

THE LAST DAY

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TEASER: THE EASY SCORE.

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY - DUSK.

We open, slowly moving through the dense underbrush of a browning woodland at the beginning of Autumn.

In the back ground the uneasy choke of a car ticking over sounds out. TICK... TICK... TICK.

FLASH TO WHITE --

INT. FOX AND HOUNDS PUB. (B/W)

A suited man, JOSEF, sits with his back to us, we do not see his identity as he talks to another well groomed man, COLT - (30's - 40's) who looks at his counterpart with intrigue.

As he talks we see only Josef's scarred lips moving.

JOSEF (O.S.)

Thank you for meeting with me here.

We see Josef's hand pass a dossier across the table to Colt, who takes the file and begins to browse, through it's pages.

JOSEF (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I trust I can count on your
discretion for this one?

Colt raises his brow his curiosity is peaked.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK.

The rough sound of the engine attempting to come to life continues to choke out as we pan down a long country back road.

FLASH TO WHITE --

INT. FOX AND HOUNDS PUB. (B/W)

Colt puts the dossier down on the table. He looks back over to Josef, tilts his head and smirks.

COLT

This isn't going to be cheap you
know.

With his identity still obscured we see Josef reach into his inside jacket pocket, his gloved hand taking an envelope. Placing it on the table, Josef pushes the envelope to Colt.

JOSEF (O.S.)

I am well aware of any expenses,
this should be an adequate down
payment...

Colt takes the envelope and opens it, his eyes light up as he sifts through a large wedge of notes inside.

JOSEF (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You are also going to put a small
team together, I would suggest no
more than 3.

Colt puts the envelope inside his own jacket inside pocket. A thoughtful look takes over him as he nods, smirks and takes a sip from his pint.

COLT

I know a couple of guys who could
help me...

(curious)

One thing though, this place, it
looks military, but I never heard
of it.

We close in on Josef's eyes alight with excitement, one blue and damaged.

JOSEF (O.S.)

That's because technically, on any
map it doesn't exist.

COLT

(curious)

Interesting. What about the
security? What are we talking here?

JOSEF (O.S.)

(relaxed)

A small team of mercenaries. These
guys are skilled. Kill first, clean
up later types. But I am confident
in your abilities.

Colt looks back to the dossier on the table in front of him.

COLT

And the item 68....

Colt looks around the quiet bar, he notices only another man, STEVE who sits with his back to us but with his head raised, staring out to the bar sipping from a pint.

COLT (CONT'D)
What is it?

We see a smirk surface on Josef's cracked, scarred lips.

JOSEF
 Once you get in contact me and I
 will provide you with that
 information.

A straight look takes over Colt, who raises his brow as he
 stares over to Josef.

COLT
 You know I don't like to go in
 blind Josef.

JOSEF (O.S.)
 (calmly)
 And as you know, my people like to
 keep the intel as tight as
 possible.

COLT
 Are you saying you don't trust me,
 even though you're hiring me?

JOSEF (O.S.)
 (laughs)
 I said I am confident in your
 abilities Colt. But, just on the
 off chance of anything going wrong
 up until the point of entry, it's
 better to be safe than sorry,
right?

COLT
 I guess you have a point there.

Colt looks at the map of an abandoned army barracks.

EXT. R.A.F RAYNHAM - GROUNDS - DUSK.

We pass through what seems like a ghost town; a long
 abandoned village long deserted.

We pass over a deserted looking, graffitied set of hangers
 that sit on the edge of an overgrown runway.

We hear some heavy thuds, the sound of a heavy fist hitting
 meat and cracking bones, we move round the Hangars to see
 STEVE, (30's - 40's) being restrained by two HEAVY SET,
 BALACLAVA WEARING, ARMED, SECURITY GUARDS, whilst another
 pummels him.

FLASH TO WHITE --

INT. FOX AND HOUNDS PUB. (B/W)

We pan around the bar, the mood is tense. As unease fills Josef's voice.

JOSEF (O.S.)

There is just one more thing.
Before you go to the base I will
need you to collect something for
me.

We see Josef's gloved hand reach down and pick up a small brief case, he slides it under the table to Colt.

COLT

Something... Or someone?

JOSEF (O.S.)

I'll let you decide how to play
that card.

COLT

Fair enough. I guess I only need to
know the exit strategy now.

JOSEF (O.S.)

Just make sure you are at the Kings
Lynn docks by dawn, a ferry will
get you to the drop point in
Brussels.

Colt assesses Josef's motives, it's clear in his expression as he holds a still look.

COLT

It's that simple?

JOSEF

Well, simple enough.

Colt sips his beer, he wipes his mouth and his attention goes back to Josef.

COLT

Please, this will be a walk in the
park.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD.

As we pass down a long road straight country road, set in the middle of nowhere. The base starts to blur in the horizon from us and we pass over a BLACK CAR, the engine dying as it let's out three last TICK... TICK... TICK followed by a series of three heavy THUDS from the boot.

BRAY (O.S.)
Colt, I -- I think he's dead.

INT. BLACK CAR.

We move inside the car to see an agitated Colt pound his fists on the steering wheel, he shakes his head.

COLT
FUCK HIM...
(calms)
The car is dead. The petrol gage is showing as empty... FUCKING EMPTY!

A bitter look takes over Colt, he looks to the back and growls.

COLT (CONT'D)
You were supposed to have filled it up before we left?

We look into the back and see BRAY (mid 20's - 30's) sat behind Colt, his suit caked in blood, an angry look in his eye he still keeps his tone calm, but makes his agitation clear.

BRAY
Actually it was the third man in the group who was supposed to do that, so take it out on him...
(thinks)
Oh wait a sec --

Bray looks down to his left, we see the bloodied, motionless body of MARCUS (mid 20's - 30's), his head rested on Bray's lap. Bray looks back up to Colt.

BRAY (CONT'D)
You can't, cause he's *fucking* dead.

Three more thuds come from the boot. THUD... THUD.. THUD.

Bray and Colt begin to get further frustrated. Bray looks to the rear.

BRAY (CONT'D)
We get it you want out. Now, shut the fuck up or it will be the permanent out, *you get me?*

The thuds stop.

Colt looks into his driver's mirror and see's the lifeless Marcus, he bites his bottom lip and pinches the bridge of his nose.

COLT

Shit!

Bray delicately moves Marcus's head and leans forward to the front of the car.

BRAY

So, what do we do now then?

COLT

I -- I'm thinking of something, alright?

BRAY

Yeah, well I'm sorry for the lack of faith but your last--

Three more heavy thuds come from the back of the boot. THUD... THUD.. THUD.

Bray rolls his eyes. We move forward to the front to see the agitation taking over Colt.

COLT

That's fucking it. I have had it.

Colt opens the door and steps out of the car.

BRAY

Colt, what are you doing?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD.

Colt gets out of the car, he straightens his suit jacket and cracks his neck.

Bray opens the passenger door and looks to Colt.

BRAY

Oi, I said, what the fuck are you doing?

Colt steps up to the boot, he turns his attention to Bray and shrugs.

COLT

What does it look like? I'm going to ask our guest if we should know anything about this place?

Bray follows Colt.

INT. CAR BOOT.

The boot creaks open, the remaining light of the setting sun blurs Colt and Bray momentarily as they look inside the boot.

COLT
Time to get some fresh air.

We look inside the boot and see a bound, gagged and semi-naked, JASON (mid to late 40's) squinting, adjusting his eyes to look back at his captors.

JASON
(muffled)
Fuck you.

Colt looks to Bray, holding a stunned look.

COLT
Now is that anyway to talk to a person Bray?

BRAY
I don't think so, no.

COLT
Didn't think so.

An angry look takes over Colt as he looks back into the boot and launches his fist towards us everything goes black for a moment.

COLT (V.O.)
I'll take this old bastard, you grab the bag.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD.

Colt carries Jason over his shoulder and drops him with force to the ground in the centre of the road.

Behind him, Bray opens the back door to the car he looks in and shakes his head at Marcus's corpse as he uneasily reaches in and takes a duffel bag from under the drivers seat.

BRAY
(quietly)
You just had to go all full metal jacket didn't you? You motherfucker.

Jason squirms as he comes to. Blinking his eyes rapidly, Jason feebly takes in his surroundings, noticing the abandoned R.A.F base in the horizon.

An alarmed look takes over Jason, it catches Colts attention, who stands over the beaten, tied old man.

Colt smirks and nods his head back to Bray, who approaches and passes Colt the duffel bag.

COLT
I think he knows where he is B.

Bray gives Jason an assessing look

BRAY
Well, maybe he wants to talk about it?

COLT
You reckon?

Colt crouches and pulls away the gag only to find a projectile of bloodied spit, spirt into his face.

JASON
(snarls)
What am I doing here you animal?

Colt wipes the blood from his face, he sneers for a moment but keeps a lid on his anger, placing the duffel bag on the floor.

COLT
Now, that wasn't very nice was it?

JASON
Was does it matter, you will be dead in a few minutes anyway.

Colt begins to laugh. He looks to Bray and casually shrugs.

COLT
Hey Bray, we have a ballsy son of a bitch here.

Colt opens the duffel bag, he takes a KNIFE WRAP from inside and places it on the ground and unravels it showing us a selection of hard core hunting knives.

Colt looks up to Jason and shrugs.

COLT (CONT'D)
If you're talking about the security detail, I have that covered.

Colt's attention turns back to Jason, he grins and tilts his head to the knives.

COLT (CONT'D)
Now, how about we play my version of twenty questions?

JASON
Go fuck yourself.

COLT
(taken back)
Come on, please? Why do you have to
be like this Jason?

Colt picks the smallest knife out of the wrap and sticks it in Jason's calf muscle causing the captive to scream out in excruciating pain.

Colt shakes his head and puts his finger on Jason's lip to silence him.

COLT (CONT'D)
(enthusiastic)
Shhhh. That was just the test
question, it's going to get a lot
harder the further we go down the
line.

JASON
(yelps)
Argh, okay. Okay. What do you want
to know?

Colt gently slaps Jason round the face.

COLT
Come on Jason, you know what I want
to know, so spill the beans.

A vicious look takes over Colt who twists the knife still in Jason's leg.

Jason winces, his pain sharpens with each slow turn.

COLT (CONT'D)
Tick, tock clocks ticking, Jason.

Colt looks to the wrap, he runs his fingers over the hunters knife.

COLT (CONT'D)
I figure we go big with the next
one.

Jason gasps.

JASON
B-- Building 55. I figure if *he*
sent you, what you are looking for
is in 324.

Colt smiles and pulls the small knife from Jason's calf, a relieved Jason gasps for air.

COLT

Atta boy.

Colt looks over to Steve, he thinks for a moment, clenches his teeth and sighs.

COLT (CONT'D)

Bonus question, the code for the control room, what is it?

JASON

I'm a dead man anyway right? So why would I give you anything else?

