



BLACK SCREEN

Portsmouth, England

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

The sound of multiple GROWLS accompanies a pack of bloodthirsty VAMPIRES who run toward us - fangs extended, eyes red, bloodlust on turbo!

The first one who races in - ready to rip whoever it's coming for apart - is despatched by a hard SMACK to the face by the butt of a SHOTGUN!

As the vampire goes sprawling, PULL BACK to reveal who knocked him down:

JACKSON BYERS

who swirls the shotgun around, cocks it and FIRES repeated shots at the remaining vampires coming!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Each of the pack are sent flying back from the blasts until all lie dead - Jackson's weapon smoking.

JACKSON

Chew on that, suckers!

TOP DOWN VIEW

revealing Jackson - alongside JOHN HENRY BOONE and of course ALEC WALKER - surrounded by heavy-duty old MACHINERY in an otherwise abandoned factory.

All three are being hemmed in amidst the machinery by nothing less than a horde of VAMPIRES - all of them thirsty for blood, numbers barely depleted as our trio knock them down.

BOONE

I'm not liking the numbers involved here, Alec.

BANG!

Boone fires at a vampire who comes at him from the side - crawling across the machinery - with his revolver, killing him instantly!

BOONE (CONT'D)

We're down four, maybe five to one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC

I can see that, John Henry.

Alec - eyes and hands GLOWING WHITE - turns and fires a BOLT OF WHITE ENERGY at a pair of vampires who come at him from behind, launching them back!

ALEC (CONT'D)

We need to stand firm.

(nods)

Our friend from America is calling them. Backup will be on it's way.

JACKSON

It should be here already!

Jackson swirls to the right and BANG! The shotgun blows back a vampire who leaps through the air toward him!

The trio move back - hemmed back - into an open area of factory behind the machinery, a clearing of sorts.

TOP DOWN VIEW

Revealing Alec, Jackson and Boone surrounded by a circle of the bloodthirsty vampires, fangs still ready - all GROWLING hungrily!

All three are cornered, trapped, the vampires hovering and waiting to strike.

BOONE

So Alec... how in the name of Christ do we get out of this one?

Alec doesn't have an immediate answer but as he thinks, all three begin to hear a mechanical noise across the way...

...before seeing a large SERVICE DOOR electronically sliding upwards behind the circle of vampires, revealing the night outside.

ALEC

Gentlemen, I think we just found our exit point.

JACKSON

(nods)

That's cool. It is. But, case you hadn't noticed... trapped by a circle of the Cain's finest!

Not listening to him, Alec closes his eyes and begins breathing rhythmically, almost in a meditative fashion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His hands still GLOW... a glow that begins to grow more radiant as Jackson and Boone look on.

BOONE

Alec, much as I think you'd benefit from a calmer soul, is this really the best time to channel your chakra?!

(no response)

Alec?!

(to Jackson)

What's he doing?

Jackson doesn't respond, simply watches as Alec - still breathing carefully - suddenly opens his eyes with a FLASH!

His eyes have never been this white and they continue to glow, as do his palms...

JACKSON

(realises; to Boone)

You're going to want to duck, my man!

BOONE

Why?!

JACKSON

(already on the floor)

Because he's about to blow!

Boone sees Jackson now lying on the floor, face down, hands covering his head. He's seen this before.

Looking at Alec, seeing his whole body now starting to glow outwardly as well as his hands and eyes - he seems in complete control.

Taking the advice, Boone hits the ground just as Alec's build up reaches a climax and we...

CUT TO BLACK:

JONATHAN RHYS MEYERS

MIRANDA RAISON

LEONARD ROBERTS

AND PHILIP GLENISTER

WALKER

“KENNEDY’S PEOPLE”
BY A.J. BLACK

with
RUPERT PENRY-JONES

ALLISON DOODY

GUEST STARRING

TREVOR EVE

ANDREW BUCHAN

MARC WARREN

SPECIAL GUEST STARS

ROMOLA GARAI

NATHAN FILLION

BLACK SCREEN

36 Hours Earlier
Newcastle, England

FADE IN:

EXT. NEWCASTLE - DAY

To establish - smoggy cloud cover drips over the North East metropolis.

EVE (prelap)
The situation concerning Jonathan Colby?

INT. THE CORE - EVE'S OFFICE - DAY

At the desk inside the tasteful office within the MI-16 Core, Alec sits facing the director of the department.

ALEC
You mean Flame?

EVE CARNAHAN sits back in her chair, nods - waits.

ALEC (CONT'D)
What is it you want me to say?

EVE
You've been coordinating with him as of late. I don't believe I'm misinformed.

ALEC
(nods)
You're not. We have.

EVE
Agent Parker too?

Alec begins to realise what Eve is getting at here.

ALEC
You don't approve of Chloe's usage as part of my team.

EVE
What I don't approve of necessarily is MI-16 becoming an open book for Colby Industries.

ALEC
It's Flame's father who runs the company.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE

Who happens to be someone with a very murky side to him, if what you've told me is true. Come on now, Alec, I'm not some wet behind the ears trainee.

Eve's curt tone puts Alec back a little.

EVE (CONT'D)

Jonathan Colby one day will be running that empire, and it does not serve the interests of this country to have such a conglomerate knowing secrets we protect to keep the public safe.

ALEC

Flame isn't a corporate spy, Eve.
(beat)

We're utilising him because he has Dominic Reese in protective custody, safe from the Cain, safe from Maitland.

(nods)

Reese could be the key to Spartacus, you know this. Flame can help us figure out how.

Eve knows this makes logical sense but still clearly is not happy about it.

ALEC (CONT'D)

(stern)

Besides... this is my decision.
Not MI-16's.

Alec holds firm before Eve, who slowly nods - she's not about to question it.

EXT. COLBY INDUSTRIES - DAY

To establish - the large Colby building at the heart of Newcastle's commercial centre.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM

A soft BEEPING fills the quite plush, specially-developed recovery room high-up in the building as we PAN UP and ACROSS a medical bed...

...and finally rest on the prone form of DOMINIC REESE, hooked up to numerous machines around him emitting the noise, a LAMP illuminating him as he dozes.

A FIGURE in shadow enters frame, standing by the side of the bed. We recognise the voice:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOONE (O.S.)
Wake up, Dominic.

The voice is enough to stir Dominic from his light slumber, he a touch disoriented.

DOMINIC
Be--Beth?

The unmistakable form of Boone perches on a seat next to the bed, entering the light, as Dominic sees him.

BOONE
I think she went to get a coffee.
She deserved a break. Besides, I
wanted a word.

Dominic looks at him with an element of confusion, getting more of his bearings.

DOMINIC
Who--who are you?

BOONE
My name is John Henry Boone. I'm
a colleague of Mr. Colby. I hope
you thanked him for what he's
done here.

DOMINIC
What do you want... Mr. Boone?

A beat as Boone considers his words - finally pulling out the ROSARY BEADS tucked into his jacket pocket.

BOONE
You recognise these?

DOMINIC
(frowns; obviously)
They're... rosary beads.

BOONE
(nods)
But do you know how they work?
(Dominic shakes
his head)
The idea of the rosary is a
physical method of tracking the
number of Hail Mary's said by the
devout. The fingers are moved
along the beads as the prayers
are recited and, by not having to
keep track of the count mentally,
it allows the mind to meditate
more on the mysteries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dominic looks at him strangely as Boone fingers the beads, noting his expression.

BOONE (CONT'D)
You're not a religious man, are you?

DOMINIC
(shrugs)
I go to church at Christmas.

BOONE
(smiles)
I used to be like you, a long time ago. It was when God saw fit to give my life struggle that I began to understand things like rosary beads.
(nods)
I'm a vampire, Dominic.

Hearing how casually says this, Dominic sits up a little - a touch freaked out.

BOONE (CONT'D)
I'm part of a group who believe in the purity of our kind. Who believe God loves us all - man or monster. Vampire or human.
(beat)
We're called the Schism. There aren't many of us left anymore but... that will change, one day.

