

C H A N G E S

Darkness Is His Only Friend.

Written by

BILL JONES

30 Stevens Road
Blairgowrie
Gauteng
SOUTH AFRICA
TEL:27 11 787 6975

FADE IN BLACK SCREEN:

SFX: Metallic noises and incoherent human chatter.

Title On Screen.

'C H A N G E S'

Title On Screen.

An Original Screenplay

By

BILL JONES.

MUSIC SFX: An Orchestral theme distorted by static interference.

Text On Screen: and MALE VOICE NARRATION.

One Night Many Decades Ago A Russian Nuclear Attack Obliterates The United States of America. On The Same Night Across The Globe A Young Engineer Romain Lennox Is Killed By A Railway Tunnel Collapse That He Designed and Constructed. He Is Killed! But Does Not Die. Within Hours a Deadly Worldwide Covid Virus Envelopes The Earth. There Is No Longer Daylight And Darkness Is His Only Friend!

DISSOLVE TO

1 INT. BROKEN DOWN HOUSE. CORRIDOR. MERRYVALE DOWNS. NIGHT. 1

ROMAIN LENNOX is sitting in front of a crackling fire in the corridor of a derelict house he is unkempt and dirty with tangled unwashed hair and wears a torn and filthy vest ECU: He is warming his hands over the sparking wood. ECU: KOO KOO The Bird Girl covered in feathers and pink tights sits opposite him biting her cuticles.

ROMAIN LENNOX SNR

I wonder what happened to Romain, he
hasn't been around for ages?

KOO KOO

My God! Your short term memory sucks.
He's at your mother and father Romain
he's been there for two weeks and
you're only asking about him now!

CUT TO:

ROMAIN LENNOX SNR

I wish he wouldn't go there, they
drink far to much. It's not good
for a young boy to see...I don't like
it. You never know what evil he could
be involved in. It'll be light soon!

Romain tears up strips of cardboard and throws it onto the
fire.

KOO KOO

For Godsake Romain we haven't seen
bloody daylight ever since America and
Russia started throwing atomic shit at
each other, the last time we saw the
sun was many lifetimes ago remember or
have you forgotten or what! In case
you haven't noticed day and night are
the same bloody pitch black. Our
memories have been wiped clean Romain.
I don't know who I am! Do you know
anything about yourself?

ROMAIN LENNOX SNR

I don't like our boy being at my folks
all the time!

KOO KOO

Well get used to it Romain, he
helps them around house and cleans up
after them, they even pay him
occasionally.

ROMAIN LENNOX SNR

I don't like it Koo Koo!

KOO KOO

Well, you don't have to like it, just
get to fucking like it Romain
because the only other option for a 10
year old child in the city is washing
down Covid 19 corpses along the main
street. Homes don't have walls Romain
they have coffins piled up almost two
storey's high

ROMAIN LENNOX SNR

Good Lord Koo Koo, your imagination
is taking you for a ride that's not
possible!

KOO KOO

When last did you leave the house? Go
on tell me! It's a good hundred years
ago that I know!

(MORE)

KOO KOO (CONT'D)
 Are you listening to me Because of the
 pandemic the government is trying to
 make child labor mandatory without
 remuneration is that what you want for
 Romain our 10 year old boy?

ROMAIN LENNOX SNR
 What time is it Koo Koo?

KOO KOO
 That's the fourth time you've asked
 me today. The time is 1935!

ROMAIN LENNOX SNR
 Don't we put the clock back 3 hours
 very Tuesday any more? I seem to
 recall.

2 INT. THE COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. MERRYVALE DOWNS. NIGHT. 2

WILLBERT WALKER in a face-mask and motorized wheelchair glides
 towards the front door of the empty bar. CLOSE ON: SAFFRON
 enters in high-heels and black mesh stockings, swinging a fake
 solid gold string bag.

SAFFRON LEISHER
 Take me to another breathing, thinking
 and challenging member of the human
 race Frank and I'll buy you a drink.

WILLBERT WALKER
 My names not Frank! It's Willbert
 Walker. WW to my friends!

SAFFRON LEISHER
 Whatever!

WILLBERT WALKER
 It's 2.00 am Miss Leisher... Last
 round folks!

SAFFRON LEISHER
 There's nobody here WW, in case you
 haven't noticed the place is empty,
 but thank you kindly I sure will
 indulge in a last one for the road.
 I'm in the mood for scintillating,
 maybe even bigger than that, err...
 Mind-blowing, intellectual
 conversation WW. I will initiate this
 with another male partner, of course
 that'll make sure at midnight the
 silver diamond speckled slipper
 bestowed to Moi This here Princess!
 (MORE)

SAFFRON LEISHER (CONT'D)
 As if it was oiled and greased for the
 special occasion and I'll kinda be
 whisked away under a shower of
 champagne, to his boudoir where he'll
 slide that goddamned diamond speckled
 shoe onto the foot of me! Then all
 that is left for me, is to become the
 Queen.

2A

INT. THE COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. MERRYVALE. NIGHT.

2A

SAFFRON, is almost asleep, her head resting on her hands on the
 top of the bar. She wakes up as the lights go off. A CRASH
 CUT: Saffron (in silhouette) sits up.

SAFFRON LEISHER
 Hey WW! Put the fucking lights on
 willya! I hate the dark!

SAFFRON fumbles in her purse.

SAFFRON LEISHER (CONT'D)
 Down this end of the bar, switch the
 lights on, if it's a case of
 money, put it on my tab! Go on live a
 little!

WILLBERT WALKER
 Watch the store will ya I'm gonna
 check on the switch box outback!

SAFFRON rests her head on her hands and falls asleep in the
 darkened bar.

3

INT. BATEMAN, KAPLAN, ADVERTISING ASS. BOARDROOM. NIGHT.

3

HANK BATEMAN CEO and ROMAIN LENNOX sit opposite each other.

HANK BATEMEN
 You've been with Bateman Kaplan for
 two years as of today, and the board
 has been monitoring your contribution
 with regard to your creative input and
 your articulate reading of clients
 body language and emotions towards
 their products. Your astute assessment
 of a problematic situation that might
 be gathering momentum between agency
 and client relations is unsurpassed
 and you carry the admiration of many
 of your peers. I have to tell you
 that!

ROMAIN LENNOX shifting nervously in his chair.

ROMAIN LENNOX

I am overwhelmed by such kind words of appraisal and I'm at a loss for words at the communal acceptance of me by my peers. I'm not good at catching bouquets at weddings Hank, but I thank you anyway.

Hank pulls a folder out from under his laptop.

HANK BATEMEN

This week we landed SIZZLE DRIVE THRU. As you are aware they are the leaders of all the retail food outlets in this country. They have awarded us the CHOMP Burger brand and need a humdinger, ball-breaking re-launch campaign on television, social media and the likes, to regain the market share that those fuckers OWEN INC AND WALRUS ASSOCIATES lost for them last year. Actually, Sorry, I can't remember when it was. Anyway, the brand is lagging way behind in the market place and is generally faltering somewhat, it's losing market share almost nightly and their bottom line does not look too sound to their board of investors. They want us to rectify CHOMP and it's positioning and make it the uno numero fucking flag waver Burger brand once again. Can you get the picture Lennox? Imagine one dark night our marine's raising our flag of victory on Iwo Jima Island... Can you picture it Romain? Burger King and Wimpy running for the hills in the darkness. Do you get that winning feeling in your balls Lennox? I know you do son! Well, heading that march is gonna be you as creative director of CHOMP SIZZLE BURGERS, and fries to go, you'll be raising our goddam flag and flying it high. Can you feel success in your balls son?

ROMAIN LENNOX

A tiny twinge Sir!

HANK BATEMEN

And the good news is my son! Once CHOMP takes the lead they will award us the other five brands that have never seen the light of night since they were launched.

(MORE)

HANK BATEMEN (CONT'D)
 CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP along the highways.
 CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP up to the steps of
 the FEDERAL BANK! You'll be leading
 the way for CHOMP marshmallows, CHOMP
 Caramelized peanuts, CHOMP sweet and
 Sour Jelly Beans. You'll be creative
 director of fucking pedigree brands!

ROMAIN Stares at Hank in absolute bewilderment.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 Well, thank you Mr Bateman, but the
 obvious question does come to
 mind...Why me?

HANK BATEMEN
 Because you're ready for it!

ROMAIN LENNOX
 Come on Hank that's not the fucking
 answer I'm looking for!

HANK BATEMEN
 It's all there, the psychographics of
 the company and their performance for
 the last 18 months. Give me a a
 creative audit and a financial
 assessment of the stats and a modus
 operandi on how you would move the
 brand forward...
 I've gotta go Lennox!

4

EXT. THE SIDE DOOR. FILM STUDIO. ASTON LANE. NIGHT.

4

ROMAIN Lennox rings the doorbell. A Daimler Benz is parked
 outside the door. Mademoiselle Ruger (Saffron roll-play) smiles
 at Romain in her full Folies-Bergere regalia.

MADemoISELLE RUGER
 Welcome, I'm Mademoiselle Ruger.
 follow me.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 How was your shoot? What's with the
 feathers and stilettos?

MADemoISELLE RUGER
 My Daimler Benz is a dream but the
 client's a prick! Anyhow, it was a
 challenging wardrobe to put together.
 It could win an award!
 So I have a Daimler Benz for a
 week...big deal. So whatsup?

ROMAIN LENNOX

I had a great offer today from the CEO at an agency.

MADEMOISELLE RUGER

An agency, Shit! There is only one agency in Merryvale, so I guess it's Bateman. So what went wrong?

ROMAIN LENNOX

Nothing, it was great.

MADEMOISELLE RUGER

It couldn't have been that great you should take a look at your face.

ROMAIN LENNOX

It was basically rescuing a brand that has lost substantial market share and is heading for trouble.

MADEMOISELLE RUGER

Was it their only brand?

ROMAIN LENNOX

No it's a large conglomerate of powerful retail food outlets. They have this brand and they're dangling a carrot of granting us the other five well established lucrative brands, if I pull the 'sick puppy' brand out of the crap. They've even promoted me to creative director.

MADEMOISELLE RUGER

Well that sounds wonderful for you, have you been an advertising man all your life?

ROMAIN LENNOX

I don't know!

MADEMOISELLE RUGER

So why do you look like you're standing in front of a fucking firing squad...lighten up, smile, have another Martini, get trashed, get layed, masturbate in the park to attract attention or something similar...maybe even something exciting!

A long pause.

MADEMOISELLE RUGER (CONT'D)

Do you have something to tell me?

ROMAIN LENNOX

I wasn't at the meeting! I had the strangest feeling come over me. There were only two of us present but it felt to me like Hank Bateman was talking to me in a huge auditorium, his voice was echoing and booming tearing into my ear drums but I felt like I wasn't there. He was kinda looking through me! His voice sounded like he was in a huge cave, there were scary sounds of bats screaming and the flapping of wings and a lot of reverberation.

MADEMOISELLE RUGER

Did you have a line before the meeting?

ROMAIN LENNOX

Are you kidding! I don't do drugs

MADEMOISELLE RUGER

Oh yes you do. Hey! Just checking! Don't mess in your jockey shorts, I thought you might have indulged in that that alien holistic buzz that goes hand in glove with a good jolt of Thai White...It's like being awarded a month in a feral paradise with hot and cold running stash on the house!

5 INT. THE COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. DARKNESS.

5

SAFFRON LEISHER with her key ring battery light, makes her way to the ladies room

SAFFRON LEISHER

I have to take a pee! If I'm not back in 5 minutes start looking for my torso Willbert Walker.

WILLBERT WALKER

You can bet on it Ma'am!

SAFFRON feels her way along the wall to the cubicle, locks herself in. She wipes down the seat Her torch goes out.

SAFFRON LEISHER

Oh Fuck! Not Now!

In the darkness she steps out of her panties. Her hand feels for the toilet seat.

SFX: heavy slow footsteps on the staircase adjacent to the toilet.

Saffron pauses listening, flushes the toilet and heads back to the bar. The lights flicker and come back on.

SAFFRON LEISHER (CONT'D)
Shit! Do I need a Martini or do I
need a Martini?

WILLBERT WALKER
(sanitising
under his mask)
Let's get outta here, I need some
shut-eye.

SAFFRON LEISHER
Now you listen here Willbert Walker,
I'm your only barfly Monsieur, with
little ole me here this fucking bar is
full, so don't blow it or I'll take my
addiction to a more appreciative
venue.

WILLBERT WALKER
I'm all cashed up!
(has second thoughts)
Okay! The Martini's on me?

SAFFRON LEISHER
(rummaging through
her purse)
Hey! Wait a minute guys I've dropped
my G-string in the John. Damn! Hang
in there!

Saffron moves quickly and enters the cubicle. Her eyes search the toilet. Her panties are on the floor, she picks them up. Her panties are damp and smell of a chemical that she cannot place, Saffron makes her way to the bar. Willbert Walker is at the door holding her Martini.

SAFFRON LEISHER (CONT'D)
The wooden staircase next to the
toilets where do they lead to?

WILLBERT WALKER
It was a rent per hour room, now it's
a jam-packed junk room...why?

SAFFRON LEISHER
Does anybody live up there?

WILLBERT WALKER
What's with you tonight, you're shit
scared of the dark and you're leaving
your panties and stuff lying around?

SAFFRON LEISHER
 Leaving my panties and stuff lying
 around is part of my profession, I'll
 have you know!

WILLBERT WALKER
 What's with you!

SAFFRON LEISHER
 You're not giving me any answers! Were
 we the only people in the bar when I
 dozed off earlier?

WILLBERT WALKER
 Sure thing, there's never anybody
 around at this time of the night.

SAFFRON LEISHER
 (punching the bar with
 her fist)
 Willbert Walker who lives upstairs?

WILLBERT WALKER
 For Chrissake, what are you about
 tonight, it's an old lonely guy he's a
 carpenter, I think that's what he
 said, I never see him. He comes in
 late and leaves early. Now get off my
 back willya!

6 **EXT. THE COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. NIGHT.** 6

A worried Saffron Leisher makes her way down into the parking area. Willbert is in his wheelchair sanitising under his mask. He locks up watching Saffron cross the parking lot. Willberts (POV) Saffron G-string in hand, removes her high-heels, and ties them together by their tassels. She flashes her naked butt at WW and disappears into the night.

7 **EXT. A MERCURY MOTOR LAUNCH. TINY WHARF. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.** 7

The 'Plumbers Crack' Mercury Motor boat strains against the Wharf. MARSHALL BENNETT shabbily dressed enters right of frame.

8 **INT. A MERCURY MOTOR LAUNCH. BUNK. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.** 8

A bedside lamp glows. Romain sips a Jack Daniels lying in the bunk.

SFX: A knock on the cabin door.

8A **EXT: A MERCURY MOTOR LAUNCH. BUNK. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.** 8A

ROMAIN LENNOX (V.O.)

There were strange things going on in Merryvale, things that I could not comprehend. There were isolated pockets of people who spoke Russian and in true Eastern Bloc style were anti social, obtrusive and distant... I'd moved to a quiet town to prepare myself for the inevitable spirit that I knew would enter my soul and eventually devour me. There will be many casualties I fear

Marshall Bennett as Romain opens the door.

MARSHALL BENNETT

Good evening to ya!

ROMAIN LENNOX

...and a good one to you, Whatsup?

MARSHALL BENNETT

I have a shack up at Weedy Creek, I don't have river frontage and I'm resting up for a couple of days, had a temperature and figured I had the big Covid 19, been shitting, myself but it wasn't. My tests were negative!

ROMAIN LENNOX

How can I help you?

MARSHALL BENNETT

Well, I was wondering if you would mind if I do a bit of fishing off your jetty, it's been a pretty rough week, what with the Big C tests and all and I've taken some down time for a bit of fishing. I hear the King Salmon are nibbling?

ROMAIN LENNOX

You're on the money, they are, and I caught a couple off the jetty a few nights ago. Sure thing, help yourself. Just be sure to clean up after will ya?

CUT TO:

9

EXT. A PANEL VAN. TINY WHARF. TIBER RIVER. THAT NIGHT.

9

A panel van with step ladders and rolls of copper cabling stops under the light at a high voltage electrical pole. MARSHALL BENNETT anchors a ladder to the pole. He attaches a tool bag onto his safety belt and starts to climb the pole.

His hands connect a phone and headphones to the main power line. Marshall dials a number, a voice answers in Russian.

VOICE ONE
(fluent Russian)
It is good!

MARSHALL BENNETT
(Thanks in Russian)
Cnach bor!

10 **EXT. THE PLUMBERS CRACK. TINY WHARF. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.** 10

The Plumbers Crack rides the swell on it's bollard. A man's head in diving gear and snorkel holding a lamp, breaks the surface surveying the Port side of the vessel. He holds a small electronic machine with a red pulsing light that he attaches to the side.

10A **INT. THE COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. NIGHT.** 10A

A Priest and a Young Man are seated near the long bar as ROMAIN enters. CLOSE ON: Romain sits at a table behind the Priest and young man. The REVEREND HARRY PRESTON and his son GARY PRESTON are arguing, as Romain takes a seat behind them.

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
Firstly, it was a cash donation of \$1
000 000 to St Albans for the
upliftment of the Tiber Basin, you of
course have been feeding your Heroin
habit from the kitty for the last year
until you finally managed to kill your
mother because you were so drunk you
didn't see a in broad daylight. If
you had your way you would've killed a
gaggle of prostitutes in the back seat
of the car as well ...you were so
fucked young man!

GARY PRESTON
Please stop judging me Father, You're
not squeaky clean, Mother was having
you investigated, did you know that?
She didn't believe your bullshit story
about a donation to St Albans. Who
donates a million bucks to a church?
I don't believe that the Million
Dollars cash in plastic garbage bags
in our cellar was put there by God!
How fucking naive do you think mother
and I are? It's Mafia money and you
know it, you big fuck. You pulled a
deal for the fucking payola...Capisce?

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
 You killed your mother
 and understand something, I will never
 forgive you...and you will pay!

WILLBERT WALKER
 (Intervenes on his
 wheelchair)
 Gentlemen! Gentlemen! And I use the
 term loosely. This kinda behaviour
 doesn't cut it at The Cool Note, thank
 you gentlemen. You'll have to leave
 I'm afraid!

Romain observes the altercation.

12

INT. THE WARDROBE AND SCULPTURING STUDIO. NIGHT.

12

Romain is in a dimly lit room surrounded by window dummies.
 He stands between a couple of 3 meter high paper mache
 mountains and a wooden model of an office building.

SFX: A buzzing and booming microphone

MONA LISA
 (Saffron, behind
 Romain speaks in ghostlike voice)
 I will cast a world of hell and
 pestilence directly behind you!

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (turns around)
 Hi there
 (nobody there)

MONA LISA
 (from his left side,
 ghostlike voice)
 I will cast a world of hell and
 pestilence on your left shoulder

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (looking left)
 Well hello there!
 (nobody there)

MONA LISA
(standing in front
of him, ghostlike voice)
Hi I'm Mona Lisa! I will cast a world
of hell and pestilence right before
your eyes.

Romain turns in a full circle to face her.

ROMAIN LENNOX
How the hell did you do that Ma'am?
Don't tell me you're a ventriloquist?

MONA LISA
(smiling)
I'm not a ventriloquist at all, but
some of the principles do apply.

ROMAIN LENNOX
I was waiting to meet a small version
of you with a large round nose wearing
lederhosen short pants!

