YURI

(taking her cigarette)

No. Out.

The two girls go back through the door, LUBA sticking her tongue out at YURI. He nods impassively and stubs out her cigarette.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. MAIN LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

NAADIRAH walks through and runs straight into one of the BUSINESSMEN, standing by the entrance to the toilets. He drunkenly propositions her, waving money under her nose. She shakes her head and tries to walk past but he moves to stop her.

LEO witnesses this from the bar and looks around the room for help, but the two BOUNCERS are stood on the far side of the stage chatting up one of the DANCERS, oblivious to NAADIRAH'S situation.

Back at the toilets, the BUSINESSMAN tries to push money into NAADIRAH'S top again, at the same time putting his hand on her arse.

LEO rockets out from behind the bar and storms across the room. The next thing the BUSINESSMAN knows he is being manhandled through the door into the men's toilets.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

LEO pushes the protesting BUSINESSMAN backwards across the room. NAADIRAH follows them through the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAADIRAH

Leo no, no, it's all right. He's just an idiot, leave him be.

LEO pushes the BUSINESSMAN up against the wall and pins him there. He waggles his finger very deliberately in front of the BUSINESSMAN'S nose, takes the money out of his hand and gives it to NAADIRAH.

The door slams open and the SECOND BUSINESSMAN explodes into the room.

SECOND BUSINESSMAN

What the fuck's going on? You all right Steve?

BUSINESSMAN

Fucking took my money!

SECOND BUSINESSMAN

(striding towards Leo)

Oh yeah? What's that all about then?

NAADIRAH

(trying to pull Leo away)

Leo, come on. Come on, it's not worth it.

SECOND BUSINESSMAN

(facing him off)

Come on then!

LEO tears his stare away and goes to follow NAADIRAH.

SECOND BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

(preventing him)

Come on!

LEO turns back towards him.

SECOND BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

What've you got to say for yourself then!?

LEO tenses. Ready. NAADIRAH touches his arm, and the moment is broken. He follows her through the door.

BUSINESSMAN

Yeah, fuck off, you ugly fucking kraut coward!

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. MAIN LOUNGE -  
CONTINUOUS**

BUSINESSMAN 2 sits back at his table, scowling at LEO while BUSINESSMAN 1 finds YURI near the exit to the club and starts ranting. Fingers are pointed in LEO's direction. YURI heads over.

YURI

Leo. You take his money?

LEO shakes his head as NAADIRAH joins the two at the bar.

NAADIRAH

Yuri, they are fucking assholes. Leo was just protecting me.

YURI

(calmly)

He says you steal from him.

NAADIRAH shakes her head, disgusted by the unfairness of it. She fishes in her purse and slams a few lonely notes down in front of YURI. YURI looks at LEO, nothing more to be said.

**EXT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. ENTRANCE - LATER**

Out in the street, the DOORMEN are pouring the TWO drunk BUSINESSMEN into a MAXI-TAXI, a luxurious, vertical take-off limo; YURI goes through the motions of offering his profuse apologies. The MAXI-TAXI pulls up and away into the night sky and YURI walks back into the club and up to LEO and NAADIRAH, who are sat in the cloak room.

YURI

(to Leo, as he rubs the back of his neck)

Come on.

NAADIRAH squeezes LEO'S hand as he gets up and follows YURI through to the main room. NAADIRAH is about to follow when her phone rings.

NAADIRAH

Hello?

She starts talking urgently in Pashto, an Afghan dialect; something is clearly wrong.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. MAIN LOUNGE -  
CONTINUOUS**

As LEO reaches the bar, he turns and realizes NAADIRAH has not followed him into the room.

He catches a last glimpse of her on her pink mobile as the main door slowly swings shut.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. MAKSIM'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

The club's owner - an angular-faced, fidgety Russian called MAKSIM - is sat behind his desk talking on the telephone.

MAKSIM

...No, it takes time, my friend...Yes, I know that's what I say, but was different, now you change. Is tricky, very tricky these days...Becomes difficult...

YURI enters the room with LEO in tow; the big man's mind is clearly elsewhere.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

...No, not what I'm saying...Cac... Cactus, Cactus, I say I get and I get, okay?... Look, I have someone here. We talk later...Yes, Cactus, yes. Goodbye.

He hangs up the phone and looks LEO up and down.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

So. What are you. Barman? Doorman? Thief?

LEO shakes his head.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

Why these cockholes give Yuri trouble? You bartender. You stay behind fucking bar. Yuri look after girls.

LEO nods vaguely. MAKSIM stands up.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

Hey! You understand this? You look me in the eye and tell me you understand this?

LEO looks up, his attention caught. He looks MAKSIM straight in the eye and nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

I give you one chance. Next time I get  
new barman. Okay?

LEO nods. MAKSIM picks up a pair of headphones from the  
stereo behind his desk.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

(putting on the phones)

Yuri, you keep eye on this one, okay?  
Good. Fuck off.

MAKSIM hits play and drops into his chair, already lost  
in the music. LEO turns and walks out.

CUT TO:

**INT. LEO'S FLAT. BEDROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Leo's flat is small and Spartan. Almost monastic.

LEO's sat on the edge of his bed, there is little but an  
old fashioned vinyl record player in the corner of the  
cheap room. White rimmed photographs framed on the wall  
show him and his family over the years. Images of him  
as a Berlin teen playing baseball at some US army meet  
and greet, smacking a home-run; traveling with his  
mother and sister on holiday in the Alps at a retreat  
with a number of other families dressed in out of period  
clothing; tucked in the corner of a framed newspaper  
page, a picture of his father in a uniform of some sort.  
The newspaper headline exclaiming the founding of an  
Amish Israel in Germany.

He stares at the framed picture he is holding in his  
lap.

It is a photograph of NAADIRAH standing in front of a  
lake-side pier, smiling. Written underneath:

"Found You. x'

LEO gets up and walks through to the kitchen. He goes  
to the sink, takes a pint glass off the draining board  
and fills it to the brim from the tap. He then proceeds  
to drink the whole thing in one go.

He goes to the window. Holds the blind open, looking  
down at the street below; a road sweeper, all vents and  
articulation, attacks the day's debris. No sign of  
NAADIRAH.

He drops the needle on an old record, music filling the  
room, lies down and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

**INT. LEO'S FLAT. BEDROOM/HALLWAY - LITTLE LATER**

LEO opens his eyes. Was there a noise? He jolts upright. The record player is replaying the same scratched segment again and again, but there was something else.

He lifts the needle.

A moment... then he hears it; sobbing, a quiet knock then more sobs.

LEO opens the front door to find NAADIRAH sitting on the floor outside; she has clearly been crying.

NAADIRAH

I shouldn't be here...

LEO gently pulls her up and into the flat and closes the door.

He sits NAADIRAH down on the bed and kneels on the floor in front of her, reaching up to wipe her eyes.

NAADIRAH (CONT'D)

Something happened tonight.

NAADIRAH falters, tears welling up again. A look of concern floods LEO'S face and he immediately starts pawing at her, checking to see if she is injured - takes her phone. Tries to hand it to her, but she won't take it. He dials "110" - the emergency services, and puts it to her ear. She reaches for the phone and cancels the call.

NAADIRAH (CONT'D)

I'm not hurt.

She falters and starts to cry. LEO tries to embrace her but she stops him.

NAADIRAH (CONT'D)

(regaining a little composure)

Leo, I need to tell you something.

Someone. I need to tell you about someone.

LEO puts a finger to her mouth. He points to her, then makes his hands fly away.

NAADIRAH (CONT'D)

No. No, I'm not leaving. But I have to tell you something about me. God, Leo, the last thing I want to do is leave you.

(pauses)

But I...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leo puts a finger to her mouth again. He tries to "say" something but cannot find the gestures. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a little notepad with a pencil in the spine and writes:

"Then nothing else is important"

NAADIRAH smiles, then starts crying again. Leo wraps his arms around her - an awkward, hunched embrace filled with passion. NAADIRAH hangs limply in his arms.

CUT TO:

**INT. LEO'S FLAT. BATHROOM - LITTLE LATER**

NAADIRAH is taking a shower. LEO appears in the doorway holding two cups of tea, watching her.

CUT TO:

**INT. LEO'S FLAT. BEDROOM - LATER STILL**

LEO lies on the bed, NAADIRAH on top of him wrapped in a towel. They kiss - a kiss that could end the world.

NAADIRAH

I need to tell you something...

LEO slips his hand under her towel and kisses her to stop her talking. She holds his head in both hands and sighs, giving up for now.

She reaches over to the light switch. Clicks. Blackness.

CUT TO:

**INT. LEO'S FLAT. BEDROOM - LATER STILL**

A heaving bellow of breath. LEO can see his arm stretched out like a tree trunk, falling into the space beside him - the space where NAADIRAH should be. She is not there. But something is in the room.

The place is dark, sucked of colour. LEO cannot move, but through drugged eyes watches a FIGURE in the shadows beyond the bed. It moves in pulses, frozen one instant and then oozing forward a moment later; it looks like God keeps hitting the search button on some celestial remote.

LEO breathes heavily and the shape moves again. Still nothing makes sense. Awake or asleep?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The FIGURE, seemingly carrying something, turns and leans in towards him. Blackness closes in...

FADE UP TO:

**INT. LEO'S FLAT. BEDROOM - DAY**

LEO rolls over, his arm falling into the space beside him. He opens his eyes. NAADIRAH is not there.

LEO looks across at NAADIRAH'S photograph by the bed. He checks his watch, the analogue hands ticking with Swiss precision. He's slept in.

Still a little shaken by his nightmare, he goes to the kitchen and downs a pint of water.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BUSY EAST BERLIN STREET - DUSK**

The city bustles, humanity from all parts of Europe grinding past each other.

Amidst them, large, intimidating sales reps branded as the "Eurocorps sales team" approach passers-by. They make the hard sell, asking random pedestrians if they would like to upgrade their "Eurocorps customer rating." They don't bother asking LEO. There are meeker looking prey to pick from.

LEO stops at a newsstand, taps on the counter, pointing at a newspaper logo. He is offered a download but declines. The newsie shrugs, dusts off an old printer on a shelf and prints him out a copy.

LEO walks into a cheap greasy-spoon cafe carrying his old fashioned print and pulp newspaper.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHEAP GREASY SPOON - CONTINUOUS**

The OWNER waves as LEO enters.

OWNER (ENG. SUBTITLE)

All right Leo. Usual, mate?

LEO gives him the thumbs-up and finds himself a table, taking care to face away from the television, where a row of men, (multiple SAM BELLS from the film MOON,) give a deposition to a panel. LEO pulls out a small notepad and pencil and carefully places it on the table next to him as he waits for the OWNER to bring his food over. The owner places the food and gives him a friendly pat on the back.

(CONTINUED)

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OWNER (ENG. SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
How are you today?

LEO nods, then points to the OWNER.

OWNER (ENG. SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
Oh, not so bad. Not bad enough to  
complain. Enjoy.

LEO gives him the thumbs-up again and tucks in. The OWNER smiles, registers just how loud the TV is and glances at Leo reading his newspaper.

OWNER (CONT'D)  
Are you strict? The TV. My cousin is a  
Ludite, too. He lives in one of those  
communes. Clean air. Quiet. I can see the  
appeal, sometimes.

LEO takes a moment to consider. Shrugs. Changes his mind and sticks his fingers up to indicate "a little bit."

OWNER (CONT'D)  
(chuckling)  
We've all got vices, my friend. I watch  
too much of this shit, anyway.

The owner grins, turns the TV off as he goes back behind the counter.

Another customer enters. His name is CACTUS BILL - A thick-moustachioed American in his thirties; a man who looks like he is permanently amused by some private joke. He sits down at a table side-on to LEO and starts staring at him - the kind of stare your mother would tell you off for.

LEO ignores him, just continues with his newspaper. CACTUS gets up and walks towards the counter.

CACTUS BILL  
(a bit drunk)  
Hey pal, what do you have to do to get  
some service around these parts?

OWNER  
No table service.

CACTUS BILL  
Are you serious?

OWNER  
No table service. You order here.

CACTUS BILL pointedly takes the final pace up to the counter and leans in towards the OWNER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CACTUS BILL

You happy now?

The OWNER nods.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll have a double cappuccino, skim milk, two sugars. And no chocolate on that. You got any biscotti?

The OWNER looks at him blankly.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

Jesus, when the fuck are Starbuck's going to run you people out of business? Just give me a cup of that black stuff.

He turns and sits down at LEO'S table, right across from him. LEO is doodling on his notepad.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

You got a smoke?

LEO shakes his head without looking up. CACTUS pulls a cigar from the depths of his parka.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

Well, at least you speak the language. You got a light?

Another negative.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

Sad state of affairs.

(leans in closer)

You know, when the world smoked...

(bites off the end of the cigar)  
the world talked.

LEO finally looks up at CACTUS.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

"You got a light buddy? Sure, I got a light, you got a smoke? Sure, I got a smoke, what you reading?" Etcetera, etcetera. Now? Well, we all got clean lungs, but where's the *joie de vivre*?

(to the approaching Owner)

You got a light?

The OWNER puts a cup of coffee in front of CACTUS.

OWNER

(shaking his head)

You order food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CACTUS BILL  
(looking at the remnants of Leo's  
breakfast)  
You kidding? I wouldn't eat that shit if  
you blew me.

OWNER (ENG. SUBTITLE)  
You don't like it, you can fuck off.

CACTUS BILL  
(to Leo)  
We're like brothers. So. What you  
reading buddy?

LEO stands up, tears off the top sheet of his notepad  
and drops it on the table. CACTUS picks it up.

It is a cartoon drawing of CACTUS with a big penis  
sticking out of his forehead. CACTUS laughs.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)  
(after Leo)  
Hey, mine's bigger than that!

Ignoring him, LEO passes the OWNER some money and walks  
out of the cafe. CACTUS takes a sip of his coffee.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)  
(revolted)  
Hey pal! What did you strain this  
through? Your ass?

The OWNER turns and locks eyes with him, unamused.  
CACTUS clocks his expression and bursts out laughing,  
his eyes never leaving the OWNER.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)  
(pretty much to himself)  
I guess not.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. MAIN LOUNGE - NIGHT**

LEO glances around the club, looking for NAADIRAH as he  
distractedly handles drinks orders from customers.

LUBA comes up to the bar with a tray of empties. LEO  
makes a questioning gesture at her as he re-fills the  
tray. She knows full well what he's asking but feigns  
ignorance. LEO takes out his pad and writes:  
"NAADIRAH?"

LUBA shrugs and takes away the tray.

LEO stares after her, frustrated. A fist raps down  
against the bar behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YURI is standing on the other side of the bar with a young, stylish Turkish-American guy - NICKY SIMSEK.

YURI  
(shouting over the music)  
Leo! Fix Nicky a drink.  
(to Nicky)  
What you want, Nicky?

NICKY holds thumb and forefinger apart, meaning a short.

YURI (CONT'D)  
(to Leo)  
Two Stoli. Send them up to the office,  
okay?

The two make their way up the grand stairs that lead to MAKSIMS OFFICE. LEO pours the two shots, neck craned trying to spot Naadirah.

Stolis in hand, he turns round to find himself facing the two British BUSINESSMEN from the previous night. Leo's expression immediately turns to stone. They order two beers.

SECOND BUSINESSMAN  
(screaming over the music)  
Listen, no hard feelings mate? About the  
other night?

LEO ignores him and reaches into the fridge.

SECOND BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)  
These things happen, eh?

LEO has the first bottle uncapped and is pouring it into a glass.

FIRST BUSINESSMAN  
Where do I find that little waitress  
then?

LEO looks up at him.

FIRST BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)  
I'd like to give her an apology as well.

The SECOND BUSINESSMAN smirks. LEO is just about to uncup the second bottle. The FIRST BUSINESSMAN leans entirely too far across the bar to whisper towards LEO.

FIRST BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)  
(holding his groin)  
I'd like to give her a big apology!

LEO exerts so much pressure on the bottle that the whole neck shatters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YURI is just on his way through to the cloak room when he hears the shouts. He turns to see LEO diving across the bar onto the FIRST BUSINESSMAN. He pushes open the door and shouts to the BOUNCERS.

