

THE CONTACT

by

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FADE IN:

SUPER: "LONDON, JULY 5, 2004"

CLOSE ON: A WOMAN's face. Dead-eyed and tight-lipped. Many thoughts play behind her eyes, but no emotion can be seen.

This is ROOKIE AGENT -- CODENAME: 'JACKIE'.

A TV SET faces her replaying the same new bulletin: on screen, TWO COFFINS stand on ceremony, the SAUDI FLAG draped over each. We see from the video footage crowds of MOURNERS assembled in grief. British flags burn in town squares.

We PULL BACK unveiling an INTERROGATION ROOM. Jackie sits handcuffed to a metal table, alone. Outside we hear raised voices and a hell of a lot of frantic activity.

And behind the two-way window mirror is:

INT. MI5 - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Where GREG JONES, 30s Mi6 AGENT, monitors the video display. Pens in hand, he 'air drums' to the beat in his HEADPHONES. He's clearly been here for a while, bored and oblivious.

A DOOR opens. Enter admin ALICE WILDE (50), with polyester cups of workplace coffee. She been put through the ringer.

JONES

Coffee! Finally! Just when I thought you'd forgotten about me.

WILDE

At ease, agent. No one gets cabin fever in under 90 minutes or less.

JONES

Yeah. But she hasn't moved an inch. It's like babysitting a mannequin. She's something else.

Jones snatches one, downs it, sighs at the energy high. Alice sits in the vacant chair nearby.

JACKIE

Well, thank you for your service. We'll be ready to start once the invigilator arrives. They-

Jones stops, examines his coffee, dissatisfied.

JONES
Eugh! Milk!

WILDE
Sorry. Here's yours.

Wilde swaps cups, quietly judging him. Jones dabs a napkin on his tongue. Block out bad taste.

JONES
Damn it! How long have we worked together? You know I'm lactose intollerent.

Wilde glares at him like an impudent child. She's been busy.

WILDE
Hey! With all these executive level shouting matches, you're lucky I got away in the first place.
(beat)
Circus has given us 'His lordship'.

Jones shudders. Eyes widen. Reputation precedes the man.

JONES
Pinker? Pinker's here?

WILDE
The CIA-holes flew him back today.

Jones looks at Jackie. A newfound awe overcomes him.

JONES
So... she's that serious a threat?

Amused, Wilde studies Jackie through the mirror. As she does, a NEW ANGLE: Jackie under the magnifying glass - no sweat, no fear, no clues. Pro spy: the complete package.

WILDE
Absolutely. Unlit dynamite. Record work speaks for itself.
(half to herself)
No doubt about it, 'Jackie' is as prodigious as they say. The legendary rookie.

JONES
Legendary screw up.

Wilde leans over to him, looking at him in contempt.

WILDE

She holds twelve records at the training academy and you haven't been in the field since 9/11.

Jones swallows his humiliation - pride obliterated.

JONES

Either way. At least, I'm not the public face of Mi6's biggest oops.

Wilde ignores him. Calmly makes notes on recording equipment.

JONES (CONT'D)

Jesus, have we ever looked like such amateurs on the international scene?

WILDE

Not since we had Soviets to blame, that's for sure. But, you might have a point when the gulf war silver medalists are pulling your strings-

JONES

Ah! We can't confirm that. Al Queda takes credit for anything.

Wilde looks at him. Shakes her head.

WILDE

Either way, we're in a different 'fuck up' league now.

Beat. They reflect on the situation's gravity sinking in.

WILDE (CONT'D)

There's only one thing puzzling me: If I was a walking talking swiss army knife, why hasn't she tried to escape?

JONES

Dunno. Loyalty? Guilty conscience?

WILDE

If rumours are true and she really is a double agent-

Behind the glass in walks "HIS LORDSHIP" - JOHN PINKER.

JONES

Get ready. Go time.

Jones presses buttons as the session starts in the...

INTERROGATION ROOM

JOHN PINKER, 60, 'old-boy network' embodied enters and seeing the TV, tuts and turns it off.

PINKER

Hmm. Someone's playing pranks.

Pinker grabs a chair, sits across from her. He opens a DOSSIER. Doesn't look up while reading.

JACKIE

I'm here to co-operate.

PINKER

Naturally. So you might, quote:
'clear your name'?

Pinker smiles. Smug. Something about her amuses him.

JACKIE

What's wrong with that?

PINKER

Nothing. Just recalling when I was young and naive.

Jackie glowers for a second, feeling condescended.

JACKIE

Besides, protocol-

Pinker calmly raises a hand, cutting her off.

PINKER

No need, agent. For all intents and purposes, this whole kerfuffle has been blamed on 'the mad, the bad, and jihad'. A mere act of terrorism.

JACKIE

So others will rally behind our American alliance against the worst elements of the Middle East. It's a plan. Wish I could believe in it.

He shrugs, like she's kept her head burried in sand.

PINKER

The Minister of Defense delivered a speech at the UN this morning.

(quoting)

'Neither the United Kingdom nor its allies will back down in the fight to make the world a safer place from terrorism'. This was supported by the Saudi delegates themselves.

He leans back in satisfaction.

PINKER (CONT'D)

Thanks to diplomatic efforts, our public relations nightmare is wrapped up in a peachy pink bow.

As Pinker locks onto her, a sinister glare appears.

PINKER (CONT'D)

But that's not why I'm here...

Silence. Pinker opens a DOSSIER. Out come AGENT PROFILES - the faces of Jackie's comrades. Pinker shuffles their heads around the table like a headmaster playing three card trick.

PINKER (CONT'D)

Who's the traitor?

Jackie responds bluntly.

JACKIE

No-one.

Pinker stares at her in disbelief. Composes himself.

PINKER

No-one? Curious. They've all been AWOL since yesterday. How strange.

JACKIE

I didn't know that.

He regards her a beat, then leaning forward...

PINKER

Let's talk about what happened at the Dorchester.

JACKIE

Very well. As you know, we were on protection detail-

Jackie talks making sure the mic can hear her. as we--

CUT TO:

INT. THE DORCHESTER HOTEL - HALLWAY- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Jackie strolls along the 5 STAR finery toward a room where she's impeded by TWO SUITS.

JACKIE (V.O.)
The target brought their own
protection. Private contractors
from the homeland.

Jackie flashes her identity. They nod. She's lead into-

INT. DORCHESTER - EXECUTIVE SUITE

SAUDI BODYGUARDS flood the lavish surroundings. All armed. All busy. All suspicious of Jackie.

JACKIE (V.O.)
Which created unforeseen conflicts.

Jackie scans the room until she clocks eyes with LORI MCKINNON, mid-30s, AGENT IN COMMAND, talking down the BODYGUARD IN COMMAND. He's irked. She's calm.

(All subtitled dialogue will appear as <Arabic>)

LORI
<Our interests are aligned. There's
no need for suspicion.>

BODYGUARD
<My job is to be suspicious.>

He sees Jackie waiting and walks away. Bad blood.

LORI
Report, rookie.

JACKIE
Upper floors secure. Rooftop empty.
No sign of hostiles.

LORI
Thank God. Ever since "Iraqi
Freedom", the entire Arab
peninsula's been pretty edgy on
freedomland. I want no screw ups,
you hear?

JACKIE
Understood.

Jackie's gaze moves behind Lori to the open doors of the BEDROOM, where SALEH Al-DOURI (60s) reads a broadsheet on the bed. Shoes off. Relaxed as well as a serious man can.

JACKIE (V.O.)
The Saudi foreign minister, Saleh al-Douri, was on assignment to sooth relations between our two countries, and procure favourable means for the king.

PINKER (V.O.)
Let's not forget Najjat his humanitarian wife. Both of them went to the morgue.

Aforementioned NAJJAT (50s), on the phone, storms around the room. We don't hear specifics but whoever's on the other end receives the full earful of pure wrath.

LORI
Focus up, rookie.
(calling)
Beatriz, keep an eye on her.

BEATRIZ GARCIA, 20s, stands by a little desk with a little screen. CCTV footage plays back to her.

BEATRIZ
(half-immersed)
You got it.

JACKIE (V.O.)
Nobody came in or out who wasn't cleared by both our teams. Not even room service.

Jackie patrols the room until she meets CHRISTOPHER SHARPE, 30s, another Mi6 AGENT. His back is to her, stares out the window, and talks into the general issue WALKIE TALKIE

CHRISTOPHER
Status check. Ground level. Over.

CUT TO:

EXT. DORCHESTER/CAR

LUCAS CARTER, late 30's, another Mi6 AGENT, on stake out.

CARTER

Do you even want me to be here?

CHRISTOPHER (VIA WALKIE)

All due respect Carter, tough call.
The jury's out.

CARTER

How about you stop being a git and
send down some of his excellency's
private reserve?

BACK TO:

DORCHESTER - SUITE

CHRISTOPHER

Saudi Arabia's drier than a
cornflake. No drinks allowed.

CARTER (VIA WALKIE)

Aw shucks! And I brought cocktail
umbrellas.

Besides, we need your talents of
observation patrolling the
perimeter.

CARTER (VIA WALKIE) (CONT'D)

Oh! Fuck-

Christopher cuts him off, chuckling. A NEW ANGLE and he's
unaware that Jackie waits behind him.

JACKIE

I don't know what's worse. Your
complete lack of professionalism or
the fact no-one's flagged it up
with the agent in command.

CHRISTOPHER

Ha! Take a look around, Jackie.
Everyone's over-prepared and over-
protective. Jesus, if a hit man
managed to get in, the amount of
return fire...

JACKIE

That's no excuse. He's been getting
death threats from Al-Queda and the
National Front.

CHRISTOPHER

Neither could get a table at this place.

JACKIE

That's not funny.

CHRISTOPHER

It's a little funny. Now, will you relax? If there's going to be an attack, it'll likely be on the road to parliament tomorrow. Am I wrong?

JACKIE

That's what the intel said.

Jackie flashes a brief smile. Christopher responds.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You're such an ass.

Bedroom: Najjat finishes her call and cuddles up to Saleh in bed. The two snuggle and watch TV, very much in love.

Jackie sees this as Christopher pulls up alongside her. Their relationship shimmers under the surface, but they keep their thoughts first and foremost on the job.

RETURN TO:

INTERROGATION ROOM

Jackie and Pinker

JACKIE

Then, about an hour later, all hell broke loose.

CUT TO:

DORCHESTER - BEDROOM - 1 HOUR LATER

Suddenly, Najjat starts to feel unwell, pale and dizzy. She rises from the bed trying best to preserve her dignity.

NAJJAT

<Excuse me.>

SALEH

<What's wrong?>

She walks to a sprint, towards the bathroom, hunched over in pain, even wrenching. The whole room is alert to her.

BODYGUARD

<Madam! You can't go there alone.>

Now the guards are on edge. Jackie nudges past.

JACKIE

I've got her.

And follows her into--

BATHROOM

Najjat rushes in, diving for the bowl in time. She vomits. Jackie follows, double checking the room security.

Jackie waits for the sickness to end, but Najjat is puking large quantities of BLOOD. Her face now twisted in panic.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(calling)

Help in here, please.

Two guards enter, rush to Najjat. Lori enters behind them.

LORI

What's going on?

JACKIE

Blood. I don't know why.

At that, Najjat loses consciousness, stops breathing.

LORI

(whispering)

Radio the team, .Close off all the exits. Make sure no-one gets out.

(calling)

Get a medic in here now!

Lori kneels by Najjat and begins CPR and chest compressions. Even pressing down hard, she can't stop Najjat fading away.

Jackie exits in a hurry as we...

RETURN TO:

INTERROGATION ROOM

Jackie'd inquisition continues.

