

The Wounding

by

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FADE IN:

INT. MICHAEL'S COTTAGE - LOUNGE - Day 1/5, 08:00

SOUND: A piano concerto on the radio (O.S.) and the sound of water splashing. A shower is running.

Some framed photographs are mounted on the white-washed walls surrounding the farmhouse-style doors to the kitchen.

Two blond, gap-toothed young boys in a school portrait. Brothers. Another picture: a teenager in waterproof clothing, weary, a rucksack on his back, near a hill top.

Older now, the boy is almost a man, posing on graduation day. Next to this, a picture of the same young man with shaved-short hair in formal military uniform: an officer, in the The Royal Engineers. After this, informal portraits taken with other soldiers in camp, hard-bodied and blooded. Off-duty killers posing with trophies: in mountains, jungle and in the desert. No longer an engineer but a 'Ghost'.

There is a later photograph of a man in his late 30s, still tall and striking-looking, his cold blue eyes out-stare the camera (this is MICHAEL). He is dark-haired with a stubbled-chin. Stood in evening dress, he stands protectively over an older man, dressed as formally with a receding hairline (VIC MARSHALL). They are at an elaborate function. VIC is amused by something off-camera.

INT. MICHAEL'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY 1/5, 08.01

SOUND: Radio 4 jingle. The news. The shower stops running.

Steam from the out-house bathroom creeps into the kitchen. A flash of towel at the door to the bathroom. A tabby wild-cat dances into the kitchen from the lounge. Through the small kitchen window, grey, overcast cloud scuds over Highland mountains.

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MICHAEL Rudyard steps out of the bathroom wearing tan cord jeans, a towel over his shoulders. He is early 40s, dark-haired, his body a simmering knot of whip-cord and scars, knife-fighting the air.

SOUND: The cat mewls. Radio 4 broadcast changes to news:

NEWSREADER

Answering questions today in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister will seek to dismiss claims that scrutiny of contracts awarded for Olympic construction projects in London was improperly managed.

MICHAEL fills the kettle. Lighting a match, he lights the stove under the kettle and the frying pan and looking down at the cat, smiles.

NEWSREADER (contd.)

Yesterday's claims by the Opposition that many construction partnerships are nothing more than front companies for the laundering of the wealth of some exiled Russian oligarchs...

MICHAEL takes milk from the fridge. He lifts a saucer from the table and sniffing, pours some milk for the cat. He puts the milk down and reaching to

NEWSREADER (contd.)

...have added pressure on an unpopular government, already struggling with accusations of an apparent reluctance to levy tax on a community of billionaires.

the shelf over the cooker for a mug, a photo-portrait of SABINE (Monica Bellucci's hotter sister) falls to the floor. MICHAEL bends down to pick up the photo and sees a MUDDY BOOT through the gap under the door to the lounge.

NEWSREADER (contd.)

Meanwhile, Moscow again repeated it's demands for the extradition of those they have charged with corruption, tax evasion and

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NEWSREADER (contd.)

racketeering, threatening to tie future supplies of gas and oil to Britain to the successful extradition of nearly 300 individuals residing in London.

MICHAEL stands, watching the door, he backs toward the table and reaching behind him, picks up a KNIFE. As the kitchen door slowly opens, he pulls the towel from his shoulders. The barrel of a pistol creeps past the door

NEWSREADER (contd.)

In the House of Commons yesterday, the Prime Minister fended off questions on whether the Fraud Office and SOCA were already conducting investigations...

and MICHAEL leans close behind the door. MICHAEL steps behind INTRUDER (mid-30's/ unpolished) and jams the knife up into INTRUDER's jaw.

A shot. The radio is SILENCED. MICHAEL ducks out of the way, scrabbling after INTRUDER's dropped pistol (a GLOCK G17). INTRUDER is convulsing in nervous shock. MICHAEL slips on INTRUDER's blood and turning, Michael kicks the door against intruder #2, CARLOS (30's/ black/ cammo-clothes).

The door is kicked open. MICHAEL picks up the frying pan and throws it at CARLOS who shrieks from scolding fat. Leaping up, MICHAEL tackles CARLOS through to the lounge

INT. MICHAEL'S COTTAGE - LOUNGE - Day 1/5, 08:03

where CARLOS punches free of MICHAEL's grasp with the butt of the pistol. MICHAEL is still clutching his kitchen knife and slashes at CARLOS's hand before he can shoot. CARLOS shrieks, drops the pistol, kicking a chair in front of MICHAEL as he tries to follow up.