Jason begins to laugh, much to Colt's be-musement.

COLT

And just as I thought we were in the process of becoming best buds Jason.

Bray shakes his head, he takes out a pistol from the back of his trousers and cocks it.

BRAY

Stop playing with him Colt.

Colt rolls his eyes.

COLT

Fine.

Colt takes a larger blade from the wrap.

COLT (CONT'D)

I guess we start going to extremities.

Colt reaches out to Jasons crotch.

Panicked Jason attempts to wriggle away.

JASON

8352, the code is 8352!

Colt nods and takes an emphatic tone.

COLT

Good.

He turns his attention to Bray.

COLT (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

See, sometimes you just have to offer an incentive.

Colt stands, he takes a SILENCED PISTOL, holstered from inside his jacket pocket, he takes aim at a panicked Jason's head and pulls the trigger... FLASH...

A spray of red mists in the background as a shocked looking Jason falls back and hits the ground with a heavy THUD.

Bray turns and looks to Colt, he rolls his eyes and slowly shakes his head.

BRAY

Really? You had to do that here?

Colt stands, he brushes his scuffed up leather jacket down, puts the pistol back in it's holster and casually shrugs.

COLT

What? He's dead weight anyway, I figured I would save us some time.

BRAY

But still, the middle of the road
(uneasy)
It's getting a bit too mucky for my liking.

Colt drags Jason's lifeless body out of the road and into the overgrown verge he maintains a dismissive tone.

COLT

You could have always said no.

BRAY

(suspicious)
And what says that I still can't?

Colt looks off to the R.A.F base in the horizon and smirks.

COLT

Cause we came this far already.
Besides, when it comes to the payoff...

Colt turns his attention to Bray.

COLT (CONT'D)

You're just as greedy for it as I am.

A frustrated look takes over Bray, he know's Colt is right, but doesn't want Colt to know it.

BRAY

So, how do we do this?

Colt looks off to the dense array of trees and fallen woodland that surround cover each side of the verge and stretches for miles.

He thinks for a moment as he crouches, zips the duffel bag and places it over his shoulder.

COLT

We do it as we planned, go through the woods, cut the fence on the North side and stay out of view of the camera's and take em down as we have to.

Bray looks to Jason's body, his expression shifts to unease as he turns his attention to the car.

BRAY

What do we do about Marcus?

COLT

(shrugs)
Fuck him.

Colt starts to walk into the verge heading towards the woods, pushing past an un-amused Bray, who bites his bottom lip and turns following Colt deep into the woods.

BRAY

And what do we do about the security personnel?

COLT

Kill em.

BRAY

It's that simple to you is it?

COLT

Yup.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER.

THE LAST DAY.

ACT I: DUSK.

FADE IN:

EXT. R.A.F RAYNHAM - RUNWAY - DUSK.

We open with a shot of a security camera hung high above a pylon looking down over the run down looking run way of the former R.A.F base.

In the distance, the sun sets in the horizon and the dark clouds begin to encompass the approaching night sky.

EXT. HANGAR - REAR.

At the back of one of the Hangers a lone, SECURITY GUARD 1 (30's - 40's) leans against the rear wall, he rolls up his balaclava and lights a cigarette taking a long puff as he exhales he looks up to the sky with a relieved look on his face.

The guards pocket radio crackles attached to his woolen V-neck, his expression fades to a sigh as he pushes his SEMI-AUTOMATIC aside to reach for his radio.

SECURITY LEADER (O.S.)
Booth to 1 you come in 1? Report
over.

The guard clicks his radio, holding a bored tone in his voice.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Yeah, we're all clear, just having
a sneaky cig at the back of the
Hangar bays. Over.

With a weary look on his face, the guard rubs his eyes and looks to the mesh fencing ahead.

SECURITY LEADER (O.S.)
Yeah, well wrap it up. 2, 3 and 4
found a straggler snooping around,
they've taken him to the barracks,
whilst they decide what to do with
him.

Guard 1 rolls his eyes.

SECURITY GUARD 1
And I'm guessing you're going to
need someone to do a run to the
garage for a tea and biscuit run?

SECURITY LEADER (O.S.)
Negative. Just keep your eyes on
the fences. They believe he got in
through the south fence.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Will do. Over and out.

The guard lets go of his radio, he takes one last puff on the
cigarette and drops it to the ground below, stomping it out.
He shakes his head and walks off checking the fence behind
the hangar.

SECURITY GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
(to self)
So much for an easy Friday night.

The guard feels along the fence, coming to a stop noticing
the suited Colt stood on the other side.

He startles the guard who steps back.

COLT
Evening rent a cop.

The guard fumbles, shaking as he attempts to click at his
radio.

Colt pulls an uneasy look.

COLT (CONT'D)
Please don't do that.

The guard continues, frustrating Colt who raises his silenced
gun and shoots the guard twice in the chest.

A sorry look takes over Colt.

COLT (CONT'D)
I asked you *nicely*.

Bray emerges from the woods behind Colt.

BRAY
Seriously! Please stop murdering
everyone you approach. Don't you
think there has been enough death
today?

Colt turns and tilts his head to Bray.

COLT
It's an off the book job. We can't
afford witnesses.

Bray approaches the fence, he looks it over and takes a small
set of wire cutters from inside his jacket pocket and starts
to cut the fence.

BRAY
So, you going to tell me then?

COLT
(puzzled)
Tell you what?

BRAY
What happened in that mansion.

A heavy look takes over Colt.

COLT
Yo-- You really don't want to know.

Bray shrugs and continues to cut the fence.

BRAY
I wouldn't of asked if I didn't.

Bray shakes his head, he cuts the last link in the fence and pulls it open.

BRAY (CONT'D)
Well, one down. Five more to go.

Colt nods and scrambles through the gap in the fence.

Bray follows and pulls the fence shut again, he looks back to the woods and sighs to himself.

BRAY (CONT'D)
Getting Marcus involved is always a bad idea.

FLASH TO WHITE --

EXT. BEER GARDEN - DAY.

We pan over the busy beer garden, of a quaint looking, Victorian styled bar.

FADE IN SUBTITLE: A MONTH EARLIER.

Colt sits at a table in a shady corner of the garden, he reads a local newspaper, which headline reads as "MYSTERY OF THE MISSING HITCH HIKERS CONTINUES.."

A familiar voice calls out to Colt.

BRAY (O.S.)
You know the whole idea about being inconspicuous is not to look noticeable.

Colt lowers his paper, he looks down his aviator glasses to see Bray standing in front of him holding two beers in his hand.

Colt smiles and shrugs.

COLT

What? I'm not a big fan of heat is all.

Bray takes a seat at the table opposite Colt, he sips his beer and stares at Colt assessing his cohorts motives.

BRAY

Three years I don't hear from you and then out of the blue, you hound me with phone calls and e-mails. What's the deal?

COLT

Can't a guy just say hi?

BRAY

But it never usually is just hi with you, is it?

Colt smirks, he nods, picks up his pint from the table and takes a sip, sitting back in a more comfortable position.

Bray raises his brow.

BRAY (CONT'D)

Well? What is it?

COLT

Ah, Bray. You know me too well. I have a job offer for you.

BRAY

(dismissive)
Yeah, well I'm not interested. Haven't you heard? I'm working it legit these days.

COLT

Ah come on. This one's a walk in the park. Especially with someone of your trained skills.

BRAY

Really, nothing is ever "just a walk in the park" with you.

Colt rolls his eyes and takes another sip from his pint.

COLT

It's simpler than the ones the government gave us when we were in the services. Plus, we get ten million a piece upon completion.

Bray chokes on his beer. He wipes his mouth and places it down on the table.

BRAY

What?

COLT

Yeah, I thought that would peak your interest. Ten million. Cash. Each.

Bray shakes his head, he wipes his mouth again out of shock.

COLT (CONT'D)

Yeah, There's a lot more cash in privatization my friend.

Bray takes in the information for a moment, he bites his lip and turns his attention back to Colt.

BRAY

And again there's the risk. If I got caught I couldn't put my family through that, not again.

COLT

Things have changed. My client has the power to make things disappear, like records. Once this job is done. They want us to retrieve an item.

BRAY

And what is this item?

Colt shoots Bray a smug grin.

COLT

I will give you a briefing once the third member of the team arrives.

BRAY

(curious)
Third?

COLT

Everything is digital these days. We are going to need a tech expert.

Bray stares at Colt for a moment, he attempts to assess his hosts motives.

BRAY
Tech expert?

Colt smiles.

A still look takes over Bray, he takes in a deep breath and closes his eyes.

BRAY (CONT'D)
Please don't tell me --

MARCUS (O.S.)
(cuts in)
FUCK ME, IS THAT BRAYSON REED AND
COLT FRANKS?

Bray turns around and see's the over enthusiastic looking
MARCUS, (early 30's) stood behind them.

Colt salutes and nods.

COLT
Bray you know...

Bray stands and gives Marcus an uneasy look.

BRAY
Marcus Samuels, the reason why I
ended up out the forces in the
first place.

A sincere look takes over Marcus.

MARCUS
For which I owe you an apology.

BRAY
No Marcus, you owe me two years and
a dishonorable discharge.
(looks to Colt)
I have to go.

Colt stands, he puts his hands out and takes a tactful tone.

COLT
Come on guys, it's ancient history.
It's been three years. I need the
best for this job --

Colt rubs the back of his neck and shrugs.

COLT (CONT'D)
-- And in this case, that's you
guys.

Bray pulls an uneasy look. Marcus shrugs and holds a half
smile.

MARCUS

Come on Bray, I had problems, I got through them and got over them, can't we do the same?

Marcus holds his hand out to Bray, who shakes his head holding a hesitant stare.

BRAY

Do you think those civilians in Iraq, got over it?

A sorry look takes over Marcus.

BRAY (CONT'D)

Yeah, didn't think so.

Bray shakes his head and sighs.

BRAY (CONT'D)

Look, I'll do it for the money and nothing more okay?

Colt smiles and nods to the two men.

COLT

Well then, I guess this is cause for a celebration.

An uneasy look takes over Bray.

FLASH TO WHITE --

EXT. R.A.F RAYNHAM - HOUSING UNIT - DUSK.

Colt manoeuvres between the run down looking former housing unit, taking a stealth approach, he creeps close to the ground, the duffel bag still over his shoulder.

He looks up and notices a SECURITY CAMERA hung off one of the properties.

Colt looks across to the adjacent house, we see Bray also close to the ground.

Colt signals Bray and points to the camera.

Bray nods.

We see SECURITY GUARDS 2 and 3 walking down a road that separates the houses into a street, they pass the camera's view range.

SECURITY GUARD 2

I can't believe he didn't talk.

SECURITY GUARD 3
You kidding? I think 4 smashed his
jaw with that first punch.

The guards get closer to the two houses that Colt and Bray
hide behind.