LEO elbows the SECOND BUSINESSMAN in the face to get him away, breaking his nose. He is now knelt on the FIRST BUSINESSMAN, pummelling him repeatedly in the face.

YURI and the BOUNCERS arrive and try to drag LEO off. In the ensuing struggle, LEO barges into a passing WAITRESS, knocking her off her feet. As she hits the floor she smashes her head against the bar's foot-rail. This stops LEO dead in his tracks.

The SECOND BUSINESSMAN takes this opportunity to punch LEO in the face, and the whole thing descends into chaos.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. MAKSIM'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

LEO - with both eyes beginning to blacken - stands in front of the desk as MAKSIM screams at him in Russian. YURI tries to get his attention.

YURI

Eng... English, boss. In English?

MAKSIM

(to Leo)

Two thousand euros! Two thousand, to get those fucking assholes out of my club without police! Plus waitress I must send home with face purple!

He pulls a few notes out of his wallet and throws them onto the desk.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

Here, last night...

(he adds a few more)

And today! Now you fuck off!

LEO doesn't move.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

Finished! You work... over! You fuck off!!

YURI comes over, picks up the notes and pushes them into LEO's hand.

YURI

(resigned)

Leo. Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO turns and leaves without looking at the money.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREETS OF BERLIN - NIGHT**

Vivid, luminous signs gleam from the regimented behemoths that housed the working population back in socialist years.

The occasional police vehicle and MAXI-TAXI float past in the sky above, the busy streets full of those who cant afford such luxuries.

Confused and miserable, LEO heads for home, walking under the yellow sodium lights of East Berlin, moving into a quieter, poorer neighbourhood.

He passes BERLIN CITY FARM TOWER 2, a vast, circular skyscraper growing crops and housing livestock. The lights are off on the floor at eye-level with him, but there is movement inside... LEO slows down. From the dim interior a cow approaches the window. It watches him. A strange pastoral moment in an unnatural world.

CUT TO:

**INT. LEO'S FLAT. KITCHEN/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

LEO downs another pint of water in front of the sink. His headache is killing him.

He lies on the bed staring at the ceiling. Something is eating at him. Enough is enough. He rifles through a drawer, pulling out a half wrapped birthday present. Inside is a presentation box and a mobile phone. A gift from Naadirah.

The card reads "I know you wont use it, but it's an antique like you! ;) ...and I just want you to know I'm always here for you. Love Nadi"

Her number is written after it. He takes the phone and tries to switch it on. Its confusing and keeps beeping at him. He tosses it back in the drawer.

He rubs his eyes and reaches for the headache pills.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. MAIN LOUNGE - NIGHT**

LEO accidentally barging into the WAITRESS, her head smashing down against the foot-rail.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT. LEO'S FLAT. BEDROOM - DAY**

LEO wakes fully-clothed on the bed and leaps up, sending an empty vodka bottle and a couple of cans clattering to the floor. NAADIRAH tries to calm him.

NAADIRAH

No, no Leo. You're here, with me.

Still drunk, LEO barges into her. She crashes to the floor, her head smashing into the edge of the bedside table.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. MAIN LOUNGE - NIGHT**

LEO'S paranoia kicks in and this time he's barging into the WAITRESS on purpose, her head smashing into the rail.

BACK TO:

**INT. LEO'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT**

LEO opens his eyes again, and stares at the photo of Naadirah on the bedside table beside him.

He opens the drawer again. Stares inside, sweating. Takes out the birthday present; the phone. Trying to control his frustration he begins to read the manual that came with it as he works out how to send a text.

He types:

"Where are you?"

Message sent. LEO lies back down and stares at the phone. It remains silent.

An explosion of frustration; he smashes the picture frame to pieces, takes out the photo, puts it in his pocket and leaves.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

The place is a backstreet surgery - operating table, rudimentary equipment, quite a lot of congealed blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A half-conscious PATIENT with a blood-drenched leg lies moaning on the operating table, reacting to the pokes and prods of CACTUS BILL and DONALD "DUCK" TEDDINGTON - a blond, lank American in his thirties who wears metal rimmed, John Lennon-style glasses. They are both gowned and masked.

YURI and a second Russian, AKIM, are wrapped up in a game of chess at the table in the corner.

CACTUS BILL  
(mumbling)  
Can you clamp that?

DUCK  
(also mumbling)  
Where, I can't see the- oh, I get it.  
You know what, we need to just cut these  
pants right off.

CACTUS pulls a hunting knife out of a sheath on his belt and cuts off the offending trousers. He dumps them into an old army duffel bag under the operating table.

DUCK pushes a clamp into the now-unobstructed wound.

CACTUS BILL  
I can see the shell, I just can't...

The PATIENT spasms in pain.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)  
Okay, okay, I see. Give him some weight,  
Duck.

DUCK presses down hard on the PATIENT'S hip and knee as CACTUS digs into him and drags out a bullet. He drops the bullet into a metal dish by his feet. It makes a "ting" noise and bounces out.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)  
(peevish)  
One-zip.

YURI looks up from his game as the PATIENT'S cries subside.

DUCK  
(snaking out a suction tube)  
You know, I can fit a cable in there if  
you want; baby servo and one of those  
Korean quad-cores?

CACTUS BILL  
Shut up. Make it deep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUCK

Oh, there's one. A thirty-eight just under the femur.

CACTUS BILL

(looking)

You don't know shit.

DUCK

You jest sir, don't you know a thirty-eight when you see one?

CACTUS BILL

I see no thirty-eight. I see a forty-five but I don't see no thirty-eight.

DUCK

Damn perfectionist.

He digs into the PATIENT again, who reacts more violently this time.

CACTUS BILL

Juice him again.

DUCK picks up a hypodermic and jabs it into the PATIENT'S arm. He drifts further into unconsciousness. CACTUS does a histrionic "snip-snip" with his instrument before plunging back into the PATIENT'S thigh.

DUCK

I don't see why you would put in all that effort to save a bit of sinew. I could have fit three guys with rayon by now.

CACTUS BILL

This isn't field surgery, Donald, it's art.

(getting another bullet)

Got it.

DUCK

Outstanding.

CACTUS pulls out another bullet and drops it. "Ting". This one stays in the dish, prompting a small cheer from CACTUS and DUCK.

CACTUS BILL

Ooo! Clothes line!

DUCK

(indicating something inside the patient)

Oh man! I don't believe it. There's your spare right there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CACTUS digs in.

YURI looks across again, then moves a chess piece.

YURI  
(getting up)  
Checkmate.

CACTUS produces another bullet.

CACTUS BILL  
(to Duck)  
Now that, my myopic friend, is a thirty-eight. Want to chuck some rock later?

DUCK  
(admiring Cactus' handiwork)  
My, my. Sure, babe.

The bullet is dropped to the floor. "Ting". Another one in the dish. CACTUS and DUCK "high-five" each other.

YURI stands near the table and peers into the PATIENT.

YURI  
Is good?

DUCK  
Finest kind.

CACTUS BILL  
You said he was shot five times?

YURI turns and says something in Russian to AKIM, who is still trying to work out where the chess game went wrong. He answers with a nod.

YURI  
He count five, Cactus, yes.

CACTUS BILL  
(pulling off his mask)  
Then is good. Slim here will be perky enough to rob and roll before you know it.  
(to Duck)  
Close him up?

DUCK  
It would be an honour and a privilege sir.

CACTUS walks away from the table towards the large door in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CACTUS BILL  
(pulling open the door)  
Was this guy family or just one of your  
runarounds?

YURI  
No, not family.

There is a freezer just inside the walk-in cupboard that  
CACTUS opens.

CACTUS BILL  
(to Duck)  
Make the stitches big.

DUCK  
You got it.

CACTUS reaches into the freezer, past the bags of blood,  
and pulls out a can of beer and a pre-prepared Martini,  
complete with olive. He closes the freezer and then the  
cupboard door. Leaning against it, he faces YURI,  
keeping the Russian between him and DUCK: piggy in the  
middle.

YURI  
No-one in my family stupid enough to get  
shot five times.

CACTUS BILL  
(sipping the Martini)  
Yeah, well. Tell him to duck next time.  
I don't plan to be around to sort out his  
social life.

YURI  
So, you leave this country soon?

DUCK  
(as he stitches)  
And miss all your pearls of wisdom, Yuri?

CACTUS BILL  
I don't know, Yuri, do I leave this  
country soon?

YURI  
Boss says two days. Three at most.

DUCK  
I don't know, babe, sounds an awful lot  
like an excuse.

CACTUS BILL  
An awful lot. What do you say Yuri, is  
your boss lying to me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

YURI  
(smiling)  
Why would he lie to you?

CACTUS BILL  
I don't know, you tell me.

DUCK  
(finished stitching)  
Miller time!

CACTUS tosses the can of beer to him.

YURI  
If he say he get, he get. Is delicate.  
Maksim has to be careful, yes? He  
doesn't want trouble.

CACTUS  
(sarcastic)  
Oh, I'm sure Maksim could deal with a  
couple of dumb American MPs turning up at  
Foreign Dreams.

DUCK  
Sure. Just give 'em a free show and get  
'em drunk. Those army boys sure do like  
titties!

YURI  
He is businessman. You are deserter...  
(indicating the patient on the table)  
He likes you Cactus. Relax. Is not  
going to be problem.

CACTUS BILL  
(just about controlling his temper)  
Good. The sooner I get out of this shit-  
stain of a country the better.

YURI  
You I don't understand, Cactus. You hate  
this country so much, why you come here  
in first place?

DUCK  
(smirking)  
Don't you know? He came for a frat  
reunion. Sigma Bea Papa.

CACTUS throws DUCK a sharp glance. DUCK shrugs.

YURI speaks again in Russian to his companion and they  
go to the operating table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CACTUS picks up a scalpel and mimes a pair of testicles being cut off to DUCK - his, if he opens his mouth like that again.

CACTUS walks over to the operating table and retrieves the soiled duffel bag from underneath it. He stops the Russians carrying their comrade up the basement stairs, insisting that he goes first.

At the top of the stairs he checks a small video screen. Flips through the various feeds in the house 'till he finds one of a little girl in bed. Quietly he opens the door and ushers everyone through.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The door to the basement swings shut and CACTUS locks it. He and YURI walk down the corridor to the front door.

YURI  
(handing Cactus an envelope)  
Same deal, yes? Maksim keep half your money for payment.

CACTUS BILL  
(taking the envelope)  
Fine. But you tell him it's time to get his ass in gear. I've paid him almost forty grand and all I'm getting are excuses.

YURI  
Hey, is no problem Cactus. Relax.

As he leaves, he turns momentarily, trying to think of something reassuring to say. CACTUS doesn't give him the chance, closing the door on him.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

DUCK, sat at the table drinking his beer, inspects the drawing LEO did of CACTUS in the cheap greasy-spoon cafe.

CACTUS walks in counting a sheaf of notes. He sits down and stops counting.

CACTUS BILL  
Fucking cock-sucking commie assholes.

DUCK bursts into laughter. CACTUS grins and shushes him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUCK  
(giving him the drawing back)  
Take the dick away and it's you, babe.

CACTUS BILL  
Man, this place... No wonder the Krauts  
keep invading other countries. If I knew  
I was stuck here for the rest of my life,  
I'd be blitzkrieging my ass through  
France too!

DUCK indicates the duffel bag on the floor.

DUCK  
I took a few things from the rag-bag.

CACTUS BILL  
Sure, just make sure you clean them.

CACTUS hands DUCK the lion's share of the money, then  
takes the duffel bag and starts shovelling the contents  
into the blaze of the wood-burning stove in the corner.

He throws the empty bag into the sink with a generous  
squeeze of bleach and sets the taps running. DUCK plays  
with his new toy, a pink mobile phone.

DUCK  
You paid up now?

CACTUS BILL  
One more job. That's if the knuckle-head  
ever gets his shit together. He behaves  
like he's this major-league criminal and  
he can't even get his hands on two lousy  
ID's.

DUCK  
(taking a sip of beer)  
Well... this sure as hell ain't Kabul,  
babe. So what surnames you got on these  
passports?

CACTUS BILL  
(smirking)  
John and Joanna Elliot.

DUCK  
First names too? I thought you'd just  
change the surname. You don't look like  
a John!

DUCK smirks at CACTUS who throws a piece of gauze at  
him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CACTUS BILL

Funny.

(back to the problem at hand)

Fuckin' army! You never know what immigration's going to pick up on so... safer changing everything until I can get back to Boston.

(whining)

I don't want to have to shave!

DUCK

(reassuring his buddy)

You'll get back into the states, babe. It'll be cool.

A girl, KANWAL - a twenty-one year old Arab girl who looks about fourteen - appears at the bottom of the stairs through the far doorway. She is carrying CACTUS' six year-old daughter JOSIE in her arms. The little girl from the video feed in the basement. DUCK sees her first.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Hey honey, come say hello to your Uncle Duck.

KANWAL puts JOSIE on DUCK'S lap. CACTUS glances at DUCK as his friend stares at his daughter.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Jeez, you're sure beautiful, baby.  
(to Cactus, joking)  
You sure she's yours?

KANWAL

She says she can't sleep.

CACTUS BILL

What's the matter sweetheart?  
Nightmares?

CACTUS picks JOSIE up. She looks at him and shakes her head.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

You want some water?

KANWAL

Bill, I need to take off.

CACTUS BILL

(checks his watch)

There's some money on the table, why don't you take a cab?

DUCK eyes KANWAL up and down as she takes a couple of notes from the table. She throws him a quick smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

                  CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)  
                  (handling her another fifty)  
Here, Kan. This is for your mom.

                  KANWAL  
Thank you, Bill!  
                  (ruffling Josie's hair)  
You ever need any help with her again,  
just call me. She's such a little  
sweetie.  
                  (to Josie)  
Aren't you, eh?

JOSIE doesn't respond.

                  CACTUS BILL  
Thanks. Hey, you took all those pills I  
gave you last time you were here, right?

                  KANWAL  
                  (embarrassed)  
Cactus!

                  CACTUS BILL  
                  (nodding towards Duck)  
He's a doctor... Kind of. You took the  
whole course, right? You can't mess  
around with antibiotics.

                  KANWAL  
I know!

KANWAL shuffles her feet and smiles at DUCK again, then  
pockets the money, zips up her jacket and heads for the  
door.

                  KANWAL (CONT'D)  
I have to go.

                  DUCK  
Adieu.

                  CACTUS BILL  
                  (smirking as she goes through the door)  
Hey, I was just checking! Bye.

CACTUS closes the door behind KANWAL, DUCK watching her  
all the way.

                  DUCK  
She's at the strip bar?

                  CACTUS BILL  
No, she works at the parlour. Sweet kid.

DUCK smiles, pleased. CACTUS turns his attention back  
to his daughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

Come on, why don't I take you back to bed  
and tuck you in, okay?

DUCK stares at a picture pinned to the wall next to him. It's of Cactus and Duck and a number of other men in fatigues at a military medical unit somewhere hot and arid. Kabul. DUCK notices JOSIE watching him over her fathers shoulder.

DUCK

(holding up the pink mobile)  
Smile, honey.

He takes a picture of JOSIE as CACTUS carries her out through the door towards the stairs. CACTUS turns back and stares daggers at him.

DUCK (CONT'D)

(shrugs)  
I'm just playing, babe.

CACTUS and JOSIE disappear up the stairs.

DUCK (CONT'D)

(to himself, looking at the picture)  
Oh, you cuties.

CUT TO:

**EXT. EAST BERLIN STREET - NIGHT**

LEO pulls up in his car. He turns off the engine and stares at the wheel. Eventually he looks up at the unassuming doorway across the street - the doorway he has seen NAADIRAH leave a hundred times. He looks back down at the wheel again before coming to a decision.

As he gets out of the car he sees someone emerge from the doorway. It is NICKY SIMSEK, who climbs into the limo waiting outside. He didn't see LEO. LEO watches the vehicle rise up above the rest of the traffic, then crosses the street.

LEO presses one of the buzzers in the doorway. A voice answers.

INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)

Do you have an appointment?

He holds up his notepad.

**CCTV IMAGE**

Pointing down from the top of the entrance-way, the camera sees LEO holding up the pad: "NAADIRAH?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is buzzed in.

