

**THE OMEGA CROSS**

An Original Screenplay

By

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**THIRD DRAFT [3.4]**

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**CLOSE ON THE WOODEN AGONISED FACE OF CHRIST--**

PULL BACK TO REVEAL this Sculpture above a Church Altar.

**CLOSE ON A WOMAN'S EYES**--tinged with anger. A Zippo lighter sparks into flame...lights a cigarette. She takes a drag and exhales. We are in--

**INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT**

Lana MACRAITH, 35, cynical eyes belie a hard life sits in the back row. She carefully COLOURS in a black line sketch of a dog in a colouring-in book. Staying within the lines. She takes a drag, puffs out a plume. She FLICKS the ASH in the HOLY WATER STOUP next to her.

Next to Lana is Jacob COWAN, 32, thin, restless, the world on his shoulders and a metaphorical millstone around his neck. He SCRIBBLES in a NOTEBOOK.

The plume of smoke wafts over his notes. He gives Lana a disapproving look. She gives him the middle finger. Jacob knows he can't argue with her. He returns to his scribbles.

ACROSS THE CHURCH...one of the CONFESSIONAL DOORS opens, an ELDERLY WOMAN steps out, KNEELS DOWN in a PEW. Jacob is up and into the open Confessional.

**INT. CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT**

Jacob kneels down, blesses himself, checks his notebook.

JACOB

Forgive me father for I have  
sinned, it's been...  
(checks watch)  
...twenty-two hours since my last  
confession.

FATHER TELLER, 60s, wise and tired, sighs...he KNOWS Jacob.

FR. TELLER

Hello, Jacob. How many sins have  
you committed in the last twenty-  
two hours?

JACOB

I've committed sins of...  
(checks notebook)  
...deception, theft, betrayal,  
greed...but the thing is...I  
haven't committed these sins yet.

FR. TELLER

Jacob, you can't confess sins  
you're **about** to commit.

JACOB

But, I have to commit these sins in  
about thirty minutes.

FR. TELLER

You don't *have* to commit any sin.

JACOB

Can't you bend the rules and give  
me absolution ahead of time?

The Confessional door flings OPENS...Lana pokes her head in.

LANA

Jacob, we need to go.

FR. TELLER

Lana, this is a private confession.

LANA

Hey, Father. Can we speed this  
along? We have a prior appointment.

JACOB

(to Lana)

He won't give me absolution.

LANA

(to Fr. Teller)

Why are you being so mean, padre?  
What about Deus te diligit? God  
loves us all, right?

FR. TELLER

I can't give absolution for sins to  
be committed. Forgiveness requires  
repentance...**after** committing the  
sin, not before.

Lana looks to Jacob, who shrugs. Lana thinks for a BEAT.

LANA

So, if Jacob goes away, commits  
these sins, comes back later and  
confesses them...you'll give him  
absolution?

FR. TELLER

(thinks for a moment)

Technically...if he's repentant...

LANA

Okay...that solves that problem.

Lana GRABS Jacob by his collar and YANKS him out.

**INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT**

Lana drags Jacob down the aisle. He shrugs her hand off and tidies his coat. Lana DROPS her cigarette in the holy water STOUP as they exit and it sizzles.

THE AGONISED FACE OF CHRIST watches Jacob and Lana leave.

**EXT. THE CROFT HOTEL, ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

A 3-Star LONDON HOTEL. Lana and Jacob walk up to the entrance. Lana checks her watch and nods to Jacob.

LANA

In you go, and use the stairwell to the left of the Lift Lobby. I'll be using the one in the service entrance. And don't use the lift, you hear me?

Jacob nods--turns and walks into the MAIN ENTRANCE. Lana continues on toward the side of the Hotel. She STOPS at the entrance of a dark SIDE ALLEY--CHECKS over her shoulder--

**LANA'S POV:** ACROSS THE STREET, in a SIDE ALLEY are TWO MEN, who LOOK AWAY when Lana SPIES them. The FIRST is tall and thin, the SECOND, short and stocky. Little and Large. They look like trouble.

At the SIDE ALLEY, Lana turns and melts into the dark ALLEY.

**INT. THE CROFT HOTEL, FOYER - NIGHT**

Jacob shuffles across the busy Foyer, weaving his way through GUESTS and PERSONNEL. He MUMBLES a MANTRA to himself. He BUMPS into one GUEST with his briefcase, apologises and shuffles on. He walks through the LIFT LOBBY and through the DOOR to--

**INT. THE CROFT HOTEL, STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Jacob looks up to the endless flights of STAIRS above him, then back to the door to the LIFT LOBBY.

**INT. THE CROFT HOTEL, LIFT LOBBY - NIGHT**

The Doors PING open and Jacob steps inside the LIFT with some other PATRONS.

**EXT. THE CROFT HOTEL, SERVICE ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

The hustle and bustle of a Hotel Service Entrance. Laundry, food deliveries, trucks, vans, make a racket. Amidst all the Hubbub, Lana slinks her way in through the commotion, invisible, unnoticed, undetected.

**INT. THE CROFT HOTEL, STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Lana makes her way up the empty stairwell.

**INT. THE CROFT HOTEL, LIFT - NIGHT**

Jacob sways on the spot, a few other PATRONS are in the lift. Muzak plays. He grips the briefcase--his knuckles are white...he continues to mumble to himself.

**INT. THE CROFT HOTEL, CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

THE STAIRWELL door opens--Lana enters the corridor...checks left and right--then heads down the corridor to a JUNCTION--stops--looks across the way to--

--a SIGN on a Double Door: **PENTHOUSE SUITE.**

**INT. THE CROFT HOTEL, CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

PING! Lift doors OPEN--out steps Jacob. He shuffles down to the doors to the PENTHOUSE SUITE. Checks his WATCH. Shakes his whole body loose...transforms from the mumbling wreck to a CONFIDENT BUSINESSMAN. His expression switches from worry to confidence. He knocks. A BEAT, then the door opens.

In the DOORWAY appears Amelia HARTMAN, 45, mumsy, clever, she's relieved to see Jacob.

JACOB

Ms Hartmann.

AMELIA

Oh, Mr Chandler. Please call me Amelia. So glad you made it.

**INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT**

A beautiful ornately furnished PENTHOUSE suite...floor to ceiling glass leading out onto a TERRACE.

Amelia pours two glasses of champagne, hands one to Jacob. They clink glasses. She nods towards the TERRACE.

AMELIA

Shall we sample the view?

**INT. THE CROFT HOTEL, CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Lana slinks up to the Double Door of the Penthouse. Places her ear to the door.

**EXT. PENTHOUSE TERRACE - NIGHT**

Jacob and Amelia sample the beautiful skyline of London.

AMELIA

When I first came to London, I dreamt I'd live somewhere like this.

JACOB

London tends to overpromise and underdeliver on dreams.

AMELIA

What was your dream?

JACOB

I was an orphan. Spent a lot of time in children's homes. I'm hoping to to set up an orphanage of my own...give children better life chances than I had.

AMELIA

I completely understand. Children change everything. My two, Ben and Rose, are why I'm fencing--

JACOB

--now, now. Fencing is such a crass word. Let's call it...consulting.

Amelia leans in closer to Jacob, confessional style.

AMELIA

I have a potential deal lined up with a Russian client. He pays extremely well. Would you be interested?

JACOB

I try to stay away from Russians.

Jacob OBSERVES a METAL BRACELET bracelet on Amelia's wrist, poking from under her sleeve.

JACOB (CONT'D)

That's a nice bracelet.

Amelia PULLS down her sleeve--downs her champagne.

AMELIA

Now, we've ticked the pleasure box, it's time for the business section.

**INT. THE CROFT HOTEL, CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Lana listens at the door--a DOOR OPENS nearby--a COUPLE come out, drunk, excited, all over each other.

Lana steps away from the door--leans against the wall--checks her phone. Once the COUPLE are out of sight, Lana returns to eavesdropping.

**INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER**

Amelia sits opposite Jacob at a small lounge table. She opens HER BRIEFCASE on the table to reveal a LARGE DIAMOND NECKLACE in all its sparkling glory. Jacob's eyes widen.

AMELIA

This is the Tamaurian necklace. My clients acquired it from Mason Jewellers.

Jacob runs his hand over the EDGES of the JEWELS. The diamonds SHIMMER and REFLECT in his EYES.

**EXT. THE CROFT HOTEL, CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Lana, listens at the door, slips A SILENCER out of her jacket, checks her watch.

**INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT**

Jacob checks his watch, FLIPS open HIS briefcase, turns it to face Amelia revealing STACKS of MONEY, bound in elastic bands. Amelia smiles at Jacob.

AMELIA

You don't mind if I count it do you? My client is a stickler.

Jacob nods, checks his watch, checks the door.

**EXT. THE CROFT HOTEL, CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Lana checks her watch one more time--checks the corridor: NO-ONE AROUND.

**INTERCUT:** Amelia counts the money; Jacob checks the door, Lana checks her watch.

**INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT**

The door FLIES OPEN--Lana bursts in, silencer pointing at Jacob--SLAMS the door closed. Amelia jumps in her seat.

LANA

(to JACOB)

There you are, you little fuckwit!

Jacob jumps out of his chair--begins backtracking.

JACOB

Hey, I was going to call you.

Lana points the gun at Amelia.

LANA

Who the fuck is this bint?

JACOB

She's nobody.

AMELIA

I'm nobody?

LANA

Nobodys are always somebodys.

Lana points the gun back at Jacob.

LANA (CONT'D)

I think you've got a Judas complex.



JACOB  
A Judas what?

LANA  
Judas Complex. You get off  
betraying people.  
(Lana eyes the necklace)  
But not anymore.

Jacob's eyes widen. He knows this is it. Lana squeezes two rounds into Jacob's chest. BLOOD FLIES in all directions; on the money, on the diamonds, Amelia's face and hands. Jacob slumps to the ground.

Amelia gives a silent scream, STARES at the BLOOD on her hands. Lana GRABS Amelia's handbag, rummages through and PLUCKS out her driving licence and reads it.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Amelia Hartman, 4 Warwick Gardens.  
(to Amelia's face)  
Now, do you wanna join him, or do  
you wanna fuck off?

Amelia stares at Lana...unable to process what to do.

LANA (CONT'D)  
You have five seconds to choose.  
Run and live or stay and die.  
(beat)  
Five...Four...

Amelia snaps to it; closes the case with the necklace in, goes to pick it up. Lana slams her boot down on the briefcase lid, trapping Amelia's hand. Lana spies the bracelet around Amelia's wrist--points the gun at Amelia's face.

LANA (CONT'D)  
The rocks stay...I've got your  
address. So, if you pay the Police  
a visit...

Lana lets the threat sink in. Amelia nods.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Three...Two...One...

Amelia GRABS her handbag, RUSHES out the door. A BEAT.

Lana sits down and lifts up the necklace, stares in AWE.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Okay, Jacob...coast is clear.

Jacob SITS up, right as rain.--gets to his feet, takes off his jacket and shirt to reveal the blood squibs on his chest.

LANA (CONT'D)

You went a little overboard on the blood splatter. This isn't a Tarantino movie?

JACOB

You were late, Lana!

Jacob grabs some of the money in the case to reveal that there was just stacks of paper underneath.

JACOB (CONT'D)

She nearly got to these.

Lana glances at her watch and shows it to Jacob.

LANA

I was exactly on time. Now, we've got fifteen to clean the scene.

Lana dumps her BACKPACK down, unzips it--she and Jacob pull out all manner of cleaning products--

**QUICK MONTAGE** of...Lana and Jacob CLEANING the SCENE--POLISHING the coffee table--SCRUBBING the carpet--WIPING down fingerprints--WASHING their hands.

**INT. CAR, DRIVING - NIGHT**

Lana, drives Jacob, agitated, in the passenger seat. He SCRIBBLES in his little notebook.

LANA

I got Barrigan to line up a Fence for the necklace this Thursday.

JACOB

Why do you have to keep using him. I don't trust him. He's look like a snake.

LANA

He gives the best markup.

JACOB

(writes a few more words in his notebook)  
You know Amelia has a mountain of debt and two kids to support?  
(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)  
(Lana isn't interested)  
I don't think she was a fair mark.

LANA  
She's a fence. She's fair game. She  
got what she deserved.

JACOB  
And when will we get what we  
deserve?

A BEAT as Jacob looks outside the window--Lana drives.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
I can't do this anymore.

LANA  
You say this after every job.

JACOB  
How do you live without a  
conscience?

LANA  
(taps her chest)  
Got myself a heart of stone...right  
here. You should get one. Makes  
life a whole easier.

Jacob SPIES something from the car as they pass by.

JACOB  
You missed the church.

LANA  
You've already been to confession.

JACOB  
You dragged me out before I got  
absolution.

Lana snatches Jacob's notebook and waves it in his face.

LANA  
All this sin shit is wearing you  
down. And it's wearing me out.  
Here, I'll do you a favour.

Lana OPENS her window--THROWS the notebook out into the  
night. Jacob breath quickens, his eyes go WILD.

Jacob opens the CAR DOOR while it's still moving and THROWS  
HIMSELF OUT!

Lana SLAMS on the brakes, SCREECHES to a HALT.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Jacob ROLLS to a stop amid the traffic. CARS SWERVE to miss HIM as he rolls one way, then another.

PEDESTRIANS on either side of the road watch in shock as Jacob gets up, RUNS back along the street. He SCOOPS up his notebook--heads to the Church.

A FEW YARDS up the street, Lana grins, embarrassed, as Pedestrians stare at her.

**EXT. CHURCH PRESBYTERY - NIGHT**

Jacob BANGS on the door. Father Teller OPENS up, sees Jacob out of breath, his coat all scuffed up, CUTS to his face.

**INT. CONFESSIONAL - NIGHT**

Jacob reads from his notebook.

JACOB

I lied to someone about who I am, I  
deceived someone to do something  
that they shouldn't have, I  
extorted monies by threat of  
violence and deception...

(catches his breath)

That's about it...for the last  
twenty-four hours, anyway.

Father Teller gives a long sigh.

FR. TELLER

Look, I have to ask, Jacob; are you  
truly repentant?

JACOB

(earnestly)

Yes, I am Father.

FR. TELLER

Here's some advice...if you truly  
want to repent...how about you stop  
committing these sins? You can't  
keep this cycle of sin and  
confession going round and round.

JACOB

But I thought confession is the only way to salvation.

FR. TELLER

It's not the only way. Personally, I think confession is self-indulgent. It only focuses inwardly on yourself.

JACOB

Then where should I be looking?

FR. TELLER

Outward. Look to help others who need help. Make a start by stopping all these sins of deception.

JACOB

I can't. I'm a con artist. It's my job. It's the only thing I know how to do. And...Lana won't let me.

FR. TELLER

Maybe you need to put some distance between you and Lana.

JACOB

I've tried. There's no use. She'll only find me again.

The DOOR of the Confession FLIES open on Jacob's side--Lana appears, fuming.

LANA

For fuck's sake, Jacob don't ever do that again!

JACOB

(to Fr. Teller)

See what I mean?

Father Teller gives a deep, long sigh, raises his hand, makes the sign of the cross. Lana GRABS Jacob to pull him out, he holds onto the door jambs, desperate to get his absolution.

FR. TELLER

May God give you Pardon and Peace, and I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

Jacob tries to do the sign of the cross with one hand. This helps Lana finally pry Jacob's other hand from the door jamb and drag him away.

FR. TELLER (CONT'D)  
 (shouting after Jacob)  
 Your penance is five Our Fathers  
 and ten Hail Mary's! And stop  
 stealing and stop lying!

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Lana stands in front of a large cork-board covered in INDEX CARDS, each with neat HANDWRITTEN NOTES on them. She begins unpinning the cards, placing them in a neat pile.

**LATER:** The Board is clear. Lana turns the board around to reveal a beautiful PRINT of RIO with the STATUE of Christ the Redeemer in the foreground. Lana studies it for a beat.

**EXT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT**

Fire gently rises from a small metal bin. Lana sits in a chair, throws each card into the inferno, watches the cards curl, turn black then to ash. Lana throws the last card in, takes a sip from an espresso.

**ON THE NEXT BALCONY--**HOOVER the CAT, watches Lana intently. He gives a doe-eyed expression, then starts LICKING his ass.

LANA  
 Hey, Hoover. What's it like to live  
 without shame?

Hoover continues to lick his ass. Lana nods.

**INT. MULTI-STOREY CAR PARK - DAY**

Amelia locks her car. The car park that has a wide view of the London skyline.

Two MEN, dressed in dark colours, arrive either side of her. These are the TWO MEN in the ALLEYWAY following Lana to the Hotel. The first is PAVEL, mid 20s, the tall one, a hulk of a man, a ring on every finger. The second is VOLKOV, 30s, short and stocky, forever chewing gum. Amelia's face is overcome with worry.

VOLKOV  
 The Crimson Prince would like to  
 see you.

**EXT. LAKESIDE CABIN - DAY**

**CLOSE ON**--The Tamauranian Necklace in its plush velvet case.

DEXTER EVERLEIGH, 60s, poised and wise, examines the necklace closely. Lana sits at a picnic bench, smoking. Behind Lana is Dexter's beautiful lakeside Cabin...in front, a large lake. Dexter's Lana and Jacob's old partner and mentor, now retired.

DEXTER

Pretty impressive. Who's the fence?

LANA

Barry Barrigan.

Dexter blows his cheeks, picks up a fishing rod, casts out his line into the lake.

DEXTER

I'd go with someone else.  
Barrigan's first class snake.

LANA

He gives the best mark up.

DEXTER

Okay...it's your funeral.

Lana closes up the necklace case, takes a drag.

LANA

Jacob wants to quit again. I think he's into double figures now.

DEXTER

Ever thought why he keeps wanting to quit?

LANA

He swallowed all that Catholic guff about damnation from our children's home. He's afraid of going to hell.

DEXTER

At least he has his Shangri-La.

Lana looks at Dexter like he's talking a foreign language.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

What's your Shangri-La?

LANA

Isn't that a song by the Kinks?

DEXTER

Electric Light Orchestra did one too. Do you have a Shangri-La? A destination where you want to end up when you quit being a bunco.

Lana goes to answer...but no words come forth.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

What did I teach you was the first rule of any con?

LANA

Plan your way out before you plan your way in.

DEXTER

The same goes for your life after the con. You have to plan your way out from this life. You can't be a bunco forever. And you need a Shangri-La to look forward to. This cabin and the lake was mine. Knowing I had this end in mind... kept me going. You can't be a bunco forever.

LANA

You also taught us the second rule of a con...don't look too far into the future or you'll trip up on the present.

DEXTER

You just made that up.  
(Lana nods and smiles)  
But, you can't pull a con on fate. If you push the envelope too far--

LANA

You'll end up with a paper cut. I know. I know. You did say that.

DEXTER

Your next con could be you Waterloo. And then you could find yourself having to pull a Samson.