Dominic isn't as freaked out - more enraptured a touch by Boone's words.

BOONE (CONT'D)
I'm not ashamed of what I am, what God made me. But I was once. And it took me a very long time to accept that I was this way.
(shakes his head)
It's never an easy transformation.

DOMINIC
Is that why you came here? To... to tell me to accept what I am?

BOONE
(beat)
I came here Dominic to tell you that, if you let him... God can do to you what he did to me. He can save your soul.
(nods)
You just have to let him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On that, Boone opens Dominic's hand, places his rosary beads inside and closes it up.

He walks away from the bed and out of sight as Dominic opens his hand - staring at the beads with much to think about.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CORE - DAY

Busy as ever, the core remains full of hustle and bustle as CHLOE PARKER perches at her desk - attempting to find some oasis of calm as she works.

On a chair next to her, routinely throwing a BASEBALL into the air and catching it, sits Jackson.

JACKSON

I don't even get why Eve requests these meetings. It ain't like we work for you guys.

CHLOE

Can't say as I blame her wanting to be kept in the loop. Alec can be awfully secretive.

Jackson continues throwing and catching. It's starting to irritate Chloe clearly.

JACKSON

Sure, I get that, but Alec don't really owe her any answers. Long as we bring the bad guys in.

CHLOE

Yeah and how often does that happen?

(quickly; off

Jackson's throwing)

Do you have to keep doing that?

JACKSON

(looks at her)

What? It's good for the arm muscles.

CHLOE

(shakes her head)

Jack, you and I are never sharing an office.

A little grin from Jackson before he sees Alec exit the main office, trying to conceal his irritation as he approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

How'd twenty questions go?

Chloe turns, noticing Alec's arrival - focuses on it.

ALEC

It went.

(nods)

Eve isn't altogether happy about Flame but she knows it's out of her jurisdiction.

(to Jackson)

With us, anyway.

CHLOE

(frowns)

What if she took it further? She could go all the way to Kennedy--

ALEC

Sir Allan Kennedy does not run the Black Chapter.

(off Chloe's look)

Unlike everyone else, he doesn't scare me.

A little nod from Chloe - that wasn't a slight on her but it cuts a little deep. Is she scared?

The beat is interrupted as Boone enters via a nearby doorway, approaching them as he hangs up his FEDORA.

BOONE

How are things at the ranch, ladies and gents?

ALEC

Did you check in on Flame?

BOONE

(nods)

No news so far. There's still a way to go but Dominic will get there... with our help.

Alec nods - knows that's about the best he's going to get today.

EVE (O.S.)

I'm glad I've got you all in one place.

All eyes on Eve as she emerges from her office, approaching the group.

CHLOE

Something wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE

Not yet. But I just had quite an interesting phone call.

(off their looks)

Seems two people in London want to come forward with some important intel on a certain Project Spartacus.

Alec exchanges looks with the others - all surprised at this sudden turn.

ALEC

People from where?

EVE

(beat)

The DSR.

Boone glances at Alec, looking quite surprised. He never expected that.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

London, England

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON - DAY

To establish - a classic sweeping view of the cultured part of the English capital, sun shining down.

EXT. BRITISH LIBRARY - DAY

To establish - patrons and readers mill in an out the entrance of the historic library building.

CHLOE (prelap)

Am I the only one who finds all this a bit strange?

INT. AISLE - BRITISH LIBRARY

A long, large aisle filled with a multitude of tomes and books - down which Alec leads Chloe, Jackson and Boone.

JACKSON

What? That we're meeting US government contacts in one of the most historic libraries in the world?

(fake scoffs)

What could be weird about that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

I was thinking more about why agents of the DSR would contact MI-16 in Newcastle, for a start. Why not London? Or the field offices in Manchester, even Birmingham?

(shakes her head)

And what's the neutral location all about?

BOONE

Better than clandestine. Least if this was a trap, we'd have plenty of librarians to back us up.

Chloe rolls her eyes a little but Alec grins slightly at the remark.

ALEC

I shouldn't worry. We're dealing with the Department of Special Research. I've tended to find them above reproach.

JACKSON

Can't say as I know all that much about them. Except they're my country's version of MI-16.

BOONE

The guy who started it was a good man. I knew him.

ALEC

(nods)

He was one of us.

He ignores a sideways look from Chloe.

ALEC (CONT'D)

And I've worked with the current regime more than once recently. They very much follow in his--

Alec stops in his tracks suddenly, Chloe and the others stopping behind him. He begins to listen.

CHLOE

You hearing something?

Alec NODS, begins walking a little further up the aisle... as he hears a British WOMAN and an American MAN quite audibly squabbling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC
(smiles)
It would have to be...

He continues walking as the voices become more audible:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
...don't be daft, I'm not going
to break my neck standing on a
ladder!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(overlapping)
I've heard about deadly injuries
from old fashioned equipment in a
lot of professions before. I was
a cop, remember...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(overlapping)
And sweetie, I was a librarian.
Trust me, I'm--

Alec rounds the corner, a big grin all over his face.

ALEC
I might have known it would be
you two.

And we finally reveal the identity of the two speakers:

OWEN MITCHUM - tall, dark hair, late 30s. And on a small
book ladder, reading glasses on, SARA KENNEDY - blonde,
bookish but beautiful, early 30s.

SARA
(sees Alec)
Alec Walker!

OWEN
Good to see you, man.

Alec nods, shakes Owen's extended hand, as Sara climbs
down from the ladder and rushes over...

...wrapping Alec into a tight HUG, surprising him as much
as his colleagues. Jackson and Chloe exchange a glance.

SARA
I'm so glad you came!
(breaks off hug)
Have you gotten taller?

A little grin from Alec as he turns, Sara and Owen next
to him, to the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC
Everyone, allow me to introduce
Sara Kennedy and Owen Mitchum...
of the DSR.

CHLOE
(surprised)
Kennedy?

ALEC
Yes, this is Sir Allan's daughter.

SARA
(sighs)
Don't bloody remind me!

EXT. ENTRANCE STEPS - BRITISH LIBRARY - LATER

The group are all now perched on the steps outside the
historic library - patrons fanning in and out around them.

Alec, Jackson, Chloe and Boone all sit on a step above
where Sara and Owen address them from.

SARA
I should think you've been quizzing
yourselves a little bit on why we
called you but... I think you'll
find this was worth the trip.

CHLOE
You said you had information on
Spartacus?

OWEN
Yeah, I'm Spartacus.

They all look at him. Not even Sara laughs. Anyone else
see that tumbleweed?

OWEN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Bad joke, uh...
(coughs)
DSR have been looking into Dietrich
Biomedical last few months, keeping
an eye on them. Especially after
the apparent death of Marlon
Dietrich.

SARA
Good work on that, by the way.

ALEC
(nods)
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OWEN

Unfortunately... our intel says Dietrich's company are still operational.

JACKSON

Must be the deal they made with Maitland. The Cain bought shares, remember?

Alec nods - he's not likely to forget.

OWEN

We recently tracked a major shipment of... something... from dockyards on Manhattan Island all the way to Portsmouth. Shipping records referred to 'Site A'.

And this gets Alec's attention:

ALEC

Site A?

OWEN

That sound familiar?

ALEC

This whole mess started with a facility called Site B. This is too much of a coincidence.

BOONE

Sounds a bloody Hell of a lot like Spartacus to me.

A few exchanged nods of agreement around the group.

CHLOE

I have to ask you both something...
(shakes her head)
Why so clandestine with the intel?
If you have solid information on Spartacus, why not go straight to London with it?

Sara and Owen exchange a little look between each other.

SARA

Partly because the House of Cain could well be watching... and partly because I don't relish the idea of coordinating with my father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OWEN

(quickly)

And books. She likes books. Hence the venue.