PINKER

So, without a suspect, Najjat Al-Douri must have poisoned herself?

JACKIE (V.O.)

Under our surveillance, the Al-Douri's ate only pre-approved nutrition. They even brought their own food taster along for safety.

PINKER

How very curious.

Frustrated, Jackie sighs. The fight to convince him, an uphill battle.

JACKIE

Needless to say, her bodyguard outfit didn't take this news well.

CUT TO:

DORCHESTER

CRACK! A guard bitch slaps Christopher - hard enough to keep him down. One after the next, Mi6 Agents are forced to kneel, hands behind heads. Outnumbered and in danger as--

The guards fix their sidearms, hammers locked on each while-

Lori intercedes with the lead guard. Difficult to make out conversation over WAILING - a distressed Saleh cradling Najjat's corpse. Tears fall.

Jackie's stares at him, silent and empathetic. A guard challenges her.

BODYGUARD

<Don't look at him. Look at me.>

JACKIE

<My friend. Let's not escalate the situation.>

Christopher arches up gingerly. His nose broken. Dazed.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Are you ok?

But Christopher has a 1,000 yard stare going on.

CHRISTOPHER

Ach! I've seen this situation before. Sooner or later, they're going to start killing us.

JACKIE

Are you serious? They're privateers. Contractors.

CHRISTOPHER

Meaning they don't answer to international protocol. Now they're provoked.

Beatriz shin kicks Christopher, tries to snap him out of it.

BEATRIZ

Stay calm. We're going to sit tight until someone assesses the situation.

CHRISTOPHER

HR slogans aren't going to save our lives this time. I've gotta try-

Christopher primes himself forward. Jackie clocks his eye.

JACKIE

(mouths the words)

Don't.

He jolts up and shoulder tackles an unsuspecting guard like a line backer. He mule kicks a second in the knee cap, shattering it. Jackie, Beatrice et al prepare for action.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Idiot!

An all-out brawl ensues. Lori looks panicked.

LORI

Stop!

FOCUS ON: Jackie's fighting prowess. Chaos all around.

TWO guards come directly at her. One throws a hard right, moves to follow.

Jackie ducks, comes up driving a high knee. In a split second, she reaches around and finishes by throwing him into guard two, smashing heads together. As they drop --

A THIRD intercepts her with a bear hug from behind. Jackie's instincts headbutt him with the back of her skull. He loosens his grip. Jackie turns and whump, whump whump into the gut.

BANG! A gun goes off. One Mi6 Agent falls - bullet directly mid-forehead. In the background, two or three guards create a human shield around Saleh, moving toward the bedroom as--

A FOURTH and FIFTH blindsides Jackie, tackling her legs. As she goes down, she sees a SIXTH throttles Beatriz before hitting the floor.

She elbows Fourth in the face, excessive force. He rolls away. Pinned under Fifth's weight, Jackie follows, grabs a CRYSTAL ORNAMENT, throws it, takes out Sixth, frees Beatriz.

As Fifth reaches inside jacket pocket, out comes a KNIFE. He stabs down at Jackie twice. She dodges both, but can't push him off.

Beatriz runs toward her. Kicks Fifth in the head with full force. Fifth drops his knife. Jackie catches it and plunges the blade into his thigh. As he screams, Jackie rises and pushes and chops his throat, incapacitating him.

MORE SHOTS. Jackie takes down a fleeing Seventh with a simple roundhouse. The skirmish dies down. Many dead. More injured.

The last thing Jackie sees is an injured Christopher choke-holding a guard. The two lock eyes as he SNAPS the guy's neck, almost tearing his head off.

Christopher rises and slowly licks toward the exit.

JACKIE

We've have to contain the scene.
Nobody escapes, especially you.

Jackie moves between him and the door. Christopher looks hurt -- *she might actually suspect him.*

CHRISTOPHER

I can't fight you.

JACKIE

Good. Surrender.

CHRISTOPHER

Can't do it.

At that, one of the few remaining guards rises, takes aim. Jackie sees him and with lightning-quick reflections puts a bullet between his eyes.

By the time she reacts, Christopher is sprinting down the corridor, out of sight.

JACKIE

Stop.

She chases. Lori calls it in on the radio.

LORI (RADIO)

All agents. Detain Agent Sharpe.
Non-lethal force.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Busy with TOURISTS sight-seeing, CITY FOLK commuting. A normal day is interrupted when...

Christopher runs into frame, blood-smearred, taking a corner hard, and almost hitting a tourist group.

BACK OF THE CROWD

Jackie in hot pursuit. She throws a tourist out the way. Christopher up ahead.

Public alarm, screams and shouts. Christopher swings left missing by inches as it zips away outside.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jackie and Pinker.

PINKER

All this public alarm sounds like
conduct becoming of a SECRET agent.
Doesn't it?

JACKIE

We were ambushed.

PINKER

You were careless.

RETURN TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY

Later, Christopher is cornered down an alley. No escape.

JACKIE (V.O.)
 As soon as the mission was
 compromised. We readjusted.

Jackie arrives, but before she can intercede...

Carter comes out of nowhere shoots Christopher three times in
 the body. He drops down, dead.

PINKER (V.O)
 to include acceptable losses.

CLOSE ON: the life drains from Christopher's eyes.

JACKIE (V.O)
 There are no acceptable losses.

Jackie. Her face white with anger delivers a right hook to
 Carter, knocking him out cold. As she stands over the body,
 POLICE SIRENS and flashing BLUE LIGHTS, tell us the police
 have arrived. Front page news, but back to-

RETURN TO:

INTERROGATION ROOM

Jackie and Pinker. Interview over. Pinker gives a signal to
 Jones to stop recording. He pinches his eyes.

PINKER
 Rookie, I'm conflicted. Going by
 your past record, I thought I'd be
 interrogating a prestigious talent
 with an ego complex, soon to be
 racheting up her way up the
 military hieracrchy.

(beat)

But reading this report, a gun-
 weilding idiot. Impulsive. Rash.
 Tactically retarded.

(looks her up and down)

But little, if not nothing, about
 you, rookie, says reckless. Not
 even 'risk-taker'.

Jackie shrugs. Pinker quietly puts away his papers back into
 the folder, being sure to leave one out.

PINKER (CONT'D)
 It's a shame, the foreign minister
 didn't survive either.

CUT TO:

INT. DORCHESTER - BEDROOM - LATER

Saleh hangs suspended from the ceiling. Suicide by hanging.
POLICE patrol the scene, looking for clues among the dead.

RETURN TO:

INTERROGATION ROOM

Pinker puts the files back in the dossier as a voice plays
over the speakers.

LORI (OVER SPEAKER)
Pinker! What are you doing trying
to intimidate my agent?

CUT TO:

OBSERVATION ROOM

Lori has pushed aside Jones and Wilde. She has her finger on
the intercom. She's recovering from her injuries, looks mad.

WILDE
Shit!

RETURN TO:

INTERROGATION ROOM

Pinker calmly rises from the chair. Walks out, allowing the
door to slam behind him. We follow him out to the-

CORRIDOR

Lori turns a corner. Full wrath, marches to Pinker. Pinker
stands his ground. A confrontation ensues.

PINKER
This was a private session, agent
Mckinnon. You are at risk of
obstructing justice.

LORI
Fuck you. This mission was my
command. If you have to talk to
anyone, you talk to me.

PINKER
And only you? How can I know your
story lines up with your team?
Something to hide?

Lori pauses for just a split-second, taken a back. She puts on a brave front and gets into Pinker's personal space.

LORI

If you have a problem with how I run a mission, you report to me. Understand? Don't ever let me find you sneaking behind my back!

She goes to leave, but Pinker's not done.

PINKER

There are two people in this world that have the right to question what I do and how I do it. One is Martin Goodridge, head of British security. The other plays golf with the French President and is seeking re-election next year. Last I checked, agent, you are outranked.

LORI

Let me explain something to you, noferatu. I have three dead agents from this assignment. They knew the dangers, and now you insult their memory and service by questioning the same people who would give their life for this country.

PINKER

Exactly three dead agents, countless more casualties, and a shitshow which could damage public confidence in us for years to come. That's right, I'm not going anywhere until this is cleaned up and whoever is responsible is punished. You want to talk about insults, tell me why I have uncovered financial irregularity in two of those agents personal accounts.

Beat.

LORI

Your Spanish inquisition is cute.

PINKER

Cute. She's going to be disavowed, you're going to be disavowed, the whole damn unit, as of this point, no longer works for Queen and Country.

CUT TO:

INTERROGATION ROOM

CLOSE ON: Jackie looks mournful. Her innocence about to be lost from internal politics.

TITLE: THE CONTACT

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - DOCKYARD - DAY

SUPER: 15 years later

The interior is lit by a single bare bulb above. Half conceals a WOMAN, her back to us, working over a punching bag with brutal elbows, knees, and punches. Tough as nails.

This is JACKIE. Now 40-plus in 2018. Older. Wiser. Bitter.

Jackie's body remains athletic and strong now covered in a patchwork of scars and gunshot wounds from years of spy work.

She pulls a towel across her body, wipes her brow and takes a swig from her water bottle.

Workout over. Jackie pulls a lever at the door, letting in the jarring sunlight outside. The light reveals a table piled high with bills, at least £100,000 maybe more.

Jackie steps outside, basking in a post-workout glow. She hasn't lost an ounce of skill since the opening scene and wisdom has only made her deadlier.

Suddenly her phone buzzes. We don't see the message but Jackie's face lights up.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL (MOVING)

Clogged with COMMUTERS. A BUSINESSMAN in a suit, a jacket over his arm, talks on his mobile as he walks toward the exit. EXT. London - Day

The morning is crisp. A double-decker bus drives past with a glamour model painted on its side. Jackie sits trying not to touch anyone.

EXT. CENTURY HOUSE - DAY

Just across the Westminster Bridge sits a limestone and glass postmodern fortress. This is the British headquarters of MI5. Jackie walks through the busy streets and past Century house.

EXT. LONDON - BACKSTREET - DAY

Jackie moves through the winding cobblestone path, making sure she isn't followed, but it's so remote she needn't bother. Double checking twice, she opens a metal backdoor. Jackie looks at the words 'MEAT PACKING DISTRICT' on a sign.

INT. MEAT PACKING FACILITY - DAY

Old school factory. Red brick, white uniforms, steel equipment. We PAN across tables with carcasses both pig and cow being cleaved for profitable use.

WORKER

You can't be here

An older worker knows the score.

WORKER (CONT'D)

It's OK. Leave her alone.

Jackie continues walking the corridor past various meat workers. She enters a small room as if she had a thousand time before.

Jackie opens a door, walking into...

INT. MEAT PACKING FACILITY/BACK ROOM - DAY

Where she meets once again LORI MCKINNON, now 50s, a battle-hardened veteran with a PATCH over her right eye. sits without a care in the world - looks like Marie Calvin. She greets Jackie.

LORI

Welcome, welcome. What do you think of the new digs?

JACKIE

Lori. Where's Tammy? I heard she's pursuing other opportunities.

LORI

Which leaves you as my only 'agent-worth-of-being-in-the-field'.

JACKIE

I can always get you a replacement rookie. Of course, I'll need a higher fee-

LORI

Pah! In this day and age, a idiot with a gun is not hard to come by.

JACKIE

Speaking of, what's the assignment?

LORI

London ganglands.

JACKIE

Name the corpse.

LORI

Temper temper, my girl. This job isn't about bodybags hopefully.

JACKIE

Oh boo.

LORI

We've been hired by one of Rollo's boys to do some corporate espionage, before they move in on Saperstein's territory.

JACKIE

Meaning...

LORI

Theft.

JACKIE

OK. But Saperstein? Isn't that like David trying to evict Goliath.

