

NIGHTSHIFT

Episode 1 - "Auto-Pilot" (EXTRACT)

by

Oliver L. Jeffery

o.jeffery@yahoo.co.uk

<http://oliverjeffery.blogspot.com>

11/02/08

FADE IN:

EXT. THE WATERFRONT CASINO. FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Neon lights, near blinding, cut through the darkness from the front of the casino. CROWDS bustle around the entrance under the watchful eyes of the BOUNCERS.

Visible to all as they filter into the building is a large poster advertising Wollstonecraft Bionics. As one of the PUNTERS walks past, the poster flickers into full, animated life.

A healthy looking young woman with lithe mechanical arms demonstrates their various uses - swimming, playing squash, and other sporting clichés.

POSTER VOICEOVER

Wollstonecraft Bionics have always been the market leader in commercially available replacement body parts - but why wait for your body to let you down? Upgrade now, and you'll receive our unbeatable 10 year guarantee on any limb! Can nature offer you the same? Wollstonecraft Bionics. We're not as good as the real thing - we're better!

INT. THE WATERFRONT CASINO. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

CROUPIER

21, dealers wins.

A groan goes up from the assembled GAMBLERS around the Blackjack table. The GUY who's just crapped out throws his cards on the table and storms away.

INT. THE WATERFRONT CASINO. MEN'S TOILET - NIGHT

The unlucky guy throws open the toilet door, walks to the urinal and unzips himself - then pauses. There's a beeping coming from somewhere in the room.

The noise keeps getting louder. Harsher than before. A monotonous, high pitched siren. The sort of sound that could drive a man mad.

Looking down, the guy finds the source of the noise, and the one man it couldn't drive mad.

JACK CARNACHAN. 28, Irish. Might be good looking, but it's hard to tell under four days of stubble.

Lying on the floor in one of the cubicles, in yesterday's clothes, eyes closed. He's beeping.

JACK

I'm awake.

He's slaps with detached determination at a metal square with a flashing red light. The square is adorned with an image of an hourglass and the brand name 'LIFETIME' above a small red LCD screen.

The device appears to be set directly into the flesh of Jack's neck.

JACK (CONT'D)

I said I'm awake.

Finally he connects with the implant, which stops beeping.

Instead, it makes a FRAZZLING ELECTRICAL SOUND. The LCD screen goes crazy, and blue arcs of electricity spring from it, running down Jack's body. He springs up, slaps at the Implant over and over until it finally stops shocking him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Damn it! God... damn it! You vindictive little... bastard.

Jack pulls himself together, surveys his surroundings. The guy at the urinal looks him over strangely.

JACK (CONT'D)

Y'alright?

INT. THE WATERFRONT CASINO. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Jack brushes himself off as he walks through the bustling casino floor, sniffs his armpits as he sways through the GAMBLERS and CROUPIERS. Everyone on the floor has a similar implant on their neck, all in better condition than Jack's.

He's almost at the exit when a large Chinese bouncer, TONY, steps in his way.

TONY

Jack.

JACK

Tony. So... I just woke up in your lav's?

TONY

Yeah, your shift finished when you were still on the table. Passed right out on the best hand you'd had all night.

JACK
The luck, huh?

TONY
The luck. We didn't have anywhere else to stash you, so... I hope you don't mind.

JACK
Not a bit. You told people not to use that cubicle, right?

TONY
(pause)
Sure.

JACK
Right. Great night. Cheers, Tony.

Jack makes for the door. Tony steps further in his way; he's a good deal bigger than Jack, who is in no way small.

TONY
You'll be settling up your tab before you leave, of course.

JACK
Yeah. Okay. Right. Just give me a second to make a call, yeah?

EXT. THE WATERFRONT CASINO. STAFF ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Tony stands by a cashpoint with JOI WONG, a much smaller and accidentally cute Chinese guy, 25. Glasses, short spiky hair, super casual. Joi holds a credit card sized piece of white plastic, a metallic strip down one side.

JOI
Card goes in here, like so. Asks for the pin, you put in any number that takes your fancy; your mother's birthday, for example. That's what I use. Go straight to getting cash out, and bang, free money.

Joi demonstrates as he talks, hands Tony a bunch of notes on the 'bang'.

TONY
That's pretty sweet.

JOI
That it is, and like all of my products it comes with a twelve month guarantee.
(MORE)

JOI (CONT'D)

But - and I do mean but, so listen now, Tony - this is pocket money only. You take more money from the bank than it costs them to fix the gaping hole in their security that I'm exploiting here, you're gonna mess it up for all of us, understand?

TONY

Uh huh.

JOI

Of course you do. In return, I need you to erase Jack's tab before Mr Greenstreet's accountants know it's there. Deal?

TONY

But his tab's way higher than what I can get from this...

JOI

And that, Tony, is commerce.

EXT. THE WATERFRONT CASINO. FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jack swings out of the casino. Joi waits outside.

SUPER: BRIGHTON, ENGLAND, JUST PAST MIDNIGHT.

JACK

Thanks for that. There's only so many times you can have your legs broken before it just gets dull, you know?

The streets are teeming with people - scores of pedestrians and cyclists, all hurrying about like it's the middle of the day. The only cars on the road are Brighton's distinctive green and white cabs.