MONA LISA
Take a look at those rough models of
the two mountains and that building.

ROMAIN LENNOX
You had me on the trot for a minute
there, just how did you do that, the
one minute your voice was behind me,
then next to me but at no stage was
your body close to your voice. You
were over there and your voice was
here?

MONA LISA
Most of my students have difficulty
with throwing their voice. It takes
years of consistent practise,
Let me explain. There's a gents
toilet behind the model of the office.
I want you to go there where I can't
see you. Ask me a question, any
question...ask me where the gents
bathroom is?

Romain reaches the exit door and shouts back at Mona Lisa.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(Hollers, standing
out of sight)
Where's the gents bathroom?

MONA LISA
 (Loud in Romain's
 ear)
 The first door on the left and don't
 forget to put the seat down!
 Remember... Ladies Wee Matters!

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (rubbing his ear
 walking back to Mona)
 Wow! This is crazy, your voice was so
 loud, it was burning my ear drum, it's
 still humming right now.

MONA LISA
 That's why ventriloquists and people
 in mountainous areas like the Alps or
 Himalayas can talk to each other by
 throwing their voices off a cliff face
 down into the valley and directly up
 the other side into a tiny human ear
 in someones head on the edge of a
 precipice. Isn't that amazing to you?

ROMAIN LENNOX
 I've just discovered the expression
 'sound carries' is not just an
 expression that your Mamma taught you.
 Wait a minute!
 (realizing)
 This has a lot to do with
 holographic's and the third dimension
 that you excel in... Doesn't it?

MONA LISA
 You can bet your life on it!

13 **EXT. A DESERTED CAR PARK. DOWNTOWN MERRYVALE. NIGHT.** 13

A Black Daimler Benz is parked at the bottom of the empty car
 park, the car just a small dot because of the distance.
 Willbert Walker in his electronic wheelchair enters right of
 frame and stops. (Reverse angle) Willbert Walker smiles at the
 limousine and starts adjusting something on his wheelchair in
 the darkness. The Limousine is in foreground with the passenger
 door open. (Willbert in his wheelchair is obscured by the car
 door)

14 **INT. THE PARKED LIMOUSINE. CAR PARK. NIGHT.** 14

Romain steps into frame but still in shadows

ROMAIN LENNOX (V.O.)
 Merryvale was small with 120 people
 in total that ran the town and
 businesses.
 (MORE)

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)

They weren't friendly at all some were pretty nasty to me, but I can understand that, I was a loner with nothing to say and they're also loners in their own way, also with nothing to say. Saying good night is an effort with most people nodding at everything that moves. All meetings took place at night, many on sun beds through the night when the night would come up. It bugged a lot of the townsfolk but I loved the night because there was nothing else to compare it with...I'd never seen what daylight looked like since I was 10.

Willbert Walker slides into the front passenger seat next to the driver.

DRIVER

(Hank Bateman pulls his collar up)
There's a drop coming down!

WILLBERT WALKER

Uh Huh...when?

HANK BATEMEN

As soon as she's ready and dry.

WILLBERT WALKER

Has she been paid to do it?

HANK BATEMEN

Of course she's been paid to do it they were together at the...at the restaurant or club...I dunno About a week or maybe ten days ago... I dunno. He gave her exactly \$950 000, maybe a million, I dunno!

WILLBERT WALKER

Fucking articulate, accurate and exact as usual, at least you haven't lost your attention to detail Hank.

HANK BATEMEN

(under his breath)
All I know is it's somebody big, I dunno!

WILLBERT WALKER

Big in Bank balance, stature or maybe just an obese fat fucker, may I ask?

HANK BATEMEN

She only deals with high-rollers and they'll drop a \$1 million to get rid of someone without any trace of DNA or any hard evidence, I dunno, I mean just think about it, I dunno, Wouldn't you?

WILLBERT WALKER

I was just thinking about it, wouldn't you? I dunno!

14A A DIMLY LIT SCULPTURING ROOM. STUDIO. (A WEEK LATER) NIGHT. 14A

Romain Lennox checks the address again that he'd scrawled on a piece of paper under a flickering lamp at the door of the studio the other night. Romain pushes the squeaking metal door open.

ROMAIN LENNOX

Hello! I'm home.

SFX: Led Zeppelin blaring.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)

Hello! I'm home anybody else at home, seeing that I'm home and alone at home?

Romain's POV: The dark corridor. MONA LISA (Saffron appears smiling) folded arms, back lit by a spotlight that had just come on.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)

(a finger in his ear)
Is that Beethoven's Ninth by any chance?

MONA LISA

What?

ROMAIN LENNOX

(screaming)
Is that Beethoven's Ninth Symphony by any chance Ma'am?

MONA LISA

You must be Romain the agency man!
That Mr.Romain is some fucking ass kicking Led Zeppelin That'll rip your scrotum from your testicles and make your nose bleed for a fucking week Sir! Do you Dig, Do you know Zeppelin Mr Romain?

ROMAIN LENNOX43E

No I don't dig any longer, I sold the family funeral home at the start of the pandemic, bad timing I must admit! As I told you the other night this whole gig is not my idea.

DISSOLVE TO:

16

INT. THE SCULPTURING ROOM. STUDIO. LATER THAT NIGHT.

16

Romain stares at the most astounding full length sculpture attached to wires and cabling leading into a laptop. He the front panel and peers inside.

SFX: Led Zeppelin gets louder

MONA LISA

Are you interested in Holographs Mr...

Romain turns to her.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(he reacts to her likeness of Mona Lisa)
Romain, Oh Hello! Not really Ma'am but my client is. I'm the creative director for Bateman, Kaplan Advertising and Associates. I have a client that is staging an event in our church conference center here in MerryVale and they're looking at a special effect whereby one of their board members could disappear. It's a kinda electronic magician show, Like where we used to go when we were kids.

MONA LISA

You might have Mr Lennox. I gave them a miss!

Mona Lisa stares at Romain totally underwhelmed.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(apologising)
Strictly off the record Ma'am I must state categorically that the idea was not mine.
(He looks around for a chair)
Could I perhaps sit down?

MONA LISA
(Saffron, points at a
couch)

Of course! Let me explain Mr. Lennox.
My art is all about Motion in
Perspective, meaning that perspective
changes when motion comes into play.
I can take a 3D High Definition image
of someone and then construct a
perfect life size copy of them that
you, at the touch of a button can make
appear at any time and any place. If
you read the works of Christopher
Westra, he states that Halographic
images are created electromagnetically
with our thoughts and are literally
made of matter which is so fine it
cannot be seen by the human eye. But
it is real! The matter is called
incipient matter and any structure
made of this fine matter will try to
reproduce itself in a physical form,
or denser matter. The incipient
matter will try to manifest in the
physical world.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(Putting his hand
in the air)
This is fascinating Ma'am but you lost
me soon after you said 'Of course!
It's way above my head space.(glancing
around the room at two other statues)
but if I read you correctly you can
take an image of somebody close and
dear to you and at the touch of a
button make them appear anywhere at
anytime?

MONA LISA
(Saffron)
Motion in Perspective will take that
3D image and sculptor a frame around
it with a pliable cement and oil
mixture that can stand as a statue in
your bedroom or patio and come alive
anytime you wish and of course, will
probably outlive you.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(curious)
So you can bring a deceased loved one
back to a life-like form as a static
three dimensional replica?

MONA LISA

Soon they will be able to walk around
and hold conversations with their
widow or widower, for that matter
there siblings as well.

ROMA opens the front panel of the statue.

MONA LISA (CONT'D)

(Saffron, shows him the
way in)

Let me show you how it works in
principle, just step inside the
wrought iron cast. I'm going to let
you get the feel of living in a
hologram, without any reference to
time and nights Mr Lennox. You look
frightened? Don't be afraid it'll
only take a minute, Remember Mr
Romain, if you allow fear into you,
you provide it with a base where it
will manifest itself!

17 INT. DIMLY LIT SCULPTURING ROOM. NIGHT.

17

Mona Lisa locks and bolts Romain into the statue.

18 INT. WROUGHT IRON STATUE. SCULPTURING ROOM. NIGHT.

18

The pitch dark interior envelopes Romain and the blackness
deepens and he has the sensation of falling. A small spotlight
flickers on and off intermittently He observes the pupils of
eyes gradually changing to a fiery red and he feels a rising
urge to scream. He is in a state of weightlessness and bangs
the walls of the statue, desperately trying to find oxygen for
his lungs as he free falls gagging, into a black bottomless
abyss.

Music Track: A lone drum solo with explosive rim-shots and the
jagged crashing of cymbals.

SFX: A Child being beaten screaming for help.

Romain's face is in total darkness with an intermittent
kaleidoscope of vivid flashes across his pupils blinding him.

SFX: Traumatized child whimpers and screams gets louder and
louder.

He feels his hands going lame as his feet turn into blocks of
ice, he is about to lose consciousness

SFX: levels of the child's screams get louder painfully
reverberating in his ears. Incoherent human voices and metallic
chatter.

Music: A lone intermittent drum solo.

ROMAIN LENNOX

I felt like my brain had been filled with nitric acid and set on fire, it was blinding, I was being jolted and thrown around in the statue as I became one with the visual horror, my physical form had changed shape, God help me! I had no control. Oh my God! I was holding back vomit and bile at the back of my throat. Suddenly from nowhere the power came to me. (Sweating and clinching my fists) Whoever you are stop beating the child, Hey! Are you listening, look at him at what you're doing to him?

CUT TO:

19

INT. A RUNDOWN BATHROOM. DERELICTED HOME. NIGHT.

19

Romain's (POV) A SILHOUETTED WOMAN and a traumatized crying and screaming little 10 year old boy.

ROMAIN LENNOX

Will you stop that and let him be, he's bleeding, look at what you've done for Godsake...let him fucking go.

A scowling unrecognizable woman's face with heavy acid burn't skin, looks at camera. She has no face.

SILHOUETTED WOMAN

What has it got to do with you don't you realise he'll fail because he's too smart for his fucking boots that's why.

YOUNG BOY

(Romain, 10 years bruised and bleeding)
I can build the tunnel I can do it.
Mamma I can do it! I can!

SILHOUETTED WOMAN

(Slapping the boy)
No you can't you're going to stuff up everything and you're going to die with them all, because you won't listen that's why! Get me and ya daddy a drink before I whip your ass again... Go on do it! Are you listening? Get out the fucking bath and get us a drink. Now this fucking minute.

Director's Note: There is a matched dissolve from the boy in the bath to Romain 46 years old crawling naked on the floor, begging for mercy. Romain 46 is lip-synced with the 10 year old's dialogue. Creating the effect that Romain is talking in his baby voice.

20 **INT. A RUNDOWN BATHROOM. DERELECT HOME. NIGHT.** 20

Romain (46) crawls towards camera.

 ROMAIN LENNOX
I'm freezing cold Mamma please don't!
You're hurting me! Please help me
somebody help me, I'm bleeding my
blood is eveywhere Mama! Stop!

21 **INT. WROUGHT IRON STATUE. DIMLY LIT SCULPTURING ROOM. NIGHT.** 21

SFX: Music distorted and manic

ECU: Romain's face.

 ROMAIN LENNOX
 (Hysterically beating
his chest)
Let him be Mamma, I am going to
die...yes look at me, take a close
look, it's Romain, me Romain Mamma I'm
the one who will die Mamma now let him
go, let him go! I will die!

22 **INT. A RUNDOWN BATHROOM. DERELECT HOME. NIGHT.** 22

 SILHOUETTED WOMAN
 (looking around
suspiciously)
Who the fuck are you? Who said
Romain? You are not Romain! Who are
you?

25 **INT. WROUGHT IRON STATUE. DIMLY LIT SCULPTURING ROOM. NIGHT.** 25

Mona Lisa's face fills the statue's open doorway as a badly traumatised Romain collapses into her arms.

 MONA LISA
 (Saffron, alarmed
expression)
Where's the fire Mr Lennox?

Mona Lisa leads a shivering Romain to a chair

ROMAIN LENNOX

I'm sorry it took forever, I couldn't
get out I was screaming I had to get
out of there...I was there for hours,
thank you!
I couldn't stand it any longer!

MONA LISA

Did you say you were there for hours
and couldn't stand it any longer...
Are you okay Mr. Lennox? You look like
shit and you were only in there for 15
seconds! I've only just put you in!
What happened?

Saffron's piercing eyes stare directly into his eyes without
blinking.

ROMAIN LENNOX

Please don't do that!

MONA LISA

Do What Mr Lennox?

ROMAIN LENNOX

Don't fucking stare at me! You're
trying to find me and you know that
I'm not here!

26

INT. BATEMAN, KAPLAN, ADVERTISING ASS. NIGHT'S LATER.

26

Hank Bateman Romain Lennox and the client Krause Astrofvinhoff
at the boardroom table. Hank is seated opposite Romain and a
well dressed visitor seated with his back to camera. KRAUSE
ASTROFVINOFF (Saffron) with a greying moustache smart pin
striped suit, polka-dot bowtie, a Panama hat rests on his knee.

ROMAIN LENNOX (V.O.)

This is the CHOMP SIZZLE BURGER
client. I was dreading this meeting.
Krause Astrofvinoff is a prick and
Hank Bateman is a weak 'yes' man.but I
had to attend.

KRAUSE ASTROFVINOFF

(Saffron, broken
English and a heavy Russian accent)

Lakeside Railways is the holding company for Sizzle and we have just invested another US \$200 Million into an expansion programme, more into the international market and we would like Bateman Kaplan to handle our entire portfolio. So how is your Russian Mr Lennox?

HANK BATEMEN

Romain speaks it fluently, Krause.

KRAUSE ASTROFVINOFF

Good I was hoping you would say that! The way forward now is for us to become the biggest and most efficient, (pointing a finger) healthy of course, international manufacturer of CHOMP SIZZLE BURGERS.

ROMAIN LENNOX

Are you aware that you don't have a Google identity yet Mr Astrofvinoff? Dare I say that your social awareness and 'top of mind' positioning is less than adequate. For example you're not on Instagram?

KRAUSE ASTROFVINOFF

I hate fucking Instagram Mr Lennox!

ROMAIN LENNOX

How can you say that Mr....?

HANK BATEMEN

Not now Romain! Krause has just arrived he's tired and jet-lagged!

ROMAIN LENNOX

I do believe that none of you including agency and client realise that Sizzle are not on Google or any social media and as an agency that has just been awarded the account, I feel it is our responsibility to advise and correct the error.

HANK BATEMEN

Oversight would be a more appropriate word than error Romain, will you fucking back off for a second.(suddenly angry) Krause is exhausted after his flight from the Ukraine, a yard of slack would be appropriate under the circumstances Romain!

ROMAIN LENNOX

Sizzle doesn't exist Hank! Not even in our agency. Don't you find that odd?

27

**INT. BATEMAN, KAPLAN, ADVERTISING ASSOCIATES.
BOARDROOM.ANOTHER NIGHT.**

27

Romain Lennox at his desk he is interrupted by Marshall Bennett Security and handyman.

MARSHALL BENNETT

I beg your pardon Sir. I'm putting your name up on your door, is Krause Astrofvinoff spelt with a C or a K?

ROMAIN LENNOX

Romain Lennox is my name.

MARSHALL BENNETT

Forgive me Sir! I've just taken Romain Lennox down because I have been instructed to replace it with Krause Astrofvinoff. Moscow CEO.CHOMP SIZZLE BURGER'S LAKESIDE RAILWAYS and CONFERENCE CENTRE. It's on instructions from the eighth floor Mr Astrofvinoff!

ROMAIN LENNOX

Please refrain from calling me Krause Astrofvinoff, there must be a mistake!

MARSHALL BENNETT

If you ever you find anything not being a mistake nowadays, let me know. (starting to whisper) this one's pretty rich though, I must admit, changing your name from Mr Lennox to Astrofvinoff without you knowing about? It's strange don't you think?

ROMAIN LENNOX

Can you advise me where my new office will be situated? It must be somewhere on the eighth floor?

MARSHALL BENNETT
 You don't have an office Sir!
 According to my instructions you're
 leaving the agency tomorrow night.

28

INT. THE COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. MERRYVALE DOWNS. NIGHT.

28

A masked WW Willbert Walker pours a draught beer. Romain
 Lennox is on the bar's landline trying to make himself heard.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 Hello Mrs Holdsworth thanks for taking
 my call. It's Romain Lennox Ma'am.

MRS HOLDSWORTH (V.O.)
 Oh Hello...I beg your pardon...Who?

ROMAIN LENNOX
 Romain Lennox Ma'am I'm one of your
 creative directors.

MRS HOLDSWORTH (V.O.)
 Oh! No I don't have any of those I'm
 afraid. The only director I have is
 Mr Bateman, a lovely fella!

ROMAIN LENNOX
 Mrs Holdsworth do you have a list of
 all your agency's clients?

MRS HOLDSWORTH (V.O.)
 Of course I do I'm in charge of all of
 them, it's a full time job you know Mr
 Lennard.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 You must surely know that one of your
 top accounts is the Sizzle Drive Thru
 Corporation, they are a massive food
 and beverage manufacturer and a leader
 in outlet franchising.

MRS HOLDSWORTH (V.O.)
 Are they really! I've never heard of
 them Mr Lennard. I'm scrolling
 through our client list as we speak
 (a long pause) Oh Lord, Dulcie
 Beaufort's got back on the list again,
 the Cow. Nope! No sizzle, no Chomp
 and no drive thru...They're not with
 us. Have you tried Google or
 Feetbook, Mr Lennard?

ROMAIN LENNOX

It's fucking Lennox! Lennox! Mrs Holdsworth and I have checked with Google and confirmed with Feetbook that there is no such company on their records. So Sizzle does not exist! Thank you for your time Mrs. Holdsworth.

MRS HOLDSWORTH (V.O.)

Hmmmm! Chomp Sizzle! Hmmmm!
Sizzle! Is it a porn site by any chance Mr Lennard? Did you know Captain Basil Compo my late husband? He used to look at a lot of that kinda stuff...there was one in particular that he...

Romain slams the receiver down cutting the call.

WILLBERT WALKER

You just found the widow of the week Mr Lennard!

ROMAIN LENNOX

(a finger up with a slight smile)
Don't you start with the Lennard shit...Capisce!

29

INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.

29

SFX: Howling wind and flashes of lightning.

Romain is slumped over his work station under a small reading lamp. His eyes scroll through Hank Bateman's media document. His cursor finds the Google icon and he types Sizzle in search. He frowns at the screen.

ROMAIN LENNOX (V.O.)

(inhaling his last hit off the mirror)
Come on! What do ya mean you can't find it...you are kidding me at 1.00am in the morning. I'm fresh out of keywords and you're bouncing everything back at me as negative Shit!

Romain's eyes scan Facebook, Linked In and Twitter.

ROMAIN LENNOX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I don't have any friends, especially, female friends but I enjoy their company every now and then.

(MORE)

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)

I like Saffron Leisher who is in the movie business down the street. She's fun...she's also a wardrobe designer and set dresser, I'm afraid of her because she's really beautiful and I'm scared that she might hit on me, and it might ruin something that could be so good. There is something kinda ominous and mystical about her (slight pause) I think she could be violent.

SFX: His mobile rings

ROMAIN LENNOX

Lennox!

SAFFRON LEISHER

(yawning in his ear)

I can't sleep.

ROMAIN LENNOX

You can't sleep and I can't find the biggest corporation in our country on the worldwide Web.