LORI

He's not that much of a Goliath. As number of troops go, Rollo is winning.

JACKIE

OK. How about a veteran swatting away a...

LORI

Rookie? If you mess around with the Saperstein organisation, you'll need insurance. In this case, it's the Saperstein Megadrive.

JACKIE

I'm guessing that's not a games console.

LORI

The Saperstein Megadrive is the holy grail of blackmail. Rumours are it's the cumulation of all his shady deals over the years.

JACKIE

So what?

LORI

Shady deals with supposedly unshady characters. Politicians, police chiefs, media commisioners, the odd mogul here and there.

JACKIE

Who isn't doing that? Shady is as shady does. Everyone's got some crooked deal with someone at the top.

LORI

But this informaiton has guaranteed Saperstein a privileged position in London's underworld. No crime boss has made a move on his operation for almost twenty years.

Jackie shakes her head unimpressed.

JACKIE

Rollo's an upstart. He's all mouth.

LORI

Is that a problem?

JACKIE

Not unless he knows what's good for him. He doesn't have the resources.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

He certainly doesn't have the intelligence. But still, a job's a job.

LORI

Rollo's long term security isn't your concern. As far as I care, two-hundred K has already been down paid, and you start tonight.

A woman walks into the room. It's Beatriz, also from the original Mi6 team. Out of all three, she looks the closest to how she looked back in 2004.

LORI (CONT'D)

Remember Beatriz? She used to work at combat support at SIS building but moved to data analysis after the Dorchester incident.

JACKIE

Of course. Good times.

BEATRIZ

I never thanked you for saving my life. It's good to finally have the opportunity.

JACKIE

You get used to it.

Beatriz places a PASS on the table before Jackie.

BEATRIZ

I've secured you access to the newest night club owned by Saperstein's son. You'll be acting as a bar fly and infiltrate from there.

JACKIE

Bar fly - are you kidding me?

BEATRIZ

Ashley Saperstein, his father's only heir, will be attending the opening. With the amount of hip, young, trendy, guests due to attend, you'll be almost invisible.

Jackie frowns.

LORI

All round embarrassment, really. We analysed Saperstein's strengths and weaknesses, and all his weakness is found in his sole offspring.

BEATRIZ

We think if you are able to kidnap Ashley. Saperstein will trade the drive for his only child. With this information, we can sell it to a rival family and potential triple our operation budget.

JACKIE

Sounds complicated. But why back Rollo? Why not Sapperstein? He's been a good client to you.

BEATRIZ

Rollo is a disgrace. And also a notorious poon-hound. He's the kind of guy that gives human resources nightmares. You know, guy problems.

LORI

That's future leverage.

JACKIE

Which means I've got to extort the priest's bastard for some pseduo-intel.

LORI

You've done worse since I've known you.

JACKIE

I'm tired of all the good money being in dishonesty.

Lori raises a nearby glass of scotch. It's been there all this time.

LORI

To the high life.

Jackie raises an 'invisible' glass

LORI (CONT'D)

The location Tammy gave us - the Lazy Q - is in a new Shoreditch hot spot, a trousit trap for Millennial kids.

JACKIE

Thank you, Tammy. I'm over 40 and he wants me in glow rings.

BEATRIZ

There is one oddity.

LORI

Beatriz.

BEATRIZ

Sorry, Lori. Jackie needs to know.

JACKIE

Know what?

BEATRIZ

It's an oversight, but could be important. The client, the one who actually contacted us wishes to remain anonymous.

LORI

He says he works for Rollo. I've done the research. It checks out.

JACKIE

Keep an eye out for a double bluff, got it. As long as I get paid.

Lori is pissed.

LORI

Beatriz, after all you learnt at my feet, after all the times I fought your corner, you're still too comfortable lecturing me. It's disrespectful.

Jackie rises to leave.

JACKIE

We learnt from the best.

As she goes out.

LORI

Oh! And remember the password is...

JACKIE

I know. The usual way. You don't need to baby me.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quiet. Still. Barebones place to be all-in-one combo.

INT. WARDROBE - JACKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jackie steps into frame. Her one bedroom/one kitchen apartment surrounds her like a shine to mediocrity, but nothing about her life is mundane.

Jackie opens her wardrobe. Inside is an armory ranging from pistol to shotgun, even a few grenades lobbed in. Jackie adjusts her appearance in the mirror, puts on a BLUE WIG.

On a bed lies a LBD, again another weapon, enough material to stay sexy while concealing a butt-tonne of weaponry.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A former industrial building now a 5 star nightclub. Jackie walks confidently up to the BOUNCER. He holds the rope.

BOUNCER

Aren't you getting a little long in the tooth, sweetheart?

JACKIE

Bite me.

Jackie sighs, flashes a few hundreds from her purse. The bouncer smiles, taking the money and opening the rope as Jackie enters, disappearing into the millennial crowds to...

INT. NIGHT CLUB - MAIN HALL - LATER

A conversion job. Industrial place, now covered in neon lights etc. Clubbers in their hundreds dancing. Jackie surveys the situation waiting at the bar.

Browsing her phone, she views shady men, landing on a photo of Ashley TAYLOR. Sure enough, Ashley is in the corner thinking he's the big dog. But he's surrounded by goons. Impossible to reach. Jackie looks for opportunity.

Across the club, a line of women wait outside the VIP section.

Jackie turns to the barman. Orders another drink.

JACKIE

Same again.

While she's waiting for her drink, two women get in a loud argument down-bar.

WOMAN

Fuck off.

She throws a drink at a woman and storms off. The girl cusses her out but it's hard to hear her. Jackie's eyes meet her. The woman flinches first. Jackie saunters over and holds herself close.

JACKIE

What a bitch. You OK?

WOMAN

It's over. It's over.

JACKIE

If you ask me you got lucky.

Jackie whispers something provocative in her ear. Whatever Jackie whispered in her ear sets off a bomb below the belt. Jackie takes her hand and leads her across the dancefloor to the VIP section.

INT. VIP ROOM - NIGHTCLUB

Seedy red satin drapes and Ashley getting worked over crotch to crotch. Outside, Jackie and woman make out. Ashley sniffs coke. Jackie stomps on the back of his bodyguard's leg, shattering it. This scares off women.

Enter Jackie gun already drawn. Ashley panics and woman flees.

JACKIE

Ashley. Let's talk.

ASHLEY

Go ahead. Shoot. My father will drown you in your own blood.

JACKIE

Mafia guy is much smarter than that. Word is you're becoming a liability.

Ashley tries to attack her. He gets his hands around Jackie's throat before, drop elbow, step on inseam, and over the shoulder flip through the table, Jackie neutralises him.

She double-checks him. He's out cold. From her dress, Jackie pulls out a chord tie, binds his hands.

But the noise has alerted a guard who enters just in time for Jackie to mule kick him.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT CLUB

As the VIP goon hits the floor, Jackie appears garroting Ashley creating a human shield. Guns are out as more and more bodyguards appear.

ASHLEY

Fuck her up.

Jackie drops her package, wounding him in the knee with her 9mm. She sprints behind her, down the corridor, the GUNSHOT sends the clubbers running for the exit --

One goon goes to tackle her but Jackie sidesteps one and WHUMP! delivers a front kick to his solar plexus sending him flat on his ass. As she sprints down the hall--

As one bodyguard barrels around, Jackie blows him up like a linebacker on a goal line stand. His gun clatters.

As the second swings his aim around, Jackie catches his arm, twists it and him around. She relieves him of his 9mm, then sends him headfirst into the wall. Gunshots fired. Jackie retreats again.

Two bodyguards stand surrounding her with no escape.

Jackie unleashes a KICK to the side of the first bodyguard's head. As he drops and --

-- The second bodyguard wheels --

Jackie drops, plays low. Comes up under his chin. As he staggers back --

Jackie chops at his arm, knocks away his gun.

As he glances to Ashley trying to crawl away -- he catches her with a hard right, moves to follow.

She ducks, comes up with a left-right-left and finishes with a wicked elbow across his temple. As he drops, Jackie executes him point-blank with his own weapon.

This is the part where Jackie catches up with Carter. Now working for the mob.

CARTER

How long has it been? Ten years?

JACKIE

Fourteen.

CARTER

And how's Lori? Do you still talk?

JACKIE

Lori's fine. She's the same as ever. Hired me for this job.

CARTER

You're not taking my client. I can't let you do that. My reputation as a bodyguard wouldn't last. Gonna have to put you down.

JACKIE

If that's what you want. Let's go.

They fight. Jackie knows he has a weak knee and chops him in it. This throws him off his game and Jackie is able to kill him, before tracking down Ashley.

Jackie sighs. Clicks her neck for emphasis. Walks over to Ashley. Reaching him, she lifts him morning lotus style by his head and dangles a KNIFE under his chin.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Are you going to behave now? You have no control here.

Jackie drags him by his hair across the floor. He cries out in pain without her battering an eye lid. They turn a corner to find...

The bouncer from earlier.

BOUNCER

Hey! What are you doing?

Jackie walks past him but has a change of heart and leans Ashley against a pillar, before she returns to upercut him in the gut so hard and twisting, she induces vomiting.

Jackie walks around and grabs Ashley by her hair, getting a full handfull.

JACKIE

My next step would be violence... but you look like you don't have much in you.

ASHLEY

I can't tell you. They-

JACKIE
Yes. They'll straight up murder
you. Slowly too. Just like TV. But
you can avoid if you comply.

ASHLEY
No.

JACKIE
Don't waste my time, Ashley. I have
a long night tonight and you're the
easiest way to get leverage.

INT. CAR

Jackie drives with Ashley taped and in the passengers seat.
His wounds still seeping.

ASHLEY
What are you doing?

JACKIE
Calling your daddy.

Ashley lurches forward confidently.

ASHLEY
You do that! You do that! He'll
fuck you up.

Jackie flashes a smile, amused. He's no threat.

JACKIE
Don't be stupid and you might live.

Jackie puts on her phone.

INT. SPA - NIGHT

An old married couple sleep together. A phone rings.

MAN'S VOICE
Yes, son. What do you want?

JACKIE (INTO PHONE)
I have your son.

MAN'S VOICE
Hmmm. How do I know he's in danger.

Without hesitation, Jackie kneecaps Ashley. Ashley screams in pain. Mr Saperstein can hear the screams, but his demeanour stays ice cold. He fixes himself a scotch.

JACKIE

Believe me now?

MR SAPERSTEIN

Miss, I believed the moment you called me. Why don't you put me and my kin out of our misery and end him?

Ashley's face contorts in horror. Jackie fires another bullet. Pause until Ashley screams again.

MR SAPERSTEIN (CONT'D)

I see. How much will this cost me?

JACKIE

Information. I am looking for something called the
(reading)
Mega Drive.

MR SAPERSTEIN

I'm guessing by your uncertainty. Somebody hired you. I can double whatever they're paying.

JACKIE

Don't get cute.

MR SAPERSTEIN

Very well. I think we both agree my son has been a pain in my side for quite sometime now. Do what you have to do this conversation is over.

JACKIE

Wait.

MR SAPERSTEIN

Hmm. Go on. I'm waiting.

JACKIE

Someone's making a move for your territory.

MR SAPERSTEIN

You have my interest.

JACKIE

Give me the drive and I'll tell you who.

Pause.

MR SAPERSTEIN

Young lady. You have a deal.

Jackie breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - EXECUTIVE FLOOR - NIGHT

After work hours. Nobody about in sight except one the light from one workspace computer. Geraldine, accountant-type casually types away, burning the candle at both ends.

Through her glass walls, we see the elevator open. Out walks Jackie and makes for Geraldine's cubicle. Jackie enters, cool as a cucumber, dragging a bloodied Ashley behind her.