SUPER: SOME TIME DOWN THE LINE.

Jack and Joi clamber into a cab. The animated poster on the wall changes as they pull off. A DAVINA MCCALL TYPE smiles, against a background of the LifeTime logo.

DAVINA MCCALL TYPE

Thanks for your continuing support of the LifeTime System. The LifeTime System stops our streets from becoming overcrowded and provides us all with better services, more choice, and a pleasant and safe environment for all.

(MORE)

DAVINA MCCALL TYPE (CONT'D)

Currently awake are Shifts 36 through 0. Shift 36 will be coming to an end in just a few minutes, so make sure you're home safe and sound, 36ers! Have a great night, everyone.

SUPER: SHIFT ZERO

EXT. KEMPTOWN. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

SEB, 22, art-student type, leans against a wall. Nowhere in the world is there a man more tired. His eyes flicker, his head nods up and down as he fights against exhaustion. A soft, muted BEEPING is audible above distant TRAFFIC.

SOMEONE SHOUTS from just out of sight. Seb's eyes spring open, full of fear, and he bolts from the alley. A short while later, TWO FIGURES, obscured by the poor lighting, walk after him, relaxed, all the time in the world.

EXT. KEMPTOWN. A MAZE OF BACK STREETS - NIGHT

Seb sprints through the streets, dodges upturned rubbish bins, skips past and jumps over HOMELESS PEOPLE, slides in a puddle, just runs, literally for his life...

Then he stops. It's like someone's pulled the plug. He slumps sideways against a wall.

His head impacts against the wet bricks, and he jolts awake again, takes off at a pelt... Only a few more feet on, and he collapses on the floor.

Alone in the alley, the glow from the streetlight above provides a halo of light around him. Seb's not passed out, as such. He's fallen asleep. Peaceful, restful sleep on the filthy floor. He starts to snore.

The two figures approach his sleeping form:

JONESY, 32, tall, broad, rough as the rat that the other rats avoid, strong-arm criminality's in his blood, along with substantial amounts of nicotine and coke; and...

SI, 28, slim, blonde, attractive in a cold, almost reptilian way, smart; a posh boy slumming it.

The low beeping continues. Si takes a thin, black velvet case from his pocket, draws out an immaculate, razor sharp scalpel. He's already wearing white surgical gloves.

Si pulls back the collar on Seb's shirt to reveal his Implant, feels his fingers slowly around the edges of the metal.

Jonesy turns away, takes a small contraption from his pocket; it looks halfway between a mobile and a miniature PowerPoint projector.

JONESY

I don't think of myself as a lazy person, not really, but I've got to say, this appeals. Hit them at the right time, and they just fall over for you. Very little in the way of effort required. Very obliging.

INT. DOUBLE BILL'S CAB - NIGHT

In the front of the cab sits 'DOUBLE' BILL PALSTONE, 49, overweight but used to be good looking, gay.

Brighton speeds past: the city's grown. Multi-storey's the norm. Platforms jutting out into the sea support further residential and commercial buildings.

DOUBLE BILL

Holiday making, is it?

JOI

We live here, but every day's a holiday, mate.

DOUBLE BILL

Good place for it, 'tis a good holiday town. Catch some sun, eh?

Double Bill chuckles at his own joke. Jack starts to ring, produces his mobile. A flickering green version of Jonesy's upper torso and head appears in front of him.

JONESY

All right, Carnachan, how you doing, you old dickhead?

Jack puffs up with fake enthusiasm.

JACK

Jonesy! Long time no see!

JONESY

In town on business, mate. Not gonna spring for a b&b run by some queer, so I'm coming to crash at yours. I've got a mate with me, you don't know him, but he's cool.

JACK

Okay...

JONESY

Alright, mate, bonzer. I'll call you when we're ready to crash, yeah?

JACK

Sounds good!

Jack hangs up, and Jonesy disappears. Jack visibly deflates.

JACK (CONT'D)

Wanker.

EXT. KEMPTOWN. A MAZE OF BACK STREETS - NIGHT

As Jonesy hangs up, there's a short SUCKING SOUND. He turns to see Si, now holding Seb's detached and blood spattered implant. Si wipes a good deal of blood from his face.

SI

Fancy a pint?

INT. BRIGHTON PIER. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

The decor and clientele are just as tacky as they were in the 1980s. Si's at the bar, clutching a black case.

He grabs a pint of lager and turns away, just in time for SOMEONE to walk straight into him. The drink flies up him, then crashes to the floor.

SI

For Christ's sake!

He looks up, furious and dripping, ready to put down whoever just did that... His eyes settle on HAYLEY SILVERMAN, the very picture of sorry. 26, not quite a knockout but sexier for it, dressed for clubbing.

HAYLEY

Oh my god, I am so sorry. Are you okay?

SI

Just a little wet... it's a warm evening. I'll dry off.

Hayley reaches forward and feels the collar of Si's shirt, stepping closer to him to do so.

HAYLEY

God, I'm such a twat, you're soaked, you poor thing. You have to let me buy you another drink this very instant.

SI
It's fine, really.

HAYLEY
Well, I have to make it up to you somehow. I can't just be the girl who spilled lager on you. That would suck.

Si raises an eyebrow. There was maybe just a little too much emphasis on the word 'suck' there...