SAFFRON LEISHER

I was lying here thinking about you Mr. Lennox. You fascinate me in a strange kinda of way. You have a misty all encompassing aura that watches your back 24/7, which is quite a turn on for Moi! You're disconnected at times like your Wi-Fi's suddenly fucked.

ROMAIN LENNOX

From the feeling in my groin this moment you are definitely coming onto me...I'm being hit on! Could that be true Miss Leisher? Now hold it right there Ma'am only Sunday night's are scheduled for phone sex even if it is with the Mona Lisa, didn't you get the memo from my CEO? Besides I'm fresh outta dirty key words and I know they turn you on Mona!

SAFFRON LEISHER

Now that you mention your CEO, is he the guy planning the event?

ROMAIN LENNOX

That's him and with my anxiety and claustrophobic attack the other night, I forgot to ask you for a costing on the whole gig. Bateman, CEO Hank Bateman is the guy. He has to be turned into a magnificent life-size sculpture of himself, to keep his wife away. Only kidding!

SAFFRON LEISHER

(almost seductively)

How about this coming Friday evening? I have a television shoot the whole day and we wrap at about 10. I'll drop off the bid at your cottage!

30 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. THE STUDY. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 30

Romain is hunched over his laptop.

SFX: A distant metallic banging sound in an impending storm.

He glances at his wristwatch it is 1.00 pm. He checks the wall clock it is 10.30pm. He resets his wristwatch 10.30 pm.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(shouts)

Can you get the gate, it's been going on for an hour...Be a good sport! Maybe you can find out why that Goddam gate has been clanging and banging all night? I can't work and I have to finish this companies financial report.

31 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX BEDROOM. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 31

A naked Saffron Leisher lies on the bed in the guest bedroom with a portable voice recorder in her hand. (Seconds Later) She checks the time, waits about 30 seconds, then sends a missed call. She dresses in a hurry slips into a black jump suit and black balaclava. She laces up her combat boots.

SAFFRON LEISHER

(slightly curt as

she hurries to dress)

What did you ask me to do Mr.Lennox?

ROMAIN LENNOX

I'd like you to play the loving first date and find out why the gate is banging and we're not?

SAFFRON LEISHER

You must be kidding me, I'm butt naked
and it's freezing cold. They just told
me there's a real bad storm and icy
weather on it's way, so I'm not moving
my naked ass from this bed!

SFX: Wind howling and gate banging sound.

ROMAIN LENNOX (O.S.)

Do I take that as a no?

SAFFRON LEISHER

(pulling a Balaclava over
her head)

It's as sure as Jackie Kennedy buying
a Condo in Dallas?

32

EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.

32

Romain's POV torch in hand walks into the howling wind down to
Tiny Wharf. He stops in his tracks. The metal gate leading to
the Tiny Wharf walkway is missing. His eyes scan the darkness.

ROMAIN LENNOX

Where the fuck is my gate?

Romain walks down the path towards the boat house. He stops,
looking and listening. He turns and heads back to the cottage.
A hand grabs him around the throat from behind. Romain's elbow
connects the attacker in the stomach loosening his grip. A
HOODED FACE and Romain throw punches in the darkness crashing
against tables and chairs, finally falling through a thorny
hedge into a fish pond. Romain, now on top of his attacker
punches at the hooded face, when he feels a sharp pain in his
neck.

HOODED FACE

(whispers in a deep
voice. Voice Recognition Software)
Stay away from the tunnel it's bad for
your health! Now get off me!

The Hooded Face rolls Romain onto his back and watches him
gradually lose consciousness.

33

INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. BEDROOM. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.

33

Saffron returns to the bedroom. She strips down to nakedness
once more. She checks the damage to her face and her bleeding
nose.

HOODED FACE

(Saffron dabbing
lacerations and covering cuts with
make-up)

Fuck! for a wimp he throws a good punch!

34

EXT. TINY WHARF PATHWAY. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.

34

TWO HOODED FIGURES (silhouetted) work fast and in silence on Romain with gloved hand signals and medical instruments flaring under torch light. One of the HOODED FIGURES is missing an index finger.

SFX: Thunder and lightning with the buzzing of an electric drill.

The Hooded Figures (POV): A tiny drill cuts deep into Romain's flesh. Committed scalpels, obscure and bizarre shapes and out-of-focus images. Saffron pulls a wrap over her naked breasts as she walks towards the Hooded Group.

SAFFRON LEISHER
(mumbles anxiously
in broken English Russian)
You are taking too long, he'll be
coming around any minute.

HOODED FACE
(in Russian)
It is done...a perfect fit!

Saffron holds Romain's head as the Hooded Men collect their equipment.

SFX: Lightning and thunder, heavy rain

DISSOLVE TO:

35

EXT. TINY WHARF PATHWAY. TIBER RIVER. LATER THAT NIGHT.

35

Saffron holding a large umbrella covers Romain as he regains consciousness. She is on her haunches assisting him.

SAFFRON LEISHER
(false hysteria)
You were gone for so long!
I heard you shouting and crashing
through the furniture and stuff on the
patio! When I got here you were lying
out cold...I found this in your neck!

Her hand holds an empty syringe.

36

INT. ROMAIN LENNOX. COTTAGE. TINY WHARF. TIBER VALLEY. TWO NIGHTS LATER.

36

Romain is sitting on his double bed surrounded by ancient architectural drawings and sketches.

ROMAIN LENNOX (V.O.)
 My vacant and uninhabited soul was
 niggling at me like a bad itch and I
 decided to look into something that I
 knew nothing about, something I felt
 nothing for, an emotion I could not
 recognize but would bring me to tears
 without warning. Who was the child
 that I became that night?

CUT TO:

37

INT. ROMAIN LENNOX BEDROOM. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.

37

Romain is sprawled across his double bed surrounded by maps and
 architchual paraphernalia.

ROMAIN LENNOX (V.O.)
 (scrolls back and
 forth on his laptop)
 The railway line and station was
 constructed 80 metres below the water
 line in 1935. I'd been through nights
 of maps and illustrations from
 Wikipedia's Historical records, also
 through hours of tiresome
 architectural and mathematical audits
 from that period. What I did learn
 from my research thus far was that
 unbeknown to architects and
 technicians back then there was a
 serious defect in the structure of the
 subterranean 500 meter station roof,
 which was a world first because it lay
 50 meters below the surface, an
 oversight that was extremely
 dangerous...but why was I concerned,
 why did I give a shit at all?

38

EXT. THE COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. LATE NIGHT.

38

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS (Saffron) douses the lights of her
 Patrol Car at the rear of the darkened Cool Note Piano Bar.
 Patrolman Watkins, flashlight in hand pulls up her mask and
 heads towards the rear door. A PANEL VAN is parked under a low
 roof of an alcove near the back door. Her flashlight, from the
 side window lights up the contents of the vehicle. She
 observes Liquid Nitrogen containers and various embalming
 liquids along with cardboard boxes containing rolls of
 bandages.

38A

INT. THE COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. NIGHT.

38A

The Patrolman finds the back door of the Cool Note Piano Bar
 ajar. She moves through the building up a flight of stairs to
 the toilet area.

The Patrolman's (POV) The staircase leading to the store room.
She switches off her flashlight.

38B

INT. COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. UPSTAIRS STORE ROOM. NIGHT.

38B

Patrolman Watkins steps into a candlelit room, stacked with liquid nitrogen, powders and paraphernalia. Marshall Bennett and A YOUNG GIRL OF COLOR are drugged and asleep on a foam mattress on the floor, surrounded by spilt cocaine, mirrors and syringes. Patrolman Watkins notices a pair of bloodied feet protruding from behind a stack of boxes. She finds A BLOODIED CORPSE of a mature male wearing a medical gown and mask, with a ventilator attached to his oesophagus. Patrolman Watkins in anger kicks a wooden stool across the room that falls on top of Marshall Bennett and his one night stand. Marshall and Partner sit up rubbing their eyes, trying to focus through their drug haze.

MARSHALL BENNETT

What the goddamn hell is going on
here! Hey! Get the shit out...who
are you?

HOOKER ONE

(covers herself with a
bed cover)

Is she next Honeybun? You didn't tell
me nothing! Oh My God! It's a Cop.
(she punches Marshall) You doing a
trick with Cops, just how low can you
go?

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS

What are you doing with embalming
liquids Mister? You've got 5 seconds
to tell me before I blow your head
off.

MARSHALL BENNETT

Wait a minute! I'm an embalming
scientist officer, as God is my
witness I work for Perspective in
Motion in downtown Merryvale.

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS

That's bullshit Mister
and I'll tell you why
later!

MARSHALL BENNETT

(his hands together
in prayer)
As God is my witness I'm...

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS

Who's the corpse on the ventilator?

MARSHALL BENNETT

(Sweating profusely)

I bought it from a funeral home
Officer, \$5.00 it's part of a project
for my company. Honest to God Officer,
we embalm corpses in statues people
pay top dollar for the service.
(starts whispering) If you make as if
this whole thing didn't happen I can
give you some inside information on
the operation.

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS

Do you know that you're a dead man
Mister?

39

EXT. ST ALBAN'S CEMETERY. MERRY VALE ESTATE. FLOODLIT NIGHT 39

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON. Stands in a huddle at the graveside
consolling HOMICIDE DETECTIVE MILES BOLTON at the funeral of
his wife EUNICE. Reverend Harry Preston, his arm around a
distraught Miles Bolton strolls to the car park.

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON

It's tough Miles, today being the
culmination of all her pain and
suffering. It's been two weeks since
she died Miles, and you still don't
have the autopsy results. But your
consolation is that she's at peace in
the hands of The Lord where she is rid
of all her pain.

(hand on his shoulder)

If you need to talk my door is always
open to you my friend.

Miles moves quickly across the dimly lit parking area to his
Lexus standing under the only working floodlight. He sees
something moving near the drivers door. Miles ducks down and
moves quickly crouching up to his vehicle. A large Labrador Dog
tail wagging, is sitting at the drivers door.

MILES BOLTON

Who are you mister? Who do you belong
to, you are a beautiful big fella
ain't ya? Wow! Just look at you!
(glancing around the empty parking)
Where's your master? What can I call
you? (Miles sees a tag on his collar)
Whoaaa Okay sit still! Let's see who
you are huh?

Miles squints to read.

MILES BOLTON (CONT'D)
 Gonza! Is that right? Gonza is a cool name for such a wonderful Labrador specimen like you. Does Gonza shake hands? (patting his head)

Gonza barks at Miles, frantically wagging his tail. lifts his front paw onto Miles' shoulder.

MILES BOLTON (CONT'D)
 You've just made a friend for life Mr Gonza. Now let's try and find your real Pappy!

40

INT. ROMAIN LENNOX BEDROOM. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.

40

A dim bedside lamp throws light across the bedroom. Romain is scratching through his bedside drawer. He sorts through receipts, small change, bills, a smashed wrist watch with the time still showing 1.00 pm under the shattered glass. The time in fact he thought to himself. He picks up a .38 Colt Revolver lying next to a voice recorder. Romain places the revolver under his pillow, his finger accidentally presses the play back button on the recorder. He hears the recorded sound of a gate creaking and slamming. He listens intently trying to figure out why the sound was so familiar to him when suddenly a woman's voice on the tape shouts.

WOMAN ONE [AUDIO]
 You must be kidding me, I'm butt naked and it's freezing cold. They just told me there's a real bad storm and icy weather on it's way, so I'm not moving my naked ass from this bed!

Romain frowns and plays the recording again.

WOMAN ONE [AUDIO] (CONT'D)
 You must be kidding me, I'm butt naked and it's freezing cold. They just told me there's a real bad storm and icy weather on it's way, so I'm not moving my naked ass from this bed!

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (mutters under his breath)
 Saffron Leisher I do believe!

Romain switches the light off, moonlight fills the room. He's mind starts to race.

41

INT. THE PRIME CUT. AUDIO STUDIOS. MERRYVALE. NIGHT.

41

Hank Bateman, Joel Kaplan, Romain Lennox and Krause Astrofvinhoff crowd Studio 2. Romain is at the controls of the recording and mixing desk. Krause Astrofvinhoff the client is listening to a play back of a radio commercial for the inaugural opening of the 350th Chomp Hamburger Drive Thru. The speakers are vibrating and feet are tapping.

CHOMP JINGLE

Chomp Chomp Chomp Along The Highway
Chomp Chomp Chomp Will Set you FREE

VOICE OVER

With your first bite on a Chomp Sizzle
Burger with scrumptious dill pickle
fresh tomato and Ketchup...you'll be
hooked and visiting our new Sizzle
Drive Through on Aston Lane East in
Merry Vale. A Chomp sizzle burger
will set you free so you know who you
are!

CHOMP JINGLE

Chomp Chomp Chomp Along The Highway
Chomp Chomp Chomp Will Set you FREE!
So you know who you are!

HANK BATEMEN

(pointing)

Well we've heard 20 voice overs, what's
the consensus Guys. Who is the new
official corporate voice for Chomp
Sizzle Burger! I vote number 9

JOEL KAPLAN

Number 9.

KRAUSE ASTROFVINOFF

(Saffron)

Definitely number 9!

HANK BATEMEN

(clapping)

Romain Lennox congratulations.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(His hand in the

air at the control panel)

Whoaaa! Wait a minute guys I write
this stuff I don't do the voice as
well.

JOEL KAPLAN

Lennox your voice has been chosen out of a selection of 20 voices and you won...your voice has been selected. You were democratically voted in, there was no favouritism and it wasn't rigged.

KRAUSE ASTROFVINOFF

(Saffron)

(elated but deeply unemotional)
I will not accept any other voice, when all the members of the chomp Sizzle Burger organization hear your voice on the air waves Romain it's bound to be a standing ovation. you have a beautiful voice Herr Lennox.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(To Krause)

You must be carrying a huge wage bill and costs of amenities on 350 Drive Through's (pauses to calculate) With 15 staff per outlet that's around 5200 people?

KRAUSE ASTROFVINOFF

(Saffron)

It's exactly 350 staff members! Lennox and they work for nothing! They're robots if you get my drift?

Romain's face in shocked silence.

KRAUSE ASTROFVINOFF (CONT'D)

(Saffron, half smiling)

Virtual is Sexy! Mr Lennox.

42

INT. ROMAIN LENNOX BEDROOM. TIBER RIVER. TWO NIGHTS LATER. 42

A restless Romain turns over in his bed. HOMICIDE DETECTIVE MILES BOLTON sits alone in the moonlight in a leather high-back chair. Romain sits upright searching for his revolver. Romain scans the darkened room.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(Shouts aloud gun

in hand)

I know you're here somewhere! Who the fuck are you and what are you doing in my house?

Miles Bolton stares at Romain from the darkness.

MILES BOLTON

(Calmly)

I have been in your home on numerous occasions Mister Lennox. I know all your codes like the front door is Zero One 002879, the rear entry is CBT 879009 and your security camera's G777 You're a Jack Daniels and water drinker with two ice cubes, You do too much cocaine and only cut a line with a Mastercard. You prefer Fish and Chicken to red meat. You're never without Omega 3. You also drink Toffee which you discovered 8 years ago. It's a mix of tea and a dash of coffee with a half a teaspoon of white and brown sugar and of course lots of milk. Your ex wife, because of your tiny dick was fucking your best friend and you beat him up rather badly, I think you were charged with attempted murder...but got off because your file was misplaced (a long pause) Should I carry on I know all your banking details, account numbers and investments, oh by the way how is Plumbers Crack performing...a nifty little craft she is. Do you know that around the time you bought her from Frank Hines at Marine Blue, which has to be at least 15 years ago in the July, if I recall. You paid \$20 000 for her and I must be honest I thought you were ripped off by Frank...but I was wrong.

Romain pointing the revolver at Miles.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(menacingly)

Get the fuck outta my house before I kill you.

MILES BOLTON

For Godsake Lennox don't try and fire that gun, it's filthy it'll blow your fucking hand off. Didn't the British Army teach you how to keep a gun clean. Oh I'm sorry you look surprised, you see, I know you were in Iraq for a spell. Explosives and munitions if my memory serves me, but you were pretty good at it I have to admit, but alas you blew up the wrong house in Aleppo?

ROMAIN LENNOX

That it was classified information
Bolton?

MILES BOLTON

(He walks up to

Romain)

Oh! So I'm Bolton now am I? Actually
old son I'm Homicide Detective Miles
Bolton, Now that I find very strange,
I haven't divulged my surname so how
did you know? (pointing a finger at
him) You're not who you think you are
Lennox! You have super powers, do you
know that? (looking at him
disdainfully) No, I don't suppose you
do. I'm taking you on a trip to the
Wayside Railways Memorial Site and
Museum on Lake Tiber. I want to show
you who you are and what you're
getting yourself involved in.

ROMAIN LENNOX

It's old news mister! I know about
The Tiber Valley project. It's fake
news if ever I've heard! If the
tragedy did happen and I died in it,
how can I possibly be here a 100 years
later?

MILES BOLTON

You're not anywhere near here Mr
Lennox. Tuesday night. Please be on
time. I get on well with punctual
people.

EXT: GUN AND AMMUNITION SHOP. DOWNTOWN MERRYVALE. NIGHT.

Romain wearing a medical mask exits a gun shop, he is carrying
a long leather case and parcels. He pauses at a news stand to
read a news headline poster of the Tiber Valley Chronicle.

TIBER VALLEY CHRONICLE POSTER

Corona Virus alarms medical officials.
An overnight spike claims 800 victims
in the Tiber Valley, Merryvale
district. Hospitals overflow.

Romain gets into his car.

SFX: A loud buzzing sound in his head becoming intense and
painful.

Romain rests his head on the steering wheel with both thumbs
applying pressure to his temples.

A leather Heckler and Koch MR assault rifle holds pride of place next to him. Romain in agony sweating profusely, screams on the top of his voice and passes out on the horn of the vehicle.

SFX: Constant motor car horn turns into Romain's scream.

43 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX DINING ROOM. TIBER RIVER. NIGHTS LATER. 43

Romain prints out the last of the Wikipedia pages on the Tiger Valley disaster in 1935. He inhales his last line of cocaine and pours himself a Jack Daniels. ECU: Romain falls asleep on the couch.

44 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX BEDROOM. TIBER RIVER. LATER THAT NIGHT. 44

Romain wakes up in a terrified state his eyes search the darkness. not knowing what woke him. He slips out of bed and unsteadily picks up his rifle. He walks slowly checking each room nugging the door open with the barrel. Romain feels a strange force around him infiltrating his mind and soul. He is ice cold as he turns the lights off in the cottage and stands dead still in total darkness.

SFX: a ping on his mobile.

He opens it and in horror sees a picture of himself in his underpants in the corridor, with his rifle at the ready. The time on the cuckoo clock in the photograph is 3.00 at night Romain checks the time that the sms came in, it was 2.59 at night...one minutes ago. An ice cold chill travels down his spinal cord...there is someone in the cottage!

ROMAIN LENNOX
(under his breath)
What the fuck is going on?

45 INT.EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. KITCHEN. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 45

SFX: The kitchen door slams shut.

Romain bursts through the kitchen door into the back garden, standing silently amongst the trees, listening. He hears a noise and inserts a cartridge clip into the breach. Romain is sweating he has a seering pain that is growing in intensity at the base of his skull. He screams in pain and fires wildly into the darkness.

SFX: a human scream and then silence.

46 EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. KITCHEN. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 46

Romain stumbles through the pitch darkness. He switches on his torch.