LANA

I'm too clever to catch a Waterloo and I'll never pull a Samson. There is always a way out of any con.



DEXTER

All things come to an end, Lana. I had two kids to think about. Jacob always had a second sense about things, and he's usually right. Maybe he's right about calling it a day now.

Lana thinks for a long beat and smiles.

LANA

Me and Jacob did talk about going to Rio. He wants to start an orphanage in the favelas. I might start a coffee shop there.

DEXTER

See...that's your Shangri-La. Keep that in your mind every time you pull a con.

Lana muses, scans the lake. Dexter's rod tightens as he gets a bite. He starts reeling it in. Lana stares at the water--as the RIPPLES SPREADING out.

**EXT. THAMES RIVERBANK - PRESENT DAY**

The DEAD FACE of Amelia stares at us. A horrific expression contorts her face. Her final moments a facial echo.

She lies on the shallow beach of the Thames. Either side, the skyscrapers of the city loom above.

DS CHRIS TAMES, mid 40s, experienced, cynical, stands over the corpse of Amelia, writing in his notebook. Shirt out, crumpled suit--looks like he slept in his clothes. In fact, he DID sleep in his clothes.

THE WIDER SCENE shows a section of the River cordoned off with Crime Scene Tape and a line of UNIFORMED POLICE. A Coroner Tent is being erected...but the high wind is making it hard for the team to get it up.

DCI VINCENT Ridley, mid 20s, expensive suit, ambitious, high flyer, takeaway coffee cup in hand, trudges across the pebbles and up to DS Tames and the body.

DS TAMES

Morning, guv. Was that your mum I saw drop you off?

There is a clear antagonism between the two. Old cynicism versus ambitious youth.

DCI RIDLEY

Morning, DS Tames. Did you sleep in those clothes, or did your mum forget to iron them again?

DS Tames flares his nostrils, but has to accept insult for insult. He turns to his notebook.

DS TAMES

This is Amelia Hartman, mid 40s, jeweller in the diamond district. Mother of two. Divorced.

Ridley puts on rubber gloves--crouches down close to the body to examine it.

RIDLEY'S POV moves across Amelia's body. Her INDEX FINGER is missing on her right hand. DCI Ridley lifts up Amelia's shirt cuff to reveal the METAL BRACELET.

DS Tames lights a cigarette as Ridley gets to his feet. Ridley fires a judgmental look at Tames' cigarette, who reluctantly flicks it into the River.

DCI RIDLEY

The missing finger and bracelet...  
(looks to DS Tames;  
concerned)  
...we've got another one.

DS TAMES

That makes three.

Ridley and Tames hold a concerned look with each other.

**INT. BARRIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

A dingy, windowless room. Years of tobacco smoke ingrained on the walls.

Lana and Jacob sit opposite their FENCE, BARRY BARRIGAN, 50s, fat, odorous, a snake face, just like Jacob said. A weak light SPLASHES on the desk between them, illuminating the Tamauranian Necklace in it's case.

Barrigan's eyes catch the GLINT of the diamonds in his eyes.

The door behind them opens. In walks MORTON Granger, mid 40s, lean, intelligent, a real presence in the room. Behind him is Nev, mid 20s, Anglo-Chinese, second generation and Wyatt, Anglo-African, mid 30s, scars on his face. Barrigan leans back in his chair.

BARRIGAN

Lana, Jacob, may I introduce--

LANA

--Morton Granger. Son of the late, master thief, Lester Granger.

GRANGER

Congratulations on stealing my necklace from my fence, Amelia.

LANA

(squints at Granger)

I'm sorry...it's hard to make you out when you're standing in your dad's shadow.

Jacob glares at Barrigan, incensed, then to Lana.

JACOB

(to Lana)

I told you he was a snake.

(to Barrigan)

We don't pull a Judas Kiss on each other, Barrigan!

BARRIGAN

Poor little, naive Jacob. You really think there's honour among thieves?

JACOB

We're con artists, not thieves. There's a big difference.

Barrigan hands the necklace to Granger.

GRANGER

Don't flatter yourself Jacob. You're just a couple of bottom feeders...pilot fish.

(admires the necklace)

You don't have the guts or skill to pull off a heist.

Granger nods to Wyatt and Nev who grab Lana and Jacob and wrestle them to their feet.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY**

Wyatt and Nev slam Lana and Jacob against the brick wall. The dark alley is filled with garbage and dumpsters. Granger stands behind them.

GRANGER

I'm feeling magnanimous. I'll give you a choice of punishment. We either break a finger, and you get to choose which one...or...you get five punches to the stomach?

Lana and Jacob look to each other, then to Granger.

**MOMENTS LATER:** Wyatt SNAPS Lana's little finger on her left hand. Nev, PUNCHES Jacob in the stomach five times. Jacob crumples to the floor. Wyatt and Nev walk away.

GRANGER (CONT'D)

Stick to stealing your own stuff.

LANA

You are aware that's an oxymoron?

Granger tries to hide his ignorance for a moment. Wyatt goes to kick Lana in the face, but Granger touches his arm and Wyatt stops. Granger walks away followed by Wyatt and Nev. Lana helps Jacob to his feet.

**INT. LANA'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY**

Lana drives, her little finger pointing out a sickening angle. Jacob holds his stomach in pain. He CHECKS his phone. His eyes grow with alarm.

JACOB

Lana! It's Amelia...she's dead.

**CLOSE ON PHONE:** News article READS: MOTHER OF TWO, JEWELLER, FOUND DEAD ON THAMES RIVERBANK.

**BACK TO SCENE:** Lana computes the seriousness of this news.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Do you think she gave us up?

LANA

No. We used fake IDs.

Jacob stares at Lana...GUILT etched on his face. She gets his subliminal message.

LANA (CONT'D)

You didn't use the stairwell, did you?

(Jacob nods)

You went in the lift instead?

(MORE)

LANA (CONT'D)  
 (Jacob nods again)  
 Fuck, Jacob!

JACOB  
 What about Amelia's poor kids?

LANA  
 I don't give a fuck about her kids!  
 We have to put us first.

Lana turns the wheel and they screech around a corner.

**INT. MORTUARY - DAY**

Amelia's corpse in on the slab. Y incision sown up. The CORONER, female, mid 50s, has just finished her examination. She stands opposite DCI Ridley and DS Tames.

**INTERCUT: MORTUARY & DARKENED ROOM**

As the CORONER goes over the INJURIES we **FLASH-CUT** to CLOSE UPS of the actual INJURIES being INFLICTED on Amelia whilst she is alive in a DARKENED ROOM. A DARKENED FIGURE who is the Crimson Prince is the commuting the injuries on Amelia.

CORONER  
 They began taking out her fingernails, toenails, most of her teeth. They severed her index finger with a clean cut to the joint. Shows they have a lot of experience in digit removal. But, the strangest thing is the bracelet. Just like the other two we found, it has tiny spikes that have dug into the flesh quite deeply. It took me some time to get the thing off her wrist. There is some kind of liquid in it, but I have no idea what it might be. It's going to take some testing to find out.

(stares at Amelia; sadly)  
 This woman went through unimaginable pain before she died. Whoever did this absolutely loves this kind of work. This isn't a simple gangland killing. I don't believe in God, but whoever did this...makes me believe that there is evil in the world.

DCI Ridley and DS Tames exchange worried looks.

**INT. DEXTER'S CABIN - DAY**

Dexter kneels in front of Lana who sits on the sofa. Dexter cracks Lana's little finger back into place. Lana stifles a scream. Dexter tapes a bandage around fingers.

Jacob, on the sofa, hugs a hot water bottle to his stomach. He looks at a photo of Dexter outside the Cabin with his son, ADAM, mid 20s and EVE, early 20s, on either side.

JACOB

How are Adam and Eve?

DEXTER

They're good. Working in Europe at the moment.

Dexter finishes Lana's bandage.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

I told you Barrigan can't be trusted.

Dexter sits down in an armchair, his mood becomes morose.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

I did some digging around about Amelia Hartmann and I've got some bad, bad news. Amelia was working on a project for someone else before she died.

JACOB

She was working for a Russian.

DEXTER

Not just any Russian. She was working for the Crimson Prince.

Lana and Jacob look to each other in shock. The air is SUCKED out the room.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

Look, guys, if the Crimson Prince finds out you're connected to Amelia...you better run. And I mean run for your fucking lives. Cos this guy loves killing. He left Moscow and he's here in London and he's planning to stay and burrow in like a fucking tick.

JACOB

Do you know why they call him the  
Crimson Prince?

DEXTER

He's killed so many people his  
hands are permanently stained red.  
Once you tangle with him there's no  
coming back from it. You're as good  
as dead. As of now, your life is  
officially over. So, I tell you  
again, run for your fucking  
lives...become someone else, get  
out of this country. It's time to  
plan your way out...it's time to go  
for your Shangri-La. Both of you.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY**

Lana grabs the POSTCARD of the Beach at Rio from the fridge.

**INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Jacob stuffs his Green Monkey into his case--slams the lid.

**INT. CAR PARK - DAY**

Lana and Jacob RUSH to CAR--THROW their cases in the back  
seat--GET in the front. Engine whirrs into life. But then--

--A CAR MOVES TO BLOCK their exit. Out of the Car steps Pavel  
and Volkov from either side. Pavel walks to Jacob's door and  
Volkov to Lana's. He taps on the window with a gun.

VOLKOV

Good morning. The Crimson Prince  
would like to see you.

At the mention of the Crimson Prince, Lana's face drains of  
blood, Jacob immediately VOMITS into the footwell of the car.

**EXT. DERELICT WAREHOUSE, DOCKLANDS - DAY**

The sleek black car parks in a uneven, puddle-filled parking  
lot. This Warehouse is an industrial relic.

Lana and Jacob get out--Pavel and Volkov walk them towards  
the warehouse.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - STAIRWELL - DAY**

Lana and Jacob flanked by Pavel and Volkov make their way down the dark stairwell--the faint echo of voices get louder.

**INT. UNDERGROUND BROTHEL, CORRIDOR - DAY**

Pavel and Volkov escort Lana and Jacob down a long, dark corridor, on either side are DOORS to SMALL ROOMS.

Lana and Jacob PEER into the ROOMS and GLIMPSE YOUNG GIRLS, EARLY to LATE TEENS, waiting for a CLIENT, or in the process of SERVICING a CLIENT. This is Hell's own brothel. A creation from Dante's mind. Lana prickles at the sight of the GIRLS trapped in misery. Jacob is horrified.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Lana and Jacob sit in front of an ornate desk, facing an EMPTY CHAIR behind it. The 'throne' of the Crimson Prince.

A LONG BEAT--then FOOTSTEPS approach the office door. It swings open. WE STILL HOLD OFF seeing the Crimson Prince's face. We see his HANDS, though, and they are RED with BLOOD. He heads to a SINK--washes the blood from his hands, DRIES his hands on a white towel, leaving STREAKS of BLOOD on it. He continues to dry his hands as he SITS down.

Finally...WE SEE HIM and this should frighten even the bravest of souls. This man is EVIL PERSONIFIED. Several scars criss-cross his face. His aura is black, so is his heart. This man knows no mercy, no shame, no guilt. A fully paid up member of the psychopath club, with honours.

He studies Lana and Jacob...SCANNING for weakness. He throws the bloody towel across the room to the sink. He unwraps a handkerchief revealing a SEVERED INDEX FINGER. He uses a pocket knife to tidy up the loose flesh.

**CRIMSON PRINCE**

You know, blood is very difficult to get off your hands. It gets under your fingernails, in the grooves of your fingerprints. Every crack of your skin is like a reservoir for tiny flakes of blood.

He finishes cutting away the loose flesh of the finger. Puts his knife down.



CRIMSON PRINCE (CONT'D)

Enough poetry. Time for business.  
It appears you two owe me a debt.

LANA

How can we owe you anything...we  
don't even know you?

CRIMSON PRINCE

In Russia, we have a tradition  
called Peredacha. If one person  
causes the death of another, then  
the debts and duties of the dead  
pass to the one who caused their  
death. You caused Amelia's death,  
now you inherit the Peradacha.

JACOB

Who killed, Amelia?

CRIMSON PRINCE

I did. I should thank you. You  
exposed how weak and foolish she  
was. She was conned by you both.  
She would have been compromised in  
her work for me. So, Amelia had to  
be replaced by you two. I think it  
is an upgrade, don't you think?

JACOB

What do you want us to do?

CRIMSON PRINCE

I want you to locate and steal  
something that belongs to me. It  
is, as you say, family heirloom.  
You see, I was an orphan like you  
two. When I was older, I looked  
into my family history. I found  
that I am descended from a noble  
Prince Piotr Ulyanov from Novrudak,  
a small town in an old region of  
the Kievan Rus, now Ukraine. I am  
his sole heir. Prince Ulyanov  
forged the Omega Cross of Novrudak  
in the mid 1230s. It is one of the  
most valuable medieval artefacts  
that still survives today. However,  
it's been missing since 1942 during  
World War Two, stolen by an SS  
Captain. I tracked him down to a  
false identity in Zurich. I sent  
two of my best men, Koslowski and  
Generev to bring me the cross.

(MORE)

CRIMSON PRINCE (CONT'D)

But once they had the cross in their hands they decided to sell the cross for themselves. I understand they have a Swiss gemologist, Keleszade, out of Zurich brokering a deal to sell the cross. That is why I engaged Ms Hartmann to track down where they might be selling it. That's when you two pulled your con on her, exposing her gullibility. So I decided to dispense with her services and transfer the peredacha over to you two. You must locate the cross and bring it to me.

The CRIMSON PRINCE nods to Volkov who picks up an iPad, taps a few times and places it in front of Lana and Jacob.

**CLOSE ON THE IPAD**--the glorious visage of the OMEGA CROSS. The Cross is made of GOLD, a SILVER FIGURE of JESUS; diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, studding the FIVE WOUNDS--hands, feet, side and the CROWN OF THORNS.

LANA and JACOB are mesmerised for a moment by the beauty of the cross. Lana snaps out of it, Jacob is almost hypnotized.

CRIMSON PRINCE (CONT'D)

It is one of the most valuable medieval artefacts that still survives today.

LANA

What do you need the cross for? Something on the wall to cheer up this dreary place?

CRIMSON PRINCE

The cross is worth more sold than to be possessed. As you can see my operation here is rather small and limited. Most criminals have only a selected choice of products to sell to make a living, cocaine, heroin, grass, pills, pharmaceuticals, counterfeit money. But the most profitable resource for a criminal is...young girls. They yield the most money per unit. Cheap to procure, easily captured by promises of a better life. They do not need to be 'processed' as cocaine and heroin do. And they are easily replaceable.

(MORE)

CRIMSON PRINCE (CONT'D)

Now I need that cross to give me an injection of capital to expand this operation across the whole of the country, into Europe and eventually America. Underground Brothels in deserted and useless wasteland is a prime business model for the criminal. The land is cheap. No-one looks here because there is nothing to see. We are like that cartoon you English tell me about, the Wembilees?

JACOB

You mean the Wombles.

CRIMSON PRINCE

Oh yes! Of Wimbledon. Anyway, you now have your task. Locate the cross, bring it to me.

LANA

What is our end?

CRIMSON PRINCE

End? Your end is to avoid your own death, Miss Macraith. Of course, You have a choice...bring me the cross...or I kill you. So, which will it be?

LANA

We'll find the cross for you.

CRIMSON PRINCE

Pavel and Volkov will be close by you at all times. If you need anything, ask them. They will arrange it. If you make any stupid moves, I will know and you will be punished accordingly.

The Crimson Prince stands, puts out his hand to Lana. Jacob shakes the hand, but Lana stares the Crimson Prince down. They hold it for a long BEAT. Lana follows Jacob out.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Lana, sits on the sofa, UNWRAPS a fresh pack of Index Cards. Jacob PACES up and down.

JACOB

What're we gonna do? What're we  
gonna do?

Lana gets up, turns the Rio Photo Print around to reveal the  
Cork-board. She grabs a card and FLICKS it at Jacob. It hits  
him and falls to the ground.

LANA

Write up our goals for the con.

JACOB

What con?

LANA

We're gonna con the Crimson Prince.

JACOB

Er, Lana Banana...he's gonna kill  
us if we try anything.

LANA

Dexter taught us...show me someone  
who wants something and I'll show  
you a mark and where there's a  
mark...there's a con. We just need  
to will to do it.

JACOB

Lana...this is it...our Waterloo.

Lana grabs Jacob and shakes him by the shoulders.

LANA

Don't you ever fucking mention that  
word again! Nobody is going to con  
us, Jacob. I'll not be helpless.  
We're going to pull the best con  
we've ever pulled!

(shakes Jacob)

You got it?

(shakes Jacob again)

Say it!

JACOB

We're going to pull the best con  
we've ever pulled!

LANA

Right. Now right up the Con goals.  
Remember the first rule--

JACOB  
 --plan our way out before we plan  
 our way in.

Lana lets him go, grabs a card and starts writing, Jacob slowly does the same.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - LATER**

Lana and Jacob stand in front of the cork-board, studying the index cards of different colours all lined up.

LANA  
 Right. Step One.

**EXT. MONKTON JEWELERS - NIGHT**

The street is quiet and empty. WE PUSH IN on the sign of MONKTON JEWELERS.

**INT. MONKTON JEWELERS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON a GLASS OFFICE DOOR...the ETCHED name of Amelia HARTMAN. Low light spills from the glass onto the corridor.

**INT. AMELIA'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Jacob rifles through the desk drawers. Lana at the computer.

LANA  
 There is nothing on her calendar or  
 the files on here.

Jacob puts his hand under one of the drawers, fiddles around and then a CLICK. He pulls open the secret draw. Inside is a SMALL A6 DIARY.

JACOB  
 Bingo. Amelia was old school  
 analogue.

Jacob flicks through the pages, until his eyes widen on one of the pages. He shows it to Lana.

**CLOSE ON DIARY:** A handwritten entry: **ORPHEAN - SEE MBT - BA**

Lana and Jacob exchange confused looks.

LANA & JACOB  
 What the fuck is BA?

JACOB  
That guy from the A-Team?

LANA  
We know someone who'll know.

**INT. BARRIGAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Barrigan's face is SLAMMED against the desk. Lana leans her arm on his neck. Jacob sits on the other side pulling on Barrigan's tie. A Stapler in his other hand. He SNAPS a Staple in Barrigan's Forehead.

JACOB  
What does BA mean?

BARRIGAN  
Fuck you.

Jacob CLICKS another STAPLE in Barrigan's Forehead.

BARRIGAN (CONT'D)  
(struggling for breath)  
Alright! BA is a Black Auction.  
They fence high end items.

LANA  
Who's Orphean or MBT?

BARRIGAN  
That's Myles Bytham-Taylor, he runs the Orphean Safety Deposit bank. He organises the Black Auctions. He has the fence deposit the top items in the vault, then they run the Auction from the vault. They've got buyers from all over the world.

LANA  
How do we get into the Auction?