CHLOE

(after a beat)

Well, I hate to be the one who states the obvious but... if we want to make serious inroads into Spartacus on British soil...

ALEC

We're going to have to co-ordinate this with Sir Allan Kennedy.

Chloe nods - he said what she clearly didn't want to.

SARA

(sighs)

I was afraid you'd say that.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

To establish - the DOME of the historic St. Paul's Cathedral.

INT. ENTRANCE LOBBY

A small ante-room where a LIFT built into the stone wall resides - two dark-suited GUARDS stood either side.

Owen leads Alec, Jackson, Chloe, Boone and Sara through from the main church area.

BOONE

You seem quite au fait with how the set up works, Owen.

OWEN

(nods)

I've been here before.

Sara glances at him in surprise - she clearly didn't know that.

All stop as they see the lift doors open and out step AGENT JOHN WEXLER (20s, English, sharply dressed). Owen takes it all in his stride, nodding to the new arrival.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Wexler.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEXLER

(smiles)

Agent Mitchum. Welcome back to MI-16.

The two men shake hands as Wexler looks at the others - claspng eyes on a pleasantly surprised, grinning Chloe.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

(surprised)

Chloe? Chloe Parker?

CHLOE

Didn't expect to see me, did you John?

Chloe moves forward and gives Wexler a brief hug - they're clearly old friends. A hint of discomfort from Alec?

CHLOE (CONT'D)

This is--

WEXLER

(nods)

I know who everyone is, don't worry.

(to all)

He... he's waiting for you.

A few exchanged looks before Alec begins moving toward the lift.

ALEC

Then let's not keep him any longer.

They all trickle into the lift, Wexler the last - who the doors close on as the lift descends.

INT. MI-16 - DAY

The lift door opens and Wexler is the first out, followed by Owen, then Sara - and then Chloe, Jackson, Boone and finally Alec.

They've not all been here before and Alec steps forward.

ALEC

(nods)

Impressive.

ANGLE ON

A huge, modern and high-tech space, completely underground, looking like it's hewn straight out of the natural rock. AGENTS work glossy MACS in all directions. The place feels highly energised at all times, but nobody shouts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(commanding)
Wexler?

Wexler hears the voice that he, Owen, Chloe and especially Sara recognise...

...that of SIR ALLAN KENNEDY, who approaches the group from within the busy core. He's tall, silver-haired, late-50's and a very fearsome presence.

WEXLER
Sir Allan. I believe you know everybody.

Kennedy NODS as he gives a brief nod to Chloe, to Owen, to the others... before his vision rests on Sara.

SARA
(flat)
Hello, Dad.

KENNEDY
(after a beat)
Sara.

A very awkward beat as they all sense the tension here.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
(finally; to Wexler)
Briefing in ten minutes. Show them where to go.

Wexler nods as Kennedy, without another word, strides away across the floor.

JACKSON
Ow.

Chloe looks at Sara, trying to hide her disappointment at her father's cold greeting.

KENNEDY (prelap)
Whoever insisted this intel was brought to me... it was the right decision.

INT. MI-16 - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A spacious briefing room with glass walls giving a view of the Core all around. Kennedy stands at the head of the room, looking on the others.

Alec, Jackson, Boone, Chloe, Sara, Owen and indeed Wexler all perch around the table in the middle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEXLER

I believe it was Agent Parker's
idea, sir.

Kennedy nods approvingly at Chloe, clearly not delighted
with being in the spotlight.

She notices Sara give her a little sideways glance, not a
particularly nice one either.

KENNEDY

Having now digested the details
concerning the supposed 'Site-A',
this needs to become an MI-16
operation under my aegis.

SARA

(quickly)
Now hang on a second--

ALEC

With all due respect, Director
Kennedy...

Alec glances at Sara as he cuts in - she realising he did
it to save her saying something she'll regret.

ALEC (CONT'D)

(eyes on Kennedy)
Sara brought this intel to my
team and I, which means,
conversely, she brought it to the
Black Chapter.

Kennedy knows that's true, doesn't like it - frowns in
Sara's direction.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Therefore Sixteen's role here
will be to coordinate with us,
not sweep in an assume control.
That's not why we came here. I
have operational control in all
matters concerning Edward Maitland,
we agreed that at the beginning
of this mission.

KENNEDY

Yes, and that's true in as far as
it goes--

ALEC

What does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY

It means you came here, Mr Walker,
because you need our resources to
help you expose Project Spartacus.

(beat)

But I am not prepared to risk the
lives of my people until I have
more concrete information on who
or what we're dealing with, intel
we are in a strong position to
gather.

SARA

Director Kennedy, may I have a
private word with you please?

Kennedy looks a little surprised at the politeness of
Sara's request but sees she's not about to take no for an
answer.

KENNEDY

(nods)

Very well.

(to the others)

Would you all give us a moment?

On the request, Jackson, Boone, Chloe and Wexler all file
out followed by Alec and Owen, who look back for longer
before they depart.

The door seals shut and Sara's politeness fades, rounding
on Kennedy.

SARA

What the bloody Hell are you
doing?!

CUT TO:

INT. MI-16 - CONTINUOUS

Amidst the business of the office around her, Chloe stands
arms folded next to a desk - looking in on the briefing
room.

She can see quite the heated and animated conversation
between Sara and Kennedy taking place - neither afraid to
speak their mind.

Chloe looks to her side as Owen approaches next to her,
gives her a smile, begins watching himself.

CHLOE

(after a beat)

Is she always this feisty?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OWEN

(smiles)

Only with me.

A sideways look from Chloe, not sure what he means, which Owen sees.

OWEN (CONT'D)

We're engaged. Just last week, actually.

CHLOE

(genuine)

Congratulations.

OWEN

Thanks.

(nods)

When I said I've been here before, it was to ask Kennedy for his daughter's hand in marriage. Not even Sara knows that.

CHLOE

(nods)

That's so sweet. Old fashioned. I approve.

OWEN

You know what he said, when I asked him?

A shake of the head from Chloe - listening but still watching Sara and Kennedy tear into each other.

OWEN (CONT'D)

He said... 'you'll make her happier than I ever could'.

CHLOE

(surprised)

He said that?

OWEN

(nods)

It was his way of giving his approval but... I just thought it was so sad.

(beat)

There's nothing I'd like more than the woman I love and her father to have that bond but... in some people, it just ain't there.

Chloe understands that quite clearly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

I just hope she doesn't think badly of me. That I undermined her by bringing Kennedy into this.

OWEN

(looks at her)
Trust me, if she does think that... she'll let you know.

Owen places a supportive hand on Chloe's shoulder, she replying with a smile of thanks, before he heads away.

Chloe continues watching the father/daughter battle as she ponders his words.

INT. MI-16 - BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sara and Kennedy, right in the middle of it.

SARA

(angry)
Let's face it, you made me a laughing stock in there!

KENNEDY

(overlapping)
And how exactly did I manage to do that?

SARA

(overlapping)
By questioning the validity of my intel, you questioned my competency.

KENNEDY

(overlapping)
If I didn't think the intel had merit, I wouldn't have wanted to have my resources focus--

SARA

You didn't want me involved, let's be honest!

KENNEDY

(frustrated)
Sara, I cannot just drop everything to accomodate my daughter, even if she does work for the DSR. I'm the head of--

SARA

(nods)
That's always been the problem, hasn't it? Work always came first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY
(sighs; quietly)
Chloe would understand.

And if he wanted to really annoy Sara, he just hit the jackpot.

SARA
Well newsflash, father... I'M NOT
CHLOE!!

ALEC (O.S.)
Alright, that's quite enough.

The calm yet stern voice of Alec prefigures him entering the room, Chloe trailing behind him a little meekly.

Sara cools down in seeing him but Kennedy frowns.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Allow me to be the grown up in this. I'm not interested in all the politics and personal issues flying around here so let's make this simple. A compromise.

KENNEDY
(beat)
I'm listening.

