

INT. PRISON - RECREATION HALL - NIGHT

It's buzzing in here.

Snooker balls click, table tennis clatters, a TV blares cartoon sounds.

The hubbub of ASSORTED INMATES echoes off hard walls.

TWO WARDERS, all blubber and sweat. Sitting, IDLE, bored. One leafs through a magazine. The other picks at earwax.

COCHRAN, a giant tattooed convict, fixates on 'Tom and Jerry'. Sitting, arms crossed with legs spread, bellowing laughter at the on screen violence.

He nudges his TWO FLUNKIES, jabs with his elbows until they snigger too.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Subdued classical music, starched napkins, indistinct chatter.

A WAITER pours champagne into six flutes, serves the THREE MEN and THREE WOMEN sitting at the window table.

They bubble with laughter, clinking glasses - 'Cheers!'

Paunchy, slightly crumpled, PROFESSOR COLIN POWERS (DOC) has eyes only for -

NATALIE, the sophisticated and beautiful younger woman sitting opposite. She is clearly out of his league.

Noticing his gaze she smiles into his eyes.

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A lone inmate, PETER LEECH - stocky, muscular, greasy blonde pony tail - stares down to the hall from the third floor WALKWAY, an open cell behind him. He leans on the railing by the metal stairs -

king of all he surveys...

Cochran guffaws as Jerry smashes a pan on Tom's head.

Leech sneers, knuckles white as he squeezes the railing.

More laughter from Cochran.

Leech's piercing green eyes BEAM HATRED into him.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Refined, polite laughter all around.

A huge diamond solitaire RING glitters on Natalie's third finger.

Doc eyes it. Is he wistful, lovelorn, happy?

He reaches across the table, clutching her hand.

She glances at him, concerned.

He mouths at her, 'I love you.'

They SMILE together.

She tilts her head in a 'Shall we go?' gesture.

He nods, she leaves her champagne. He tosses his down.

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Cochran, uncomfortable, distracted, scans the room. Nothing. He tries to focus on the TV. Fidgety.

Cochran's head swivels again, searching hard. He finally looks up, spotting Leech.

Their EYES LOCK.

Cochran chops his hand across his neck, mouthing 'You're dead!' at Leech.

Leech flips two fingers then curls them into a beckoning motion.

Cochran, mutters to each of his Flunkies, checks out - the Warders. They are oblivious.

He nods at Leech.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Doc and Natalie, exuberant, wave farewell to their friends.

Natalie fumbles in her purse, drops her car key.

Doc grabs it, shakes his head at her, kisses her forehead, slides into the driving seat of her Mini.

Natalie pouts, hesitates, gets in on the passenger side. As she slides in we see she's heavily PREGNANT.

Wheels squeal as Doc peels the car into light traffic.

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Cochran is on a mission.

Two reluctant Flunkies follow.

At the base of the stairs Cochran steals a glance at the inattentive Warders. Satisfied, he bounds upwards, locked on his target.

Trainers softly THUDDING on steel steps.

A few CONVICTS notice the brewing conflict, careful not to alert the Warders they surreptitiously spread the word.

Leech remains at his station, observing, a confident smile twitching at his mouth.

INT/EXT. NATALIE'S CAR / MAIN ROAD / MOVING - NIGHT

Natalie's Mini cruising at speed towards a crossroads. The LIGHTS are GREEN, the road ahead appears clear.

Doc drives, holding Natalie's right hand. Her left twirls his wedding band. They smile again.

Letting go, he fiddles with the stereo, eyes down as the lights change to AMBER.

Natalie rests, head against the door pillar, eyes closed.

They zip through the lights just before they turn RED.

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Cochran reaches the LANDING below Leech and powers up to the WALKWAY, three steps at a time, urgent and vengeful.

Leech is ready.

Just as Cochran reaches for the last step, his RIGHT FOOT still in mid-air -

Leech POUNCES -

He's a lightning burst -

leaping and spinning to his left, he SLAMS a right UPPERCUT into Cochran's CHEEK, using their joint momentum. His prey is unbalanced.

Cochran, startles at being outmanoeuvred. EYES WIDE, he arcs sideways -

his upper THIGH smacks the BANNISTER RAIL, flipping him.
For a nanosecond he floats, suspended, then -

SOMERSAULTS over, BOUNCES off the edge of the SAFETY
NETTING and PLUMMETS down the stairwell.

Leech continues speed-walking past the stairs, stops with
his back to his own open CELL. He leans on the railing,
watching -

Cochran fall -

Leech expressionless.

Cochran's Flunkies halt, paralysed below, flinching as -
their boss's HEAD CRACKS on the steel at their feet -
before his final bone-busting plunge to the floor.

The hall is SILENT for a beat. Then -

A WHISTLE blows, the Warders finally alert.

UPROAR from the convicts as recreation is curtailed.

INT/EXT. NATALIE'S CAR / MAIN ROAD / MOVING - NIGHT

Doc looks up from the stereo as the car fills with LIGHT
- silhouetting Natalie's head immediately before -
a massive TRUCK RADIATOR GRILL appears in the passenger
window.

DOC
(panicking)
Natalie -

His cry is cut short by a -

CRASH.

The truck rams into Natalie's door at high speed.

Grinding steel, shattering glass, screeching tyres.

Her AIRBAG inflates, slamming her head against the door
pillar as the metal piledrives inward.

A JUMBLE OF IMAGES - confusion as the car is BULLDOZED
into the traffic light on Doc's side.

He's trapped, slumped semi-conscious on the wheel, airbag
collapsed, head sounding the horn, a gash on his forehead
oozes BLOOD.

THE CAR'S HORN FADES INTO

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- the SIREN blaring.

Warders are flooding in, rounding up reluctant inmates for a lockdown.

The chief warden, DIARMUD - white cropped hair, ramrod back - arrives, slapping a baton at his thigh.

He takes in the scene with a glance, spotting Cochran's Flunkies still dithering on the stairs. His eyes linger on them, then he stares further upwards.

He SEES -

Leech observing him with a shadow of a smile. A faint shrug, then Leech shifts focus to his handiwork -

Cochran, face up, draped over the first few steps, body broken, skull distorted. DEAD, with eyes wide.

EXT/INT. MAIN ROAD / NATALIE'S CAR - NIGHT

HORN blaring, the car now crushed against the BENT LIGHT POST, steams and hisses, the truck buried in its flank.

The truck driver has catapulted through his windscreen - his BLOODY BODY lies prone on the road.

A distraught PASSERBY shouts animatedly into his mobile.

His GIRLFRIEND is using hers to film the carnage.

Doc is still, slumped over the wheel, his weight keeping the horn sounding.

He 'wakes', dazed, VISION blurred.

The HORN STOPS as he lifts his head.

Doc's eyes gradually shift into focus.

On Natalie.

Her DEAD EYES stare at him from a distorted face - her skull is crushed.

Doc WAILS.