BARRIGAN  
You have to see Bytham-Taylor. You need a referral from a fence. Then you see him, tell him you have an item that you want to discuss. The code word is 'incognito'. You place your item in the vault and he'll let you know the date and time of the next Black Auction.

Lana grabs a pen and scribbles on the desk.

LANA

Right, you're going to make a referral for us for these names, right?

Barrigan nods. Jacob lets go of Barrigan's tie. Lana takes her arm of his neck. Barrigan GASPS for breath. Lana GRABS Barrigan's little finger and BREAKS it. Barrigan YOWLS in pain. Lana pats Barrigan on the head as he whimpers in agony. Lana follows Jacob out the door.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

The LARGE SIGN of ORPHEAN BANK fixed above a glass entrance.

ACROSS THE STREET--Lana and Jacob, get out their plush Mercedes, head towards the Bank. Jacob is in a DISGUISE; a long haired blonde wig, different coloured eyes, smartly dressed. His cover name is AUDERBAN GRIMMICH, a Russian oligarch type. Lana, in a executive Suit, briefcase, acting as Grimmich's PA, DAPHNE BLAKELY.

Lana looks across the road...SPIES Pavel and Volkov in a car, watching. She gives them a middle finger. They don't respond.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

The SIGN on the front of the desk--MYLES BYTHAM-TAYLOR - MANAGER. Jacob sits opposite. Lana stands behind him.

The door opens, in comes MYLES BYTHAM TAYLOR, Mid 30s, toffish, slick. He shakes Jacob's hand.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

It is an absolute pleasure to meet you Mister Grimmich. Mr. Barrigan speaks very highly of you.

JACOB

(Russian accent)  
Please, call me Auderban.  
(points to Lana)  
This is Daphne Blakely, my AP.

LANA

(irritated)  
I am Mister Grimmich's PA.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

I understand you have an item you would like to deposit with us?

Jacob clicks his fingers. Lana takes out an iPad, taps a few times, then hands it to Bytham-Taylor.

ON THE SCREEN--is the Tamauranian necklace.

Bytham-Taylor's eyes light up.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR (CONT'D)

My-my. This is a mighty fine piece.  
It will be an exceptional addition  
to our latest listings.

LANA

We would like a guided a tour of  
your facility?

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

Absolutely.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - FOYER - DAY**

Bytham-Taylor walks Jacob and Lana across the foyer. Bytham-Taylor points to SIX SECURITY GUARDS all around the FOYER.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

We have six security guards placed  
in the foyer. They will raise the  
alarm if there is any breach here.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - ELEVATOR - DAY**

Bytham-Taylor, Lana and Jacob enter the elevator. After the doors close. The lighting changes to GREEN.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

(points to four corners)

We have four cameras in the lift.  
The Elevator is pressure sensitive  
So, if any thieves think they can  
get some heavy duty merchandise out  
it will stop and seal everyone in.

Lana touches her jacket lapel where there is a HIDDEN CAMERA in the centre of her LAPEL BUTTON.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - PRE-VAULT CORRIDOR - DAY**

The Elevator doors open. Bytham-Taylor, Lana and Jacob walk along the Corridor FLANKED by three ARMED GUARDS. One of them sits at a CONSOLE surrounded by a bank of MONITORS showing all BANK CCTV feeds.



The other TWO GUARDS stand either side of the elevator. CCTV CAMERAS cover all parts of the CORRIDOR.

Bytham-Taylor, Lana and Jacob arrive at the CHAMBER which is dominated by the large ROUND STEEL VAULT door, FLANKED by TWO MORE ARMED GUARDS.

Bytham-Taylor goes to the CONSOLE by the VAULT door. He puts his EYE to the SCANNER. Then his finger on a FINGERPRINT SCANNER, then enters an 8 digit CODE onto a keypad.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

The vault has triple lock security, iris, fingerprint and 8 digit key-code. The Vault door is 6 feet thick, with 21 titanium rods. You would need over 600 pounds of explosive to even make a dent. It is virtually indestructible.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - VAULT - DAY**

The floor has red illuminated SQUARE TILES. The HISS of the titanium rods WITHDRAW from the VAULT DOOR. The VAULT DOOR opens. A LOUD CLUNK as the floor TILES turn GREEN. Three walls of deposit BOXES and an OBLONG TABLE in the centre.

Lana, Jacob and Bytham-Taylor step into the VAULT. Jacob looks around in awe. Lana clocks all the CCTV cameras.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

CCTV covers all angles. There are cameras inside the doors to each deposit box. The floor is pressure sensitive...with two-hundred and forty eight pressure tiles. It will only allow a tolerance of a certain weight before the alarm is triggered and the Vault door will shut the would-be thief inside.

Bytham-Taylor goes to one of the boxes. On the front is an eye scanner, fingerprint scanner and keypad.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR (CONT'D)

We have over 600 boxes here. Each box is triple-locked. Eye, fingers and code.

Bytham-Taylor scans his eye, fingerprint checked on the box door, then and enters the code on a panel by the box door. The Door swings open. Bytham-Taylor takes the box to the LARGE OBLONG TABLE in the middle of the room.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Inside this box, is my deepest  
darkest secret.

He flips open the box to reveal...a bar of CHOCOLATE inside.  
He snaps off three pieces. Offers one to Jacob, who takes it.  
Offers one to Lana who declines.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR (CONT'D)

My guilty-pleasure. I need this  
amount of security to stop from  
eating the whole bar!

(Jacob laughs)

Another interesting fact...we are  
exactly one kilometre underground.  
we utilised some of unused  
underground tunnels. We are the  
only bank to have our alarm system  
sent directly to the Tactical  
firearms Unit of the Police. If we  
have a bomb scare we have direct  
contact with the Emergency  
ordinance Squad, a fancy title for  
the Bomb Squad. It might be  
possible to get into the vault. But  
I am happy to say...it's impossible  
to get out.

LANA

Just out of curiosity, who was the  
architect on this?

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

Sullivans. A London based firm.

Lana makes a mental note of the name. Jacobs leans closer to  
Bytham-Taylor, confessional style.

LANA

When is the next black auction?

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

A week's time.

JACOB

I am very interested in an item  
that I think might be on the list.

He clicks his fingers, again. Lana taps the iPad and hands to  
Bytham-Taylor.

ON THE SCREEN--is the beautiful OMEGA CROSS.

Bytham-Taylor eyes LIGHT UP.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

Yes, we have that piece on the list for next week. It is the prize lot in the auction.

JACOB

Is it in this vault at the moment?

Bytham-Taylor smiles and shrugs. Jacob and Lana nod to each other that this means the Cross is here.

LANA

Our associate, Keleszade, the Swiss gemologist informed us he is brokering the item for two Russian businessmen.

JACOB

Koslowski and Generev?

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

Oh, you know them?

JACOB

Yes, yes. We all sucked on the teat of Mother Russia as babes.

Bytham-Taylor is mildly disgusted at the image.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - FOYER - DAY**

Bytham-Taylor, Lana and Jacob walk towards the exit.

JACOB

Thank you for the tour, Myles. You have amazing bank here. Daphne will contact you about merchandise we talked about. You will provide details for the black auction?

Bytham-Taylor levels his hands to signal Jacob to keep his voice down about the black auction. Jacob nods.

JACOB (CONT'D)

(touches his nose)

Oh yes. Nod, nod...dink, dink.

Bytham-Taylor goes to correct him. Jacob waves his hands.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I know, I know. You must think I am typical, stupid rich Russian.

(pulls him close)

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

But make no mistake...I have enough money to buy this bank...and enough friends to make anyone disappear... forever.

Jacob lets go of Bytham-Taylor's hand, smiles and walks out with Lana. Bytham-Taylor wrings his hands nervously.

**INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - OFFICE - DAY**

Lana and Jacob sit opposite the Crimson Prince. Pavel and Volkov are in the BG.

LANA

The good news is, the cross is in the bank vault.

JACOB

The bad news...it goes on sale at the next Black Auction in seven days.

LANA

And the bad, bad news is...the bank cannot be robbed.

The Crimson Prince bristles at the negativity.

JACOB

You might be able to get in...

LANA

...but you won't get out.

CRIMSON PRINCE

(laughs)

Oh, you think I'm robbing the bank?

Lana and Jacob look at each other, confused.

JACOB

We're not bank robbers, we're con artists. We found you the cross. That's us done...right?

The Crimson Prince is stone cold serious.

LANA

We play marks and cons, not armed robbery.

## CRIMSON PRINCE

You two use the word 'no' way too much. I thought you were confidence artists? Where's the confidence? Where is the passion for your artistry? You have the chance to show your skill...and what do you do? You moan like two little kids who lost their ball. If you're as good as you think you are, you can con your way in and out of anywhere.

## JACOB

We would love to be able to get you the cross, but it's not possible.

## LANA

We are not going to rob that bank for you, or anyone.

A LONG BEAT...the Crimson Prince thinks...grabs his phone. Punches the numbers and then--

## CRIMSON PRINCE

Anton. You're up.

Pavel and Volkov quickly move to restrain Lana and Jacob and drag them out of the room.

**INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - ROOM - DAY**

Pavel YANKS the last CABLE TIE tight on Jacob's wrist to secure him to the chair, his legs are also tied. Lana is in the same position.

The Crimson Prince sits on the edge of a table, Volkov in the other corner.

The door opens. ANTON, mid 50s, like a little 'Mad Professor', shuffles in. He carries an old doctor's bag, a small cage with a rat desperately trying to claw it's way out. The bag and cage thud on the table.

Anton opens his bag, takes out a small tape player...presses PLAY. The BANANA SPLITS theme tune '*Tra-La-La*' starts playing, adding a surreal undertone to the horror that is about to happen.

Anton slips on thick plastic gloves--takes out a kit box and opens it. He takes out a SYRINGE and a small VIAL.

Jacob's eyes widen when he see Anton extract the clear liquid into the syringe. He fishes out one small bracelet and two larger bracelets.

He injects the liquid into a tiny hole in each of the three bracelets. The larger bracelets look exactly like the one that was found on Amelia's body.

Anton opens the cage, grabs the Rat, puts the small bracelet around it's neck--SHOVES the Rat back in the cage. Anton picks up the larger bracelets and moves across to Lana. She struggles against her restraints.

CRIMSON PRINCE

If you struggle he might end up  
killing you.

Lana stiffens, holding a hateful stare at the Crimson Prince. Anton puts the bracelet around her wrist, CLIPS it in place.

CLOSE ON little pins from the inner ring of the bracelet inserting themselves into her wrist flesh.

Lana winces, but does not cry out. Anton does the same to Jacob. The bracelet CLIPS on, the pins SLIDE into his flesh.

CRIMSON PRINCE (CONT'D)

Now, Anton here has put enough nerve agent in those bracelets to kill you. Most people think all we Russians have these nerve agents in our fridges, next to the milk. But, funny to know, we were sold this from a lab doctor who worked for the Ministry of Defence lab in Porton Down. Near Salisbury, nice little town to visit.

Crimson Prince takes out his phone and presses a button. The bracelets make a little whirr--Lana and Jacob WINCE in pain.

CRIMSON PRINCE (CONT'D)

Now Anton has injected you with 0.2mgs of nerve agent to get you started. You will feel dizzy, sick, and disorientated for an hour or two.

(waves his phone at them)

I can increase the dose and have it injected whenever I feel like it from here. You bring me the cross then Anton will give you an antidote to the nerve agent and then take those ornaments off.

IN THE CAGE the Rat claws at the bracelet with its back legs. Suddenly the Rat SQUEALS as the NERVE AGENT floods it's veins. It begins to SHAKE and WRITHE around in the straw on the floor of the cage.

CRIMSON PRINCE (CONT'D)

You can see what happens if you try to get the bracelet off. All the nerve agent from the bracelet will be injected It will kill you in twenty minutes.

The Rat makes a last few QUIVERS of life then EXPIRES. Anton stops the tape player--packs up his things and leaves.

CRIMSON PRINCE (CONT'D)

The word 'no' is no longer in your vocabulary. You have seven days to bring me that cross before that Black Auction. Clear and simple goals, yes?

The Crimson Prince heads to the door.

LANA

How much is enough?

The Crimson Prince stops, turns to Lana.

CRIMSON PRINCE

For the cross? I think over One hundred Million is a good start.

LANA

I meant how much will satisfy you? How many girls are enough? How many brothels are enough? How much money is enough? How much misery is enough for you?

The Crimson Prince stares at Lana--gives a chilling smile.

CRIMSON PRINCE

The true sign of greatness is found in those who find that nothing is enough. They keep seeking more until there is no more to seek.

JACOB

Sounds like a life of permanent disappointment.

The Crimson Prince turns to leave, but stops as Lana says--

LANA

One day, you're going to know what it feels like to be where we are. To be helpless. To be at the mercy of someone else. And I hope I'm there to see it.

The Crimson Prince exits. Pavel and Volkov cut the cable ties on Lana and Jacob.

**INT. DEXTER'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Lana is stood by the roaring fire. Jacob plays with his little sin notebook. Dexter is sat on the edge of his chair.

DEXTER

Fuckin' 'ell, you two. I thought your Waterloo was floating around out there. Didn't think it would land right in your lap like this.

JACOB

Alright, oh wise one, what do you think we should do?

DEXTER

You both need to understand and accept that this is your Waterloo.

Jacob goes to protest, but Dexter holds up his hand to silence him.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

The way out of this job has already been planned...and not by you. The Crimson Prince is going to kill you both...whether you get him the cross or not. So, that leaves you with four outcomes. One. You run and the Crimson Prince pumps you full of that shit and kills you. Two. You get in the bank, get trapped and caught. Then the Crimson Prince will pump you full of that shit and kill you. Three. You pull off the bank job and get out with the cross. As soon as you hand it over, he'll kill you with those bracelets.

JACOB

Wow, you're really filling us with hope here, Dex.



LANA  
What's the fourth option?

DEXTER  
Accept this is your Waterloo. The  
final job you'll ever pull. And  
you'll have to pull a Samson.

Lana and Jacob look at each other, unsure of how to respond  
to Dexter's point.

DEXTER (CONT'D)  
Most of us don't know it's when  
we're on our Waterloo until after  
we get caught. But, for you, you  
know in advance...you're not  
walking out alive from this one.  
But this gives you a chance to make  
your final con be a benefit for  
others not yourselves. Pull a  
Samson. Bring down the temple on  
yourselves and the Crimson Prince.  
Stop his misery industry. That's  
the only solace I can offer...to  
make your death mean something.

LANA  
Is there any chance of us coming  
out alive?

DEXTER  
It's slim. Tiny, svelte,  
infinitesimal, thin, nought point  
nought one.

LANA  
But there is a chance.

Dexter nods, Jacob gives a hopeful smile at Lana.

**INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY**

DCI Ridley is talking to an OFFICER at their desk when DS  
TAMES comes up to him, paper in hand.

DS TAMES  
Hey, guv. We got Amelia Hartman's  
credit card bill.

DCI RIDLEY  
Anything interesting?

DS TAMES

Oh yeah. She booked the penthouse suite at the Croft Hotel two days before she turned up dead.

DCI RIDLEY

Let's go.

**EXT. DEXTER'S CABIN - DAY**

Lana SKIMS stones onto the lake, sending out ripples. Jacob lies on one of the picnic benches. They are trying to assimilate Dexter's assessment.

JACOB

So, how do we pull off a Samson?

LANA

We're not pulling a Samson when there's a small chance of getting out alive. And we're going to take it.

JACOB

You'll need a microscope to see this chance.

LANA

I'm not going to let that piece of shit carry on exploiting those girls. If we give him the cross he's going to exploit thousands more. That is not going to happen.

JACOB

(sits up, mock excited)  
Wait? What? Is that Lana Macraith showing a tiny morsel of...wait for it...morality? Is that famous heart of stone beginning to crack?

LANA

There has to be a way that we can take down the Crimson Prince, set those girls free, and get to live.

JACOB

Well, good luck with that, Lana-Banana.

Lana throws one more stone and it plops, but doesn't skim. The ripples of the water spread out across the lake.

**EXT. SULLIVAN'S ARCHITECTS - NIGHT**

CLOSE IN on the SIGN above the entrance of SULLIVAN'S ARCHITECTS. Flashlight beams are seen inside.

**INT. SULLIVAN'S ARCHITECTS - NIGHT**

Lana and Jacob pull open filing cabinets, SEARCHING for the ORPHEAN BANK name. Jacob finds it, pulls out the huge blueprints.

They SPREAD the blueprints on a nearby table, check them over. Lana rolls up the blueprint.

**INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY**

Jacob, sin notebook in hand, is back in familiar surroundings. Fr. Teller is listening.

JACOB

I wanted to ask you a question. Is it right to help the devil if it will it save your life?

FR. TELLER

Can you be more specific?

JACOB

What is the church's position on someone who has to commit a sin to save their own life?

FR. TELLER

Well, it depends on the seriousness of the sin.

JACOB

The main sin is a theft, but this theft will help another person to hurt and exploit others.

FR. TELLER

I think you'd have to accept the consequences of not committing the sin. The saints act as guides on this. They sacrificed themselves, and refused to sin.

JACOB

Father, I'm not a saint.

FR. TELLER

Neither am I. The saddest thing we realise in life is that we'll never be saints. But that doesn't mean we shouldn't aspire to be one. Some of us never get a chance to prove ourselves as saints. But if you get that chance you must take it.

JACOB

I never asked for this chance.

FR. TELLER

None of us ask for such troubles, but trouble comes all the same.

JACOB

You're not much comfort, Father.

FR. TELLER

Would you like me to pretend like it's easy?

JACOB

Maybe just for today?

FR. TELLER

Better to know the painful truth than be fooled by the shiny lie.

JACOB

Now you're being too abstract. So, you say I should sacrifice myself for the lives of others?

FR. TELLER

Look, I'm not sure what crime you are having to commit, but I urge you not to commit it.

JACOB

I'm dead if I don't.

FR. TELLER

Then you must go to the authorities.

JACOB

I'm dead if I do that, too.

FR. TELLER

Is there any scenario where you get to live without committing this crime?

JACOB

Not really. But, there is the thinnest of chances I get to live if I do commit the crime. But if I'm successful a lot of other innocent people will suffer at the hands of the man I'll be helping.

FR. TELLER

So, as I understand it. Save yourself, condemn the many to misery, or, sacrifice yourself and save the many **from** misery.

(thinks for a beat)

It really comes down to what you can live with or what you'll die for.

Jacob looks crestfallen. He knows what he **MUST** be, but is conflicted with what he **WANTS** to do.

**INT. CHURCH - DAY**

Lana sits at the back of Church in her usual spot. She **PUFFS** out smoke from a cigarette.

Jacob comes out the confessional and sits next to Lana.

LANA

Get any good advice?

JACOB

We either save ourselves and condemn a load of young girls to a life of misery. Or, we sacrifice ourselves, and save a whole load of young girls from misery.