Colt looks over to the uneasy Bray and raises two fingers, he
raises his pistol and changes the magazine as the guards
continue to get closer.

SECURITY GUARD 2
Typical 4. You know, nothing ever
happens round here and the minute
it does, 4 goes all Rambo.

Security guard 3 stops and holds a puzzled look.

SECURITY GUARD 3
Don't you mean Rocky?

Security guard 2 stops

SECURITY GUARD 2
Meh, same thing isn't it?

Colt and Bray step out from behind their houses, they take
aim and quickly shoot the two guards, executing them with
precision and a single silenced shot to the head.

Colt and Bray drag the two bodies away to the rear of the
houses.

COLT
You did mean Rocky, you dumb fuck.

Bray looks up to his horizon, we get our first glimpse of
Building 55.

BRAY
So, that the place?

COLT
Sure is.

Colt drops his body, he cocks his pistol and nods off to the
distance.

COLT (CONT'D)
Now come on there's a few more of
these to take out before we get to
enter.

EXT. BUILDING 55 - DUSK.

SECURITY GUARDS 6 and 7 walk the long road leading away from the barracks and towards Building 55, they walk past the other guards who stand point in between the buildings behind them.

Guard 6 looks up to the darkening skies.

SECURITY GUARD 6
You know it's supposed to rain
tonight.

SECURITY GUARD 7
What do you expect, it's fucking
Norfolk, all it ever does is rain.

Behind them we see the guards standing point begin to get taken out and dragged away.

SECURITY GUARD 6
Alright, I was just saying.

SECURITY GUARD 7
Yeah, well you talk too much.

Another pair of Guards standing point between them are taken out.

SECURITY GUARD 6
I was just making conversation.
Don't you think it's better than
constant silence?

SECURITY GUARD 7
Yeah well anonymity is the name of
the game here. It's all in the
induction tape which you should
have watched.

Another set of guards that 6 and 7 pass are taken out.

An awkward silence sits between 6 and 7 for a moment.

SECURITY GUARD 7 (CONT'D)
You did watch the tape right?

SECURITY GUARD 6
(uneasy)
Meh, I scanned it through. It
seemed like an easy assignment,
middle of nowhere. Slack jawed
local. Piece of cake.

Security Guard 7 stops in his tracks and shakes his head.

SECURITY GUARD 7

Trust me, this is no easy assignment... Damn, I know your new, but they briefed you on what is in the vault, right?

SECURITY GUARD 6

Yeah, some old stuff and more old stuff, that some rich old dude didn't want to share with the world.

7 takes in a deep breath and sighs.

SECURITY GUARD 7

You absolute fucking idiot. This is why you watch the tape, it will blow your mind.

7 is cut short as his head explodes in a outward explosion of red and skin chunks that cover the quickly shocked 7.

SECURITY GUARD 7 (CONT'D (CONT'D)

HOLY SHIT.

6 goes to grab his radio, as he clenches it, his knee explodes and he drops to the floor, the force of the fall causing him to rip out his radio and drop it out of his reach.

6 whimpers as he crawls towards his downed partner, attempting to reach out for his radio.

From either side of the road Colt and Bray step out from behind their respective shacks and approach the critically injured 6, putting away their side arms.

Colt kicks away the radios and gives Bray a disappointed look.

COLT

Couldn't make the head shot, no?

Bray shrugs, he crouches down and takes a grab of 7's woollen jumper.

BRAY

HOW MANY MORE?

SECURITY GUARD 6

M-- my leg--

BRAY

(dismissive)

Yes, is bleeding out, I know because I shot you.

(MORE)

BRAY (CONT'D)

Now you can save yourself by
answering the question, how many
more guards are there?

SECURITY GUARD 6

T-- T-- Two and the Leader.

BRAY

Good, now where do we find them?

SECURITY GUARD 6

Th -- They are all inside 324.
Leader is in the control room.
Please help me.

Bray shift his eyes up to Colt.

BRAY

See, this is what happens when you
don't instantly kill everyone you
meet, you can get some useful
information.

COLT

Whatever. I'm just careful.

SECURITY GUARD 6

Please he-- help mm-mm--me.

Bray shakes his head, he takes aim and shoots the guard in
the head, he doesn't flinch and remains calm.

Colt looks down and notices the blood spatter up his leg from
7.

COLT

Really?

Bray looks over his own bloody attire and shrugs to Colt.

BRAY

Makes us even for me getting
Marcus's claret all over me.

Bray starts to drag 7 towards the shack. Colt follows
dragging what is left of 6.

COLT

I told you that was not my fault.

BRAY

You going to tell me what actually
happened in there?

Colts mood sours, he shakes his head and sighs.

COLT

It was Marcus, he went nuts and decided to shoot up the place. Until one of the women pulled a piece and unloaded in him.

Bray looks to Colt assessing the truth of his story by the heavy guilt burdened look in his eyes. He softens and shakes his head.

BRAY

I told you getting him in this job was a bad idea.

COLT

I guess I should have listened.

They drop the bodies at the back of one of the buildings. Both men begin to undress the corpses.

COLT (CONT'D)

Anyway, let's just forget about it because in a few hours, it will all be a distant memory.

Colt and Bray begin to undress, swapping their clothes for the guards.

EXT. BUILDING 55 - ENTRANCE.

The balaclava wearing Colt and Bray step up to the entrance of Building 55 they silently nod to each other and approach the key panel at the entrance.

Colt types in the code 8352, the door buzzes and opens and the two men enter the building.

INT. LOCKER ROOM.

Colt and Bray quietly enter the locker room of the building, they make their way through the room quietly following the sound of a T.V News report coming from the room next door.

T.V REPORTER (O.S.)

And in a shocking turn of events a large drug ring has been busted up in the North of England.

Approaching the archway leading into the BREAK ROOM. Colt nods to Bray and gives him a signal to tread carefully. The two take their guns and step up to the doorway.

T.V REPORTER (O.S) (CONT'D)
In other news, police have finally
called off the search on the
missing hitch hikers in the Norfolk
area.

Readying their guns Colt and Bray charge into the BREAK ROOM.

SECURITY GUARD 8 (O.S.)
What took you guys so... HEY WHAT
THE HELL???

We see two flashes from the doorway.

T.V REPORTER (O.S.)
Stay tuned for more action at 11.

INT. HALLWAY.

Colt and Bray navigate a long hallway they walk towards a
door at the end of it, THE CONTROL ROOM.

As they sneak, they take careful steps and check their
surroundings for any other camera' taking positions at the
sides of the door.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

We pan around a large room, one wall filled with monitors
some a snowy crackle, others showing film of other locations
on the base. On the right of the monitors a steel, air lock
door that has a digital panel for a hand print.

To the left of the monitors stack of shelves make home for
binders and video tapes each labelled with designations.

In the centre of the room a long table sits between the door
and the SECURITY LEADER, who sits at a desk in front of the
screens, a puzzled look sits on him as he attempts to make
contact with his radio.

SECURITY LEADER
All units report. Camera's are
down. All units report now!

The door behind the security leader bursts open. Colt steps
in and points his side arm at the Security leaders chair.

COLT
I'm afraid all lines are busy.

The security leader turns around on the chair a startled look
takes over him but before he can utter a word Colt fires
multiple shots at him, instantly killing the leader who falls
back into his chair with a shocked expression on his face.

Colt nods as he takes off his balaclava, he steps up to a long table in the centre of the room and places the duffel bag upon it.

COLT (CONT'D)
Well this was easy.

Bray enters, he removes his balaclava and shoots Colt a disgusted look.

BRAY
It actually sickens me how much your theatricality plays a presence in these matters.

COLT
Relax, we're here aren't we?

Bray looks around the room, he steps up to the stacks of binders and looks them over.

BRAY
Yeah and now what?

Colt steps up to the security panel, he pulls the dead security leader from the chair and disregards him to the ground.

Colt throws himself onto the chair and spins around to the desk taking notice of a red, dial phone sat by the keyboard on the desk.

COLT
Now, we make a phone call.

EXT. BEACH SIDE HOTEL - NIGHT.

We pan over the outside of a quite beach side hotel as night takes a hold.

We hear a cell phone vibrate... BZZZZ... BZZZZ... BZZZ

INT. HOTEL ROOM.

The cell phone continues to vibrate on a bedside table until a hand reaches over and picks it up.

JOSEF (O.S.)
I take it, you made it inside?

We pan around the room seeing Josef, his identity still a mystery, looking out a window sat with his back to us staring to the outside world.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

COLT
Did you have any doubt?

INT. HOTEL ROOM.

Josef takes a sip from a glass of scotch, he smiles continuing to look out to the beach side view.

JOSEF (O.S.)
Excellent. Stage 2 is going to be a lot easier for you. You sat at the console?... Good, now what are you looking at?

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

Bray sits on the centre table reading through one of the binders, smoking a cigarette.

Colt looks to the array of screens, he holds an intrigued look as he looks at each one.

COLT
A lot of snowy screens.

Passing over the image of a cell, we see it is occupied with Steve, who beaten, lies unconscious on the ground.

COLT (CONT'D)
A cell, with some guy whose been beaten into next week.

We move along to some screens containing outside shots of the fence surrounding the base.

COLT (CONT'D)
A lovely view of the country.

As Colt's eyes hit the final screen, they light up with elation.

COLT (CONT'D)
And... Oh my, what do we have here?

We see the screen, a monitor labelled as "BASEMENT LEVEL" we see a large vault door built into the concrete and rock foundations of a cavern like basement.

INT. HOTEL ROOM.

JOSEF

I take it you have found the vault door?... Excellent, the next objective is to get it open.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

An uneasy look takes over Colt.

COLT

Yeah, about that. We lost our tech expert whilst collecting, "The Collector".

INT. HOTEL ROOM.

Josef's smile fades, a stern tone finds itself in his voice.

JOSEF

What? You fucking idiot.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

Colt looks over to Bray, who looks over the file back to Colt with one brow raised, taking a dismissive relaxed tone.

COLT

Relax will you, I have it all covered. You just need to swing on by and pick us up when we are ready.

INT. HOTEL ROOM.

A serious look sits itself in Josef's brow.

JOSEF

What? That isn't part of the plan.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

Colt turns back to the monitors his tone turns tense and frustrated.

COLT

Yeah, well plans change Josef. It's the nature of our business.

INT. HOTEL ROOM.

Josef stands, his agitation is clear in his voice we pan around the room and reveal Josef's identity as Jasons identical, scarred, blinded twin.

JOSEF

And what about my brother?

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

A smirk takes over Colt who leans back in the chair and puts his feet up on the control panel.

COLT

He's no longer a problem Josef. Now if you don't mind, we are at building 55.

Colt hangs up the phone. He looks of an nods holding a appreciative look.

INT. HOTEL ROOM.

Josef stops pacing.

JOSEF

(confused)

Hello?... Hello?

