

He goes to turn it off and Dockery stops him again.

DOCKERY
No, he's taking stuff out of the
warehouse. See?

Again he points to the screen, KEVIN JR looks again: Through
an open window, another small cardboard box is passed to him.

DOCKERY
(Smiling)
They are robbing the place. Can
you believe this?

KEVIN JR looks a moment longer, there's no denying it.

KEVIN JR.
So, whatta we do? Call the cops?

They look at each, thinking about it for a moment.

KEVIN JR/DOCKERY
(Simultaneously)
Scotland Yard.

MOMENTS LATER

KEVIN JR has managed to bring up another web portal and
'Scotland Yard' is punched into Google.

DOCKERY
Metropolitan Police.

KEVIN JR
They are never gonna believe us.

On screen, the Metro London Police website has come up. A
box, 'Report a Crime' is clicked on, bringing up a number.

DOCKERY
Gimme the phone.

KEVIN JR passes him the cordless, amazed.

KEVIN JR
Pa, you're really gonna do this?

Dockery just smiles as he begins dialing.

EXT. LONDON - DUSK

At the foot of a glass and steel skyscraper, a rotating sign,
'Metropolitan Police\New Scotland Yard'. SOUND of a RINGING
PHONE, a busy OFFICE...

MAN'S VOICE(V.O.)
Central Robbery Squad...

INT. CENTRAL ROBBERY HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS (DUSK)

A sharp eyed, distinguished man in a flannel suit, GARETH, 45, listens on the line.

PHONE VOICE (DOCKERY)
Yes, uh, I'd like to report a
crime, a burglary, and it's in
progress as we speak I believe...

GARETH
This is Inspector Gareth. Uh, yes,
where are you calling from, sir?

INT. LIVING ROOM, DOCKERY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (DUSK)

Dockery, phone to his ear, hesitates as he keeps watching the
web cam view of the Warehouse.

DOCKERY
Well, I'm calling from Texas. But
that's not really important. The,
uh, place being robbed is right
there in your neck of the woods, in
London. I'm watching it happen on
the internet, you follow?

INT. CENTRAL ROBBERY HEADQUARTERS

GARETH nearly spits out his tea.

GARETH
Come again? Texas? In the USA?
Surely you jest.

PHONE VOICE (DOCKERY)
I'm not kidding. Look, right now
I'm looking at a webcam of a
warehouse near what looks like a
waterfront area of some sort.

GARETH begins scribbling on a notepad, annoyed.

GARETH
And, this is in London?

PHONE VOICE(DOCKERY)
Yes, and there's this guy
pretending to wash the windows and
somebody is passing him some boxes.

GARETH
Sir, if this is some kind of joke,
I really-

PHONE VOICE(DOCKERY)
I'm not joking. Look, I'm a cop
too. I know when shit doesn't look
right and this shit here really
looks suspicious.

GARETH senses the urgency, straightens up in his seat.

GARETH
Okay now, calm down, Sir. What
exactly does this place look like?

PHONE VOICE(DOCKERY)
There's a lot of brick buildings,
there's bunch of large painted
signs, looks like it says, "Vanilla
and Sesame Wharf, Cayenne Court" --

GARETH
Sounds like Butler's Wharf.

GARETH finishes scribbling and stops a passing PC (POLICE
CONSTABLE), handing him the paper.

GARETH
Eh, who do we have on duty down the
by the wharf?

SOUND of BRITISH POLICE SIRENS,....

EXT. WAREHOUSE, BUTLER'S WHARF - LATER THAT NIGHT

FLASHING LIGHTS blanket Billy's face.

O'BRIEN passes him another box as he looks down to see a
frantic Kneafsay waving for him to get down.

Quickly he begins working the pulley and the trolley begins
to descend along the side of the wall...

POLICE RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
Sweeney Todd, we have an Armed
Response Unit in the vicinity, and
they are in route....

A SQUAD CAR races down off the bridge, screeches to a halt.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT)

A panicked O'Brien races down a stairwell and disappears.

EXT. WATERFRONT - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT)

Two CONSTABLES are out of the squad car and walking up on...

THE WAREHOUSE

Where Billy awkwardly works the winch and lowers one side of the trolley too much, spilling all his equipment down onto the boardwalk with a crash and losing his footing in the process.

The BURLAP SACK full of boxes begins to slide, he grabs it.

Just then, Emma comes around the bend in THE SPEED BOAT, races down the length of the adjacent towpath.

Kneafsay spots her, rushes forward urgently.