CUT TO:

**INT. MESSAGE PARLOUR. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

LEO walks into the reception area. A single pot-plant decorates the glum little room. The female MANAGER appears from a back-room.

MANAGER

Naadirah isn't working tonight. You want someone else?

LEO thinks for a moment. He sees a figure wander under the neon lights of a corridor. LUBA! He writes down the name.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Yeah, Luba's in tonight. Follow me, love.

She moves towards a side-corridor, waving LEO to join her.

CUT TO:

**INT. MESSAGE PARLOUR. ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

LEO sits on the bed and studies the room - relaxing in a cheap, new-age way. A moment later LUBA enters, not seeing him at first. When she does, she's clearly unhappy.

LUBA

What the fuck are you doing here!?

LEO reassures her that he's calm.

LUBA (CONT'D)

Maksim will kill you if he sees you!

LEO takes out his notepad, but before he can say anything...

LUBA (CONT'D)

I don't know where she is! She hasn't been at the bar, she hasn't been here. It's not my fucking problem.

LEO sits down heavily on the bed.

LUBA (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

She'll have been hired for a few days somewhere. It's no big deal. Good money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO looks at her, not understanding.

LUBA (CONT'D)

What?

LEO mimes "massage".

LUBA (CONT'D)

Oh come on! Are you that fucking stupid?

LEO shakes his head; he can't, or won't, accept it. LUBA kneels and starts to undo his zip. LEO pushes her off, backs away and knocks the bedside table over.

LUBA (CONT'D)

I don't have time for this shit! Do you want to fuck or are you just here to waste my time?

There is a knock at the door.

AKIM (O.S.)

'Ey! Luba?

LUBA moves towards the door but LEO grabs her arm.

LUBA

Fuck or go...

LEO shakes his head. He needs something, anything.

LUBA (CONT'D)

If you get me in trouble, I'll kill you.

LUBA sees he isn't going anywhere. She opens her bag and searches for something. The knocking turns into hammering.

LUBA (CONT'D)

The last night I saw her, Nicky left-

She glances over her shoulder and lowers her voice. LEO glances at the door.

LUBA (CONT'D)

Nicky left Naadirah a message about a house-call. I've still got the piece of paper somewhere. It was in West Berlin.

She hands LEO the piece of paper just as the door is kicked open.

AKIM appears through the door, closely followed by GUNTHER, an East German heavy.

GUNTHER

You alright Luba?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUBA  
(catching Leo's eye, trying to cue him)  
What's this retard doing here, eh? Those  
doormen of yours are useless!

GUNTHER  
(grabbing Leo)  
Come on. Out.

LEO stands up, plays the part.

LEO slips LUBA'S piece of paper into a pocket as he shuffles towards the door, GUNTHER steering him out. AKIM stares at LUBA for a moment. She lights a cigarette and leaves. AKIM takes a quick look round then follows her out.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. LEO'S CAR - NIGHT**

LEO stares at the piece of paper. Despite his best efforts to prevent it, reality is sinking in. He reaches into his pocket and pops two headache pills.

There is a beeping. At first, LEO cant work out where it's coming from, then pulls out the mobile Nadirah gave him - there is a message on it. The VIDEO CLIP NAADIRAH recorded of the two of them in the cafe.

Text overlays it:

"Hey, big boy. I'm at work."

LEO is astounded. He's so stressed he has to open his door to be sick. He starts the car and roars off down the street.

CUT TO:

**EXT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR - NIGHT**

Two DOORMEN frame the entrance.

FIRST DOORMAN (ENG. SUBTITLE)  
...I mean, it's not like it's cheap  
either. I'm paying through the fucking  
nose for upgrades I'm not even-

The SECOND DOORMAN nudges him.

SECOND DOORMAN (ENG. SUBTITLE)  
(pointing down the street)  
Take a look at this.

LEO, now out of his car, is bearing down on them with driven purpose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECOND DOORMAN (ENG. SUBTITLE)  
(CONT'D)

Would you fucking believe it?

FIRST DOORMAN (ENG. SUBTITLE)  
(stepping down to stop LEO)

Whoah there, Shakespeare. Where do you think you're off to?

LEO ignores him and tries to barge past, but the FIRST DOORMAN pushes him back.

FIRST DOORMAN (ENG. SUBTITLE)  
(CONT'D)

You are not coming through this door!

LEO lunges forward and grabs the FIRST DOORMAN, throwing him off the steps and into the street. A passing garbage truck has to swerve to avoid him.

The SECOND DOORMAN grabs LEO in a headlock and forces him back onto the pavement. LEO grabs his balls and manages to get free, just in time for the FIRST DOORMAN to launch into him.

The three of them grapple frantically in the street, a small crowd gathering to watch the clumsy flailing of arms and heads.

Two BOUNCERS and YURI come flying out of the club. One of them manages to get LEO in a half-nelson, dragging him up and away from the flailing DOORMEN.

BOUNCER

Listen to me, *listen!* That's enough mate! Now you are *not* coming in!

LEO goes limp, collapses to his knees. The bouncer releases him. LEO pulls out his mobile phone, gets to his feet and tries to show YURI the message on it.

YURI (CONT'D)

I don't care what that says Leo, she's not in here. She's not here!

LEO, an emotional mess, makes a lame attempt to move towards the steps again. This time the two DOORMEN and the BOUNCERS form a wall that is not going to be breached.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

You're not fucking going in there, right!

YURI

Go home, Leo. Go home. She's probably there waiting for you. Go home!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEO reluctantly backs away. He looks lost.

CUT TO:

**INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT**

We're overwhelmed with the sensorial assault of retro 50's Americana and technology. A multi-level bowling alley extols on every poster, every drinking cup, the virtues of an all-American company, Dynax Federal. Advertising become entertainment.

A bowling ball shatters the pins. Strike!

DUCK turns with his arms raised towards CACTUS.

DUCK

The duck flies! You feel something?  
Feel that?

CACTUS gets up and takes a ball.

CACTUS BILL

What are you doing? Sit down. Shock and  
awe, motherfucker.

He hurls his ball down the lane into an equally explosive strike.

DUCK

Yeah, yeah. That ball's loaded, babe.

He begrudgingly "high-fives" CACTUS.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Listen, I've been thinking. If the  
Ruskies fuck up, you could always use my  
passport to get home.

CACTUS looks at him like he's growing an extra nose.

DUCK (CONT'D)

No really, babe. Bleach the hair, shave  
off the lady tickler...

CACTUS BILL

I have a passport, asshole! I need  
matching ID's for me and the kid.

DUCK

Well...okay. It was just an idea.

CACTUS BILL

(sitting down)

And what about you? You want to stick  
around here for the rest of your life?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUCK

Why not? Plenty of work. Cyberware surgery sucks here. I'm king, baby! I'm the big fish!

CACTUS rolls his eyes.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Seriously... if I do want to go home, I just take up my constitutional right to go down to the embassy and demand a shiny blue passport for my shiny white ass.

(takes a ball...)

Tell them some crazy local jumped me in a fit of anti-Americanism.

(takes aim...)

They complain to an embarrassed kraut police department, I get a new passport, a first class ticket.

(releases...)

Join the mile-high club with some delightful young stewardess and *res ipsa loquitur*...

(strike!)

I am back in the motherland.

Picking up his ball, CACTUS stops to shake his head to himself.

He turns and hurls the ball down the alley. It smashes into the pins, clearing the lot. Simulated fireworks explode on their screen.

As DUCK stands to take another ball, something catches his eye and he whistles. CACTUS turns to see. DUCK is looking at a group of young German girls - sixteen year-olds at best.

DUCK (CONT'D)

(all nostalgic)

School days, man. Itty-bitty titties and a smooth little pussy.

CACTUS BILL

(disgusted)

Take your fucking shot, man.

DUCK

Man, they grow up so quickly, don't they?

(reaches down to take a ball)

Ain't going be long before you're fighting all them young studs off that cutie-pie little daughter of y-Aaaaaah!

CACTUS puts his hand over DUCK'S mouth to stifle his scream. He has trapped his friend's fingers under the bowling ball and is leaning against it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CACTUS BILL

Don't talk about my daughter. Ever.

DUCK nods emphatically. CACTUS releases the pressure and removes his hand from DUCK'S mouth.

DUCK

(emotionally as much as physically wounded)

I'm just playing, Jesus!

(jams his hand under his armpit)

You've got to maintain a sense of humour, babe.

CACTUS BILL

Why don't you just build a new one, *big fish*?

(feeling mildly guilty)

Come here. Let me look at it.

DUCK reluctantly holds out his hand. It is already starting to bruise. CACTUS hands him a bottle of beer.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

Um-hum. Why don't you hold that against it and I'll finish up your shot.

CACTUS takes a ball and hurls it down the alley. The pins fly.

CUT TO:

**INT. OSWALD'S BACHELOR PAD. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

OSWALD DAVIES - fat, fifty-something and South African - is frying something with one hand and trying to read the cooking instructions with the other.

OSWALD

Add a...a what? What the fuck is that supposed to be?

A loud thumping starts in the distance and continues. OSWALD looks back and forth between the noise and the frying pan. He finally removes it from the heat and angrily heads for the front door of his large, city apartment.

He pulls open the door to be faced with the looming figure of LEO, all black-eyes and stony stares.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Who the hell are-

LEO barges past him and into the flat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSWALD (CONT'D)  
(following him)  
Hey! Hey, hold on! What the fuck do you  
think you're doing?

OSWALD pauses, trying to gather his thoughts and reword things into his broken German, but LEO is away, moving through the place like a force of nature. Where is she?

He comes to a halt in OSWALD'S bedroom.

On the bed are a pair of boys frozen like statues in the middle of a sexual act. Not exactly human boys... a pair of next generation Real Dolls, with extra sexual organs. They look like something designed by the Chapman brothers.

LEO turns away. Begins to search the room.

In a vast walk in closet he finds a shelf festooned with photographs of women - prostitutes - in various states of undress. Among them is a photo of NAADIRAH, the same one he has of her standing on the beach.

OSWALD finds him looking at the pictures.

OSWALD (CONT'D)  
You work for Nicky Simsek?  
(no reply)  
This is ridiculous. Jesus Christ!  
(going out)  
Hold on a second.

LEO continues to stare at OSWALD'S hall-of-fame, at the photo of NAADIRAH. Reality batters its way through; there is now no ignoring the fact that NAADIRAH is a prostitute. He carefully removes the photo from its frame and puts it into his pocket. He then starts taking out the pictures of the other girls.

OSWALD comes back in and starts speaking in International English: slow, loud and patronising.

OSWALD (CONT'D)  
(holding out money)  
Tell Nicky Simsek the only reason I  
didn't pay him is because that girl never  
turned up. Here!

OSWALD proffers a bundle of crumpled money but LEO doesn't move. OSWALD stuffs the money into LEO'S pocket.

LEO turns towards him, a ball of photographs in his fist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OSWALD (CONT'D)

But you tell Nicky that the next time one  
of his lazy whores can't be bothered to  
get her arse in gear and turn up-

LEO is on him, knocking him backwards onto the remote  
for the boys on the bed. They begin thrusting away as  
LEO, eyes glistening with tears and rage, starts ramming  
the clod of photographs into OSWALD'S mouth.

The frenzied assault ceases with the same abruptness as  
it started. LEO stands up, shaking and unable to quite  
believe what he is doing. The traumatized OSWALD tries  
to crawl away under the bed, boys fucking away at thin  
air above him.

LEO picks up OSWALD'S picture of Naadirah and stumbles  
out of the room.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. LEO'S CAR - NIGHT**

LEO gets into his car and pulls out the picture of  
NAADIRAH, then throws it on the seat along with the pile  
of crumpled money. He stares at the ugly truth of it  
all.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT. LEO'S FLAT - NIGHT**

The door opens onto NAADIRAH, tearful.

NAADIRAH

I shouldn't be here.

NAADIRAH sitting on the bed. LEO tries to embrace her  
but she prevents him.

NAADIRAH (CONT'D)

I need to tell you something.

LEO puts a finger against her lips. She pushes his hand  
away with some force.

This is not how it happened. This is a cold, hard  
NAADIRAH born of paranoia.

NAADIRAH (CONT'D)

(coldly)

There's something you have to know about  
me...

BACK TO:

**INT/EXT. LEO'S CAR - NIGHT**

LEO crushes the photo of NAADIRAH and drops it onto the floor.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT. LEO'S FLAT - NIGHT**

NAADIRAH in the doorway, tearful.

NAADIRAH  
I shouldn't be here...

NAADIRAH sat on the bed. She reaches out and caresses LEO'S cheek.

NAADIRAH (CONT'D)  
I'm leaving you...

LEO's paranoia sees NAADIRAH in the doorway, angry. Furious!

NAADIRAH (CONT'D)  
(screams)  
I shouldn't be here!

BACK TO:

**INT/EXT. LEO'S CAR - NIGHT**

LEO starts the car and roars away from the kerb.

There is a beep on his mobile: something from NAADIRAH. He throws the phone to the floor without even looking.

We look, though...

A picture of a cactus plant in a darkly-lit kitchen.

CUT TO:

**INT. MESSAGE PARLOUR - NIGHT**

DUCK  
How old are you darlin'?

He is talking to KANWAL, Cactus' young-looking baby-sitter.

KANWAL  
How old do you think I am?

DUCK looks at her sideways.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUCK

Well, my eyes maybe playing tricks on me sweetheart, but you couldn't be more than... Seventeen!

KANWAL

Seventeen? You don't think I could be sixteen?

The MANAGER walks in from the back-room.

MANAGER

Kanwal, tell him the truth. We don't need that kind of trouble around here.

KANWAL

(sighs)

I'm twenty-one.

MANAGER

And she'll be twenty-two next month, Duck. Don't let her fool you.

DUCK

Well honey, how would you like to make me feel twenty-one again?

KANWAL

(going with him)

Are you really a doctor?

She turns towards the back corridor. DUCK follows her.

DUCK

(over his shoulder to Cactus)

Later, babe.

CACTUS, who has been sat watching this conversation from the sofa in the corner, merely nods. He turns and looks round at JOSIE, who is sitting quietly next to him drawing on a little notepad.

She is drawing a picture of the lone pot-plant.

CACTUS gets up and walks over to the desk.

CACTUS BILL

(to the Manager)

Is Tanya around?

MANAGER

She is. I thought you were waiting for Simone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CACTUS BILL

I am. Mister Wonderful there just stole my baby-sitter. Gotta keep the customers happy.

The MANAGER turns and opens the door behind the desk. She shouts for TANYA, who walks through a few moments later.

TANYA

'Ello Cactus!

CACTUS BILL

Listen, I need a favour. Can you watch my daughter for a while?

TANYA

(more than happy)

Oh sure!

(to Josie)

I'll look after you, sweetie!

JOSIE keeps drawing.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Oh, that looks nice!

CACTUS BILL

You sure you're cool with this?

TANYA

Course! It'll be fun! Nicky's taking me and Makiko out anyway.

(leans in front of Josie)

You want some dinner, angel? God, she really looks like her mum, doesn't she?

JOSIE continues to ignore her.

CACTUS BILL

(harshly)

Can you take her or not?

TANYA

(cautiously)

Sure, Bill. No problem.

CACTUS BILL

(calm again, he gives Tanya a peck)

Thank you, T!

(to Josie)

Daddy has to do something for a while, baby. Auntie Tanya here's going to take you for some food, okay?

JOSIE nods without looking up from her drawing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NICKY SIMSEK appears from the back room followed by a Japanese girl - MAKIKO - and swans past.

NICKY SIMSEK

Cactus Bill! Looking as good as ever.  
Tanya, let's go! Car's outside.

CACTUS BILL

Evening Nicky. Where's Maksim?

NICKY SIMSEK

How should I fucking know? I'm not his secretary.

CACTUS BILL

(looking hard at Nicky)  
Hey! Language. When you see him, tell him I'm still waiting. So where's this place you're eating at?

NICKY SIMSEK

Steamu-Steamu. About ten minutes away.

SIMONE, a busty black woman appears and makes eye-contact with CACTUS.

CACTUS BILL

(standing up and handing Tanya some money)  
Beautiful, beautiful.  
(to Josie)  
I'll see you later, honey. Thanks guys.  
Hey! No soda!