SI
Well, how about I buy you one instead?

INT. BRIGHTON PIER. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT (LATER)

Hayley and Si sit, a few drinks in, Si noticeably drunker than Hayley. Both are laughing, she outrageously flirty. Jack and Joi stand a little way off, watching the scene.

JOI
She's overdoing it.

Hayley laughs... perhaps a little too much. Jack winces.

JACK
Well, as long as he's looking at her...

Jack walks briskly past Hayley and Si's table. He doesn't stop, but picks up the case as he goes. Si, all eyes on Hayley, doesn't notice.

Jonesy approaches the table. Jack, already out of the door, never sees him.

SI
Hayley, this is my business partner that I was telling you about.

HAYLEY
Hey, nice to meet you.

JONESY
Pleasure. Simon... where's the case?

INT. THE FORTUNE OF WAR. BAR - NIGHT

Jack and Joi wait to be served, Si's case resting on the bar. PUNTERS clamour all around.

JOI

How is it you know so many people
you don't like?

JACK

I'm older than you.

(beat)

Sold him an arm and a leg when his
got messed up by a loan shark.
Still do business with him now and
then. Don't have to like him for
that.

Hayley appears behind them.

HAYLEY

This is lost property, right?

EXT. THE FORTUNE OF WAR. OUTSIDE SEATING - NIGHT

HAYLEY

(mid-flow)

...you steal their stuff, I make my
excuses, and there it is, just
hanging in the air, all this
quality sexual tension that I've
been building up. Dangerous
amounts.

JACK

Yeah, I guess you do get kind of
boned.

HAYLEY

No! That's just the problem. I'm
boneless. I'm a chicken strip.

JACK

Deal, platonic-girlfriend. You're
the femme fatale, I'm the light
fingered lovable rogue, Joi's the
tech guy.

JOI

And we know why that is.

JACK

Christ's sake, it's not because
you're Chinese. You've got a degree
in software engineering.

JOI

Racial. Profiling.

JACK

Look, if I had a degree, I'd be the tech guy.

JOI

Honestly? You've got more chance of being Chinese.

Joi hands out the pints as they sit at one of the tables.

JACK

You know, if you're worried about having too much sexual tension stored up... Well, I just want you to know I'm here for you.

HAYLEY

(pause)

Not even if I was straight.

EXT. KEMPTOWN. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Detective TERRY MOORE exits from an unmarked car, lit cigarette in hand. 48, dour, plain clothes and bearded, he stalks towards and then past a nervously waiting UNIFORM COP.

MOORE

I heard corpse, missing Sandman implant and all sorts of horrible shit on the radio. I'd like some good news, please.

UNIFORM COP

We've ID'd the victim, and got a rough time of death. Sebastian Pullman, lives Shift 36. Looks like his shift would have been over for a few minutes when they removed it. The amount of sedatives in his body at that point, he wouldn't have felt a thing.

Moore squats on the floor, over the body of Seb. He lies where he fell. Under streetlights, the blood pool, collecting under his head from the hole in his neck, looks like tar.

MOORE

I'm sure that'll be a great comfort to his family. Anyone had the forethought to notify them yet?

UNIFORM COP

Parents are alive, sir, but both live shift 16. They won't be awake for another 7 hours.

MOORE

Make a note. Hope somebody keeps it
this time.

Moore stands, takes a drag on his cigarette, and looks from
the corpse to the uniform cop.

MOORE (CONT'D)

Get me a list of everyone resident
in our fine city who has previous
for handling restricted
cybernetics.

The uniform cop proudly thrusts forward a crumpled computer
print out towards Moore. Moore clutches it away.

UNIFORM COP

Already took the liberty, sir. I,
uh, also ran a search on any chop
shops that specialise in sabotaging
the shift system. There's a couple
in town that've used stolen
implants to stretch shifts before,
but they usually get 'em direct
from factory.

The uniform cop stands, hopeful, as Moore pours through the
list. After a beat Moore looks up.

MOORE

Oh, you want a lollipop? I haven't
got any on me, but if you run back
to the station house, I'll have
them fetch you a gold star.

(beat)

Piss off.

The uniform cop turns about heel, dejected, and Moore goes
back to his list. A smile cracks his usually saturnine face.

MOORE (CONT'D)

Hello, Jack.

EXT. THE FORTUNE OF WAR. OUTSIDE SEATING - NIGHT

The trio stair at a laptop on the table, unimpressed.

HAYLEY

A laptop? Tell me we got more than
a laptop.

A hatch opens on Joi's forearm, which inside is hollow and
metallic. A few objects rattle around inside. He takes a long
USB cord from inside, plugs it into the computer.

JACK

That's so creepy. I wish you wouldn't do that around me. I shouldn't be able to... see inside your arm.

JOI

You know when you talk like that, you just sound old, right?

JACK

I'm three years older than you. Three. I'm not old.

HAYLEY

Not as old as this piece of shit laptop, no.

JACK

Well, maybe... Maybe there's some sort of value to stuff this out of date. There is, right?

JOI

At a push, maybe someone with an extreme, and I do mean extreme, fetish for obsolete technology might give us chips and change? Not even any info on it. Thing's clean. It is, in short, clash.

