

"THE LAST ASSIGNMENT"

By

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. ROAD, ENTRANCE TO A BUSINESS PARK - NIGHT

We can just make out several Police vans crawling slowly to the entrance of a business park. It is raining, a few street lights provide a poor orange glow.

2. INT. INSIDE POLICE VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van is full with Armed Firearms Officers (AFOs) in full protection, getting ready to move.

3. INT. CABIN OF A SMALL VAN - CONTINUOUS

POV: behind the two front seats.

THROUGH GLASS:

We can see the rear of a Police van through the windscreen. Red brake lights. All stop.

REVERSE TO REVEAL:

Two Police officers seated in the front. We see JONATHAN GREAVES (42) and DAVE LUMLEY (45). Both are wearing protective clothing. Lumley (driver's seat) has a high visibility vest on and is clutching a police radio.

They look across at each other.

Greaves is a medium sized man, brown hair green eyes, fair complexion. No distinguishing features. Lumley looks older than his years, stressed, a few wrinkle lines beginning to show on his face. Thinning and receding black hair with grey mixed in. Stressed and nervous.

Lumley moves the radio closer to his mouth and presses the voice button.

LUMLEY

All officers move to position.

4. EXT. POLICE VANS - CONTINUOUS

AFOs exit the vans and move towards the buildings, keeping to shadows.

FOLLOWING:

The last AFO looking down the line of AFOs. The AFOs are crouching and moving quickly along the building lines towards a small business unit at the far end.

We can hear boots on tarmac and heavy equipment rubbing against protective vests.

One team breaks off and goes between two units heading to the rear.

PAN TO:

The target business unit. Single security light outside shining on the small car park. Rain drops falling through its light beam. There is a large grey metal loading bay door and a small PVC door to the right.

A dark colored van is in the car park, slightly obscuring the view to the right.

INTO FRAME:

From the right, crouched AFOs, sounds of boots on tarmac (slower, quieter). They stop crouched next to the front door. Silence, except for the rain.

An AFO at the rear clicks on his radio, whispers.

AFO1

Team one in position.

Two seconds later.

AFO2 (RADIO)

Team two in position.

SLOW ZOOM ON DOOR:

LUMLEY (RADIO)

All officers go. Repeat. All officers go.

AFO at the front tries the door handle. It's unlocked. In they go, shouting.

5. INT. INSIDE THE BUSINESS UNIT - DIMLY LIT

Three men stood at tables, mixing down cocaine. Wearing face masks and plastic blue gloves. Unopened bags lie on

the tables along with tubs of white powder (mixing compounds).

CLOSE UP:

Unopened bags, weighing scales, white powder. This is a cutting factory.

BACK TO ROOM:

The 3 men freeze, completely surprised. Then turn towards the AFOs entering. Shouting

AFO (ALL DIFFERENT TIMES)

Police. Stay where you are. Put you hands above you heads. Do it now.

The men drop spatulas/spoons and raise their hands as AFOs swarm in. Flashlights send beams of light in all directions illuminating dust particles in the air.

The 3 men are thrown to the floor, handcuffed and led away.

INTO FRAME:

Lumley and Greaves enter the unit and examine the drugs. AFOs stand talking in a group. Lumley orders AFOs to place the drugs in evidence bags.

LUMLEY

You lot.

(beat)

Waits for acknowledgment. Points at the table.

Bag these as evidence. Leave them on that table.

The AFOs move towards the unopened clear plastic bags. We see a bag being lifted and placed into a plastic evidence bag and sealed.

FOCUS ON:

One AFO writing on an EVIDENCE BAG and placing it on a table.

Lumley and Greaves examine the mixing tubs. Lumley sniffs each, moving along the table.

The AFOs finish bagging the evidence and stand back. Greaves and Lumley move towards the table and sign each bag.

INSERT EVIDENCE BAG:

It shows the written information and signatures.

BACK TO ROOM:

The AFOs file out one by one. We hear chatter and laughter as they exit.

Lumley photographs the evidence details written on each bag with his mobile phone.

