

INTO HELL

by

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**BOLD**  
F I L M S

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FADE IN:

1

BASEBALL BAT

1

A Man's KNUCKLES tighten around the handle of a baseball bat. Rough skin, battle-hardened fists.

Moving up a muscled arm, the outline of a gang tattoo is visible. The tattoo has been laser treated, the color bleached out -- but the imprint remains deeply ingrained in the flesh.

JOE "Grievous" GIBSON walks toward us, radiating menace. He arcs the baseball bat round in fluid movements, a hulking presence...

...until we realize that Joe's not about to crack open someone's skull. He's limbering up for a fathers and sons softball game at one of England's most exclusive prep schools.

Joe's a blue collar guy who's clawed his way up from the streets, now able to afford the best that money can buy, including a private education for --

2

EXT. SPORTS FIELD, PREP SCHOOL -- DAY

2

-- his ten year old son FRANKIE, who cheers Joe on as he steps up to the softball plate.

FRANKIE  
Make him eat it, dad!

Little Frankie has the taste for revenge. He's already struck out and is sporting a nasty, black eye. Other KIDS and their DADS on the team bench have fared little better.

The chief culprit is the opposing team's pitcher: a COMPETITIVE DAD who's taking this softball game a little too seriously.

JOE  
(to Competitive Dad)  
You need to calm it down, son.  
Somebody's gonna get hurt.

And by the way Joe's looking at the pitcher, it's clear Joe isn't worried about his own safety.

Competitive Dad almost takes Joe's head off with his first ball, bowling the softball overarm like a cricketer.

JOE (cont'd)  
(laughing)  
This ain't cricket.

COMPETITIVE DAD  
When I was at school here, we  
always played cricket. That was  
before they let all the new money  
in.

The pitcher's BEEFY SON, who happens to be playing  
backstop, baits Frankie.

BEEFY BACKSTOP  
Your dad's a chav.

Little Frankie glares back, rising to the bait.

JOE  
(to Beefy Backstop)  
You're a real chip off the old  
block, int'cha?

Joe still has his back half turned when the second ball  
rockets in, even faster.

BEEFY BACKSTOP  
Strike two. *Chav.*

Joe readies himself for the final ball, his eyes narrowing  
in the glare of the midday sun.

JOE  
Have it your way.

When the third ball comes in, Joe hits it to the moon.

Frankie and his teammates leap to their feet, cheering Joe  
on as he turns base-runner.

Joe jogs through the bases at a canter, to the sound of  
applause from SPECTATORS.

He's about to reach third base when --

-- WHAM! He gets shoulder barged by Competitive Dad.

Joe squares up to his nemesis.

For a second, the red mist descends and Joe is the man he once was, a rock-hard street fighter, a hair trigger away from ripping this guy's head off.

COMPETITIVE DAD

Temper, temper. It's only a game.

Watching from the sidelines, the other PARENTS and TEACHERS, unaware just how ugly this could get.

Joe's wife, however, is under no illusions.

PENNY's a cultured girl from the home counties, an English rose in a long, flowing summer dress. The antithesis of her husband, Penny's on tenterhooks that Joe's about to blow it --

PENNY

(whispering to herself)

Don't do it.

The tension escalates as the ball gets fielded in to the home base and Joe is stumped out. Just as Competitive Dad had planned...

COMPETITIVE DAD

You're out, son.

Joe sees the face of his beautiful wife...and backs down.

To Competitive Dad's surprise, he offers his hand.

JOE

Congratulations.

Joe looks the guy right in the eye, unnerving him.

But Little Frankie is not taking this lying down. He attacks Beefy Backstop, smacking the bigger kid in the face.

Joe pulls them apart, dragging Frankie away.

Penny runs over, aghast.

PENNY

Frankie! You're in front of the whole school!

FRANKIE

At least I had the balls to stand up for myself.

JOE

You think I should have hit him?

That's a yes from Frankie.

JOE (cont'd)  
 Sometimes, it's the bigger man  
 who walks away. Learn that, and  
 it'll save you a ton of grief  
 down the line. Let's eat.

Everyone heads over to a marquee in front of the school, a gothic country house. Frankie still looks upset, until Joe whispers in his ear --

JOE (cont'd)  
 Tasty right hook.