He realizes the other line is dead and throws the phone on the bed.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

Fucking asshole.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

Bray looks around the control room, he examines the contents of the room not looking to Colt but holding a stern tone.

BRAY

I take it that went well?

COLT

(casual)

You could say that.

Colt adopts a jovial tone as he examines the layout of the control panel.

COLT (CONT'D)

We have an evac car on the way.

BRAY

What your client coming to pick us up?

COLT

Yeah, they are in fact. So, we just need to figure out how to crack the basement, without Marcus.

Colt points to the monitor showing the vault.

Bray nods to the folder and sighs.

BRAY

Yeah, easier said than done.

Bray raises the folder.

BRAY (CONT'D)

This is the schematics to the place. You see that door there to the right of you?

Colt looks over to the air lock door.

COLT

Yeah.

BRAY

It requires a hand print to open it. Now, with everyone dead, we don't know whose hand we need to open it.

COLT

So, we start trying hands of all the dead bodies around and see which one fits.

BRAY

Yeah, not that simple. The wrong hand blocks out the door.

COLT

(confused)
So, what do we do?

Bray looks to the stack of files on the shelves.

BRAY

We do what any new starter would do, we go through the training materials to see if the answer lies in them.

Bray steps up to the shelves, he takes a set of videos and passes them to a confused Colt.

COLT
What am I supposed to do with
these?

BRAY
I think there was a VCR down in
that break room, why don't you
start making your way through them
there.

COLT
And what about you?

Bray picks out another file from the shelf.

BRAY
I'm going to do some light reading
and get myself some escape from
you're nuts ass craziness.

EXT. BEACH SIDE HOTEL - NIGHT.

We watch as Josef's car drives out of the beach side hotel
car park and off down a country road.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT I.

ACT II: DAWN.

FADE IN:

INT. BLACK CAR - MOVING - DAY.

Colt sits in the front passenger seat of the car, he looks out of the passenger window to the outside world, having a moment of deep thought before turning and looking to the back at a pale, sweaty, shaking Marcus.

COLT
(concerned)
Marcus, everything okay?

Marcus looks up to Colt he nods and wipes his brow.

MARCUS
I'm fine, just an upset stomach.

COLT
We'll you were knocking them back a bit last night.

MARCUS
You kept buying. Speaking of which how come you're not so bad?

COLT
(shrugs)
I am not a lightweight, unlike you..

Colt nods his head to Bray, who sits in the drivers seat staring out at the road.

COLT (CONT'D)
And old Bray here was on the water.

Bray shakes his head. A steely look of bitter annoyance sits in his expression.

BRAY
This job seems more like a bad idea every minute.

COLT
Relax, everything's going to be fine. Everyone know's their role here.

Colt opens the glove box, he takes out a pair of black sprayed, emotionless masks and passes one to Marcus.

COLT (CONT'D)
We are all professionals, a hangover isn't nothing.

MARCUS

Yeah come on Bray, snap out of it.

Bray snaps his eyes to the drivers mirror.

BRAY

I told you not to talk to me.

MARCUS

Okay, I'm sorry.

Colt shakes his head and sighs.

COLT

Could you two just please get a room and get this over with?

BRAY

Stay out of this Colt.

An awkward silence fills the car for a moment. Colt looks out of the window. A serious look takes over him and he points out.

COLT

Bray, pull the car over just here will you?

EXT. MANSION - DAY.

We pan out of the vehicle to see it park on the opposite side of the road to a lavish looking, gated off Stately Home.

INT. BLACK CAR.

Colt puts on a set of black leather gloves, he looks to Marcus and nods his head upward.

COLT

Pass me that duffel bag will you?

Marcus passes the bag forward. Colt takes it and sifts through the bag, he pulls out a laptop, shakes his head and passes it back to Marcus.

COLT (CONT'D)

We don't need this yet.

Marcus takes the laptop and pushes it underneath the drivers seat.

Colt takes a pistol from the duffel bag he passes that back to Marcus.

COLT (CONT'D)

You're going to need this.

An alarmed look takes over Bray.

BRAY
Woah, what the fuck Colt?

COLT
Relax, we ain't here to kill
anyone, we just need some
information.

BRAY
So why the need for the guns?

Colt opens the bag to Bray.

COLT
Same reason I have the rope. Makes
us look that little bit more
serious...

Colt zips the bag up, he opens the passenger door.

COLT (CONT'D)
Now wait here till the gate opens
and then come to the main entrance.
We will meet you there in ten
minutes, okay?

An uneasy look takes over Bray.

BRAY
Yeah, okay. No crazy shit though,
please?

Colt smirks.

COLT
I can't make any promises.

Colt and Marcus exit the car, leaving Bray sat at the steering wheel.

Bray watches out of his door window for a moment, before looking forward and tapping his fingers on the steering wheel.

BRAY
(to self)
This is such a bad idea.

Brays phone rings, he takes it from his pocket and checks the display; a warm smile takes over him as he answers it.

BRAY (CONT'D)
Hey baby... Yeah I'm fine, just
setting off on this fishing trip
with the guys... Yeah.. Yeah.. I'll
be back on Friday.

A flash catches Bray in the corner of his eye. He looks back out of the window, towards the house and see's the intermittent flashes of silenced pistol fire.

An alarmed look takes over Bray.

BRAY (CONT'D)
Honey, I have to call you back.

Bray hangs up the phone.

BRAY (CONT'D)
What... The... Fuck?

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

Bray sits on the desk chair, his feet on the centre console attached to the array of monitors. He flicks through the page of a binder periodically raising his head to look at the screen showing the VAULT DOOR, quizzically thinking of how to enter the room.

Colt enters the room, a hint of disbelief sits in his eyes as he leans against the door frame.

Bray turns around.

BRAY
You ready to tell me why we are here yet?

Colt looks to the monitor displaying the LARGE DOOR.

COLT
I told you it's a need to know basis.

BRAY
And considering the shit trail of heinous murder that's happened along the way, I believe I need to know.

A hesitant look takes over Colt, he looks to Bray.

COLT
We are after item 68.

Bray raises his eyebrow.

BRAY
Which is?

COLT
(shrugs)
I don't know, okay?
(MORE)

COLT (CONT'D)

The client has trust issues he
won't release the information until
we get that...

(nods to door monitor)

Open.

A suspicious look takes over Bray who keeps his eyes locked on Colt.

BRAY

Something isn't right. You know
more than your letting on.

COLT

(shrugs)

B, I don't know what you are on but
seriously, paranoid much?

Bray shakes his head, he stands biting his lip and fighting back his frustration.

BRAY

I should never have agreed to this.

COLT

Yeah and if you had you wouldn't be
ten million richer.

Bray slams his fist down on the table and sighs a loud frustrated sigh.

BRAY

GOD DAMMIT COLT. EVEN NOW THIS IS
JUST A CASH JOB TO YOU ISN'T IT.

COLT

Yeah, pretty much. As it should be
for you.

Bray steps up to Colt and lays a hard hitting right hook that catches Colt on the left side.

BRAY

YOU SON OF A BITCH. HOW CAN YOU BE
SO CALM.

Bray then walks off to the door leading out of Building 55.

Colt rubs his jaw, he attempts to play off the punch as if it was nothing.

COLT

Ow, that really hurt B, you been
working on that swing?

Bray stops at the doorway. With his back to Colt he lowers his head and shakes it.

BRAY
fuck you man, just fuck you.

Colt softens.

COLT
Look, I'm sorry okay. What do you want me to be like? It's like we were taught in the forces, focus on the job at hand, emotions follow after.

BRAY
After? Don't you think there has been enough after yet? I mean the mansion.. Marcus. You can just shut all that shit down?

COLT
Yes Bray, because I have to.

A sorry look takes over Colt.

COLT (CONT'D)
Look, Bray... I'm sorry okay. I should have gotten the intel fully before I accepted the job. But, please, just see this through and we can go our separate ways.

BRAY
And why should I?

COLT
Because I need you to stay. I - I can't do this alone okay. And things haven't been too good for me lately either.

Colt pinches the bridge of his nose and sighs.

COLT (CONT'D)
I get kicked out the forces after following their orders, I couldn't get a job, respect, nothing. The only thing that I could get was this job.

BRAY
And look how that's working out for you.

COLT
I know okay. That's why I need this. We need this, so please just see this through...

Colt pauses for a moment, he thinks and attempts to reason with Bray.

COLT (CONT'D)
There's another five mill in this
if you do.

BRAY
What, you going to give it to me
out of your share? I don't remember
you being that generous Colt.

COLT
Marcus's share. His share was worth
ten mill, he don't need it no more.

Bray steps back into the room, he keeps his steel glare fixed on Colt.

BRAY
If I stay you answer me one thing.
What happened in that mansion?

Colt looks to the floor, he rubs his temples and mixes it between a nod and a shake of the head.

COLT
It was like something in a horror
film. Just as Jason is about to
give us the intel, Marcus starts
shooting up the place...

Colt pulls a seat back at the table and sits, he rubs the back of his neck as he continues to reflect.

COLT (CONT'D)
It was like he just switched. You
know like in Iraq, he killed five
people and didn't blink once.

Bray shakes his head and shrugs.

BRAY
Well, what did you expect?
Seriously you knew his wiring
wasn't right before this job.

Bray storms off to the door.

BRAY (CONT'D)
And those lives, well, they're on
us now.

Bray opens the duffel bag, sat on the table and takes out the knife wrap, he shakes his head giving Colt a sneer and approaches the exit door.

COLT
Where are you going?

Bray turns back to Colt.

BRAY
The answer to your door problem is simple. We brought it with us this whole time.

COLT
What do you mean?

BRAY
who would be the one person who ensured they would have access when they needed it?

Colt thinks for a moment.

Bray shakes his head and sighs.

BRAY (CONT'D)
Come on. It's obvious, we need Jason himself. Well, just need his eye and his hand.

An enlightened look takes over Colt.

BRAY (CONT'D)
And he gets it. Thanks for keeping up.

Bray turns to exit.

A sincere serious look takes over Colt.

COLT
Bray.. Thanks.

An uneasy look takes over Bray.

BRAY
Yeah, well, once this job is over, I want you to know, we are through. Lose my number, lose my name.

Bray shakes his head walks out the door.

EXT. BUILDING 55 - NIGHT.

Bray exits the building, he puts the collar of his jacket up and takes a cigarette from inside his jacket. Putting it in his mouth, Bray lights the cigarette and shines his torch on the road ahead as he walks back towards the COUNTRY ROAD.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

Colt enters and steps up to the centre console, he goes to pick up the red phone, but something on one of the screens catches his attention.

COLT
I forgot about you.

We look over and see a screen showing Steve pacing around a cell like room. The monitor is listed as BARRACKS.

INT. CELL.

Steve cowers in a darkened corner of the cell, bloodied and beaten, he releases a lowly moan in the hope of soothing the pain.

The door to the cell begins to open and he winces in preparation for another beating.