HAYLEY

You know, I saw a guy with an abacus back at the pier. Maybe we should go rob him too.

Joi unplugs himself, winds the cord back in. He stares at the hatch in his arm; nothing happens.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)

Stuck again?

JOI

Uh huh.

Joi takes a strange contraption from his pocket, a homemade mishmash of circuit boards and TV remotes. He presses a button and the hatch closes.

JACK

You tell me that isn't creepy.

MOORE (O.S.)

Carnachan?

The group turns to see Moore approaching, less than friendly. Jack slams down the lid of the laptop, leans on it, faux-casual.

JACK

Officer Moore. How've you've been?

MOORE

Good, good. Investigating a murder and theft of Sandman Implants. And I thought to myself, who do I know that's done time for dealing restricted cybernetics, and I came naturally to... you.

JACK

Ah, but I'm no longer a criminal, Officer Moore. It disappoints me that you don't me that you don't believe in the rehabilitative power of the prison system.

MOORE

So what do you do now?

JACK

Alcohol and nicotine, mostly. A little medical grade morphine if I can get my hands on it and I've got a couple of hours to kill.

Moore smiles graciously.

MOORE

And what is it you do for a job, Jack?

JACK

Oh, you know. All trades.

The smile, and Moore's patience, fades.

MOORE

Another funny answer. If I didn't know better, if I was a less tolerant person, I'd assume you were being evasive.

JACK

But you thought it was funny?

MOORE

Oh, yes, Carnachan. You're a mess scraping by an annual income that makes African AIDS orphans want to donate to your charity, but you're funny.

JACK

Alright then, I'll play: what time did they die?

MOORE

Hour ago.

JACK

Would've just got up. Wouldn't I?

MOORE

I don't imagine you doing anything as obvious, or requiring as much effort, as murdering someone, Jack. But arranging to pick up the ill gotten goods after, that I wouldn't put past you.

JACK

I didn't, and until you find someone with a bloody knife, a bag full of Sandman Implants and my number on their mobile, I think we're done here.

Jack's mobile rings on the table. The phone's display id's the caller as Jonesy. Jack rejects the call, annoyed.

MOORE

Careful with this one, lass. He'll see you wrong.

HAYLEY

Don't worry, we're just friends.

MOORE

Like that matters.

Moore gives Jack a half playful, half forceful couple of slaps on the cheek, and leaves.

HAYLEY

Ughhh. This sucks.

(beat)

Let's play Frisbee.

EXT. KING'S ROAD ARCHES - NIGHT

Jack, Hayley and Joi throw the laptop to each other like a Frisbee. Each is doing their best to put the other off.

HAYLEY

So... that cop seemed to not like you.

JACK
Yeah, it's going around, that.

JOI
No, he liked you less than most people. Did you mess with his wife?

Jack almost drops the laptop...

JACK
Jesus, no! She's older than he is.

JOI
Ah, but you know who his wife is... so you messed with his daughter?

JACK
...his niece.

HAYLEY
His niece? He seemed pretty angry. What did she get from you?

JACK
Pregnant. Briefly.

HAYLEY
Oh... I... I was kidding.

JACK
It's fine. Can we drop this now?

Jack throws the laptop at Joi with more than a little playful force. Joi ducks out of the way, and the laptop smashes into the wall behind them, clattering to the floor in a hundred tiny pieces. The three look over the wreckage.

HAYLEY
Aww, the Frisbee broke.

Jack picks through the wreckage, and pulls out a padded envelope that was hidden inside.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Ooh.

Jack pulls the envelope open, up ends it. Five Sandman Implants fall into his hand. More clatter about inside the envelope. Once more, with feeling...

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Ooooooooooh.

EXT. THE LANES - NIGHT

The incongruously old fashioned labyrinth of streets that is The Lanes is buzzing with consumers, flitting in and out of antique shops and boutiques. Jack, Hayley and Joi walk and talk.

JACK

So how is it you know a fence who can move Sandman Implants and I don't?

HAYLEY

Does it bother you?

JACK

Why would it bother me? And yes.

HAYLEY

I spend all my nights talking to people, some of whom have more interesting places in the criminal fraternity than we do, who you then steal from.

JACK

So we've stolen from this guy?

HAYLEY

Uh-huh. Couple of times.

JACK

This seems wrong somehow.

JOI

The stealing? Cause if that's the case you may want to consider some career guidance.

JACK

No, I mean, surely the leader should have all the best connections.

HAYLEY

There's only three of us, honey. I'm not sure we really need a leader.

JACK

But if we did, it'd be me, yeah?

HAYLEY

(Pityingly)
Sure it would.

The three head to the front of a large QUEUE that's forming outside of Casablanca's, a jazz and soul nightclub. Hayley, familiar with the BOUNCER, slips him a bank note and they all head inside, much to the annoyance of the waiting line.

INT. CASABLANCA'S. WILSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

WILSON, white and dreadlocked, sits on a beanbag at the back of the room. The office is decorated in a style so retro, it'd be embarrassing now. CCTV monitors line the back wall.

WILSON

No. Not now, not ever. Not if you promised me a blowjob every day for the rest of my life as a sweetener.

JACK

Would it help if we specified which one of us would be giving the blowjob?

WILSON

Not from any of you.