Joe winks at his son. Beefy Backstop is now sporting a black eye. *They're evens.*

3 EXT. FRONT LAWNS, PREP SCHOOL -- DAY 3

It's cucumber sandwiches and tea on the front lawns of the school.

Penny puts her hand through Joe's.

PENNY  
 I'm proud of you.

JOE  
 Why?

PENNY  
 You know why.

Joe shrugs modestly.

JOE  
 Sometimes I have to pinch myself  
 I'm here. That my son goes to a  
 school like this.

Joe takes in the stunning views of the architecture, the school grounds, the high flying mums and dads.

JOE (cont'd)  
 I'm a...

Then he stops himself.

PENNY  
 Long way from your manor?

She smiles, teasing him.

PENNY (cont'd)

Lucky us.

Penny kisses him, a full-blooded kiss, regardless of the fact that they're in front of all the Teachers and Parents.

FRANKIE

Say cheese!

Frankie plays paparazzi with a pilfered iphone.

JOE

Cheeky monkey. That's mine.

Joe grabs Frankie and the iphone, pulling his kid in for a rough hug. Joe holds the iphone in front of them, taking a picture of all three of them together: father, mother and son, smiling together on a perfect summer's day.

Perfect, that is, until the iphone rings, flashing up an R-rated caller ID that reads:

FRANKIE

Total...

...Tosser". Joe whisks it out of sight, getting a stern look from Penny.

JOE

This shouldn't take a minute.

Joe takes the call, walking away. Penny watches him, hearing snippets of his tense conversation.

JOE (cont'd)

We arranged to meet at the airport. I'm still with my kid...can't you handle him?

But from the sight of his body language, Penny can tell that Joe's lost this argument.

Joe hangs up and returns, shrugging an apology to his wife and son.

JOE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Client got in early at the airport.  
I've gotta shoot.

PENNY

Don't believe a word he says,  
Frankie. He's going to watch a  
football match.

FRANKIE  
What match?

Frankie's eyes light up.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
England-Turkey. No way! Can I  
come dad, please, please!

PENNY  
Maybe next time.

As Penny moves to kiss Joe goodbye --

PENNY (cont'd)  
Be careful out there.

JOE  
It's a corporate jolly, Pen.  
It'll be prawn sandwiches in the  
executive box. You've got nothing  
to worry about.

He kisses her and then looks long into her eyes.

JOE (cont'd)  
I'd never do anything to risk  
losing you guys. Believe me.

And she does. On the faces of this close-knit family, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. WASTELAND, OUTSKIRTS OF ISTANBUL, TURKEY -- DAY 4

The cry of the MUEZZIN rings out over the Turkish countryside, calling the Muslim faithful to prayer...the haunting sound mixing with the chants of thousands of football supporters.

The noise is coming from in and around the Ataturk Stadium, a futuristic building which rears up out of the barren wasteland.

5 EXT. STADIUM ROAD -- DAY 5

TURKISH FANS process up the stadium road, chanting abuse at the COACHES bringing the ENGLISH FANS to the match.

Security is tight, a cordon of TURKISH COPS lining the stadium road, keeping the Turkish Fans back.

6 EXT. WEST STAND, ATATURK STADIUM -- DAY 6

The coaches stop outside the West Stand, disgorging the English Fans...who run straight into more Turkish Cops, all of them armed with batons and dressed in full riot gear.

The Cops herd the English towards the turnstiles, where they are subjected to rigorous body searches with metal detectors -- and woe betide any Englishman who gives the Cops any lip...

But not all the English fans are travelling animal class --

7 EXT. VIP ENTRANCE, ATATURK STADIUM -- DAY 7

A Mercedes stretch-limo bypasses all the aggro and cruises up the VIP channel.

Inside the limo --

8 INT. MERCEDES LIMO -- DAY 8

Joe, his wily English boss TREVOR, and their American client, EDDY BANKS, a major league real estate investor.

TREVOR

So what do you reckon, Eddy? You like the sound of our little deal?

EDDY BANKS

Man, there's a heck of lot of cops out there. What are they getting ready for; World War Three?

JOE

You'd better believe it.

Trevor tries to steer the subject back to his agenda.

TREVOR

Business-wise, the Turks are a delight to deal with. This development we've got going in Ankara --

Eddy cuts him off, keen to change the subject.

EDDY BANKS

Guys, I'm so excited. I've always wanted to see a big soccer game.