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MESSAGE PARLOUR - NIGHT**

LEO'S battered Bentley comes down the street and skids to a halt.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. LEO'S CAR - NIGHT**

LEO is about to get out of the car when he sees TANYA and MAKIKO - one carrying and talking to JOSIE - get into a MAXI-TAXI style vertical take-off LIMO with NICKY SIMSEK. As the car pulls up and away, LEO tries to follow in his street bound car.

With his neck straining to watch the LIMO, he nearly crashes into a dishevelled looking man pulling a cart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRTY OLD TINKER  
Fuckin' luddy!

CUT TO:

**EXT. STEAMU-STEAMU RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

The LIMO finally drops down to street level, and its passengers get out. With no place to park and a huge utility vehicle behind him blaring its horn, LEO is forced to drive on.

CUT TO:

**INT. STEAMU-STEAMU RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Steamu-Steamu is a Heston Blumenthal wet-dream gone fast food. It's the shabu-shabu of the future. Rather than cooking your food in a community pot of boiling water, you sear it in a jet of flavoured steam. There are only a few people eating, but it's a noisy affair, with each table focussed around steam jets that customers cook and flavour their food in.

A pair of intimidating men enter and order at the counter. They nod to NICKY as they pass; he is clearly uncomfortable at their presence. These two HARD-NUTS sit and begin eating at a table in the corner, across the room from where NICKY is sitting with TANYA, MAKIKO and JOSIE.

TANYA and MAKIKO are fussing around JOSIE like she's a doll. JOSIE is ignoring them, sat at the table eating chips in single file and drawing a picture of a bear. NICKY SIMSEK noisily steams and munches as he talks to the girls in English.

NICKY SIMSEK  
So, your dad's taking you to America,  
huh? I've been to America...

LEO enters the restaurant and walks straight over towards the group. NICKY looks up to see LEO standing motionless next to his table. NICKY speaks in German.

NICKY SIMSEK (ENG. SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
Can I help you?

LEO just looks back and forth between NICKY and JOSIE. The two girls watch him nervously.

JOSIE looks up at LEO. His two black eyes resemble the way she has drawn the eyes on her picture of the bear. She looks him directly in the eye and smiles at him, then looks down and continues drawing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICKY SIMSEK (ENG. SUBTITLES)  
(CONT'D)

I ain't got nothing for you, mate. Get a job.

(to the girls, In English)

Ignore him. He'll leave if you don't give him anything.

LEO ignores NICKY and sits down at the table next to JOSIE. NICKY watches in astonishment as LEO takes out his own notepad and starts drawing.

JOSIE tears off her picture of the bear and offers it to LEO. He smiles and takes it.

NICKY laughs nervously.

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

What is this? Fucking art class?

LEO stares hard at NICKY then returns to his drawing. The two girls fidget, very nervous now. NICKY takes out his mobile.

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

Tony? Bring the car round.

(hangs up and leans over to Leo)

(ENG. SUBTITLES)

What the fu-

(glances at Josie then back to Leo)

What do you want?

LEO ignores him and continues to draw.

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

You two take the kid and get out of here.

TANYA gets up and puts JOSIE'S coat on while MAKIKO picks up her packet of chips.

LEO finishes his drawing, tears it off and gives it to JOSIE. She looks at it.

It is a picture of a bear, this one holding a smaller bear by the hand.

JOSIE smiles at LEO again as TANYA carries her away.

LEO spears a piece of raw meat from NICKY'S tray and starts to steam it. The two HARD-NUTS across the restaurant glance over.

NICKY SIMSEK (ENG. SUBTITLES)  
(CONT'D)

See those two gentlemen over there? They work for my boss. All I need to do is call them over.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICKY SIMSEK (ENG. SUBTITLES) (CONT'D)

You mess with me, you mess with Maksim,  
and you don't want to mess with him. You  
understand?

LEO'S smile evaporates to stone as he looks at the pimp,  
visibly disturbing the guy. He reaches into his pocket.

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

I know you.

LEO produces his photo of NAADIRAH and puts it on the  
table in front of NICKY. NICKY relaxes.

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

Oh, I see. Bit kinky, huh?

(ENG. SUBTITLES)

You got a uniform too? Big history fan,  
no doubt. Want to dress up like a  
soldier and rape the poor little Afghan  
girl, huh?

LEO bangs on the table, cutting short NICKY'S laughter,  
and then points at the picture. The thugs across the  
room are watching intently now. It's all making NICKY  
agitated, and LEO notices.

NICKY SIMSEK (ENG. SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

(standing up)

Fuck off! I don't even know what you're  
on about.

LEO grabs his arm and holds up a finger. He takes out  
his notepad and writes something. NICKY cannot help but  
be interested. He reads the English words: "does Maksim  
know?"

NICKY looks around nervously and sits down again.

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

Does he know what? You speak English?  
Who the fuck are you? You work for  
Maksim?

(his eyes narrow)

If he's got something to say to me, he  
can tell me himself. I'm not some  
fucking...

LEO shrugs. NICKY looks hard at him, trying to work him  
out.

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

What?

LEO shrugs innocently. He stabs another piece of raw  
meat and sticks it in the SEARING STEAM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

(shaken)

Aww, come on... Look, you want money?  
Fine. How much do you want?

LEO points to the photo again.

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

No. I can't get you this girl.

LEO jabs the photo with his finger and points at NICKY.

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

I know I know you...

LEO stands up... stares at Nicky. NICKY grins.

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

The barman! You're the crazy, psycho  
barman!

In a flash LEO grabs NICKY'S WRIST.

NICKY is terrified! Thinks its going in the steam...

But LEO empties a handful of Oswald's crumpled money out of his own pocket and piles it into NICKY'S hand. NICKY slides down in his chair, trying to make himself less noticeable.

The two HARD-NUTS stare at NICKY, focused but emotionless, taking it all in.

NICKY SIMSEK (ENG. SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

(standing)

Whoa! That's not even fucking mine!

LEO glances at the HARD NUTS. Picks up the photo and puts it away. NICKY acknowledges the implied threat.

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

(hissing)

Look, all I know is she was planning something!

(fishing in his pocket)

She had me send part of her money to some address. I just assumed it was something put aside from her earnings.

LEO looks positively unconvinced. NICKY pulls out a PDA and urgently searches through it.

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

There! She's had me sending money to this place for weeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LEO gestures for NICKY to give him the PDA and copies the info on screen onto his notepad. As NICKY reaches forward to retrieve the PDA LEO slips his hand in, shaking NICKY'S hand to his horror.

LEO smiles at NICKY, who is trying to keep up with what's going on. As LEO leaves, he puts his finger to his lips, then gives a friendly nod to the HARD-NUTS. They ignore him, eyes fixed unblinking on NICKY.

NICKY is at a loss, realizing how this must look. His eyes dart from the money to the closing door and back again, taking a furtive detour across the two HARD-NUTS.

NICKY SIMSEK (CONT'D)

What about this money?!

(loudly)

It's not mine!

CUT TO:

**EXT. STEAMU-STEAMU RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

LEO strides out onto the street past NICKY'S waiting LIMO A little face watches him go: JOSIE.

LEO walks away down the street.

FADE OUT:

The sound of thunder rises...

FADE IN:

**INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY**

LEO is hurtling along underwater, water roaring around him.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT. LEO'S FLAT. BEDROOM - DAY**

LEO wakes fully-clothed on the bed and leaps up, still drunk. NAADIRAH tries to calm him.

NAADIRAH

No, no Leo. You're here, with me.

LEO'S paranoia sees him turn and aggressively shove NAADIRAH to the floor, her head smashing into the bedside table; a subverted memory of how he injured the barmaid.

BACK TO:

**INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY**

LEO surfaces and swims on, carving the water into a trench. He reaches the end of another length and, although exhausted, kicks off back down the pool. Behind him, there is a splash in the water.

Another swimmer has dived into the pool alongside LEO and is trying to race him. It is CACTUS BILL. He powers along next to the oblivious LEO, eventually overtaking him. He touches the edge of the pool ahead of LEO and climbs out.

As LEO turns and kicks off back down the pool, CACTUS spits into the lane behind him.

CUT TO:

**INT. SWIMMING POOL. CHANGING ROOM - DAY**

CACTUS is towelling himself with his free hand as he talks on the telephone.

CACTUS BILL  
You free, babe?

CUT TO:

**INT. DUCK'S FITTING SURGERY - DAY**

DUCK has his phone clamped into his neck as he loads a camera.

DUCK  
...What have you got in mind?...Uh-huh...Uh-huh...Okay, we can do that.  
(laughs)  
Yeah, I know. Later babe.

He hangs up. Behind him, a MOTHER and her two children - eight year-old SON and eleven year-old DAUGHTER - appear from the changing room. The boy is in a surgical gown, and he walks with a slight limp on an artificial leg. DUCK slams the camera shut and turns round.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
Well! Who's this handsome fellah?

The boy looks at him, confused.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
Now I remember some sad little kid with one leg coming into my office earlier, but this dude? Surely it can't be the same guy, can it?

He winks at the MOTHER, who smiles back at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUCK (CONT'D)  
(to the mother)  
The fit looks good, but I just want to  
record his gait for analysis.

MOTHER  
(charmed and thankful)  
Of course. Thank you so much, Dr.  
Teddington.

DUCK clips the camera onto a waiting tripod and turns down the house lights. He turns his red photography lights up on his subject.

DUCK  
Okay big guy, you just get up on that  
tread mill for me, and old Uncle Duck  
will capture this beautiful moment  
forever.

He leans down to look through the camera viewfinder. Though happy with what he sees, he's still not quite ready.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
How about a little strutting music?

As Wayne Newtons "L-O-V-E" starts to play through the studio speakers, DUCK does a little dance as he makes his way back to the camera controls, taking off his jacket as he goes.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
(to himself as he lines up the shot)  
Yes indeed.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

LEO'S car pulls up outside a seedy terraced block. He is wearing a pair of 70's-style, orange gradiated sunglasses. An open German street map lies on the passenger seat next to LUBA's piece of paper.

Outside the block, LEO checks the address against the letter-boxes. Just a name - PETER SCHMIDT.

CUT TO:

**INT. STAIRCASE/OFFICE - DAY**

LEO climbs the stairs two at a time. He reaches the landing, crosses to the door and rings the bell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door is opened by an unkempt German in his fifties - PETER; His face is a poor backdrop to a pair of thick, enhanced glasses that dwarf the nose they rest upon.

PETER

What?

LEO looks past him into the room. He is surprised to find that, instead of the love-nest he was expecting, the place is actually an office.

PETER (CONT'D)

What do you want, mate?

LEO looks at him, studying his face. PETER looks at him sideways.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh. Ohhhh... You work for the Inspector.

LEO says nothing.

PETER (CONT'D)

(nervous)

Look, it was an oversight, okay? My secretary - ex-secretary, bitch - fucked off and neglected to tell me what her filing system was. Come inside.

LEO continues to scrutinize him. Does he mean NAADIRAH?

PETER (CONT'D)

Come inside, will you?

He looks up the stairs as the door on the next landing closes a crack.

PETER (CONT'D)

I don't like discussing things on the landing, know what I mean?

He holds the door open for LEO and LEO follows him in.

The place is a mess: sheets of paper everywhere, a wall of files in disarray, half-eaten food. It looks like PETER actually lives in here, at least some of the time.

PETER sits down at his desk and starts opening drawers while LEO looks around the room. He finds a number of marked disk's and files and plonks them on the desk in front of him. On the wall LEO finds a framed diploma; a law degree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETER (CONT'D)  
(pouring himself a tumbler of vodka)  
These are the records I have for the  
tenants and the statement of damages  
given by the Landlord...

LEO turns and stands in front of the desk. PETER looks  
up to find him looming over him.

LEO just stares down at him. Too close for PETER'S  
comfort.

PETER (CONT'D)  
What?

LEO looks over at the law degree.

PETER (CONT'D)  
You're not here for these?

LEO pulls out his pad: "Naadirah?". PETER looks at it  
blankly.

PETER (CONT'D)  
What's that then?

LEO indicates himself, then mimes a pair of breasts.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(chuckling and shaking his head)  
Tits? I don't...? You don't talk?

LEO starts writing.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(penny dropping)  
You're not a policeman at all. Private  
investigator?

LEO slowly looks up at him from the pad.

PETER (CONT'D)  
(getting up)  
Fine, fine. I think you better leave.

LEO shoves him back in his chair. He shows him the pad.  
Above "Naadirah?" it now reads: "Do you know a woman  
called..."

PETER (CONT'D)  
(uncertain)  
I could call the police.

LEO, increasingly frustrated, pulls out his photograph  
of NAADIRAH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PETER (CONT'D)

I know her. Lovely girl.  
(picks up his glass to drink)  
Very accommodating. Maybe I could help  
you, but my time is... valuable?

LEO grabs PETER'S drink and throws the contents into his face - The liquid sparks on PETER'S glasses, stinging his eyes, and shorting out the delicate technology that allows him to see.

PETER (CONT'D)

Jesus fucking Christ!! You idiot  
bastard! You've broken my glasses!

PETER, hysterical, tries to dry the glasses off, but they are beyond saving. He begins to feel his way around the room.

PETER (CONT'D)

(sobbing)  
You bastard. I cant.. I cant see without  
them.

LEO stands perfectly still. Unsure what to do. He comes to a decision, takes PETER by the hand and guides him to his chair.

He stands next to PETER, again unsure what to do. PETER, blind and helpless, is terrified now.

PETER (CONT'D)

She's a client, a client!  
(rapidly)  
She came in here about four weeks ago  
asking about deed polls. Wanted to know  
how it affected bank accounts and  
passports, stuff like that. That's as  
far as it got. That's it, that's all I  
know!

LEO studies PETER'S eyes, confused. He looks at the scattered files, picks one up and puts it in PETER'S hands.

PETER (CONT'D)

(feeling)  
What is this... disc. There's nothing, I  
don't have any files on her.

LEO puts his hand on PETERS shoulder.

PETER (CONT'D)

I didn't do the work, okay? She didn't  
have any money.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PETER (CONT'D)

The arrangement was that she would send what she could in stages over a couple of weeks against the other...

(realizes what he is saying)

...other...payment.

LEO's face turns to stone.

PETER (CONT'D)

(angrily)

What am I going to do? Turn down a fuck? You think its easy picking up women at my age? It's not! Judge yourself, not me.

LEO pushes PETER backwards into his seat, and for a moment it looks like he's going to come across the desk at him.

PETER screams.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh god! Oh god! Wait! Wait, wait, wait! I think I do have something! Can I-can I get something?

He slowly feels his way to the desk. Confident that LEO isn't going to attack him, he grabs a small can of mace from the drawer and desperately tries to spray it at LEO.

But LEO is on him, and has PETER'S bony hand clutched in his own before the lawyer can do any damage. The mace squirts out at the wrong angle, missing both of them. LEO tears the can out of PETER'S hand and throws it across the room. PETER is terrified as LEO grabs him by the collar.

PETER (ENG. SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Please... She left me a contact number. I remember thinking the area was not so good when I saw the phone code. I don't know who it's for though, the one time I rang it, it wasn't her who answered.

This comment hits home to LEO. A boyfriend?

PETER (ENG. SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

On my computer... my address book.

LEO stares at the device on PETER'S desk; a cluster of screens, keys and hardware far beyond the comparatively benign design of the phone he had trouble using.

LEO picks PETER up off the floor, puts him in his chair and places his hands on the keyboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

PETER (CONT'D)

What are you doing? I can't... see.

LEO places his large paw over PETER'S hand and guides his fingers to the touch-sensitive screen.

PETER (CONT'D)

You can't do this?

LEO presses PETER'S hand against the screen again, more insistently.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ok, ok... There should be a picture. A flower on the right hand side of the screen closest to the window.

LEO guides PETER'S hand across the screen. PETER opens the folder with a series of taps and has LEO guide him to a password request.

PETER (CONT'D)

My little desert orchid.

LEO looks at PETER who is staring sadly into space.

A telephone number appears on screen by the words "my little desert orchid." LEO copies the number onto his pad.