GERALDINE

Master Saperstein!

A look in Jackie's eye causes Geraldine to grimace.

JACKIE

We're from maintenance. We're here to examine your hard drive and then we'll be on my way.

Geraldine moves for the phone. Jackie moves closer stops her.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Before you do that, I've eliminated all your means of escape.

She puts Ashley's mobile phone and puts it on loud speaker. Geraldine flinches when she sees the dried blood.

MR SAPERSTEIN

Geraldine. Are you there?

GERALDINE

Mr Saperstein. I'm so scared.

MR SAPERSTEIN

No need for alarm, my dear. Just follow my instructions and we'll get through this together. Do you understand?

GERALDINE

But, your son-

MR SAPERSTEIN

-has learnt his lesson about carelessness. Now I'd like to access my account, if you'd be so accommodating.

Geraldine starts at the keyboard.

GERALDINE

Okay. What would you like to do?

MR SAPERSTEIN

Very good. Please access my restricted files. Halsam. Transport. 2012. Winter. Short term. Repayables. Untitled. Access Insurance with the following key: Saperstein 47-68-91. And there you are. Take it away.

Jackie inserts a portable drive.

JACKIE

Done.

MR SAPERSTEIN

Very good. Delete the files on your computer and consider this your severence. I will no longer be needing your services. I'd like to thank you in advance for your discretion in this matter. That will be all.

(to Jackie)

And thank you for the warning. I'll send someone to collect Ashley.

Ashley has passed out on the office couch. Jackie is already one foot out the office.

EXT. SECRET ALLEY - NIGHT

Jackie on a stoop, resting her aching muscles.

HEADLIGHTS. A black segan pulls up, handbrake on. Out steps a MAN, smiley as all fuck. His sunny disposition is something to behold.

MAN

Are you my contact?

Jackie pulls out her gun aims it straight at him. The man puts up his hands innocently before saying-

MAN (CONT'D)
Hold up there cowboy.
(beat)
Blackbird.

Jackie nods, lowers her gun, allowing him to approach and sit besides her.

MAN (CONT'D)
Thanks. The only agency who uses passwords, as far as I know, times like these trust is rare.

He pulls out a cigarette.

AGENT
Mind if I?

Jackie shrugs. He lights up.

AGENT (CONT'D)
It's a shame, really. I assume you have the delivery.

JACKIE
I do.

AGENT
Terrific. I hate working evenings, especially when I've got my girls to go home too.
(shows wallet)
Here we are: five and three.

JACKIE
They look cute. Are you a family man?

AGENT
Sure thing. I've booked a trip to the Cotswalds this weekend. I figured its never too late to show kids farmlife. How about you? Anyone waiting for you at home?

JACKIE
No. Not really a social butterfly.

AGENT
Married to the job type. I can dig it.

JACKIE
Also, I don't have to go to many farms.

AGENT
Ha! You can say that again.

JACKIE
OK. I'm going to have to stop you there.

AGENT
Something wrong?

JACKIE
You're not the client.

AGENT
(pause)
How did you know?

JACKIE
It's fucking obvious. Blackbird?

AGENT
Is the password-

JACKIE
To the last job. Lori changes them every mission. The only way you'd know is if you'd hacked her somehow.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
You gave yourself away.

The scene freezes like ice. The agent has been rumbled. Sweat trickles down his forehead

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Keep your eyes on me. No sudden movements.

REVEAL: Jackie has her gun pointed upwards into his ribs.

AGENT
(sighs)
Can I said goodnight to my-

Jackie pulls the trigger. The bullet explodes in his chest, paralysing him as the pressure sends him backwards. Dead.

The driver gets out the car, locked and loaded. Jackie is first to react. Her first shot sinks into the door. Her second one gets him headshot.

But Jackie gets a bullet in the shoulder. She flips around, desperate. Eventually, she sees her assailant on the fire escape. Three rapid shots puts him down.

Jackie flips around, highly stressed. The threat is over. Satisfied, she rummages through Mr Sunshine's pockets. His ID says Mi6. Jackie is shocked.

Wounded, she hobbles away down alley until... her phone vibrates. CALLER: UNKNOWN.

JACKIE
(heavy breathing)

Jackie looks around again. No sign of company.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
What? Who is this?

A red light appears on her forehead. Deadshot if she moves.

MAN'S VOICE
(scrambled)
Can you see me?

Jackie nods.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
(scrambled)
Good. The USB drive in your possession. Where is it?

Jackie removes her jacket. The file is lodge on an arm strap. She unbuckles it, waves it into the air.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Destroy it.

Jackie is shocked.

JACKIE
I-

MAN'S VOICE
"Don't forget Le Carre!" That's my password.

Jackie stops. That IS the password. She places it gingerly on the floor and stamps on it.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
You're safe. Leave.

Jackie walks the alley, alarmed. How did they know about this?

CUT TO:

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jackie returns home. She has to sutior the wound. She passes out in bed, exhausted.

CUT TO:

INT. MEAT PACKING FACILITY - NIGHT

Lori and gangster phone call to discuss the plan.

SAPERSTEIN
What gives you the right to interfere?

LORI
I'm sure you know what's on that file. I thought it would buy me security against meddling, cost me enough. But I guess that was the businessman in me who'd never assume somebody would act in such a self-destructive manner. An oversight on my part no doubt.

LORI (CONT'D)
I've never had anything against you personally. If you survive, we'd like to do business with you as before.

SAPERSTEIN
We have all the defences in place. I think you've been duped.

LORI
Thank you for your concern, Mr Saperstein, but I'd worry about your own affairs before you advise me of mine. May the best man win.

ACT TWO

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY

Slideshow of dead agents. Mission briefing.

MAN (V.O.)

Agents Young and Stewart are dead.
The support team remains in
intensive care. It's a total wash.

We reveal Jones, now in his 50s, with a beard, and clearly promoted. He's now a station chief.

JONES

Our operatives failed to recover a
drive we suspect contains vital
information to the national
defense. Thankfully we were able to
get body cam shots of the
perpetrator.

He hits next slide. A picture of Jackie.

JONES (CONT'D)

Our primary suspect is alias
'Jackie'. Mi6 trained agent, now
freelance mercenary. Her name
should have preceded herself in the
academy.

Agents nod to each other. You don't want to take her one on one. The legendary rookie tale still lives in 2018.

JONES (CONT'D)

Yes, the swiss army woman herself.
But each generation of agents
succeeds the generation before it.
You are better trained, equipped
with the latest tech in espionage
and, in case you haven't noticed,
she's only an army of one.

Some agents smirk.

JONES (CONT'D)

I'll be supervising future
operations personally from now on.
Let's bring her down and save the
day.

Confidence returns to the audience.

JONES (CONT'D)

Dismissed.

The agents leave. By the door, Wilde 70s waits smiling.

JONES (CONT'D)

Alice. Good to see you.

The two have a private conversation.

WILDE

Gregory. I had to see it for myself. Station chief, in the flesh.

JONES

What did you think of my first inspection of the troops.

WILDE

Careful! You'll get too big for your boots.

JONES

Don't make me start using 'sir' around here, I'm not like my predecessor.

WILDE

More's the pity. Pinker was a leader without parr. I'm just here to say, goodbye.

JONES

It was bound to happen. You've been a rock.

WILDE

Me and my husband are going to Cornwall. I'm through cheating on him with my profession.

JONES

Well, goodbye and good luck.

They embrace.

WILDE

If anything, you'll need it more than me.

She leaves, for the last time

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

We follow a MAN ascend a windy staircase. At the top, he opens the door into light as we:

SNIPER'S SCOPE

Men in business suits shake hands outside. Unaware they are in the cross-hairs of...

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Jackie aims her sniper rifle. Her last job, long beyond her. The MAN enters, approaches her. He's leaning in a little too close, almost like he's picking apart everything Jackie does. She just ignores him.

MAN

You're not aligned right.

JACKIE

Relax. This isn't my first.

MAN

The scope is off. The shot will pull to the right and hit his associate.

JACKIE

I've got him in my line of sight. Now, step back, you're blocking my light.

Man steps back, indignant.

MAN

I'm just doing my job - Making sure you do yours.

JACKIE

OK. You've officially annoyed me. This is my last job I'm doing for your boss.

MAN

What? Wait.

JACKIE

Your micro-managing is infuriating.

Jackie pulls the trigger.

CUT TO:

SNIPER SCOPE

The target's brains fly everywhere. A panic ensues.

RETURN TO:

Job done. Jackie starts unpacking the rifle.

JACKIE

There! Target eliminated.

The man approaches, looming over her too close again.

MAN

I'm impressed...

JACKIE

You're condescending.

MAN

I'm very impressed.

The man is even closer, puts a hand on her back. Jackie freezes, it's a little creepy.

MAN (CONT'D)

Oh! And as for my boss.

The Man's hands move around her neck and start strangling.

MAN (CONT'D)

Mr Saperstine sends his compliments.

He lifts her off the ground by the neck. Jackie wriggles, struggling to get free, but his bulk makes it difficult.

MAN (CONT'D)

Hush.

A KNIFE shoots out of Jackie's shoe. She stabs him in the thigh and continues to do it twice, thrice, four times until his grip begins to loosen. It's a contest of wills.

Eventually, Jackie frees herself.

JACKIE

How does Saperstein know who I am?

MAN

You'll figure it out. Now kill me.

Jackie bludgeons him with the butt of her sniper rifle. He's left in a pool of blood pouring from the skull.

Jackie recomposes herself and finishes packing away her gear. As she walks away, she pulls the pin out a grenade and drops it into the duffle bag walking to a...

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Jackie turns a corner and briskly descends the staircase. We hear the explosion offscreen. Now no trace of her attack remains.

She takes out a phone and types 'DONE' into her mobile, reaching the ground floor and exiting into...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Busy with activity. Jackie is able to blend into the crowd and disappear.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR PARK - LATER

Jackie arrives for meeting with Beatriz waiting for her.

BEATRIZ

You know, if we were working for Big Brother, I'd write you up for being late.

JACKIE

On another assignment. I'm not exclusive. Where's Lori?

BEATRIZ

Here's your pay.

JACKIE

Oh! Before I go. Why are the mafia out to get me?

BEATRIZ

Why should I know? Do you have gambling debts?

JACKIE

Well, their intelligence is obviously better than yours.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You can start by telling me about the background on our client?

BEATRIZ

Jackie, when have we ever shirked the intel? I've been running background checks on Rollo from the beginning.

JACKIE

If that's true, Rollo's about to get significantly screwed. Whoever the contact really is, he isn't working for anyone except himself.

BEATRIZ

I see. And you held onto the delivery?

JACKIE

He told me to. Personally. Weird, right?

BEATRIZ

Something's not right. I run a light operation. It's the very thing that's kept me stable all these years.

JACKIE

Somebody's responsible. You are the one person I thought had the common sense you invoke so often.

BEATRIZ

You're not helping. If you want to clean up this mess, you need to use your head. Here's your pay. I'll get going.

JACKIE

Do you remember that night with the Iranian ambassador and his wife?

BEATRIZ

Don't dig up the past, Jackie. Nobody finds what they were looking for. We were disavowed, most of us that is.

JACKIE

Someones been digging. Mi6 turned up unannounced.

BEATRIZ

Mi6 are a law to themselves,
created by the aristocracy over the
course of history to prevent
national embarrassment. They have no
time for failures which makes you
and me just cogs that broke down.

JACKIE

Like I said, somebody's not done
looking.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Jackie outside apartment door. She produces a keychain.
CLOSE: she flicks through a lot of HOUSE KEYS. She finds one
with a tag "108 PARADISE".