CARLOS pulls a combat knife from his sleeve and stabs forward. MICHAEL parries, slashing uselessly at CARLOS' heavy cammo jacket. CARLOS laughs nervously, glancing to the dropped pistol. MICHAEL jinks forward again and catches CARLOS in the upper arm.

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CARLOS

I'm not alone. Doesn't matter...

MICHAEL circles around, looking for an opening. CARLOS is losing confidence, sneaking a look down at his arm.

CARLOS (Contd.)

...you're too late...

MICHAEL feints as CARLOS slashes forward. MICHAEL rolls under him and bolting upright, jams the kitchen knife into CARLOS' gut where the blade snaps.

CARLOS staggers back and falls onto the sofa, snorting to breath air, eyes betraying shock.

CARLOS

Got your brother. Came for you.

MICHAEL watches CARLOS drop the combat knife then steps over to the window where he pulls back the net curtains.

DRIVER (late 20s/ scrawny) is trying to start a red BMW. MICHAEL looks around the lounge and jumps back to pick up CARLOS' pistol. He picks it up. It is another GLOCK G17.

MICHAEL hurries back toward the front door and pulling it open, lets off a couple of rounds but the BMW is getting away.

MICHAEL frowns, cursing silently as he steps outside

EXT. MICHAEL'S FRONT 'GARDEN' - DAY 1/5 08:05

and unable to catch the car, Michael runs next door into the outhouse

INT. MICHAEL'S OUTHOUSE - DAY 1/5 08:05

and tearing back a load of sacking, MICHAEL takes out a concealed rifle case and runs back outside.

INT. MICHAEL'S 'GARDEN' - DAY 1/5 08:05

Watching the BMW begin to pick up speed, MICHAEL begins to run, tearing off the cover of the hunting rifle and throws

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it aside as he passes a wheelbarrow and bunch of tools.

MICHAEL runs across the stony turf of his garden, watching the BMW slow to turn a bend. MICHAEL propels himself over a broken dry-stone wall and stumbles out of a ditch on the other side.

The BMW has rounded a bend and is hidden by an embankment and then some low hawthorn trees. MICHAEL turns away, ignores the BMW for now as he heads across an open field.

In a neighbouring field, sheep are grazing. MICHAEL is barefoot but picking up speed, wincing as his feet are torn by sharp grass and stones. He steals a glance to his left.

The BMW is gulping through a ford.

A shallow stream. MICHAEL hops across the natural boundary into a field of larger stones, the ground becoming more broken as he begins to assault the hill in front of him.

The BMW disappears from view. MICHAEL slips but this spurs him to push harder, breathing deeper and using the rifle stock as a climbing pole to pull himself past larger stones. Fast, faster, harder than training.

MICHAEL is wild now. Savagely silent. His eyes dare the mountain to resist. He grins, snarling as he pushes the rifle in front of him.

MICHAEL drops to the ground, lying across the brow of a low foothill as he flicks open the lens caps on the telescopic sight. He forces his breath to slow. MICHAEL tracks back along the road until he scopes the BMW. He sights further up the road and draws the sight back along the road.

MICHAEL fires once.

B-r-e-a-t-h-i-n-g deeply, MICHAEL slowly gets to his feet and casually slinging the rifle over his shoulder, begins to walk down the other side of the ridge, his gaze fixed to the distance.

The BMW is slowing, slowly, slower now veering slightly as it approaches a simple stone bridge at the bottom of the glen. The BMW peels off the road and very gently kisses a lowly, mean, wind-raped tree.

SOUND: A distant car horn blowing steadily.

EXT. THE ROAD IN FRONT OF MICHAEL'S GARDEN - DAY 1/5 08:50

MICHAEL pulls the handbrake. Parks the BMW. There are rose-blossom whorls, painted, smeared by hand, across the inside of the wind-shield. The rear offside window is broken.

MICHAEL gets out and going around the front of the car, opens the front passenger door. DRIVER slumps out into MICHAEL's arms. MICHAEL pulls DRIVER from the car and drags the body back through the green wooden gate.

EXT. MICHAEL'S GARDEN - DAY 1/5 08:51

MICHAEL drags DRIVER around the side of the cottage and then dumps the body into a ditch by the dry stone wall. MICHAEL goes through DRIVER's pockets. He lifts out a brown leather wallet, studies it for a moment, puts it in his own pocket. He turns back to the cottage.

INT. MICHAEL'S COTTAGE - KITCHEN - DAY 1/5 08:56

MICHAEL puts three wallets on the table. He leaves aside the brown leather wallet and opens a nylon sports wallet. Nothing of interest there but money which he puts aside.

