

Cat & Mouse

By

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INT. LONDON, BLACK CAB - MORNING

Harry, mid-thirties, athletic, ruggedly handsome, and dressed in a suit, sits in the back of a BLACK CAB glances out at the streets of London.

The Cabby, wears a NEW YORK YANKEES cap, and tinted glasses.

CABBY
Business or pleasure, sir?

HARRY
Come again?

CABBY
Are you visiting for business or pleasure?

HARRY
Business.

CABBY
First time in the UK?

HARRY
No.
(***Looks out the window***)
I grew up here.

EXT. THE LANGHAM HOTEL - LATE MORNING

Harry, stands outside THE LANGHAM -- an upscale, old-fashioned hotel -- holds a briefcase in one hand and a small duffel in the other.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE MORNING

Harry places both his bags on the bed. The room is a generous-sized suite. Harry walks over to the windows, opens the curtains. He looks out at the city, smiles.

Harry unpacks his bag. He takes out his toiletry kit and walks it over to the bathroom. Places it over the sink. He slightly closes the bathroom door, and sees a SUIT BAG, hung on a hook. He unzips the bag halfway down to reveal a well-crafted suit jacket. He nods knowingly and zips-up the bag.

INT. LANGHAM HOTEL RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Harry enters the hotel restaurant and sits at a table with DONOVAN. A heavy-set man in his late-forties with salt-and-pepper hair and a devilish grin. Donovan nurses a scotch.

DONOVAN
You look beat, Boy-o.

HARRY
Been globetrotting, Old Fart.

DONOVAN
You'd think corporate only had one closer.

HARRY
What can I say? I'm good at my job.

DONOVAN
Well, you had a top-notch mentor.

HARRY
If he may say so himself.

Donovan laughs, then reaches over to a bag next to his chair and pulls out an SD card, hands it over to Harry. Harry takes his phone out and places the SD card in and then looks back at the information on the phone.

DONOVAN
Should be a cake walk.

HARRY
Other players?

DONOVAN
Chinese. Nigerians too. So make haste.

HARRY
Is the client aware of our interest?

DONOVAN
Negative.

HARRY
Do I have power of attorney?

DONOVAN
If you can't outbid the competition, liquidate our relationship with the client.

HARRY
Just the client? What about the
IP?

Donovan taps his head and gives Harry a wink.

DONOVAN
It's all up in here.

Harry nods. Looks down at an image on his phone. His brow furrows.

DONOVAN
Something wrong?

HARRY
(**Hesitates**)
It's a small world.

Harry hands his phone over to Donovan.

DONOVAN
You know the client?

HARRY
We went to college together.

DONOVAN
(**Disgruntled sigh**)
Shit. Better call upstairs.

Harry takes phone back. Looks back at Don.

HARRY
(**Firmly**)
I got this.

Donovan takes a moment to study Harry. Sips his Scotch.

DONOVAN
Good. I'd hate to call in the
redundancy.

Donovan gives Harry a knowing wink. Harry smiles.

HARRY
Better not fuck it up then.

DONOVAN
From your lips to God's ears.

Donovan downs his drink, as Harry gets up to leave.

DONOVAN
Watch your six, Boy-o.

HARRY
Always do, Old Fart. Always do.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Trendy coffee shop with couches and small wooden tables. Harry sips a cappuccino, sits on a couch closest to the door. He looks at his phone, not really paying attention to the hustle-and-bustle.

A pretty, bespectacled woman in her mid-thirties (LUCY) pays for coffee at the cashier. She's dressed smartly. Clearly on her way to work. She grabs her LATTE and starts to head out.

Lucy notices Harry on the couch and pauses, looks closer. Harry is oblivious.

LUCY
Harry? Harry Robinson?

Harry looks up from his phone momentarily confused. Then recognition kicks-in.

HARRY
Lucy?

Harry stands up. They pause and then hug awkwardly.

LUCY
Bloody hell! How long has it been?

HARRY
Crazy! Oh man, dunno. Last time we spoke...
(**Voice trails off**)
Years.

Lucy looks Harry up and down, smiles.

LUCY
Yeah. Years. Um... how are you? I mean... who are you, and what are you doing here?

HARRY
Jeez! Uh... where do I begin?

LUCY
Well, let's start with the accent!

HARRY
I guess...uh, lot of time in the States. And then... all over the place.

LUCY
International man of mystery,
yeah?