A balaclava'ed Colt enters holding a pistol up and pointing it to Steve.

Steve keeps his eyes on his captor, doing what he says and keeping his hands raised in the air.

STEVE
You here to finish me off?

COLT
I ain't with those guys. I'm just here to get some questions answered.

Steve raises a brow, he is suspicious of his captor but knows his options are limited.

STEVE
And then what?

COLT
That is up to you old son. I figures my beef ain't with you. Once I finish what I'm here for you can go.

STEVE
And just what are you here for?

COLT
That's my business and I'm the one asking the questions, so you first, why you here and why did they beat you up?

STEVE
You ain't from around here are you?

COLT
There you do with the questions
again.

Steve rolls his blackened eyes.

STEVE
Fine. I'm looking for someone.

COLT
In the middle of nowhere? Come on
mate I wasn't born yesterday.

STEVE
I swear to you. My daughter she was
out in the nearby woods on a school
expedition about a year ago.

A heavy saddened look takes over Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)
The police called off the search
about two months back, but I needed
answers.

EXT. PARK - DAY

We see Steve approach a notice board full of missing posters, he places a missing flyer of his daughter on the board and steps back to examine the other missing posters.

STEVE (V.O.)
So, I started looking for them. I
checked the nearby towns and
villages and that's when I found
out that this area had a history of
missing hitch hikers.

INT. FOX AND HOUNDS - PUB.

A hopeless looking Steve sits at the bar, he sips a pint holding a missing poster and a saddened look on his face.

STEVE (V.O.)
But again all that led to was more
dead ends... Well, until..

Something catches Steve's curiosity. He looks up over his shoulder, we follow and see Josef and Colt talking at the table over the file.

STEVE (V.O.)
 By some chance I heard these guys
 talking about this place. They said
 it had heavy security...

Steve turns his head back and nods with a look of
 determination in his eyes.

STEVE (V.O.)
 I figured they might have seen
 something and followed the lead.

EXT. R.A.F RAYNHAM - FRONT ENTRANCE.

Steve stands outside the front gates of the base, he holds
 the missing poster, pointing to it, frustrated and anxious to
 a dismissive Security Guard 1.

STEVE (V.O.)
 So I came here.

SECURITY GUARDS 2,3,4 and 5 step up to the gates, they point
 their SEMI-AUTOMATICS at Steve, they grab him and drag him
 into the base.

STEVE (V.O.)
 What I found was that they were
 very distrustful of any guests.

INT. CELL.

STEVE
 (shrugs)
 Which brings us to the here and
 now.

Colt nods, he places a cigarette in his mouth and lights it.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 So, how do we play this?

COLT
 I believe you.

STEVE
 (relieved)
 Oh, thank fuck. So, you going to
 set me free?

COLT
 All you need to know is that I am a
 man of my word.
 (smirks)
 So don't you worry, I'll be back
 for you once my job here is done.

Colt opens the door and quickly exits.

STEVE

NO WAIT!

Steve rushes to the closing door. He bangs furiously against it to no avail.

STEVE (CONT'D)

COME ON. YOU HAVE TO LET ME OUT OF
HERE... PLEASE... PLEASE.. YOU
COULD HAVE AT LEAST LEFT ME A
CIGARETTE YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE.

EXT. CELL.

Colt walks away from the cell, he removes the balaclava takes another puff from his cigarette and smirks.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/ BLACK CAR. - NIGHT.

Using the flash light to guide his way, we follow Bray as he approaches the wreckage of the BLACK CAR.

The wind howls around Bray as he shines the torch around the road and finds the huddled mess that was Jason.

An uneasy look takes over Bray as he approaches the body and crouches down, placing the torch on the ground beside him.

Bray takes a LARGE KNIFE/ MACHETE from the wrap, he looks to Jason's corpse and pulls an uneasy look.

BRAY

(to self)

This would have been much easier,
if he had kept you alive..

Bray grabs Jason's lifeless arm and begins to hack at it, the sounds of the machete to bone thuds and the random squirts of blood cause Bray to wretch.

BRAY (CONT'D)

And a lot less gross..

Bray wretches again, he stops sawing for a moment and wipes his mouth.

BRAY (CONT'D)

Ah, God dammit.

Bray looks up and shakes off his queasiness, he goes back to saw, but the torchlight catches the back door to the car move and catches Brays attention.

A curious look takes over him.

BRAY (CONT'D)

Huh?

Bray stands, he picks up the torch and approaches the car wreckage.

He pulls the back door open. A look of shock takes over Bray who steps back, trips and lands on his back with a thud.

BRAY (CONT'D)

JESUS CHRIST.

We look inside the car to see the half dead, panic stricken Marcus, who with a gunshot wound to the head reaches out to Bray.

MARCUS

D -- Don -- Don't trust Colt.

EXT. BUILDING 55 - NIGHT.

Colt approaches the entrance to Building 55. He stops and looks around at the desolate, run down landscape, holding a bitter disgusted look.

COLT

What a shit hole.

He turns back and steps up to the door, before he can open it his cellphone begins to ring.

Colt takes a seat on the doorstep, his cell phone rings and Colt answers it.

COLT (CONT'D)

You untwisted your panties yet?

INT. JOSEF'S CAR - MOVING.

An agitated look sits in Josef's brow, he keeps his eyes on the road and talks to his hands free kit.

JOSEF

I've been ringing you for the last hour, what is going on?

EXT. BUILDING 55.

Colt takes another pull from the cigarette, he keeps his tone calm as he talks down the hand set.

COLT

You tell me Josef. You're the one with all the answers.

(MORE)

COLT (CONT'D)
And besides you know the signal
round here is awful.

INT. JOSEF'S CAR - MOVING.

JOSEF
Don't be funny with me Colt. There
is a lot of money riding on this
jobs success.

EXT. BUILDING 55.

COLT
(frustrated)
Don't you think I know that?

Colt looks off down the dark, eerie, over run road.

COLT (CONT'D)
How far out are you?

INT. JOSEF'S CAR - MOVING.

A bitter look takes over Josef who sighs and shakes his head.

JOSEF
I am about an hour away. How's the
vault coming along?

EXT. BUILDING 55.

Colt shrugs, he pulls an unsure look.

COLT
We have our best hands and eyes
working on it.

INT. JOSEF'S CAR

JOSEF
(frustrated)
That door had better be open by the
time I get there.

INT. BUILDING 55.

COLT
Relax it will be. Just bring the
cash and bring the wheels.

INT. JOSEF'S CAR - MOVING.

Josef looks to his phone in the dashboard, he holds a casual tone as he speaks.

JOSEF
Make sure it is, call me once it is open. Make it look like they never reached the control room.

EXT. BUILDING 55.

Colt looks down the dark road that leads towards the car wreck, he smirks and nods.

COLT
As you wish.

INT. JOSEF'S CAR - MOVING.

Josef clicks the handset off. He undoes his tie a little and sighs.

JOSEF
This has been way too much trouble.

He looks to his passenger seat, we see a silenced pistol sat in it's centre. Josef turns back to look at the road, but the flashing petrol light catches his attention.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
Shit.

Josef looks out to the road again.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT.

We watch as Josef's car passes a grassy field and a vandalized sign saying "WELCOME TO NORFOLK - PLEASE PROCEED WITH CARE" a storm begins to brew overhead.

EXT. R.A.F RAYNHAM GROUNDS/ BLACK CAR.

We pan over the stationary car, in the background we hear the gurgled choking of Marcus.

MARCUS (O.S.)
He-- He lied to us Bray.

We move round the car and see Bray cradling the badly injured Marcus's head in his lap.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 We shouldn't have taken that job.
 (chokes)
 You were right.

A distrust sits in Brays eyes as he shakes his head, looking over to Jason's half severed hand.

BRAY
 Yeah. Well. The way he tells it,
 you're the one who can't be
 trusted...

Bray snaps his eyes down to the bloodied Marcus.

BRAY (CONT'D)
 And with your history, would you
 blame me for not believing you?

Marcus feebly blinks and attempts a failed nod.

MARCUS
 People change... When they... Get
 help
 (chokes)
 Besides, how come I was the one who
 came out injured from that house,
 haven't you found yourself asking
 that?

A curious look takes over Bray for a moment.

BRAY
 Alright, say I humor you. What with
 you dying and all, what happened in
 that mansion?

Marcus takes in a deep breath, he rolls his head and looks over to Jason's corpse.

MARCUS
 A horror story....

WE FLASH TO WHITE --

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

We pan around the large, modern looking kitchen making our way to the back entrance as it opens. The sounds of classical music and female laughter echo throughout the stately home.

With their masks on, Colt (who has the duffel bag over his shoulder) and Marcus, creep into the kitchen taking care not to touch anything as they look around.

Colt turns to Marcus and raises his finger to the lip of his mask.

Marcus nods and they creep into the hallway.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY.

Colt and Marcus edge their way down a long hallway, keeping their backs to the staircase to keep them covered.

Colt takes the SILENCED PISTOL from the back of his trousers, Marcus tilts his head and pats Colt on the shoulder.

MARCUS

(whispers)

Colt, why are we doing this?

COLT

(whispers)

Cause we need to know what building to look for.

MARCUS

Yes, but surely there is another way?

Colt shakes his head.

COLT

Come on Marcus, where's the fun in that?

A voice startles the two men.

FEMALE 1 (O.S.)

Who are you?

Colt and Marcus turn and see a semi-dressed FEMALE 1, stood wearing a fur coat, holding a bottle of champagne in one hand and a shocked look on her face.

COLT

Well, I guess it's the moment of truth.

The female goes to scream, but Colt draws the pistol on her and silences her with a shot to the head.

With a FLASH the female drops to the floor, the bottle shatters spilling champagne on the ground. The liquid mixing with the pooling blood.

Shocked, Marcus rushes to the female and cradles her head in his hand.

MARCUS

Colt! What have you done?

Colt approaches the bottom of the stairs, seemingly unbothered at the murder.

COLT
Come on Marcus, keep it together,
we have a job to do.

Marcus shakes his head.

MARCUS
But, you killed her. She is -- Was
just a civilian.

Colt scratches his head with the pistol keeping a steely cold
tone in his voice.

COLT
She was just a cheap whore.

Marcus lifts his mask and shakes his head.

MARCUS
This isn't what I signed up for.

COLT
You know, if you don't have the
stomach for it anymore, you know
the way out.

Colt moves up the stairs, following the sound of chatter and
music.

COLT (CONT'D)
If not, follow me... And for fuck
sake, put your mask back on.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM.

We pan around the room to see the source of the music to be
an old vinyl record player.

As we move around the room we hear giggling followed by the
sound of large snorts. Passing over the bed, Jason arises and
wipes his nose, pulling a series of twitched facial
expressions.

We pan away further to see he snorted a line of cocaine from
a second, scantily dressed FEMALE (20's) who lies, bent over
his knees.