CUT TO:

**INT. BRITISH-STYLE PUB. WEST BERLIN - DAY**

It's a mix of regulars and tourists inside, with the bar staff running an old-time meat raffle for the gawking punters. Numbers are called and cheers go up as chickens, legs of lamb and prime steaks go to raffle winners.

Oblivious, LEO sits alone at a corner table, a pint glass of what appears to be water in front of him. Next to it, a mobile phone and the number from PETER.

LEO is sat staring at the phone. He's sweating. After a while he picks up the mobile and dials the number on the piece of paper. It is answered by someone speaking Pashto. A woman's voice; not NAADIRAH.

LEO hangs up and calls another number; one from memory. It is answered by his sister, SYBILLE.

SYBILLE (O.S.)GERMAN)

Sybille. Hello?

(pause)

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A trace of a smile flits across LEO'S face when he hears her voice. He taps the mouthpiece of the phone - three little taps.

SYBILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Leo? Is that you?

LEO taps once, nodding.

SYBILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(concerned)  
Leo?! You're on a phone! Are you okay?

He can't bring himself to tell her. He replies with one tap - one lying tap. SYBILLE carries the conversation, falling back into a routine as old as the siblings.

SYBILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It's so good to hear from you! That's funny. I went to visit Mum last week, she was asking if I had seen you. She's still part of the ministry, but I take the children to see her when I can bare it. You... on a phone. We miss you so much, Leo.

For the first time in a while, LEO smiles.

Drunken shouting drifts over from the other side of the bar.

SYBILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What was that? Are you in a bar?

Two taps. A white lie. SYBILLE sighs.

SYBILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Well, as long as your safe. Healthy.

LEO stares at the pint glass in front of him and finally reaches a decision.

SYBILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I don't know why you have to live in such a place, Leo. I don't know what your trying to prove.  
(pause)  
Are you sure you're all right?

No more lies. Two taps.

SYBILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(pause)  
Is it the girl you were seeing? Are you two okay?

Honesty at last. Two taps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SYBILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh, Leo. Has she left?

Tap.

SYBILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry.

No response from LEO. Something's wrong.

SYBILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You should come up to the chalet and stay  
with me and the kids. Come have some  
mountain air. Everyone wants to see you.

There's too much... stuff. LEO looks around at the  
bustle around him. The technology everywhere. Phones,  
cameras, jewelry, machines... too much. He can't...

SYBILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Leo? Leo, are you really ok?

LEO hangs up. Rubs at his welling eyes.

At a table on the other side of the bar is CACTUS. He  
has been watching LEO, watching this pathetic sight. He  
finishes his drink and gets up.

CACTUS BILL  
(leaving)  
Pussy.

As he is setting to go, one of the English BARMAIDS  
stops him.

BARMAID  
You not buying a ticket, love?

CACTUS BILL  
I think I'll pass.  
(glancing at Leo)  
Wait a sec. Here. Give it to laughing-  
boy over there. He looks like he could  
use some luck.

BARMAID  
Awww, bless. You should stay!

CACTUS BILL  
Sweetheart, there's only one piece of  
meat that looks good enough to eat in  
here, and I don't think you're giving it  
away for the price of a ticket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BARMAID

Cheeky!  
(moving on)  
Meat raffle!

CACTUS leaves.

There is a beep on LEO'S phone. He picks it up to find a picture-message.

It is of JOSIE and CACTUS in shadowy profile. The words "Who do you think these two cuties are?" have been added to the message across the bottom.

He turns the PHONE OFF.

The BARMAID stops by LEO'S table AND She puts the ticket down for him. He shakes his head as he grabs his coat, getting up to go.

BAR MAID

From some mate of yours, love.

LEO stares at her, confused. The pub door swings shut behind LEO as he leaves. The pint glass remains untouched.

CUT TO:

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

CACTUS is sat at a table waiting for DUCK. An ELDERLY AUSTRALIAN WOMAN arrives at the table next to him and sits down.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(to herself, loudly)  
Just take my coat off, there we go. Now  
if I put my shopping there... That's it.

Without looking, she directs her shopping towards the chair next to her, right where CACTUS' coat is lying. He whips it away before the shopping touches down.

CACTUS BILL

(just looking at her)  
Here. Let me move this for you.

She turns to him, completely missing his sarcasm.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(takes a sip of tea)  
Oh, you're an American, are ya? Lovely.  
It's so busy! I've been waiting to come  
to Germany for years, and now listen to  
me! Complaining about the crowds!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CACTUS BILL

Maybe they came in to listen to you.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(missing his sarcasm)

Oh, I don't think so. Who would want to listen to me rabbiting on.

She laughs at this and starts searching in her handbag.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

Just put that there. Now. Purse, glasses, travel ticket... Oh, I forgot my biscuit. Would you be a dear and keep an eye on my things while I get my biscuit?

CACTUS BILL

I'll make you a biscuit if you stop talking to me.

She gets up and passes DUCK, who sits down opposite CACTUS.

DUCK

Who's the broad?

CACTUS BILL

New girl at the parlour. Thought she would make a nice change for you.

DUCK

You're wit, sir, is like an arrow. What did you get me?

CACTUS nods towards the drinks in front of him.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Beautiful.

He throws back the little cup of espresso and starts piling sugar into the cappuccino.

CACTUS BILL

(yawning and pulling out a cigar)  
Maksim called.

DUCK

Oh yeah?

CACTUS BILL

He wants us to squeeze Nicky Simsek.  
(yawns again)  
Jesus, kids can tire you out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUCK

(small chuckle)

Yeah. So, Nicky? That's pretty heavy babe. Nicky's a bad boy but this seems a little extreme. What's going on?

The ELDERLY WOMAN returns with her biscuit, unaware of the torrent of obscenities she is about to sit next to.

CACTUS BILL

(lighting his cigar)

Don't know. All I do know is that fucking commie asshole wants to know what Nicky knows, and you better believe that I'm not going to see a sheet of green for my trouble.

DUCK

What does he know?

CACTUS BILL

Do you care? I don't fucking know. All I know is that Maksim is pissed, man, real fucking pissed.

The ELDERLY WOMAN is getting really offended now.

DUCK

So what's our deal?

CACTUS BILL

(whining)

Man, he wants us to fuck with Nicky... Jesus. I feel like I'm part of the fucking Spanish Inquisition. Fuck it, it's my last job for him. After this I'm paid up. All we have to do is slice Nicky a new japs-eye and see what the son of a bitch has to say for himself. Hold on.

(rounds on the Elderly Woman)

Lady, you look at your fucking tea, because I swear the next time you give me the stink-eye I'm going to ram that cup so far up your snatch you're going to look like you've grown a third ear!

Aghast, the ELDERLY WOMAN looks at him, frozen in disbelief. CACTUS grabs her head and swivels it back towards her cup.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

That way!

(to Duck)

Jesus! People are so fucking rude.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIBRARY - DAY**

LEO sits at a computer in a beautiful but largely empty Bauhaus library. He's sweating and looking incredibly uncomfortable as he tries to make sense of the screen. He glances at the number in his note pad. Get's up...

CUT TO:

**INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS**

LEO is standing at the check out desk. There is a meaty stack of phone books on the desk between him and the hard-faced but diminutive LIBRARIAN across from him.

LIBRARIAN

I dont want to ruin the ending for you,  
but its "Zweck." That's a joke... about  
the phone book. The last name is Zweck.

The LIBRARIAN gives up. LEO leaves with his mountain of books.

CUT TO:

**INT. LEO'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

LEO stares at the first telephone directory as he produces two headache pills and swallows them. He opens the book at the first page and starts down the numbers.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - DUSK**

A LIMO drops to the ground next to a little canal. Across the road is a private estate, inaccessible by vehicle. YURI gets out of the car and makes sure no-one is around.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Someone is knocking at the front door. CACTUS emerges from the kitchen.

CACTUS BILL

Honey, you go on upstairs now and watch  
some cartoons. You know how to work the  
set?

JOSIE nods, picks up her drawing pad from the table and walks towards the back stairs.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

Good girl. I'll be up soon, 'kay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He closes the kitchen door and locks it behind him.

He opens the front door to find YURI and AKIM there. They are supporting the battered NICKY SIMSEK between them, his mouth covered with gaffer tape. They roughly manhandle him into the house.

YURI  
(passing Cactus)  
Leave the door open for Maksim, yes?

CACTUS BILL  
Come the fuck in, why don't you.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

NICKY SIMSEK is bundled down the stairs and ends up in a heap on the floor. CACTUS, YURI and AKIM come down the steps after him. DUCK is already down there, organizing medical equipment on the trolley.

DUCK  
You want him on the table, babe?

CACTUS BILL  
Yeah. Put a sheet on it first.

DUCK goes to get a plastic sheet from the cabinet.

DUCK  
Gentlemen, put Mr. Sadsuck up here if you please.

YURI and AKIM pick up NICKY SIMSEK and drag him to the table.

YURI  
Simsek.

DUCK  
Sadsuck, Simsek, unimportant now isn't it. Head at the other end please.

MAKSIM walks down the stairs, pulling his small wireless headphones out of his ears.

MAKSIM  
(extending his arm)  
Cactus! How are you?

CACTUS BILL  
(shaking his hand)  
Maksim. Where's my fucking passport?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAKSIM

Hey, is taken care of. Tomorrow. No bullshit.

He produces a bag of Hershey chocolate kisses.

CACTUS BILL

What's this? Valentine's Day, Maksim?

MAKSIM

(laughing)

No, no, Cactus. Is for your daughter, yes?

CACTUS looks at him icily.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

Children must have sweets, eh? Here you take. Hershey. Take.

CACTUS reluctantly takes the bag.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

(looking around)

So! Is good place. Nice. Efficient.

(sees Duck)

Who is this?

CACTUS BILL

This is Duck. We used to be room mates.

MAKSIM doesn't get the connection.

DUCK

(explaining)

We were in the forces together.

MAKSIM

(going to shake Duck's hand)

Okay! Duck, how are you my friend? You need papers too?

DUCK

(shaking his hand)

No thank you, sir. I served my time... but how are you?

MAKSIM

Not good, not good. Because of this fucking [swears in Russian]!

(to Cactus)

Few weeks now, I think something wrong. Now this week... I have this barman who does not speak.

CACTUS and DUCK exchange a glance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

This week I fire him. He cause trouble with doormen. He come to my whorehouse, hassle girls. At first I think he just fucking crazy, yes? But one of Akim's boys, he overhear one of the girls talking to him.

He talks to AKIM in Russian for a moment.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

She say Nicky sending girls out on personal business. Little private enterprise. Nicky admit, but won't tell me rest. I want to know what deal Nicky have with crazy barman.

CACTUS BILL

(glancing at Duck again)

What makes you think they have a deal?

MAKSIM laughs bitterly.

MAKSIM

Girls tell me. Nicky send them out of restaurant when barman come in. Nicky talks to barman for while, then barman gives Nicky money. This looks to me like more than skimming, no? But things go very bad for Nicky...

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT. STEAMU-STEAMU RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

The two HARD-NUTS sit with the terrified NICKY, one gathering up the cash on the table as they speak to him. The other picks up a piece of meat and steams it between his bare fingers.

MAKSIM

Two of my German associates sitting on other side of restaurant. They see everything.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. MAKSIM'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

YURI counts the money as MAKSIM stares coldly at NICKY, trying to control his anger in front of the HARD-NUTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAKSIM

I look like idiot in front of them, yes?  
Make me look stupid. Incompetent.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

MAKSIM

I think Nicky being bad-boy to everyone.  
Being greedy. Maybe Nicky trying to set  
up new crew, yes? You find out what deal  
is and all square between us, yes?

CACTUS BILL

Sure Maksim, if that's what you want.

MAKSIM

I want. This I can't have, Cactus. I am  
respectable businessman.

CACTUS BILL

(laughs)

Maksim, it doesn't matter how many credit  
cards you have, you'll still be a dirty  
communist.

MAKSIM looks at him for a moment, then bursts out  
laughing.

MAKSIM

You Cactus, I will miss when you leave.

He says something to YURI and they turn to leave,  
leaving AKIM. MAKSIM pulls out his headphones.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

(going up the stairs)

Okay, is good. You do whatever  
necessary. You write down what Nicky say  
and give to Akim. He stay with you.

CACTUS BILL

Hey, it's your money. But Maksim, I want  
those ID's. Passports, Josie's new birth  
certificate, and I want to be digital.  
Certified. In the fucking system. Like  
yesterday!

MAKSIM

(putting in the headphones)

No problem, no problem.

He leaves with YURI. AKIM takes a chair on the far side  
of the room and pulls a book out of his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CACTUS BILL

"No problem". Fucking asshole.

He picks up the bag of chocolates and hurls them into the bin.

DUCK

(quietly)

Babe, there's no deal here. We know full well why "Mouth" was hassling Nicky. He's not going to tell us anything new.

CACTUS BILL

Maybe, maybe not. But maybe it's better if our friend is connected to Nicky. Better for me and the kid.

DUCK

What do you suggest?

CACTUS BILL

Maksim needs to hear what he needs to hear. He's got this cockamamy story into his head, so let's give him just that.

DUCK

(indicating Nicky)

Kind of harsh on dusty, here.

CACTUS shrugs, unenthused.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know. But if we're going to sell this puppy, we need to make it convincing.

CACTUS smiles wearily and walks over to the operating table with DUCK in tow. He pulls out the trolley of medical equipment and sits an ashtray on top of it.

NICKY, lying beneath them, listens to the conversation with mounting horror.

DUCK (CONT'D)

We could give him a shot? A little something to take the edge off.

CACTUS BILL

(nodding towards Akim)

No, not with Oprah's book club over there. No. This has to sound right.

DUCK winces. CACTUS lights up a cigar, takes a few puffs to set the end glowing and holds it out in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUCK  
(to Nicky Simsek)  
Well, it's been a ball, Nicky. But you  
are one unlucky son-of-a-bitch.

CACTUS BILL  
My advice is, next time try not to get  
involved with communists.

DUCK pulls off a length of gaffer tape and puts it over  
NICKY'S eyes.

CUT TO:

**INT. LEO'S FLAT. BEDROOM/KITCHEN - DAY**

LEO awakes with a start. Staring down at him a strong,  
familiar woman's face, SYBILLE, LEO'S older sister, now  
in her fifties.

SYBILLE  
You scared me, hanging up like that.

LEO rubs the tiredness from his eyes. It takes a few  
moments before he knows where he is, by his couch with  
the telephone directory open on the table in front of  
him. He reaches over for his headache pills.

He stands in front of the kitchen sink, another pint of  
water disappearing down his throat without touching the  
sides.

LEO returns to the living room with two cups of coffee  
and gives one to his sister. He re-commences his slow  
crawl down the tiny column of telephone numbers,  
ignoring his sister completely.

SYBILLE (CONT'D)  
Well... what are we looking for?

LEO stops only long enough to copy the telephone number  
down on a separate piece of paper that he hands to her.

SYBILLE shakes her head, picks up one of the phone books  
and searches along with her brother.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DUCK'S FITTING SURGERY - DAY**

A Wrangler Jeep pulls up and CACTUS climbs out.

CUT TO:

**INT. DUCK'S FITTING SURGERY - CONTINUOUS**

CACTUS lets himself in. No-one appears to be there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CACTUS BILL

Duck? Duck, you in here ?

He walks through to the back room. It's littered with technology. Bits of mechanical and silicon-driven prosthetics. Knees, feet, arms and hands litter the room.

There is no-one there but a TV screen shows a static picture of what appears to be a CCTV image.

Curiosity gets the better of him. Cactus rewinds the video clip and sees the roaming camera eye focussing on a half naked boy with one leg.

CACTUS looks at it, confused. Then something clicks. Badly. He goes back through the fitting surgery and into the changing room.

In the corner of the room he finds a hidden camera. There is the sound of a toilet flushing in the distance.

CACTUS goes back through into the main studio. DUCK is just entering the room, the pink mobile in his hand.

DUCK

Hey, hey, hey. When did you get here babe?

CACTUS BILL

Itty-bitty titties, huh?

DUCK

Huh?

CACTUS grabs him and pins him to the wall.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Jesus Bill, you need to cut back on the coffee!

CACTUS BILL

Shut up! Now I love you man, and I'm telling you this so I don't have to kill you. You keep the fuck away from my daughter. You don't talk to her, you don't touch her, you don't even look at her. As far as you're concerned she don't even exist. You got that?