ALEC
I'll take a team down to Portsmouth, scope out Site-A personally. Once we verify Sara's intel to your satisfaction, MI-16 can send in appropriate backup and we'll seize any Spartacus assets we may uncover.

CHLOE
(quietly)
With respect, sir, I think it's the best plan under the circumstances.

Sara shakes her head a little as Kennedy slowly starts to nod, after Chloe's recommendation.

KENNEDY
Fine. But I have several operational conditions.

Not happy, Sara proceeds to storm past Alec and Chloe - who she gives another sideways glare - before slamming the door behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat as Chloe looks back awkwardly, Alec focusing on Kennedy.

ALEC

Name them.

INT. MI-16 - DAY

Across the hub of the Core, Kennedy visibly coordinates with Wexler at a workstation - the two in professional conversation.

Not too far away, at her own temporary workstation, Sara keeps her head down as she manipulates a terminal. She doesn't look happy.

ALEC (O.S.)

Our mission is a simple one,
gentlemen.

ANGLE ON

Jackson, Boone and Owen all facing Alec - with Chloe listening to the side of him.

ALEC (CONT'D)

We locate Site-A in Portsmouth
and expose Spartacus to the best
of our ability. John Henry, anyone
down there who might be able to
build on Sara's intel?

BOONE

(nods)

I do have someone in mind. We'll
pay him a visit.

ALEC

(nods)

Good. Get your gear, chaps. We
hit the road in twenty minutes.

On that, Boone heads towards the armoury as Owen pulls out a GUN holstered in his pocket, checking the clip, as Jackson notices.

JACKSON

That's a pretty sweet piece.
Walther?

OWEN

(looks up)

Yeah. You must be a gun
connoisseur, not many folks can
tell a make at that distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

I am born and bred Yankee.
According to these Brits, I'm
supposed to love guns like I do
children and small furry animals.

A chuckle from Owen, understanding where he's coming from.
The conversation continues as they trail off to the
armoury.

ANGLE ON

Alec, pulling Chloe to one side a little out of anyone's
earshot.

ALEC

In case you're wondering, I didn't
include you in the mission just
to create a boys club.

CHLOE

I did wonder.

ALEC

(smiles)
I need you here. I'm counting on
you to make sure Kennedy remains
on side, helps us make this happen.
(nods)
I get the feeling of all of us,
he'll listen to you the most.

CHLOE

I won't let you down.

ALEC

(nods)
I know. You never have.

A little beat as Chloe smiles at him, she and Alec locking
eyes as unspoken thoughts pass between them. He touches
her hand slightly.

With that, Alec himself begins to follow the others.

ALEC (CONT'D)

(turns)
Oh and... talk to Sara.
(nods)
She's one of the good ones.

Alec heads away as Chloe glances in Sara's direction -
that's a conversation she's not relishing.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

A long, highly busy motorway filled with traffic - down which an MI-16 VAN we FOCUS ON drives.

TRACK WITH as it passes a sign: 'PORTSMOUTH - 56 MILES'.

INT. MI-16 VAN - CONTINUOUS

Boone drives, Alec in the passenger seat next to him.

In the rear of the van, Jackson and Owen are playing cards as they both converse.

OWEN

(mid-flow)

...we we're almost outta there and then these gangbangers show up, start claiming this is their turf. I think they thought we were dealers growing weed back there or something.

(Jackson laughs)

Yep, growing up in the Bronx is certainly an experience.

JACKSON

(nods)

True dat.

OWEN

Wasn't until I was eighteen when my parents moved to Washington, moved up in the world if you hear my Mom talk. She's what you might say 'upwardly mobile'.

JACKSON

Hell all Mom's who've watched Martha Stewart for ten minutes are like that.

Owen chuckles a little - laying a card down, taking another one.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You know, I gotta admit... It's cool to be working with someone from home.

(puts a card down)

Gets a little wearing being surrounded by all these Limeys, you feel me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OWEN
 (little too faux
 black)
 Damn right, brother.

Jackson laughs and reaches up for a 'hi-five' which Owen happily takes - both chortling.

ALEC
 We can hear you up here, you know?

BOONE
 Yeah and any more of this anti-
 Limey yip and I may have to come
 back there and give you both a
 'Mancunian Smackdown'.

ALEC
 I think someone should also remind
 Agent Mitchum that he's about to
 marry one of us 'Limeys'.

Laughing loudly, Jackson begins to nod in Owen's direction as Alec quirks a smile. Owen raises his hands.

OWEN
 Now that I wouldn't change for
 anything...

JACKSON
 Dude, I can totally see your cards.

Realising, Owen quickly lowers his hands as Jackson continues chuckling.

OWEN
 You're all invited to the wedding,
 by the way.
 (grins)
 Even you, Boone.

BOONE
 (dryly)
 I'm honoured.

More chuckling from Jackson and Owen as they get back into their card game.

CUT TO:

INT. MI-16 - NIGHT

Still quietly fuming, Sara remains at her temporary desk working at a terminal.

She doesn't look up but knows Chloe is right there as she begins to cautiously hover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

Sara?

No response comes, Sara ignoring her.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I... I think we should talk. We haven't had a proper conversation.

SARA

I'm not sure there's really much to say, Agent Parker.

Chloe looks surprised at the formality, but...

CHLOE

I just think I should explain... I know Kennedy, I know how good he is at his job.

SARA

(snaps)
He's my father.

CHLOE

(nods)
But with respect... I'm not sure you truly know who he is. Not anymore.

That does get to Sara but she can't be mad, especially given Chloe didn't relish saying it.

SARA

There's one thing I do know.
(stands)
He'd rather listen to you than his own flesh and blood.

Moving away from the desk across the Core, Sara leaves Chloe feeling very awkward - not to mention a little upset.

Her head droops as she sees Wexler approach her.

WEXLER

Hey Chloe, you seen the latest?

Chloe looks at him with confusion, Wexler pointing toward the main Director's office...

...where she sees Kennedy giving instructions to a very burly SWAT AGENT in combat gear.

CHLOE

What's that all about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEXLER

(shrugs)

Beats me.

ON THE OFFICE as Kennedy clearly dismisses the SWAT AGENT, who exits and moves away.

Chloe watches him go, curious, as Wexler studies her.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

You alright? My inbuilt Chloe-welfare detector is going off.

CHLOE

(smiles)

I'm fine, John, I'm just--

KENNEDY (O.S.)

(calls)

Chloe?

Chloe glances over, sees Kennedy poking his head out of his office.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

A word, if you'd be so good.

Kennedy retreats into his office and Chloe - giving Wexler a reassuring smile - heads toward it.

INT. MI-16 - KENNEDY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stepping through into the spacious, tasteful, glass-walled office parallel to the briefing room, Chloe takes it in.

Behind her, Kennedy seals the door and begins moving around to his desk.

CHLOE

What's going on, sir?

KENNEDY

I'm taking countermeasures, Chloe, that's what's going on.

(beckons to chair)

Sit down.

Chloe does as instructed, across from where Kennedy perches.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

The man you may have seen just leave is called Graham Judge. One of Hereford's finest SAS exports and now... my secret weapon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

(shakes her head)

I don't understand... what is he here for?

KENNEDY

(beat; darkly)

Because if Alec Walker thinks he can come in here and tell me how to run my office... then he's got another thing coming.

It's clear Chloe is a little worried about the anger in his voice hearing that.

CUT TO:

INT. MI-16 - ARMOURY - NIGHT

The door to the large armoury, filled with rows of weapons caches, reveals a room filled with a half dozen SWAT AGENTS investigating them.

One is GRAHAM JUDGE, looking highly menacing as he strips a rifle clean in seconds.

PULL BACK to reveal Sara watching from outside the armoury, wondering clearly who they are. She turns, in thought, heading away.

INT. MI-16 - NIGHT

It's now Chloe who perches working at a terminal and she looks not a little tormented.

SARA (O.S.)

Agent Parker?