Jason spans her ass and shakes his head.

JASON
You have been a very bad, little
girl, *haven't you?*

A pistol arises next to Jason's head, the click of it cocking
back draws his attention.

COLT (O.S.)
And you've been a very bad boy
haven't you, *Jason*?

Jason slowly turns his head, he see's the silenced pistol pointed at his face.

Wide eyed, Jason looks up and see's the masked Colt staring back at him.

The woman on Jason's lap scrambles backwards, she grabs a dressing gown from the floor and crawls back towards the wall.

COLT (CONT'D)
Please don't get dressed on my
account love.

JASON
Who are you and what do you want?

Colt keeps the gun raised, but crouches to meet Jason at eye level,

COLT
First, I want you to raise your
hands.

JASON
Fuck you!

Colt tilts his head and sighs.

COLT
That's such a shame.

He points the gun at the woman and shoots her in the leg.

The woman screams and begins to frantically sob. A panicked Jason raises his hands.

COLT (CONT'D)
That's more like it...

Colt stands and pistol whips Jason around the face. His tone becomes more menacing.

COLT (CONT'D)
Now, that was for..
(angered)
... LETTING AN INNOCENT WOMAN GET
HURT YOU MISERABLE OLD FUCK.

Colt swaggers across the room, he grabs a chair located near a dresser and drags it towards the centre of the room.

COLT (CONT'D)
SIT IN THE FUCKING CHAIR.

Jason limbers onto the chair, he looks over to the sobbing, injured woman with a sorry look in his eye.

JASON

I am sorry, my darling.

Colt punches Jason in the face, with every action his frustration takes a further grip.

COLT

I didn't say talk, did I?

Colt points the gun to the crying woman.

COLT (CONT'D)

You. Tie this silly, old fuck up.

He drops the bag and takes out a rope, he throws it to the sobbing woman, who gives him a shake of the head through the sobs.

WOMAN 2

(sobs)

P-- please don't make me do this.

Colt shakes his head, he back hands Jason across the face again and storms up to the woman.

Colt grabs the rope and thrusts it into her hands.

COLT

Put the fucking rope around him, or I'll use it to choke you out.

(shouts)

HOW DOES THAT FUCKING SOUND.

The woman sobs, she crawls over towards Jason and sobs as she begins to tie him.

WOMAN 2

I'm sorry. I -- I don't want to die!

Jason feebly nods.

Colt steps round in front of Jason, he watches as the woman fumbles with the rope as she ties it.

COLT

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

Colt boots her in the face, he knocks her unconscious and finishes tying Jason.

Colt steps back round in front of Jason, he takes a knee and meets him at eye level, Colts tone calms.

COLT (CONT'D)
Which building is it Jason?

JASON
I don't know what you are talking
about.

Colt taps the pistol against his own temple for a moment, he looks as if he is thinking and quickly shakes his head.

COLT
You're going to play it that way
huh?

Jason spits a pool of blood on the floor in front of Colt.

JASON
Go fuck yourself.

Colt nods.

COLT
Okay.

Colt opens the duffel bag and takes out a small plastic briefcase, he opens it and takes out a set of pliers, holding them to the light as if to taunt Jason.

Marcus walks up to the doorway, an uneasy look takes over him as he see's the beaten Jason and the blood pouring from the woman's leg wound.

MARCUS
Colt, this is enough. This isn't
what we do.

Colt raises his finger and keeps his back to Marcus as he continues to stare at the pliers.

COLT
Wrong Marcus, this is what I do. We
all have our reasons for being a
part of this job.

MARCUS
But come on Colt. I've been on this
road. That accident in Iraq...

COLT
(scoffs)
Was no accident.

Marcus waivers an unsure look.

MARCUS
What do you mean?

Colt ignores Marcus and turns his attention to Jason.

COLT
The building, which one is it?

MARCUS
Colt?

JASON
You will have to kill me before I
tell you anything.

MARCUS
What do you mean Colt?

Colt begins to get frustrated he lunges at Jason with the pliers and rips at his teeth. With a loud CRACK, Colt pulls away and throws a discarded tooth on the floor.

Jason wails in agony as blood pours from his mouth. A horrified look takes over Marcus.

Colt turns and looks at Marcus.

COLT
I mean, you had your job, I had
mine, those women you thought you
blew up, they were already dead.
Sniped, by yours truly.

A taken back look sits on Marcus, unsure of what to say, he first shakes his head in disbelief.

MARCUS
No. That -- That can't be true.

COLT
Believe me, it's true.

Colt turns and uses the bedsheet to wipe Jason's blood from the pliers, he turns his attention back to Jason.

COLT (CONT'D)
You feel like talking yet?

MARCUS
I held guilt over that for years. I
went to prison.

Colt looks up and shakes his head.

COLT
Get over it Marcus. I did.

Jason rolls his head around, the pain making him woozy, falling in and out of consciousness.

Colt notices and quickly slaps him round the face.

COLT (CONT'D)
Wakey, wakey. We haven't finished yet.

JASON
(gurgles)
F- f - Fuck Y - y- you.

COLT
(impressed)
So, you can take the pain? Good for you.

Colt drops the pliers and grabs the woman by her hair, he drags her to Jason's view and puts the pistol to her head.

COLT (CONT'D)
I'm going to ask you one more time.
The building, which one?

This rocks Jason, a shocked look takes over him and his tone turns softer, more pleading.

JASON
She is nothing to do with this, please.

COLT
She became a part of this when you decided to play dick head.

A click from behind Colt catches his attention.

We pan around and see an angered Marcus holding his gun up at the back of Colts head.

MARCUS
Enough's, enough. This stops now.

Colt let's go of the woman's hair, she drops to the ground in a huddle and softly weeps in a hectic mess.

Colt turns and see's the pistol, he tilts his head and sighs.

COLT
Really? We're going down this road?

Marcus narrows his brow, like an animal uncaged, the ferocity shows in his eyes.

MARCUS
You're God dam right we are.

Jason begins to laugh, a gurgled mess of a chuckle.

JASON
Well isn't this a turn around.

Colt turns his head back to Jason keeping his tone casual.

COLT
Relax. I got this, handled.
Actually panic, cause when I've
wrapped this up, you're next.

MARCUS
You son of a bitch. For years I've
carried a burden...

COLT
(cuts in)
And blah, blah, blah.

Colt raises his pistol to Marcus he pulls the trigger twice times... FLASH... FLASH.

Two bullets hit Marcus direct in the chest, the impact taking him off his feet, as a thick mist of blood sprays in his wake.

Marcus falls back to the floor, he tumbles as if a great force pushes him back. Instantly falling unconscious as he hits the ground with a heavy thud.

Colt shakes his head, he crouches down to Marcus and pulls the pistol from his hands.

COLT (CONT'D)
This wasn't part of the plan... Not
yet, anyway.

Colt taps the pistol to his temple again. He stands and puts Marcus's pistol in the back of his trousers.

COLT (CONT'D)
Well I guess we will have to walk
and talk Jason.

Colt approaches Jason, he takes a large sex toy from the bed and beats the old man with it.

For a moment, the scene is quiet. Colt removes his mask and looks around the room taking in deep breathes, he see's the woman on the ground sobbing and pleading for her life, before turning his attention back to Jason.

COLT (CONT'D)
Now Jason, tell me about Item 68.

Jason whimpers and winces, clearly in pain, a horrified look takes over him.

JASON
H -- How d--do, you know about that
item?

COLT
What is it Jason?

Colt looks over to the whimpering woman again.

WOMAN 2
(whispers)
Please don't kill me.

Colt raises the pistol he shakes his head and pulls the trigger... FLASH.

The woman drops to the floor. Jason begins to sob, drooling blood, that pools to the floor.

JASON
The Grail. The item is the San
Gaal. The holy Grail.

COLT
(dismissive)
You really want me to carry on
torturing you Jason?

Colt cocks his fist to punch Jason, however he stops as Jason pleads.

JASON
I -- I'm serious. In the 1930's, A
Nazi, by the name of Himler met
with an archeologist, who came to
him with a crazy theory..

Colt lowers his fist and begins to listen.

JASON (CONT'D)
Himler bit and over the course of
the war, they set up a specialist
wing of the SS set up of scientists
and Archeologists following this
Aryan dream of theirs hoping to
find the lost city.

Colt looks around the room, the spray of blood covers the walls and sheets, the bodies of Marcus and the Woman lie still and lifeless.

COLT
I'm losing interest Jason.

JASON
They never found Atlantis, but they
found a cavern on an expedition
packed with many relics, of what
they believed was occult. One such
catalogued item, is believed to be
the grail.

COLT

Okay and how did such an item fall
into your grubby little hands?

JASON

My father, he was one of the
scientists, he fled in the madness
of the Fuhrer's downfall. He took
the item with him, committed it to
further testing.

Colt raises his brow. He looks around the room one more time
ensuring that everyone is dead.

COLT

Well, Jason, I guess it's time to
pay that debt your family owes
those, whom it tortured.

An aggressive look takes over Colt, he punches Jason in the
face with a heavy THUD.

Jason falls back to the floor.

Colt shakes his gloved hand and pulls an irritated look. He
takes his cell phone from inside his jacket and dials a
mystery number.

COLT (CONT'D)

Code name, Pendragon. Message
reads, Tell the wizard, the chalice
has been located. Stand by for
further intel.

Colt hangs up his phone. He takes his pistol and unscrews the
silencer, he steps up to the dead woman and looks down at
her, shaking his head holding a sincere look.

COLT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you had to be a part of
this. But, you there is something
else I need you for.

FLASH TO WHITE --

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/ BLACK CAR. - NIGHT.

Heavy rain thrashes down on the crash site.

Marcus lies with his head still on Bray's lap, he chokes as
he struggles to catch his breath.

MARCUS

You... You can't... T-- Trust
him... Bray. H-- He has... His
own... *agenda*.

Marcus gasps for air, it's clear he is in pain, using all his energy he takes one final breath and succumbs to his injuries.

A mix of emotions wash over Bray for a moment, unsure what to believe, he weeps but bites his lip, fighting the resentment and anger he held onto for so long.

He strokes Marcus's hair and nods.

BRAY

Find peace Marcus, Find peace.

We pan away as Bray looks over to Jason's severed hand, a bitter look of anger and a burning desire for revenge sit in his eyes.

EXT. 24/7 GARAGE - NIGHT.

We watch as Josef's car pulls into the pumps at a quirky, privately owned 24/7.

Josef steps out of the vehicle, he connects the pump to the car and takes in his surroundings, nothing but country for miles around.

A distasteful look takes over Josef.

JOSEF

God I hate this place.

INT. 24/7 GARAGE.

The electric chime rings as the automated doors open and Josef enters. He approaches the counter, takes some gum and places it on the counter.

The GARAGE ATTENDANT (late 20's to early 30's), sits on the other side of the counter, he flicks through the pages of a "WALKING DEAD COMIC" before looking over it's top and noticing the smartly dressed man stood in front of him.