DUCK

Jesus, babe. What the fuck's-

CACTUS BILL

I'm telling you the way things have to be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUCK

(failing to struggle free)  
Fuck you, Bill, you shouldn't be saying  
this shit to me.

CACTUS BILL

No, fuck you! I know what you are you  
sick son-of-a-bitch, and I have a damn  
good idea what was going on in Kabul.  
Don't think I don't!

DUCK

What the fuck?

CACTUS BILL

I saw the cameras! I saw your fucking  
cameras you fucking asshole!  
(releases Duck and steps away)  
You sick..! What the fuck is wrong with  
you!?

DUCK doesn't know where to look. Anywhere other than at  
CACTUS.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

How could you fucking do that?

DUCK

Oh come on...

CACTUS BILL

How long has this been going on?

DUCK

I just installed them, babe. I never  
taped anybody!

CACTUS BILL

But you were planning to?

DUCK

(flustered now)  
I don't know. I don't fucking know! I  
was just messing around. It was a  
game...

CACTUS BILL

Game?! Basketball's a game! Cluedo is a  
game. Bowling is a fucking game, Donald!  
You're gonna stop. Right now! Whatever  
you're thinking, that's just stuff you're  
thinking. The moment you do something,  
that is a world of fucking pain, my  
friend.

DUCK

I know, I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CACTUS BILL  
(grabbing him again)  
No, you clearly don't know!

He releases the pathetic figure of DUCK.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)  
You listen to me. Here's what you're gonna do. First, you have to change your clientage. You dont work with kids anymore. This isnt Afghanistan. There are plenty of qualified medics who can look after them, so keep them the fuck out of here.

DUCK looks shaken.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)  
Plus, now I know.

DUCK  
What do you mean?

CACTUS BILL  
This ain't no secret anymore, which means you are now responsible to me. You do anything, or I think you're even thinking about doing anything, and I break your fucking arms. Break them from your shoulders to your nails. You got me?

DUCK  
Jesus, Bill...

CACTUS BILL  
You gotta do- Fucking listen to me! You gotta do this!

DUCK  
Yeah. Yeah, I'll try.

CACTUS whacks him across the face.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
(teary eyed)  
Yeah, I'll do it, I'll do it, babe. I will... I'm sorry...

CACTUS BILL  
Fuck, man. You crazy fucking... Come here, man.

CACTUS grabs DUCK and embraces him.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)  
I love you, man. I won't let you do this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

(points to the changing rooms)

Go and tear those fucking things out.

DUCK nods and heads for the changing rooms. CACTUS' telephone rings.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

Talk to me...Maksim! Did Yuri speak to you?...Good, good...No, he's done... Just what you thought...Sure, no problem...Wait, wait wait. You got it?...When?...Tonight? Fucking beautiful, man, beautiful!...Okay...Okay, call me and I'll come pick it up...Okay, thanks Maksim.

He hangs up as DUCK comes back in.

DUCK

Who was that?

CACTUS BILL

I'm getting our papers, babe! Everything! Josie's. Mine. We need to celebrate. Get your coat, we're going to the fucking mall!

CUT TO:

**EXT. MALL. CAR PARK - DAY**

CACTUS'S car comes screaming down one of the aisles. It's a hydrogen powered Jeep wrangler, recognizable, roof off and street bound, but definitely of future design. Duck is standing up, saluting the world and howling with delight.

The car skids to a stop in a disabled parking space and DUCK gets out while CACTUS slaps a "Doctor on call" notice on his dash. Some things never change.

CUT TO:

**INT. MALL - DAY**

CACTUS and DUCK walk in like they own the place.

CACTUS BILL

(laughing)

Oh my God! Do I feel homesick!

DUCK

I got to have a burger, baby. A proper fucking burger, with proper red fucking meat in it.

CUT TO:

**INT. MALL. AMERICAN-STYLE DINER - DAY**

The two sit at a table in an American-themed bar/grill in the shopping mall. A WAITRESS arrives at CACTUS and DUCK'S table. She speaks English with a German accent.

WAITRESS

Hi, I'm Judy. What can I get you?

CACTUS BILL

(looking at her chest)

Jesus! I'm drooling already!

DUCK

Hi, Judy. Now this is what I need you to do. I need you to go in the kitchen and tell the chef that there are two hungry Americans outside and they want meat. We don't care what kind, we don't care what you do with it.

CACTUS BILL

Fry it, roast it, cover it in Jack Daniels rib sauce and pile it up on the table with a bucket full of beers.

She looks at him, uncertain.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

You're hesitating, Judy.

DUCK

She is definitely perplexed.

CACTUS BILL

You look a lot less attractive with your mouth open like that, toots. You hear that noise? That's the sound of your tip evaporating.

WAITRESS

What-what kind of meat do you want?

DUCK

Just put what you got in a bun and surround it with all the trimmings.

WAITRESS

(confused)

You want...hamburgers?

CACTUS BILL

(to her, but looking at Duck)

Haven't we adequately educated you people in American culture?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUCK

Burgers will be fine, my dear. And bring some ribs and chicken wings for my hirsute friend here.

CACTUS BILL

Plus beers. I want lots of beers.

WAITRESS

(nervous)

Two beers...

CACTUS BILL

A bucket full of beers, Judy! Am I talking Swahili here?

WAITRESS

(desperate)

Lots of beers... Two burgers... A side of ribs... Side of chicken wings. How do you want your burgers cooked?

DUCK & CACTUS

Now!!

She jumps backwards in shock and disappears off.

CACTUS BILL

(watching her go, big grin on his face)

You see? Now that's a sexy little bitch.

DUCK

(popping a pretzel)

I think she liked you.

CUT TO:

**INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY**

LEO is alone in the pool, alone underwater. Alone in the turmoil. He swims almost to the point of oxygen starvation before breaking the surface. He steadies himself on the edge of the pool and sucks in huge lung-fulls of air. A moment later, he plunges back into the blue, lost beneath the surface...

CUT TO:

**INT. MALL. AMERICAN-STYLE DINER - DAY**

The bar is sports-themed and might even have an atmosphere if it didn't open out onto the American-style mall proper, with its screaming kids and stressed parents. DUCK is sitting with his feet up on CACTUS' stool, finishing a text message. Rather than using the screen on the phone, he is using the flat screen TV that is part of the restaurant table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He has typed in the words, "Help! You're my only hope!" and is selecting LEO from the list of possible recipients. He glances up, seeing CACTUS heading back to the table. Send. Brings a sports channel back on.

DUCK  
(smirking to himself)  
Hit me? Smack someone your own size  
around, bitch.

CACTUS arrives, finishing off some notes on his FLO-FAX, an e-paper notebook.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
All set?

CACTUS BILL  
You bet. Two tickets to the Big Apple  
tomorrow morning. Signed and sealed.  
Man... You have no idea how much I need  
to get home.

He "clinks" his glass against DUCK'S.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)  
Listen. I got a plan.

DUCK  
Lay it on me, babe.

CACTUS BILL  
I'm going to give you the house.

DUCK  
Say what?

CACTUS BILL  
My house, man. It's yours.

DUCK  
(pause)  
No... Come on. No!

CACTUS BILL  
It's perfect. Get rid of your surgery.  
Get rid of the whole kids cyberware deal.  
Get yourself some clear perspective on  
things.

DUCK  
I got to earn money, man.

CACTUS BILL  
Exactly. From Maksim.

DUCK  
That Russian prick? Aww come on, babe!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CACTUS BILL

Sure, man. He still needs a surgeon and I'm gone. He's already met you and he knows I trust you. It's pulling rounds and stitching tears! You can do that with your eyes closed!

DUCK

I don't know...

CACTUS BILL

Maksim pays me a flat fee for any job, and at the moment we're splitting it. You'll get double the money for the same work. You sell the studio. Fucking-A, babe, you got it made.

DUCK thinks about this and begins to smile. He looks back at CACTUS.

DUCK

(pause)

I can't believe you're really going, babe. It's the end of an era.

(raises his glass)

Here's to you, my friend. You sir, I love.

CACTUS BILL

(raising his)

Here's to the years.

They "clink" again and drain their glasses.

DUCK

(slamming down his glass)

Fuck it, let's get laid! My treat.

CUT TO:

**INT. MALL - DAY**

CACTUS and DUCK walks towards the main entrance.

CACTUS BILL

(walking on)

I gotta go get Josie first. Kanwal is going to take off soon.

As he passes an open-fronted sweet shop, CACTUS reaches down and scoops a handful of chocolate peanuts out of a tray. He doesn't stop walking.

DUCK

Cactus, really. Thank you, babe. For everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CACTUS BILL

Hey! Shut up. Have a peanut.

DUCK

No man, I mean it. I'm going to miss you.

CACTUS BILL

(smiles)

Come here.

They hug each other, DUCK sniffing and welling back the tears, CACTUS squeezing him like a brother.

DUCK

I got to tell you something... I've been messing with that big fuckin' mute guy... Leo. On the phone...

CACTUS BILL

What? Why would you do that?

A small, balding, security-uniformed German approaches the two of them.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Excuse me.

DUCK

(trying to laugh it off)

Well, you've been acting like a dick lately...

CACTUS BILL

Im sorry.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey! Excuse me, please!

DUCK

It's ok. You've had a lot on your mind.

CACTUS and DUCK break their hug to find themselves above the glare of the tiny SECURITY GUARD.

DUCK (CONT'D)

(camping it up)

She's so jealous! Nazi!

They start walking away, hand-in-hand.

SECURITY GUARD

Stop, please!!

CACTUS and DUCK stop and turn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUCK

You're just not our type, okay? Deal with it!

(to Cactus)

What's his problem anyway?

CACTUS BILL

(camping it up)

Penis envy.

DUCK starts laughing.

SECURITY GUARD

You must pay please, sir.

DUCK

You have to be kidding me.

CACTUS BILL

(turns to walk away)

Yeah. Next time, short stuff.

SECURITY GUARD

(angrily)

Stop!

CACTUS BILL

(turns back round)

Did they let you out of the ward too early? Who says I gotta pay? You? You says?

The SECURITY GUARD lifts his walkie-talkie to his mouth, but before he can speak CACTUS lashes out and knocks it flying.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

I'm talking to you, not your fag buddies.

You want me to pay for these "sweets"?

Tell you what,

(pops one in his mouth)

Why don't I...

(pops in another)

just eat them all...

(and another)

then we won't have...

(and another)

any fucking evidence...

(and another)

What do you think?...

(and another)

What do you think about that?

He chews pointedly at the SECURITY GUARD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SECURITY GUARD  
(furious)  
You are under arrest!

CACTUS laughs in his face.

CACTUS BILL  
(turns away)  
Why don't you come back when you've grown  
another metre and we'll talk.

As CACTUS walks off, the SECURITY GUARD reaches out and  
grabs his shoulder. Worst thing he could have done.

DUCK shakes his head as the inevitable happens.

CACTUS, his hunting knife materializing in his hand,  
turns on the SECURITY GUARD and shoves him backwards  
into a shop window.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)  
You mean business, here's business!

The knife blade hovers a centimetre away from the  
SECURITY GUARD'S eyeball.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)  
Fifty cents worth of candy? How about I  
pop your pupil and put the change in the  
socket? Huh? How about that?

DUCK appears next to them.

DUCK  
(quite calmly)  
We got to go Cactus. Come on, don't fuck  
up your last night, babe. Let's go.

CACTUS is still eyes-wide in psychoville.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
Cactus! Stop it!

CACTUS turns and slaps DUCK across the mouth with the  
back of his hand, splitting his buddy's lip.

SECURITY GUARD  
(terrified)  
Please...

CACTUS BILL  
(lowering the knife)  
There you go. It's a little word but it  
makes all the difference.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He turns and he and DUCK walk briskly away. A few yards on CACTUS starts laughing hysterically as the traumatized SECURITY GUARD slides to the floor.

CUT TO:

**INT. LEO'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

LEO is hunched over the telephone directory, SYBILLE asleep snoring on the sofa behind him. He picks up the notepad to check the number in the phone book with the one he wrote down... He has finally found it.

The name is "Rajeeyah Babacan" and there is an address.

He tears out the page and reaches for his Berlin street map. SYBILLE wakes.

SYBILLE

You found it?

LEO nods. Goes to sit by his sisters feet.

SYBILLE (CONT'D)

When you were younger you used to do things like this. Making piles of pebbles. 1000 stones each. Exactly. Reorganizing all of the books in the house in order of height. It would make Ma crazy. We used to think maybe the accident had damaged your brain too!

She laughs. LEO smiles.

SYBILLE (CONT'D)

No... You were always very smart. I think this is something more important than pebbles and books though. Whatever it is, do what you have to do, Leo, but then let it go.

LEO nods. She sits up and gives him a hug.

SYBILLE (CONT'D)

Awww, Leo. What did our mother do to us, eh? Me rejecting everything she stood for, but too scared to leave the mountains, and you... trying to stick to her crazy rules, but living here... in "the heart of darkness."

CUT TO:

**EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT**

SYBILLE (O.S.)

Don't let some woman rule your life, Leo.  
Not me, not Ma, not anyone.

If LEO's neighbourhood is a little run down, this area is positively desolate.

LEO stands outside a sandwich of buildings and graffiti, working himself up to go inside. As he starts forward he stops with a start.

His phone is buzzing.

A picture message waiting - NAADIRAH on the beach, like the one he has in his pocket, but in this one she is wearing less clothing. Under it is the text message, "Not my type, but I have to admit, a lady worth looking for!"

He enters the building.

CUT TO:

**INT. BLOCK OF FLATS. LIFT - CONTINUOUS**

LEO stands motionless as an archaic lift clanks upwards.

CUT TO:

**INT. BLOCK OF FLATS. LANDING - NIGHT**

LEO hammers furiously on the door and is shocked to find it opened by an elderly Afghan lady - RAJEEYAH BABACAN. Not what he was expecting.

RAJEEYAH speaks to him in Pashto. LEO shows her his worn photograph of NAADIRAH.

RAJEEYAH becomes agitated and shuts the door.

LEO stands in the hallway bemused. He fishes his phone out and finds the video clip NAADIRAH took of the two of them in the restaurant. He knocks on the door again, forces his arm through the gap as the clip plays...

LEO waits, his arm through the door. There is the sound of chains being taken off the latch. RAJEEYAH invites LEO inside.

CUT TO:

**INT. RAJEEYAH BABACAN'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS**

RAJEEYAH offers LEO a seat, continuing to talk to him in Pashto. LEO shakes his head, not understanding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAJEEYAH takes the phone and points at the picture, at NAADIRAH. She is asking LEO where NAADIRAH is.

LEO shakes his head. She shakes her head and starts to cry.

He watches her for a moment, not knowing what to do, then gets to his feet and hesitantly puts his arms around her. It is an awkward moment.

RAJEEYAH pulls back. She looks at LEO and points at him.

RAJEEYAH

Leo?

She smiles as he nods.

RAJEEYAH (CONT'D)

Naadirah...

She puts her hand palm-down on her heart, then reaches across and puts it against LEO'S. As he looks up at her she nods and smiles again.

LEO sits down, overcome with relief. Then something occurs to him. He takes his mobile and shows RAJEEYAH the picture of JOSIE. Her reaction is immediate. Emotional. Upset

RAJEEYAH (CONT'D)

Josie. Josie.

LEO gestures: "who is she?"

RAJEEYAH holds her hand at head height...

RAJEEYAH (CONT'D)

Naadirah...

...then at child's height...

RAJEEYAH (CONT'D)

Josie...

...then puts her hand over her womb.

RAJEEYAH (CONT'D)

Josie.

JOSIE is NAADIRAH's daughter. LEO is totally staggered by this

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT. LEO'S FLAT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

NAADIRAH

Someone. I need to tell you about  
someone...

BACK TO:

**INT. RAJEEYAH BABACAN'S FLAT - NIGHT**

LEO points at the picture of JOSIE and gestures "where?"

RAJEEYAH starts talking in Pashto, tears forming in her eyes. She points to JOSIE and mimes that she was staying here with her. She then goes to a calendar on the wall and points to a date.

LEO checks his watch. The date is three days ago.