LANA

I'm not throwing myself on a grenade for a bunch of strangers.

JACOB

Oh yeah, I forgot you don't have a conscience--

(points to her chest)

--just a heart of stone, right?

LANA

Don't think you can con your way past the Pearly Gates. Saint Peter will spot your scam a mile off.

JACOB

It's better than giving the Devil a handjob to save your ass.

LANA

You know, God is actually the best con artist of all time. He's got most of the world thinking he gives a shit about us. This is the same God who--

(points to the crucifix  
above the altar)

--let his son do all heavy lifting. I'm not sure I want to spend all eternity with a man who made his son die in agony to save a bunch of people like the Crimson Prince, Barrigan...and me. The fact is none of his deserve saving in the first place.

Lana gets up, flicks her cigarette into the holy water stoup, storms out. Jacob genuflects, blesses himself, looks to CHRIST on the Cross and shrugs.

JACOB

Sorry about her. She's not house trained.

**INT. THE CROFT HOTEL - SECURITY ROOM - DAY**

CLOSE ON a bank of MONITORS scrubbing CCTV footage from the HOTEL LOBBY.

DCI Ridley and DS TAMES LOOK at the bank of monitors in the cramped dark room. The SECURITY TECHNICIAN SCROLLS through CCTV on one of the bigger monitors.

DCI RIDLEY

(sees something)

Hey, back up a little bit.

**ON THE MONITOR**--THE IMAGES whirrs back, the action on screen REVERSES--PEOPLE going back and forth. The Tape PLAYS FORWARD and we see JACOB, from that night, go out the STAIRS EXIT, then COME BACK and SHUFFLE to the LIFT LOBBY.

DCI RIDLEY (CONT'D)

Who's Mister Jittery?

DS TAMES

(to the Technician)

Can you get footage from that lift?

The SECURITY TECHNICIAN punches a few keys--footage from the LIFT comes up with Jacob GETTING in and PUNCHING the button. He is ill at ease in the lift. The doors PING, he walks out.

DS TAMES (CONT'D)

What floor did he get out on?

SECURITY TECHNICIAN

(looks closely at monitor)

That's the tenth floor. The Penthouse Suite.

DCI RIDLEY

(checks paperwork in hand)

Exactly the floor where Amelia Hartman was waiting for him.

DS TAMES

Any cameras on the tenth floor?

SECURITY TECHNICIAN

Nope. Can't afford them.

DCI Ridley and DS TAMES share excited looks.

DCI RIDLEY

Let's find out who nervous ass is.

SECURITY TECHNICIAN

Maybe you should ask the other guys who came to see this video?

DCI RIDLEY

What other guys?

SECURITY TECHNICIAN

Some guys from Interpol. Foreign accents.

DCI RIDLEY

What type of accents?

SECURITY TECHNICIAN

I don't know, foreign. They sounded...Russian, I think.

DCI Ridley and DS Tames exchange concerned looks.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - DAY**

Jacob sits in an armchair, Lana paces.

LANA  
We need a planning session.

**PRE-LAP:** Loud music and the sound of Bowling pins being hit.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - DAY**

THE TV SCREEN IS SET up for a game of Ten Pin bowling on their console. In front of the TV is a rug.

Jacob mimics bowling his ball. ON THE TV--the ball SMASHES down 8 pins.

JACOB  
How do we get into the bank?

LANA  
We have to get into the system to control all the metrics they use like eye scanner, fingerprints, and shut off the weight pads in the vault and lift.

Lana sends her ball down the lane and smashes a STRIKE! She pulls a short fist pump in triumph.

JACOB  
What about 'Last Minute Substitute' with the Armed Guards?

LANA  
(sits down)  
Not enough time to set up the background.

JACOB  
(bowls)  
What about a 'Sleepover'?

LANA  
We still have all the computer system metrics to worry about.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - LATER**

THE TV has a game of POOL set up. Lana lines up her shot with the controller. Pots a ball.

JACOB  
What about an Austerlitz Twist?



LANA

Okay. What do we misdirect with?

Lana slams in another ball.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT**

It is now nighttime. **ON THE TV:** MADDEN American Football game is being played. A Play is set-up and begins. Lana and Jacob are playing intensely with their controllers. Lana's Quarterback throws a Touchdown.

JACOB

We pull a pump fake to get in the bank?

LANA

That'll do nicely.

**PRE-LAP:** Gunfire and explosions.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT**

**CLOSE ON TV SCREEN:** First Person Shooter game. Screen is Split for Lana and Jacob. Bullets fly, explosions let rip.

LANA

Grenade!

**ON JACOB'S SCREEN,** Jacob throws himself toward the grenade.  
**ON LANA'S SCREEN** Jacob's character appears and throws himself on the grenade--TAKES THE FULL IMPACT of the blast. Then GAME OVER floats on his screen.

LANA (CONT'D)

Why the fuck did you do that?

JACOB

To save your ass? You're welcome by the way.

LANA

Wait a minute.

There EYES LOCK and both snap their fingers.

LANA (CONT'D)

Lazarus Trick!

JACOB

Lazarus Trick!

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT**

**MONTAGE:** Lana and Jacob SPITBALL IDEAS at each other--each of them WRITE up INDEX CARDS...PIN THE CARDS to the cork-board. Some of the cards are taken and RIPPED up. Some are TICKED with a green pen.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - DAWN**

**ON THE CORK-BOARD** Lana pins a card that reads: TROJAN HORSE. PULL BACK to REVEAL OTHER cards in the following order:

1. TROJAN HORSE    2. INTERCEPTION    3. PUMP FAKE
4. AUSTERLITZ TWIST    5. FLEAFlickER    6. NUTMEG

Lana and Jacob admire the cards.

LANA

That's it. That's how we get in.

JACOB

But how the fuck do we actually get out of the bank?

LANA

I have no idea.

(picks up a card and shows it to Jacob)

But I know a man who can.

Jacob grabs the card and it reads: **LION'S DEN**

**EXT. GRANGER'S GARAGE - DAY**

Lana and Jacob get out their parked car, walk towards the Large Garage across the road to--

--an UPMARKET CAR DEALERSHIP--with an entire glass frontage. Inside, on DISPLAY, are an ARRAY of VERY EXPENSIVE CARS.

JACOB

I want my reservations about this idea noted, Lana.

LANA

Duly noted, ripped up, and ignored.

**INT. GRANGER'S DEALERSHIP - OFFICE - DAY**

Lana and Jacob sit opposite Granger. Wyatt is by the door. Nev sits on a chair nearby.

LANA

What would you say to robbing the Orphean Safety Deposit Bank?

GRANGER

That's a job that cannot be done.

LANA

I have a way of getting us in.

GRANGER

But no way of getting out? I already looked at that bank. It's impossible.

Lana picks up the wooden sign in front of the desk with Granger's name on it. She shows it to him.

LANA

Oh, sorry, are you not the Morton Granger who managed to get the Tamauranian necklace from Mason's? Are you the son of Lester Granger, who pulled off the Couvier Airport heist?

Lana tosses the sign back on the desk. Lana shades her eyes and squints at Granger.

LANA (CONT'D)

It's still hard to make you out from that shadow of your dad's. Me and Jacob here are orphans. We don't have parental hangups. We enjoy making our own history.

Granger bristles at the parental comparison.

GRANGER

I know I'm a better thief than my old man. I don't need to prove it to you.

LANA

Knowing and showing are two different things. And you don't have to prove it to me...proving it to yourself is what really matters. You ask any thief in this city and they still talk about your dad and the Couvier Heist. I don't hear them talking about anything you've done.

(MORE)

LANA (CONT'D)

If you wanna cement your place in the hall of fame of heists, the Orphean Bank is gonna be your Sistine Chapel.

JACOB

Mister Granger, don't you have that itch in your ball sack that makes you want to go and do this job right now?

GRANGER

If you have a way of getting in then why do you need me?

LANA

Because I believe...in fact...I know...you're the only one who can figure a way out of that vault.

Granger chews the idea over in his mind--leans back in his chair, puts his feet on his desk.

GRANGER

Tell me how you're getting in.

**INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY**

DS TAMES shows DCI Ridley a file.

DS TAMES

Got a hit on that nervous ass guy at the Hotel.

**CLOSE ON FILE:** A photo of Jacob when he was younger and his Arrest sheet.

DCI RIDLEY

(reading the file)

Jacob Hollins. Charged with stealing...soft toy green monkeys from Southend Pier. Sounds more like an idiot than a bunco.

**INT/EXT. BLACKSMITHS - DAY**

**CLOSE ON:** A HAMMER hits a molten piece of metal. PULL BACK TO REVEAL--

An open frontage to an old style BLACKSMITH's with a small forge throwing an orange glow across the workshop. One of the MEN operates a bellows.

**CLOSE ON:** The IMAGE of the Omega Cross of Novrudak that the Crimson Prince gave to Lana and Jacob.

A BLACKSMITH, examines the iPad closely. Looks up at Lana and Jacob and nods.

**INT. JEWELLERS - DAY**

MAGNIFIED CLOSE-UP through a LOUPE ON THE DIFFERENT GEMS on the PICTURE OF THE OMEGA CROSS.

**REVEAL:** A JEWELLER, mid 50s, closely examining the gems of the cross from the picture with his LOUPE.

**REVEAL:** A small jewellers with glass cases filled from floor to ceiling with gems and stones. Lana and Jacob stand across the counter. The Jeweller looks up at them.

JEWELLER

Fuck me. Is thing actually real?

Lana and Jacob nod.

**EXT. NOVHUDAK PIAZZA - DAY**

YULIA GREGOROVICH stands in the middle of the wide piazza. Stone buildings surround all four corners. She talks to CAMERA as part of a PROMO video.

YULIA

Here in Novrudak, there is a long history of orphans. From the Mongol massacre of 1236, and the SS slaughter of all mothers and fathers and adults in 1942, during World War Two.

Yulia walks in front of a STATUE of THREE CHILD ORPHANS that dominates the piazza.

YULIA (CONT'D)

The children were left to fend for themselves for two years before the Soviet Army found them. Out of these events, the Orphans of Novrudak Foundation was founded in 1995, and we are the centre for all orphans in this region of Ukraine.

**INT. ORPHANAGE - VARIOUS - DAY**

**MONTAGE:** Classrooms, dormitories, playgrounds, sports hall--  
ORPHANS take part in a wide range of activities from  
football, chess, crafts, lessons in classrooms.

YULIA

The foundation takes in around two-  
hundred orphans from around the  
region each year. We offer them  
full education, sports activities,  
extra-curricular tasks and a place  
to grow into healthy focused adults  
with purpose.

**EXT. ORPHANAGE - DAY**

Yulia walks down the stone steps, talking to CAMERA.

YULIA

But we cannot provide all this for  
our children without donations. And  
that is where you come in. Donate  
whatever you can afford and help  
all our children become the people  
they were born to be. I was an  
orphan and raised here. Now I work  
here as the Principal of this  
wonderful place. You can donate via  
this website, by phone, text, or  
any online payment system. A small  
donation will make a big difference  
to our children.

YULIA holds on the CAMERA for a second.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT**

The VIDEO pauses. Lana and Jacob have been watching the PROMO  
video on their TV.

LANA

Relevance?

JACOB

If this is to be our Samson job,  
maybe we can do one last thing for  
the foundation.

LANA

This is not our Samson job! We are going to pull this con and get out alive. You hear?

(points to the screen)

And as for this...it's duly noted, ripped up, and ignored.

Jacob slopes off deflated.

**INT. GRANGER FARMHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT**

A bank of COMPUTERS and MONITORS dominate one WALL of the OFFICE with wires and cables coming out of everywhere.

In the chair in front of the monitors sits POLLY POLLARD. Mid 30s, resident technician and hacker, lively, eccentric. In one of the corners is Wyatt, in another corner, Nev. In the middle of the room, Lana and Jacob. Granger sits at a desk.

GRANGER

(points at Polly)

This is our resident hacker and digital technician, Polly Pollard.

(to Wyatt)

You've met Wyatt, explosives and architect.

(points to Nev)

And Nev, our transport man.

POLLY

Okay, guys, I had a look at the bank's security. There's bad news and bad, bad news. The bad news is the whole bank's security has an isolated on-site system. That means I can't shut the system off from an offsite server, like other banks.

LANA

What does that mean for us?

POLLY

It'll take me two hours to hack the system. But it'll only allow me to have access to the system for sixty seconds. After that, it reboots itself. That will enable you to get in the lift down to the pre-vault chamber, open the vault door. After that, the system will come back on line, and lock you in the vault.

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

It will take me another two hours to hack the system again just to get another sixty seconds access.

GRANGER

What's the bad, bad news?

POLLY

There are six hundred boxes in the vault. It'll take five seconds to open and empty each box with no biometric locks. With four of you in there, that's about ten minutes for you to empty your share of the loot. Then comes the fact that we have no idea how much loot we'll be taking and how heavy that will be and whether it'll be too much for you to carry on your exit.

Everyone looks to each other, registering the difficulty.

POLLY (CONT'D)

As it stands, I'm able to hack the system once...get sixty seconds access to the user profiles of each box, then I can tell you which ones to prioritise. For example, Lana and Jacob, you need to know which box belongs to this Keleszade guy and get your cross out. For our take, I can tell you which number boxes to open with the likelihood of rich pickings. After the sixty seconds is up. The system comes back online and we are shut out. I don't think you'd want to stay in the vault for another two hours whilst I hack the system again?

The GANG look to each other. This is going to be a tough job.

GRANGER

So...sixty seconds, five seconds a box, with ten to twelve boxes each.  
(to Wyatt)

Wyatt, what about our exit?

Wyatt SPREADS out the BLUEPRINTS across the desk.



WYATT

The blueprints show that the whole lower decks of the Bank are encased in three foot steel and concrete barriers. But, underneath the bank only goes two feet. There's a small waste water pipe that leads to a small tunnel and out to the Thames River. We need to get through that floor to the tunnel. I haven't worked out the how yet. But, I'm close.

Granger looks over to Nev.

NEV

As for transport, the roads around the bank are choked off in all directions. So once out of the vault our best bet for our exit plan is to use the river.

GRANGER

Okay, everyone. Field trip.

Wyatt, Polly, Lana and Jacob exit the room. Granger holds Nev back for a second.

GRANGER (CONT'D)

I don't trust those fuckers. Put a tracker on their car.

Nev nods and they both leave the room.

**EXT. GRANGER FARMHOUSE - DAY**

All the Gang come out the front door and head to their respective cars. Nev walks around the back of Lana's Car, stoops low and slips a magnetic tracker on to the back bumper, then straightens up and heads to the Van.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - STREETS - DAY**

Lana and Jacob, in High-Viz vests, hard hats and clipboards make notes as they look up and across the street.

FROM A SIDE STREET--Granger, Polly, Nev and Wyatt, also in high viz and hard hats, SIDLE up to Lana and Jacob. They look across the road to the entrance to the Orphean Bank. Granger, SCANS up and down the road, then up and down the buildings either side.

GRANGER  
Let's take a walk.

All six walk down the street and end up--

**EXT. THAMES RIVERBANK - JETTY - DAY**

All Six emerge at the end of the street--leading onto a Jetty out into the muddy Thames. They walk down the Jetty--look back up the street they came down. The Orphean Bank is just about visible.

Granger crouches down and looks up the Riverbank and sees something that catches his eye.

**EXT. THAMES RIVERBANK - EXCESS WATER HOLE - DAY**

All Six look into the hole built into the concrete wall of Riverbank. Water TRICKLES out.

GRANGER  
So, Wyatt...are you thinking...  
Aquifers?

WYATT  
Yep.

JACOB  
Aqu-what?

LANA  
Aquifers. Big deposits of  
groundwater underneath the ground.

Granger is impressed Lana knows what this is.

GRANGER  
Yep. London has thousands of  
aquifers under the city that make  
up the water table. This rising  
water table threatens to flood the  
city.

NEV  
So an intricate system of pumps  
divert the groundwater into the  
Thames to stop it from flooding the  
streets.

GRANGER  
So...if you shut off these pumps...

LANA  
You'll flood the bank.

Granger stands up, SURVEYS the river, the WATER HOLE hole and then the others.

GRANGER  
Ladies and gentleman...we just  
found our way out of the vault.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT BLOCK - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Lana and Jacob turn into the corridor leading to their front door--to find DCI Ridley WAITING. They STOP, TURN to run only to find DS TAMES BLOCKING their path.

DCI RIDLEY  
Jacob Hollins, we would like to  
interview in connection with the  
murder of Amelia Hartmann?

**INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

DS TAMES and DCI Ridley sit opposite Jacob, a file open on the desk. Next to Jacob is BLAGDON, his solicitor.

DCI RIDLEY  
Mister Hollins, can you explain to  
me what you were doing at the Croft  
Hotel last Wednesday evening around  
seven pm?

Jacob looks to Blagdon, who nods, then back to DCI Ridley.

JACOB  
No comment.

DS Tames PUSHES a photo of Amelia with her kids on holiday in front of Jacob.

DS TAMES  
Do you know who this is?

Jacob looks away. DCI Ridley SHOVES another photo of Amelia's mangled face from the post-mortem towards Jacob.

DCI RIDLEY  
This is Amelia Hartmann. You were  
seen heading to a suite, that she  
booked with her credit card at the  
Croft Hotel the night before she  
disappeared.

Jacob cannot look at the images. DS Tames gets more photos of Amelia's battered body, PLACES them in front of Jacob.

DS TAMES

There's plenty more of the horror show someone did to her before she died. They took her index finger. Do you why would someone do that?

Jacob stares into the corner of the room.

BLAGDON

As far as I can see, you cannot place my client in the same hotel room as Ms Hartmann. You have a witness that saw Ms Hartmann the following day, alive and well. So, my client couldn't have brought Ms Hartmann to harm.

DCI Ridley and DS TAMES look at other, Blagdon is right.

**INT. POLICE STATION - CUSTODY SUITE - DAY**

Jacob collects his possessions back; from the Custody Desk; Blagdon beside him.

Lana sits nearby. DCI Ridley sits next to her.

DCI RIDLEY

So, Miss Macraith, how long have you known Jacob Hollins?

Lana stares at DCI Ridley, but doesn't answer.

DCI RIDLEY (CONT'D)

Where did you meet?

(Lana holds Ridley's look)

So, you're best friends?

(still nothing from Lana)

As his friend you know he was caught stealing green monkeys from an arcade when he was 13. But you...you're clean as a whistle. No criminal record for you. But I did find you in the system as a victim.

(Lana bristles)

You were found in an illegal brothel with a bunch of other underage girls.

(MORE)

DCI RIDLEY (CONT'D)

You were fourteen...taken from the orphanage under the pretence of a modelling shoot...shut up in a grotty house in East London... locked in a room, for the pleasure of older men.

DCI Ridley takes out photos from a file in front of him. He shows them to Lana. They are gruesome pictures of YOUNG FEMALES, MUTILATED. She looks away.