JOE  
 England/Turkey: it don't get much  
 bigger than that.

And Joe's not just talking about the football. As they get out of the Mercedes they are hit by a wall of noise: hardcore English Fans hollering out a chant to the tune of 'The Addams Family'.

ENGLISH FANS (O.S.)  
 Your father is your brother. Your  
 sister is your mother...

9 EXT. VIP ENTRANCE, ATATURK STADIUM -- DAY 9

The English Fans make obscene gestures to the Turkish Fans, who are on the other side of a wire cage.

ENGLISH FANS  
 ...You all shag one another. The  
 Turkish family!

As Joe is guiding Eddy towards the VIP entrance, he spots some familiar faces on the other side of the barricade.

For Joe, it's almost a moment out of time: the Englishmen are members of the most notorious hooligan crew on the planet -- The Regiment.

Unlike the other "shirter" fans, The Regiment aren't dressed in England football shirts, neither are they wearing scarves or any other colors linking them to the national team. The Hooligans are in their "battle dress" -- Stone Island jumpers, £100 shirts and brand new designer jeans.

10 ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARRICADE 10

RAY, the portly, 43 year-old leader of the gang sees Joe and can't believe his eyes.

RAY  
 Joe! Over here, mate!

11 EXT. VIP ENTRANCE -- DAY 11

Joe quickly turns his back, guiding his client towards the doors and through the walk-through metal detectors.

JOE  
Come on, Eddy. Let's get you  
inside.

Joe clearly doesn't want anything to do with Ray or his gang.

12 EXT. EAST STAND, ATATURK STADIUM -- DAY 12

Hundreds more Turkish Fans are entering through the East Stand. It's a sea of bodies -- so many, that Security can't possibly keep an eye on all of them.

Some of the Turks loiter by the fence, catching objects thrown over by friends on the other side -- flares.

One MAN -- his face obscured by a scarf -- picks up a package that has been thrown over. Whatever it is, it's not a flare. The Man hides the package in his waistband.

13 INT. WEST STAND, ATATURK STADIUM -- DAY 13

Ray and The Regiment make their way to their seats, cutting a swathe through the genuine Football Fans; who make sure to get out of their way.

Ray surveys the English ranks like a general sizing up his army.

RAY  
Who's here?

Ray consults with his loyal lieutenant, welterweight fighting machine, "NAILS" NAYLOR.

NAILS  
The Zulus, Bushwhackers and The  
ICF -- in case you hadn't heard.

West Ham's legendary "Intercity Firm" are chanting their name, the noise rolling down the stands.

ICF CREW  
ICF! ICF!

The chanting riles the other English firms who are also here in force. One hooligan gang, Birmingham's "ZULU WARRIORS", take affront, retaliating with their own chant.

ZULUS  
Zulu! Zulu! Zulu!

NAILS

This is gonna go off.

RAY

I'll have a word with Adams.

Ray strides fearlessly over to the ICF, calling over ADAMS, the gang's leader, who he knows from way back.

RAY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Pipe your lads down, will you?  
Let's not have any silly  
bollocks. We're all England  
tonight.

ADAMS

Fuck off, Chandler. We're West  
Ham, not England.

RAY

We're outnumbered 20 to 1. If we  
don't mob up, we're gonna get  
slaughtered. Use your nut.

Ray walks back to his crew.

In defiance, SLICK, a teenage member of the ICF shouts  
after Ray --

SLICK

ICF --

Adams clumps Slick around the head.

ADAMS

Shut it.

SLICK

I thought you said --

ADAMS

D'you know who that is? That's  
Ray Chandler, top boy of The  
Regiment.

Adams shakes his head, a touch wistful.

ADAMS (cont'd)

Used to be the number one firm in  
South London. Down to their bones  
now, the fuckers.

SLICK  
 'Used to', don't cut it with me.  
 I'll have him --

ADAMS grabs the kid by the nuts and squeezes.

ADAMS  
 You will give the man respect.

Argument over.

14 INT. VIP LOUNGE -- DAY 14

The VIPs are milling around this carpeted lounge, drinking champagne and eating canapes. Joe stands alone by the plate glass windows, watching forlorn as the England team put on a dire performance.