The second she puts

NEIGHBOUR

Hey. Who are you?

JACKIE

Hi. I'm just house sitting for a
friend. Sarah Timmins. Nice to meet
you.

NEIGHBOUR

I didn't think anyone lived in that
apartment.

JACKIE

Yeah. The owner's away alot. He's
currently in Singapore on some
conference, I don't know what he
does.

NEIGHBOUR

OK. But if he comes back, tell him
to say 'hello', I'd like to invite
him over. Introduce him to the
community. It's not good to live
alone.

JACKIE

We can agree with that.

The neighbour goes back inside. Jackie opens the door to-

INT. JACKIE'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Inside, the apartment is completely empty except for the barebone essentials. Nobody lives here unless they have to.

Jackie looks around triggering a-

CUT TO:

EXT - BASE OF OPERATIONS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

SUPER: 15 years ago.

Another mission. Jackie waits with Lori (who has both eyes). They are at mission control/Mother Base while an operation is in place.

SOLDIER (OVER RADIO)

The entire team. We're compromised.
Didn't return home last night.

LORI

We'll send a chopper from across
the Syrian border. Stay where you
are. Stay alive. You'll be back at
Mother Base in no time.

The soldier is distressed. Not remotely reassured.

SOLDIER

Awww man! It was all lies-

LORI

Look to the skies and await further
instructions. Don't talk to anyone.
Out.

She turns off radio. She's stressed. Carter, alive back then, snaps and throws something in frustration.

CARTER

Well, looks like our lead didn't
have the treasure map to any IBCMs.
What's worse, turns out his loyalty
to Saddam Hussein wasn't as flimsy
as we hoped.

LORI

(sighs)

Calm down, agent. No point crying
over spilt milk now.

CARTER

I guess you're going to tell us all
it's too late to save anyone as
well?

Jackie is at the back. She makes her presence known.

JACKIE

What is wrong with you?

JACKIE (CONT'D)

We can transfer the evacuation
point over to the southern wall.
Risk exposure, but it's the best
shot.

CARTER

Hey! If you want to tell high
command, you screwed up. Not my
problem.

CARTER (CONT'D)

The only catch is: you're going in
solo.

LORI

You are such a scumbag, Carter.

JACKIE

I'll do it.

Jackie's one foot out the door.

CARTER

Are you crazy? Hey! Get back here.

Lori stops him.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Bitch!

LORI

Whatever. We're out of choices. If
a rookie wants to save my ass,
that's fine by me.

EXT. EXTRACTION POINT - NIGHT

LORI (VIA RADIO)

Enter the city from the south gate.
Wait for the breakout. Our agents
will be exposed and will need
covering fire.

Gunfire in the distance. Only Christopher returns. Gets shot in the back, but is still alive. Jackie gets out the car and guns a pursuer who gets cold feet chasing Christopher, dead.

JACKIE

Can you move?

CHRISTOPHER

I hope to god you're Mi6.

JACKIE

Where's the rest of your unit?

Christopher looks around - sole survivor.

CHRISTOPHER

Good shot.

JACKIE

All part of the plan.

Jackie dumps him in the backseat of her car. They drive away.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Even with sufficient agency support, there was no way we were getting what we wanted. The mission was a failure from the get go.

CHRISTOPHER

Failure? That's a little presumptive.

JACKIE

We failed.

CHRISTOPHER

I know what'll cheer you up. How about a magic trick?

He puts his fingers down his throat. Wretches. Throws up all over the backseat.

JACKIE

Eugh! What are you doing?!?!?

CHRISTOPHER

One second.

He produces a small but stinky HARD DRIVE. Hands it to her.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Ta-dah.
 (feels faint)
 Oh God.

At that, Christopher passes out. Jackie examines the hard drive. A little impressed. She smiles smugly.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - A FEW DAYS LATER

The journey home. Jackie stares out at the ocean. Christopher emerges, a little shaken from preceding events.

CHRISTOPHER

I just wanted to thank you for saving my ass... and the rest of me.

Jackie ignores him, coolly.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

One day I'll have to repay the favour.

JACKIE

It was my assignment.
 (pause)
 You're welcome.

CHRISTOPHER

You'd give your left arm for an angel when the mission's been compromised.

JACKIE

Mission compromise?

CHRISTOPHER

A lot of rookies can't handle the fact field intelligence is basically improv comedy. Everyone has to think on their feet quickly or... boom!

JACKIE

Nice to meet you, Christopher.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Jackie jolts up. Walks over to the bathroom. Washes her face in the mirror. REFLECTION : A red dot behind her. Her instincts take over.

JACKIE

Oh fuck.

GUNFIRE - all hell breaks loose. Jackie takes cover.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

TWO BLACK VANS. Doors slide back and the ten strong Mi6 tactical team roll out.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Jackie sprints on through, diving for a SURVIVAL BAG. She runs to escape, shoulder barges down the door. Barrelling into--

HALLWAY

TWO AGENTS. A leg sweep on one, DISCHARGING his gun into the ceiling as he falls.

The heel of her palm up under the chin of the second. A brutal knee drives him back into the wall.

She knocks his gun away, wheels to kick the first agent on the ground. He's out, but Jackie--

-- Catches an elbow in the face from the second agent. She comes up under his guard, digs her fists into either side of his rib cage and then HEADBUTTS him into unconsciousness.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

And Jackie, calm but focused sprints down alley. The team pursue her.

JONES

God damn! It's a rat race. Pursue target.

Jackie turns down a back alley, she fires a weapon behind her without looking, wounds one.

AGENT

We've lost visual. I repeat we've
lost visual.

She leaves the alley, an Agent speak tackles her, forcing her
against a wall. Jackie knees his groin at least three times
before disabling him with an unrestrained uppercut.
Victorious, she's still wounded and limps away.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Confirmed. I have her cornered.

JACKIE

If pursued along a narrow ingress,
it's common sense for the pursuing
parties to wait out the pursued.
Amateurs.

One agent alive. Tried to crawl away.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Where do you think you're going? I
need you to answer some questions.

At that, Jackie grabs his camera and crushes it.

Back on Jones, sweating nervously.

EXT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A SECRET SERVICE AGENT is strapped to a chair. He wakes up.

JACKIE

Welcome back. I got bored of
waiting.

AGENT

Please don't kill me.

JACKIE

Then I don't need to explain the
situation twice. This time last
week, I was more than happy to keep
myself to myself, keep a low
profile. But now some jackass has
wrecked all that and made me enemy
of the staate.

AGENT

I-I'm sorry.

JACKIE

Thank you, even though you're saying it from a place of fear, you'd be surprised how few people apologise.

The agent is temporarily surprised.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

And that's great. As long as your well behaved, I won't have to trigger this.

Jackie holds up a mirror.

REVEAL: A grenade is duct-taped to the back of his head.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Eh! Stay focussed. Firstly, who's behind this? Who put out the order to eliminate me? Speak.

AGENT

Group commander. Greg Jones.

JACKIE

OK. That was much quicker than I hoped for.

AGENT

I don't really like him, and you have me over a barrel.

JACKIE

I don't either but... it's a little disappointing. I don't know who's teaching you raid tactics, but they should be ashamed.

AGENT

You're Jackie. You're still a legend around the academy.

JACKIE

I'm flattered. You know how to stay alive. I can't kill another British agent. That's a line.

AGENT

All right. I'll keep my mouth shut. Shit... I'd hate to be in your shoes.

JACKIE
Keep them coming.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jackie exits. Her phone rings. Withheld number.

JACKIE
Go.

MAN'S VOICE
Who's the traitor, Jackie?

Jackie freezes. This could be Christopher.

JACKIE
Is this who I think it is?

MAN'S VOICE
They're coming for you like they
came for me.

JACKIE
Where are you, "Christopher"?

MAN'S VOICE
Meet me at the drop off point we
used back in 1999.

PHHHTTT. The phone hangs up. Off Jackie's troubled reaction.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENWICH - PARK BENCH - DAY

Lori sits keeping a low profile. Before her Panoramic view of the ISLE OF DOGS. Jones sits and joins her.

JONES
Quite the view.

LORI
You've got a talent for wasting
your breath. You might recall,
after refusing to co-operative with
Pinker, I told you all I'd never be
a government stooge ever again.

JONES
I remember. I'm not here to insult
your intelligence.

LORI

Yet talking to you does that with aplomb.

JONES

Jackie must be detained. You know it, I know it. She's beyond your control.

LORI

And, let me guess, you're here to play Lancelot and swoop in with Mi6 to save my damsel's blushes.

JONES

The body bag tally is growing. Chances are wherever Jackie is hiding, she's well-protected.

LORI

But there's no actual proof, least of all traceable to my people. If I were you, I'd count your losses. Move on. Focus on cyber security. We have all our bases covered.

JONES

Do you think you can take her in yourself?

LORI

Let's call it a work in progress. No need to worry.

JONES

Worry, is that right? If you weren't worried why did you agree to meet?

Lori flinches for a split-second.

JONES (CONT'D)

Even if that drive has intel you personally don't want circling the public domain, we can protect you.

LORI

Moving on, boy scout. The woman is a complete wrecking crew. I fear age has only enhanced her skillset. You're not in a position to protect anyone.

JONES

Nonsense. I command a hundred agents. I can put in a call to the police for as many bodies as I want. In the end, she's only one person.

LORI

Your numbers will count for little. I taught Jackie how to handle being outmatched in combat myself. She will turn to guerilla tactics at the drop of hat. It's the quintessential example of David beating Goliath again and again. In time, the agency will wash their hands of you for the casualties you will create.

JONES

What's your advice?

LORI

Convince her to surrender.

JONES

Just like that. Won't she be disappointed if it wasn't a trap?

LORI

True... but she's in too deep now. She looking for the nearest liferaft.

JONES

I see. Cut a deal.

LORI

Numbers are only useful in a war of attrition. Any multitude you throw at her won't be as effective as diplomacy between two ex-comrades.

JONES

Thank you for your two cents.

Jones rises and walks away.

JONES (CONT'D)

Before I go. There's an ongoing skirmish between some upstart thug named Rollo and Gregori Saperstein. Know anything about it?

LORI

Don't worry your pretty little head
about it. These things have a way
of working themselves out.

INT. STRIP CLUB - BACK ROOM - DAY

Rollo eats CHICKEN WINGS in the backroom of the strip club. A
panel window lets us see the girls putting on a show.

ARBITRATOR

Limehouse, southern side.
Islington. Shoreditch quarter, west
of Old Street...

Saperstein shuffles uncomfortably in his seat. Not his scene.

SAPERSTEIN

Yes. The Saperstein co-operative
concedes all aforementioned
territories to...

ROLLO

Rollo.

SAPERSTEIN

(shrugs)
Rollo.

Saperstein nods. Rollo is ecstatic

ROLLO

Here's to a new era of co-
existence!

SAPERSTEIN

Is that so? From where I stand it's
winners and losers as usual.

ROLLO

Nah! You're now part of Rollo's
boys without having to do none of
that bullets and bloodshed.

SAPERSTEIN

That's a positive outlook.

Rollo leans in close. Intimidating or trying to be.

ROLLO

Nobody's talking, but I hear
someone's stitched you up like
pussy kippers. Some menopausal moo
with killer kung fu.

Ashley overhears and comes charging over.

ASHLEY

You shut your fucking mouth!

Saperstein calms the situation. Complete chill.

SAPERSTEIN

Ashley. Why don't you play with the
flowers? Please don't embarrass
the family further.

ROLLO

Yeah. Go get yourself a dance. Tell
them Rollo sent you. Though I don't
know if you'll feel good.

Ashley huffs. Wheels himself out escorted by two others.