HAYLEY

This is the deal of a lifetime. How often does someone come to you with a shipment this big?

WILSON

Never, because nobody's that stupid.

HAYLEY

I like to think of it as daring.

WILSON

No, no. Just stupid. I buy and sell holo-projectors, Hayley. Mobiles. The occasional vanity cybernetic. Do you know what Greenstreet would do to me if he knew I'd even been talking to you about moving what you're suggesting? He. Would. Kill. Me. That's not... that's not good for me. No, no, many, many times no.

HAYLEY

It's fine. We've got other people to speak to, smart people who can see that what I hold in this envelope is an early retirement. You come to your senses, you give me a call, and hope and pray we've still got them.

EXT. THE LANES - NIGHT

Jack and Hayley swing out of the club. The same people are still in the line.

JACK
You were lying? I don't see how that's productive if he's your only lead.

HAYLEY
I wasn't lying. I was bluffing.

JACK
Difference being?

HAYLEY
Bluffing is something you do to poker buddies, nightclub bouncers and, in this case, fences of cybernetic goods. Lying is something you do to your girlfriend and your mother.

INT. CASABLANCA'S. WILSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Wilson watches the trio on the CCTV monitors.

WILSON
(To one of the bouncers)
Call Greenstreet.

EXT. THE LANES - NIGHT

HAYLEY
We steal things we could fence at Cash Converters. This is a departure for us, and Wilson knows it. He'll sweat us for a couple of nights, then take them for half of what they're worth, which is a lot more than we deserve.

JACK
That kind of attitude is why we're stuck on the piddling shit that people take without blinking. I bet you I can sell these tonight.

HAYLEY
Uh huh. I'll see you again tomorrow, alright? Coming Joi?

Hayley hands Jack the envelope, which he stuffs inside his coat pocket.

She kisses Jack on the cheek, and she and Joi walk off through the town. Watching her go, Jack's forehead rumples, and a smile slowly starts forming...

INT. THE OCEAN ROOMS - NIGHT

JACK
(a little too
enthusiastic)
Jonesy!

Jack approaches Jonesy, sitting at a table in the club. They greet each other with self consciously manly back slaps.

EXT. QUEENS ROAD - NIGHT

Hayley and Joi wander up the street, weaving through the horde of chavs and boho's, the mundane and the eccentric.

JOI
So when you said we were going
home?

HAYLEY
Well... I always though of 'home'
as a mutable concept. Is the
building where you live necessarily
your home? Is not any place of
comfort and well being, any place
that you're happy, really your
home?

JOI
So your definition could include,
for example, a strip club?

They've stopped outside of a garish building advertised in pink neon as The Pussycat Club. A couple of STRIPPERS wrapped in fake fur coats smoke, hugging themselves against the cold. A burly BOUNCER stands on each side of the door.

HAYLEY
Yes. Yes it could.

INT. THE PUSSYCAT CLUB. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Hayley and Joi sit at one of the tables, beers in hand, cooing over a STRIPPER each, waving bank notes.

HAYLEY
Aren't you beautiful? Yes you are.
You've got beautiful eyes. Yes you
do.

INT. THE OCEAN ROOMS - NIGHT

Jack and Jonesy sit. A third stool remains empty. Throngs of people around them dance, drink and seduce.

JONESY

Can't really talk about it, you know, sort of a need to know thing. But the whole thing's gone norks vertical, to be honest.

JACK

Right, bad one. Although... as it happens, I might just have a deal for you that'll cheer you right up...

INT. THE PUSSYCAT CLUB. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Moving through the crowd likes sharks come three men, early 30s, looking every inch of them trouble.

BOLITHO, white, grade 1 hair, fat and tatoos. MCCLYMONT, broad but not fat, patchy beard and greased hair, looks like he'd shiv you for a pack of cigarettes.

Leading them is HARTNELL. Black, bald, stylish. Never moves an inch that he shouldn't. The crowd parts for him like he was Moses.

Hayley sees them, holds onto her drink: looks like trouble's coming. Joi's oblivious, his face planted next to a thong.

HAYLEY

Joi.
(beat)
Joi!

Joi surfaces for air.

JOI

Yeah?

HAYLEY

Bouncers. Put the poor girl down.

Hartnell and the two heavies surround them.

HARTNELL

Miss Silverman?

INT. THE OCEAN ROOMS - NIGHT

JONESY

Sandman Implants? Yeah, I'd be interested in taking those of your hands, very interested.

(beat)

Tell me, Jack, how is it you came across such a treasure trove?

INT. THE PUSSYCAT CLUB. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

HAYLEY

Sorry about my mate, he's got a bit over excited, first time in the country, like.

JOI

(In Mandarin, apologetic)
I think the chances of any of you cock-breathed monkey fuckers speaking Mandarin are pretty slim. I doubt you've mastered English.

HAYLEY

We'll be on our way.

HARTNELL

I don't think you will. See, we've been hearing tales that you've been trying to fence quite some Sandman Implants. You'll be coming with us.

HAYLEY

Ah. I suppose it's too much to hope that you guys are police?

HARTNELL

It is.

HAYLEY

Right. Mind if I finish my drink first?