SFX: The blood curdling scream of an injured person.

His torch picks up a small pool of fresh blood and a footprint, next to a few of his spent cartridge cases. Romain follows the blood trail until it runs out at the waters edge. He is on his haunches in the thick foliage when he sees a flashing light from a mobile phone lying in the grass.

He pockets the mobile and finds Joel Kaplan's bullet riddled body dangling on the bank of the river Tiber. His eyes pierce the pitch dark foliage.

SFX: A mobile phone rings briefly in his pocket, then stops.

Romain wraps his hand into a tissue and checks to see who it was. It was a missed call from Miles Bolton.

ROMAIN LENNOX (V.O.)

I was in excruciating pain, I was cold and speeding...Why was Miles Bolton calling Joel Kaplan hardly minutes after I'd killed him? My Paranoia had taken control of me and I started spinning again with a million schizophrenic images battering the back of my brain, bright lights blinded my judgement and integrity, I felt the last of my functional brain faltering with the stark realisation that I had killed Joel Kaplan.

Romain glances casually into the night as his boot pushes Joel's body into the river.

47

INT. THE PRIME CUT STUDIOS. ASTON LANE WEST. NIGHT.

47

Romain Lennox is alone at the audio mixing desk, running the final mix of the 10 second 'pull back' teaser television and radio commercials for the CHOMP DRIVE THRU launch campaign. Hank Bateman's smiling face appears at the small 'viewer window' next to the studio door. Romain is packaging and setting up an 'upload to Cloud' as two hands suddenly come to rest on his shoulders.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(startled, he yells)

What the fuck! Shit you almost scared me to death there Hank! I did it, you know I did it!

HANK BATEMEN

Did what...what are you talking about?

ROMAIN LENNOX

I err forgot to dump the jingle onto a flash card...I'm kinda bushed lately!

HANK BATEMEN

Hey! It's me Hank Bateman your advertising Pappy here. I better get you a crate of Ritalin fella, you're nerves are fucked my son!.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(high-fiving Hank)

I am sorry! I'm under a bit of pressure here with the launch Hank(breathing deeply) You surprised me and scared the shit out of me at the same time!

HANK BATEMEN

(dancing with himself)

I was in the boardroom a couple of suites down the corridor and I heard these incredible sounds of CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP ALONG THE HIGHWAY.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(almost smiling)

Thank's Hank, don't be late for the big event! I'll buy you a beer after the show, I'm almost done with Cloud?

HANK BATEMEN

(dancing with Romain)

CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP I'm in the crap with Trish in any case, who sends you lots of love by the way? (pauses briefly) Hello! Lennox are you humping my wife?

ROMAIN LENNOX

I'll meet you at The Cool Note. I have to clear security before I leave!

HANK BATEMEN

(suddenly serious)

Is that a gag? What security Lennox? We've never had any security at Bateman Kaplan! Oh Boy! Are you stressed babe.

47A

INT. THE COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. MERRYVALE LATER THAT NIGHT. 47A

Romain's eyes scan the room looking closely at the strange gathering of faces, most of them behind face masks. The Bar is peppered with couples and singles trying to hook up on inane conversation are sitting a meter between them. Romain, Hank Bateman and Willbert Walker, raise a toast to life' Romain addresses the group.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (Trying to smile)
 Merryvale is getting smaller by the
 day, who hasn't met who yet?
 (To Bateman)
 Hank Bateman senior partner in KAPLAN
 and BATEMAN do you know WW?.

HANK BATEMAN
 (standing with his
 drink to WW)
 Nope! Can't say I do. Nice to meet
 you WW!

WILLBERT WALKER
 (to Bateman)
 Howdy!

Hank Bateman scans the guests.

HANK BATEMAN
 Has anybody seen Joel Kaplan?

ROMAIN LENNOX (V.O.)
 (a disconnected
 expression)
 I felt a pain in my chest as I
 recalled nudging Joel's body into the
 Tiber.

SFX: Vibrant, Brassy and Loud music fills the room.

Saffron in a revealing short skirt and high heels strolls up to
 the bar as the room becomes silent. She slides seductively onto
 a bar stool.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (raising a glass to
 Saffron)
 Does everybody know our famous movie
 make-up and special effects artist, as
 well our very own internationally
 acclaimed holographic exponent,
 Saffron Leisher.

SAFFRON LEISHER
 (with a lackluster
 wave)
 Hi everybody!

SFX: The crash of a giant Buddhist Gong.

PONG YEN A spectacular looking Chinese woman in black tights
 and knee high boots appears from behind WW on the other side of
 the bar.

PONG YEN

(in a Karate stance)

At last I've got the bitch, Tonight I
will kill her!

Saffron charges at PONG who is now on top of the bar counter, summersaulting kicking Pong in the chest. Pong screams aloud as she performs a double summersault into WW's arms. Saffron comes up from the other side as Pong grabs a tray stacked with bottles and glasses. Pong hits Saffron in the face with the tray. Saffron screams and falls backwards through large glass interleading doors. Saffron stunned recovers immediately and dives through the shattered glass doors into the arms of Pong. They wrestle on the floor. We see Hank Bateman slow-clapping turning to address the entire bar. Saffron and Pong take a bow.

HANK BATEMAN

(clapping louder
and faster)

Ladies and Gentlemen, A big hand
please to Saffron and Pong Yen the
stars of the launch of our television
commercials for the delicious CHOMP,
SIZZLE BEEF BURGERS.

Saffron and Pong take another bow. ECU ON: Saffron.

SAFFRON LEISHER

I'm Saffron and this is my lover Pong
Yen! Well, that is in the commercials
only folks, (winking at the audience)
You can't get that lucky in one day
can you now?

HANK BATEMAN

You will also notice that although
this place looks a mess. Believe it
or not nothing was broken in this
brawl because all the glasses and
cutlery were made out of sugar glass
folks, which was the brain child of
our special effects lady Saffron and
you will notice that all the blood,
bruises and injuries were faked as
well...there ain't a scratch on either
of them.

WILLBERT WALKER

(cheering)

Another big hand to the ladies and to
CHOMP BEEF SIZZLE BURGERS.

SFX: Cheering and raucous whistling.

People mingle and leave with frenetic cuts of audience reaction.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TINY WHARF. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 49

SFX: Landline ringing.

Romain unsteady with parcels walks towards his front door as he hears the phone.

CUT TO:

50 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TINY WHARF. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 50

Romain drops the parcels as the phone stops ringing. He flops onto the couch.

SFX: His work station beeps and crackles and comes alive.

An image of a freezing Miles Bolton appears on Skype.

MILES BOLTON
(pointing the camera
out of the window)
You'll never guess that it's shitting
down tons of snow here in Moscow right
now Lennox!

Romain cuts a line of coke with his credit card.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(snorting)
I'm just fine Miles thanks for asking.
When are you coming back?

MILES BOLTON
(noticing the coke)
For Chrissake Lennox are you still
playing around with that shit?

ROMAIN LENNOX
(finishing the line)
You couldn't guess the shit I've been
through since you went outta town!
Both chemically and physically. I'm up
to my ass in the shit going on around
me Bolton, I'm quitting and leaving
town. This bubble is about to burst
Miles...are you fucking listening.

MILES BOLTON

(shouting)

Sure thing Lennox you do just that and I'll come and pick up your corpse from the kerbside and guess what? It'll be wrapped in bubble pack and you'll have a big C dangling of your toe. Covid 19 victim 234875. Thank God I won't be allowed to see your sorry ass drop into some reeking Corona virus coated mass grave. Don't think about what war you're taking on and who the enemy is until I get back Lennox...and lock every door because I can get in!

51 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TINY WHARF. TIBER RIVER.NIGHT. 51

Directors Note: This sequence will be edited in slow motion to depict many darts landing on a dart board as camera tracks backwards into a wide shot of Romain throwing the darts.

SFX: Electronic flight of a dart plunking into the board.

Romain throws a feathered dart at a dart board. A REVERSE ANGLE POV: Romain aiming and throwing another dart.

SFX: Electronic flight of a dart 'plunking' into the board.

Romain deep in thought, tapping the feathers of a dart against his lips.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 INT. A DIMLY LIT ROOM. A RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 52

Three Window Dummies fully costumed made up of a Russian businessman with a greying moustache, a smart pin striped suit, polka-dot bowtie and hat. A clown's outfit and an airline pilot's uniform. MARILYN MONROE wearing gloves is dusting down the Russian's outfit, she removes the bowtie and rolls the prosthetic face off the head of the Russian gentleman, revealing the blank face of a window dummy.

53 EXT. A SIDE ROAD. ASTON LANE EAST. MERRYVALE. NIGHT. 53

SFX: A Woop Wooping Sound.

A Black and White Patrol Car, blue lights flashing signals to a Lexus Sedan to pull over. Romain Lennox's POV watches the Patrol Car stop.

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS.

Please pull over Sir!

ROMAIN LENNOX
What the hell for Officer?

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
Please pull over and get out the car.
At the moment you'll notice I'm being
quite pleasant Sir!

54

EXT. A SIDE ROAD. ASTON LANE EAST. MERRYVALE. NIGHT.

54

The Lexus stops with the Patrol Car directly behind it.
PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS hand on gun approaches. ROMAIN'S POV:
(through the rear view mirror) Patrolman Watkins walking
slowly.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(getting out his car)
I don't get it Officer!

Patrolman Watkins removes her crash helmet.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)
(shocked at what he
was seeing)
My God! What the fuck are you up to
now Saffron Leisher?

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
(Saffron, pulls a toy gun
from her holster)
I'm a deadly accurate secret agent and
I'm on my second of a three day shoot
on a commercial Mr Lennox. The money
is good and I'm living out my fantasy
by driving a 'prop' patrol car which is
actually a Volkswagen engine in a Ford
Fairlane body, with fenders, hoods and
flashing blue lights that fall off
continuously. Just like Autumn leaves
in Central Park. So don't push me
mister and look out, because I'm a
muthafukka badass cop!...Hello Romain!
Why aren't you wearing your protective
mask I can bust your ass for that
Mister Lennox.

DISSOLVE TO:

55

INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. LATER THAT NIGHT.

55

Patrolman Elise Watkins in uniform holding a beer is sitting
across from Romain.

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
 (Saffron, in shock)
 So don't tell me, you actually met
 Krause Astrofvinoff in the flesh?

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (rolling his eyes)
 He's well-dressed flashy, I think he
 could be gay! I wasn't terribly
 responsive in the meeting because
 nobody was listening to what I was
 saying, they kept changing the subject
 like I wasn't fucking there. I wanted
 to scream and hurl the coffee machine
 through the window, to get someone's
 attention.

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
 (Saffron, a pause
 for thought)
 How did Krause react when he heard
 there is no trace of Sizzle anywhere
 across the media?

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (a long pause)
 He tried to get around it by tediously
 explaining to me that the holding
 company Lakeside Railroads had
 recently invested \$200 million in
 Sizzle. In order to create that
 exotic 'virtual' image they'd
 purchased a massive penthouse on the
 12th floor of the Bermuda Mist a 4000
 passenger cruise liner.(shaking his
 head in disbelief) Krause's
 explanation for not having an identity
 or be found in any kind of media was
 quote from Krause: 'It is sexy to be
 virtual.'

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
 And chaos brings Changes!

ROMAIN LENNOX
 How did you know that?

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
 You've just told me.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (continues)
 Krause believes that the bigger the
 organization the freer it should be
 by being in a permanently virtual
 state.

(MORE)

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)

So it makes sense for their
headquarters to be running their empire
from a monolith of a luxury liner.
Making billions in perpetual motion
and never being in the same location
twice.

DISSOLVE TO:

56

INT. ST ALBAN'S CHURCH. MERRYVALE. WEEKS LATER. NIGHT.

56

The Reverend Harry Preston is on the phone.

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON

It took a lot guts for me to make this
call Miles (hesitating) I feel bad
especially because it's so early in
your bereavement.

MILES BOLTON (O.S.)

Whatsup Harry? I'm improving every day
it seems, (pausing briefly) Maybe
that's pushing it a bit, by saying
that, but it feels like I'm improving
all the time is what I should rather
say. How can I help?

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON

You said if I needed someone to talk
to, you did offer me your shoulder.

MILES BOLTON (O.S.)

Anytime. Like I said What's up?

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON

It's Gary!

MILES BOLTON (O.S.)

Again?

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON

He's been lying to me. He said he was
quitting heavy drugs and hookers and
the rest of the dark decadence that he
revolves in. He's stealing money from
me to feed his habit and simply making
my life a hell, I have to get him
outta the crap he's got himself into.
As you know, three years ago he killed
Grace in that level crossing accident.
He was in such a drugged up state that
he never saw the train. I will never
forgive him for killing the only love
in my life Miles. Grace was a good
women and he killed her...

MILES BOLTON (O.S.)
 (Miles interjects
 suddenly)
 Harry! Harry! Listen to yourself,
 this is not you, you're heading for
 some kind of breakdown, if you let
 this kid get the better of you. What
 has he done now...currently, I mean?

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
 (pulling himself
 together)
 He hasn't been home for three nights
 and I know what he's doing.

MILES BOLTON (O.S.)
 (reassuring)
 It's only the second night
 Harry...He's not a child any longer.
 Relax willya?

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
 (worried)
 I know, I know, I tell other people
 the same story every day of my life
 but when it happens to you and it's
 your child. None of the standard
 cliché's work.

MILES BOLTON (O.S.)
 (Giggling to himself)
 Just listen to you! You've just used
 the oldest cliché in the book. 'When
 it happens to you...'
 (sympathetically) As they say in the
 drug world Harry, just chill and let
 your socks dry willya! He'll step
 through the door any minute now. Give
 me a call when he does...so I can
 chill as well.

57

INT. THE COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. LATE NIGHT.

57

Willbert Walker in his electric wheelchair atomises under his
 mask as he delivers a double scotch on ice to Hank Bateman
 someone sitting in a darkened corner area at the end of the
 bar.

HANK BATEMAN
 (prolonged mumbling in
 his glass)
 So you need two weeks?

WILLBERT WALKER
 (looking around)
 Why are you whispering, there's nobody
 here but us.

HANK BATEMAN
 So it's two weeks then?

WILLBERT WALKER
 On the button two weeks.

HANK BATEMAN
 What's with the mask?

WILLBERT WALKER
 What mask?

HANK BATEMAN
 (irritated)
 The mask! The mask! Do you believe
 in this covid-19 shit?

WILLBERT WALKER
 (angrily)
 I didn't believe that helicopters
 could crash until I lost both my legs
 in one...so I wear the fucking mask!

HANK BATEMAN
 (A prolonged pause)
 So we take him out in two weeks?

WILLBERT WALKER
 (irritated)
 Jesus! How many times must I say
 it...two weeks on the button!

57A

57A

58

INT/EXT MILES BOLTON. COTTAGE. DINING ROOM TABLE. NIGHT.

58

Detective Miles Bolton is seated at his laptop.

SFX: A car pulls up and a yelping dog.

Miles Bolton walks to the window and pulls back the curtain.

Directors Note: The following two intercut sequences are filmed in low light with blurred and out of focus shots of the erotica and violence. There are long dissolves where Miles Bolton and Reverend Harry Preston at the cottage mix into Gary Preston, Saffron Leisher and Reverend Harry Preston in the warehouse.

Miles Bolton (Over Shoulder) POV: Reverend Harry Preston and GONZA his son GARY'S Labrador approach the front door.

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

59 INT MILES BOLTON. RIVER COTTAGE. THE LOUNGE. NIGHT. 59

 REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
 (sits on the couch
 with Gonza)
 Gonza! You're incorrigible...behave
 yourself and sit still... there's a
 good Dog. I hope I'm not disturbing
 you Miles I was in your area, I
 thought I would pop in and say hi.

SFX: Gonza barks hysterically.

60 INT. A DIMLY LIT ROOM. A RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 60

SFX: Muffled giggling with violent whipping from the darkness.

A Naked Woman straddles A Naked Man chained and handcuffed to
an ornate double bed.

 WOMAN ONE
 (Agitated
 points at his penis)
 Oh Boy! The big time gigolo lover boy
 that doesn't look like he's gonna make
 another round Honey child!

SFX: GONZA still barking.

DISSOLVE TO:

61 INT DETECTIVE MILES BOLTON. RIVER COTTAGE. THE LOUNGE. 61
 NIGHT.

Miles and Harry watch a disturbed and traumatised Gonza
pulling against his leash.

 MILES BOLTON
 (standing)
 Can I get you a coffee or a cup of
 tea?

 REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
 I'll pass on that one thank you
 kindly. Sit still Gonza!

 MILES BOLTON
 He's pretty traumatised for a trained
 Lab Harry don't you think?

 REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
 I been taking him to Gary's old
 haunts, like Bert's Bar and Massage
 down the end of Wentworth Lane.
 (MORE)

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON (CONT'D)

He goes real crazy chomping at the bit, especially in some of the 'black room cubicles' where Gary used to do his obscene stuff. He goes berserk and crazy at the Mona Lisa Holographic studio where they have wrought iron life size statues. I can't take him there any more he's too crazy, there's something in the chemicals that get's him crazy.

MILES BOLTON

...and still no leads?

DISSOLVE TO:

62

INT. A DIMLY LIT ROOM. A RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

62

A Naked Woman straddles the Naked Man chained and handcuffed to the bed. WOMAN ONE: Pushes a syringe into the main artery of Gary Preston's arm. A plastic spoon pushes cocaine into his mouth and nostrils.

SFX: GONZA barking hysterically.

WOMAN ONE

(slaps his face)

Come on no good fucking lover, don't quit on me now I'm just getting going Adonis Babe and I have to earn my fee, or your Reverend Daddy will be real pissed.

DISSOLVE TO:

63

INT/EXT DETECTIVE MILES BOLTON. COTTAGE. NIGHT.

63

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON

Gonza! Behave yourself and sit still... there's a good Doggie. I hope I'm not disturbing you Miles.

SFX: Gonza barks.

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON (CONT'D)

I know in my heart Miles...God has taken him from me.

MILES BOLTON

How can you say that! Ever since he's disappearance you've been believing that he's been murdered! Why are you believing that, you have no reason to think like that Reverend?

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
I've never believed he's been murdered
Miles, God can take him away in many
different ways.

MILES BOLTON
What did the police say? Have they got
back to you yet, MerryVale is a
village Reverend, everybody knows
everybody someone must have seen him?

DISSOLVE TO:

64 INT. A DIMLY LIT ROOM. STUDIO TWO. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 64

A naked Woman One punches the almost unconscious guy in the face.

WOMAN ONE
(Snorting a line of
cocaine)
The party's only started...This is
really good shit your Daddy's laid on
us Babe.

Gary's Face, eyes roll back, blood pours from his nose.

DISSOLVE TO:

65 INT/EXT MILES BOLTON. RIVER COTTAGE. DINING TABLE. NIGHT. 65

Reverend strokes Gonza in silence.

MILES BOLTON
(Leaning towards
Reverend)
Well! What did they say?

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
They said that they might have a clue
and they'll get back to me. Somebody
saw him.

MILES BOLTON
Who saw him Harry?

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
I've taken up enough of your time
Miles, I better be off I have to feed
this monster

SFX: Gonza whining and yelping.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 INT. A DIMLY LIT ROOM. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT. 66

A back view of a pair of boots with a long wide black leather coat hanging just above the ankles. Reverend Harry Preston's face. The Naked Woman checks Gary's pulse as his heart stops.