HARRY
Hardly. Just a sales man who
spends too much time in airport
lounges and cheap hotels.

LUCY
Give over. You're just being
modest.

HARRY
So... uh... what do you do?

LUCY
(**Embarrassed**)
I'm an epidemeologist for Zutrex
Pharmaceuticals.

HARRY
Really? Lucy Howard, working for
the man?

LUCY
(**Shrugs sheepishly**)
I sold out.

HARRY
Don't sweat it. We all do
eventually.
(**A beat**)
Uh, you look... amazing.

LUCY
(**Self-conscious**)
I look tired and haggard.

HARRY
Well, if this is tired and
haggard, I'd love to see you
alert and energized!

LUCY
Ah... there's the Harry I
remember. Always making me feel
like a princess.

HARRY
(**Awkward**)
Right... speaking of which, is
there a, uh... prince to your
princess?

LUCY
(***Shaking her head***)
Does my grumpy old cat Whiskey,
count?

HARRY
Ah.

LUCY
So... what about you...
betrothed? Significantly othered?

HARRY
None of the above.

LUCY
Not even a friend with benefits?

HARRY
Does my job count?

LUCY
(***Sympathetic***)
Ouch... sounds intense.

HARRY
Can be.

LUCY
I'd love to hear about it. I'd
love to hear about... everything.
(***Disbelief***)
Shit, man! I can't believe it's
you. My mind is totally blown!

HARRY
Could your 'blown mind' handle
dinner tonight?

LUCY
I believe it could handle that!
Do you know 'Portella'? It's a
tapas bar in Soho.

HARRY
I don't, but sure I can find it.

LUCY
Eight?

HARRY
Wouldn't miss it for the world.

Lucy shakes her head in disbelief and gives Harry a kiss
on the cheek.

LUCY
Harry-fucking-Robinson. What are
the chances?

HARRY
Infinitesimal.

Lucy grins, goes to leave and looks back at Harry.

LUCY
Eight. Don't leave me high and
dry, Sunshine.

HARRY
Cross my heart.

Lucy, beams, exits the coffee shop. Harry smiles back.
Once out of sight, his smile morphs into a worried frown.

HARRY
(**Sarcastic**)
Yeah Harry... you got this.

INT. LANGHAM HOTEL ROOM / APARTMENT BEDROOM - EVENING

SERIES OF SHOTS - Of Harry and Lucy preparing to go out.
Harry is in his hotel room. Lucy, in her apartment.

-HARRY, stands in his underwear, with clothes laid out on
the bed. Evaluates what to wear. Polo shirt with jeans, or
T-shirt?

-LUCY, in her underwear stands in front of a full-length
mirror, holds up different dresses against her body. A
radio plays in the background. On the bed behind her is a
mountain of discarded clothes. She frustratedly THROWS
another dress on the pile.

-HARRY, chooses a plain black t-shirt, with blue jeans.
Something's missing...

-LUCY, tries a sweater. Discards it. A song on the radio
catches her attention, it's PARADISE CITY by 'Guns N
Roses'. This gives her an idea. She goes back into her
closet, pulls out an old pair of faded, tatty jeans, and
finds a t-shirt rolled up in the corner. It's a black
shirt with the logo from a 'Guns N Roses' album: APPETITE
FOR DESTRUCTION.

She holds it up against herself and smiles. She places the
t-shirt on a chair with the jeans, next to her purse.
But... something is not quite right.

-HARRY, goes back into the bathroom, and closes the door.
He re-emerges with the SUIT BAG. He opens it up and pulls
out the jacket and lays it on the bed next to the jeans.

-LUCY, walks into her bathroom. The sound of a glass cabinet opening and closing.

-HARRY, pulls on the jacket. Looks in the mirror. He then slightly opens the jacket and looks inside, left and right. He nods, contented. He's ready.

-LUCY, emerges from her bathroom, she holds a small RED VIAL of perfume. She places it in her purse. She nods, satisfied. She's ready.

EXT. TORTELLA RESTAURANT - EVENING

Harry stands outside the restaurant, holds a large, plastic bag from: MARKS & SPENCERS.

Lucy pulls up in a BLACK CAB -- she looks radiant in her blue jeans, leather jacket, sunglasses, and 'Guns N Roses' T-shirt. She hops out and gives Harry a hug.

LUCY
(**Gestures to the bag**)
What's this?

HARRY
(**Opens the bag**)
Let's see... two prawn cocktail sandwiches, a side of mini sausage roles, extra large Twix, and some watered-down lager.