MICHAEL picks up the small black wallet last. It is packed with scraps of paper which MICHAEL separates into piles: ATM receipts, things-to-do, phone numbers and names. The money is added to the growing pile. MICHAEL takes out an Oyster card. Holding it up, he smiles, shaking his head then looks over his shoulder at INTRUDER's body.

Michael gets up and standing over the body, bends down and putting his hands under the INTRUDER's arms, lifts the body and drags it toward the door.

INT. MICHAEL'S COTTAGE - LOUNGE - DAY 1/5 09:01

MICHAEL scuffs his bare feet on the entrance mat. He looks down at his torso and trousers which are smeared with blood and shakes his head.

MICHAEL crosses the lounge and picks up CARLOS. As MICHAEL drags CARLOS' body, it leaves a brown watery streak on the red-tiled floor.

EXT. MICHAEL'S GARDEN - DAY 1/5 09:02

MICHAEL drags CARLOS outside. MICHAEL grunts as he drags CARLOS around the corner of the cottage and over to the ditch by the dry-stone wall out of which grows a single arm.

EXT. MICHAEL'S GARDEN - THE DITCH - DAY 1/5 09:03

MICHAEL dumps CARLOS on top of the two others and turning, walks away. SOUND: a man's groan. MICHAEL stops and turns around. He cocks his head, listens.

CARLOS' hand slumps down to the dirt. MICHAEL sighs. He looks around: at the cottage; the red BMW; the glen and up at the mountains. Shaking his head, MICHAEL stares down at his bare feet which are grazed and muddy. Beat. He winkles his toes. He looks at the bodies in the ditch: it is CARLOS who groans.

MICHAEL wanders back to the ditch via his wheelbarrow, picking up a metal fence spike as he passes. Squatting on his knees, MICHAEL reaches out and grabbing CARLOS by the back of the head, plunges the fence post up through the man's jaw. CARLOS gurns. His arms lash out. His eyes open.

MICHAEL squishes (SOUND) the post back and forth until CARLOS is still again.

Standing up, MICHAEL looks down at the three bodies and yawns. A smear of blood is on his lips. He looks down at his hand and then at his trousers. Spots of blood. He turns and goes back to the cottage.

INT/EXT. MICHAEL'S GARDEN - BMW - DAY 1/5 10:03

An oil drum is sat next to the wheelbarrow. It has been set on fire and a wan, pallid smoke rises from inside.

SOUND: The car stereo plays Radio4, 'Thought for the Day' (archive material; the virtue of forgiveness).

MICHAEL is cleaning the interior of the car. He finishes wiping the windscreen and as he gets up, finds another fragment of the driver's window sticking to his boiler suit. MICHAEL very carefully plucks the glass and drops it in a bucket.

In a pile next to the bucket are the loose contents of the

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car MICHAEL's assailants brought with them.

MICHAEL leans back into the car and closely studies every surface, checking everything. Satisfied, MICHAEL picks up the bucket and carries it over to the burning brazier.

EXT. MICHAEL'S GARDEN - BURNING BRAZIER - DAY 1/5 10:05

Inside the brazier are the remains of clothing of all sorts. There is old food and rubbish from the bin that is not burning well enough.

MICHAEL turns and tips another cupful of fuel in the bin. The fire swells and after a brief pause, MICHAEL begins to drop the stuff from the car, item by item, into the fire.

INT. MICHAEL'S COTTAGE - LOUNGE - DAY 1/5 10:08

MICHAEL plucks his personal photos from the wall. He turns around and puts them on a pile with other personal items.

The cottage has been stripped. MICHAEL removes the boiler suit and naked, walks to the bathroom. (O.S.) Shower is turned on. SOUND: MICHAEL whistles the piano concerto heard earlier as a coda.

EXT. MICHAEL'S GARDEN - BURNING BRAZIER - DAY 1/5 11:00

MICHAEL is now dressed in jeans, boots, checked shirt and a leather 'bomber' jacket. Practical. He stands over the brazier, throwing in his personal items. He pauses and looking at the portrait photo of SABINE, hesitates. Shaking his head, he tucks the photo into his jacket pocket.

The last items to go in the flames are the boiler suit and the towel he used to shower.

MICHAEL stands at the brazier, making sure that everything burns but his eyes are on the scenery around him.

EXT/INT. MICHAEL'S GARDEN - BMW - DAY 1/5 11:30

MICHAEL gets into the car. He adjusts the driver's seat.

The cat is in the back of the car in a cat-carrier.