Greaves and Lumley pick up the bags.

6. EXT. FRONT DOOR OF THE UNIT - MORNING

They carry the bags and place them inside their small van, get in and drive off.

7. INT. INSIDE THE VAN - DIMLY LIT

Greaves is driving. Lumley makes a call on his mobile to the nightclub owner, BILLY RICHARDS (26).

LUMLEY

It's Dave. You ready?

BILLY (PHONE)

Yep.

LUMLEY

Nine one kilo bags. Seventy percent pure.

BILLY (PHONE)

Nice. Photos?

LUMLEY

Gimme a fucking chance. It's next on my to do list.

We hear Billy laughing

LUMLEY (CONTD)

Be there in ten. Get to work ye lazy shit.

CALL ENDS

Lumley swipes across his mobile and sends Billy the photos of the evidence bags.

8. EXT. ROAD IN THE CITY - MORNING

FOLLOW:

The van. Travelling in the city. High rise office blocks, coffee shops either side. People walking to work.

STOP FOLLOWING:

The van drives away and turns off in the distance.

As the camera rises, we see an impressive corporate office tower block, clear glass on every floor. As the camera rises, we see the name "Stilton Associates" at the top of the building.

PUSH IN TO:

9. EXT. 11TH FLOOR OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

We look through the glass into an office with two people seated around a desk.

PUSH IN THROUGH GLASS TO:

10. INT. GLASS PANELLED OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Senior management office. Large. Expensive mahogany furniture, filing cabinets and filled bookcases. Seated inside are ROSS HALL (57, Senior), at his desk and SARAH FREDERICKS (48) opposite. These are well educated professional people, sharply dressed.

Sarah has worked hard to get where she is. She is kind. Ross had an easier route (connections), but both are workaholics.

ROSS

I need someone who has no leverage.

Sarah looks quizzical.

ROSS (CONTD)

No kids. The club is well connected. Thugs. Officials. Police. Everyone else out there has a family. I don't have anyone else to ask. Sorry.

(beat)

SARAH

It's ok. I don't mind. I've handled tough cases before. I'm just not sure we need all the security just yet. It's just an audit.

ROSS

Just an audit. We're talking about the Lights Out nightclub. You've read the history.

SARAH

Small time criminals. Assault and a bit of dealing. Maybe.

ROSS

I've got Decker Security on hold --

Ross leans forward and reaches across the desk. Clicks a button on the telephone.

ROSS (CONT'D)

--let's ask Jeff. Jeff. You still there?

11. INT. SMALL WALLED OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Seated with elbows on the desk we see JEFF BRADLEY (43) staring at his speaker phone.

Ex-military. Short blonde hair, chiseled face. Muscular upper body packed into a tight short sleeved shirt. Don't mess with this guy.

Tattoos on arms. Deep voice, solid.

JEFF

Still here. What's up?

ROSS (PHONE)

The lights out nightclub. Do you think we'll need protection?

Jeff pushes back off the desk and reclines in his chair.

JEFF

Well... Given their reputation, definitely. Links to government and bent coppers. Drugs. Cover-ups. Assaults. These guys don't mess around. Rivals usually end up in hospital or disappear so... yes.

Ross looks at Sarah. She acknowledges.

ROSS (PHONE)

We'll need surveillance on the club.

JEFF

Thought you might. I've two teams ready to go. Front and back coverage. Leave it with me.

Jeff sits forward.

MOVE OUT TO: 3 other Decker employees. Similar in build. Seated around the desk listening, looking at Jeff and the phone.

JEFF

Anything else?

ROSS (PHONE)

Yeah. We'll need your assistance at MacArthurs accountants when we seize the accounts. Sarah will contact you when she's got the warrant.

JEFF

Ok. I'll come with you for that one. Sarah, do you have any idea on timescales?

12. INT. ROSS'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SARAH

I'll start on the audit trail now. So... I think a week at most.

JEFF (PHONE)

Next week's fine. Give me a call when you're ready. I'll update you guys in a few days with anything from the surveillance.