LUCY
You're joking!
(**Peeks inside bag**)
Can't believe you remember all that!

HARRY
You have a unique palette, my friend.

LUCY
If by 'unique', you mean I eat and drink like a sailor, then yes... very.

HARRY
We all have our foibles.

They laugh.

LUCY
So, what's the deal? Picnic?

HARRY
I was thinking... under our tree?

LUCY
(**Remembering**)
Primrose Hill... Last time I...
(**Voice trails off**)
Are you sure? It's not very
swank.

HARRY
Right, like we're 'fine dining'?
(**Grabs her hand**)
C'mon, it'll be fun.

Lucy thinks about it, smiles, nods in agreement.

INT. LANGHAM HOTEL BAR - EVENING

Donovan anxiously sips a coffee sitting at the bar,
intensely listens to someone on the phone.

DONOVAN
Are you 100%?
(**Listens**)
How did you...? Wait. You know
what? I don't fucking care. We
need to pull him out before this
turns into even more of a shit
show.
(**Listens, frustrated**)
Yes, I tried calling. It's going
straight to voice mail. So I need
you to ping his phone and give me
a location. Now!
(**Listens**)
Got it. I'm going to intercept
and try to unfuck this mess.

Donovan hangs up the phone, hurriedly grabs his coat and
rushes out of the bar to the entrance of the hotel, where
a BLACK CAB awaits him.

EXT. PRIMROSE HILL PARK - SUNSET

Harry and Lucy eat, drink, and laugh while sitting under a
tree. The sun sets over their shoulders.

LUCY
So, after five years of 'radical
environmentalism' which amounted
to no more than a series of
freezing cold protests and an
addiction to 'Top Ramen', I felt
it was time to start acting like
an adult.

HARRY
Zutrex Pharmaceuticals.

LUCY
Exactly. Been there ten years.
Mostly in the lab concocting
inoculations and antidotes for
infectious diseases and deadly
poisons.

HARRY
Saving the world.

LUCY
Just like you used to tell me...
'make the change from the
inside'.

HARRY
Was I right?

LUCY
(**Demure**)
You always were.

HARRY
(**Teasing**)
Finally!

They laugh.

Behind Harry's back, at the corner of the park, a BLACK
CAB pulls up.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CAB - CONTINUOUS

Donovan is in the back of the BLACK CAB that has just
pulled up to Primrose Hill park. He looks out of the
window, and one hundred yards away he can see Harry and
Lucy sat under a tree. Their backs are turned to him.

Donovan, agitated, reaches into his pocket to grab his
wallet.

The Cabby, wearing a NEW YORK YANKEES CAP, and tinted
sunglasses, turns to face him.

CABBY
Meeting someone for a romantic
night under the stars, sir?

DONOVAN
(**Looks into his wallet**)
Do I look like I wanna make small
talk, buddy?

CABBY
No, mate. You look like a dead
man.

Donovan stops what he's doing to look up at the Cabby. The
Cabby HOLDS A GUN with a silencer pointed at him.

DONOVAN
Wait-

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIMROSE HILL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Behind the back of Harry and Lucy, two MUZZLE FLASHES go
off in the cab parked by the entrance. Neither of them
notice. The cab drives away.

LUCY
Okay... I have a confession to
make.
(*Sheepish*)
I've been cyber-stalking you.

HARRY
Find anything?

LUCY
You're totally off the grid,
matey. Why is that?

HARRY
'Cos of my job. See, discretion's
key. Our clients want negotiators
to be tough, but autonomous.

LUCY
(*Laughing*)
You? A tough negotiator?

HARRY
Why's that so funny?

LUCY
'Mr. I'll do whatever you wanna
do'.

HARRY
That was the old me.

LUCY
Well the 'old you', would agree
the Pope was a Jew if I insisted.

HARRY

In my defense, I always had a
hard time disagreeing with you.

Lucy bows her head, feeling awkward. She stands up and
puts her hands on the trunk of the tree.

LUCY

I took advantage of your trust.

HARRY

And I played on your wariness of
the world.

Harry goes over to Lucy. They stand on either side of the
tree trunk.

LUCY

Why could'nt we remove our heads
from our collective arses?

HARRY

Because two negatives don't make
a positive.

LUCY

I guess. With us, it was always a
game of cat and mouse. One would
move in, the other would back
away. And around and around we
went, until-

HARRY

Until James.