SFX: loud footsteps approaching the bed.

WOMAN ONE

(rolls off his body)

He's fucked Reverend, you just missed
a star performance of your boy overdosing!

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON

(Whispering in Gary's
ear)

I warned you, you little son-of-a-bitch. I said if I caught you doing drugs and messing with street whores, I would kill ya and you didn't Goddam listen... you lied, you told me you quit! You were driving the truck when you were drunk, she was your passenger Look at you now! You drove your mother into her grave! (looking to heaven) Thank you God that he wasn't my son!

FADE OUT:FADE IN

67 INT. A DIMLY LIT ROOM. A RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 67

Woman One moves through rows of hanging wardrobe and costumes. She glides across patches of dim light along the row around a wrought iron and concrete life size statue. [In silhouette] Her hand carries a trowel of damp cement that she spreads across the statue. She wears a blonde Marilyn Monroe wig and a garish G-String costume with a sun flower beach towel draped over her shoulder. Woman One semi-naked is rubbing her body against the wet cement of the statue.

WOMAN ONE

(Breathing abnormally

slightly asthmatic)

You are a figure of spell-bound
beauty my Adonis, my Roman God and now
you are mine. (Her voice becomes
deeper and more like the Bronx) You're
a badass son of a bitch Adonis baby!
But you and I did party some... And
now in eternity you belong to me!

(MORE)

WOMAN ONE (CONT'D)
 (back to perfect English) Gary Preston
 my Adonis, you are the son of a Holy
 Man how dare you exploit the fruits of
 a beautiful woman's body like
 mine...and all this before your God.

Woman One opens the wire hatch of the statue's head, she stares at the battered face of a man's corpse, embalmed in the statue. As she blows Gary Preston a goodbye kiss.

SFX: A loud knock on the studio door.

Saffron appears from the darkness and moves stealthily to the studio door and listens.

68 **EXT. A DIMLY LIT ROOM. A RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE. MINUTES LATER. 68**

Reverend Preston is standing with a large box at his feet. He looks around and knocks again.

69 **INT. A DIMLY LIT ROOM. A RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE. NIGHT 69**

Saffron (On her knees) Sees a long black cloak and a pair of men's shoes, back lit under the door. She picks up a sharp industrial metal pitch-fork and waits. Saffron waits her face in shadow.

SFX: The sound of a box pushed against the door, 15 seconds later receding footsteps.

70 **EXT. THE SIDE DOOR. STUDIO TWO. A RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE. NIGHT. 70**

A single lamp flickers over the side door. Saffron opens the door, She looks left and right and tears the paper revealing stacks of \$100 Dollar bank notes.

71 **INT. BATEMAN, KAPLAN, ADVERTISING ASS. BOARDROOM. NIGHT. 71**

Romain Lennox is scrolling through files on the company main frame computer when something captures his attention. PREMIER STOCK INVESTMENT COMPANY- Strategic Plan- DVD Video Presentation. Ref No: 873.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 **INT. DARKENED CORRIDOR. BATEMAN, KAPLAN, ADVERTISING. NIGHT. 72**

Romain moves quickly down the unlit corridor, using the light from his phone to locate the Video Library. He battles to read the security code as he reaches the last glass door in the blackened passageway.

ROMAIN LENNOX
Gotcha, this is it.

Romain heads for a wall of DVD's panning his phone across the reference numbers. He finds DVD NO: 873. Romain pulls the DVD out and checks the label. It's the Premier Stock Presentation. Romain turns in the darkness and is head-butted by someone in the pitch black room.

SFX: Romain's phone and DVD drop onto the floor.

He throws a punch it connects and he hears the bridge of a nose shatter, unable to see but with incredible speed, he follows up with a powerful karate kick. Romain throws another punch in the same direction...it misses, he hears a scream of agony and a crash as somebody drops to the floor.

SFX: A man groaning in pain.

He picks up his phone and turns the torch on. Marshall Bennett is lying semi-conscious on his back bleeding.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)
(grabs him)
Who are you?

MARSHALL BENNETT
Fuck! Mr Astrofvinoff my balls! Shit!

ROMAIN LENNOX
I'm m not Astrofvinoff, I'm Lennox!
Who are you and what the fuck are you
doing here at this hour?

MARSHALL BENNETT
Help me up! I'm the handyman and late
shift security. I was doing my last
security check for the night, I heard
a noise...and here I am on my ass.

ROMAIN LENNOX
I need to scan through a DVD of a
company presentation Mr Bennett, where
are the DVD players kept?

MARSHALL BENNETT
Are you crazy at 1.00 o clock at
night?

ROMAIN LENNOX
Where can I find a DVD player?

MARSHALL nursing his crotch, leads the way switching on lights
as they go.

CUT TO:

73 **INT. BATEMAN AND KAPLAN. DARK CORRIDOR. DVD ROOM. NIGHT.** 73

Romain and Marshall enter the viewing room

MARSHALL BENNETT

(Groaning)

This is the viewing room I'll set up
the DVD.

ROMAIN'S face appears from the darkness, lit by the flicker of frames from the presentation video. That began with a boardroom table surrounded by 12 people. Romain (role-played by Saffron) standing at a single podium at the end of the table.

Director's Note: In the following sequence Romain's voice presentation will be pre-recorded and mimed by Saffron who is roll-playing Romain under his prosthetic face and doctored voice recognition software.

Romain's face in the viewing room is frowning with an expression of shock and horror which almost in an instant, turns to pride and inspiration as he witnesses himself doing an impressive, powerful and articulate presentation.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(Staring intently)

I couldn't believe what I was seeing,
there I was doing one of the most
powerful and riveting presentations to
12 mezzmerised clients. I shivered
from a rash of icicles that enveloped
my body from head to toe... It wasn't
me delivering the pitch, it was
somebody else with my soul and
identical voice standing at the
podium, he was roll-playing me.
I never conceptualized or wrote the
presentation, but what horrified me
the most was the wardrobe I was
wearing was hand picked from my
wardrobe at the cottage. Who had
entered my cottage and selected an
outfit of my favourite items, the
exact wardrobe that I would have
chosen...and who was that wearing my
clothes?

CUT TO:

74 **INT. BATEMAN, KAPLAN, ADVERTISING ASS. BOARDROOM. NIGHT.** 74

Romain (Saffron) ends the meeting to the sound massive
applause.

SFX: Applause becoming louder.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (eyes scanning the
 meeting)
 I would like to add before we
 adjourn.(his hands retraining the
 applause)
 You have trusted Bateman and Kaplan
 with your entire portfolio of brands
 and we, as custodians of every single
 one of your scintillating and
 motivational products, are humbled and
 honoured by your trust.

CUT TO:

75 **INT. BATEMAN, KAPLAN, ADVERTISING ASS. LADIES ROOM. NIGHT. 75**

Saffron is stripping down while Marilyn Monroe removes the
 voice box and Romain's prosthetic face from Saffron's head.

MARILYN MONROE
 (kisses Saffron)
 You were fucking wonderful Darling...a
 flawless performance!

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

76 **INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. ONE NIGHT LATER. 76**

Romain is on the phone.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (snorting the last
 stash)
 The log cabin? Is it available this
 week. I have to get away for a couple
 of days.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)
 What's she like?

ROMAIN LENNOX
 Hey! Cheeky shit whaddoya mean by
 What's she like? Respect! My Man! I
 was a sniper in Baghdad when you were
 in your Dad's bag.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)
 (a Texas drawl)
 Well I figured if you're getting laid
 on my Coya mattress and rusty springs
 I'd like to fantasize what her ass
 looks like...

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (interjecting)
 Hey Kiddo! Why don't you get yourself
 one of them ISIS sex dolls...they blow
 themselves up, you fucking little
 Wimp!

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)
 (disinterested)
 Gimme dates?

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (counting in his head)
 I'll be in this Friday night Leave the
 key in the mailbox.

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

77

INT. THE COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. MERRYVALE DOWNS. NIGHT.

77

Willbert Walker in his wheelchair moves down the side of the
 bar straightening chairs and picking up trash. Romain sips a
 bourbon. Romain's fingers tap at his keyboard.

WILLBERT WALKER
 (looking up at Romain)
 Are you eating...the kitchens shutting
 down and the last table is leaving?

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (thinking)
 I've got a cheese burger you made me
 last night. I've been saving it for a
 moment such as this WW. I'll pass...
 hit me with another double!

WILLBERT WALKER
 (Scratching his
 chin under his mask)
 This is your third double Mister, you
 ain't eating and you're driving. It's
 eat and drink or nothing! Besides, I
 don't have a suit to wear for your
 funeral.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 Okay! Give me my tab and I'm out of
 here!

Willbert glides away from Romain, he suddenly turns the
 wheelchair around and comes back.

WILLBERT WALKER

(irritated)

What the fuck is it with you? You come in here every day of your life, you talk to nobody, you don't eat and you drink too much. You should see your face mister it not a good one to look at. You're so Goddam unhappy ...lighten up Kiddo! (moves in closer) Do you wanna talk to me? I personally think for your sake you should. I got big ears and the bourbons on ice!

DISSOLVE TO:

Title on screen:

TWO HOURS LATER.

78

INT. THE COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. MERRYVALE DOWNS. NIGHT.

78

ROMAIN LENNOX

(Emotional and on

his third double)

I feel transparent WW, I feel that people are humouring me and can't wait for me to finish what I'm saying so they can disregard everything I've said. I feel like a child they're ready to send to bed so the grownups can talk freely. I want to kill people WW, because they're dismissing my soul and everything I represent, my inner core and every fucking ounce of my integrity. I want to jump in front of a moving train because I know that it will drive through me without harming me, without drawing any blood. Why? Because I don't fucking exist, I don't take up any space in my life. I'm an empty warehouse that keeps filling up with tons of overwhelming nothingness.

WILLBERT WALKER

(A long pause)

There's a whole piece of you missing, Mister there are passages of stuff that has happened to you that you can't even think about, blocks of memories, and sometimes pain and discomfort that you can't even remember because it was so painful.

ECU: Romain stares at Willbert.

ROMAIN LENNOX

Where did you learn all this shit? Are you a Tarot reader or what? If you're so cool Why are you working at serving booze to drunks and hookers?

WILLBERT WALKER

I love your instant observations about me Mister...Thanks for the bundle of all three insults in one go. I don't read Tarot, I find drunks whores and junkies fascinating if I have the time and hookers? Well, they blow the foam off my beer!

ROMAIN LENNOX

(Leaning in closer)

I do believe you're shitting me! What's with the face mask? Do you believe in all this Covid pandemic shit going around huh?

WILLBERT WALKER

(Ignores the remark)

I was an industrial physiologist, graduated at Melitopol State Pedagogical University in the Ukraine. I had a helicopter crash, it caught fire and I inhaled a shit load of toxic gas and now I have really dangerous heart condition. I also lost the use of both legs and here I am in my twin turbo wheelchair.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(stands up unsteadily)

Thanks for the ear.

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

79

INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. KITCHEN. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.

79

Romain awakes amidst an untidy and disorderly kitchen loaded with unwashed dishes and cutlery. He is unsteady on his feet, as he takes a cold beer from the refrigerator. He sees smoke rise from a broken toaster. A piece of mouldy bread pops out with 'They know what you're doing...don't' written in a shaky red handwriting. The cuckoo clock door opens and a headless cuckoo on a rusty spring screeches. 'They know what you're doing don't! 'They know what you're doing...Don't!

SFX: a knock on the front door.

Romain grabs his rifle and creeps towards the door

ROMAIN LENNOX
Who is it?

VOICE AT DOOR
Express D H L delivery Mr Lennox!

Romain fighting dizziness yanks the door open.

Romain (the 10 year old boy) from the filthy bathroom nightmare stands covered in crawling maggots, Smiling he pulls a hunting knife from behind his back.

SFX: Manic dis-illusional music and a human scream.

He plunges the knife into Romain's chest again and again. Romain drops the rifle and falls backwards, sliding down the cottage wall. Romain is lying on his back. Young Romain wipes crawling maggots out of his eyes.

YOUNG ROMAIN
(leans forward
drooling on Romain's face)
They know what you're doing...DON'T!
You saved us from our mother... I'll
try to help you if I can.

FADE OUT\FADE IN

80 **INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. LATER THAT NIGHT. 80**

Romain is sitting up against the wall with a gaping wound in his chest. he glances around. He feels no pain as he buttons up his shirt, there is no blood anywhere. He battles to stand up, he feels ice running through his veins realizing that his heart has stopped.

SFX: The buzzing in his ears gets louder and becomes like tearing metal.

Romain clutches his head, he is dizzy. He screams like a dying Buffalo, and punches the walls and shelves of the kitchen smashing rows of glasses and cutlery.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(screams aloud)
Oh My God! My neck, the pain!

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

81 **INT. WAYSIDE RAILWAYS. MEMORIAL HALL. TIBER VALLEY. NIGHT. 81**

Miles Bolton and Romain are surrounded by blue prints, maps, old photographs, and torn pencil sketches.

MILES BOLTON

(comparing a drawing
and photograph of the horizon)
Look straight ahead, check the gap
between that small hill and the cliff
face. That's where the tunnel was.

ROMAIN LENNOX

It's taken from a long way away, it
looks derelict and badly rundown. What
are those pillars jutting out the
water.

MILES BOLTON

That's what's left of the Wayside
Railways. It was an extremely
ambitious steam train built by the
Germans, the plan being that it would
leave the state of MerryVale (pointing
at the pillars) At that point there it
would go into a tunnel and travel
underwater for 10 kilometers, finally
exiting in the Tiber Valley Estates.
It would cut out a 50 Kilometre road
trip.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(A puzzled look)
Wait a minute! Wayside Railways
that's a new account Bateman and
Kaplan have just pitched on and
acquired.

MILES BOLTON

(laughing aloud)
Ah! So you've met the spiv of Savile
Row, that Russian Spy Krause
Astrofvinoff?

ROMAIN LENNOX

(showing excitement)
They're about to start construction on
the new tunnel, the agency is in
preparation writing rationales and
marketing strategies. I'm creative
director on the project.

MILES BOLTON

(Surprised and
bewildered)
Lennox you've just seen the wreck of
the project that collapsed onto a
train over 70 years ago. It was a
government train and unbeknown to all
and sundry it was carrying about 100
tons of Atomic waste.

(MORE)

MILES BOLTON (CONT'D)

God does have humor up his sleeve occasionally... You were one of the project engineers on the construction. You were killed when the tunnel collapsed. Off the record, do you know how old you are Lennox?

ROMAIN LENNOX

(a blank expression)

No! I don't. I don't remember ever seeing my birth certificate.

MILES BOLTON

(pointing)

You see, you could be 300 years old, your age and degeneration meter has stopped ticking you are deceased, but still breathing, and still here...but there's no record of your existence in heaven or hell.

DISSOLVE TO:

Miles and Romain stroll through the memorabilia glass cases of the disaster. ECU: Pencilled charcoal architectural sketches.

MILES BOLTON (CONT'D)

Those are your original drawings of the final structure just days prior to commencement, look at the bottom left of that drawing, it's your signature. (pointing) These are drawings of the aftermath of the tunnel crash.

(pointing)

Look! Your wrist watch and gold strap that your father bought you. You were wearing it at the time but it was taken from your body at the scene of the crash and subsequently never found.

(pointing through the glass)

In that tattered water soiled envelope lies, what resembles your and waterlogged illegible identification documents.

ROMAIN LENNOX

You're about to tell me that the toxic waste was never found?

MILES BOLTON

Oh it was found to be sure, but they did not have the equipment to retrieve it. So it's still down there?

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (Feeling nausea
 coming on)
 And this lake supplies the entire
 MerryVale and surrounding areas with
 water?

MILES BOLTON
 Exactly! Me old son.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 I have a problem with the dates and
 timing because whoever these people
 are, and I have to assume they are of
 Eastern Bloc origin, they didn't have
 access to nuclear components over a
 hundred years.

MILES BOLTON
 You can bet your ass they did and you
 were the engineer who constructed the
 underwater tunnel. You were
 commissioned by the Germans to design
 and build the railroad which to the
 rest of the world was viewed as a
 harmless commercial passenger train
 venture.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (staring aghast at
 Miles)
 What are you talking about?

MILES BOLTON
 Hang in it gets better! German
 scientists many years prior to this
 were building an Atomic Bomb that
 they planned to hide in a nondescript
 peaceful country until they needed it.
 You didn't know that at the time.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 Know what at the time?

MILES BOLTON
 You weren't aware that the train you
 built would transport the only Atomic
 Bomb in the world to a safe underwater
 hide-out.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 There was only a single main line, but
 I did see a sketch of points into a
 shunting area where they could drop
 off or add on coaches.

MILES BOLTON

So Divers could park a couple of camouflaged freight trucks concealing an atomic bomb until required.

ROMAIN LENNOX

Even if it was a hundred years later.

MILES BOLTON

Which would appear to the rest of the world to be an ingenious underwater commercial railway system that just happened to be hidden in Merryvale. A nuclear Physicist by the name of Professor Romain Lennox was the brain behind it all...such a pity you died under the collapsing tunnel on the inaugural day of the train stopping amidst the brass bands, pomp and ceremony. You would've been a hero! (a questioning stare at Romain)
...Are you sure you don't remember any part of what I am discussing with you Professor Lennox...does any of it ring a bell to you?

ROMAIN LENNOX

(Visually distraught)

I can't remember what I had for fucking breakfast this morning Bolton. Apart from having the shortest attention span, all incidents that I visualise are a total smoke screen of distorted images, shattered facts and faces, a cacophony of fake news, subterfuge and greed. Who is behind it Bolton and why!

CUT TO:

82

EXT. A COFFEE SHOP. MEMORABILIA ROOM. TIBER VALLEY. NIGHT. 82

Miles and Romain in silence over a beer.

MILES BOLTON

(after a long pause)

The Cat got your tongue Huh? You've not said a word for the last half hour...are you okay?

ROMAIN LENNOX

(another long pause)

What the fuck do you want me to do?

MILES BOLTON

(seriously)

Do nothing until you hear from me. Not a thing do you hear me Lennox? You must realize that your identity has been stolen and your memory and normal brain function is being interrupted intermittently... so they can change your mind and mood at will. So anything is possible! Don't move until I contact you. Don't speak to anyone about this, do you understand? I leave for Moscow shortly I have a retired KGB detective friend in the Ukraine who knows exactly what is going on. Stay safe and stay distant and under the radar, most of all stay away from the tunnel project...it's unhealthy for you! (frowning suddenly) What are you staring at Lennox?

ROMAIN LENNOX

What did you just say?

MILES BOLTON

I said stay away from the tunnel project it's unhealthy for you!

ROMAIN LENNOX

You are the third person to warn me to stay away from the fucking tunnel project...how can I trust you Miles, I don't even know you?

MILES BOLTON

(a long pause)

I'm all you've got, I'm the only horse in your race!

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

83

EXT. A RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE. STUDIO TWO. MERRYVALE. LATE NIGHT 83

A car is parked at the far end of the car park, adjacent to the side door of Studio Two: The Door opens. MARILYN MONROE in a blonde wig and long slinky evening dress steps outside looking left to right. She pulls a trolley on wheels out of the door. Carrying a life-size wrought iron and clay statue. She lifts the statue and places it in the loading zone at the front door. Marilyn goes inside closing the door.

CUT TO:

84

INT. A PARKED CAR. STUDIO TWO. CAR PARK. NIGHT.