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MICHAEL starts the car, pulls on his safety belt and re-tunes the radio. As he drives away, he doesn't look back.

TITLES - Nine Inch Nails, 'Discipline'

EXT. CHELSEA - NEAR VIC MARSHALL'S HOME - DAY 2/5 10:45

MICHAEL is sat outside a small deli, drinking coffee. He wears a smart suit, Crombie jacket and a pair of sunglasses. THE DAILY TELEGRAPH is folded across his lap.

From where MICHAEL sits, he can see along a white-stone street in up-heel, back-street London.

MICHAEL is watching a Georgian terraced villa about halfway down the street.

A black DAIMLER, turns into the the street. MICHAEL sits up and watches. The front door of the Georgian villa opens and PHIL Guignol (40s/ shaved head/ slim/ suited) steps out and nodding to the driver of the Daimler, leads SABINE down the steps to the car. MAX (late 20s/ German/ tall and dark) gets out of the front passenger seat and opens a rear door so that SABINE can get in.

The Daimler moves away slowly as PHIL returns to the house.

MICHAEL

Sabine.

EXT. OXFORD STREET - Nr. TUBE - DAY 2/5 11:15

MICHAEL squeezes past a group of French students clucking about the entrance. He holds his newspaper rolled up in his leather-gloved hand. He looks sharply up - and then down - the street.

MICHAEL curses under his breath and retreats a little. As he considers options, a beautiful something catches his attention and turning he sees

EXT. OXFORD STREET - BUS LANE - DAY 2/5 11:15

MAX is holding open the passenger door of the Daimler. SABINE - wearing sunglasses - stepping out onto the kerb,

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clutching her handbag. MAX slams the door behind her, knocks on the driver's door.

The Daimler leaves. MAX looks up and down the street but is surprised by SABINE. She is striding away and he has to run to catch up

EXT. OXFORD STREET - Nr. TUBE - DAY 2/5 11:15

which amuses MICHAEL who is watching this, shaking his head, smiling as he watches them from across the street turn into a back street. MICHAEL takes a pair of sunglasses from his jacket pocket and puts them on.

MICHAEL looks up and down the busy street once each way and then steps boldly across the pavement, ignoring everyone as he strides across the street, ignoring the traffic.

EXT. BOUTIQUES BEHIND OXFORD STREET - DAY 2/5 11:25

MICHAEL stands in front of a tailors, pretending to window-shop as he watches small groups of men, accompanying VOGUE WOMEN who chatter in tongues full of Eastern-Slav promise.

MICHAEL watches MAX hover outside a lingerie shop. MICHAEL turns and calmly walks past MAX. MICHAEL turns into a stylist's boutique and belatedly, MAX turns to look.

INT. STYLISH BOUTIQUE - DAY 2/5 11:27

MICHAEL looks about. A haughty SALESWOMAN approaches.

SALESWOMAN
Can I help you, sir?

MICHAEL slowly turns and appraising the woman in front of him, slowly takes off his sunglasses.

MICHAEL
I'm looking for someone special.

MICHAEL wanders through the arch into the next room.

SALESWOMAN
Those are very expensive.

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

And manners are not.

MICHAEL steps over to the finest couture dresses and putting his sunglasses in his jacket pocket, begins to idly browse through the fine fabric.

SOUND: The door to the shop opens. SALESWOMAN huffs and turns away to greet the customer reflected in mirrors.

SALESWOMAN (O.S.)

Mrs Marshall! So good to see you!

MICHAEL looks up - but not around - then slyly moves along, out of sight to the women next door.

SABINE (O.S.)

Julia, I need a special dress for a very special party.

SALESWOMAN (O.S.)

But Mrs Marshall, you have so many special dresses already.

SABINE follows the SALESWOMAN come into the room. MICHAEL is scrutinising a spider-web lace teddy. SALESWOMAN notices MICHAEL and frowns. SABINE begins to turn but SALESWOMAN distracts her:

SALESWOMAN

Sapphire, surely this time?

SABINE

More formal, I'm afraid.

SALESWOMAN

Very formal? Black is hardly the fashion this season.

MICHAEL

I always preferred you in blue.

SALESWOMAN frowns. SABINE looks up, gazing straight ahead. MICHAEL puts the lingerie back on the rack.

MICHAEL

Hello Sabine.

CONTINUES....

If you would like to read more, please get in touch.

I may be reached via email: andrew@bentleysteed.com

This is the second draft of the script which was
completed in Swindon, October 2008

As this is an original work, I would ask that you
please respect my copyright.

Many thanks for reading.