DCI RIDLEY (CONT'D)

I have someone in this city going around, mutilating young girls, dumping them in the River Thames. They all have the look of being sex trafficked. They all have similar patterns of mutilation...especially the removal of the index finger. Now the last victim sticks out from the rest. An older female who happens to have booked a suite at the Croft hotel, where your best friend, Jacob Hollins, is seen on at the same time getting out a lift on the exact same floor. And then...within twenty-four hours... Ms Hartman ends up like this.

(points to the photo of Amelia's battered face)

Between you me and the gatepost, I know Jacob didn't killed Amelia. He doesn't fit the profile. But I think Jacob knows who may have done this to Ms Hartman.

(waves a photo in front of Lana)

Whoever did this is one sick individual. He enjoys this kind of work. And I need to stop him. Because if not, there'll be more girls washing up on the Thames Riverbank with their bodies mutilated, fingers missing, dreams smothered and lives lost. You've a moral duty to tell me. Otherwise... your hands are going to be covered in their blood.

Lana struggles to process the import of the photos and facts. She WAVERS.

Blagdon SPOTS DCI Ridley sat next to Lana. His solicitor's nose twitches and he is over like a shot.

BLAGDON

DCI Ridley, have you cautioned my client before you spoke to her?

DCI Ridley shakes his head.

BLAGDON (CONT'D)

Lana, don't answer any of his questions.

DCI Ridley accidentally--on purpose, drops his file and the photos and documents fall across the floor. Lana reaches down to pick some of them up. Her sleeve rides up to reveal the BRACELET. DCI Ridley CLOCKS it, but doesn't say anything. Lana PULLS her sleeve down to HIDE the bracelet. She hands DCI Ridley a pile of the photos. She leans in closely to DCI RIDLEY'S ear.

LANA

You have no idea who you're dealing with. If you want to stay alive, stay away.

Lana gets up, follows Blagdon over to Jacob and all three exit the Custody suite. DS TAMES appears next to DCI Ridley.

DS TAMES

Just got word from Interpol Russia. They didn't send anyone to check on the Croft Hotel.

DCI RIDLEY

She's got one of those bracelets on. They're our way in to get to our killer.

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Jacob stares into his cup of tea. Lana sips her espresso.

LANA

I told you to go up the stairwell.

Jacob taps his phone and says--

JACOB

I'm sorry, Lana.

--into it, then presses PLAY--the phrase 'I'm sorry, Lana,' repeats on a LOOP. Lana grabs the phone--turns the audio off.

LANA

We can't afford to have the fuzz on our ass.

JACOB

You know, most men have fuzz on their ass...even some women too.

A LONG SILENCE...then they BURST INTO LAUGHTER. As they do, SHADOWS fall on their faces. It's Pavel and Volkov standing over them. Their laughter dies in their THROAT.

**INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - OFFICE - DAY**

Lana and Jacob sit opposite the Crimson Prince, Pavel and Volkov stood in the corners of the room behind them.

CRIMSON PRINCE

So you're talking to the Police?

LANA

It's your fault the Police caught up with us. They're looking for who butchered Amelia Hartmann. But, it won't be a problem. In fact...it's good news.

CRIMSON PRINCE

How so?

JACOB

The Police might be handy for a misdirection when robbing the bank.

CRIMSON PRINCE

What about this Morton Granger and his gang?

LANA

Morton Granger is one of the best bank robbers in London. He'll help us get in and out of the bank. He takes everything in the vault except the cross which we'll hand over to you.

CRIMSON PRINCE

Very well. But you now have four days until the Black Auction. So I think you need a...gidly up?

The Crimson Prince PUSHES a BUTTON on his PHONE--Lana and Jacob see the Bracelets PING, then the HORRIBLE SENSATION of the nerve agent INFILTRATING their blood stream. Lana and Jacob grimace as the NERVE AGENT begins to spread through their system. They start SWEATING--CANNOT FOCUS their eyes.

CRIMSON PRINCE (CONT'D)

Now, off you go.

Lana and Jacob get to their feet--STUMBLE towards the door.

**INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - CORRIDOR - DAY**

Lana and Jacob feel their way down the sides of the corridor.

**WE SEE FROM THEIR WONKY POV:** GIRLS in the Rooms, their SAD faces, some of them CRYING, some LAUGHING at Lana and Jacob. Each Girl appears close to the CAMERA saying different things, POINTING at Lana--their Index fingers is MISSING!

GIRL 1

Help me get out of here.

GIRL 2

You sad fucking excuse for a hero.

GIRL 3

How can you stand there and let him do this to us? Fucking hypocrite!

PUNTERS stare into the CAMERA, shake their heads, motion for Lana to get lost.

PUNTER 1

I wouldn't fuck you if you were the last girl on Earth.

PUNTER 2

You are a walking STD petri dish.

PUNTER 3

You think you're so much better than all of us. You're damaged goods, baby, it's back to the factory for you.

**BACK TO SCENE:** Lana FALLS to the ground, then SCRAMBLES to get up. Jacob HELPS her toward the exit.



**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - DAY**

Lana and Jacob STAGGER in, feeling the full effects of the nerve agent. They head to the Kitchen: both down glasses and glasses of water, then start throwing it all back up.

They SPRAWL in the lounge. Sweating, twitching and mumbling to themselves.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Lana WAKES with a start. It is now NIGHT TIME and she's been out since the afternoon. Jacob is AWAKE opposite her. Lana sits up, wipes sweat from her face.

JACOB

I dreamt my Green Monkey took me on holiday to the Panama Canal. He was talking to me and everything.

LANA

Are we ready for the dry run with Granger tomorrow?

JACOB

Yeah. I hope this brain fog lifts.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Lana sits watching the TV. Jacob sits next to her. The film THE OMEGA MAN with Charlton Heston is on. It is the scene when he comes home to his apartment. He starts talking to things. Heston says "*Hey Big Brother, how's your ass?*"

LANA

Jacob? We're going to have to pull a Samson on the Crimson Prince.

JACOB

I know.

LANA

We can't help the Devil to save ourselves.

JACOB

Oh, you believe in the Devil now?

LANA

Since I met the Crimson Prince.

JACOB  
 So...what kind of Samson do you  
 have in mind?

**INT. DEXTER'S CABIN - DAY**

Lana and Jacob sit on the sofa. Dexter stands by the fire. He reads an Index card.

DEXTER  
 It's bold, its ballsy...and it's  
 bonkers. It's one hell of a Samson.

LANA  
 Do you think you can get those  
 things for us?

DEXTER  
 Hey, I'm Dexter Everleigh. I can  
 get anything, anytime, anywhere.

LANA  
 It's time to break out your Magnum  
 mustache.

Dexter smiles, flicks the index card with his finger.

**INT. GRANGER'S FARMHOUSE - DAY**

The Tamauranian necklace is placed into it's velvet case and closed. Granger hands the case to Lana who is now dressed up as Daphne Blakely and Jacob is back in his disguise as Auderban Grimmich.

GRANGER  
 Don't fucking screw me on us.

LANA  
 Don't worry. You're not my type.

Lana takes the case and leaves with Jacob.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - OFFICE - DAY**

The Tamauranian Necklace lays in the dark velvet case. Bytham-Taylor is BEGUILLED by its beauty.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR  
 My, my. This is an exquisite piece.

JACOB  
 (as Grimmich)  
 So, you think it'll make the list  
 for your next Black Auction?

BYTHAM-TAYLOR  
 Absolutely! We will deposit the  
 necklace ready for the auction in  
 three days time.

Bytham-Taylor closes the case.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK, FOYER - DAY**

At one of the desks, a FEMALE CLERK picks up the phone.

CLERK  
 Orphean Bank, Emma speaking, how  
 may I help?

**EXT. OPPOSITE ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

ACROSS THE ROAD from the bank, Granger, Wyatt and Nev are  
 back in their High viz, builders getup. Granger is on the  
 phone to Emma in the bank.

GRANGER  
 (different accent)  
 Hello, Emma. I am happy to inform  
 you we have planted a bomb in the  
 your vault.

Granger nods ACROSS THE ROAD--

--JUST OUTSIDE THE BANK, Polly KNEELS in front of a TELEPHONE  
 JUNCTION BOX, kitted out in Phone Company Livery. The  
 junction Box is OPEN--a RATS' NEST of wires SPILLS OUT in  
 front of her. She has headphones on, pliers and a phone line  
 diversion clip.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK, FOYER - DAY**

Emma is stunned for a second--then gathers herself, reaches  
 under her desk and presses a small RED BUTTON.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

Polly ATTACHES the diversion clip onto a FLASHING red wire.

POLLY

Gotcha!

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - VAULT - DAY**

Lana and Jacob are alone in the vault, Jacob puts the Velvet case in a deposit box and returns it to the empty slot. SUDDENLY, RED LIGHTS fill the vault and the mother of all ALARMS blares out. Lana presses the stopwatch button on her watch. The vault door OPENS--the SECURITY GUARDS RUSH IN.

SECURITY GUARD

We must leave, now!

TWO other SECURITY GUARDS GRAB Lana and Jacob by their arms--RUSH them out of the vault.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - FOYER - DAY**

LIGHTS and ALARMS continue as the EMPLOYEES of the Bank make their way out of the front of the Building. Bytham-Taylor and the SECURITY GUARDS motion for CUSTOMERS to leave the bank.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - PRE-VAULT CHAMBER - DAY**

The GUARDS escort Lana and Jacob into the lift. The lift doors close.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - FOYER - DAY**

LIFT DOORS OPEN and the SECURITY GUARDS step out with Lana and Jacob following. They head towards the exit.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

Granger, Nev and Wyatt make notes on their clipboards as the commotion in front of the bank continues. Granger checks a STOPWATCH. The SOUND of SIRENS APPROACHING can be heard.

POLICE CARS SCREECH up to the BANK ENTRANCE. The POLICE get out and begin organizing a perimeter.

A VAN with EOD: EXPLOSIVES ORDINANCE DISPOSAL--parks up and FOUR EOD SQUAD OFFICERS jump out the back doors. THREE of them are dressed in BLACK with Bullet proof vests and carry semi-automatic weapons. One of the SQUAD is dressed in an ORANGE BLAST SUIT. All FOUR head into the Bank Entrance.

ACROSS THE STREET, Granger makes a note of what has just transpired. Checks the STOPWATCH.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - FOYER - DAY**

Lana and Jacob loiter by the exit. The FOUR BOMB SQUAD OFFICERS rush up to Bytham-Taylor.

EOD LEAD OFFICER  
How do we get access to the Vault?

Bytham-Taylor offers them a BLACK KEY CARD.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR  
This card will give you access to all doors and the Vault. I'll shut down the security measures on the boxes so you can open them and locate the bomb.

The BOMB SQUAD OFFICER GRABS the CARD. He and the TEAM head towards the LIFT. Lana and Jacob EXIT.

**INT. GRANGER'S FARMHOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Polly sits facing Granger, Lana, Jacob, Wyatt and Nev. The bank of monitors and techie gear stacked behind her.

POLLY  
Our little field trip went well. I've got a diversion clip on the bank's emergency phone line to the Police. It'll redirect here and I'll play Dispatcher.

**MOMENTS LATER:** Wyatt spreads the blueprints of the bank out on a table. Everyone gathers around. Wyatt points to the floor of the vault.

WYATT  
I spoke about the two foot concrete floor to the tunnel under the vault. This tunnel takes excess water from the groundwater aquifer overflow out to that excess water hole we found on the Thames.  
(points to a place on the map)  
We need to shut off the aquifer pump here, that'll enable a water build up in this tunnel under the vault.

(MORE)

## WYATT (CONT'D)

If we do this tomorrow morning  
that'll enable enough water build  
up for our exit.

**EXT. PUMPING HOUSE - DAY**

A van with THAMES WATER PLC on the side PULLS UP outside the Pumping House. Wyatt, Lana, Jacob and Nev jump out, dressed in the usual construction get-up, hi-viz and clipboards.

They BLOT CUT the padlock on the gates, swing them open and head into the Pumping House.

**INT. PUMPING HOUSE - DAY**

The raucous flow of water fills the air in the darkened room. A complicated pumping system fills the whole pumping house. Wyatt CHECKS the control panel.

On a LEVEL below Wyatt, Nev, Jacob and Lana stand in front of METAL VALVES.

Wyatt SIGNALS to them with his fingers. Nev turns his VALVE THREE TIME then stops. Lana turns her valve TWO FULL turns and then Jacob does ONE FULL turn. Wyatt gives them the thumbs up. The flow of water quietens a little.

**EXT. SALISBURY PLAIN, ISOLATED ROAD - DAY**

Dexter, with his fake mustache, stands by his car on an isolated country road. A car pulls up. A WOMAN, mid 50s, gets out, walks over to Dexter. She hands him a leather pouch. Dexter opens it--a VIAL of CLEAR LIQUID inside. Dexter hands the WOMAN an envelope of cash. They get in their cars and drive away from each other.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY**

A small private airport near the London Docklands. Lana parks the car. She and Jacob get out and head into the Terminal Building.

ACROSS THE CAR PARK, Nev pulls up in a nondescript car and OBSERVES Lana and Jacob. He SCRIBBLES on a notepad.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

The THAMES WATER VAN is parked in front of the bank. Wyatt hops out with--a PACKAGE under his arm.

He walks to a bin a few metres from the bank entrance and drops it in. He returns to the van and drives off.

**INT. JEWELLERS - DAY**

Dexter stands opposite the Jeweller Lana and Jacob visited earlier. The Jeweller puts a large black case on the counter. Dexter opens the case, stares inside, nods, impressed. We don't see what's inside. Dexter closes the case, starts counting out cash on the counter.

**EXT. GRANGER FARMHOUSE, BACK GARDEN - DAY**

The Back garden has a large swimming pool. Polly stands at the side with a stopwatch. Inside the Pool Wyatt, Granger, Jacob and Lana are swimming in full scuba gear.

Jacob rises to the surface, takes off his scuba mask--gasping for breath. Polly crouches by him.

POLLY

You're a minute too early. Back under and go again.

Jacob puts on his mask, nozzle in his mouth and dives under the water.

**INT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - DAY**

Jacob, drying his hair from a shower, walks from his bedroom into the lounge. Lana sips an espresso.

LANA

Jacob. It's time.

Jacob looks across to the Index Card Board--CLOSE IN on the card with the **JUDAS KISS** written on it.

**INT. POLICE STATION - FOYER - DAY**

Lana and Jacob walk up to the Desk Sergeant behind plexiglass and reading a newspaper.

LANA

Morning. We would like to report a bank robbery.

DESK SERGEANT

Yeah, when did it happen?

JACOB  
Tomorrow.

DESK SERGEANT  
Eh?

LANA  
We want to report we're going to  
rob a bank tomorrow.

The Desk Sergeant's mouth drops open.

**INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

DS TAMES slams the door. Lana and Jacob sat at the desk, sip coffee and tea respectively.

DS TAMES  
I should charge you with wasting  
police time with this shit.

LANA  
We know who killed Amelia Hartman.  
The person who did that has  
blackmailed us into robbing the  
Orphean Bank for him.

DS TAMES loses his anger--is now interested.

JACOB  
He wants us to steal a medieval  
artefact called the Omega Cross  
from the Orphean bank. He wants to  
sell it to fund his sex trafficking  
operation here on British soil.

DS TAMES  
And who is this mysterious  
individual?

JACOB  
The Crimson Prince.

DS TAMES'S face drops a mile. Lana and Jacob pull up their sleeves to reveal the Nerve agent bracelets.

**MOMENTS LATER:** DCI Ridley comes in and sits down.

LANA  
How would you like to be the man  
that brought in the Crimson Prince?



**INT. POLICE VIEWING ROOM - LATER**

DCI Ridley, DS Tames and CHIEF INSPECTOR HAYES, mid 50s, grey, tall, officious, stand viewing Lana and Jacob through the two way glass.

CI HAYES

How do you know they're not pissing us around?

DCI RIDLEY

You see those bracelets on their wrists? Amelia Hartman had one, it contained Novichok. If they don't deliver the cross, the Novichok in that bracelet will kill them.

CI HAYES

Would two less con artists on the streets be such a crime?

(beat)

What are they asking for?

DCI RIDLEY

They want us to standby, observe them and the Granger Gang robbing the bank. Once they get this Omega cross, we bring in Granger and his chums. Macraith and Hollins will lead us to the Crimson Prince. After they are freed from those nerve agent bracelets, we scoop up the Crimson Prince.

CI HAYES

And you trust these two buncos?

DCI RIDLEY

Nope. But if they're telling the truth, and we do nothing, we could be giving up the biggest bust in decades.

CI Hayes thinks long and hard for a long moment.

**INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

DCI Ridley and DS Tames sit opposite Lana and Jacob. A long pause. DCI Ridley clicks his pen, opens his notebook.

DCI RIDLEY

Okay...tell me everything.

**INT. GRANGER FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

Velcro strips are being ripped off, re-stuck and tightened.

IT'S THE DAY OF THE HEIST. The whole gang is PREPARING. They put on bullet proof vests, guns, semi-automatics, large black holdalls, slide on helmets that cover the top half of their faces with black visors.

Lana turns away from the rest of the gang. She takes out something from her backpack and slides it into her holdall.

Jacob is in a large orange EOD, BLAST SUIT.

JACOB

I'm sweating like a pig in here?

LANA

Stop whingeing. You're the best protected out of all of us.

Granger walks over to Lana and Jacob with a smile.

GRANGER

I think it best if I let you know right here and now...if I smell like you are going to pull a con on us, I will put you down.

JACOB

What? Putting us down with nasty insults, like--  
(mimics kid's voice)  
--you two stink of wee-wee?

Granger grabs Jacob and pushes him against the wall. Lana tries to get between them.

GRANGER

Just give me a reason to put a bullet in your head, you twat!

LANA

Granger, let's be professional. Trying to con you is like slitting our throats. We need that cross or we're dead.

Granger lets go of Jacob. The anger dissipates in the air.

**EXT. GRANGER FARMHOUSE - DAY**

Lana, Jacob, waddling in the BLAST SUIT, Granger and Wyatt file into the back of a Ford Transit Van.

ON THE SIDE OF THE VAN are the Large White Lettering of '**EMERGENCY ORDINANCE DISPOSAL**'. The Metropolitan Police Crest is emblazoned on the side. It's an EXACT COPY of the one that arrived at the hoax bomb threat.

Nev gets into the front, fires up the engine and drives off.

**INT. GRANGER FARMHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY**

Polly sits at her bank of monitors. MONITORS FILLED with CCTV footage--STREAMS of CODING. Polly has her headset on.

POLLY

(mock DJ voice)

Good morning ladies and gentleman  
and welcome to Orphean Heist Radio.  
And to start us off, here is the  
German Band, EVA, with Ba-Ba-Bank  
Robbery.

**INT. VAN - DAY**

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN the SIX listen to Polly in their earpieces.

The song, **BA-BA-BANK ROBBERY** by EVA starts up.