15 INT. LOWER LEVEL, WEST STAND -- DAY 15

A Man's shadow hurries beneath an overhang, taking an irregular, zigzagging path. It becomes clear that the Man is avoiding the various CCTV cameras hung in brackets high on the walls.

The Man reaches a door marked 'Security', produces a key, unlocks the door and slips through.

16 INT. VIP LOUNGE -- DAY 16

Trevor sidles up to Joe.

TREVOR  
 How's it going?

JOE  
 England are piss poor, *again*.

TREVOR  
 I don't give a monkey's about the football. I'm talking about the client.

Trevor points at Eddy, who's picking at a tray of canapes, looking bored.

JOE  
 I've got to tell you, Trevor.  
 I've got a problem with this deal. We both know the rental yields don't stack up.

TREVOR

This game's all about the carrot.  
No carrot, no bites.

JOE

I'm worried about us getting  
sued.

TREVOR

I took a big risk hiring you. I  
pay you a lot of money. So I  
expect commitment, not a load of  
limp-wristed bollocks. *Be a man.*  
He's a yank mug, he's minted and  
he's there for the taking. Close  
him, or find yourself a new job.

As Joe considers his options, the DRINKS WAITER bumps  
against a BODYGUARD...who instinctively whirls round and  
shoves him away. In the process, the Waiter's drinks go  
flying.

The Waiter gets a ticking off from his super-officious  
MANAGER, and is forced to get on his hands and knees to  
scoop up the broken glass.

Joe feels compelled to help. The Waiter looks fearful,  
urging Joe away. But Joe smiles kindly.

The Manager steps in.

MANAGER

There's no need to do that, sir.  
It was his fault.

JOE

No problem. And it wasn't his  
fault.

Joe points out the Bodyguard who is escorting his VIP  
client to his seat.

JOE (cont'd)

That guy barged right into him.

The Manager huffs and puffs and leaves them to it.

JOE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Your boss is a right arsehole,  
isn't he?

The Turkish Waiter nods, suppressing a grin.

Joe clocks Trevor -- who's waiting impatiently for him to get on with it.

JOE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I know how you feel.

With heavy heart, Joe goes over to speak to the client.

EDDY BANKS  
Great view, Joe. Shame about the atmosphere. Would have been nice to mingle in with the real English fans down there.

JOE  
When the England players don't fight for their country, the fans usually get stuck in. Trust me, Eddy. You're much safer up here.

EDDY BANKS  
And what about this deal? Is that "safe"?

JOE  
You heard what Trevor said in the limo --

EDDY BANKS  
I want to hear it from you. There's a lot of bullshit in our business, a lot of exaggeration. But I've got a good feeling about you, Joe. If you give me your word that this deal is for real; I'm in.

JOE  
...yeah, it's kosher, Eddy.

EDDY BANKS  
Great.

Eddy offers Joe a handshake. And Joe takes it.

EDDY BANKS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
More champagne over here!

The smiling Waiter comes over and fills their glasses. Joe takes a sip, hating himself...he puts down his glass and heads out of the VIP lounge.

17 INT. EAST STAND, ATATURK STADIUM -- DAY 17

This section of the stand is a sea of red and yellow, the colors of the Turkish "ULTRAASLAN" Hooligan Crew.

The UltraAslans unfurl a 60 foot banner which reads "WELCOME TO HELL."

ULTRAASLANS  
English, die! Die! Die!

They back up their chant with throat-cutting gestures.

18 IN THE WEST STAND 18

Ray and his men are unintimidated by the barrage of hate.

RAY  
(shouting over the din)  
In Turkish culture, just about  
the rudest thing you can do, is  
show them the soles of your feet.  
I say "just about", because  
tonight, we're really gonna wind  
them up.

The Regiment turn their backs on the UltraAslans and drop their trousers, showing their backsides.

To add insult to injury, they strike up a familiar song.

THE REGIMENT  
Moon River, wider than a mile,  
I'm crossing you in style, some  
day...

19 INT. TV PRODUCTION SUITE, THE STADIUM -- DAY 19

The TURKISH PRODUCER in charge of the broadcast looks horrified, ordering his EDITOR to --

PRODUCER  
Pull that feed!

20 INT. THE STANDS -- DAY 20

At first, The UltraAslans are shocked into silence. The English have crossed a line, broken a taboo...

## THE REGIMENT

Oh, dream maker, you heart  
breaker...