LUCY

James. Or as you dubbed him; 'the
eco-terrorist'.

HARRY

You were infatuated.

LUCY

He was manipulative and dangerous
with megalomaniac tendencies.

HARRY

When did you realize?

LUCY

Sadly, after four years.

HARRY

What was the trigger?

LUCY
He wanted me to help infiltrate
the World Bank and burn it to the
ground. And that... that's when I
realized he was a crazy fucker.
So, I jumped ship.

HARRY
Like you said... 'crazy fucker'.

Lucy gives Harry a playful, loving punch on the shoulder.

LUCY
(**Lamenting**)
Is that why you left?

HARRY
It helped push me in a direction
I was already heading.

LUCY
To do what?

HARRY
Travel the world and the seven
seas.

LUCY
Wish I'd taken that adventure
with you.

HARRY
(**Stares intently**)
You did.

Lucy takes Harry's hand. They look up together, a few
inches over their heads on the tree trunk. Carved into the
bark, is a faded, heart shape with initials in the middle:

'H & L'

Lucy pats it with her hand.

LUCY
Glad to see this stood the test
of time better than we did.

HARRY
Speak for yourself, 'O Haggard
One!

LUCY
You cheeky bastard!

They both chuckle as Lucy half-heartedly chases Harry
around the tree. She catches him and they embrace
momentarily. This seems to catch Harry off guard, he
quickly steps back.

HARRY
It's late. We should get you
home.

Lucy nods uncomfortably, slightly perplexed by Harry's change in decorum.

INT. TUBE STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

Harry and Lucy walk down a set of stairs that lead to a deserted LONDON UNDERGROUND PLATFORM. Lucy wraps an arm around Harry's. They're silent.

LUCY
Why so quiet?

HARRY
Thinking about work.

LUCY
How long you staying?

HARRY
As long as it takes.

LUCY
So, we can play again?

HARRY
(**Grins**)
Wild horses.

LUCY
(**Winks**)
Couldn't drag me away either.

They arrive at a bench in the middle of the platform and sit down. As they do, Harry looks around and notices two WELL-DRESSED ASIAN MEN in the early-thirties standing on either side of the platform. Both look in Harry's direction at Lucy.

Harry tenses. His hands BALL UP into fists. Lucy notices.

LUCY
You okay?

Harry anxiously scans the platform again, and then faces Lucy.

HARRY
You've made some dangerous people
very upset.

LUCY
(**Taken aback**)
What are you talking about?

HARRY
I need you to level with me.
(**Voice lowers**)
Why would someone want you dead?

LUCY
Dead? Have you lost the plot?

HARRY
Look at me. What have you done?

LUCY
This isn't funny, Harry. You're
scaring me.

Lucy gets up to leave. Harry HOLDS HER WRISTS to sit back down. He looks around again and sees the two Asian men approach.

HARRY
You wanna get off this platform
alive?

LUCY
Oh my God! You're a psycho,
aren't you?

HARRY
I'm not. Well, for the most part
I'm not. I'll explain. But right
now, I gotta do something you
might not like.

LUCY
(**Scared**)
Are you going to h-, h-, hurt me?

HARRY
(**Tender**)
I could never hurt you...

Harry reaches over and pulls Lucy's sunglasses down over her eyes. Takes another look around as the men approach.

HARRY
... 'Cos I love you.

Harry leans in and kisses Lucy, but keeps both eyes open, using the reflection from the mirrored sunglasses to keep an eye on the man coming from behind. At the same time, he looks past Lucy at the other man who approaches from the front. He reaches around Lucy's back into the inside of his suit jacket pockets.

Both men reach into their coats, DRAW GUNS. As they start to take aim-

Two simultaneous LOUD POOFS. The back of Harry and Lucy's respective jackets briefly billow with air.

Both Asian men DROP TO THE GROUND. Each with a BULLET HOLE in their head.

Lucy PUSHES Harry back and sees that he holds two guns with silencers -- both slightly smoking. She then sees the two dead men flanking the bench, each ten feet away. She freaks out.

LUCY
Jesus bloody wept! What did you do?

HARRY
They were going to kill you.

LUCY
Kill me? Why? Who are they?

Lucy falls into a shocked silence. Unsure of what to say.

A TRAIN PULLS INTO THE PLATFORM.

Harry takes Lucy's hand.

HARRY
We gotta go.

Lucy stops and momentarily stares, bewildered at the bodies.