INT. THE OCEAN ROOMS - NIGHT

Si walks over to the table, clutching three pints of beer. He gives a slight double take at Jack - there's the faintest hint of recognition.

JONESY

Si, this is Jack, Jack, Si.

JACK

How you doing?

JONESY

Can you believe, Si, that Jack's come across a laptop full of Sandman Implants that he wants to sell to us? It must be our lucky day.

(beat)

Apparently, he nicked them off some bloke on the pier.

SI

Is that so?

JONESY

That is so.

Jack looks from Jonesy to Si, finally recognises him.

JACK

Oh, cocking hell.

INT. THE PUSSYCAT CLUB. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Hayley stands, tucks a few €100 notes into the stripper's g-string, downs the rest of her pint, and shoves the empty glass into Bolitho's face.

INT. THE OCEAN ROOMS - NIGHT

Jonesy stands up, flipping the table over and onto Jack, who falls to the floor.

INT. THE PUSSYCAT CLUB. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Hayley grabs the stool she was sitting on, swings it at McClymont's gut. Instinctively he blocks it. She slams him in the face with metal base.

Hartnell goes for Joi, grabbing him by the throat. Joi's arm compartment springs open; he reaches in, grabs a Tazer and shocks Hartnell right in the chest.

INT. THE OCEAN ROOMS - NIGHT

Jack crawls out from under the table. Si and Jonesy are rounding on him.

JONESY

Where are the Implants, Carnachan?

Jack pulls himself up.

JACK
Alright, alright, calm down mate,
just back off a little bit and I'll
tell you...

Jack pauses to catch his breath - then bolts away. Jonesy takes off after him, Si heads for the front exit.

EXT. THE OCEAN ROOMS. SIDE EXIT - NIGHT

Both doors of the fire-exit spring open. Jack flies out and rushes off into the street.

EXT. QUEENS ROAD - NIGHT

Hayley and Joi speed out of the club past the confused bouncers, Joi's arm hatch still open. Seconds later, Hartnell and McClymont bull rush through the doors, knocking one of the bouncers clean over.

EXT. SEAFRONT - NIGHT

Jack sprints along the seafront.

Coming from the other direction, Hayley and Joi, also sprinting.

HAYLEY
Why is your arm still hanging open?

JOI
Can't find remote!

HAYLEY
What?

JOI
I can't find the remote!

Jack passes them at top speed; they all double take but keep going.

Jack turns away from them, confused and off balance. He runs straight into Si, who pistol whips him in the face with an expensive looking handgun.

Hayley and Joi run across a road. Joi's looking back as he runs.

JOI (CONT'D)
Was that Jack?

A taxi ploughs into him.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Si and Jonesy drag a struggling Jack into the back alley, dump him on the floor. Jack scrabbles to his feet, goes for broke and lunges at Jonesy.

No contest. Jonesy swats Jack away, punches him in the gut and face, and slams him against the wall. Jack lies panting against the red bricks, blood pouring from his nose. Si draws his pistol.

JONESY

Look mate, just tell me where they are, eh? You didn't even know you were stealing from me. I'm not the sort to hold a grudge, now am I?

JACK

I'd sell out the Pope for what they're worth, Jonesy. You don't even warrant chips and change.

Jonesy throws his jacket to the floor, revealing his bionic arm. In the cold light of - well, night - it's clearly fake, very solid, and looks like it was made to hurt people. Which it was.

JONESY

I suppose you recognise this.

JACK

Can't quite place it. That's probably just concussion, though.

JONESY

My pride and joy, this is. Agamemnon Brand Military Grade Bionic arm, model number 1300. Key features include vastly increased proportional strength and reflexes. Mostly used for reconnaissance and black ops missions, it includes an inbuilt concealed climbing cord with electromagnetic grapnel...

Jonesy produces a thin metal cable from his arm, wraps it around his other, real, fist.

JONESY (CONT'D)

Thin, but able to sustain great tensions, in the field the cable is just as often used as a garrotte wire.

Jonesy pushes the cable against Jack's throat.

JONESY (CONT'D)

I bet you're regretting doing such a stellar sales pitch now. You hadn't sold me this arm, situation might have been altogether different.

JACK

Might have been. Hey, didn't I also sell you your leg?

Jack jams his hand into the pocket of his jacket. There's faint but distinct BUZZING followed by a FRAZZLING of electronics giving out.

With a complete look of shock, Jonesy collapses to the floor, his leg giving out on him. His cybernetic arm also hangs limp and crippled at his side.

Jack grabs the flailing cable attached to Jonesy's arm, swings it around Si's throat and pulls tight.

With one leg and one arm still functioning Jonesy begins to pull himself up, using a rubbish bin as leverage.

Jack releases the cable and punches Si hard in the face, putting him down, then kicks the bin out from under Jonesy.

Taking a second to dust himself off, Jack kicks Si's pistol away, and proudly produces Joi's bionic remote control from his pocket.

JACK (CONT'D)

You know, every time I move into a new flat, I change the locks for this very reason. Always assume the previous owner kept a spare, eh?

Jack presses a button on the remote, and Jonesy's arm and leg whir back into life. Jonesy smiles evilly, pushes himself off the ground...

Jack hits a different button, and the arm gives out once more. Jonesy's face crunches into the pavement.