Chloe turns to see Sara approaching, one eye still looking in the direction of the armoury.

SARA (CONT'D)

Have you seen them?

CHLOE

(shakes her head)

Seen who?

SARA

All those tooled up beefcakes who look they're about to join Arnie to hunt down the Predator. They're not exactly easy to miss.

(looks back)

Right now they're turning the armoury into a fortified weapons bunker!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

Can't say as I've really been by
the armoury, sorry.

Chloe returns focus to her terminal but Sara stares at
her - eyes a little suspicious.

SARA

I just thought you might know who
they were, or at least what they're
doing here.

(beat)

Wexler mentioned my father called
you in for a meeting.

CHLOE

(looks up)

I don't know what to tell you,
Agent Kennedy. I know as little
as you do.

(quickly)

Now if you'll excuse me...

That's Chloe's way of saying 'buzz off' but Sara doesn't
take the hint.

Infact, she perches on the edge of the desk and stares at
Chloe, growing irritated.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(shakes her head)

What do you want from me, Sara?

SARA

I want you to be honest.

(leans in)

My father is very good at
manipulation. He's spent his whole
life using people to keep his
little empire running the way he
wants. And he doesn't care what
it costs them.

(off Chloe's look)

Don't let yourself be used, Chloe.

On those words, Sara heads away and Chloe watches her
head off, thoughts filling her anguished mind.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

Portsmouth, England

FADE IN:

EXT. PUB - DAY

A small, pretty old-fashioned boozier on the corner of a ran down dockside street surrounded by industrial buildings.

The swinging sign above the pub marks it as called 'The Black Hole' - which Owen can't help but smile at as he looks up at it.

He follows Boone who leads he, Jackson and Alec into:

INT. PUB - DAY

The definition of an old-school British pub.

A haze of SMOKE (laws be damned) drifts across the interior, populated by OLD MEN nursing pints of bitter as they watch horse racing on an antiquated TV raised on a shelf over the door.

Each one of them glances at the four newcomers who enter, clearly not that used to new faces.

OWEN

Man, this place is old.

JACKSON

(aside)

Welcome to England.

Boone approaches the bar as the others trail behind - a gruff-looking BARMAID (50's) standing there.

BOONE

Afternoon, love. Is George about?

The Barmaid essentially grunts and heads out back as Boone turns toward Alec.

BOONE (CONT'D)

George is the landlord, been here since practically he was born. If any major off-book shipments ruck up at these docks, he'll know about them.

Alec nods understanding as they both hear:

GEORGE (O.S.)

John Henry Boone.

Boone turns to where GEORGE - 60s, Cockney, gruff - emerges from the back, the Barmaid following him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Ain't seen you in these parts in
a long time.

BOONE
You know me, George, always on
the move.

GEORGE
Got some new companions, I see.
(looks at Jackson)
Some who clearly ain't from round
these parts.

BOONE
It's not his fault he's black,
George. I should think one day
you'll have them around here.

George grins at Boone's mockery of his casual racism -
he's known him too long to take offence.

GEORGE
So what can I do ya for? I'm
guessing you're here for more
than a pint and a pasty?

BOONE
Given the last time I tried either,
they almost killed me...
(quietly)
I'm looking for a shipment. Very
much off the books. Codename
attached is 'Site-A'.

A look of curiosity crosses George's face - Boone picking
up on it.

BOONE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
That ringing any bells?

GEORGE
It might. If my brain is suitably
uh... lubricated.

Boone glances at Alec a little wearily... before pulling
out a roll of notes, placing several down on the bar top.

George skims through the money before handing it to the
Barmaid - who tills it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
'Site-A' was a recent designation
in shipping records for an
abandoned dockside paint factory
bought by a shell company of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Maitland Industries... a company
referenced as 'DB'.

BOONE
(looks at Alec)
Dietrich Biomedical.

A NOD from Alec - who joins Boone at the bar, leaning
into George.

ALEC
Would you happen to have
directions?

CUT TO:

INT. MI-16 - ARMOURY - DAY

PPFFFFFT!!!

Rapid-fire bullets impact a target dummy at the end of
the armoury shooting range as the hulking form of Judge
takes aim and fires.

With a hint of uncertainty, Chloe enters the room where
Judge fires off rounds - the four other SWAT AGENTS around
him stripping or cleaning weaponry.

CHLOE
(to Judge)
Excuse me?

The Agents begin mumbling to each other as they see her,
some clearly checking her out.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Excuse me, Agent Judge?

Judge hears her the second time around as he finishes the
volley - removes his EAR GUARDS.

JUDGE
Can I help you with something,
girl?

CHLOE
I'm--I'm Agent Parker. I'll be--

JUDGE
(laughs)
You're the one Kennedy wanted to
lead the assault?

The laughter begins echoing through the other Agents as
Judge glances at them. Chloe tries not to die of
embarrassment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Have you ever fired a gun before,
sweetheart?

CHLOE

(through gritted
teeth)

I just wanted to tell you that
you're set to leave in--

JUDGE

(nods)

I know when we're set to leave,
love. Why don't you make us all a
cup of tea before we go, eh?

Judge smirks again, the other Agents sniggering like little
boys at the rampant sexism.

Clinging to whatever self-respect is left, Chloe turns on
her heel and heads out - eyes filled with rage at how she
was just spoken to.

She exits the armoury, not noticing Sara standing by the
door - having witnessed the whole thing.

INT. MI-16 - KENNEDY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sitting at his desk, Kennedy looks through files as Wexler
stands over him - describing the contents.

The door KNOCKS and Chloe swiftly makes her way inside.

CHLOE

Can I speak with you?

WEXLER

We were in the middle of something--

CHLOE

Please John. It'll only take a
few minutes.

Wexler glances at Kennedy - who nods - before giving Chloe
an apologetic smile and taking his leave.

Once he's gone, Chloe further approaches the desk.

KENNEDY

Have you heard anything yet from
Walker?

CHLOE

(shakes her head)

No. But that's what I came to see
you about, sir. May I... speak
freely?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY
 (sits back in his
 chair)
 You may.

CHLOE
 I think... I think you're making
 the wrong call. With Alec.

Kennedy nods - his face slowly beginning to turn to stone
 as he listens.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
 We should be working with him and
 his team, not against them. Alec's
 been after Spartacus for month
 now, if anyone can--

KENNEDY
 (sighs)
 I knew this was going to happen.

Chloe stops in her tracks.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 (frowns)
 Let me remind you, Agent Parker,
 that you work for MI-16. For me.
 Not for Alec Walker or the Black
 Chapter or the Knights.

CHLOE
 (nods)
 I'm aware of that, sir, but--

KENNEDY
 Are you?
 (off her look)
 Or have you become too attached?
 Too emotionally involved with
 Walker and his band and this entire
 investigation? I think the answer
 is yes.

And because he's right, Chloe really has nowhere to go.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 (nods)
 Which is why twenty minutes ago I
 told Judge he would be leading
 the operation to Portsmouth. Not
 you.

Chloe jointly looks a mixture of angry and relieved under
 Kennedy's disapproving glare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

Alec Walker rammed getting command of this mission down the JIC's collective throat, created so much of a stink I had no choice other than to agree to it, the last thing we needed then was a row with the Black Chapter. It was a bad idea then, it's a worse one now. So we're taking back control of an operation that should have been ours in the first place. And while you're here co-ordinating reports and listening on the wire, I suggest you re-evaluate your priorities. Your loyalties to who you serve.

(nods)

Or start to reconsider your position within Military Intelligence.

That worries Chloe - the inference of Kennedy's sharp words.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)

You're dismissed, Agent Parker.

And he returns to the work on his desk, the conversation for him well and truly over.

Stung, Chloe heads out the office with much on her mind.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKSIDE FACTORY - DAY

BINOCULAR P.O.V

Scanning across the exterior of a very busy FACTORY on the dockside - surrounded by moored vessels and other industrial zones.

OWEN (O.S.)