84

MILES BOLTON (Over Shoulder) POV SHOT: He scans the doorway with a pair of night glasses. (Reverse Angle) Miles settles down to wait. (One Hour Later) Miles asleep his vehicle. A Toyota panel van fully dressed art directed colourful CHOMP Burger Logo, pulls up at the front studio door. Miles is asleep. The rear doors are opened by the driver who is in a Highway Patrolman's uniform. He lifts the statue and carries it across to the rear doors of the van. Lying it on it's side, he gently slides it in and closes the doors. Miles asleep. A MEDIUM WIDE SHOT: The van leaves (Two Hours Later) Miles wakes up in a hurry hastily checking the time.

MILES BOLTON
(To himself)
Oh Fuck it! Shit! Damn! I fell
asleep.

Miles (over shoulder) POV SHOT: Scans the front door again. Nothing has changed except. Marilyn is sitting puffing a cigar in a wheel chair. The statue is not there.

85

INT. BATEMAN, KAPLAN, ADVERTISING ASS. NIGHT.

85

Romain Lennox walks through the security double doors. Romain heads for the elevators. SECURITY GUARD ONE stops him midway.

SECURITY GUARD ONE.
Please come with me Sir!

ROMAIN LENNOX
What for? What's going on I'm going
into Bateman Kaplan like I do every
day.

Romain and Guard One enter the on duty office. The electronic doors slam closed behind them.

SECURITY GUARD ONE.
Can I have your laptop please Sir?
You set off an alarm, we have to check
your laptop please Sir!

SECURITY GUARD TWO. Joins them.

SECURITY GUARD TWO
Something on your person or an
electronic signal on your lap top
set off an alarm Mr Lennox.

ROMAIN LENNOX
How do you know my name?

SECURITY GUARD TWO
 (Points at a picture
 of Romain on a large screen)
 There you are Sir with your entire
 security information, all we need to
 know is what are you carrying that
 could of set it off?

ROMAIN LENNOX
 I have no idea what you are talking
 about. Can I go now I have a meeting
 to attend.

SECURITY GUARD TWO. Hands Romain a clip board.

SECURITY GUARD TWO
 (politely)
 Can I have your signature please
 Mister Lennox. I need your permission
 for us to do a body scan to trace the
 object that is activating our alarm on
 cloud. Please take your clothes off
 and slip into this gown, this won't
 take long Sir.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (indignant)
 There is no fucking way I'm doing
 that!

SECURITY GUARD ONE. One pulls a Taser Gun from a rack, pointing
 it at Romain's head.

SECURITY GUARD ONE.
 (grabs and pushes)
 If you don't do what we ask Sir, I
 have full authority to immobilize you
 with this Taser Gun, which will render
 you unconscious while we scan your
 person for the foreign object.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 The hell you will!

SECURITY GUARD ONE.
 (Official tone)
 If you do not cooperate Sir! I will
 hold you in custody until you do!

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (A long pause)
 Okay! Okay! Take your hands off me I'll
 do it, (pointing) But you will be
 hearing from the board of directors of
 Bateman and Kaplan!

DISSOLVE TO:

86

INT. X-RAY ROOM. SECURITY OFFICE. MORNING.

86

SECURITY GUARD TWO Scans Romain's body with a hand-held Radar scanner.

SECURITY GUARD TWO
(Watching his screen
intensely)
Have you taken any strong medication
lately Mr Lennox?

ROMAIN LENNOX
No.

SECURITY GUARD TWO
Have you had any injections recently?

ROMAIN LENNOX
No.

SECURITY GUARD TWO
No Vitamin B injection at all.
Cortisone maybe?

ROMAIN LENNOX
(sarcastically)
No. I do a lot of Cocaine and Jack
Daniels on the weekends but that
shouldn't set anything off apart from
my neighbours.

SFX: A buzzing noise and flashing light.

SECURITY GUARD TWO
(Looking puzzled)
There's something under your skin Mr
Lennox on the back of your neck. Are
you aware of that Mr Lennox?

ROMAIN LENNOX
(confused)
What thing under my skin, what are you
talking about?

SECURITY GUARD TWO
You've got something like an implant
under your skin!

ROMAIN LENNOX
(Staring ahead)
I don't know, I can't
recall.

SECURITY GUARD TWO

(curiously)

You don't remember having an operation on your neck? It was quite invasive Mr Lennox how could you not remember, you would've needed a local anaesthetic...do you remember having a local anaesthetic at all?

ROMAIN LENNOX

(lying)

I don't recall I'm sorry can I go now?

SECURITY GUARD TWO

(shouts after him)

How can you not recall an operation like that...it wasn't a simple procedure Mr. Lennox, it was full-up invasive surgery Sir?

ROMAIN LENNOX

(Staring into

oblivion)

I don't know what you're talking about and I don't remember anything...

(angrily) Can I go now?

Flashback:

87

EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.

87

Saffron Leisher down on her haunches.

SAFFRON LEISHER

You were gone for so long!

(shivering in a

lace wrap)

When I got here I found this in your neck!

Her hand holds a syringe.

SAFFRON LEISHER (CONT'D)

I found this in your neck

SFX: Distorted manic music.

End of Flashback.

88

INT. X-RAY ROOM. SECURITY OFFICE. MORNING.

88

CLOSE ON: Romain is dressed.

SECURITY GUARD TWO

(Warning voice)

Be careful Mr Lennox if ever you want that microchip removed. It's a sophisticated micro device and not just below the surface it's implanted under your skull Mr Lennox.

Romain Lennox leaves.

SECURITY GUARD TWO (CONT'D)

(Calling to him)

I strongly advise you not to try and have it removed or tampered with Sir. It will implode and release poison into your brain... That'll kill you immediately. The Russians appear to be good at that sort of execution.

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

FLASHBACK:

89 INT. BATEMAN, KAPLAN, ADVERTISING. ROMAIN'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 89

Romain Lennox is at his laptop. The door opens suddenly. Hank Bateman fills the doorway with a smile.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(Jumps to attention)

Good morning Mr Bateman!

HANK BATEMEN

(Hand instructing

Romain to sit)

Sit down Lennox! I just wanted to pop in and thank you for the accurate and exceptionally professional end of year strategic plan you did for Premier Stock Investment Company. It's been a while since having set eyes on such critical attention being paid to statistical and confidential information. Well done Lennox!

ROMAIN LENNOX

(Standing and sitting

at the same time)

Well, thank you so much Sir!

Romain's horrified face as Joel Kaplan appears in front of him.

JOEL KAPLAN

(Up close and

personal)

I've also taken a peep at the CHOMP BURGER roadside and airport mock-up hoardings that you designed last week. Bravo again! It's no wonder Krause Astrofvinoff is doubling their advertising spend. What a campaign it's going to be with you in control Huh!

Romain wide-eyed in shock.

JOEL KAPLAN (CONT'D)
(surprised)
My God Lennox I thought you'd be tearing your fucking clothes off with joy...what's wrong?

ROMAIN LENNOX
(Whispering almost to himself)
I didn't have anything to do with the CHOMP BURGER campaign Joel! It's not my campaign. I don't know who conceptualized it!

JOEL KAPLAN
(over his shoulder at the door)
Come on Lennox, Modesty is perchance one of your stronger points and it illustrates controlled inertia and strength of character through deed and not narrative, However, I personally would grab a compliment with both fucking hands and nurture it in my slipper until one night when the tooth fairy comes around. Krause Astrofvinoff has double his advertising spend for next year, based upon your spectacular creative presentation. I couldn't be present last week but I saw the video of your pitch...You were great Lennox you had Astrofvinoff eating out of your hands!

Romain's disturbed eyes. He is sweating and shaking uncontrollably.

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

90

INT/EXT. A TIBER RIVER T-JUNCTION. ASTON LANE. NIGHTS LATER. 90

Detective Miles Bolton after seeing a broken down truck on the side of the road front cab tilted up.

Miles a flashlight walks towards the truck, A Uniformed Patrolman Elise Watkins (Saffron Leisher) pokes her head out from under the front cab.

MILES BOLTON
(cautiously)
Good evening Officer, do you need a hand?

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
(scrutinizing a spanner)
No thanks Sir, I broke down getting the rig to Headquarters. It was hijacked earlier. I'm waiting for back up thank you kindly Sir. I guess you can get along to bed now. Thanks again.

Miles steps back and takes a picture of the insignia on the side panel. A picture of a delicious CHOMP SIZZLE BURGER logo.

MILES BOLTON
(sniffing the air)
Did you burn your breaks when you broke down Officer? What's that terrible smell?

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
(sniffing)
I don't smell anything Mister apart from being up to my ass in grease at the moment!

MILES BOLTON
Goddam that's kinda strong...you don't smell anything?

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
Nope! Afraid I don't Sir! It must be your nasal playing up.

Miles and The Patrolman under the cab. Miles puts his hand on the ice cold engine block.

MILES BOLTON
When did you break down Officer?

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
Hardly an hour ago, but hey! don't you sweat Sir, I've got back-up arriving!

FADE TO BLACK.

91 **EXT. A TIBER RIVER T-JUNCTION. ASTON LANE EAST. NIGHT.** 91

A vehicle flashes it's lights pulls up.

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
(closing the double
cab)
Thanks again Mister! Here's my ride.

Miles and The Patrolman walk to their respective vehicles.

CUT TO:

92 **INT. MILES BOLTON'S VEHICLE. TIBER RIVER T-JUNCTION. ASTON LANE EAST. MERRYVALE. NIGHT.** 92

Both vehicles wait for each other to move. Miles (over shoulder) POV: Patrolman and Backup drive off. Miles pulls off, drives to the T-junction, makes a U turn switches off and waits in the darkness. A short time later. The Patrolman and the Backup return, slowing down a bit then speeding off again.

MILES BOLTON
(A subdued chortle)
I knew you'd come back to make sure I
wasn't breaking into your truck. Now
lets see what you're hiding!

CUT TO:

93 **INT. MILES BOLTON'S VEHICLE. TIBER RIVER T-JUNCTION. NIGHT.** 93

Miles behind the wheel, starts the car and crawls up to the broken down truck.

MILES BOLTON
(whispers to himself)
You sneaky fucker I knew you had
something to hide.

CUT TO:

94 **EXT. A TIBER RIVER T-JUNCTION. ASTON LANE EAST. NIGHT.** 94

Miles parks his vehicle taking a small tool box with him. The padlock shatters into pieces. Miles gags at the smell, covering his nose and mouth with a cloth. Two wrought iron statues lie on their side, dozens of 9 kg bottles marked: DANGER BEWARE TOXIC WASTE - RADIATION DO NOT TOUCH. Miles notices white maggots squirming through cracks in the statue.

SFX: A loud gunshot.

Miles' grimacing face as someone shoots him in the back. A (reverse angle) Marilyn Monroe's face.

MARILYN MONROE
 (smudged red lips
 smiling)
 Nosey Muthafukka, I just knew you were
 up to no good!

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

95 **INT. ROMAIN LENNOX BEDROOM. TINY WHARF. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 95**

Romain Lennox screams aloud and sits up in bed. He's sweating profusely. His wall clock reads 1.00 at night.

ROMAIN LENNOX (V.O.)
 I was in excruciating pain, I had been
 shot in the back and in my death
 throes, before I fell to the ground I
 saw a woman identical to Marilyn
 Monroe smiling at me holding the gun.
 There was a massive explosion and
 amidst the smoke and debris I saw
 Miles Bolton running at me telling me
 to get back. He was trying to save my
 life!

FADE OUT.FADE IN

96 **INT. ROMAIN LENNOX. KITCHEN. TINY WHARF. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 96**

Romain still reliving the dream, enters his kitchen and pours himself an Espresso. He takes a gulp of coffee and walks to open the kitchen window. He pulls back the net curtain. A PRIEST in a collar and cassock with cupped hands and distorted nose against the glass window pane is smiling at him. ECU: Romain, shaking with fear drops his coffee, it shatters on the floor.

CUT TO:

97 **INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. BEDROOM. TINY WHARF. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 97**

Romain still half asleep hastily pulls on a track suit bottom and heads for the front door.

CUT TO:

98 **EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TINY WHARF. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 98**

Romain steps out of the front door. A missing person poster is tied to a tree. Romain looks around, The Priest is gone. Romain walks up to the poster. It is a photograph of Gary Preston and it read: 'A reward is being offered for any information leading to a missing man Gary Preston who disappeared without trace 5 days ago.'

He was last seen in the MerryVale district.' Anyone with information that leads to his whereabouts or to a conviction will receive \$15000. Romain removes the poster and takes it inside. He gets back into bed and turns the light off. The hand of the wall clock moving onto 3.00 in the night.

SFX: A loud knocking on the front door. (Pause) and another thunderous knock.

Romain wakes again with the banging. He rolls out of bed on the way he grabs his rifle.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(bellowing at the
door)
Who the fuck is this?

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON (O.S.)
It's Reverend Preston here please
open up it's a matter of life and
death Sir! i'm the Priest from St
Albans please open up!

ROMAIN LENNOX
(cursing, unchains the
door)
It better be life and death or it'll
be your fucking death whoever you are!

Romain's (over shoulder) POV: Reverend Preston.

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
(stepping into the
cottage)
I am so terribly sorry Sir! I had to
get hold of you as soon as I could,
there's been a terrible accident a
friend of yours I believe, has been
killed, God Bless his soul! And he
has no relatives at all. You are his
only friend.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(Irritated)
You're talking in circles Father, who
is this friend of mine?

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
Miles Bolton he was killed yesterday
and because he had no relatives, they
called my Parish number and asked me
tell you.

Romain sits his head in his hands.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(still looking down)
Who called you and who gave you my
name and address?

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
(looking nervous)
I don't know, they didn't give me a
name.

Romain jumps up his hands grabbing the Reverend by the throat,
shaking, choking and screaming.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(Overtaken by rage)
Give me the name of the person who
called or by Jesus Father I will
fucking kill you this minute...give me
the Goddam name!

REVEREND HARRY PRESTON
(coughing and gagging)
For God sake Lennox I can't remember
it was somebody at Bloomsbury Hospital
in Tiber Valley, they're in schedule 5
lockdown! I swear to God Mr Lennox...
You are choking me I can't breathe let
go of me!

Romain pushes him away and lets him fall forward onto his face
sobbing.

ROMAIN LENNOX
Nobody called you from anywhere you
are lying Father...somebody gave you
instructions, you never spoke to
anyone. They gave you an instruction
and the insruction happened in your
fucking head Reverend Preston!

Romain's POV: A chip embedded in the back of Reverend Preston's
head.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)
(stands over him)
At last I know who you are Preston...
now get the fuck outta here before I
put a bullet between your lying
fucking eyes!

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

Title On Screen:

TWO WEEKS LATER

99

INT. THE COOL NOTE. PIANO BAR. MERRYVALE DOWNS. LATE NIGHT. 99

An almost empty bar. Willbert Walker atomises under his face mask and slides a double Jack Daniels on ice in front of an exhausted Romain. Romain takes a long gulp and feels someone slither onto the bar stool next him. Detective Miles Bolton.

MILES BOLTON
(Staring straight
ahead)
I need a drink Lennox!

Romain choking over his drink.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(Coughing and
spluttering)
Where the hell have you been? It's
been weeks since you told me to stay
under the radar!

MILES BOLTON
(Holding up two
fingers at WW)
I know Lennox but you have to
understand it's quite hot in the
kitchen right now. I mustn't be seen
with you because this Russian plot
that you are heading up. (a pause) You
are a key player. Kinda prestigious
ain't it?

ROMAIN LENNOX
(a look of outrage)
Boy! Do you need a drink in a hurry!
What are you talking about. I'm trying
to stay alive Bolton while you
disappear for two weeks. I was rolled
over at my cottage one night and had a
chip put in my neck. Do you have any
idea what that means to me?

Miles slugs back his drink.

MILES BOLTON
(whispering getting
off the stool)
I have to go!

ROMAIN LENNOX
(angrily)
I get a chip in my neck...and you have
to go? Wow! Thanks for the support
partner!

MILES BOLTON
We can't be seen together, I'll see
you at your cottage in an hour. I have
stuff to tell you.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(sarcastically)
I bet you have!

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

100 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. BEDROOM. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 100

Romain enters his cottage and hears movement in the next room
and puts his laptop down. Romain fills the doorway and sees
Miles sitting at the table.

ROMAIN LENNOX
How did you get in this time?

Miles picks up the poster that was lying on the table.

MILES BOLTON
Where did you get this?

ROMAIN LENNOX
It was tied to a tree last night,
it was a photograph of the missing
man.

MILES BOLTON
Why did you suddenly go out into the
night to cut down a poster of a
missing stranger?

ROMAIN LENNOX
(With shattered
nerves)
Do you have to ask a million questions
everytime I tell you something? We
sound like a married couple for
christsake!

MILES BOLTON
(intensely)
Well?

ROMAIN LENNOX
I was woken in the early hours of the
morning by a Priest banging on my
door, he was frantic, said he had to
speak to me urgently. So I let him
in.

MILES BOLTON
And?

ROMAIN LENNOX
He told me you'd been murdered!

MILES BOLTON
(frowning)
Did you know he was from St Albans Church?

ROMAIN LENNOX
I'd never seen him in my life before
... Miles what is going on, you're
holding back, you're not telling me
something...Please tell me?

Miles holds up the poster.

MILES BOLTON
Did he give you the poster?

ROMAIN LENNOX
No he didn't I cut it down and brought
it inside.

MILES BOLTON
Did he mention the poster?

ROMAIN LENNOX
(Shrugging his
shoulders)
He didn't know I took the poster! He
only arrived much later!

MILES BOLTON
Did you read the poster?

ROMAIN LENNOX
(getting angry)
Miles! Give me some slack here, I
glanced at the contents, it was a
wanted poster about a reward for
someone who's gone missing... I was
fast asleep.

MILES BOLTON
(interrupts)
That Priest has a son that's gone
missing and they can't trace him
anywhere in and around MerryVale, He's
been missing for a couple of weeks
now. He's paying a ransom. Did you
take a look at the picture of his
missing boy?

ROMAIN LENNOX
No!

MILES BOLTON
Well, Take a look!

Romain freezes a look of terror on his face.

MILES BOLTON (CONT'D)
Quite a likeness ain't it?

ROMAIN LENNOX
Oh my God! It's a picture of me
Bolton!

MILES BOLTON
(Angling his head)
Nice picture i must admit...you'll
make a good looking corpse!

Directors Note: This sequence is Miles Bolton's recalling what happened the night he fell asleep on his Stakeout. His POV shot from different angles the second time around.

101 **EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. SUNNY PATIO.TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 101**

Romain and Miles sit in silence.

MILES BOLTON
(breaks the silence)
I was stalking out Studio Two that
night, there's always a lot of action
going on in and around the complex.
It was dark when I moved the car into
a better position where I had a better
view of the door through my infantry
issue 'night eyes'.(dropping ice into
his Scotch) A woman dressed like
Marilyn Monroe pulls out a trolley
carrying a life-size wrought iron
statue. She pulls it onto the edge of
the veranda, she keeps looking down
the road like she's expecting someone
to arrive. She then goes inside and
comes out with another statue, she
places them next to each other.
Marilyn takes the weight off her feet
by sitting in a wheelchair...still
checking down the road. Then it
fucking happened!

ROMAIN LENNOX
Then what happened?

MILES BOLTON
I fell asleep!

ROMAIN LENNOX

Great...did you have a good nights rest?