Jacob, Wyatt SMILES at each other and NOD their heads in TIME with the MUSIC. Granger takes long breaths to calm his mind. This is his moment to outshine his dad. He is focused and prepared. Lana bows her head looking at the floor.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - OFFICE - DAY**

BYTHAM-TAYLOR works at his desk. His phone rings. He answers.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

Emma, I thought I told you no calls  
this morning.

EMMA (O.S.)

You need to take this call.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

Who is it from?

EMMA (O.S.)  
A Mister Robin Banks.

Bytham-Taylor presses the button on the phone.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR  
Hello, Mister Banks, this is Myles  
Bytham-Taylor, manager of Orphean  
Bank. How may I help you today?

**INTERCUT--BANK & FARMHOUSE**

POLLY  
(digitised fake voice)  
This is the United Front of the  
Working Class Liberation Army. This  
is a warning. We've placed a high  
explosive device in your Vault.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR  
(unimpressed)  
Oh, it's you again? Do you think  
I'll fall for your prank after your  
last hoax?

POLLY  
Look outside your office...you see  
a public rubbish bin a few metres  
away from your building?

Bytham-Taylor goes to the window, peers outside.

**BYTHAM-TAYLOR'S POV:** People walk to and fro in front of the  
office window. FOCUS IN on the black Trash can. It's the same  
bin Wyatt dropped his little package in.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR  
So, what, are you going to do? Blow  
that bin up?

A SMALL EXPLOSION RIPS the BIN APART! Pieces of metal,  
plastic and rubbish launch into the air then fall like  
confetti. PEDESTRIANS drop to the floor.

The WINDOW of Bytham Taylor's office SHATTERS. Screams are  
heard around the street. ALARMS go OFF in all directions.  
Bytham-Taylor is sprawled on the floor, glass and detritus  
all over his office.

POLLY  
We have planted a far more powerful  
bomb in your Vault.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

What do you want?

POLLY

For you and everybody else...to get out of the fucking bank!

The LINE GOES DEAD--Bytham-Taylor hesitates for a second, gathers himself, then goes to the desk. He presses a button on his phone and waits. One ring and then an answer.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

999. Emergency Response. What service do you require?

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

This is Orphean Bank, code 32761. We have a code 6 in progress on our premises. We need Police and the EOD, now!

**INTERCUT: FARMHOUSE BASEMENT & BANK OFFICE**

Polly intercepts Bytham-Taylor's emergency call.

POLLY

(different accent)

Didn't you have a hoax bomb threat recently?

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

Yes, but--

POLLY

How sure are you of the threat?

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

They just blew the shit out of a rubbish bin outside my office. So, I think the threat is pretty fucking serious!

POLLY

Okay, evacuate the building to the safe rendezvous point. The EOD and Police are on their way.

**INT. VAN - DAY**

POLLY (O.S.)

Okay, Guys, we got the call.

Granger smiles to himself. All the pieces are moving.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

EMPLOYEES flood out of the shattered glass entrance of the Bank. Bytham-Taylor, clutching a walkie talkie, DIRECTS the Employees with the SECURITY GUARDS.

The GANG'S EOD VAN pulls up across the street. Back doors FLY open; out comes Lana, Jacob, in the ORANGE BLAST SUIT, Granger & Wyatt, all in BOMB SQUAD gear, black visors COVERING their face. Granger goes up to Bytham-Taylor.

GRANGER

Where is the bomb, sir?

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

In the Vault. But I have no idea which safety deposit box it is in.

GRANGER

We're going to need full access to the building.

Bytham-Taylor dithers for a BEAT.

GRANGER (CONT'D)

We can sit and wait for the bomb to blow your bank apart?

Bytham-Taylor continues to dither. Nev drives the VAN away. Bytham-Taylor hands Granger the BLACK ALL ACCESS KEY CARD.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR

This card will give you access through all doors and the vault. I will shut down the security on the boxes so you can open them and locate the bomb.

The GANG start towards the Elevators. Bytham-Taylor nods, realises he's still inside the bank, scurries to the exit.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - ELEVATOR - DAY**

It is cramped with the GANG all in there.

GRANGER

Okay, Groundhog, we are in the elevator. Ready for the skirt lift.

**INT. GRANGER FARMHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY**

Polly is at the bank of monitors.

POLLY

Okay, standby for skirt lift.  
By the way...do we have to call it  
skirt-lift? I think it's a little  
too sexist. Why not Open Zipper?

GRANGER

Shut-up.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - PRE-VAULT CHAMBER - DAY**

The LIFT DOORS OPEN--the GANG pile out, head to the Vault door. Granger swipes the card. The TITANIUM RODS HISS as they RETRACT--The DOOR swings OPEN, slow and steady until it reveals the whole Vault. The GANG step into--

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - VAULT - DAY**

The GANG throws down their holdalls--spread out to equal areas in front of the walls of boxes.

GRANGER

Okay. Open Zipper.

**INTERCUT: THE VAULT & POLLY**

POLLY smiles--starts typing quickly.

ON THE SCREEN--the TEXT shows access to a LIST of BOX NUMBERS and NAMES. Her fingers hovers over the ENTER BUTTON...

POLLY

Okay, your sixty second window,  
starts...now!  
(hits the ENTER button;  
talks quickly)  
Box seventy-five belongs to  
Keleszade.

In front of POLLY a large Digital display starts counting down from SIXTY SECONDS.

IN THE VAULT, Granger taps his watch to time the SIXTY SECONDS. Lana and Jacob head to Box 75. They open the door--pull out the box, open it...the OMEGA CROSS shines in all it's glory.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
 Box forty-five, Prince Christian of  
 Denmark.

Granger opens box 45, flips open the box and dumps all the contents into his black holdall.

A FLURRY OF ACTIVITY, as all four get a BOX NUMBER from POLLY, RUSH to the box, open it, DUMP the contents into their black holdalls.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

MAYHEM. Police Cars are parked, creating a blockade in front of the bank. Yellow Tape cordons off the streets adjacent.

At the Cordon is DI MORLEY, mid 40s, Robbery Squad, experienced and weathered. Beside Him is Bytham-Taylor.

DI MORLEY  
 Why haven't you called the EOD?

BYTHAM-TAYLOR  
 That's the first thing I did!

DI MORLEY  
 They didn't receive any call.

DI Morley and Bytham-Taylor realise they have been had.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR  
 Those people I let into the  
 Vault...they're not EOD, are they?  
 (turns to the Bank)  
 They're robbing the bank right now,  
 aren't they?

DI MORLEY  
 Looks like it.

BYTHAM-TAYLOR  
 Well? Go in and stop them!

DI MORLEY  
 Whoa! Wait a minute, jimbo. We've  
 no idea if they do have any  
 explosives in there and you said  
 they had firearms on them.

DCI RIDLEY (O.S.)  
 Excuse me, DI Morley?

DI Morley turns to see DCI Ridley and DS Tames approaching.



DCI RIDLEY (CONT'D)  
DCI Ridley, murder squad.

DI MORLEY  
Nobody's dead yet, guys.

DCI RIDLEY  
I know who the bank robbers are.

DI Morley is interested now.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - VAULT - DAY**

STACKS of GEMS, MONEY, VALUABLES are being dumped into the black holdalls.

**PULL BACK TO REVEAL** all FOUR GANG members emptying the boxes into their own black holdalls.

POLLY (O.S.)  
Losing access in five...four...  
three...Two...One. We're out.

Granger dumps the last items into his holdall. Jacob and Lana move the viewing table to the side. Wyatt pulls out a raft of explosives from his holdall.

POLLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Our adoring fans have turned up  
outside the bank.

**FARMHOUSE - CLOSE ON MONITORS:** Showing the Police cordon and activity outside the Bank through CCTV from different ANGLES.

**INT. POLICE VAN - BACK - DAY**

DCI Ridley and DS TAMES sit opposite DI Morley. They have finished explaining something to DI Morley.

DI MORLEY  
So, these two con artists came to your station, told you they were going to rob this bank yesterday, and you let them out to do it?

DCI RIDLEY  
We're trying to catch a larger fish. We get Granger and his gang and potentially a major player.

DI MORLEY  
You're taking the piss, aren't you?

DCI RIDLEY'S face indicates he is deadly serious.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - VAULT - DAY**

Wyatt puts the final touches to the pile of explosives and detonators in the middle of the vault floor. He walks backward out of the Vault to where the rest of the GANG wait.

Granger SWIPES the card--the Vault door CLOSES. Granger PEERS down to Lana's HOLDALL and sees the bag open and the OMEGA CROSS in all it's SHINY GLORY. The glint of the gold shines in his eyes. Lana sees Granger's eyes on the cross. She zips up the bag--snapping the Cross' mesmeric spell on Granger.

WYATT

Okay, Wombling Underground is ready  
to go in five-four-three-two-one.

As Wyatt COUNTS DOWN...

**INTERCUT** from the VAULT--to the GANG--to the POLICE outside the bank--to DCI Ridley, DS TAMES, DI MORLEY, BYTHAM-TAYLOR, BACK to the VAULT. Wyatt PRESSES the detonator TRIGGER.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

A low THUMP and RUMBLE is heard from UNDER the road. Everybody and everything SHAKES for a few seconds. At the cordon, DI Morley GLANCES at DCI Ridley. This was NOT supposed to happen.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - VAULT - DAY**

The room is filled with SMOKE. Water GUSHES up through the FLOOR at an ALARMING rate, FILLING up the vault.

The VAULT DOOR opens--the GANG rush in--all in SCUBA DIVING APPARATUS they wore at the Farmhouse Swimming Pool. SMALL oxygen tanks STRAPPED to their backs.

ONE by ONE they make their way UNDER the water and DOWN through the LARGE HOLE in the VAULT FLOOR. EACH have their black HOLDALL STRAPPED to their front.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

All is quiet. The POLICE await the next move. DCI Ridley SPIES WATER BUBBLING up through a nearby MANHOLE COVER. It begins to GUSH, the pressure finally BLOWS the manhole cover OFF followed by a GEYSER of WATER spouting into the AIR.

Then it all happens, FAST! One after another--MANHOLE COVERS EXPLODE into the air. WATER GUSHES FORTH...swishing around the Police ankles. DCI Ridley looks to the bank.

DCI RIDLEY

What the fuck are you two up to?

**EXT. THAMES RIVERBANK - EXCESS WATER HOLE - DAY**

Water POURS out of the HOLE onto the sand of the riverbank and down into the river. ONE by ONE the GANG is spat out onto the pebble shore of the Thames. They RUSH toward the JETTY.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

The Water is out of control...RISING up to the mid CALF. The POLICE seem paralysed as what to do next.

**EXT. THAMES RIVERBANK - JETTY - DAY**

The Gang run along the JETTY toward a ready-made BOAT-- painted as an exact replica of a THAMES RIVER POLICE BOAT. Nev waits at the control panel. Lana trips, falls and drops her holdall over the side of the jetty onto the pebbles.

She jumps down, grabs the holdall and runs back up onto the jetty. The GANG jump into the BOAT. They stow their holdalls below the decks, take off all their scuba gear and bomb squad uniforms to reveal RIVER POLICE UNIFORMS. Nev starts the engine up.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

A TACTICAL ARMS UNIT, guns drawn, make their way into the Bank. DCI Ridley, DS Tames and DI Morley, wearing bullet proof vests follow.

**INT. POLICE BOAT - DAY**

The Boat cuts its way through the River--Nev at the wheel. Granger stares at Lana intently. Something is brewing.

**EXT. DOCKLANDS - JETTY - DAY**

The Police BOAT pulls up to ANOTHER JETTY near an abandoned and derelict warehouse. This part of the RIVER is quiet and deserted. Nev ties up the boat to the jetty. All the GANG hop off with their black holdalls.

At the entrance to the Jetty is a waiting VAN. The same VAN they went to the Bank in, but it has changed all the markings to now read: '**BARKER CONSTRUCTION LTD**' on the side.

The FIVE strip off their Police Uniforms--underneath are builders high Viz jackets. They throw their Bomb Squad materials, scuba gear and police uniforms into a large oil drum. Nev gets in the driver's seat. Wyatt sloshes petrol into the drum, throws in a match--the FIRE WHOOSHES into life and the clothes begin to burn. Granger, Lana and Jacob load up the black holdalls into the back of the van.

Granger unzips Lana's holdall and takes out the cross. He holds it up to the light and gazes at it's beauty. Granger, pulls a gun on Lana and Jacob.

GRANGER

Okay you two...this is where we leave you.

LANA

(showing the bracelet)  
We need the cross or we're dead, Granger. The rest of the take is yours. That was the deal.

GRANGER

This cross is worth more than all this junk. I intend to cash it in.

JACOB

When the Crimson Prince finds out...he'll kill you.

GRANGER

The Crimson Prince is just a myth. Just part of your con.

LANA

He's real.

Lana and Jacob exchange defeated looks.

GRANGER

You two shitsticks are going to fuck us over at some point...it's just a matter of when. I just have to fuck you over first. You see, it's in your nature. It's like the dog and the scorpion.

JACOB

It's the frog and the scorpion, you shitwit!

Granger fires a shot over Lana's head--she doesn't flinch.

LANA

You take that cross...we all die.

GRANGER

You expect me to believe you...a  
con artist?

Granger and Wyatt climb into the van. The back doors of the van close. The Van drives off leaving Lana and Jacob alone by the burning oil drum.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - PRE-VAULT CHAMBER - DAY**

BLACK BOOTS wade through knee-high water. THE TACTICAL FIREARMS UNIT approach the closed Vault door. One of them swipes a card through the entrance panel--the Vault door opens and WATER GUSHES FORTH--KNOCKING the TFU members over in a MAELSTROM of WATER.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

The WATER continues to RISE around the POLICE.

**EXT. DOCKLANDS - JETTY - DAY**

A car pulls up at the entrance to the JETTY. Dexter is driving. Lana and Jacob get in. They glance at each other and SMILE. Things are going to plan. Dexter drives off.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - VAULT - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

DCI Ridley and DI Morley wade through the knee high water in to the middle of the VAULT--they look to see a huge hole blown into the floor. THE CAMERA GOES INTO THE WATER... THROUGH the HOLE and DOWN into--

**INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

--the CAMERA CONTINUES DOWNWARD, then LEVELS OFF...starts FORWARD through the tunnel TOWARDS a SMALL LIGHT that grows BIGGER and BIGGER until it comes out--

**EXT. THAMES RIVERBANK - EXCESS WATER HOLE - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

--THE CAMERA bursts out onto the Thames Riverbank to REVEAL DS Tames standing at the tunnel exit.

DS TAMES  
Clever fuckers.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

DCI Ridley marches out of the bank, DI Morley follows.

DI MORLEY  
Was blowing a hole in the vault  
floor and escaping part of their  
plan?

DCI RIDLEY  
No. But this plan is rather fluid.  
We know where they're headed. We'll  
need your Tactical Firearms Unit.

**EXT. LANA AND JACOB'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY**

Lana and Jacob get out of Dexter's car. Dexter nods then  
drives off. Lana and Jacob get into their car and drive off.

**INT. GRANGER FARMHOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

Granger, Nev and Wyatt get changed into their normal clothes.  
Granger unzips the bag and takes out the beautiful cross. He  
holds it up to the light. Then he looks CLOSELY at the cross.  
Then a little CLOSER. His eyes WIDEN as he looks even CLOSER.

He THROWS the cross AGAINST the wall. It SLAMS into the brick  
and falls to the floor. Granger picks up the cross, brings it  
back under the light and sees--

--part of the gold has been CHIPPED on the corner...REVEALING  
a DULL GREY material underneath the gold. The dull grey  
colour of...LEAD.

--Granger SCRATCHES at the paint...MORE and MORE of it peels  
off. Revealing more of the LEAD underneath the gold paint.  
This is NOT the Omega Cross! It's a fake!

WYATT  
I guess they fucked us before we  
fucked them.

Granger's anger boils over. Nev whips out his phone, taps to  
bring up his TRACKER on Lana and Jacob's car.

NEV  
I know where they're going.

Wyatt cocks his semi-automatic, as does Nev. Granger picks up his semi-automatic--storms out--followed by Wyatt and Nev.

**INT. LANA'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY**

Lana drives. Jacob dials a number on his phone.

JACOB  
Detective Chief Inspector Ridley?

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

A CONVOY of POLICE CARS and the TACTICAL FIREARMS UNIT barrel along a country road.

**INT. POLICE CAR - DRIVING - DAY**

DCI Ridley in the passenger seat. DS Tames is driving. He answers his ringing phone.

DCI RIDLEY  
What the fuck was that at the bank?

**INTERCUT:** Jacob & DCI Ridley

JACOB  
Look, we're not in control of all the moving parts. But we're moving onto Phase Two right now. The Austerlitz Twist should be ready for you right now.

Jacob shuts off the phone.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, JUNCTION - DAY**

Granger's Van pulls up to the T junction and TURNS LEFT.

AFTER A BEAT...the Police CONVOY of cars and Armoured Van approaches the junction from the RIGHT and ROARS down the road where Granger's Van approached from.

**INT. POLICE CAR - DAY**

DCI Ridley picks up his walkie-talkie.

DCI RIDLEY  
Tactical Firearms Unit are a go.

**EXT. ORPHEAN BANK - DAY**

The TACTICAL FIREARMS UNIT pile into their armoured van and roar off from the bank through the water.

**INT. VAN - DAY**

Nev DRIVES--pushing the van to its limit.

In the back, Wyatt and Granger LOAD their weapons. Ready for revenge.

**INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - OFFICE - DAY**

The Crimson Prince sits watching the News Channel carrying LIVE COVERAGE of the bank heist at the Orphean Bank. Pavel and Volkov watch from opposite corners.

The Crimson Prince looks at the app that controls the nerve agent injection for Lana and Jacob. His finger HOVERS over the button. To give them a dose.

**INT. VARIOUS CARS - DAY**

**INTERCUT ACROSS:** Lana and Jacob in their Car; DCI Ridley and DS Tames in their car; Granger, Wyatt in the back of the Van, Nev driving.

**INT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - SECURITY CHECK - DAY**

Lana and Jacob are lined up at Security. Lana checks her watch. Jacob clutches a briefcase, white knuckles as usual. Jacob puts the briefcase on the conveyor belt of the X-RAY MACHINE...the briefcase is scanned through. The IMAGE on the MONITOR shows a large oblong of a Laptop. Jacob picks up the briefcase and is joined by Lana.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - ENTRANCE - DAY**

Granger's van screeches up to the entrance. The back doors fly open. Wyatt and Granger jump out, joined by Nev from the front--ARMED to the teeth.

PAN ACROSS to the other side of the Entrance--DCI Ridley and DS Tames, pull up in their car. Behind them the TACTICAL FIREARMS UNIT (TFU) van stops--out JUMP FIVE TFU members. Two TFU split off and head to a FIRE ESCAPE at the Side of the Building. The other three TFU head towards the entrance.