HARRY
Lucy.

LUCY
(**Dazed, looks at Harry**)
You love me?

HARRY
(**Agog**)
I... What?

Harry puts his arm around Lucy, guides her on to the train.

HARRY
C'mon.

Harry sits Lucy down. The doors shut and the train departs. Two dead men lay silently on the platform, staring into the ether.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Harry and Lucy are alone in the train carriage. Lucy is in shock. Harry continues to look around vigilantly.

LUCY
Who are you?

HARRY
I'm Harry.

LUCY
No, you're not. Harry was a sweet boy who'd spend hours reading poetry and playing guitar. You... are you some kind of 'hitman'?

HARRY
Never really put a label on it before.

LUCY
Try.

HARRY
Okay... that's fair.
(Finding the right words)
I work for an organization that specializes in protecting targets and neutralizing threats. Not many know of our existence, and those that do, are usually very powerful.

LUCY
Are you here to protect me... or... neutralize?

HARRY
Protect.

LUCY
Why would I be a target?

HARRY
That's a good question. Our typical clients are morally pernicious.

LUCY
Bad guys?

HARRY
By and large.

LUCY

I don't understand. I'm a nobody.
I can't think of any...

(Voice trails off)

ER-18.

HARRY

What's that?

LUCY

It was meant to be a vaccine for
nullifying sexually transmitted
diseases.

HARRY

Meant to be?

LUCY

We accidentally developed
something else. A grotesque
aberration that we destroyed.

HARRY

That doesn't sound good.

LUCY

It's not. In fact, it could be the
world's most powerful chemical
WMD. You see, this strain we were
working on mutated into a
virulent pathogen that
essentially...

(Takes deep breath)

... eliminates both sexes ability
to reproduce.

HARRY

Sterility.

LUCY

If applied pervasively, it could
freeze the birth rate of an
entire nation.

(Lost in thought)

And I'm the one who created it.

HARRY

But it's destroyed, right?

LUCY

It is. And there's only one
person in the world who could
replicate the formula.

HARRY

(Remembering)

Right. The IP is up here.

Harry gently taps Lucy's forehead with his index finger. She nods.

HARRY
You're the WMD.
(*Thinking*)
Let's get you back to my hotel.
It'll be more secure there.

LUCY
Will it?

HARRY
I can handle anything they throw at us. It's what I was trained to do, and I've been doing it for a very long time.

LUCY
Yeah, about that...

HARRY
When we have more time I'll tell you the whole story. Right now, let's just say I sort of... fell into it.

LUCY
Fell into it, yeah? One minute you're an aspiring musician, and the next you're Jason Bourne?

HARRY
Best to think of it as a job.

LUCY
Does it pay well?

HARRY
Health benefits are good.

Lucy just looks dumbfounded at Harry, shakes her head.

HARRY
It's going to be okay. Trust me.

LUCY
Okay? None of this is okay, Harry. None of it.

Harry puts an arm around Lucy. She STIFFENS at first, but then let's herself fall into his embrace.

INT. LANGHAM HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lucy sits on the bed, shivering. Harry drapes a blanket over her shoulders. He then kneels in front of her and holds her hands.

LUCY
(*Hollow*)
I feel like I'm tumbling down the
rabbit hole.

HARRY
We're gonna get through this. I
promise.

LUCY
Not without alcohol.

HARRY
(*A relieved smile*)
What's your poison?

LUCY
Got vodka?

Harry goes over to the mini-fridge under the desk. He grabs a glass and pours a shot.

LUCY
Misery loves company.

Harry nods. He pours himself a shot too. He brings them over.

HARRY
Still hate drinking alone?

LUCY
Some habits die hard.

They both down their drinks in one go. Harry takes off his jacket places it on the bed.

HARRY
I have to make a call.

He reaches into his jeans and pulls out a phone. He stares at it for a moment, confused. Meanwhile, Lucy gets up and makes them two more shots. Lucy notices Harry's reaction to his phone.

LUCY
Something wrong?

HARRY
My phone's off.

LUCY
Did it die?

HARRY
It was fully charged. Weird.

LUCY
All things being equal, matey...
I think that might be the least
weirdest thing that's happened
tonight.

Lucy hands Harry another shot.

LUCY
One more for the road.

Harry nods, and they both down their shots again. Harry goes into the bathroom and shuts the door.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harry turns his phone on and sees he has a text message from Donovan.