MILES BOLTON

I'd slept for an hour and when I woke up Marilyn was still asleep in the wheelchair but the statue's weren't there.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(paying attention)

So you figured, while you were asleep someone moved them...What if Marilyn took them back inside?

MILES BOLTON

Illogical move, why would she bust her balls getting them out onto the landing... then for no reason takes them back inside?

FLASHBACK.

Director's Note: the following sequence is shot in sync with Miles speaking, intercut with visuals of the action with sync dialogue mixed with narrative.

MILES BOLTON (CONT'D)

My gut told me it must have been a large truck to carry that size object and there was only one road outta there...

CUT TO:

102 **EXT. A TIBER RIVER T-JUNCTION. ASTON LANE EAST. NIGHT.** 102

The CHOMP BURGER delivery truck at the T-junction.

MILES BOLTON

They could only go left or right there was no other choice. I high-tailed it along Aston Lane East and about two kilometres from the T-junction.

CUT TO:

103 **EXT. MILES BOLTON'S VEHICLE. ASTON LANE EAST. NIGHT.** 103

THE CHOMP BURGER TRUCK parked on the side of the road with the cab leaning open. Miles pulls off the the road.

MILES BOLTON

Bingo! I suddenly got lucky! Off on the side of the road there was a large truck that had broken down. The double cab was tilted forward and there was a highway patrolman with his ass in the air, some tools and a torch. I offered assistance which was declined because the back-up was about to arrive and as I drove off it did arrive but was too dark to identify the driver.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. MILES BOLTON'S VEHICLE. ASTON LANE EAST. NIGHT. 104

MILES BOLTON

I parked further down the road and waited making sure they had gone, then drove back to the BURGER truck. I broke into the rear doors with my tire lever and turned the torch on.

105 INT THE CHOMP BURGER VEHICLE. ASTON LANE EAST. NIGHT. 105

MILES BOLTON

Both statues were lying near the door and smelt of rotting meat.

CUT TO:

106 INT. THE CHOMP BURGER VEHICLE. ASTON LANE EAST. NIGHT. 106

MILES BOLTON

I heard a noise behind me and turned around as Marilyn Monroe opened fire shooting me in the back. I collapsed and rolled way from the vehicle down a small embankment where I hid in the river bed.

CUT TO:

107 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX BEDROOM. TIBER RIVER. LATER THAT NIGHT. 107

Romain stands over an ashen face of Miles Bolton.

ROMAIN LENNOX

The Priest told me they'd shot and killed you!

MILES BOLTON

(unbuttoning his shirt)

Almost, My back is fucking killing me
Compadre!

Miles painfully removes a bullet proof vest with a deep gunshot
indent at the back.

MILES BOLTON (CONT'D)
(grimacing, removing
a blood clotted shirt)
I'd like to see a doctor for my back.

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

108 INT. ROMAIN'S VEHICLE. ASTON LANE EAST. MERRYVALE.MORNING. 108

SFX: Car Radio

Romain behind the wheel. TIBER FM 100 is playing.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. A SIDE ROAD. ASTON LANE EAST. MERRYVALE. NIGHT. 109

Romain's vehicle races past.

CUT TO:

110 INT. ROMAIN'S CAR. SMITHFIELD DRIVE. MERRYVALE. MORNING. 110

Romain behind the wheel.

SFX: A jingle is playing in the commercial break.

TIBER FM 100 DJ (V.O.)
That was Whitney Houston, Paul Simon
next up after the commercial break.
Chomp Will Set you FREE With your
first bite on a Chomp Sizzle Burger
with scrumptious dill pickle fresh
tomato and Ketchup...you'll be hooked
and visiting our new Sizzle Drive
Through on Aston Lane East in Merry
Vale. A Chomp sizzle burger will set
you free so you know who you are!.
Chomp Chomp Chomp Along The Highway
Chomp Chomp Chomp Will Set you FREE!
So you know who you are!

ROMAIN LENNOX
(ranting aloud)
Fucking lying bull shitting con
artists. It's a burger that doesn't
exist folks...I know I wrote and did
the voice on this shit!
(MORE)

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)
 Have you had the satisfying taste of a
 virtual double cheese Chomp
 Burger...well you never fucking will
 folks.

TIBER FM 100 DJ (V.O.)
 Here's a quick news flash you guys and
 gals. It appears that the reward of
 \$15000 has not brought in any
 information to assist the police in
 the case of The Reverend Harry
 Preston's missing son. Gary Preston
 has been missing for two weeks with no
 information coming forward to assist
 in the search of the young man. The
 homicide police in Muscat Ridge have
 confirmed that the case is now been
 upgraded from a missing person status
 to a homicide investigation.

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

111 EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TINY WHARF. TIBER RIVER.NIGHT. 111

Romain's vehicle comes to a halt in his driveway. Romain's
 face (POV) he sees a truck parked about 100 meters up the road,
 pulling off slowly. Romain reverses out his driveway and starts
 following the truck.

CUT TO:

111A INT: ROMAIN'S CAR. A DIRT ROAD. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 111A

Romains eyes (POV) The truck is ahead as they come over a sand
 rise in the road.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. A PATROL CAR BLOCKS THE DIRT ROAD. ASTON LANE. NIGHT. 112

A PATROLMAN signals the truck to stop on the edge and signals
 Romain to stop in the road.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 Well if it ain't the beautiful Saffron
 Leisher!

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
 (Saffron Leisher,
 leans seductively into the window)
 It's been a long time since I've laid
 eyes on the allusive Mr Lennox...don't
 ya think?

ROMAIN LENNOX
Sure is Ma'am!

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
(a slight smile)
I'm gonna rectify that real soon
Mister!

ROMAIN LENNOX
(looking behind Saffron
at the truck)
You have another customer over there
Ma'am. We'd better make our meeting
for another time. Give me a call?

Romain sees the Chomp Burger branding on the side of the truck
Willbert Walker surreptitiously ducking out of sight.

FADE OUT\FADE IN:

113 EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. LATE THAT NIGHT. 113

CLOSE ON: Romain pulls into his driveway. A FAST STEADICAM
TRACK TO THE DOOR: Romain notices a smashed window pane and the
door is slightly ajar.

DISSOLVE TO:

114 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TINY WHARF. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 114

Romain tip-toes through his wrecked entrance hall. Chairs and
cutlery are everywhere, tables are overturned and broken and
there is fresh blood along the walls. ECU: Romain's eyes POV:
he looks for Miles. He grabs a broken table lamp and moves
quickly into his shambolic bedroom, with his bed standing on
its side against the bedroom wall. He hears a moan. Miles is
behind the bed covered in blood and hardly conscious.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(shaking Miles)
Jesus Miles what the fuck happened
I've only been gone for a half an
hour, who did this? Miles fucking
wake up! Wake up! Let me look at
you! Shit! I'll have to get you to a
hospital, look at you...the state of
you! Romain gently places a groaning
Miles on his bed. He turns him onto
his stomach and lifts his bloodied
shirt to reveal a deep and festering
bullet wound just under his right
shoulder.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)

(Staring in horror)

Jesus! Miles that bullet went through your armour vest and is lodged in your shoulder blade. We've gotta get it out before it turns septic. Don't move let me get my medics bag from the outhouse!

MILES BOLTON

(his bloodied hand

takes hold of Romain mumbling incoherently)

I'll be okay don't touch me please listen don't come near me! Romain picks up a bottle of Jack Daniels, takes a long swig and hands it to Miles.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(burping while

shaking him gently)

Miles take a look here it's a bottle of Jack Drink as much as you can I have the tools but none of the drips and pain killers for that kinda wound, I don't think I have a fucking aspirin in the house. I'm going up to the outhouse to get my medic kit. Drink and don't fucking move! (nudging Miles) Bolton drink as much as you can and Pray! Don't pass out on me okay! That's all I need...a drunk corpse! Romain torch in hand walks towards the barn near the garage. Romain stops and looks around changes his mind and heads back to the cottage. Miles is unconscious as Romain takes his .38 Colt Revolver from the bedside drawer and heads back to the barn.

115

INT. A RUNDOWN NEGLECTED STORE ROOM. DIMLY LIT ROOM. NIGHT. 115

Romain shines his torch across old boxes, bulging suitcases stacked with junk. Romain stops and listens carefully to the faint sound of gravel crackling under a boot.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(Eyes scanning the

interior)

Hello anybody here?

A Man's face in the heavy shadow. The Man's POV: Of Romain looking apprehensively around the room. Romain checks the contents of an old medical attache case, syringes, saline plastic bags and scalpels.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)
Hello is there anybody in here...I can
hear you moving...I know you are here!

The Man's shadowed face POV: Romain closes the case and stands up. Romain listening. Shadowed Face POV watching Romain.

116 EXT. A RUNDOWN AND NEGLECTED STORE ROOM. DIMLY LIT. NIGHT. 116

Romain locks the padlock and hurries back to the cottage.

117 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. BEDROOM. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 117

Miles lying on his stomach refuses to move or be touched by Romain.

SFX: Miles screams in pain.

MILES BOLTON
Don't touch me Lennox, don't touch me!
It's Goddam painful! What the fuck
happened to the Priest?

ROMAIN LENNOX
What Priest?

MILES BOLTON
Shit! The Priest Harry Preston! While
you were up at the barn he was here he
tried to kill me.

SFX: A final curse from Miles

ROMAIN LENNOX
The Priest! Harry Preston the priest,
What do you mean? The Reverend Harry
Preston tried to kill you...He was
here?

MILES BOLTON
Don't come near me Lennox...don't come
near me whatever you do!

Romain makes his way into the lounge and starts to clean up the mess.

DISSOLVE TO:

Title On Screen.

Two Hours Later.

118 **INT. ROMAIN LENNOX GUEST BEDROOM. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.** 118

Romain stands over a sweating Miles with a dangerously high temperature, he covers him with a blanket and switches off the light. He clears up the rest of the wreckage and stacks it in the kitchen. Romain notices a box that he has not seen before. He opens the box and stops abruptly. He sees a severed hand at the bottom of the box with a Crucifix thrust through its palm, there is also a brown envelope and a scribbled pencil note. 'I need it but not this way! Romain in surgical gloves pulls a blood-soaked poster from under the hand. It's the poster of Romain's face smeared with congealed blood. Romain spins the cartridge cylinder on the .38 pistol, flicking it shut.

119 **EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TINY WHARF. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.** 119

ROMAIN LENNOX
Okay! Let's do this Goddamn thing!

Romain grabs his torch and heads for the darkened barn.

120 **INT. A RUNDOWN AND NEGLECTED STORE ROOM. DIMLY LIT. NIGHT.** 120

Romain enters the store room closing the door cautiously behind him. He tip-toes in the direction of where he'd heard the movement a couple of hours earlier. He moves slowly bumping into darkened objects while holding the revolver extended by both hands. Romain bumps into two wet laced-up leathery items dangling from the roof in the pitch dark. He clicks his torch on, to see the smiling face of the Reverend Preston with his throat cut hanging from the rafters. Romain, horrified at what he was seeing loses control of his senses and opens fire, pumping eight bullets into the smiling Priest's torso.

SFX: Wailing percussive Gospel choir.

Romain's blood spattered face.

121 **EXT. THE BACK OF A RUNDOWN AND NEGLECTED STORE ROOM. NIGHT.** 121

SFX: The sound of digging.

Romain's muddy face appears from the freshly dug grave.

DISSOLVE TO:

122 **EXT. AN OPEN GRAVE. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. NIGHT.** 122

Romain shovels the last of the gravel filling the grave, he then rolls a huge empty and rusty water tank on top.

123 **INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.** 123

Romain exhausted and dirty returns to the cottage to find Miles Bolton fast asleep.

124

EXT. ST ALBAN'S CHURCH VICARAGE. NIGHT.

124

Romain carrying a brown paper packet tries the front door of the Vicarage knowing full well it is locked. To his surprise the door opens wide.

SFX: A dog whimpers and growls .

Gonza bounds up to Romain jumping into his arms.

ROMAIN LENNOX

Easy does it big Fella! Hello anybody home!(Pauses listening) Any body home? Hello! Okay Gonza boy! Let you and I have a midnight snack ...how does that sound to you big fella?

Romain poures biscuits into Gonza's empty bowl, scrutinising every inch of the room. Gonza settles on the couch as Romain rolls on surgical rubber gloves. Romain checks the house starting in the garage. His POV: The Reverends shiny Hyundai SUV stands in the garage, he feels the engine lid, it is cold. Followed closely by Gonza Romain enters the lounge and looks around. He checks framed photographs of Harry Preston and his son Gary. A framed 'two shot' of Harry and Gary proudly holding up a tennis trophy at a pretty smart function. Saffron is reflected in the trophy...she was taking the picture. Romain holds a large battery driven vibrator as he hears footsteps approaching.

SFX: Gonza starts barking hysterically.

Romain replaces the photograph and is startled by movement behind him. He turns to face Saffron dressed in a sexy and revealing Tennis outfit.

SAFFRON LEISHER

(smiling with her hand on her hip)
When last did you make Endless Love Mr Lennox?

ROMAIN LENNOX

Not since Stevie Wonder sang it to Ray Charles,
(shrugging his shoulders)
There's a gag in there somewhere
Patrolman Watkins.

Saffron walks in the direction of the bedroom.

SAFFRON LEISHER

Is Harry about I said I'd pop in for a night cap. It looks like I've been stood up!

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (sarcastically,
 patting Gonza)
 He's not here but his car is, so he's
 taken a ride with someone...Maybe he's
 taken a page out of Gary's book.

SAFFRON LEISHER
 I heard your Chomp Burger Jingle on
 air this morning...Did you know you
 have a beautiful voice Mr Lennox?

ROMAIN LENNOX
 I know, you told me the day we
 recorded it, Mr Astrofvinoff!

Saffron stares at Romain, walks up to him as if she is going to
 kiss him. Romain stands his ground. Her look turns to venom,
 she turns and walks out.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)
 (holding the vibrator
 in the air)
 Hey! You forgot the key to his heart.

125 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. BEDROOM. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 125

Romain with bandages and surgical instruments observes a
 sweating Miles Bolton.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 You have a fever from hell Miles it's
 way too high and you won't let me near
 the wound. in case you haven't
 realized the fever means you've got
 septicaemia... What's with you Miles?

MILES BOLTON
 ... I don't want you near me Lennox,
 d'ya hear me, don't touch me okay! I
 thought he was gonna kill me last
 night, he was demented there's was no
 way that a Priest can have that kinda
 strength and manic drive that he
 displayed.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (Making light of it)
 He might still kill you if we don't
 get that fever down...You look like a
 bag of shit tied up ugly, my mother
 used to say, you have to rest up!

Director's Note: The following sequences will be shot with sync
 dialogue in the situation, but will be edited utilising both,
 sync and wild narrative over visuals.

126 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 126

MURDER SEQUENCE VISUALS: MILES and PRIEST.

MILES BOLTON (V.O.)
I opened the door and looked into a
killers eyes Lennox without uttering a
word he whacked me sending me ass over
kettle, I knew shit until I woke up
and you were bending over me on the
floor.(rubbing his jaw) What a fucking
punch, for a Priest he could've broken
my neck! Where is he now? Please God
tell me he isn't sitting in your
lounge.

127 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. OUTHOUSE. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 127

MURDER SEQUENCE: ROMAIN shoots PRIEST.

ROMAIN LENNOX
I killed him!

MILES BOLTON
You What!

ROMAIN LENNOX
I killed him!

MILES BOLTON
(shocked)
For Chrissake Lennox...what did you
just say?

128 EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX. COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 128

MURDER SEQUENCE: PARKING GETAWAY CAR.

ROMAIN LENNOX
I said I killed him. Let me
explain.(a short pause)
Well, My suspicious mind tells me that
he didn't bring a car which means
somebody brought him here to kill me,
while they waited down the road in a
getaway vehicle.

129 EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 129

MURDER SEQUENCE: MILES opening door.

ROMAIN LENNOX

When they got to the cottage they were expecting me to open the door and when you appeared at the door, they were taken by surprise, but with some quick thinking they forced the Priest into killing you to make it look like I had done it.

MURDER SEQUENCE: PRIEST killing MILES

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)

The Priest believing that he'd killed you ran away and hid in my outhouse.

MURDER SEQUENCE: PRIEST hiding in outhouse

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)

They went searching for him but couldn't find him. They were on their way back to the cottage, when I disturbed them by driving in a bit later. You were a mess of blood and I needed my medical supplies which were in the outhouse, where unbeknown to me the priest was hiding in the rafters.

MURDER SEQUENCE: PRIEST and ROMAIN.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)

I could hear the priest moving amongst my junk and rubble. but because of your serious injuries I left and came back down to the cottage to attend to you. During that time they found him in the outhouse. When I returned to the outhouse on a mission to find the fucker, sadly they'd got to him before I did.

MURDER SEQUENCE: DEATH OF PRIEST

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)

They weren't to be seen, he was hanging by his neck from the rafters, they had detonated the Novichok bomb in his neck and cut his throat to be sure he was dead.

MURDER SEQUENCE: ROMAIN loses control.

MILES BOLTON

(wide-eyed)

You are shitting me Lennox!

ROMAIN LENNOX

He was dead when I got there and I snapped. My nerve suddenly went, I was so afraid, I lost control there must have been Novichok sprayed everywhere and I opened fire emptying my Colt on him... shot his corpse eight times. I was shaking so badly I battled to cut him down.

MURDER SEQUENCE: PRIEST.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)

When I finally did I saw they'd cut his hand off and forced a crucifix through the palm of the severed hand.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. THE BACK OF A RUNDOWN AND NEGLECTED STORE ROOM. NIGHT. 130

BURIAL SEQUENCE: ROMAIN buries PRIEST.

ROMAIN LENNOX

I dragged him to the wharf at the river dug a grave and buried the fucker. I rolled a big rusty unused water tank on top of his grave. Whoever brought him here wanted it to look like I had murdered him. Fuck it Miles what is going on.

MILES BOLTON

(confused)

How can you possibly know that they drove him here?

MURDER SEQUENCE: ROMAIN in road block

ROMAIN LENNOX

I was stopped in a bogus road block about about a kilometre away. A patrolman stopped me. It was Saffron Leisher and the Chomp Burger van with Willbert Walker the barman from the Cool Note driving.

MILES BOLTON

(wide-eyed)

Driving? Willbert has no legs?

ROMAIN LENNOX

Only until he has to walk or run!

131

INT. ROMAIN LENNOX. COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.

131

MILES BOLTON

(enquiring)

Where's the hand?

ROMAIN LENNOX

It's in the next room clutching a Crucifix and \$150 000 in cash. They're closing in on me, they wanted me dead today Miles... they're like images from the grave, they appear and disappear and return as other objects instead of people. I've gotta get out of town! I keep threatening to but never do it!

MILES BOLTON

Calm down Lennox you're losing control! This is how they operate they make you believe they own you.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(ranting)

Miles! I've just killed a guy and buried him in the mud down at the river.

MILES BOLTON

(both hands in the

air)

Bullshit Lennox the guy you killed was dead already...like you are! ...and you've over exaggerated your status in this whole deal. You're not dealing with the luxury of super extra-terrestrial beings, you are part of the common garden, old Russian Spy group where you are dead forever, with no hope of ever finding a Genie in a bottle.

ROMAIN LENNOX

Do you believe this human take-over is restricted to MerryVale?

MILES BOLTON

My God Romain you are not paying attention I explained it in detail out at the Tiber Dam.