ROSS

Thanks Jeff.

Call ends.

Sarah gathers papers from the desk and leaves Ross's office.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

13. EXT. THE LIGHTS OUT NIGHTCLUB FRONT, CITY CENTRE - MORNING

The nightclub has a huge blue neon lightbulb sign outside with the words "Lights Out" inside it. It has two floors, with exterior walls painted light blue, fading. The doors are closed. Walled mounted lights throw yellow light towards the pavement outside. Windows are blacked out on both floors.

MOVE TO:

14. INT. INSIDE THE BASEMENT OF THE CLUB - WELL LIT

Similar in scene to a chemical lab. Several flat top tables with people pouring powder (cocaine) into clear plastic bags.

MOVE TO:

A high-tech PRINTER in the corner printing copies of the evidence bags from the photos sent by Lumley. We hear the printer motors and the ink nozzle.

INSERT PRINTER:

Shows an evidence bag being printed, signatures and details.

BACK TO BASEMENT

One person takes a newly printed bag off the printer and places a kilo bag of cocaine inside.

FOLLOW:

Two people carrying the nine bags upstairs.

15. INT. FIRE EXIT AREA, REAR OF THE CLUB - WELL LIT

Billy and three doormen are stood waiting. They are chatting and looking at their mobile phones. People appear from the basement stairs and place the bags on a table and go back down.

Enter Greaves and Lumley carrying the higher purity cocaine bags.

BILLY

(trying to sound intelligent)

Good Morning Gentlemen.

LUMLEY

Too early Billy. Been up all fucking night. Bags?

BILLY

Over there. Grouchy twat.-

Points to the nine copied bags on a table.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Decent haul. But not as big as Henry's shipment next week. Container from Spain. Two point one Mill.

GREAVES

Fucking 'ell that's a record.

BILLY

(smiling)

Enough to keep the fuckers out there high for months. Big pay day lads, big pay day.

Greaves and Lumley switch evidence bags and start to leave.

BILLY

Don't forget these. Ye grouchy bastards.

Billy hands them a large take away coffee cup each. Greaves is smiling. Lumley shakes his head.

LUMLEY

Shit! I always forget the fucking coffee. One day they'll ask why we took so long getting back and I won't have the bloody coffee. Cheers Billy.

BILLY

Details Dave. It's all in the details.

(beat)

See you in a few days to collect.

Greaves and Lumley exit through the fire door carrying the lower purity cocaine evidence bags and the coffee.

Billy turns away. He signals to the doormen. They pick up the high purity cocaine bags and walk down to the basement.

16. EXT. SURVEILLANCE CAR, SIDE STREET - DAWN

Through the windscreen. Two big guys in the front. Passenger is holding a small video camera.

POV:

Behind the front seats.

From 50m through the windscreen we have full view of the van and the rear of the nightclub.

POV:

Through the surveillance camera. Around the screen we see video camera settings, battery, time etc. Onto the screen come Greaves and Lumley leaving the club carrying the bags. They load them into the back of the van and drive off.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK:

17. INT. MARK AND SARAH'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sarah hangs up her coat and walks into the kitchen. Her partner MARK ROBINS (49, not married) is cooking in their substantial open plan kitchen. He is smaller than Sarah, stocky, ex-army, works out but is developing an overhang. Balding and a slight stutter when stressed.

SARAH

How was work?

MARK

Work was OK. Cycling home, that bloody hill. Kills me every time.

He stirs a bubbling pot of Bolognese. Steam rising from the pan. We hear bubbles of sauce popping. Kitchen windows are steamy. Black outside.

SARAH

You're gettin' old. You should take it easy at your age.

MARK

Salad for you tonight.

SARAH

Sorry, I can't help. I need to complete a warrant application.

Sarah smells the pot. Takes a deep breath in. Mark is standing back, spoon in hand.

MARK

Typical.

Sarah kisses him on the cheek. He leans forward to accept it. She turns and walks towards the study. Looks back.

SARAH

I'll help eat it though.

Mark smiles and shakes his head, all the time stirring the pot.