RAJEEYAH mimes someone being picked up and carried away. She points at JOSIE again and repeats the mime.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT. STEAMU-STEAMU RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

JOSIE sitting at the table with NICKY SIMSEK and the two girls, TANYA and MAKIKO.

BACK TO:

**INT. RAJEEYAH BABACAN'S FLAT - NIGHT**

LEO repeats RAJEEYAH'S "Naadirah, mother - Josie, daughter" mime. He then mimes "Josie, daughter", then he does a head-height gesture and points to himself.

RAJEEYAH shakes her head. She doesn't understand.

LEO takes out his pad. He draws a stick-figure woman in a skirt holding the hand of a stick-figure child in a skirt.

He points at NAADIRAH then the woman, followed by JOSIE then the child. He then draws a male figure in pants holding the girl's hand. He gestures: "Who?"

RAJEEYAH starts speaking hurriedly in Pashto. LEO understands nothing, but he hears the word...

RAJEEYAH

...Cactus...

She grabs LEO'S phone, flicks through the pictures and taps repeatedly at an image. A shadowy figure holding JOSIE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAJEEYAH (CONT'D)

Cactus!

CUT TO:

**EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT**

RAJEEYAH (V.O.)

Cactus Bill.

LEO stares at the picture message of JOSIE and her father, the city spread out like a web of neon and jewelled towers before him. A big city to search. More than looking through a few phone books.

He pulls out the phone. The picture of the shadowy figure. Selects reply. "Where do I find him."

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. CACTUS' JEEP - NIGHT**

DUCK is sitting in the passenger seat, CACTUS is driving, silent and angry. DUCK gets a message on his phone. It's from LEO. "Where do I find him?"

DUCK studies the text. Takes a furtive glance at CACTUS. Dabs at the blood still drying on his split lip. He sends a reply. "Ask Maksim. He can tell you."

CUT TO:

**INT. LEO'S FLAT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

LEO writes on his pad: "Cactus Bill. Where?"

He is standing in front of the sink. He puts the pad in his pocket and reaches down to pick up the pint glass, half-full of clear liquid. LEO stares at it for a moment, then puts it to his lips and downs it.

He slams the glass down on the draining board next to the open bottle of vodka. The bottle is stood next to a steel baseball bat. They are both picked up and footsteps leave the room.

CUT TO:

**INT. MESSAGE PARLOUR - NIGHT**

CACTUS closes the door to the back room, leaving JOSIE in front of the television with KANWAL.

DUCK is in the reception area trying to decide between two GIRLS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUCK

It seems a crime to be selfish when  
there's so much of me to go round. How  
would you ladies like to play see-saw?

(to Cactus)

Do they have see-saws in this country?

He puts his arms around both of them and leads them  
towards the back corridor. They giggle as he jokes  
around.

DUCK (CONT'D)

You've got see-saws, right? Man, I'm  
going to have to teach you two  
everything! We can play kick the can,  
jungle gym, four-square. Oh! Four-  
square! You'll be walking funny for  
weeks!

(disappearing)

See you after the debriefing, babe.

CACTUS takes off his coat and turns to greet the  
MANAGER.

CACTUS BILL

Y'okay Kathy.

She smiles at him as his phone rings.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

Talk to me...Maksim! What's the story?  
Yeah yeah, well you're an annoying  
asshole too...I know, but I'd prefer to  
wait at the club with you...Thanks  
Maksim, you're okay. I'll be there in  
fifteen.

(hangs up)

Look, I have to go somewhere. Can you...

He turns and looks down the corridor after DUCK.

MANAGER

Sure, Josie can stay here as long as she  
wants, she's no trouble.

CACTUS BILL

(heads for the door)

Actually, don't worry about it. I'll  
take her with me. Thanks anyway.

(opens it)

Come on sweetie, you want to go for a  
ride with Papa?

CUT TO:

**EXT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR - NIGHT**

LEO'S car comes hurtling down the street.

SECOND DOORMAN (ENG. SUBTITLE)  
I do not fucking believe this.

The car slows to a halt in front of them.

FIRST DOORMAN (ENG. SUBTITLE)  
(dropping his cigarette)  
I'll do this bastard, you pin him.

They stride down the steps towards LEO as he gets out of the car. Neither of them see the baseball bat until it's too late.

LEO drops the FIRST DOORMAN with a single swing to the head, producing a sickening "clang".

He swings back and hits the SECOND DOORMAN hard in the side, breaking several ribs. His scream is cut short by the other end of the bat connecting with his teeth.

LEO storms past them up the steps.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

LEO crashes through the doors, just as the BOUNCER is coming out of the cloakroom holding a bat of his own.

BOUNCER  
You fucking headcase!

As the BOUNCER swings for him, LEO drops down and smashes his bat into the side of the BOUNCER'S knee. He falls, shrieking in agony. LEO goes past him and up the stairs.

YURI sees all this from the main room and comes running through, shouting up the staircase in Russian.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS**

As LEO goes round the turn and approaches the landing, AKIM and another RUSSIAN appear, drawn by YURI'S shouts. Their initial surprise at this apparition coming up the stairs towards them gives LEO just enough time to fly headlong up the final few steps and plough into them.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. CLOAKROOM - CONTINUOUS**

YURI pulls out a gun from behind the counter and heads for the stairs.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS**

The sounds of violence cease. YURI halts and calls out to his men. Nothing.

He cautiously rounds the turn. There are two unconscious bodies on the landing. He climbs slowly upwards...

...Until LEO appears and hurls a chair full-force down the stairs at him. YURI gets off one shot just as the chair hits him, throwing his aim.

Despite the bullet-hole in his shoulder, LEO launches himself down the stairs at the tangle of man and chair. He takes an almighty swing at YURI as he tries to free himself, knocking him out.

LEO turns and climbs the stairs again. He crosses the landing and opens the door to MAKSIM'S office.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. MAKSIM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

MAKSIM is standing at an open safe in his office wall where he is depositing takings. The tinny echo of loud music drifts out of his blaring headphones.

LEO crosses the room and kicks MAKSIM in the back of the legs. Before he can even react, LEO has him pinned to the floor by the neck with his bat.

MAKSIM  
(screaming)  
You! Yuri! Akim! *Yuri!*

LEO hovers above him, his head slowly shaking. He pulls his pad out of his pocket and holds it over MAKSIM: "Cactus Bill. Where?"

MAKSIM (CONT'D)  
What? Cactus Bill, what?

LEO puts his knee into MAKSIM'S groin and starts increasing pressure. The reaction is immediate.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)  
Okay! *Okay okay! Desk, desk!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO continues to increase the pressure.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)  
Address book! Top drawer!

LEO climbs off MAKSIM and kicks him hard in the balls, then in the head. MAKSIM contracts into the foetal position.

LEO goes to the desk, faces yet another computer, but this time he is prepared. The baseball bat comes up...

...and is laid carefully on the desk.

Concentrating, LEO paws at the screen, copying what he saw PETER the lawyer do. With a bit of random searching, he locates Cactus' name and address in a folder.

He copies it to his pad and leaves.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. LANDING/STAIRCASE/LOBBY  
- CONTINUOUS**

LEO looks out onto the landing. AKIM and the other RUSSIAN are still unconscious, likewise YURI on the stairs.

As LEO gets to the bottom of the staircase, the BOUNCER is trying to crawl away, swearing and spluttering, clutching his shattered knee. Bits of metal and bone are sticking out of it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR - CONTINUOUS**

The FIRST DOORMAN is still unconscious as LEO comes down the steps. The SECOND has crawled to the opposite kerb, blood pouring from the wreckage of his mouth.

LEO gets into his car and roars off.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. STAIRCASE/MAKSIM'S  
OFFICE - NIGHT**

CACTUS surveys the groaning carnage on the staircase, then walks up and into MAKSIM'S office. The Russian is still curled up on the floor. CACTUS immediately spots the open wall safe and walks over to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CACTUS BILL

Maksim? What the fuck is going on?  
Where's my documents?

Keeping a wary eye on MAKSIM, CACTUS pockets wads of cash as he rifles through the safe.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

Shit, man! You guys in a turf war or something?

MAKSIM

(mumbling)

B-Barma... the barman...

It suddenly becomes clear to CACTUS what he means.

CACTUS BILL

(striding towards him)

What? What are you saying to me?

MAKSIM

I'm sorry Cactus...

CACTUS BILL

(leaning down and grabbing his collar)

What have you done Maksim? Where's my documents!!

MAKSIM

...took my address book.

It takes a second to sink in, then CACTUS turns and runs out of the office.

CACTUS BILL

Get my fucking papers together!

CUT TO:

**EXT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR - CONTINUOUS**

CACTUS bounds out of the door and across the street to his car.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. CACTUS' CAR - CONTINUOUS**

CACTUS leaps in and starts the car. JOSIE is in the back seat, drawing pictures in the window condensation with her finger.

CACTUS BILL

(trying to sound calm)

You got your seat-belt on, honey?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSIE nods. CACTUS floors it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET NEXT TO CACTUS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

LEO'S car rolls to a halt next to a canal, the closest he can get to Cactus' address. He gets out and crosses the street, bat in hand.

He makes his way into the houses, checking against Maksim's address book.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The door flies open under the hammerblow of LEO'S boot and he storms across the threshold.

CUT TO:

**INT. MESSAGE PARLOUR - NIGHT**

DUCK is on his telephone, entangled in bed with the two GIRLS.

DUCK

What!?

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. CACTUS' CAR - NIGHT**

CACTUS is driving like a maniac with his phone clamped to his ear.

CACTUS BILL

...Says he's got my address...What have you done, Donald. This is serious. I'm going to drop Josie with the girls and then I'm on my way to the house, meet me there...No, Now!

He hangs up.

As CACTUS nears the message parlour he sees a US military jeep parked outside. A couple of MPs are standing around outside talking to one of the doormen, the MANAGER, TANYA and KANWAL.

KANWAL catches CACTUS'S eye as he drives past. She's got it covered. Move on. CACTUS keeps driving.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

LEO comes down the stairs and back through the kitchen, having found nothing. He arrives outside the locked basement door and again he batters open the lock.

Staring down the steps, LEO sees the operating table and the bloody body lying on top of it, covered in polythene and twitching. Naadirah! He drops his bat and hurtles through the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

LEO leaps, almost falls, down the stairs. He reaches the table and tears off the plastic.

The body is NICKY SIMSEK'S. A horrible gurgling noise can be heard; he is still alive, just.

LEO un-tapes him. NICKY rolls himself off the table onto the floor and slowly starts to crawl towards the stairs.

LEO looks around. There is nothing else in here. Then he sees the large cupboard door in the corner. He turns towards it, the last place left un-searched...

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

CACTUS is in the house, holding JOSIE around his middle. His eyes are wide as he looks around, seeing the splintering of the wood on the frame of the front door. He puts Josie in the kitchen.

CACTUS BILL

Stay here, sweetheart. Daddy will be right back, okay?

JOSIE nods and settles in to draw as he locks the door behind him, putting the key in his pocket. His lips are dry as he pulls the hunting knife out of its sheath and starts edging down the corridor, towards the sounds he can hear in the basement below.

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM LEO'S FLAT - NIGHT**

LEO is framed in the doorway with NAADIRAH. He pulls her inside and shuts the door. A figure moves out of the shadows. It is CACTUS BILL...

BACK TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

LEO takes a step towards the door...

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT. LEO'S FLAT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The latch on the window gives and CACTUS slips into the room. With the sounds of love-making in the background, he pulls a phial out of his pocket and empties its content into the kettle. He moves back towards the window...

BACK TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

LEO takes another step...

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: EXT. LEO'S FLAT - NIGHT**

Through the window into the kitchen, CACTUS watches the half-naked LEO walk into the room and switch on the kettle...

BACK TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Another step onwards...

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT. LEO'S FLAT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

CACTUS enters the bedroom and lifts NAADIRAH'S unconscious body from the bed.

LEO stares, paralysed, into the empty space. CACTUS puts NAADIRAH down and pulls the covers over LEO'S face...

BACK TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Another step closer...

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT/EXT. CACTUS' CAR. BOOT - NIGHT**

NAADIRAH - inside a thick polythene bag - sees the boot open above her. Through the plastic, the horribly distorted figure of CACTUS shines a torch in her face, then he reaches forward to pick her up.

BACK TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

LEO reaches out for the door handle...

CUT TO:

**FLASHBACK: INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

The warped vision of the room spins to a halt as NAADIRAH is dumped onto the floor. CACTUS stands in front of her and opens a beer. Then he steps over her and suddenly the room is receding as she is dragged backwards into the darkness...

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

LEO is just about to pull the handle when a muffled cry makes him turn round, just in time to see the body of NICKY SIMSEK come tumbling back down the stairs into the basement.

Following it - taking slow, thumping steps - is CACTUS, hunting knife in one hand, LEO'S baseball bat in the other.

CACTUS BILL

Go ahead. Open it.

LEO hesitates for a moment, then opens the cupboard door and goes inside, past the freezer, towards a dirty hessian tarpaulin. He reaches out to pull it back.

Underneath is the body of NAADIRAH - three days dead - in a thick polythene bag.

Numb auto-pilot takes over and LEO picks up NAADIRAH and walks out of the cupboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

Where the hell are you going you dumb son-of-a-bitch?

LEO gently puts NAADIRAH down on the operating table and turns back towards CACTUS.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

You going to give me a hard time, big boy?

(shakes his head and laughs)

What the fuck was she doing with a fruit-cake like you?

CACTUS launches himself across the room at LEO. He swings the bat and connects with LEO'S side, breaking a rib or two, but LEO, despite the pain, simply traps the bat there with his arm.

CACTUS BILL (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Fuck you!

CACTUS brings up the knife but LEO grabs his wrist, forcing the blade back towards CACTUS.

CACTUS releases the bat and grabs the knife with both hands. An instant later LEO has done the same. The blade moves slowly but surely towards CACTUS' neck. LEO'S stare never leaves CACTUS' eyes.

CACTUS starts to sweat as he spits and curses at the inevitable. The blade slowly enters his throat. The scream is cut short but his face locks into a terrible rictus. The knife slides inwards until the resistance is over.

LEO lets go, and man and blade collapse to the floor.

He goes back to the operating table. As he caresses NAADIRAH'S face, the full reality of her death hits him. He cuts open the bag to expose her rotting body and is overcome by the smell and waves of emotion.

He screams a terrible, airless scream - just an awful rasping of air.

LEO reaches under the bag, picks up NAADIRAH and carries her towards the stairs.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

As he ferries NAADIRAH towards the front door, LEO stops. Music coming from somewhere. He turns and follows his ears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The noise is coming from inside the kitchen. He tries the door but it is now locked. He can, however, see through the little window.

JOSIE is sat at the table drawing, the radio on next to her.

Not his problem.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CACTUS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

LEO reaches his car at the canal.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

JOSIE is drawing a picture of two bears, a copy of the one LEO gave her in the restaurant.

Behind her, DUCK'S face appears at the window. He tries the door. It's locked but JOSIE hears the noise and turns around to see what's going on. DUCK smiles and gives her a wave. She waves and goes back to drawing. He watches her for a moment then disappears.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

CACTUS - still alive despite his terrible injury - lies on his back, his eyes wide and blank. His breathing is very, very shallow.

DUCK

Holy shit!

DUCK comes running down the stairs and kneels down over his friend.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Ah, Jesus. It's bad, babe. I don't think there's anything I can do. That's a job for a proper hospital.

CACTUS grabs DUCK'S hand.

DUCK (CONT'D)

That's what you want? A hospital.  
(glances up the stairs)  
No, no, man. They're going to ask questions. They're going to want the police. No, you don't want that, babe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CACTUS tries to nod. DUCK stands up. He looks at CACTUS, then up towards the kitchen...

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

LEO leans against his car, NAADIRAH'S head in his lap. He watches the clip of himself and NAADIRAH in the greasy spoon, flicks through different images of her on his phone - gets to the picture of JOSIE being carried by CACTUS...

LEO stares back towards Cactus' house.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

CACTUS stretches his hand out towards DUCK. DUCK reaches down...

...But reaches past the hand. He opens CACTUS' jacket and pulls out a key - the kitchen key - and the cash that CACTUS took from MAKSIM. A pleasant surprise!