KNEAFSAY

Billy, toss it here, Lad.

THE CONSTABLES draw their weapons.

CONSTABLE

Hold it right there now.

BILLY

tosses the SACK towards Kneafsay as he falls off the trolley.

THE SACK

tumbles to the ground, out of Kneafsay's grasp.

BILLY

tumbles down, landing hard on his shoulder.

Kneafsay struggles to gather up the boxes as Emma arrives on the SPEED BOAT.

CONSTABLE

Hands in the air. Nobody move.

Kneafsay looks up, hesitant.

EMMA

Nigel, come on.

HE looks at Billy, he looks at the cops, grabs a few boxes and bolts for idling SPEED BOAT.

THE PCs raise up their guns, jog forward.

SECOND CONSTABLE
This is your last warning.

He FIRES a warning shot high into the air just as Kneafsay jumps into BOAT and Emma revs up the engine again.

KNEAFSAY
What about Billy?

EMMA
We can't wait.

Billy rises to his feet on the dock and begins running as the PCs continue to give chase.

CONSTABLE
Hold it right there, all of you.

Emma begins cruising down the length of the towpath as Billy runs along the parallel boardwalk.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DOCKERY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT)

Dockery, still on the phone, and KEVIN JR can't take their eyes the screen.

INT. CENTRAL ROBBERY HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

GARETH opens an EMAILED LINK and, moments later has brought up the web site at his workspace now and he and group of other inspectors are riveted to the action as well.

EXT. BUTLER'S WHARF - CONTINUOUS(NIGHT)

Billy still running full speed, his eyes measuring the distance to the SPEED BOAT as he gets ready to time a jump.

THE COPS stop running, huffing and puffing.

Emma turns and, suddenly draws a GUN. Kneafsay turns, stunned.

KNEAFSAY
Emma. No.

THE 1st CONSTABLE sees the gun and just reacts, raising his Glock-19 again,...

BILLY

takes his last few steps off the pier and jumps....

THE COP'S FINGER

gives the trigger a SQUEEZE... BLAM.

BILLY

mid-air, clutches at his chest as a messy exit wound appears.

Stunned looks from everyone as Billy falls down into the water with a splash.

THE SPEEDBOAT keeps going, Emma revving the engine higher.

KNEAFSAY (O.S.)

No.

A horrified look from Kneafsay as they disappear within a fog bank beneath a bridge underpass.

THE CONSTABLES looks at each other, shocked.

Billy's lifeless eyes roll back as he bobs up in the water.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DOCKERY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (DAY)

Dockery and KEVIN JR can't believe their eyes.

INT. CENTRAL ROBBERY HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT)

GARETH looks at the other cops, grabs his keys, his coat and then, still cradling the phone on his shoulder,...

GARETH

I assume you've seen that, mate,
and I've really got to go now.
Just stay on the line with my
secretary and we are going to need
a statement from you.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DOCKERY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (DAY)

Dockery hesitates, phone to his ear, an awkward moment.

DOCKERY

Uh, yeah, sure thing.

He shoots an anguished look at KEVIN JR.

DOCKERY
Some party, huh?

KEVIN JR. hangs his head, a guilty look.

EXT. BUTLER'S WHARF - LATER THAT NIGHT

SQUAD CARS and AMBULANCES now line the wharf as a sheet is draped over Billy's corpse by CRIME SCENE PERSONNEL.

The CONSTABLE who shot Billy is questioned by other investigators. He smokes a cigarette, looking forlorn.

SECOND CONSTABLE (O.S.)
One of Paddock's men. Trigger happy
loons, the lot of them.

GARETH nods, takes a drag from his cigarette, gazes out at the water as the SECOND CONSTABLE comes up.

GARETH
So what were they after?

SECOND CONSTABLE
Looks like computer equipment of
some sort, microchips or something
of the kind. The Warehouse belongs
to Opticon Industries.

GARETH
You're kidding me.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT, LONDON - NIGHT

An enormous skyscraper towers over the city. OPTICON INDUSTRIES, reads a sign by the entrance.

SOUND of a PHONE purring...

INT. RECEPTION AREA, OPTICON INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

The phone console comes alive as MAIREAD, (20's), answers.

MAIREAD
Opticon Industries. Oh, I'm afraid
he's in a meeting right now.

She continues listening, confusion, and then, --

MAIREAD
Oh, okay. One moment....

She places the call on hold and then gets up from her desk, walks across the spacious room toward a pair of double doors.