**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY**

Lana and Jacob make their way across the tarmac to their waiting private jet.

**INT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY**

Granger, Wyatt and Nev push their way through the revolving doors. Head STRAIGHT for the Departure gate. They FIRE WARNING shots into the ceiling.

GRANGER

Everybody on the floor!

The PASSENGERS in the airport drop to the floor--SCREAMS echo around the AIRPORT.

Granger, Wyatt and Nev approach the Departure Gate where the Security GUARDS hold their hands up. Granger, Nev and Wyatt run through the SECURITY SECTION, setting off all the metal detectors.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - CAR PARK / ENTRANCE - DAY**

AT THE ENTRANCE to the Airport and DCI Ridley and DS Tames and the THREE remaining TFU team follow in the footsteps of Granger, Nev and Wyatt.

**INT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - DAY**

DCI Ridley, DS Tames and the Three TFU members burst through the entrance and across to the DEPARTURE GATE. DCI Ridley HOLDS up his badge.

DCI RIDLEY

This is the Metropolitan Police.  
Stay down, exactly where you are.

They head through the DEPARTURE GATE.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY**

Lana and Jacob QUEUE at the BOTTOM of the AIR STAIRS of the Private PLANE--a FEW PASSENGERS ahead of them.

At the end of the plane, BAGGAGE HAULERS are loading the plane with Luggage from a BAGGAGE TRAILER.

A GUNSHOT CRACKS across the airport and PINGS the AIR STAIR. The Passengers RUN for COVER in all DIRECTIONS.

Lana and Jacob spin to see Granger, Nev and Wyatt advancing towards them--semi-automatic's drawn.

Lana and Jacob hide under the AIR STAIR--joined by the AIR STEWARDESS, FEMALE, mid 20s, frightened for her life.

Jacob opens the briefcase, takes out the laptop--open it to reveal two hand guns instead of the guts of a computer. He hands one gun to Lana.

Granger, Nev and Wyatt UNLEASH an incessant VOLLEY at the Air Stairs, pinning Lana and Jacob down.

A bullet rips above Granger's head. He turns and sees--

--TWO TFU men ON THE ROOF of the AIRPORT BUILDING in perfect Sniping position.

Granger, Nev and Wyatt are exposed. Granger signals to Wyatt and Nev to head to a nearby FUEL TRUCK for cover. They get behind it as bullets SKIM the tarmac all around them.

**FROM THE MAIN AIRPORT BUILDING:** DCI Ridley, DS Tames and the remaining Three TFU spread out behind PUSHBACK TUGS, A CATERING TRUCK and a BAGGAGE TRAILER.

Now we have a SQUARE: Lana and Jacob UNDER THE AIR STAIR with the Stewardess.

--Granger, Nev and Wyatt to their Left behind a FUEL TRUCK.

--DCI Ridley and the TFU TEAM members on the ground behind the PUSHBACK TUGS, CATERING TRUCK and BAGGAGE TRAILER.

--UP ON THE ROOF--the TWO TFU Snipers.

A noisy EXCHANGE of FIRE from all the Four Vantage points. Then a moment of silence.

Lana looks to Jacob--they nod to each other. Lana grabs the AIR STEWARDESS, puts a gun to her head. She forces the Steward into a shield in front of her. Jacob gets behind Lana, gun pointed.

Lana, with the Steward as a shield and Jacob behind step out from Behind the Air Stair. Everyone stops shooting.

LANA

If anyone takes a shot I'll blow  
her brains out.

STEWARD

Please don't shoot me! I'm getting  
married this summer.

JACOB  
Oh, Congratulations.

Lana manoeuvres to the base of the Air Stair.

Granger aims his gun at Lana, keeps it trained on her.

The Two SNIPERS train their guns, one on Lana...the other on Jacob. But the Steward is blocking potential shots.

LANA  
We're getting on the plane and  
leaving, okay?

GRANGER  
You're not going anywhere,  
Macraith!

DCI RIDLEY  
Don't do this, Lana.

LANA  
We don't have a choice.

DCI RIDLEY  
You always have a choice. We can  
help protect you.

JACOB  
You can't protect us from the  
Crimson Prince.

SNIPER 1  
(on walkie talkie)  
I can't get a clean shot.

DCI RIDLEY  
(into walkie-talkie)  
When you have a fifty-plus percent  
chance, take them both down.

Lana looks to the bottom of the air stair. Granger, Nev and Wyatt take their shots at Lana and Jacob. They hit the bottom of the Air Stair. The Steward uses the distraction to ELBOW Lana in the GUT and run away.

DCI RIDLEY (CONT'D)  
Take the shots.

Sniper 1 and Sniper 2 fire two SHOTS, SIMULTANEOUSLY.

One bullet RIPS into Lana's chest. The BULLET from Sniper 2 SLAMS INTO Jacob's Chest--blood SPITS out--Jacob slumps to the floor.

Lana falls to her knees, FIRES off a SHOT then falls onto her front. Jacob falls onto the bottom step of the Air Stair. Lana and Jacob lock eyes as their life spills out onto the tarmac.

Lana holds out her hand, Jacob grabs it. They smile at each other, then BREATHE their last. Their blood mingles together on the tarmac.

DCI Ridley bows his head. This is not what he wanted, but it is what it is. He turns his attention to the Fuel Truck and Granger, Nev and Wyatt.

DCI RIDLEY (CONT'D)

Okay, Granger, you're outnumbered, seven to three. We can make this tidy, or we can make it messy. The choice is yours.

Granger, Nev and Wyatt look at each other. They are NOT going to be taken alive.

Both Nev and Wyatt RUSH OUT from the behind the fuel Truck--LET FLY with their semi-automatics, SPRAYING BULLETS at the Baggage Truck.

One of the TFU behind the PUSHBACK TUG lines up a shot on Wyatt--the BULLET RIPS through his head. He CRUMPLES to the ground. The TFU behind the BAGGAGE TRAILER lines up a head shot on NEV...pulls the TRIGGER. The BULLET BLOWS through Nev's head. He drops to his knees then onto his front, DEAD.

DCI RIDLEY (CONT'D)

Okay, Granger. They made the wrong choice. What about you? It's just a matter of what paperwork I have to fill out.

Granger PEEKS to see--Wyatt and Nev DEAD a few yards from him. He looks across to Lana and Jacob--FOCUSES on the briefcase at Jacob's feet.

From behind the Fuel Truck, Granger THROWS his semi-automatic onto the tarmac, followed by his HANDGUN--STEPS out from behind the Truck--HANDS behind his HEAD, then KNEELS down.

DS Tames rushes forward...forces Granger on his belly--handcuffs him behind his back.

DCI Ridley heads over to the bodies of Lana and Jacob. He gazes at the blood soaked briefcase, flips it open, feels around and finds the edges of a false bottom. He lifts it up and there, in all it's glory is the OMEGA CROSS.

DCI Ridley is mesmerised by its sheer beauty. He snaps out of the hold the cross has on him--walks across to--

--Granger, who is being hauled to his feet. DCI Ridley shows him the cross in the briefcase. Granger spits into DCI Ridley's face, then is forced marched away by DS Tames. DCI Ridley SNAPS the Briefcase shut.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - TARMAC - LATER**

The scene is busy with INVESTIGATORS, PARAMEDICS, AMBULANCE CREWS, and the CORONERS CLEAN UP CREW.

Lana's body is ZIPPED up in a BODY BAG on the gurney and put into the Coroners VAN, by TWO CORONERS' CLEAN UP CREW.

They lift Jacob's body onto another gurney, wheel him to the van and slot him next to Lana. DCI Ridley nods to the two Clean Up Crew who nod back.

Sitting in the back of an ambulance is the AIR STEWARDESS, with an aluminium foil jacket on, sipping a hot drink. DS Tames is interviewing her and making notes.

DCI Ridley takes a look around the scene...heads towards the Terminal Building. The Coroner's van with Lana's and Jacob's bodies drives across the Runway.

**INT. UNDERGROUND DUNGEON - OFFICE - DAY**

**ON A TV SCREEN:** A REPORTER does a piece to CAMERA...outside the Private Airport terminal building.

The REPORT is INTERCUT with SHAKY VIDEO shot from a DISTANCE of the AIRPORT, CRIME SCENE TECHNICIANS processing the Crime Scene, the Ambulance and Coroner's Van coming and going, Uniformed Police guarding the CORDON.

REPORTER

Information is sketchy at present, but I can report a major shootout has just taken place here at the private London Central Airport. Early reports suggest four deaths and one arrest. Unconfirmed reports have stated that Police recovered a valuable item which is believed to have been stolen from the Orphean Bank heist earlier today.

The Crimson Prince looks to Pavel and Volkov. Pavel and Volkov are UP and OUT. The Crimson Prince smashes the desk with his fist.

**INT. MORTUARY - DAY**

The doors FLY OPEN--DCI Ridley and DS Tames enter. The CORONER smokes a cigarette with his ASSISTANT. The bodies of Wyatt and Nev are laid on separate slabs.

DCI RIDLEY

Where are the other two bodies?

CORONER

All I've got is this guy Wyatt and this guy Neville.

This is NOT part of the PLAN. DCI Ridley and DS Tames storm out.

**INT. GRANGER'S FARMHOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY**

Polly munches crisps, watching the Farmhouse CCTV monitors. She spots a TACTICAL FIREARMS OFFICER appear on ONE of her monitors. She looks CLOSER--sees DI MORLEY moving toward the FARMHOUSE. She starts unplugging all the cables.

UPSTAIRS the sound of the door being BASHED OPEN. SHOUTING of the TFU and POLICE as they enter. Polly frantically types commands on her keyboard...aiming to wipe all the data from her computers.

FOOTSTEPS get LOUDER and LOUDER. The door to the basement is SMASHED OFF ITS HINGES...the TFU pour in, pointing guns at POLLY. She stops what she is doing, DCI MORLEY steps forth and smiles at Polly. He looks over all the equipment in front of Polly, then turns to see a TABLE with all the ITEMS STOLEN from the Orphean Vault. Polly smiles--licks the crisps dust from her fingers.

**INT. CUSTODY CELL - DAY**

Granger, in custody clothes, sits on the bench/bed. The service flap opens. The PC WHISTLES at Granger. He goes to the hatch--finds a RETRO MOBILE PHONE left there. Granger picks it up.

LANA (O.S.)

Hey, Morton. How you doing?

GRANGER

Brava Macraith. A pretty good bait  
and switch you put on there.

JACOB

And here's me thinking that you  
were going to apologise for fucking  
us over.

GRANGER

Where are you?

**INT. PRIVATE AIRPORT LOUNGE - DAY**

Lana sits, with Jacob next to her in the Departure Lounge.  
PASSENGERS pass too and fro in the B.G. Lana has an espresso  
and Jacob a cappuccino.

**INTERCUT:** Granger & Lana AND Jacob

LANA

Enjoying an espresso before our  
flight.

GRANGER

How did you do it?

LANA

Pump fake at the bank.

FLASH CUT TO:

**INT/EXT. METALLURGISTS - FLASHBACK - DAY**

CLOSE ON THE IMAGE of the Cross of Novrudak that the Crimson  
Prince gave to Lana and Jacob.

The BLACKSMITH looks up at Lana and Jacob.

METALLURGIST

Yep, I can copy that, easy. I'll  
leave a space for the jewels.  
You'll need to get them from a  
jeweller.

FLASH CUT TO:

**INT. JEWELLERS - FLASHBACK - DAY**

MAGNIFIED CLOSE-UP ON THE DIFFERENT GEMS on the PICTURE OF  
THE NOVRUDAK CROSS through a LOUPE.

A JEWELLER, mid 50s, examines the gems from the picture.

REVEAL WE ARE IN--A small jewellers shop. Lana and Jacob stand across the counter. The Jeweller looks up at them.

JEWELLER

What level of fake do you need? I can do Faultless fakes, a glancing look fake? Each one has a differing level of cost?

Lana and Jacob look at each other, then back to the Jeweller.

FLASH CUT TO:

**INT. GRANGER'S FARMHOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY**

Lana, on her own, takes out a black holdall bottom and velcros it to the base of her black holdall.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - VAULT - DAY**

Dexter takes out a fake OMEGA CROSS and puts it into one of the safety deposit boxes, number 167.

JACOB (V.O.)

We got the fake put in the bank for us to swap with the real one.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK, VAULT - FLASHBACK - EARLIER**

The gang are emptying the deposit box contents.

Lana opens the box 45, takes out the real OMEGA CROSS. She slips the CROSS into the false bottom of the holdall and velcros up the sealed compartment.

Jacob pulls open box 167, takes out Dexter's FAKE CROSS, hands it to Lana who puts it in her holdall.

Granger and Wyatt are TOO BUSY emptying boxes to notice.

**EXT. THAMES RIVER - JETTY - DAY**

**FLASHBACK:** Lana TRIPS and DROPS her holdall off the side of the jetty onto the pebble beach bed. She jumps down PICKS UP holdall. She PULLS out the BOTTOM of the holdall from velcro and containing the REAL OMEGA CROSS--leaves it under the jetty. Lana jumps onto the jetty--then onto the Police Boat.



**EXT. THAMES RIVER - JETTY - MOMENTS LATER**

As the POLICE BOAT speeds away with Granger, Wyatt, Nev, Lana and Jacob...DEXTER walks into FRAME. He jumps down onto the pebbles, picks up the black pouch--opens it...inside is the REAL OMEGA CROSS. He closes the bag and walks off with it.

**INT. CUSTODY CELL - PRESENT - DAY**

**INTERCUT:** Granger & Lana & Jacob.

JACOB

Ever heard of an Austerlitz twist?

GRANGER

The Battle of Austerlitz. When Napoleon gave up the high ground to his enemies and made them think they had the advantage, then attacked them from behind when they least expected it.

LANA

We made you think you had the high ground when you took the cross.

GRANGER

You pulled a Judas Kiss with the cops I see?

**FLASHBACK:** Lana and Jacob with DCI Ridley and DS Tames in the interview room going over their plan. They have index cards laid out on the table. One has a LAZARUS TRICK on it. Another JUDAS KISS.

LANA

We had no choice. We need the cross to survive.

GRANGER

How did you know I'd pull a Judas Kiss you?

JACOB

Just like the **frog** and the scorpion. It's in your nature.

GRANGER

That was a pretty convincing Lazarus Trick you pulled at the airport? The Cops must have been in on that?

LANA

You were supposed to get caught at the farmhouse. When you double crossed at the Jetty we had to improvise. We knew you were tracking us with Nev, so we left a few bread crumbs for you to follow.

JACOB

We had to ad-lib with the Snipers firing blanks at us from the roof. The firearms guys on the ground had the real bullets. The old blood squibs do the job every time.

**FLASHBACK: PRIVATE AIRPORT:** Lana and Jacob getting shot--the blood squibs POPPING in their chest. As they lay on the floor 'fake dying' they hold hands and wink at each other.

**BACK TO SCENE:**

LANA

Well, so long, Granger. Enjoy your prison stay. I guess you're looking at fifteen to twenty. You should get out into time for retirement.

Lana ends the call. She and Jacob down their drinks, get up with the briefcase and head off toward their Departure gate.

**IN THE B.G.** Pavel and Volkov appear--follow Lana and Jacob.

**INT. PRIVATE AIRPORT, LOUNGE - DAY**

Jacob and Lana sit waiting for the GATE to be opened. Lana dials a number.

**INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY**

DCI Ridley's phone rings. He quickly answers it.

DCI RIDLEY

DCI Ridley.

LANA

Hey, Ridders. How's it going?

DCI RIDLEY

Macraith...where the fuck are you?

JACOB

Give you three guesses.

THE TANNY ANNOUNCER makes an Announcement. DCI Ridley hears the voice.

DCI RIDLEY

Look, we made a deal. You pull a Lazarus trick at the airport in exchange for Granger. What was that shit you pulled at the Coroners?

JACOB

We're big on sporting metaphors. We like to call it, the nutmeg.

FLASH-CUT TO:

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT - FLASHBACK - DAY**

Lana and Jacob being zipped up in the body bags. Gurneys out in the back of the Coroner's Van.

DCI RIDLEY (V.O.)

A nutmeg. I get it. You passed the ball right through my legs.

REVEAL...One of the CORONER'S CLEAN UP CREW is Dexter's SON, ADAM, mid 20s, the other, his DAUGHTER, Eve, early 20s...we recognise them from the PHOTO at Dexter's cabin...and finally...the Driver is DEXTER himself.

LANA (V.O.)

What the eye perceives...

JACOB (V.O.)

...the mind believes.

DCI Ridley watches as the Coroner's Van drives away.

**INT. CORONER'S VAN - DAY**

Adam and Eve, UNZIP the body bags--Lana and Jacob POP their heads OUT. Jacob GASPS for breath. Dexter GLANCES AT them from the driver's seat. All five smile. Lana and Jacob start to take off their blood-soaked clothes.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT, CAR PARK - DAY**

Dexter opens the back door of the coroner's van. Lana and Jacob drop down, now dressed in clean clothes. Dexter hands Jacob a black briefcase. Jacob opens it and we see the beautiful Omega Cross. The TRUE ONE this time.

Dexter hands Lana the Leather Pouch he GARNERED EARLIER. Lana opens it to see the CLEAR LIQUID in the VIAL.

All three look exchange SAD LOOKS. This will be the LAST TIME they'll see each other. Jacob hugs Dexter tightly, then starts crying. Dexter holds his tears. He taps Lana's cheek. She smiles back at her mentor. Lana nods at Adam and Eve in the back of the van. Lana grabs the snivelling Jacob and they head towards the terminal building.

**INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY**

**INTERCUT:** DCI Ridley & Lana AND Jacob

DCI RIDLEY

You know you can't hide from me.

JACOB

We gave you the Granger Gang, the Orphean Heist and the Black Auction operation.

DCI RIDLEY

You owe me the Crimson Prince.

JACOB

Now, now, don't be greedy.

LANA

Besides, we have one last play to make with the Crimson Prince.

DCI Ridley REALISES what Lana is HINTING at. He STORMS across the BULLPEN to a table where the Omega Cross is laid out with all the EVIDENCE from the airport. He GRABS one of the GUNS from the scene--SMASHES the base of the cross.

**CLOSE IN ON THE CROSS to REVEAL** the gold PAINT scratched SHOWING the LEAD underneath. DCI Ridley SCRATCHES the paint to reveal MORE and MORE of the LEAD underneath.

DCI RIDLEY

So you had two fakes. One for Granger...

LANA

...and one for you.

**FLASHBACK: METALLURGISTS:** The Metallurgist hands over two fake crosses to Dexter.

**FLASHBACK: JEWELLERS:** The JEWELLER hands over two complete fake crosses to Dexter.

**FLASHBACK: CAR PARK:** Dexter meets Lana and Jacob in a car park. He hands over the second fake cross. Lana puts it in a black briefcase and drops it in the back seat of the car.