JONESY

I'm going to leave your arsehole in tatters, Carnachan.

JACK

On, off, on, off, on, and, oh, off again. You know I don't think I'm going to get tired of this. Next time I see Joi, I'm going to get him to build some extra features into this. I'll have you dancing the can-can next time we meet.

JONESY
Carnachan?

JACK
Yes, Jonesy?

Jack's face goes from smug to surprised as the device is plucked from his hand. He turns to see a now conscious but bleeding Si holding it.

JONESY
Fucking tatters.

Si presses the 'on' button.

EXT. SEAFRONT - NIGHT

Jack hobbles as fast as he can down the road, looking back constantly over his shoulder, trying to wave down a cab.

His gait unsteady, Jack twists his ankle and falls, his leg giving out on him.

JACK
Not as funny... when it's me...

Double Bill's cab pulls up next to him.

DOUBLE BILL
You after a taxi, mate?

JACK
Yes...

Jack turns, sees Jonesy and Si running towards him.

JACK (CONT'D)
Yes!

INT. DOUBLE BILL'S CAB - NIGHT

Jack clambers into the back seat, pulls his dead leg in after him. Jonesy's at the car as Bill puts it into first, reaches in through the open window, grabbing at Jack. Jack kicks at his grasping hand, and the cab pulls off.

DOUBLE BILL
Where we going mate?

JACK
Hospital.

DOUBLE BILL
Which one?

JACK
The nearest bloody one.

EXT. SEAFRONT - NIGHT

Hayley's kneeling over Joi, who's conscious but battered from the impact. A small CROWD is hovering around.

JOI
This isn't the highlight of my night.

HARTNELL (O.S.)
Give me ten minutes with you, it might still feel like it is.

Hayley and Joi look up to see Hartnell and McClymont. Both have intentionally poorly hidden guns trained at Hayley and Joi.

JOI
Balls.

INT. ROYAL SUSSEX HOSPITAL. ON-CALL ROOM - NIGHT

AMANDA SHEPHERD, 28, pretty, well spoken and frighteningly smart, stands in front of a mirror. Another DOCTOR lies asleep on a nearby bed. Amanda's retouching makeup, doing her best to hide a black eye.

INT. ROYAL SUSSEX HOSPITAL. AMANDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack limps his way into Amanda's office. They take a second to stare at each other.

AMANDA
I heard them announce Jack Carnachan, but I didn't think that my luck could get that bad.

JACK
Manda? Shitting hell.

AMANDA
I see your vocabulary's as extensive as ever.

JACK
Sorry, I... shitting hell, how are you?

Amanda examines him as they talk, she avoiding eye contact wherever possible.

AMANDA

Better than you, apparently. Who's wife did you screw this time?

JACK

What makes you think I was screwing someone's wife?

AMANDA

Past experience. Plus it looks like someone wanted to hurt you bad enough that I guess you hurt them first.

JACK

Well I didn't sleep with anyone's wife, tonight. People can change, you know.

AMANDA

Oh, so you stole from them?

Jack looks at the floor, a naughty schoolboy.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

There we go.

Amanda takes a glue gun from a cabinet.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

This is going to hurt, but it's better than stitches.

JACK

Don't worry. I'm in so much pain I don't think I could register any more.

Amanda applies to glue to Jack's split eyebrow. Jack winces.

JACK (CONT'D)

Okay, apparently I can.

(beat)

You shouldn't be here.

AMANDA

I've worked here for years.

JACK

You shouldn't be here now. You were a daytime girl, last thing I knew.

AMANDA

And now I live Shift 6. You volunteered to change shifts, so did I.

(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Not hard to find someone to take a day shift. Most people want to see the sun.

Amanda turns her back to Jack, grabs some bandages from her cabinet and wraps them over his eyebrow.

JACK

So you followed...

AMANDA

Dear Christ, no. I'm glad to see your ego wasn't damaged when you got the shit kicked out of you. No. I didn't know we'd cross shifts.

JACK

I was going to say 'your dreams of working in a hospital between three and nine in the morning'.

AMANDA

No, you weren't. Why I switched isn't your concern. I don't remember interrogating you when you gave up the daylight, but then, oh, yes, I didn't get a chance.

JACK

You could ask me now.

AMANDA

I could, yes.

JACK

It's nice to see you again. Really.

AMANDA

Your nose is broken.

Amanda snaps Jack's nose back to the right direction with an unpleasant crack, applies a small bandage over the top.

JACK

I'm serious. I didn't miss much about the day.

AMANDA

It's because you keep saying things like that, that's why you're always getting beaten up.

(beat)

Okay, you don't seem to have lost much blood, and you're only talking as much crap as you normally do, so I think we can rule out concussion. You're good to go.

JACK
Is that it?

AMANDA
Yes. Was there something else you wanted?

JACK
I was hoping I might get to see you again, given that, you know, a little cross-over.

Amanda sighs, tired.

AMANDA
I work in an A and E ward, Jack. I'm sure you'll be seeing plenty of me.

EXT. ROYAL SUSSEX HOSPITAL. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Jack hobbles out of the hospital, smiling to himself a little. A few cabs wait in a rank.

INT. DOUBLE BILL'S CAB - NIGHT

Jack pulls himself, painfully, into the back of the cab.