ROLLO (CONT'D)

Something on your mind, pops?

SAPERSTEIN

I can't speak for my son, but I
don't enjoy these sort of places at
all. Not my scene socially and
especially for business. Reaks of
regrets and bad temperament. If you
wish to be taken seriously, I
suggest you find yourself more
professional office space.

Rollo looks at the dancers on stage.

ROLLO

What have you got against Crystal,
Jade, Amber...

SAPERSTEIN

Yes, all your rocks. Deals like
this used to be conducted in
boardrooms with higher class. Even
small fry wore a suit and tie. I
must be part of a dying breed

ROLLO

Shit. I'd hate to be in your shoes.
But you're lucky you're now under
my care. The other families will
keep their distance when I tell
them how things go.

SAPERSTEIN

I understand your position, Rollo.
It must feel strange possessing
everything you desired.

We hear O.S. Screaming. Rollo jolts.

SAPERSTEIN (CONT'D)

But, somehow, everyone finds a way
to put another dream out of reach.

Saperstein nods. A goon shoots Rollo's bodyguard through the
head from behind. The corpse drops dead.

ROLLO

What's going on?

SAPERSTEIN

What this little arrangement always
was... a hostile takeover.

THREE MEN walk in. They're covered in blood and battle
damage.

ROLLO

How did you? Impossible.

SAPERSTEIN

Agreed.

Saperstein pulls out his UZI aims for Rollo's skull.

SAPERSTEIN (CONT'D)

Nobody needs the protection of a
lecherous piglet like you, Rollo.
When it comes to keeping rivals in
check, the following feature should
be sufficient.

As Rollo falls, Saperstein smoothly intercepts his men, opens
fire across the room. RAT-A-TAT. Bodyguard and the three gang
bangers go down as well as.

Saperstein's men rain gunfire on Rollo's cohort. Penetrating
them with bullets.

SAPERSTEIN (CONT'D)

I hereby accept terms of cession
in all matters pertaining to
territory between the Saperstein
co-operative and... Rollo.

NEGOTIATOR

Oh God! I'm just the negotiator.

SAPERSTEIN

All right then. Men, our
territories have been secured.

CUT TO:

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jackie researches Christopher. Jackie at the laptop, key
tapping. We see her history: classified docs etc.

A message pops up:

CHRISTOPHER (VIA CHAT)

I see you.

Jackie waits as another message is being written.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Delphi Street. 15 minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT

Jackie waits for Christopher. A stranger with a muffled
voice.

CHRISTOPHER

Don't turn around. I don't need
proof I'm alive all over Youtube.

Jackie looks up. There's a CCTV camera on her.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Light a cigarette. Take your time.

JACKIE

I don't know who you are but posing
as my dead co-worker is a classless
move.

CHRISTOPHER
Co-workers? That hurts, Jackie
jynx.

JACKIE
Whoever you are, you've done your
homework. Thanks for the assist on
the megadrive job.

CHRISTOPHER
What do I have to do to convince
you I'm Christopher Sharpe?

JACKIE
OK. I'll play. 2003. Baghdad.

CHRISTOPHER
Operation chestnut. You saved my
life. This makes us even.

JACKIE
Do you remember? Who was your agent
in command?

CHRISTOPHER
I think it was Morris. No...
Dreyfus. Yours was Lori as always.
(beat)
I'm sorry.

JACKIE
It's fine. Your team was sent to
orchestrate a prisoners of war with
the Hussein government. What was
your real assignment?

CHRISTOPHER
Intercept intel on W.M.Ds from a
double agent. Let's skip ahead. The
mission failed from poor intel. My
squad were shot where they stood
and on the trawler boat home, was
the first time we made love.

Jackie does. Repressing the emotion of the reunion. She's
more convinced than not it could be him.

JACKIE
Where have you been?

CHRISTOPHER
Around. Undercover. Everywhere.
(beat)
I couldn't stay away forever.

Jackie slips a hand behind her feeling for his. We see a gloved hand pull back away from hers.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Not yet. Not while you're in the cold.

JACKIE

What if, hypothetically, I found a way out of this? If I could leave London, I guess we could find a retreat, lay low for a few years, then we can go wherever.

CHRISTOPHER

I've been in the shadows for almost fifteen years. Take it from me, now Mi6 think you're a liability, they'll never stop hunting you.

JACKIE

Because you made me destroy the drive. I'm cleaning up after your mess.

CHRISTOPHER

Jackie, there was... stuff on it that makes me look like a criminal. Would you believe me if I say I was framed?

JACKIE

I'd think you were full of shit.

CHRISTOPHER

Good. You're right. Saperstein's megadrive contained information on a number of high ranking government agents, politicians, and - shall we say - prominent figures. All with incriminating ties to his organisation which he'd built up over years. My name was on that list for some covert ops I did as a rookie.

JACKIE

Rookie work?

CHRISTOPHER

Yes. I was a rookie assassin. Some of my targets.

(MORE)

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Well let's just say I don't want their families seeking revenge, or their soldiers for that matter. I'm not proud of what I did, but I want to get out of this life. A fresh start. You must know what that's like.

JACKIE

I do.

CHRISTOPHER

Cheer up, buttercup. Once it's all over, you and I, we can retire together. Location preference?

JACKIE

Anywhere but here.

But Christopher has already gone. Jackie turns to see nobody.

CUT TO:

INT. LORI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lori enters the house. Jackie waits for her.

JACKIE

You haven't been returning my calls.

LORI

Damn it, Rookie! You know how these arrangements work. I contact you. Not the other way round.

JACKIE

It may have escaped your attention, Lori, but this isn't like the usual arrangement. Not every task or errand I run for you ends up with me on a mafia hit list, or worse, Mi6's most wanted.

LORI

Then forfeit the megadrive. Mission accomplished.

JACKIE

The client ordered me to destroy it.

LORI
And that client was gunned down in
some seedy skin joint and the man
we stole from wants us both dead.

JACKIE
The client wasn't Rollo.

LORI
What are you talking about?

JACKIE
It was Christopher Sharpe.

LORI
My former agent. When did you start
taking orders from a dead man?

JACKIE
He's not dead.

LORI
No, it was one of Rollo's
associates. He was able to produce
account numbers, receipts, proof
questions. He checked out.

JACKIE
Chris could do all of that. I can
do all of that.

LORI
Tell me where he is. Where is this
ghost? Where is Christopher?

JACKIE
He's in town. Keeping a low
profile. He's been in hiding ever
since faking his death. No one's
seen him in years.

LORI
Whatever crap you think, I've might
be able to talk down Saperstein.
Return the drive. Life goes back to
normal. God knows I don't deserve
the distruption.

JACKIE
I told you it's gone.

LORI
You're serious? You're poison! I
can't keep you safe you understand?

JACKIE

I can take care of myself. Besides there's always another option. You told me that.

Lori eye pinches in stress.

LORI

Leave my home, please.

JACKIE

Fine. But something weirds going on. You can't shut your eyes to it.

LORI

Don't come back.

Jackie exits.

EXT.

Jackie is stabbed and left for dead by Saperstein's goons. Jackie falls down a back alley and passes out. Bodies among her.

INT. BED - DAY

Jackie is injured in the ensuing fight. She wakes up blurry.

JACKIE

Wh-where?

WOMAN

Try and relax. You've lost about three quarts of blood. That's enough to make an elephant delirious.

FOCUS: the woman is Beatriz.

JACKIE

Beatriz...

BEATRIZ

Lori told me to tail you. Said it was only a matter of time before something bad happened.

JACKIE

It's getting rough out there.

BEATRIZ
Just rest. Nobody knows you're
here.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jackie talks to Rookie about infiltrating Mi6. To find information. Jackie is convinced Christopher is alive and holds the key to figuring out what's going against her.

JACKIE
He was there...

BEATRIZ
Who?

JACKIE
Agent Christopher Sharpe.

Beatriz fidgets uncomfortably.

BEATRIZ
You know Lori thinks you're crazy,
right?

Jackie whips up something on her laptop.

JACKIE
Here, check this out!

She clicks an audio file. Christopher's voice from the alley way comes on.

CHRISTOPHER (VIA FILE)
Cheer up, buttercup. Once it's all
over, you and I, we can retire
together. Location-

JACKIE
The audio's a little rough from the
voice scrambler. But that's his
confession on file.

BEATRIZ
How can you be sure that's him?
Maybe someone's playing you.

Jackie pauses. Beatriz could be right.

JACKIE
Maybe I am crazy? This is something
a crazy person would do.

Beatriz sits beside her. Cuddles into her reassuringly.

BEATRIZ

After ambassador-gate, when the core of our team were either disavowed or in bodybags. I was the one who tracked down Carter.

JACKIE

Carter?

BEATRIZ

I wanted to know why he did it. How he could actually kill another agent? Especially a comrade like Christopher.

JACKIE

What did he say?

BEATRIZ

Nothing at first. He just stood there and let me rain down angry punches. It wouldn't do any good, but I needed to. It was a compulsion. I had to get the rage out. Then he said, with a guilty expression all over his face: 'I thought I did the right thing'.

JACKIE

What are you trying to say?

BEATRIZ

This game. It's best players not only manipulate and deceive others, somehow they still understand what is good and true. They know why they fight. They never forget the truth.

JACKIE

That's a pretty philosophy.

BEATRIZ

It keeps me balanced.

Jackie laughs. Legitimately amused.

JACKIE

Balanced. Is that something you aspire to? First of all, Beatriz, I've been a highly-trained mercenary for over a decade.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Trust me when I say whoever pays
the most, they don't always
prioritise truth and goodness.

BEATRIZ

(sarcastic)

Sure, it's not like being a hired
gun hasn't warped your mentality.

Jackie ignores her.

JACKIE

Secondly, I killed Carter myself
while he was moonlighting as a meat
shield for a mafia don's brat. I
refuse to take morality lessons
from a man like that.

BEATRIZ

Don't be like that. We were all
patriots in the good old days.

JACKIE

I lived my early adulthood through
weapons, rigorous training,
constant overwhelming danger - all
in order to justify some higher
calling found in protecting my
birth nation. When that came
crashing down in flames, I decided
to become entirely independent,
eliminated villains at my own price
bracket, used information for
extortion, and stayed loyal on
retainer. And here I am today,
hunted and hopeless, everything I
am today stems from decisions I
made followed by unintended,
unforeseen, consequences. And, no,
it hasn't made a blind bit of
sense. There's no truth or good,
only survival, and the only way to
prolong that survival is to find
Christopher Sharpe.

Beatriz is horrified.

BEATRIZ

No, Jackie. The man if he's even
alive has lead you to a shoot out
multiple times. Are you out of your
mind?

JACKIE

You think you know him, but I know him better. Once upon a time, we used to trust each other.

BEATRIZ

I still trust you, Jackie, but-

JACKIE

Lori doesn't.

BEATRIZ

She has good reason. Your story doesn't make sense.

JACKIE

You said it yourself. The best agents never forget the truth.

Jackie rises to leave.

BEATRIZ

Where are you going?

JACKIE

There's only one person who knows.

Jackie grabs her duffle bag and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Old converted Victorian manor. Jackie walks the path holding a floral bouquet. Her reasons are unknown at this point.

INT. NURSING HOME - ROOM - DAY

LOW ANGLE. A RESIDENT in a wheelchair. Enter a NURSE at the door frame.

NURSE

Mr Mole. Your neice is here to see you.

Reveal. Jackie. She enters and sits opposite the RESIDENT.

JACKIE

(to nurse accent)

Thank you. We'd like to be alone. I have some bad news from the other branch in our family tree.

NURSE

Oh! Very well.

The nurse leaves.

JACKIE

Hello John.