SUPER ON SCREEN:

'The Client is a Player. Liquidate immediately. I'm coming to you'

END SUPER ON SCREEN

Harry sees that the text was sent at '8.32PM'. He checks the current time, it's: '1.25AM'.

Harry reads and re-reads the message again, perplexed and confused. He then tries calling Donovan, but it goes straight to voice mail.

DONOVAN (VO)
You've reached The Don. You know
what to do.

Harry hangs up. He puts the phone in his pocket. He puts his hand on the handle of the bathroom door, and takes a deep, bracing breath. Opens the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucy sits, hunched over on the bed, still shocked and forlorn.

LUCY
So, what now?

HARRY
 (**Swallows**)
 We wait.

LUCY
 For what?

HARRY
 Orders.

LUCY
 From who?

HARRY
 The boss.

Harry notices that Lucy has positioned herself between him and the jacket holding his guns. Lucy follows Harry's eyes.

Harry glares hard at Lucy. The mood has shifted.

Lucy reads Harry's expression and then slowly nods to herself. She straightens up and folds her legs. Her demeanor, completely transforms, from one that is scared and confused to confident and in control.

LUCY
 'Make the change from the
 inside', right?

Harry starts to speak, but is distracted by a SHARP PAIN IN HIS HEAD, causing him to immediately rub his temples.

LUCY
 So, I did. I worked the system.
 Made them believe I was an
 altruistic scientist. Which, I
 am... just not according to their
 conventional wisdom.

The room starts to spin for Harry. The peripheral of his vision is hazy. He staggers and sits down in the armchair, holds his head.

Lucy stands up and pours herself another shot.

LUCY
 James convinced me long ago that
 our Mother Earth is dying. Her
 life force is being
 systematically drained by over
 population. She can't replace at
 the rate in which we consume. So,
 the only way to save her, is to
 remove this corrosive cancer.
 (**Drinks**)

LUCY
And ER-18, is the cure. But a
humane cure that doesn't rely on
mass murder or destruction.

Lucy sighs, watching Harry struggle. She walks over and
kneels in front of him, takes one of his hands and holds
it against her cheek.

LUCY
I'm so sorry, Harry.

HARRY
(***Stuttering***)
What did you do to me?

Lucy reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small, RED
PERFUME VIAL.

LUCY
I designed it myself. It'll be
quick.

HARRY
(***Struggling***)
Why?

LUCY
Because I'm a negative you could
never turn into a positive.
Because the cause is bigger than
either of us. Because, sacrifice
is the only cure for the Mother
to live.
(***Tearing up***)
Why didn't you just stay away?

Lucy gets up, grabs her purse from the bed, takes out a
lipstick and gently applies it to her lips, she goes back
over to Harry. Leans over and kisses him very gently on
the lips. She then walks toward the door and looks back
one more time to see Harry SLIGHTLY CONVULSING. She wipes
a solitary tear away from her cheek and exits the room.

Harry continues to convulse, his breathing has become
sporadic and labored... until finally, he stops breathing
altogether.

INT. BLACK CAB - NIGHT

Lucy gets into the back of the cab. Sitting on the seat
across from her is the DEAD BODY of Donovan. He has a
bullet hole in his head and one in his chest.

The cab driver wears a NEW YORK YANKEES baseball cap and
tinted sun glasses. He removes both, and then turns around
to look at Lucy.

CABBY
We good?

LUCY
Yes, James. We're good.

CABBY/JAMES
(***Winks***)
'Attagirl.

Cabby/James starts the engine. The cab leaves the hotel.

Lucy pulls out her phone and opens up a picture...

SUPER ON SCREEN:

A 'selfie' of her and Harry, with their faces framing the carving of their initials on 'their tree' in Primrose Hill.

END SUPER ON SCREEN:

Lucy stares at the picture.

LUCY
(***Under her breath***)
Let the games begin.

Lucy switches off her phone and stares out at the streets of London, with a small, sheepish smile on her face.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Harry's hotel room is quiet. His inert body sits on the chair, his head stretched back, propped up against the chair back.

The alarm radio next to his bed comes to life. LIVE OR LET DIE, by Guns N Roses fills the silence of the room.

"When you were young, and your heart was an open book..."

CLOSE IN:

On Harry's lifeless face.

"But if this ever changin' world in which we live in makes you give in and cry..."

Harry's eyes suddenly SPRING OPEN and he EXHALES LOUDLY.

"Say live and let die..."

END