DUCK

Sorry man, but what can I do?

DUCK moves towards the stairs, then stops and turns back.

DUCK (CONT'D)

That's what games are all about aren't they, Bill? Prizes?

He starts to climb the stairs, CACTUS watching him in horror as he goes. Duck turns on the monitor by the door and flicks to the feed showing JOSIE drawing in the kitchen.

DUCK (CONT'D)

(to Cactus)

She's a real cutie, Bill.

We stay on the monitor as we see Duck enter the room and start chatting to Josie like it's just another day in the neighbourhood.

He picks her up.

Leaves.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CACTUS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

LEO sprints up to the door and into the house.

CUT TO:

**INT. CACTUS' HOUSE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

LEO runs into the room...

... but JOSIE is gone. LEO collapses to his knees.

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET NEAR CACTUS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

MAKSIM'S LIMO drifts down from the sky and onto the street.

LEO is sat in the middle of the road next to his car with NAADIRAH across his lap. He is caressing her face, rocking gently.

The limo doors open and AKIM, YURI and the two HARD-NUTS from earlier get out. AKIM walks up to LEO and - without LEO even looking up at him - kicks him in the face.

The smell of NAADIRAH'S putrefying body has AKIM gagging and complaining bitterly. AKIM looks at the body, recognizing NAADIRAH.

AKIM shouts an order in Russian to the HARD-NUTS, but they don't appear to understand a word. YURI grabs NAADIRAH'S shoulders and with AKIM'S help, pick her up and throw her in the canal.

LEO watches as the water slowly engulfs NAADIRAH'S face, the last thing he sees before the two HARD-NUTS kick him into unconsciousness.

CUT TO:

**INT. DUCK'S FITTING SURGERY - NIGHT**

Blackness. A moment later the door is thrown open and DUCK comes running in. He drags out a suitcase and starts throwing clothes into it, followed by the money he took from Cactus.

CUT TO:

**EXT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR - NIGHT**

Driving Cactus' jeep, DUCK pulls up outside the club.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. DUCK'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS**

DUCK

Okay honey, Uncle Duck has to go pick something up for us. You'll be okay in the car, yeah?

(no answer)

Course you will.

He opens the door but hesitates for a moment. He's not sure how he's going to do this.

CUT TO:

**EXT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR - CONTINUOUS**

DUCK gets out of the jeep and walks up the steps. He bangs on the locked door a couple of times before it is opened by one of the injured RUSSIANS. DUCK pushes past him.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR - CONTINUOUS**

DUCK walks in to the empty club. AKIM and a couple of others are loitering around the desk.

DUCK

Where's Maksim? Maksim?

AKIM points upstairs.

CUT TO:

**INT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR. MAKSIM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

DUCK walks up to the door.

DUCK

Knock, knock.

AKIM is sitting in his chair with a bandaged head. MAKSIM is also there, as are a couple more RUSSIANS.

MAKSIM

Duck? Where have you been? Cactus dead.

DUCK

I know. How did you know?

MAKSIM

We just return from his house, following barman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUCK  
Did you find him?

MAKSIM  
Found him in street holding body in bag.  
He psycho, murder one of our fucking  
girls. Fucking psycho.

DUCK  
(smiles to himself)  
Outrageous, man. I mean what the fuck's  
the world coming to, huh?

MAKSIM  
Crazy.

DUCK  
You got him here?

MAKSIM  
Downstairs.

DUCK  
(thinks for a moment)  
What are you going to do with him?

MAKSIM  
You do not worry about that. Not your  
problem any more.

DUCK thinks fast.

DUCK  
How about you let me take him? I can do  
a number on him for you, a real number.  
Medical grade.

YURI looks at MAKSIM.

MAKSIM  
(to Duck)  
You understand he is finished.

DUCK  
Maksim, this son-of-a-bitch killed  
Cactus.

MAKSIM understands and he nods to YURI. YURI speaks to  
the others in Russian and they leave the room.

MAKSIM  
(to Duck)  
They fetch. You have car?

DUCK  
Parked outside. Hey, you better give me  
those ID's Cactus was waiting on.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DUCK (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to look after Josie now  
her daddy's gone.

MAKSIM looks at him for a moment then nods. He takes an envelope out of his desk and hands it to DUCK, who opens it to inspect the contents.

MAKSIM

You a good man, Duck. Good friend.

Satisfied with the documents, DUCK turns to leave.

MAKSIM (CONT'D)

That piece of shit barman, you send to  
hell, yes?

DUCK

You got it.

MAKSIM

Goodbye Duck.

DUCK

Later, babe.

CUT TO:

**EXT. "FOREIGN DREAMS" STRIP BAR - NIGHT**

Two RUSSIANS drag the beaten and semi-conscious LEO out of the club and down to DUCK'S jeep. DUCK follows them out and opens the back door. As they bundle LEO inside, DUCK opens his suitcase. He covers the wad of cash inside with a pair of underwear and pulls out a small medical bag from the case's side pocket.

DUCK

(opening it)

Thank you gentlemen, I'll take it from  
here.

He takes a syringe out of the medical bag and inserts the needle into a phial. DUCK leans into the back seat towards LEO.

DUCK (CONT'D)

(injecting him in the neck)

Evening sweetheart. At last we meet.

LEO'S eyes begin to swim as the injection takes effect.

DUCK (CONT'D)

I've come to take you to the prom.

FADE TO:

**FLASHBACKS**

LEO'S mind swims through terrible memories - The night NAADIRAH was taken, CACTUS' stone-set face now visible; he sees the knife slowly sliding into CACTUS' neck; he sees NAADIRAH swallowed up by the inky, glass-smooth water of the canal...

CUT TO:

**INT. DUCK'S FITTING SURGERY - NIGHT**

A bright light glares on the grisly mess of LEO'S open larynx. DUCK, sitting on a stool, tinkers with a small, intricately designed artificial larynx he has fitted into LEO'S open neck. DUCK spins on his stool to face a laptop and proceeds to play a number of sounds through LEO'S open mouth. Single harmonic tones. He tuts.

DUCK

Big fellah like you needs a deeper voice than that!

A few more tweaks and squawks and a clear, bassy tone escapes LEO'S uncooperative mouth.

CUT TO:

**INT. DUCK'S FITTING SURGERY - LATER**

The lights are dim. LEO has been fit with a number of sensors and is propped up in a chair near a window. He's tied to the chair, but from the look in his eye, and the drool dripping from his mouth, he is obviously heavily sedated as well.

DUCK enters the room and closes the door behind him.

DUCK

She's watching cartoons. Kids, huh?

DUCK grabs a chair of his own and sits, facing LEO.

DUCK (CONT'D)

So I thought maybe we could talk. How do you feel about that?

DUCK is obviously expecting an answer. LEO'S eyes just drift from one part of the floor to another.

DUCK (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

I said how do you feel about that?

DUCK seizes one of LEO'S fingers, pulls it backwards until it cracks. LEO'S face contorts in agony but he remains silent. Duck looks dejected.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUCK pops his laptop up on his lap and taps a rapid succession of keys. LEO'S mouth remains grimaced tightly as words he isn't choosing to say pour out from the artificial larynx with no intonation.

LEO'S VOICEBOX

Arrrrgh. Stop, Duck. The pain, the pain. I'm so sorry I killed your buddy Cactus.

DUCK

Yeah, well you should be sorry.

DUCK is frustrated. He gets up, breaks two more of LEO'S fingers and still gets no sound.

He kicks his chair and his LAPTOP drops to the floor and breaks.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Fuck!

DUCK takes a moment. Thinks.

DUCK (CONT'D)

I'm going to show you something.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. DUCK'S JEEP - NIGHT**

LEO'S eyes open. He is in the back seat of the jeep, a terrible, bloody mess. DUCK talks to JOSIE in the passenger seat as he drives.

DUCK

...We can drive along the coast. Or, and I think this would be fantastic, we take the train right across the Swiss Alps! It's so beautiful up there, baby. Then down into France and from there we can get anywhere. Florence, London. Cannes. We can stop in Cannes if you want...

LEO tries to make sense of his blurred surroundings. JOSIE turns around in her seat and looks at him, staring directly into his eyes for a moment before turning back round.

DUCK (CONT'D)

...See the stars. Your dad and I went out there for the film festival when we were younger. Man o'man did we get stoned...

He realizes JOSIE has no idea what he is talking about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUCK (CONT'D)

Well, let's just say there's a lot of fun we can have, baby.

(to himself)

A lot of fun.

Glancing in the rear-view mirror, he sees that LEO is conscious.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Good morning, sir! I was wondering when you might be joining us. Man, you look beat.

(laughs to himself)

Josie? This is Leo. Leo, Josie. The young lady and I were just discussing the splendors of the Cote d'Azur. You got any anecdotes about the French high-life you'd care to regale us with?

As he finishes, DUCK sees LEO'S face. No chance of conversation there, then.

DUCK (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Fuck. Josie? Hey honey, you know how to turn on the radio? How about you find us something fun.

JOSIE presses the switch. The journey continues to the madness of German wee-hour broadcasting. Wayne Newton starts singing "Dankaschoen." DUCK looks across at the little girl.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Well, you may have your father's eyes, but you sure ain't much of a conversationalist. Come on! This is fun!

LEO tries to move but the drug continues to paralyse him. DUCK glances back at him again, then smiles.

DUCK (CONT'D)

(to Josie)

I almost forgot, darling. Uncle Duck's got you a present.

He reaches into his pocket.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Now that you're a big girl, I thought you better have this, seeing as this is what big girls have.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He pulls out the mobile phone - NAADIRAH's pink mobile - and gives it to JOSIE. LEO watches in horror. Now he understands.

JOSIE takes the phone and disappears back into the seat as they pass a sign for a service station.

DUCK (CONT'D)

You hungry? I bet you're hungry.

(to Leo)

You must be hungry, big guy like you?

(getting bored of his passengers)

Fine.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MOTORWAY SERVICE STATION - NIGHT**

The jeep pulls into the parking area and stops. DUCK tips LEO on his side and covers him with a blanket. A team of German service attendants come over and start refuelling and cleaning the windscreen of the car.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. DUCK'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS**

DUCK

(smiling to the attendants)

Danka! Danka! I'm going inside to get some goodies. Josie, what do you want darlin'?

JOSIE shakes her head.

DUCK (CONT'D)

No? You sure?

(looks at Leo)

How about you? Come on, speak up?

He laughs and gets out of the jeep.

JOSIE turns to look at LEO. He stares back at her, his lips trembling, with effort, but unable to respond.

She pulls something out of her pocket and holds it out.

It is the drawing of the two bears LEO gave to her in the fast-food restaurant. She has drawn another bear into it, standing a little way away from the others. She smiles and turns back round in the seat, leaving the paper and crayon tantalizingly within reach.

LEO again tries to move. He strains against his bonds, some strength returning, but not nearly enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duck heads back to the car.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT**

DUCK'S jeep speeds down the empty carriageway, passing the sign for Lake Constance. The first dark blue inklings of dawn brush the sky.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CARPARK ON THE LAKE-FRONT - DAWN**

Cold, grey dawn. Not a break in the sky. DUCK'S jeep glides into the deserted carpark and comes to a halt close to the promenade.

CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. DUCK'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS**

DUCK cuts the engine and rolls down the window, taking in a great lung-full of air.

DUCK  
Beautiful, beautiful. Taste that, baby.  
(looks at Leo)  
Can you taste it?

LEO just stares back at him.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
Great view too. Here, let me help you.

He reaches back and drags LEO upright so he can see through the windscreen.

He sees the pier - the same pier from his photo of NAADIRAH. DUCK starts pointing out to the mountains beyond the water.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
(to Josie)  
See that? Switzerland! Okay, darling,  
you stay here in the car. I've just got  
to drop my friend Leo off.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DUCK'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS**

DUCK opens the back door and drags LEO out onto the tarmac.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PIER ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

DUCK breaks the lock on the gate and drags LEO onto the pier.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PIER - CONTINUOUS**

DUCK drags LEO along the barren pier.

DUCK

(straining against LEO's weight)  
Recognise this place? I used to take pictures of the girls for the whorehouse down here. Yuri said it made them look more exotic next to the water. Cheap bastard. If he wanted exotic he should have let the girls work up a tan and have me shoot them in Bali. Russians! Zero taste.

(waits)

Nothing, huh?

DUCK seems disappointed. LEO still won't talk.

Now right out at the end of the pier, DUCK lets go of LEO and tries to get his breath back. He is shattered.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Big...big fella ain't you.

With a final burst of effort he manages to stand LEO upright, right next to a gate in the railings.

DUCK (CONT'D)

(totally exhausted)

Man, I never in a million years would've thought of Cactus Bill as the daddy type, all protective over Josie.

He looks over the side, at the waves lashing against the stanchions, then kicks open the gate and turns towards LEO.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Naadirah should have never let him find out he had a daughter, should've just took off with you. Then we wouldn't all be in this shit, now would we?

For a moment, the full weight of this hits him, the magnitude of recent events. And then in a flash, it's rejected.

DUCK (CONT'D)

Only got yourselves to blame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUCK makes a final, valiant attempt to shock LEO into talking.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
(yells)  
I CHOPPED YOUR GIRLFRIENDS TITS OFF AND  
WORE THEM AS EAR-MUFFS!

Still nothing from LEO. DUCK gives up, goes to grab him...

...and LEO'S mouth starts moving.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
Hey! You see? You can talk when you  
want to!

LEO mouths something again.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
What? What's that, babe?

DUCK leans in to hear better. LEO'S arms silently lift around the unaware DUCK...

LEO  
(a rasping of air)  
...

...and hands grasping, lock together.

DUCK  
Hey! ...Hey!!

Ever so slowly, LEO starts to topple himself towards the gate, taking DUCK with him.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
Get the fuck off me!!

LEO takes a huge breath just before they tumble through the gap and plunge into the lake.

CUT TO:

#### **UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS**

They two of them sink into the murk. DUCK struggles against the bear hug, but LEO is too strong for him.

LEO'S stare drills into DUCK'S eyes - the last thing he will ever see. As DUCK loses consciousness, LEO kicks off against his limp body, lungs burning, trying to get enough momentum to propel himself to the surface.

Memories swim through his oxygen-starved brain: RAJEEYAH telling him that NAADIRAH loved him;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSIE and the picture of the three bears; kissing NAADIRAH in his bed room, the kiss that could end the world...

CUT TO:

**EXT. SURFACE OF THE WATER - CONTINUOUS**

LEO breaks the surface and sucks in a hurricane of air. The waves push him into the pier supports and he grabs hold, clinging as he trembles with the cold.

JOSIE

Leo!

JOSIE'S little face peers down at him from the railing above.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

JOSIE gets on her hands and knees and gets as close to the edge as she dares, looking down on him in the water below.

LEO snaps out of his exhaustion. He frantically motions for her to get back, signals that he will come up to her.

She leans precariously further over the edge to see him. We can hear a creak of one of the boards giving way.

LEO grimaces, his face contorting with an alien effort.

LEO

No! Josie, no! It's dangerous. Get back!

JOSIE immediately retreats.

LEO pushes away from the pier support and swims towards the shore.

**EXT. DUCK'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS**

LEO buckles JOSIE into the passenger seat of Cactus' jeep. He grabs the old blanket Duck had thrown over him earlier, and wraps himself in it.

JOSIE

You sound funny.

With a glance at JOSIE to check she is okay, he guns the motor. He smiles at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEO  
So do you.

FADE TO:

**INT. SERVICE STATION CAFETERIA - DAY**

JOSIE is sat at the table eating chips in single file and drawing. She is clutching a newly-bought teddy bear.

LEO watches her with a smile on his face. He looks down to sugar his coffee, and when he looks back JOSIE has accidentally smeared ketchup on the mouth of the bear. She gently wipes it away and turns to look at LEO, smiling into his eyes.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY**

LEO lifts JOSIE up into the passenger seat of the car and leans into the back seat to deposit their bag of shopping. Unawares, he places it on Duck's cash-stuffed suitcase. A little something for the future.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY**

The jeep glides up the mountain road towards the sign marked "Switzerland", sun just peeking through the clouds that crown the snow-dappled Swiss mountains.

**FADE OUT.**