REVEAL: The resident is John Pinker, Jackie's once-interrogator, now a shadow of his former self. Wheel-chair bound. Heavily asthmatic and kept alive by science. He struggles to remove his breathing mask.

PINKER

Rookie. Is that really you?

Jackie closes the door and props a chair underneath the handle. Old school trap.

JACKIE

The legendary rooke back in the flesh.

PINKER

So it's Revenge. Is this how I meet my end?

Jackie scowls. Even incapacitated, John's mind remains sharp.

JACKIE

You're a loose end, John Pinker.

Jackie fiddles with his IV. And pulls out a syringe. She primes it ready to unleash the leathal dosage.

PINKER

All your training prepared you for one purpose - war. Ever wondered why you're still playing super spy. I don't know what you're hoping to achieve with these heroics, but it'll only bring disappointment if you hope you can change my thinking. So please spare me your childish attempts at intimidation. I've been trapped in a cancer-ridden body for the past three years awaiting the reaper. Go ahead do what's on your mind.

Jackie's bluff has been called. She looks uncertain. Pauses.

PINKER (CONT'D)

Interesting. You must have come to talk. No doubt seeking after information. Yes, something, something left open. Luckily for you, I've stopped caring about secrets. Ask away.

JACKIE

You haven't

Pinker affectionately holds Jackie's hand.

PINKER

You too. What can I do to help?

JACKIE

What happened 15 years ago?

PINKER

You were disavowed. Along with most of that wretched team. Total embarrassment. We figured why waste time finding the rotten branch when it was to easier to just uproot the tree.

PINKER (CONT'D)

Back in 2003, I was ordered to take part in an operation 'Golden Veil'. In short, intel had revealed a new threat from within: 'Corruption'. No longer was it the case we were dealing with your typical nationally aligned double or triple agent. No, our operatives were giving it up without principle for a generous pay packet. My objective was to uncover the person or persons controlling the problem at its rot - play the surgeon: sever Mi6's infected flesh while preserving the body were it lay. Ensure the roster of promising agents to the best of my ability, remove the poor influence old hands and report it to the higher ups as and when I progressed. I was to analyse all the mission reports and check for inconsistent testimony as to how events unfolded going back to the days of Margaret Thatcher and the Cold War's finale.

(MORE)

PINKER (CONT'D)

After years of investigation, I ended up recruiting a team myself made up of operatives with an exemplary service record. The initial membership consisted of a handful of agents but in time expanded to include Fiona Redbridge, Philip Hayward, Robert Davis, Agatha Edgeworth, and Lucas Carter, who I understand you murdered last month, all were under my protective watch. Oh and there was one more who we mustn't forget, your mentor, Lori McKinnon.

JACKIE

Lori? Lori worked for you?

PINKER

Yes. Before she was a grubby gun-runner. Throughout the new millennium, she was hands down our most effective anti-corruption operative. Working high profile missions in the Middle East and moonlighting as my informant as if she could juggle two double lives with ease. After the mission indicted our fifth station head, I was dispatched to Langley, join the CIA, repeat the same thing all over for the stars and stripes kingdom. Agent Mckinnon inherited my command, naturally, but soon results began to wane. Suspects we'd long had under surveillance disappeared overnight. New covert investigations yeilded nothing but useless jargon out of carelessness and contradiction. And when the time came for punishment, offenders were given early retirement over imprisonment. Soon the mission was corrupted itself through lazines, mistrust and outright anarchy. The gigantic data archive we amassed ended up traded to a common criminal who used it to put a detente on a losing battle. Agents Redbridge and Davis died on the same assignment; a bad lead on a weapons shipment in Danzig.

(MORE)

PINKER (CONT'D)

Hayward was found naked in some backstreet bordello in Lima, heroine in his arm and bank codes leading to an account well above his salary. And Agatha Edgeworth, well, she had a hunch some rotten element was leaking details of our little game to the big, bad people, took a leave of absence out east and never returned. Besides, ever since 9/11, the CIA thought less of rooting out secret enemies at home than blowing up out and out enemies living along the Euphrates, and I became surplus to requirements. What London and Langley now was a unity in heart and mind against global terrorism and for all agencies to follow their lead. This is where you feature into this story, Rookie. Your status as the legendary rookie, fresh from the academy, spotless record. You had a purity that comes from all the training with none of the experience of deep cover operations. Myself, your trainer, and senior staff all agreed you would be of most service to the crown as a lightning rod for bad people. Many suspects not yet convicted and still with positions of importance within security were in need of new allies, new blood. You were given to Lori to be pushed in front of agents for whom there was no proof of their criminal activities. Through close examination of your mission reports, financial records, sometimes taping your conversations mid-mission, you were going to be the lamb to somebody else's slaughter, leaving a trail of information breadcrumbs for us to pick up along the way. The problem came in about a year later when, even with evidence you had unwittingly gathered, began to be inconsistent, as if an agent on the ground was manipulating the information before it reached us, someone who knew our secret operation intimately, enough to anticipate our before soon enough my prime suspect became Agent McKinnon herself. She was given an

JACKIE

Midas?

PINKER

Yes, Lady Midas. Little miss golden touch. A little on the nose, but I thought it would put the fear of God into her if she ever came across what we were doing: investigating our own investigation. A love of riches that lead to a nation's ruin, that was the crede. Lori McKinnon's guilt was like dark matter, you couldn't put it under a microscope yet without it, nothing made sense. She was in the open, yet invisible. By that time, I was beginning to feel outmatched, too many allies had gone, and we seemed now shoter on enemies. Of course, I was mostly working as an inquisitor for internal affairs.

JACKIE

I remember.

PINKER

I couldn't go into the field anymore. Too old. Not fast enough anymore, which was why that night at the Dorechester hotel all those years ago was a blessing in disguise.

JACKIE

The Saudi Foreign Minister died and you call that a blessing.

PINKER

As long as there was no stain on Lori's reputation, she could continue going on as normal. She would be untouchable. But when news reached me an operaiton under her control, had faltered, resulting in the deaths of two foreign dignitaries and a number of our own operatives, I was at last able to act. So taking the opportunity, I reasserted control swiftly and with great effect.

(MORE)

PINKER (CONT'D)

Our mission started all those years ago had finally come to an end with the irony of knowing our inquest into internal corruption had itself been corrupted internally. After three days inquiry, I convinced the higher ups to disavow the entire unit for incompetence. Cut out the rot entirely. In time, trust in ourselves would be reestablished and before we knew it, Mi6 once the embarrassment of international security fit for pulp fiction tales was at the forefront once more.

JACKIE

Why? Why me?

PINKER

The greater good, so it's been called. Lori has a hydra's instinct: when we cut off one head, three more grew in its place. I knew it wouldn't be long before she took up business as

JACKIE

You destroyed my career. I couldn't get a job until Lori took me in.

PINKER

Rumours of corruption and double dealing stuck to your little clique like toffee pudding. Of course, we couldn't prove anything. We had to make our decisions based on mistrust and suspicion. That's all espionage is and ever will be.

JACKIE

Don't patronize me.

PINKER

In chess terms, you were a pawn sacrifice. Al Queda took credit, but you and I both know bull-pies when we see them. Christopher killed him. He was also an agent under investigation.

JACKIE

He didn't.

PINKER

Just because you can't find the evidence. Besides, if it wasn't him, then who else had a motive? No-one, that's who.

JACKIE

There was no trace of poison outside the body. There was no means of opportunity.

PINKER

Nobody knows how he did it and Carter executed him before we had chance. We had to send out teams to bring some people in. Which reminds me...

Pinker looks confused - what did happen that night?

PINKER (CONT'D)

Why did you come back? I would have understood if you fled, would have made things easier, in fact.

JACKIE

I thought... I thought I could clear my name.

PINKER

You were a fool.

Jackie freezes. The joke is one her. She reaches to remove the syringe from the IV until...

PINKER (CONT'D)

Leave it.
(beat)
It's lonely here.

Jackie stops, astonished. Pinker returns her gaze as she wells up but doesn't cry. Pinker smiles, a small victory.

PINKER (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, I always thought you were one of the good ones. Could never prove it. Life must have been hell.

Jackie stands and walks out. John's fate remains uncertain.

ACT THREE

INT. WINDOW - DAY

Lori standing looking out of the window. Wistfully.

BEATRIZ

Look at this.

She shows a news story on her tablet: Jackie's exploits against Mi6. Lori doesn't flinch.

LORI

What a shambles! People suffering, people hurting, people dying.

BEATRIZ

It's very sad.

LORI

It's fucking hysterical. I made my stripes smuggling enemy hostiles through the Berlin Wall. People would sell their first born child just to creep through half a mile of concrete. Now, those days seem miles away.

BEATRIZ

Something's wrong, boss. Can't you see that?

LORI

She's coming for me, you know. She can't be stopped.

BEATRIZ

Who? Jackie? She thinks you're trying to hunt her down.

LORI

And yet, I'm doing all I can to bring her out of the cold. How did this happen, every side thinks the other has gone AWOL, crazy, or worse?

BEATRIZ

I'm quitting.

Lori turns around. Sure enough, Beatriz is serious.

LORI
Makes sense.

BEATRIZ
Do you even care?

LORI
The age of integrity is finally
over. Loyalty to the highest price.
Faith to your pay check. Trust in
only yourself.

Beatriz looks sad and leaves.

LORI (CONT'D)
I'm no hero. Never was. Never will
be, but I remember what it was like
to be among them.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

London nightlife plays out below. Jackie resides within
cleaning her rifle.

JACKIE
(to herself)
Bang.

Phone.

BEATRIZ (VIA PHONE)
It's bad. Lori's become unhinged.
I've left her and I need you to get
a way out.

JACKIE
What's in it for me?

BEATRIZ
Would you like to know where she's
hiding?

JACKIE
I don't need the vengeance.

BEATRIZ
But you want to retire.

Beat

JACKIE
It's all a circle, isn't it. You
can't outrun fate.

She packs up and goes away.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mr Saperstein talks to the troops. Secure in his stand off with Rolloe. He wants to track down Jackie and get back the Mega Drive.

SAPERSTEIN

Losing the megadrive and eliminating Rollo, things cannot stay the way they are. I thank you all for your loyalty in these trying times. I have been preparing for this victory day and night. All we need now is to get back what is ours. And our co-operative will be secured for the next fifty years. Gentlemen, to a new era of co-existence.

His men rise and leave, confident.

Ashley hobbles in supporting himself with crutches.

ASHLEY

Father.

SAPERSTEIN

How are you finding crutches?

ASHLEY

I'll feel better when the bitch is bleeding like a dead sow.

SAPERSTEIN

Easy. While we should hate our enemies, we should not gloat when they are defeated. She won't last much longer and life will return to normal. That remains that.

ASHLEY

What's the plan? Silence her before we're compromised.

SAPERSTEIN

Word on the street is she was last hold out in Dalston's industrial quarter. The men I sent to find her came back empty handed.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jackie waits near a wall phones. When she's satisfied she's alone, she calls up Mi6.

JACKIE (INTO PHONE)

Jackie.

Before they can answer. Jackie hands up. She casually waits for 10 seconds. The phone rings.

CUT TO:

INT. MI6 OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Jones and other agents examine a map of London. Jackie's previous locations named. An agent bursts in, astonished.

JONES

What?

AGENT

Line 1.

Jones answers the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jackie on phone.

JACKIE

I quit. You win. I surrender. I'm turning myself in.

JONES

No tricks.

JACKIE

Trust me, I'm all out of options.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Jackie smiles to herself.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Tomorrow. Your building.

Jackie hangs up again enters the kitchen and exits through back door.