(MORE)

MILES BOLTON (CONT'D)

They were here a hundred years ago and failed with their experiments on people and they fucked up the tunnel project where they were moving radio active metals and waste that could destroy mankind...now they're back to re-enact history by building it again and you are a major part of it. You're the creative director of their advertising account.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(his hand up)

Woohaaa! Wait a minute! My only involvement is they asked me to advertise their sizzle Burgers.

MILES BOLTON

On the button Lennox! It's a product that is going to poison an entire region by eating radio active meat that'll fucking glow in the dark after dinner Lennox. There won't be a MerryVale pretty soon. Don't you get it they're practising on MerryVale and once that is perfected they will move on.

ROMAIN LENNOX

...and then?

MILES BOLTON

When you are no longer useful someone will implode the Novichok bomb in your neck and blow your fucking head off while you're brushing your teeth ole son!

ROMAIN LENNOX

(shaking his head)

How are they going to get thousands of tons of Toxic Radio Active Atomic waste into MerryVale without anybody seeing them Bolton?

MILES BOLTON

Because it's there already, in the lake, they brought it in 95 fucking years ago. So they're good for go!

ROMAIN LENNOX

(Angry and irritated)

So what about the tunnel project, it's a massive deal?

MILES BOLTON

It's a lot of fucking Bollocks Lennox.
It's a front for the real
motive...holding the entire country
hostage by threatening to poison their
water supply.
(unrolls an architectural drawing)
Take a careful look! (pointing) This
is where the original tunnel entered
the water, it gradually slanted down
to where the station platform began to
level out.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(questioning)
Where are you going with this?

MILES BOLTON

(pointing)
The first pedestrian escalator
entrance was there... right?

ROMAIN LENNOX

So?

MILES BOLTON

(Pointing again)
Move your finger about a half an inch
to the south up the Tiber River. What
have you got?

ROMAIN LENNOX

Swamp land called err...Univale!

MILES BOLTON

(questioning)
Does the Univale Mint and Bullion
Corporation mean anything to you?
There's more cash, and gold bullion in
that building than the rest of the
country.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(cupping his head
in his hands)
No don't tell me This has to be the
most elaborate Goddam bank heist in
history. (He turns to leave) I need
some fresh air, I'll be down at the
wharf.

MILES BOLTON

Oh By the way Lennox, a bit of bad
news, my tests came back. I've got
full blown Covid 19, you'll have to
get tested and lockdown immediately.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 Fuck it! Not before I get some fresh
 air.

132 INT. BATEMAN, KAPLAN, ADVERTISING ASS. BOARDROOM. NIGHT. 132

Seated at a meeting around the boardroom table are HANK BATEMAN, ROMAIN LENNOX, MARSHALL BENNETT, MRS DIXIE HOLDSWORTH and at the head of the table KRAUSE ASTROFVINOFF. (Saffron Leisher)

CLOSE ON: Hank Bateman

HANK BATEMAN
 (A sombre tone)
 With the passing of a friend and colleague Joel Kaplan there will be immediate changes to the hierarchy, management and general operation of Bateman Kaplan and Associates (Pausing, glancing slowly across all - present)
 The changes are as follows: I Hank Bateman will remain founder and active member of the company. Marshall Bennett is now Head of Company Security, Mrs Dixie Holdsworth is back from retirement. And takes on the role of Public Relations Officer, Romain Lennox is Managing Director of Bateman Kaplan and Associates and finally Mr Krause Astrofvinoff [Saffron] is the Client Service Director and CEO of the entire spectrum of the organization. Congratulations to everyone concerned. I would like to adjourn this meeting without further verbal interaction out of respect to our friend and business leader Joel Kaplan. Romain's horrified face as he watches the members leave, bowed heads and in silence.

133 EXT. GARDEN PIAZZA. LOWER EAST ROAD. NIGHT. 133

Dixie Holdsworth nervously glances around at two social distancing couples, as Romain Lennox sits down opposite her.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 Thanks for making the call!

DIXIE HOLDSWORTH
 I can't be seen meeting with you Mr Lennard and you must understand that we cannot ever make contact with each other no matter how urgent.
 (MORE)

DIXIE HOLDSWORTH (CONT'D)
 I did remember the information that you asked me about. You were quite correct about the company and personnel. (Looking around again) Joel Kaplan was shot and killed close to your cottage a couple of nights ago and you would've been arrested by now if the police station at Gendarme Heights wasn't shut down because of Covid 19. Oh yes! I almost forgot stay out of the tunnel project because you will be murdered! (She leans into his ear) Miles Bolton is a hired assassin, he wants you dead! I must go!

Dixie Holdsworth stands and slides a flash card under his menu.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (Watching her walk away)
 Thanks for the call and by the way it's Lennox Mrs Holdsworth. Romain

(POV) Dixie shows him the middle finger. Romain get's up and suddenly clutches the back of his head, trying to steady himself to prevent his dizziness and himself from falling over. Romain in excruciating pain.

134 INT. EXT: GUN AND AMMUNITION SHOP. MERRYVALE. EVENING. 134

Romain's hand over an automatic assault rifle lying on a counter exchanges cash for boxes of high-powered cartridges

GUNSHOP OWNER (V.O.)
 (Texas drawl)
 It must be one helluva durn shooting party you're having there mister...I'm sorry that's the legal maximum I can sell ya! They'll bust my ass if I break the law during lockdown.

135 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT. 135

Romain is sweating and unsteady hanging onto suitcases and boxes. An unfinished breakfast and cold coffee, show signs of Miles Bolton having left in a hurry.

136 EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT. 136

Romain on his third and last trip loading up the car.

137 **INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. DINING ROOM. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.137**

Romain pours a double Jack Daniels on ice for breakfast. His contorted face screams in pain. He checks the time on his wristwatch it is 1.00 pm.

SFX: A loud paralysing hi-pitched electronic sound tears into his ear drums.

Romain is trying to dig his fingers into the back of his head.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(His Jack Daniels
splinters on the floor)
Oh God! My ears...my ears!

A cigarette lighter on the mantelpiece falls onto its side, a small bright light flashes at Romain. He sees a miniscule camera and crushes it between his fingers like killing a mosquito.

SFX: The noise in his ears at twice the volume.

Romain stares in horror as tiny lights appear on objects around the room.

SFX: with every new light the screaming sound gets louder in his ears.

He sees an old baseball bat standing in the corner. He screams aloud and grabs the bat and starts smashing dozens of mirrors and ornaments around the room.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)
(Like a wild beast
he stares at the carnage)
You son-of-bitch Bolton come out you
fuck! Where are you come out and face
me!

A tiny flashing camera at the feet of a porcelain Fish Eagle as a baseball bat smashes it to smithereens.

SFX: The sound in Romain's ears stops.

138 **EXT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. NIGHT.** 138

Romain reverses out the driveway and heads down the road. Miles Bolton watches him drive away and walks towards the cottage.

139 **INT. ST ALBAN'S CHURCH VICARAGE. NIGHT.** 139

Romain finds the front door ajar. GONZA tail wagging furiously bounds out the door into Romain's arms.

SFX: Dog whimpering and barking simultaneously.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(Patting wildly)
Hey there big fella how are you?

Gonza howling up at Romain.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)
Let's get some food and clothing for
you Mr, Gonza. I'm taking you with
me, you can't live here alone with
nobody feeding you and giving you
love...let's go, get your stuff
together. Let's go and play down at
the river...Hey! Don't forget your
tennis ball okay?

Romain is at the wheel with Gonza riding passenger.

SFX: Loud barking.

INT: ROMAINS CAR. A DIRT ROAD. TIBER RIVER. RAINY NIGHT.

Romain comes over the crest of a rise on the sand road.
Romain's POV. There is an accident ahead with the flashing
lights of a patrol car in the middle of the road. He pulls up
alongside an overturned truck and trailer carrying coffins.

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS (Saffron) approaches Romains window.

SFX: Gonza barking incessantly.

PATROLMAN ELISE WATKINS
(Shielding her eyes
from the rain)
You'll have to turn around and go back
to Merryvale Estate Sir! This truck
and trailer has lost it's load, it's
overturned with 500 Covid 19 corpses
from Millstone Clinic and the
surrounding areas. The road is under
water and it's not a good sight to see
Sir...Please turn around now, I'm
waiting for backup! Hey Mister pull
your mask up? There's more germs
flying around here than there are glow
worms!

Romain realizes that Saffron has not recognized him in the low
light of the downpour, even with Gonza's tail wagging
continuously.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(reversing)
Thank you kindly Patrolman Watkins.

140 **INT. THE LOG CABIN. TIBER ISLAND WETLANDS. NIGHT.** 140

Romain and Gonza share a pizza for dinner and Romain starts to unpack.

141 **EXT. THE LOG CABIN. TIBER ISLAND WETLANDS. NIGHT.** 141

Gonza charges along the long, narrow wooden walkway leading from the parking to the island lodge, way behind him is Romain carrying the baggage, his assault rifle, ammunition and equipment.

SFX: Gonza barking and having fun.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(Whistling at Gonza)
Hey Mister! Cool it with the barking,
it's getting late and you have to get
to bed. We're up early tomorrow so
I'm having a line of the purest white
powder and a double Jack on ice...damn
if you weren't a dog you could've set
it up for me, I don't know about you
but I'm pretty bushed myself!

EXT. A MUDDY ROAD. TIBER ISLAND WETLANDS. RAINY NIGHT.

Romain searches through the long river weeds for Gonza who had left in the middle of the night and not returned. Romain appears through the tall grass, behind the light of his torch.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(Binoculars around
his neck)
Gonza ! Gonza ! (whistling)
Hey Fella! Come on Gonza!

Romain scans the pathway through the swamps weeping willows. Romain appears through the foliage.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)
(with binoculars)
Gonza! Gonza! Come big boy...Gonza!

He senses Gonza is near but where?

INT. THE LOG CABIN. TIBER ISLAND WETLANDS. NIGHT.

Romain, wet and exhausted searching for Gonza, accidentally drops the Log Cabin key onto the door mat. He stoops to pick it up and notices muddy boot prints on the patio steps. Cautiously he enters the front door, switches on every light in all the rooms. There is nobody there.

DISSOLVE TO:

Title On Screen.

An Hour Later.

Romain is asleep as the shadow of someone carrying a burning log from the log fire passes over his bed. The shadow lifts the log above its head smashing it down onto Romain's skull.

SFX: A manic woman's scream.

SAFFRON LEISHER

(bashing him in the face)

You Bastard, you lousy fucking pig! I will kill you now Mr Romain Lennox. You know that I killed Gary Preston and his disgusting Father, Reverend Preston, and you also know that I'm a serial bi-polar bitch who gets her jollies by raping and murdering pretty boys, I'm a sick puppy that makes a fortune from rich clients who need someone removed from their lives, where holographics and mummyfying hides all DNA. I killed Joel Kaplan to make it look like you did it. Do you know why I'm such a sick puppy Romain?

Saffron sits on the bed next to a mangled Romain takes his lifeless hand in hers.

SAFFRON LEISHER (CONT'D)

Nobody ever told me that I was good at anything I ever accomplished in my entire life, my murdering my cunning orchestration of my serial killing, love making, my flawless roll-playing, my holographic, and even you Romain, you never ever told me that you even liked me. And now I have killed you, so when I go on my long walk to the injection on death row Mister, you'll betray me again. You won't be there, will you!

Saffron kisses Romain and leaves disappearing into the night.

Romain Lennox opens his eyes slowly, burn't and almost blinded by his beating, he rolls onto his side. He was not in any pain and there was no blood...but he knew his life was close to ending.

EXT. A LARGE HIDDEN FACTORY. TIBER WETLANDS. RAINY NIGHT.

Romain is battling to concentrate he is not in pain but felt like he had aged 100 years since last night. His entire body is tingling and he can feel that his reactions are slow.

SFX: The sound of a truck driving past the log cabin on the other side of the dense tropical wall.

He steps through a gap in the foliage onto a single lane muddy road. Romain's (POV) A CHOMP sizzle Burger truck stops at a security gate about 50 meters from where he is standing. He unzips his assault rifle and hurriedly fits a silencer, seconds later he snaps a cartridge clip into the breech. Romain crawls on all fours along the perimeter of the fence until he is aligned with the front doors. The CHOMP SIZZLE BURGER TRUCK enters the property and stops at the front of the double doors. He adjusts the telescopic lens...lining up a shot. Romaines (POV) Both hooded drivers of the CHOMP BURGER truck carefully unload two life-size statues and place them carefully onto the floor next to rows of window dummies. HOODED FIGURES cover the statues with industrial bubble-pack. They close the gates.

INT. THE LOG CABIN. TIBER ISLAND WETLANDS. NIGHT.

Romain, his laptop booting up sits in front of a log fire. He smiles as he scans through all the classified top secret documentation of the Merryvale Russian Syndicate

144 EXT. A MUDDY ROAD. TIBER ISLAND WETLANDS. RAINY NIGHT. 144

Romain travels slowly along the road stopping every hundred meters to call for Gonza.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(In the mud hands cupped
around his mouth)
Hey! Come on Big Guy Gonza! Where
are ya babe?

SFX: Romain whistling for Gonza!

145 EXT. A LARGE HIDDEN FACTORY. TIBER WETLANDS. RAINY NIGHT. 145

Romain is covered in mud as he reaches his vantage point outside the factory. Romain lying in the mud watches a hand full of staff carry trays of burgers to a CHOMP SIZZLE BURGER truck. The two Statues stand alongside each other in the background.

SFX: Gonza barking.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(Smiling to himself
adjusting the telescope)

I knew you wouldn't let me
down...attaboy big guy Gonza!

Gonza charges past the staff stopping at the feet of the first statue. Gonza barks and snarls, but with his tail wagging he suddenly rips at the feet of the statue. A worker appears carrying a Machete and heads towards Gonza. Romain is tense as his finger slides onto the trigger. Romain is panning with the man holding the Machete high in the air, when he suddenly sees a full shot of Mona Lisa (Saffron Leisher) charging at Gonza.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)
(To himself)
Don't even think about it!

Romain fires a shot into the Machete man's hand, he screams and falls dropping the weapon. Romain's POV of Mona Lisa picks up the Knife and charges at Gonza.

MONA LISA
(screams at Gonza)
Get the fuck away from the statue!

Romain grimaces and fires a round at her hand holding the Machete over Gonza. Romain fires but misses the knife hitting her in the head as she stands over Gonza. Saffron crashes into the statue...it collapses on top of her.

Gonza grabs a piece of the body and charges towards Romain who is standing at the front door.

ROMAIN LENNOX
(Almost proudly)
Attaboy Gonza you beauty!

Gonza, tail wagging tugs at a hand with a name tag around it's wrist. Gary Preston. Romain patting Gonza, pockets the name tag as someone hits him behind the head. Romain falls to his knees as he is set upon by two staff members with Machete's. Romain rolls to one side clutching his injured arm, he turns firing his assault rifle with one hand killing both of them. he walks up to the second statue and with the butt of the rifle bashes the outer casing apart, revealing the decomposed face of Joel Kaplan.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)
(addressing the advancing staff)
We're leaving gentlemen, if anybody follows my dog and I...I'll kill all of you because you have to understand I don't give a fuck...I'm already dead!

146 INT. THE LOG CABIN. TIBER ISLAND WETLANDS. MISTY MORNING. 146

Romain is high and a bottle of Jack Daniel's down. Gonza asleep next to Romain in the double bed. Romain opens his eyes. Gonza is licking his head wounds.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(Stroking Gonza)

Thanks partner! I was never called to heaven or hell. (laughing out loud)
My time is close, I hear voices in my head and my hearing is going, I drift in and out of consciousness and that's when they call me and instruct me as to what I have to do. You sure are a good looking doggie, Gonza boy! Your Daddy must be proud.

SFX: Gonza yelps and howls softly staring at Romain.

ROMAIN LENNOX (CONT'D)

(Holding up the

wrist chain)

This chain from the body of Gary Preston that you got for me last night, is my ticket outta here. I had to kill Saffron because she murdered Gary Preston. I have been sent to avenge everyone who was involved in that tragedy I have to kill everyone of these people before they destroy the valley and all of it's people for the second time. I have walked on this earth without a soul for almost a hundred years because I didn't get out. I had the chance but the devil is custodian of my spirit, he has full control of my every move, my every thought. My transparency makes me absent from every emotion, people don't see you even if you are waving both hands they look right through you because you don't exist and you are as lonely as one leaf in the Autumn fall where there is only night and darkness around you! I never see the light!

DISSOLVE TO:

147 INT. THE LOG CABIN. DINING ROOM. TIBER WETLANDS. NIGHT 147

Romain is drinking a Jack Daniels on ice while Gonza is gobbling down biscuits.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (muttering to himself)
 I've taken the cabin for another seven days, which allows me more time to complete my work. (to Gonza) I've got stacks of biscuits, and I'm leaving a cold water faucet running slowly for you. I've stocked you up with dry jerk beef that will last you till I come and get you big boy! Now you listen good okay? Don't bark and make a noise...be cool, Okay?

FADE OUT.FADE IN;

148 EXT. A LARGE CONDO. SAVILE AVENUE. TIBER VALLEY. NIGHT. 148

Romain is on his mobile parked outside the house. The streets are deserted.

SFX: phone ringing. No body answers.

He cuts the call and takes the assault rifle off the rear seat, he gets out the car. Romain heads for the front gate security room a large security guard is asleep on a couch.

ROMAIN LENNOX
 (standing over the guard)
 Good evening Sir! I've been calling 58 Savile Avenue for the last half hour are they in? (pause) Sir! Hello! 58 are they in?

He leans forward to discover the guard is lying on his back with his eyes open. Bright purple lips and slimy vomit over his chest. Romain's eyes scan the electronic buzzer rack. His hand removes the buzzer and key for No 58. Romain pulls his mask over his nose and mouth.

CUT TO:

149 INT. DIXIE HOLDSWORTH BEDROOM 59 SAVILE AVENUE. NIGHT. 149

SFX: A loud television set in th bedroom.

Romain stands over the body of Dixie Holdsworth.

TELEVISION PRESENTER

...The minister of health for the Tiber Valley district announced that there were shock waves over the entire country about the violent, unexpected spiral of Covid 19 over the last week in the Tiber Valley, where 90% of the 5000 resident's are infected or have died over the last 10 days because of the killer virus. Sadly, the entire population of 120 inhabitants in Merryvale have lost their lives due to this terrifying pandemic.

DISSOLVE TO

150 INT. ROMAIN LENNOX COTTAGE. TIBER RIVER. LATER THAT NIGHT. 150

Romain (10 years old) is crying next to Gonza while staring gormlessly at the television news.

TELEVISION PRESENTER

A virtual mass funeral will take place at St Al...continued.

Miles Bolton with a Glock 17 crashes through the window glass splintering everywhere. Miles fires at Romain (10) sitting on the couch. INTERCUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN: Miles and Romain (10)

MILES BOLTON

(shouting aloud)

I'm dying Lennox only a couple of days left (choking and coughing) I came to set you free!

SFX: Rapid automatic fire.

CUT TO:

A SLOW MOTION SHOT: A bullet riddled Romain Lennox (46) falls backwards onto the empty couch.

SFX: Music theme. Gonza barking.

ROLLING TITLES: Over Romain Lennox's body.

ROMAIN LENNOX

(Romain's 10 year old

voice over his 46 year old body)
My life has finally begun after almost 100 hundred years... I am free, I am an autumn leaf... And I can fly!

THE END.