It's a hive of activity out here, guys.

A fair sized combination of WORKERS and SECURITY GUARDS are operating on site as the binoculars observe.

ANGLE ON THE VAN

The side door open revealing Owen and Jackson in the back, Boone standing next to them as Alec leans out the front window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OWEN (CONT'D)
 (to Boone)
 Here, take a look.

He hands the BINOCULARS to Boone, who begins scanning himself.

BOONE
 (nods)
 Seems George was right. For a supposedly abandoned factory, this place looks a bit too lively.

JACKSON
 We found it. Site-A.
 (nods)
 So what now?

ALEC
 Now...

All eyes on Mr. Walker as he looks in the factory direction.

ALEC (CONT'D)
 Now we wait until the Sun goes down.

The others exchange a glance as Alec remains riveted on the target up ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. MI-16 - DAY

Deep in conflicted thoughts, Chloe walks across the bustling Core, trying to avoid contact with anyone...

...until suddenly a pair of HANDS grab her from the shadows of an alcove, pulling her in!

CHLOE
 What the bloody Hell--!

Chloe stops as she's let go by, who else, but Sara - both shielded largely from sight. She looks angry.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
 (frowns)
 What is this, Sara? What are you doing?!

SARA
 What am I doing? What are you doing more like, 'Chloe'?
 (fuming)
 What secrets are you keeping?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

I don't know what you're talking about.

SARA

(frustrated)

STOP! I've seen you with Kennedy, I've seen you with those SWAT Men... just stop lying to me, to yourself!

Sara's words begin cutting home to Chloe, she not wanting to hear it.

SARA (CONT'D)

(calms)

Just please... tell me what's going on...

A long beat as Chloe paces for a moment, not sure what to do. Sara waits, hoping for the truth.

Finally, Chloe sighs - looks at her.

CHLOE

Okay.

(nods)

Kennedy is sending in the SWAT unit to Site-A in order to preempt Alec and his team, clean house and leave Alec and the others with egg on their faces.

SARA

(confused)

Why would he go to all that--

CHLOE

Because he wants control, Sara. He wants the Spartacus investigation to himself. No involvement from Alec or the Black Chapter.

(sighs)

And he wanted me to lead Judge's team.

SARA

(nods; sarcastic)

Because you're his special one.

Sara shakes her head, turns away - but Chloe pulls her back to face her, irate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

Listen, I never asked to be put in charge. When your father makes a request, it's courtesy. He expects you to do what he wants. You should know this better than anyone!

(off Sara's look)

But I couldn't. So when I questioned him, when I told him he was wrong, he cast me aside.

And now Sara's expression softens a little, realising what's happened.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I promised Alec I wouldn't let him down. I want to do what's right for him and Jackson and Boone... but I'm also an MI-16 agent...

(sighs; shakes her head)

Haven't you ever been torn and helping someone you... you care about?

Sara knows full well she has so cannot argue that point, feels for Chloe's torment.

SARA

In that case the question is... how do we help Alec without tipping off my father?

A moment. And then a small smile creeps over Chloe's face.

CHLOE

You know... I might have a way to do just that.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKSIDE FACTORY - NIGHT

BINOCULAR P.O.V

The factory is a different sight now - locked up, only two SECURITY GUARDS on patrol, no workers. The place looks empty.

JACKSON (O.S.)

(sounding bored)

Al, c'mon, surely now we can go?

INT. MI-16 VAN - CONTINUOUS

All are inside now, Jackson looking through from the back with Owen. Alec where he was, Boone in the driving seat.

JACKSON

I know you wanted to wait, but...

OWEN

It has been nearly six hours.

BOONE

I would concur. Low security, cover of night... best time to strike.

Alec's expression is uncomfortable as he looks on at the factory.

ALEC

I just don't know... something doesn't seem right.

JACKSON

Those Knight senses of yours tingling?

(to Owen)

He can sense danger or... somethin'.

Owen nods - quite impressed. Alec remains looking unsure.

ALEC

Alright... but let's be cautious.

(serious)

The moment we get a vibe something's not right, we're out of there.

BOONE

(nods)

Ten four.

Boone jumps out the drivers side as Jackson and Owen slide the van door open, jumping out.

Alec remains stationery for a moment longer, still not altogether happy, before he exits too.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKSIDE FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

All dressed in black - adopting maximum stealth - Boone, Jackson, Owen and finally Alec approach the factory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ensuring security can't see them, the four reach the WIRE FENCING and Jackson pulls out a set of CUTTERS he begins using to slice a point of ingress.

JUDGE (V.O.)

I've got them right in sight.

The circle in the fence is cut and Jackson pulls out the wire, allowing Boone, Owen and Alec to squeeze through.

The last one in, Jackson glances back before pulsing on with the team.

JUDGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They're moving in now.

CUT TO:

INT. SWAT TEAM VAN - NIGHT

A near identical van concealed in the shadows across from the factory holds Judge and the other SWAT Agents.

Judge sits in the front passenger area, CELL PHONE clamped to his ear.

JUDGE

(listens; nods)

We'll take care of them if your fellas don't.

(beat)

No problem, Mr. Maitland.

The conversation over, Judge SNAPS his phone closed and looks back at his team.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Be ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKSIDE FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

THUMP!

The second of the two Security Guards hits the deck thanks to a hard punch by Owen - who briefly winces, shaking out his hand as his knuckles ache.

JACKSON

(nods)

Nice moves.

OWEN

He's got a jaw like granite.

(beat)

Let's shift him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jackson and Owen grab the Guard as nearby, Boone and Alec drag the other floored Guard out of sight.

Once both are concealed, the team regroup as they reach a DOORWAY leading into the factory.

Each adopt flanking positions - two on either side.

ALEC

On three...

Alec mimes the countdown... one... two... three...

SLAM!

He KICKS THROUGH the door, the four of them spiralling into:

INT. FACTORY

Same as we saw in the Teaser - old MACHINERY scattered around, the interior abandoned of workers, though large LIGHTS shine down on the inside.

Weapons raised, ready for action, Alec, Jackson, Boone and Owen move through the factory - passing in-between the machinery as they move.

Seeing no sign of anything or anyone, they briefly grow concerned until Owen sees:

OWEN

Over there!

He leads the other three toward a DOOR leading into another section of the factory, adjacent to it a plaque marked:

SITE A.

ALEC

This is it. What lies behind that door... it could be Spartacus itself.

(to all)

We ready?

JACKSON

Man, we were born ready. Let's do this!

Boone nods agreement and Alec reaches for the door handle. After a beat, he THRUSTS it open!

The four all move, ready for what they face next into:

INT. SITE-A - CONTINUOUS

A towering core part of the factory, much higher and longer than what has come before, observed by all four as they run in.

Alec, Jackson, Boone and Owen all look shocked at what they see in front of them.

OWEN

Well... I sure didn't see this coming...

ANGLE ON SITE-A

Which is totally empty. Nothing. No people. No machinery. Just a vast core empty space the size of a hangar.

BOONE

I hesitate to take the Lord's name in vein but... Christ!

OWEN

I'm gonna go call this in.

On that, Owen heads out of the room through the door they emerged in.

JACKSON

(shakes his head)

They shipped here. Dietrich. Site-A was a main drop off point, the intel wasn't wrong.

(confused)

What does this mean? Did they know we were coming?

ALEC

(nods)

Maybe. Either that or if Spartacus was here, the place has served it's purpose.

(thinks)

And I don't like the sound of that one bit.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKSIDE FACTORY

Emerging through a side door from inside, Owen removes his CELL PHONE and begins to activate it.

He paces near the adjoining dockside area, water flowing in, as he holds the phone up - trying to get a signal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OWEN
God damn British phones!

Owen continues signalling when he begins hearing another noise... multiple noises approaching...

...footsteps...

He walks a little toward the front of the factory and stops, concerned - as nothing less than a horde of MEN begin converging on the factory!