CUT TO:

INT. MAFIA BASE

The mafia are listening to a tapped phone. Someone passes Saperstein the list. He now knows where Jackie will surrender herself, and his drive.

CUT TO:

INT. MI6 RECEPTION - NEXT DAY

Jackie enters in cuffs escorted by two agents. All eyes on her as she's marched through the plaza.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jackie sits in a room almost nigh identical to the beginning. This time she's actually smiling. Jones enters.

JACKIE

I'm powerless to resist. I have no choice but to cooperate.

JONES

Surrender the drive and we can talk about a reduced sentence.

JACKIE

For what

JONES

Treason.

JACKIE

Funny. I've heard a lot about that recently. Running around, you hear crazy rumours.

JONES

Surrender the drive. That's the deal. Take it.

JACKIE

Relax. You don't trust me? I told you, the drive has been lying in pieces down some back alley for about three weeks. I destroyed it myself.

Jones is frustrated.

JONES
Let's pretend for a second that's true. Why would you ever surrender yourself?

JACKIE
I wouldn't call it surrendering.

JONES
(scoffs)
Handcuffs. I'd beg to differ.

JACKIE
Wait. We can do it silently.

She stares at him. Returns to the silence from the opening scene.

EXT. BASE - DAY

Mafia boys pull up in two black sedans before two guards.

GUARD #1
Move along.

Beat

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
I said.

The mafia guys open fire. Killing both of them. A third guard raises the alarm.

GUARD #3
Incoming.

Ashley shoots him dead from his wheelchair.

ASHLEY
Get that bitch!

The Mafia hit squad infiltrate the building, taking down scores along the way.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Silence again. Suddenly the ALARM sounds. Everything on lockdown.

At that, Jackie roundhouses him in the face. Her combat prowess easily outmatches him. She exits onto:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Jackie sprints down the corridor. Jones emerges, shakey with a broken nose and full of fury.

JONES
Get after her!

An unsuspecting AGENT turns a corner. Jackie punches him in the throat, letting him fall to the ground.

Jones watches her go, feeling inept. He staggers to his feet, pulls out his side arm and begins his pursuit.

CORNER - CORRIDOR

Jackie sprints ahead, trying to evade everything.

LIFT

Two MAFIA HIT MEN exit. Sidearms ready. They see Jackie and open fire as she darts into.

OFFICE

She overturns a desk, takes cover underneath it.

CORRIDOR

Jones takes cover from the hit men's fire. He speaks into radio.

JONES (RADIO) (CONT'D)
Detainee loose on floor three.

INT. CORRIDOR - ANOTHER FLOOR

Agents return fire from Mafia. Two or three dead either side. An AGENT answers the radio amid a mass evacuation.

AGENT
We need help down here.

BACK TO JONES

Frustrated look on his face, he has to give up chase on Jackie.

JONES

OK. This is station chief Jones.
All units proceed to reinforce
first floor. Over.

He turns and runs downstairs, opposite of Jackie.

INT. OFFICE

The Hit men riddle the table with bullets. One investigates, but Jackie bursts out from somewhere else, ambushes them both.

In one smooth motion, she breaks the neck of one. Uses him as a human shield for two's gun fire. While he reloads, Jackie searches her human shield for weapons. She find a KNIFE and throws it, hitting two square in the forehead killing him.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Ashley's men are causing havoc.

ASHLEY

Have we found her?

MAFIA

We've secured the ground floor.
There's nowhere to go but up.

ASHLEY

Excellent.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR

Jackie walks through shooting agents and mafia hit men alike. Completely indiscriminently. She has created absolute chaos.

Eventually she reaches....

ASHLEY

He's got his finger on the trigger, salivating for revenge.

JACKIE

You want this so bad, don't you?

ASHLEY

I-

Jackie shoots him dead.

JACKIE

You are the least of my problems
today.

Jackie runs on.

CUT TO:

1ST FLOOR

Jones and other agents have taken back control. All the mafia men are dead. Jones sees Jackie walking away from the carnage.

AGENT

She's still within catachable
distance.

He's about to go, but Jones tops him.

JONES

There's too many casualties. That
was her plan all along.

AGENT

Sir?

JONES

The hunt is over.

Jones looks defeated, 1000 yard stare.

INT. MAFIA BASE - LATER

Saperstein alone in his study. Relaxing, staring into a fish tank. Completely zen.

Behind him, we see Jackie enter the room silently, not triggering his attention.

She gets close enough to place her gun to his temple. Saperstein turns. He knows it's over.

SAPERSTEIN

Well played.

Jackie pistol whips him, knocking him out cold.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCKS - DAY

Saperstein wakes to find himself weighed and chained to a dolly and looking into the deep blue sea.

Jackie waits nearby, cold and stoic. Both of them are out of sight from prying eyes behind some crates.

Saperstein smiles. At last, someone has beaten him.

SAPERSTEIN

Heh. Finally defeated.

JACKIE

Yep. Completely outmanouvered.

Saperstein stares across the bay, taking in the beauty.

SAPERSTEIN

Am I really going to die?

JACKIE

You put me through a lot. Call it karma, but you have to go.

SAPERSTEIN

Exactly. Captain should go down with ship. I suppose the saying must be true for business men and their co-operatives.

JACKIE

Maybe we could have had a strong working relationship if you weren't trying to kill me.

SAPERSTEIN

Hey! You robbed me.

Saperstein gets whistful.

SAPERSTEIN (CONT'D)

I used to come here alot as boy. Of course, there were less skyscrapers and more frigates. A true golden age. Now look at it, London is dirtier, somehow.

JACKIE

Let's make this quick. Last words?

SAPERSTEIN

For all my carefullness, for all my hard work, I never planned for retirement. Never raised a worth successor. Miss, you have my respect, as a tactician. And as a criminal. If you'd been under my employ before this all blew up into a mess, you wouldn't be a fugitive and I wouldn't be ruined. Let me tell you something, Jackie. Don't waste your time with this life. I have killed so many. One day the same will happen to you.

SAPERSTEIN (CONT'D)

By the way, it was Lori.

At that, Saperstein throws himself in the water. Jackie watches with a mixture of horror and admiration as he sinks below to the briney deep.

JACKIE

This has to end. Can't keep playing secret agent forever.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jackie creeps around trying to stay out of sight. A bullet zips past her head emdedding itself into a panel.

Laura is hit and bleeds from the stomach profusely.

LORI

It's ok, rookie. There's no point fighting anymore.

JACKIE

Why? Why?

LORI

You want to know or do you just want closure.

JACKIE

Both. Does it matter?

LORI

An agent's life is short and ends keeping someone else's secret.

JACKIE

Sure is.

LORI

I remember when I started out. Loyalty. Duty. Comrades. These meant everything to me. I fought alongside these people and gave it my all to see them home safe. But one by one, sometimes dozens at a time, they were either captured or killed and then defamed so their legacy could not come back to haunt the people I was protecting and thought were protecting me. Then another rookie came along, filling the vacancy. And I realised I'd have to begin the process all over again. Stranger to friend. Friend to confident. Confident to family. Family to corpse. In time, I stopped caring entirely. I didn't even care who I fought for anymore. It didn't matter. You're treated the same no matter who you fight for.

JACKIE

Why did you do this?

LORI

The comrades I've lost. Won't stop hurting.

JACKIE

I feel the pain also.

LORI

Ha! And tell me, rookie, what does that look like? In the end, we only work for that which works against us. You're dispensable. Something to be disposed of when the mission's over.

JACKIE

That's quite the philosophy. I should be going. This has by no means ended.

LORI

I don't care about you, at all. There have been so many comrades lost.

JACKIE
Yeah. That's our worklife for you.

LORI
Just one more thing. Why did you betray us Jackie? You were always the one comrade I thought I could trust.

JACKIE
What? Lori? Lori?

But Lori is dead. More questions swirl around Jackie's head.

INT. SCENE - APARTMENT - DAY

Jackie reclines. She has had enough of this

INT. DOCKYARDS - DAY

Beatriz walks toward a FERRY out of the UK.

Jackie accosts her.

JACKIE
How does it feel to play the traitor?
(beat)
Christopher?

Eveln reacts. Unsure how to interpret her.

BEATRIZ
Sorry?

JACKIE
Who else is left, Beatriz? Just you. Pretending to be a dead agent, that took some doing.

BEATRIZ
I have no idea what you're talking about.

JACKIE
Lori told me everything. She died thinking I betrayed

BEATRIZ
Why would she do that? You've been loyal ever since you started.

JACKIE

Someone poisoned her against me.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I kept my word. She didn't suffer. She said you knew about Christopher.

BEATRIZ

He could still be out there, Jackie. Undercover. We never recovered the body.

JACKIE

He was shot by Lucas Carter who thought he was about to betray his country over ten years ago. Christopher is dead.

She looks about as sad as can be, but toughens up.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Now, I've got something else in mind. Retirement. You see, I've given over half my life to keeping secrets, even for Queen and Country. I'm tired.

BEATRIZ

I'm glad to hear that. Live for yourself.

JACKIE

I will, but if there's one thing I hate it's loose ends. And you Beatriz are the loose end that cost me a career in Mi6.

BEATRIZ

You can let me go. You have enough money to set you up for life. We both do.

JACKIE

What about our 'friends' at the Mi6? What about their lives?

BEATRIZ

There are always casualties in battle. The ones who survive are the ones who live for themselves. Isn't it about time you do the same?

JACKIE

I had something else in mind like retiring. I think I've given enough of my life to others. Time to start living for myself.

(beat)

Does this have something to do with you constantly living in my shadow?

BEATRIZ

Shut up! Shut up!

JACKIE

And now your spirit's broken.

BEATRIZ

Just get it over with and kill me already.

Jackie pulls out the gun and shoots her dead in the head.

JACKIE

It's a shame to remember you like this, wretched, broken, underneath my boot. Give my regards to the old gang. Though I think they would have kicked you out by now.

Jackie shoots Beatriz - killing her stone dead. She kicks her body into the harbour.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Rookie.

INT. MI6 OFFICE - DAY - A FEW DAYS LATER

A few days later. Jones packs away his desk. He's been relieved. On his now empty desk his phone rings. Call ID withheld.

JONES

So you survived? Good for you.

JACKIE

Lucky guess, Mr station chief.

JONES

It's former station chief now. Former everything really.

JACKIE

I'm sorry to hear that. Hopefully,
you'll be the last casualty
following this... indiscretion.

JONES

Is this what making peace feels
like? You know, detente is about
letting bygones do their thing.

JACKIE

Something like that.

JONES

For what it's worth, I only wanted
to retrieve that information. I had
no idea it would involve hunting
you down like a rabid animal.

JACKIE

I guessed as much. You know nobody
inspires loyalty sitting behind a
desk all day.

JONES

Thanks for the career's advice,
renegade.

JACKIE

Whatever. I hope you understand it
was only business. I think we're
both tired of sending good agents
to the morgue. No challenge. No
fun.

(beat)

So, what are you going to do now?

JONES

Oh! Suddenly you care?

JACKIE

From one retiree to another, it
gets easier every day. Make friends
and do what your heart desires. You
have time now.

JONES

Queen and Country isn't all it's
cracked up to be. Is it?

JACKIE

Before you go, I have a favour to
ask.

JONES
Name it.

JACKIE
Delete me.

JONES
Deal. But who could forget you?

JACKIE
Bite me.

She hangs up. Jones smiles to himself and logs onto the computer. Jackie's profile comes up. He orders and override and deletes her from record. We CLOSE on her face as we fade to-

INT. NEW APARTMENT - FINALE - DAY

Sunny day and Jackie's sunny expression.

JACKIE
Life is good.

We PAN away. A new chapter of her life is about to start. All ends well for those who survived.

FADE OUT:

END