The attendant puts down the comic and begins to type on the till, at first he seems uninterested in his customer.

GARAGE ATTENDANT

Anything else with that?

JOSEF

Yeah, I'm after directions. I think I'm lost.

GARAGE ATTENDANT

Oh right. Whatcha looking for?

JOSEF

An old R.A.F base, privately owned.

The garage attendants eyes shift to Josef, he starts to take notice of his customer.

GARAGE ATTENDANT

And what brings you looking for that then?

Josef notices the attendants intrigue and keeps a cool, calm tone, hiding any motives he may have.

JOSEF

Three lost idiots, who clearly bit off more than they could chew.

GARAGE ATTENDANT

One of those ones huh?

JOSEF

(scoffs)

Yeah, you could say that. How much do I owe you?

GARAGE ATTENDANT

A hundred and fifteen, ninety seven.

Josef nods, he goes into his pocket and takes out his wallet. He begins to count the cash.

JOSEF

Fuel costs these days, straight up daylight robbery.

The attendant calmly reaches under the counter and takes grip of the handle belonging to a SHOTGUN, attempting to keep his actions discreet the attendant laughs.

GARAGE ATTENDANT

Ain't that the truth.

Josef counts the cash in his wallet, he carefully shifts his eyes up to the mirror behind the counter and notices the attendants action. Josef closes his wallet and sighs.

JOSEF

I'm sorry do you take card?

GARAGE ATTENDANT

Yeah, anything but American express.

Josef smirks.

JOSEF

Good.

Josef reaches behind his jacket, he pulls his pistol and shoots the attendant in the shoulder.

The force pushes the attendant back, revealing the shotgun in his hand as he falls back.

Josef shakes his head and straightens his jacket, he steps round to the till and looks at the injured attendant.

JOSEF (CONT'D)

I take it you're part of the guard
patrol. I must be close then.

Josef takes aim and shoots the attendant in the head, a spray of blood coats him.

EXT. 24/7 GARAGE.

A family wagon pulls up behind Josef's car at the pump, a YOUNG WOMAN (mid 20's) gets out, she connects the pump to the car and looks inside smiling and waving at a baby.

The automated doors to the garage open, the bloodied Josef steps out, he looks over and see's the woman, rolling his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose.

Josef staggers towards her, holding his pistol at his side, as he gets closer he raises it to the back of her unsuspecting head.

The woman drops her purse and bends down to pick it up as Josef continues to draw closer. The baby's cry draws his attention and the woman pops up blocking our view of Josef.

YOUNG WOMAN

It's okay, mummy's here sweetie.

The baby calms down and the woman smiles inside again, a shiver goes down her spine and she turns and looks around behind her to see no one there.

The roar of Josef's car engine startles her and shes watches as he drives away.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT II.

ACT III: REPERCUSSIONS.

FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY.

The black car pulls up outside the front entrance of the stately Mansion.

A panicked Colt rushes from the front doors, he approaches the passenger door and opens it, in a frenzy, Bray stares to Colt holding a puzzled look.

BRAY

Colt, what's going on? Was that gun shots?

COLT

BRAY COME QUICK IT'S ALL GONE WRONG.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM.

Bray stands in the door way looking into the murder scene that was once the bedroom.

He looks over and see's the lifeless Marcus laying on the ground holding a pistol.

Across the room, by the unconscious Jason, the woman lies on the ground also holding a pistol.

Colt steps up behind Bray, his manner seems scared with a little crazy hidden inside it.

COLT

It wasn't supposed to be like this.
He killed the one downstairs and
just went fucking nuts.

BRAY

But how? Why?

COLT

I-- I don't know, but she had a
gun, she shot him as he shot her.
He was going to kill the old man.

Shocked, Bray remains calm, his eye's assessing the scene.

BRAY

What do we do now then?

COLT

We have to take the old man with
us.

BRAY
And what about Marcus? We can't
just leave him here.

Colt shakes his head and begins to pace the room.

COLT
We'll have to take him with. We
can't leave any links to us here.

BRAY
Dammit Colt, we should just walk
away.

COLT
N -- No, we can't just walk away.
This can't be just for nothing.

Colt runs his hands through his hair.

COLT (CONT'D)
We have to go. If anyone saw
anything or heard anything, the
rozzers will be on their way.

Bray bites his bottom lip, reluctant, he shakes it off.

BRAY
Fine, you grab the old man, I'll
take Marcus.

Bray picks Marcus up over his shoulder and approaches the
doorway.

BRAY (CONT'D)
Put the old man in the boot and
drive to the location. I'll keep
Marcus covered.

Colt nods and Bray exits.

A sneaky smile shows itself on Colt, who steps up to the
woman and picks the pistol out of her dead hands.

FLASH TO WHITE --

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

An angered look sits on Bray as he enters the control room,
he looks over and see's Colt sat at the console, watching the
monitor with a hawk like focus.

COLT
You took your time.

Bray places the severed arm on the table in the centre of the room, he hides his anger, changing his expression to a calm, cool one.

Colt turns on the chair, he see's the severed arm and smiles.

COLT (CONT'D)

Did you get the eye also?

Bray half smiles, he reaches into his inside jacket pocket and takes out a round bloodied wrapped handkerchief and places it next to the hand.

BRAY

Of course I did. What do you think kept me so long. Cutting through bone isn't easy you know.

COLT

I guess we should have kept him alive huh?

BRAY

Yeah, would have been easier.

Colt stands and approaches the table.

COLT

So, you ready to do this?

BRAY

Of course, but I think the honor goes to you right? I mean you set this job up after all.

Colt takes the arm and the handkerchief from the table, he turns his back to Bray as he goes to the door's hand and eye scanner.

We look behind Bray's back he places a firm grip on his pistol, cocking it back in the back of his trousers, quietly hiding his actions, still keeping a calm tone.

BRAY (CONT'D)

I should have seen it from the start.

Colt examines the scanner. He places Jason's hand on the panel, which scans over the palm.

A curious look takes over Colt.

COLT

What are you talking about?

BRAY

The whole thing. Something seemed off from the start.

Colt shakes his head keeping his eye on the palm scanner.

COLT

Bray, mate, keep a grip on it.
You're starting to sound crazy.

BRAY

Am I?

The hand panel turns green accepting the palm print. Colt discards the hand and waves the eye over the retina scan.

A click from behind him causes him to raise his brow. We pan around to see Bray holding the pistol, aimed at Colt's head.

BRAY (CONT'D)

Because for the first time in a
long time, I think I am sane.

A still look takes over Colt, who keeps his back to Bray.

COLT

Marcus is still alive isn't he?

A serious look sits all over Bray, his actions ready, he knows this could go one of two ways.

BRAY

He was for a while. Long enough to
tell me the truth.

Colt continues to keep his back to Bray.

COLT

(mouthes)
Fuck.

BRAY

You should have taken the head
shot.

COLT

Yeah, I should have.

The retina scan turns green.

One of the monitors on the central display comes to life a welcome message flickers on the screen followed by an option to "PURGE VAULT (Y/N)"

Colt turns to face Bray, he raises his hands and nods over to the console.

COLT (CONT'D)

So, we came this far right. You
wouldn't deny me a look inside,
before you kill me *would you?*

Bray briefly looks to the monitor before turning his attention back to Colt, keeping his distance across the room and his aim at the head.

BRAY

Not quite yet. First we clear a few things up.

COLT

I suppose that's only fair.

BRAY

Why? Why bring us into it only to betray us?

COLT

I told you I needed the best. But as you know. Being the best always came with consequences.

The frustration starts to muster on Bray.

BRAY

But I was out. You knew that but you called me back in. We were friends.

COLT

And we still are. Look, Marcus was a liability, I knew you hated him so I thought, this could be his chance for redemption.

BRAY

Redemption? The only one who needed redemption is you. He told me, you confessed to the Iraq incident. YOU, KILLED THOSE PEOPLE.

COLT

Nobody died Bray, it was a setup.

A puzzled look takes over Bray.

BRAY

What?

COLT

Marcus, wasn't innocent, he was selling secrets to the enemy, but he was clever, hid his trail. I had to bring him down.

BRAY

So why bring him on this?

COLT

Because, his actions cost the lives of our soldiers, he gave the enemy intel, enough intel to set up three counter attacks that killed over 200, he needed to pay for that and three years wasn't enough.

Colt maintains a calm demeanor.

COLT (CONT'D)

Now, listen. I need to get that door open, so please, let me push the button to start the purge sequence.

BRAY

What for some fucking fantasy cup? All this time I had it wrong. Fucking Marcus... I doubted him when it should have been you!

COLT

No B, it's not like that. I'm still enlisted, just not on any record. I work for a wing of the government. I find items, that are deemed of occult nature.

Bray starts to become frantic, his temper continues to boil.

BRAY

This is fucking nuts. You seriously want me to believe this?

COLT

I'm serious. I've been working this for the last three years. I had to follow the trail, from Germany.

BRAY

Oh give me a fucking break Colt.

COLT

Let me open the door and I will tell you everything you need to know okay? I have no intention of killing you.

Colt begins to shuffle towards the console, slowly he moves whilst across the room an unsure Bray keeps a steady aim and mirrors Colt's moves.

BRAY

Don't pull anything Colt. I swear, this ends quick if you do.

COLT
Please, you are just going to have
to trust me.

Colt bites his lip, he approaches the console and slowly moves his hand to the keypad, he pushes the Y button followed by the enter.

An automated voice kicks in over the P.A SYSTEM.

AUTOMATED VOICE
VAULT PURGE IN T-MINUS TEN MINUTES,
ALL PERSONNEL STAND CLEAR OF
FACILITY.

Bray tilts his head to Colt.

BRAY
I guess that means you got ten
minutes to talk.

Colt keeps calm and nods.

COLT
You're going to want to sit down
for this one.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/ BLACK CAR - NIGHT.

Josef stands over the dead Jason, with an uneasy look he looks over and see's the dead Marcus head down, lent against the black car.

JOSEF
What the fuck is going on?

COLT (V.O.)
Back when we were in the force's I
was approached by a group, a
section of the British government
dedicated to the collection of any
items of an occult nature.

INT. VAULT ROOM.

We pan down a long cavern, lit with dim lights that lead towards the large vault door.

COLT (V.O.)
One such item being the search and
capture of the San Graal, or as
you'd know it...

We continue to get closer to the vault door.

COLT (V.O.)
 The Holy Grail. Anyway, the nazi's
 found it and Jason had it and for a
 while we didn't know.

We pan over the outside of the large vault door looking at
 it's sleek design.

COLT (V.O.)
 Which is where I came in, for the
 Last three years, I have been
 undercover, looking for this item.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

AUTOMATED VOICE
 VAULT PURGE IN T-MINUS EIGHT
 MINUTES, ALL PERSONNEL STAND CLEAR
 OF FACILITY.