**FLASHBACK: PRIVATE AIRPORT CAR PARK:** Lana and Jacob park up at the airport. Lana grabs the briefcase from the backseat of her car, which contains the fake cross.

**FLASHBACK: AIRPORT TARMAC:** DCI Ridley picks up the briefcase, from the fake dead Lana and Jacob. He opens the false bottom and stares at the cross, the SECOND FAKE cross.

**BACK TO SCENE: INTERCUT:** DCI Ridley and Lana and Jacob.

DCI RIDLEY

What about the Crimson Prince?

LANA

We aim to pull a Samson and bring him down with us.

DCI RIDLEY

Macraith? I thought you said you had a heart of stone?

LANA

People can change.

DCI RIDLEY

No they don't. Not people like you.

JACOB

DCI Ridley, we're wearing a bracelet full of nerve agent. We're not going to live much longer. The Crimson Prince will see to that.

DCI RIDLEY

So, you're going to try and save your souls before he kills you?

LANA

Redemption is Jacob's deal...me on the other hand, I just want to destroy the Crimson Prince?

DCI RIDLEY

We can still bring you in, try and get those bracelets off?

JACOB

When you look at all the permutations...we think our plan works the best for everyone.

LANA

We can't leave the Crimson Prince  
to you and the justice system.

JACOB

We have to deal with him in a  
more...permanent way.

DCI RIDLEY

What if **you** fail?

LANA

It's been a blast, Ridders.

Lana clicks off the phone.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT, TARMAC - DAY**

Lana and Jacob head ACROSS the tarmac to their PRIVATE JET.

Inside the Terminal building overlooking the plane is Pavel  
and Volkov. They watch as Lana and Jacob board the plane.

**INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY**

Lana and Jacob settle in their seats on the small compact  
jet. The briefcase on a seat of its own. Lana opens it and we  
see the beautiful cross. The JET ENGINES ROAR into life.

**INT. ORPHEAN BANK - OFFICE - DAY**

DCI Ridley and DS Tames walk into Bytham-Taylor's office. He  
is meeting with TWO GENTLEMAN. DCI Ridley and DS Tames FLASH  
their badges. Bytham-Taylor gulps.

**INT. MOSCOW SHEREMTYEVO AIRPORT - DAY**

Lana and Jacob come out of the Arrivals gate, somewhere way  
behind, Pavel and Volkov EMERGE and follow them.

**INT. BARRIGAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Barrigan counts out a huge stack of cash. The Door opens--DCI  
Ridley walks in, smiles and dangles handcuffs from his  
fingers. Barrigan WAVES the cash at DCI Ridley--as if to  
OFFER a BRIBE. DCI Ridley shakes his head.

**EXT. NOVHUDAK MAIN PIAZZA - DAY**

A CAB pulls up outside a HOTEL. Lana and Jacob get out, pay the driver--SCAN the large Piazza. There are cafes, shops around each side.

In the MIDDLE of the SQUARE is a statue of three ORPHANS from the promotional video with YULIA. They symbolise the orphans left behind by Schmidt and the SS. Lana and Jacob head into the Hotel.

**EXT. NOVHUDAK MAIN PIAZZA - DAY**

Next to the Hotel is a cafe. Lana has an espresso in front of her. Beside her is the BLACK BRIEFCASE. Jacob has a Cappuccino. They soak up the atmosphere of the square.

JACOB

How are you feeling about today?

LANA

Usual butterflies.

JACOB

You just need a little faith.

SUDDENLY their nerve agent bracelet WHIRRS into LIFE and INJECTS them. They wince in pain.

A SHADOW falls over Lana, ANOTHER over Jacob. They SEE Pavel and Volkov standing above them. Jacob looks terrified. Lana stares up at the two men.

Pavel and Volkov point to a CAR with the back door open. The SHADOW of the Crimson Prince inside. Another MAN, KELESZADE is seated beside him. This is the FENCE who assessed the cross for Koslowski and Medvedev. Lana GULPS down her espresso. She and Jacob climb into the car. Pavel picks up the BLACK BRIEFCASE and head to the car.

**INT. CAR - BACK SEAT - DAY**

The doors close. Pavel gets in the front, hands the briefcase backwards to Keleszade. Volkov starts driving.

A long BEAT--the Crimson Prince looks out the window.

CRIMSON PRINCE

I think I owe you both an apology.

The Two cons are surprised.

CRIMSON PRINCE (CONT'D)

You were far cleverer than I gave you credit for. All your little plays managed to fool nearly everyone. Everyone but me.

JACOB

Well, we aim to deceive.

Suddenly Lana and Jacob feel the nasty PRICK of the needles from the bracelets enter their skin.

LANA

Why didn't you grab us back in London? Little and Large there were following us all the time, but never made a move?

CRIMSON PRINCE

I knew you had a deal with that DCI Ridley, I couldn't risk losing the real cross to him and the Police. When I saw you were intending to leave the country that served my purpose. It is far easier to relieve you of the cross in a foreign country. But I am intrigued as to why you've come back here? To Novrudak, to the place where the cross was made. It seems like the most uncleverest thing you could possibly do?

Lana and Jacob feel the EFFECTS of the NERVE AGENT agent... the SWEATS start followed by the SHAKES.

JACOB

We want to return the cross to it's rightful place.

CRIMSON PRINCE

You are not the honest types. Besides...you're forgetting...the rightful place is with me.

LANA

That's up for debate.

The Crimson Prince PRESSES his phone again--the two WINCE as they feel another SURGE of CHEMICALS into their VEINS.



CRIMSON PRINCE

You two never do anything unless there is a con. So...what is the play?

JACOB

It's as we say. We want to return the cross to where it belongs.

CRIMSON PRINCE

I have your life in my hands and yet you still lie to my face.

He PUNCHES the phone again. They feel another INJECTION.

CRIMSON PRINCE (CONT'D)

You will tell me. In a little while, you will.

**EXT. THE FIELD OF BONES - DAY**

The CAR pulls up at the ENTRANCE to a LARGE FLAT FIELD. Pavel and Volkov get out, and each drag Lana and Jacob out from the back. The Crimson Prince follows, with Keleszade and the briefcase in tow.

At the ENTRANCE TO THE FIELD they stop to see a large sign in RUSSIAN, FRENCH, ENGLISH & GERMAN.

CRIMSON PRINCE

(reads the sign)

*THE FIELD OF BONES. This is the resting place of many souls. In 1942 the SS massacred all adult women and men. Their bodies lie in rest here. May God give them Peace.*

(turns to Lana and Jacob)

It looks like you'll not be lonely in this field. You're about to join the other poor souls in the dirt.

Pavel and Volkov push Lana and Jacob into the Field. After about a hundred yards Pavel and Volkov force Lana and Jacob to their knees.

The Crimson Prince indicates for Keleszade to open the Briefcase. As he lifts the lid, a beautiful golden hue underlights his face. He places the Briefcase on the ground and lifts out the Cross to check it. He uses his LOUPE and looks at each GEM, the SILVER FIGURINE and the GOLD CROSS. Keleszade is almost breathless. He hands the cross to Pavel.

KELESZADE

I give you the genuine Omega Cross.

Pavel is awestruck at its intensity--he PASSES the cross to the Crimson Prince who cradles it in his SHAKING hands. And drinks in the beauty of this artifact.

CRIMSON PRINCE

It is more beautiful than I imagined.

The Crimson Prince kisses the cross in reverence, then hands it to Volkov who holds it in awe for a second then turns it over Keleszade. The Crimson Prince crouches down to Lana and Jacob's level.

CRIMSON PRINCE (CONT'D)

Now what shall we do with you two?

LANA

You have the cross. You can give us the antidote and let us go?

CRIMSON PRINCE

But you did try and double-cross me. You should face a punishment for that.

The Crimson Prince nods to Pavel who takes out a small set of pliers. Volkov grabs Lana around the neck and Pavel advances forward and grabs hold of Lana's right hand.

LANA

What the fuck are you doing?

Lana begins to STRUGGLE--Pavel GRABS hold of her right index FINGER, places the pliers around it and in one quick movement CRUNCHES its way through the flesh...followed by the SICKENING SNAP of BONE. The index finger FALLS to the earth.

Volkov moves across to Jacob, GRABS him by the neck. Pavel quickly SNAPS the pliers THROUGH Jacob's right index FINGER as he screams and wriggles.

Volkov picks up Lana's finger and places it in a cloth. Pavel does the same with Jacob's finger. They WRAP them and put them in their pockets.

Lana and Jacob hold their bleeding hands to their chest.

CRIMSON PRINCE

There we go, that deals with your betrayal. Now about your freedom?

LANA

The antidote for the nerve agent?

The Crimson Prince smiles. Pavel WIPES SWEAT from his brow. Keleszade begins to COUGH. Volkov SHAKES his head to clear his VISION.

JACOB

There is no antidote for the nerve agent...is there?

CRIMSON PRINCE

You are correct. Bonus point for Jacob. You have had enough to make you very sick for years. I needed to keep you well enough to pull off the heist, so I kept the dose low enough to keep you functioning. But now you have served your purpose. I will be merciful and give you two options. First option...I let you wear that bracelet and you can live the rest of your life which might be a few years or so with your deteriorating symptoms. Of course, I will still have the power to give you a dose now and again. Maybe we might work together in the future?

(mops sweat from his brow)

Your second option...we put a bullet in your brains here and now and get it over with? Nice, quick and painless.

LANA

What is a fateful dose of this stuff?

CRIMSON PRINCE

About 2 mgs.

JACOB

(to Lana)

Shit! We spread about 50mgs on that cross.

The Crimson Prince smirks at Lana's comment...thinking it a joke. Pavel and Volkov look at each other, both sweating. The Crimson Prince glances at Pavel, Volkov and Keleszade and suddenly recognises the symptoms of the nerve agent poisoning. They have all been exposed.

CRIMSON PRINCE

Where did you get it from?

JACOB

Your Lab contact at Porton Down.  
She's was very amenable.

**FLASHBACK: LAB - NIGHT:** A FEMALE LAB MANAGER, mid 50s, takes out a VIAL of the NERVE AGENT from the fridge...EXTRACTS some of the liquid with a SYRINGE and deposits into a smaller vial. Slips the small vial into her pocket.

**FLASHBACK: SALISBURY PLAIN - DAY:** The LAB MANAGER hands Dexter the LEATHER POUCH. Dexter opens it--checks the VIAL of CLEAR LIQUID inside. Dexter hands the WOMAN an envelope of cash. They get in their cars and drive away from each other.

**EXT. THE FIELD OF BONES - DAY**

LANA

The good thing about this nerve agent is...it absorbs quickly into your bloodstream, simply by touch.

SWEAT starts to pour down the Crimson Prince's forehead. Volkov VOMITS and falls to his knees. Keleszade is struggling to BREATHE. Pavel begins CHOKING. The Crimson Prince takes out his gun...but FALLS to his knees--STRUGGLING to see.

Lana and Jacob get up. Lana SNATCHES the gun from the Crimson Prince. Jacob KICKS Pavel in the face, he ROLLS over and Jacob GRABS his gun. Keleszade is shaking in the mud in his final death throes.

The Crimson Prince takes out his Phone and presses the button to give Lana and Jacob a fatal injection of the nerve agent. They both wince as the bracelets PURR into life and FLUSH ALL the NERVE AGENT into their VEINS. Lana snatches the phone off the Crimson Prince. Lana and Jacob look at each other and know...that injection is a DEATH SENTENCE. There's NO ESCAPE escape from this FATE.

Lana crouches over the Crimson Prince as he wheezes.

LANA (CONT'D)

I told you that one day you'd know what it's like to be helpless. Well, today's the day. And I'm so glad I got to see it.

The Crimson Prince tries to grab Lana's throat, She knocks his feeble hand away.

LANA (CONT'D)

I'm not one to believe in the afterlife...but I hope there's a hell for you. It's the least you deserve.

CRIMSON PRINCE

I'll see you there.

LANA

Save me a place.

Jacob WATCHES Keleszade stop breathing--Pavel and Volkov take their LAST PAINFUL BREATHS.

Lana STARES into the Crimson Prince's EYES as he makes his last gasp of air...then his eyes FIX and DILATE.

Jacob PICKS up his BACKPACK, takes out bottles of WATER and rubber gloves. They snap on the gloves and WASH the cross with the water...then wipe it clean.

Jacob takes out the BLOODY RAGS containing their FINGERS from Pavel and Volkov.

LANA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JACOB

I want my finger back. Don't you?

Jacob hands the bloody rag to Lana with her finger in it. She tucks it in her pocket--Jacob does the same. The EFFECTS of the nerve agent are beginning to tell on them now. The SWEAT POURS...the SHAKES WORSEN. They STAGGER their way out of the field and into the Car and drive off.

**EXT. NOVRUDAK MAIN PIAZZA - CHURCH - DAY**

Lana parks up. Jacob gets out, clutching the cross...he and Lana stumble up the steps and into the CHURCH.

**INT. RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH - DAY**

Lana and Jacob, FLOUNDER into the church....struggle to the front pew and slump down. They look up at the ALTAR...to the Crucifix of Jesus and his AGONISED FACE. All the accoutrements of a Russian Orthodox Church decorate the Altar. A GAP is visible above the altar...where the Omega Cross used to be.

A SIDE DOOR from the Sacristy opens and an ORTHODOX PRIEST comes out. He SPOTS Lana and Jacob. Jacob vomits on the floor. Lana is hyperventilating. He RUSHES to them...speaks in UKRAINIAN.

PRIEST  
(in Ukrainian)  
What is wrong with you?

JACOB  
We have something for you.

Jacob hands the OMEGA CROSS to the Priest. He is shocked to see the HOLY ICON that has been missing all this time.

PRIEST  
(in English)  
My God!

LANA  
We're returning it to its rightful place.

The Priest takes the Cross...lays it on the floor. He looks at the two and sees how ill they look.

PRIEST  
I get doctor.

Lana grabs his arm--shakes her head.

LANA  
No. It's too late.

PRIEST  
I cannot let you die.

JACOB  
We're ready to die. Can you take my last confession?

The Priest takes a moment to consider the import of their imminent death...then shakes himself back to action.

PRIEST  
Of course.

Jacob takes out his little sin notebook, turns to a page. The Priest sits next to Jacob...makes the sign of the cross and Jacob begins quietly mumbling his final confession.

Lana stares at the Crucifix above the altar. She struggles to see through the sweat in her eyes. She manages a smile.

The Priest gives Jacob the blessing and then looks to Lana.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
Would you like confession?

LANA  
Nah, I'm good.

JACOB  
I think you should.

LANA  
You know...I've just realised...  
when it comes to the afterlife,  
only you folk who believe get a  
chance to tell us atheists I told  
you so.

JACOB  
I don't want to lose you, Lana  
banana. You're the only friend I  
ever had.

LANA  
Yeah, I'm sorry about that.

Lana begins to laugh, as Jacob begins to cry. Each time they  
laugh they have a fit of coughing.

LANA (CONT'D)  
I hope I'm wrong about an  
afterlife. I'd love to get the  
chance to annoy you for all  
eternity.

JACOB  
Shit, that means I won't be able to  
escape you...forever.

LANA  
Yeah, I'll be following you around.

JACOB  
If I end up with you forever, that  
won't be heaven, that'll be hell!  
(mimics praying)  
God, please don't make me spend  
eternity with her!

They both begin to laugh, then begin COUGHING up BLOOD. The  
PRIEST gets up, begins pacing. He needs to do something.

PRIEST  
I get doctor.

The PRIEST rushes out.

Lana and Jacob HOLD HANDS. They stare up at the Cross for a long minute, Their breathing becoming more LABOURED... SLOWING...WHEEZING...

Lana takes out an Air Pod--puts one in Jacob's ear, the other in hers. PULLS out her phone, TAPS a few times--then the strains of '**WHEN THE DEAL GOES DOWN**' by TOM JONES fills their ears. They look to each other. Struggle to pull a smile.

**FLASHBACK:** A FLASH of MOMENTS from Lana and Jacob's life. The cons they've pulled. Sharing A LAUGH. Planning their cons with the Index Cards...playing games on their TV.

Jacob eyes FLUTTER. Lana's HEAD DROOPS.

Moment by moment their SPIRIT fades. Lana's head FALLS FORWARD...Jacob's head FALLS BACK. Their chests stop heaving...the church fills with the silence of their death.

**THE CAMERA MOVES BACK DOWN THE AISLE** as the SONG continues to play. The CAMERA CONTINUES OUT OF THE FRONT DOOR OF THE CHURCH and to--

**EXT. NOVRUDAK MAIN PIAZZA - CONTINUOUS - DAY**

--The Piazza, as busy as ever. THE CAMERA PUSHES FORWARD up to the STATUE of the THREE ORPHANS of NOVRUDAK...

The CAMERA MOVES towards A BUILDING IN THE CORNER, which boasts a PLAYGROUND full of CHILDREN, running, skipping, shouting. A sign reads THE CHILDREN OF NOVRUDAK ORPHANAGE.

THE CAMERA MOVES to the entrance of the ORPHANAGE BUILDING as A BIKE COURIER parks up. The COURIER gets off, gets out a letter from the pannier bag--heads up the steps--

--THE CAMERA FOLLOWS the Courier. He walks THROUGH the doors INTO--THE RECEPTION-- up to the RECEPTIONIST at the desk. She signs for the letter. The Courier leaves.

--The CAMERA FOLLOWS the Receptionist as she carries the LETTER through a door into--

--an OFFICE with a few STAFF, through ANOTHER DOOR with a SIGN that READS...**HEADMISTRESS**. The Receptionist KNOCKS on the DOORS--OPENS it, walks INTO--

--the HEADMISTRESS' OFFICE and up to the HEADMISTRESS, YULIA, from the PROMO VIDEO Lana and Jacob watched. The Receptionist HANDS the letter to YULIA and leaves.



Yulia OPENS the envelope with an letter opener...PULLS out the letter...a CHEQUE FALLS out on the desk. She CHECKS the AMOUNT and her eyes WIDEN in AMAZEMENT.

--The CAMERA PUSHES in on the CHEQUE to REVEAL the AMOUNT--  
**£20 MILLION**. Yulia puts her hand to her mouth in shock. She gets up...the CAMERA FOLLOWS her out of her office into--

--the outer office, through the door into--

--RECEPTION...out of the doors into--

--the PLAYGROUND...across to the TEACHERS supervising the children. She SHOWS them the CHEQUE. They all look at the amount and SCREAM in excitement.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK out of the playground--across the Piazza to the STATUE of the THREE ORPHANS...CLOSES IN ON THE INSCRIPTIONS in Russia, French, German and English. CLOSE IN on the English Inscription--

**'WHOEVER WANTS TO SAVE THEIR LIFE WILL LOSE IT, BUT WHOEVER LOSES THEIR LIFE WILL SAVE IT'**

**'SACRIFICE YOUR TODAY FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S TOMORROW.'**

FADE OUT.

**Song over credits: 'DEVILS & DUST' by Bruce SPRINGSTEEN.**