DOUBLE BILL
Evening again, mate. Feelin' better?

JACK
Jesus Christ, are you the only taxi driver in the whole of Brighton?

DOUBLE BILL
No, but I'm the best taxi driver in the whole of Brighton. Whole of the South East, I'll tell you that for free.

JACK
You're making a very good case for that. I think you might be my new favourite service provider.

The cab pulls off into the night.

DOUBLE BILL
You're sounding a lot more chipper than when I dropped you off in there.

JACK

Yeah, well, bleeding... less...
now. And I just met up with someone
that I haven't seen in a long
while...

EXT. SEAFRONT - NIGHT

Another cab pulls out in front of Double Bill's cab, doing
obscene speeds for the amount of traffic on the road.

INT. DOUBLE BILL'S CAB - NIGHT

Double Bill slams on the breaks, and skids to a halt.

Cabs stuck behind him have already begun honking, bikes not
waiting, making their way alongside.

JACK

You're going the right way for the
hospital, in case you were
wondering.

DOUBLE BILL

Don't worry about it, mate, people
drive like that at this time of
night.

JACK

As opposed to...?

DOUBLE BILL

Used to drive in the day, back
before the shift system came in.

JACK

You're not old enough for that.

DOUBLE BILL

You do flatter me, young man. I can
assure you that I bloody well am.
Of course, mostly I drove at night
anyway, better fairs like, but the
choice was nice, y'know.

(beat)

You met someone in the hospital?
Not too sick, I hope?

JACK

No, no, she's a doctor.

DOUBLE BILL

Hoh-hoh. Very nice. You could find
yourself a kept man, there, laddy.

JACK

Yeah. It was... it was nice to see her again. Sort of thing that catches you unaware, you know.

Jack's smile fades.

DOUBLE BILL

Oh, getting a little maudlin back there. I'm afraid that's not allowed. No food, no smoking, no moping. Not in my cab.

JACK

Ah, she's just... well she's a few of shifts down from me. There's only three hours crossover...

DOUBLE BILL

Listen. The time thing, not an issue if the person matters to you. Me and my Phill, we've got a half hour crossover. That's it. But it works because... well, it works.

JACK

Jesus. Half an hour? D'you know him before the shifts then?

DOUBLE BILL

No. He's not much older than you, mate. Struck lucky there. They paired us up in one of the house shares, yeah, but they bollocksed up the timing's, didn't they? So there's a half hour where we're both awake.

JACK

Could of been a pain in the arse if you didn't get on.

DOUBLE BILL

Could of been. Should have been. But he was lovely. He thought the same about me, which was just as well, or that would have an even bigger pain the arse. Nightmare that would of been.

JACK

But it all worked out?

DOUBLE BILL

Oh, yes.

Double Bill pulls down the redundant sunscreen from the passenger window, removes a photo kept there and hands it to Jack.

JACK

He's a handsome fella.

DOUBLE BILL

That's half an hour a night, mate. You get three hours with this lady of yours... that's all the time in the world. That bleeding aside, I'd consider this a good night, all told.

INT. THE PUSSYCAT CLUB. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Hayley stands at the back of the room, pissed off. Joi's leaning against the wall, clutching at his side, and rubbing the lacerations on his face.

Hartnell and McClymont stand, blocking exits, holding handguns. Bolitho is sitting on a stool, holding a blood soaked towel to his face.

The door swings open, and in stalks GREENSTREET.

57, morbidly obese, very little thin hair and skin a rhino would think was in need of moisturiser. Accompanied by a growling Doberman, FLETCHER. His eyes settle on Hayley and Joi.

GREENSTREET

My name is Greenstreet. Being in the line of work that you're in, I imagine you knew that.

HAYLEY

I might have heard of you.

GREENSTREET

Lovely. Your names are Hayley Silverman and Joy Wong...

JOI

Joe. It's pronounced like Joe.

Greenstreet raises an eyebrow.

GREENSTREET

Joi Wong. Both are names I had zero fucking interest in until tonight. Joi. Hayley. People in our line of work are a territorial bunch at heart. We've got boundaries.

(MORE)

GREENSTREET (CONT'D)

They may not be boundaries that most people would live by, but there they are, nonetheless. What we do not do is piss where others eat.

(beat)

You want to steal from businessmen in karaoke bars? I don't give a shit. But a little grass tells me that you start trying to fence Sandman Implants worth the GNP of Uganda, and you are pissing where I eat. I take umbrage at that, because the only thing I like on my food is salt and vinegar.

Hayley lets the tension hang there for a beat, then...

HAYLEY

We love this whole shtick you have going here, don't we, Joi?

JOI

Oh, yeah. It's super.

HAYLEY

With the dramatic entrance and the big speech and all...

JOI

And the dog, the dog's a great touch.

HAYLEY

It's swell, really, and I can tell it takes practice, but I'm afraid you're wasting your time. We don't know what you're talking about. Maybe if next time you tried to start a little communication, a little dialogue, before you sent cheap thugs after us...

Greenstreet indicates to Hartnell.

Hartnell shoots Hayley in the gut.

The noise is sudden and deafening, echoing around the small office.

Greenstreet walks up to the shocked Joi, spattered with his friend's blood.

GREENSTREET

Can you hear me now?