An uneasy look sits on Colt, who sits at the table with Bray
 opposite him, unbelieving of what he is hearing but also
 curious and still pointing the gun at Colt.

BRAY
 Even until the end you lie Colt.

COLT
 (uneasy)
 I wish I was Bray. But this stuff,
 it's real. The Nazi's found it and
 completed tests on the items.

Colt takes in a deep breath. Bray passes him over a
 cigarette.

COLT (CONT'D)
 Thanks.

Colt lights the cigarette and continues.

COLT (CONT'D)
 They burnt the records, or so they
 thought, however a Jew on the
 inside, kept enough to begin a
 paper trail. But, remained hidden
 up until about four years ago.

FLASH TO WHITE --

EXT. CAFE - DAY.

COLT (V.O.)
 The Jew died and the records
 released in accordance with his
 will. The paper trail was one part.

Colt sits at a table outside a Cafe. He talks with a SUITED SUNGLASSES WEARING MAN, who passes him a file.

COLT (V.O.)
See, word had dropped a former employee of Jason's, who had gone solo spoke about working on a item, that had been stolen in W.W.2.

Colt sifts through the file and we see a photo of Josef.

COLT (V.O.)
He was looking for a team to crack the vault to this place. So, we got involved. I took the assignment but had to cut all ties.

Colt nods, he takes the dossier and leaves the cafe.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

COLT
I had to work my way into the employees ranks to gain as much knowledge as possible. Gradually he offered me the job.

Colt rubs the back of his neck and shrugs.

COLT (CONT'D)
The former employee is on their way. They have to die too. But you don't have to.

BRAY
So, why kill the whores at the mansion, if you're such a good guy?

COLT
There is no good guys or bad guys, nothing is that black and white, sometimes good guys have to do bad things. My mission consists of secrecy. I have to be a villain to do the right thing.

BRAY
Why did you bring me Colt?

COLT
Because, I owed you. I ruined your army career and I know that you had to serve a sentence because of it.

A scowl takes over Bray.

BRAY

Yeah, I did and because of that I couldn't get a job after because no one hires a criminal. I also lost my house. All because of you.

A sincere look takes over Colt.

COLT

I am sorry Bray. But I did what I had to do. I would do it again if I had to.

AUTOMATED VOICE

VAULT PURGE IN T-MINUS SIX MINUTES, ALL PERSONNEL STAND CLEAR OF FACILITY.

Colt bites his lip and nods.

COLT

I figured I would give you the money Josef brings with that, we're even.

BRAY

Oh no, not by a long shot. Besides, not that you would know it, but I too had to do my own shit to get by the last few years. So, knowing what I know now, what's stopping me from killing you, taking the chalice and selling it for myself.

A still look sits between the two as the cooly glare at each other.

COLT

Because, I'm giving you the choice to do the right thing.

Colt slowly reaches under the table. He keeps his eyes fixed on Bray as he reaches for his pistol.

BRAY

Yeah well the right thing would have been to get me exonerated for the crimes you set me up for.

COLT

It's not that easy Bray.

BRAY

Yeah, I told myself that for a while, but trust me it gets easier.

In a quick action Colt pulls his pistol and aims it across the table to Bray.

COLT

Come on, don't be like this. We can do this and walk away. Never see each other again. It's that easy.

AUTOMATED VOICE

VAULT PURGE IN T-MINUS FIVE MINUTES, ALL PERSONNEL STAND CLEAR OF FACILITY.

BRAY

I don't even know the real you do I?

COLT

You do. You just don't know everything.

BRAY

Fuck you Colt.

Anger takes over Bray, Colt reacts and pushes his chair with his feet, away from the table it slides.

Bray leans back on his chair.

The two fire their guns twice each.. BANG.. BANG.. BANG.. BANG. A stray bullet hits the base of the centre console.

Both men fall backwards hitting the ground hard as a message appears on the screen saying "POWER FAILURE - ALL POWER DIVERTED TO CONTROL CENTRE"

The lights go dark in the control room, switching to a red light that casts a dark shadow over the room. The camera monitors start to blink out one by one.

We pan around the room, for a moment there is nothing but the sound of a hum, like an electrical current focusing it's energy towards the door.

We see Colt his head rested next to the damaged centre console on the ground, he begins to stir and groan.

As he comes too Colt pads his abdomen, he shakes his head and notices the blood on his hand and looks up over to the seemingly unconscious Bray.

COLT

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU SHOT ME YOU FUCKING ASS HOLE.

Colt drops his pistol, his wound grave as he crawls over towards the unconscious Bray.

COLT (CONT'D)

(panting)

I hope this makes us even.

Colt slides across the floor, his legs powerless, he reaches Bray and shakes him.

COLT (CONT'D)
Come on, I know I only clipped you.

Colt shakes Brays head which turns to him and reveals a bullet hole to the head.

A saddened look takes over Colt. He let's go of Bray and wipes a tear from his eye.

COLT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry Bray.

Colt falls to the ground laying next to bray on the floor as the blood from his wound continues to pour out to the ground.

COLT (CONT'D)
(to self)
I -- hope -- this is -- worth it.

AUTOMATED VOICE
POWER FAILURE ALL POWER DIVERTED TO
VAULT PURGE. DOORS OPENING. STAND
CLEAR.

Colt looks over to the last remaining switched on Camera feed, he see's the vault door begin to open.

INT. VAULT ROOM.

The outer door begins to creak open, heavy grinding noises echo throughout the darkening cavern.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

The monitor blinks out and Colt begins to laugh.

COLT
After this, I'm taking a long
break.

AUTOMATED VOICE
POWER FAILURE ALL POWER DIVERTED TO
VAULT PURGE. DOORS OPENING. STAND
CLEAR.

COLT
Yeah, yeah, we heard you the first
time.

Colt reaches into his trouser pocket and takes out his cigarettes, he puts one in his mouth and lights it.

COLT (CONT'D)
(to self)
Come on boy, you still have work to do.

Colt uses the chair and attempts to stand on his feet. It takes a struggle, but he gets up using the fallen chair as his aid.

The door to the VAULT ROOM begins to open.

Colt nods, and starts to stagger towards it, blood leaks from his wound, causing him to look down at it.

COLT (CONT'D)
Dammit... I haven't got time to die yet.

Colt limps to dark open door. At a distance he looks into the dark void ahead of him.

COLT (CONT'D)
Well, let's do this.

As Colt goes to limp towards the door, he hears a shuffle from inside the VAULT ROOM. He stops as a puzzled look takes over him.

COLT (CONT'D)
What? There -- Wasn't -- Any Guards left.

We look from inside out at Colt, we slowly move closer, the sounds of a hundred shuffling feet following behind us.

Colt limps closer, his puzzlement turns to horrified.

COLT (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK?

A DECOMPOSED GIRL (12) shuffles out from the darkness, she slumps towards Colt, who is unsure of what he is seeing.

COLT (CONT'D)
Ah shit, sometimes I think the universe just waits for me to get cocky.

Colt falls back to the ground, the adrenaline courses through him as he crawls towards Bray's dead body.

The girl continues to shuffle as more DECOMPOSING ADULTS continue to shuffle out from the darkness.

Colt attempts to reach for the gun in Brays hands. Horrified he thinks back to what Steve told him in the cell.

STEVE (V.O.)

So, I started looking for them. I checked the nearby towns and villages and that's when I found out that this area had a history of missing hitch hikers.

We look among the faces of the DECOMPOSING HITCH HIKERS, who continue to pour out of the door.

The girl approaches Colt, she reaches out, snapping her jaws, attempting to bite savagely at him.

Colt grabs the gun from Bray, he reacts and shoots the girl in the head... BANG... She falls backwards and stops moving.

More Hitch hikers take her place and Colt soon finds himself over whelmed, wildly firing the gun until all we here is CLICK.. CLICK.. CLICK from the empty clip.

The Hitch hikers surround him and Colt screams as he is ripped limb from limb in a bloody spectacle of cannabalistic gore.

COLT

ARGHHHHHHHH!!!!

EXT. R.A.F RAYNHAM - GROUNDS - NIGHT.

We pass over the grounds of the R.A.F base hearing the sounds of sirens pouring out over the P.A System.

We move over the array of dead guards, left, discarded over the base.

AUTOMATED VOICE

VAULT PURGED, ALL PERSONNEL BE PREPARED.

The sirens continue to whirl over the automated voice.

INT. CELL.

We watch as a curious Steve looks through the port hole window, curious as to what is going on outside.

AUTOMATED VOICE

VAULT PURGED, ALL PERSONNEL BE PREPARED.

EXT. BUILDING 55.

Josef's car pulls up with a screech outside Building 55, he gets out of the vehicle, eagerly rubbing his hands together and smiling at the announcement.

AUTOMATED VOICE
VAULT PURGED, ALL PERSONNEL BE
PREPARED.

JOSEF
That is what I like to hear.

Josef goes to open the door, as he does so the hordes of hitch hikers begin to pour out and overwhelm Josef.

We pan away hearing the sounds of two gun shots... BANG...
BANG.

We see a gun drop to the ground, as the hitch hikers continue to pour from Building 55 out into the real world. The slump off into the darkness towards the barracks.

EXT. CELL.

We pass through the barracks and see Steve looking at us through his window, shouting for aid.

STEVE
SOME ONE PLEASE HELP ME!

Steve bangs on the cell door as the hitch hikers slump through past the cell paying Steve no interest as they filter past him and out of the barracks towards the freedom away from the confines of their prison.

We pan away over the base and see the hitch hikers making their way out into the woods and towards a small town in the horizon, where dawn begins to break.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE LAST DAY.

POST CREDIT SEQUENCE I: THE LAST DAY BEGINS.

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAWN.

We pass through a quiet town, seeing the sign designating the town as HEACHAM.

Passing through the small village we see a new day beginning as the postman moves from door to door we continue to pass through the village stopping at a small, quiet countryside park.

A CHILD (8-10) sits on a swing, they eat an ice cream looking out to the beginning of the woods ahead.

A shuffle from the bushes catches their attention, the child jumps off the swing and approaches the bushes. They look in closer to try and see what is causing the noise holding an acute look of curiosity.

We pan in closer only for a ZOMBIFIED Colt to emerge and charge at us, screeching an unholy wail.

FADE OUT:

POST CREDIT SEQUENCE II: JASON LIVES.

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN.

We pan down the long country road leading towards the R.A.F base. In the horizon getting closer we see the BLACK CAR.

As we get closer we see some of the Hitchikers chewing on Marcus. We pan away to see some chewing on the remains of Jason's arm and empty eye socket.

We pan over Jason's one closed eye, getting closer and closer hearing the sounds of the vicious gnawing of teeth on bones. As we get closer, Jason's one remaining eye quickly opens to reveal the bloodshot soul less glare of an infected zombie.

FADE OUT:

THE END.