OWEN (CONT'D)
Who the Hell are--

Hearing a low GROWL coming from many of them, Owen soon realises:

OWEN (CONT'D)
(nods)
Yup. Vampires.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Moving out of the abandoned core area, a dejected Alec, Jackson and Boone enter the main factory area.

JACKSON
The Hell are we supposed to tell that son of a bitch Kennedy?

ALEC
I wish I--

He stops suddenly - senses active. Alec's eyes widen.

ALEC (CONT'D)
I knew something was wrong.

BOONE
(concerned)
What is it?

ALEC
(realises)
It's the Cain.

And on cue, they hear multiple GROWLS echo through the factory... as suddenly a horde of CAIN VAMPIRES begin running in toward them!

JACKSON
(worried)
That's a lot of vampires!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEC

Then let's give them a warm
welcome.

On that, Alec's eyes and palms FLASH WHITE - he standing
ready for combat.

EXT. DOCKSIDE FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Now concealed in the shadows behind the factory, crouching
down against the wall, Owen is attempting to connect on
his phone.

He hears the horrific GROWLING of bloodthirsty Vampires
racing into the factory.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

MI-16. Please state your
authorisation code.

OWEN

(quiet as possible)
Oh thank God. I need to speak to
Sara Kennedy right now!

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Sir, please state your
authorisation code or this call
will be terminated.

OWEN

(loudly)
I don't have an authorisation
code, I'm with the--

DIAL-TONE.

OWEN (CONT'D)

(into phone)
Dammit! Is that what you call
customer service?!

Frustrated, Owen stands before freezing at hearing a GROWL
close by...

...turning to see a slathering VAMPIRE right in front of
him!

OWEN (CONT'D)

Now this isn't good.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The sound of multiple GROWLS accompanies a pack of bloodthirsty VAMPIRES who run toward us - fangs extended, eyes red, bloodlust on turbo!

The first one who races in - ready to rip whoever it's coming for apart - is despatched by a hard SMACK to the face by the butt of a SHOTGUN held by Jackson!

He swirls the shotgun around, cocks it and FIRES repeated shots at the remaining vampires coming!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Each of the pack are sent flying back from the blasts until all lie dead - Jackson's weapon smoking.

JACKSON

Chew on that, suckers!

TOP DOWN VIEW

Revealing Jackson - alongside Alec and Boone - being hemmed in amidst the machinery by VAMPIRES, numbers barely depleted as our trio knock them down.

BOONE

I'm not liking the numbers involved here, Alec.

BANG!

Boone fires at a vampire who comes at him from the side - crawling across the machinery - with his revolver, killing him instantly!

BOONE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

We're down four, maybe five to one.

ALEC

I can see that, John Henry.

Alec turns and fires a BOLT OF WHITE ENERGY at a pair of vampires who come at him from behind, launching them back!

ALEC (CONT'D)

We need to stand firm.

(nods)

Our friend from America is calling them. Backup will be on it's way.

JACKSON

It should be here already!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jackson swirls to the right and BANG! The shotgun blows back a vampire who leaps through the air toward him!

The trio move back - hemmed back - into an open area of factory behind the machinery, a clearing of sorts.

TOP DOWN VIEW

Revealing Alec, Jackson and Boone surrounded by a circle of the bloodthirsty vampires, fangs still ready - all GROWLING hungrily!

All three are cornered, trapped, the vampires hovering and waiting to strike.

BOONE

So Alec... how in the name of Christ do we get out of this one?

Alec doesn't have an immediate answer but as he thinks, all three begin to hear a mechanical noise across the way...

...before seeing a large SERVICE DOOR electronically sliding upwards behind the circle of vampires, revealing the night outside.

ALEC

Gentlemen, I think we just found our exit point.

JACKSON

(nods)

That's cool. It is. But, case you hadn't noticed... trapped by a circle of the Cain's finest!

Not listening to him, Alec closes his eyes and begins breathing rhythmically, almost in a meditative fashion.

His hands still GLOW... a glow that begins to grow more radiant as Jackson and Boone look on.

BOONE

Alec, much as I think you'd benefit from a calmer soul, is this really the best time to channel your chakra?!

(no response)

Alec?!

(to Jackson)

What's he doing?

Jackson doesn't respond, simply watches as Alec - still breathing carefully - suddenly opens his eyes with a FLASH!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His eyes have never been this white and they continue to glow, as do his palms...

JACKSON
(realises; to Boone)
You're going to want to duck, my man!

BOONE
Why?!

JACKSON
(already on the floor)
Because he's about to blow!

Boone sees Jackson now lying on the floor, face down, hands covering his head. He's seen this before.

Looking at Alec, seeing his whole body now starting to glow outwardly as well as his hands and eyes - he seems in complete control.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKSIDE FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

GROWL!

The vampire facing Owen remains ready to pounce as Owen, trying to hide his terror, moves back slowly.

OWEN
Just stay there... we can work this out, ok? Just... hold off on the blood sucking.

GROWL! Owen moves back further.

OWEN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(quickly)
Right, you don't like that word. Sure. What about, uh... blood extraction? More PC, no?

Another GROWL! Owen is now right on the edge of the dockside - another step back he's in the water.

The Vampire remains in front, waiting.

OWEN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(looks back)
That's it for me. I'm goin' nowhere fast so... over to you, vamps.

Owen knows what's coming and as the Vampire growls, moving to leap on him:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANG! BANG! BANG!

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Taking Jackson's advice, Boone hits the ground just as Alec's build up reaches a climax...

...and as the CAIN VAMPIRES all begin to converge on our trio, Alec's hands fly open and a controlled enormous BURST OF ENERGY begins flying out in a pulse from his chest!

It impacts and begins turning each vampire into pure ASH in mere seconds!

Alec begins turning in quick movements, unleashing the beam on vampires coming in from every angle - each one blown to nothing more than bits!

BOOOOOM!!!!

The energy impacts MACHINERY across the way - causing it to explode in a shower of SPARKS, electronics going haywire!

Shielding themselves from the chaos, Boone and Jackson remain on the ground - the latter at moments trying to see what's going on but shielding when he does!

The last two vampires race in and are atomised at which point the reaction finishes - and the energy fades instantly from Alec...

Seeing and hearing this, Boone is the first to stand - followed by Jackson, who sees the ash covering the floor where the vampire horde were.

BOONE

I've never seen him do that before.

JACKSON

Let's just call that his 'special move', shall we?

(sees Alec slump)

Easy!

Alec - completely drained of energy and looking worryingly pale - SLUMPS to fall but Boone catches him!

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Al?!

BOONE

Is he okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

(nods)

We need to get him somewhere to
lie down.

Jackson sees the open electronic door and moves toward it - Boone and the slumped Alec, doing his best to recover, following.

They begin heading through it to the outside... when suddenly they hear the CLICKING of multiple weapons!

And in run in the five SWAT Agents led by Judge - bearing hi-powered automatic rifles they aim straight at our trio!

JACKSON (CONT'D)

This damn well better be our
backup!

Regaining his stance, proudly, the still weak Alec stands shoulder to shoulder with his comrades.

He sees Judge, the lead SWAT Agent, approach him... and aim the tip of the rifle right at Alec's head.

BOONE

(concerned)

Something tells me you're going
to be disappointed, Jackson.

Judge's finger squeezes the trigger as Alec stands calmly with the gun at his forehead.

JUDGE

We're here on behalf of Director
Kennedy.

(nods)

There's a lesson he wants you to
learn.

As Jackson and Boone exchange a shocked look, Alec remains staunch as Judge seemingly goes to fire when:

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!

A screeching feedback beep echoes through the earpieces of Judge and the other SWAT Agents - they doubling over in pain, shouting out, grabbing their ears!

They drop their weapons as Jackson and Boone draw theirs, Alec watching as Judge collapses to the ground...

...just as behind them another team of MI-16 SWAT AGENTS appear, weapons trained on Judge and his team!

JACKSON

What the--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His confusion is resolved as Chloe soon appears, leading the team - next to her Sara and the rescued Owen.

SARA
 (to Judge & co)
 Sorry boys... we're bunking your lesson.

Alec stares at Chloe, pretty stunned at her appearance as she smiles proudly in his direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKSIDE FACTORY - LATER

A large TRANSPORT VAN is parked outside the factory gates - the second MI-16 SWAT Team now placing the SWAT Agents, handcuffed, one by one into the back.

Face like thunder, Judge glares across at our guys before he's bundled into the van - doors sealed behind him.

PULL BACK to reveal Jackson, Owen and Boone watching alongside Chloe and Sara - they seeing the transport van pull away.

SARA
 Not a bad evening's work, I'd say. I shouldn't think any of them will be seeing outside of a jail cell for a while.

JACKSON
 You've explained about Judge and his crew but how did you guys pull this off?

OWEN
 (nods)
 Yeah, how did you get a whole SWAT division under Kennedy's nose?

CHLOE
 (smiles; looks at Jackson/Boone)
 Rufus Kelsey.

Jackson and Boone exchange a glance - that makes sense. Owen looks at Sara, confused.

SARA
 One of them, friend of Chloe's. Nice bloke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

Once Rufus heard what Kennedy was up to, he called in a few favours and put a team together. He happened to think it was exceptionally dirty trick being pulled.

BOONE

(frowns)

And he'd be right.

(nods)

Someone needs to bring Kennedy to account.

ALEC (O.S.)

Oh, don't you worry...

All eyes on Alec - who stands from a STEP he was sitting on, colour now returning to his cheeks.

ALEC (CONT'D)

I fully intend to.

Chloe looks at him, sees the controlled rage in Alec's features.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - DAY

To establish - a panoramic view of the capital as the sun rises on a brand-new day.

INT. MI-16 - KENNEDY'S OFFICE - DAY

The office door opens as Alec enters - now fully recovered - with Chloe and Sara both flanking him.

Kennedy hasn't yet noticed them, currently pacing while on the PHONE as he pinches the bridge of his nose.

KENNEDY

(listens)

..yes, I understand that... Rufus, I'm fully aware of the circumstances but Judge and his team...

(listens; sighs)

...fine, there doesn't seem to be any other way to play it, so...

Kennedy finally turns - a little surprised to see a stone-faced Alec and company there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 (nods; still
 listening)
 ...very well, we'll talk again
 later.

On that, Kennedy SLAMS the phone down and immediately
 faces up to Alec behind his desk.

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
 (angrily)
 Are you aware of the consequences
 of what you've done? Rufus reckons
 he has evidence they tipped off
 the House of Cain as to your
 presence in that warehouse. He
 intends to charge Judge and his
 men with treason!

ALEC
 And you're very lucky, Director,
 those men are scapegoats and you
 aren't the one about to go up in
 the dock.

Hearing his words and tone, Kennedy looks incredulous.

KENNEDY
 I beg your pardon?

ALEC
 (stern)
 You heard me.

Kennedy look past Alec to Chloe--

ALEC (CONT'D)
 No, you're talking to me, not
 her. So let's get something
 straight: I know what you tried
 to do, Allan. I know everything.

Kennedy's eyes are on Chloe again.

KENNEDY
 (bitter)
 I trusted you.

ALEC
 I've told you--

CHLOE
 (quiet to Alec)
 It's alright.

She looks Kennedy in the eye, steely determination in her
 face. She's not afraid of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE (CONT'D)

(angrily)

You were more concerned with making Alec look bad, with proving your superiority, than finding Spartacus. Than saving lives!

Chloe steps out in front of Alec, approaching Kennedy face on at the desk.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You told me to think about my loyalty.

(beat)

I did. When there's something here for me to be loyal to, call me.

With those words, nothing left to say, Chloe walks past and heads out of the office.

ALEC

There's only one reason why I'm not making sure your role in this is exposed... and she's standing right next to me.

Kennedy glances at Sara - looking at him with obvious disappointment.

On that, giving him one final look of abject disdain, Alec walks out himself.

Kennedy watches him go as Sara approaches the desk.

SARA

You have no idea how much right now I want to bar you from the wedding...

(shakes her head)

But you're still my father.

She says it with no pride or warmth and simply walks out, totally dejected.

Kennedy could call her back and apologise - but he doesn't. He simply sits in his chair, thoroughly admonished, and lets her walk away.

PULL BACK on the sight of Kennedy within the office - alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

A handshake - framed by the backdrop of the beautiful old cathedral - is underway between Owen and Alec.

OWEN

We appreciate all your help, Alec.
It's was great to work with you
again.

ALEC

The honour was ours, Owen. Give
Jai my regards, won't you?

OWEN

(smiles)
Sure.

Alec moves off a little as Jackson approaches Owen - the two undertaking a buddy-buddy handshake, topped off by a touched fist.

They finish with a brief man-hug - they've bonded.

JACKSON

Dude. Be cool.

OWEN

You got it.

Owen gives Boone a friendly CLASP on the shoulder.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Remember boys, getting married in
a few weeks. Expect to see you
all there in your finest!

Jackson nods eagerly, Alec smiles... Boone just ROLLS HIS EYES.

ANGLE ON SARA AND CHLOE

They're stood a little further back from the boys, near a BLACK CAB - both watching them as they chuckle.

SARA

It's the same everywhere. Britain,
America... they never grow up, do
they?

CHLOE

(smiles)
Maybe they'd lose their charm if
they did.

Sara wonders the point herself before taking a beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARA
 I misjudged you, Chloe. And for that, I'm sorry.
 (off Chloe's look)
 Ultimately, you did the right thing. You chose your duty but in the right way.

Chloe smiles a little at her words, seeing they're genuine.

CHLOE
 Thank you. That means a lot.

Sara nods, perhaps a touch more serious than we've often seen her.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
 (brighter)
 Good luck with the wedding, anyway. You've done well there. Owen's a good man.

SARA
 (nods)
 I've known worse...
 (smiles)
 Why don't you come along? You could bring Alec...

Chloe looks at her as Sara gives her a little suggestive WINK with a smile - she knows the score.

If Chloe was going to object, she thinks better. She just smiles demurely.

OWEN (O.S.)
 When you ladies have quite finished...

Sara rolls her eyes as Owen appears, the boys left behind.

OWEN (CONT'D)
 (to Sara)
 ...you and I have a plane to catch.

SARA
 Get in the cab, Mitchum, before I thump you.

OWEN
 (grins)
 Always do what the fiancée orders.
 (smiles at Chloe)
 Take care, Chloe.

CHLOE
 You too. Look after her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Owen does a little MOCK SALUTE before jumping into the cab - just as Alec approaches, standing behind Chloe.

Sara smiles at the both of them, gives a little wave, then jumps into the cab - which drives away into heavy Central London traffic.

ALEC
Told you about her.

CHLOE
(nods)
You were right.

Alec and Chloe both watch the cab disappear in the melee of vehicles.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
So you, uh...
(shrugs)
You going to go to the wedding?

ALEC
(thinks)
I might just.

Chloe looks up at him and Alec smiles a little.

ALEC (CONT'D)
(nods)
I might just...

The two ponder this as they walk back towards Jackson and Boone, off the sight of which we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A gloomy yet pristine-looking office, all greys and blacks, we PAN ACROSS slowly.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Yes, Mr Gideon, there was no
problem...

We TRACK UP toward a desk at the very heart of the office, see through black chrome. A used PHONE rests on it.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We lost a number of men, but Site
A was cleared before it could be
compromised ... everything is in
place...

PAN UP from the desk to reveal who's sitting at it, in the near darkness, holding the phone to his ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Looking as pristine as ever... it's EDWARD MAITLAND.

EDWARD
(into phone)
If you're happy... then we can
begin...

Off Edward's expression as he hears the answer, we...

BLACK OUT:

WALKER

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