...then the rage sets in and the UltraAslans go mental,  
surging forward, shaking the security fences. *They want  
blood.*

But Ray's ploy has worked. All the English firms, the ICF  
included, now join in the chorus:

## ENGLISH FANS

Moon river, wider than a mile...

Ray chuckles, shooting a grin to the most unlikely member  
of his crew, a well-spoken, ex-army officer known as  
TACTICAL DAVE.

## TACTICAL DAVE

You've got all the men singing  
from the same hymn sheet. Terry  
Turk doesn't like it one bit.

## RAY

No, he don't. Right lads, pull up  
your scruds and get your war  
faces on. There's gonna be a tear-  
up.

21 INT. VIP LOUNGE -- DAY

21

The game is in full flow, the stadium ROARING with the  
noise of the fans.

60 year-old PETEK DARADENIZ is as engrossed in the football  
as the fans below, kicking every ball, vociferously  
appealing wrong decisions. The match grinds to a halt as a  
player gets injured and has to be stretchered off.

Daradeniz uses the opportunity to visit the restrooms. He  
gets up from his seat, followed by his Bodyguard. But  
Daradeniz waves him away.

## DARADENIZ

I can hold my own dick.

The Bodyguard shrugs and returns to his seat.

Daradeniz walks across to the exit.

Through the glass doors, he can see THREE SECURITY GUARDS  
stationed across the marble-floored atrium. Reassured by  
their presence, Daradeniz steps out into the corridor.



- 22 INT. CORRIDOR, VIP AREA -- DAY 22
- On the other side of the glass partition, the noise of the crowd instantly dissipates and Daradeniz finds himself alone.
- Thick cream carpets, stylish art work on the walls...and three anonymous-looking doors; male and female executive restrooms and a third door marked 'Security'.
- Daradeniz walks out of view of the VIP lounge toward the restrooms...unaware of the security door opening up behind him.
- 23 INT. TOILET STALL, VIP RESTROOMS -- DAY 23
- Joe's sitting in one of the toilet stalls, head in hands, trying to square his conscience with the demands of his job.
- There's a buzz as a picture message arrives on his iphone. It's a text from "The Wife". It reads: **Miss u.**
- Which only serves to make Joe even more conflicted. What's he doing working for Trevor?
- Joe gets an idea and thumbs his way to the picture folder on his iphone, locating the picture that his son took of him kissing Penny. He smiles and attaches it to a message in reply to Penny.
- 24 INT. VIP RESTROOMS -- DAY 24
- Daradeniz hoses down the urinal, dying to get back to the match.
- As Daradeniz is zipping up his pants, he sees -- A MASKED MAN MARCHING TOWARD him. The Man is heavyset and wearing a balaclava face mask... \*
- 25 ON THE PITCH 25
- An ENGLISH PLAYER aggressively slide-tackles a TURKISH PLAYER. BOOS and WHISTLES erupt from the Turkish Fans.
- 26 INT. TOILET STALL, VIP RESTROOMS -- DAY 26
- Joe is touch typing a reply to Penny on the iphone when... BAM!

Something smashes against the wall of his toilet stall.

Joe leaps up and goes out to investigate, just as --

27 INT. VIP RESTROOMS -- DAY 27

Daradeniz tumbles under the weight of his attacker.

The Masked Man makes another grab at Daradeniz.

And that's when Joe sees the razor-sharp hunting knife.

JOE

Oi!

Ignoring Joe, the Masked Man catches hold of Daradeniz's jacket with one hand. With the other, he plunges the seven-inch blade deep into his gut.

Daradeniz grunts; the knife carving open flesh and jagging against a rib.

28 ON THE PITCH 28

The TURKISH PLAYERS surround the English Player. The REFEREE gets in amongst them, trying to assert control.

Other ENGLISH PLAYERS rush over, joining the melee.

29 INT. VIP RESTROOMS -- DAY 29

The killer withdraws the blade and Daradeniz collapses, blood spritzing from the wound.

30 ON THE PITCH 30

Things are boiling over, punches flying. The Referee is pulling red cards but no one cares.

The Turkish Fans jeer and beat their DRUMS louder.

31 INT. VIP RESTROOMS -- DAY 31 \*

The Masked Man's about to stab Daradeniz again....when Joe catches his arm, expertly twisting it. As he does, the man's sleeve rolls back, showing a momentary flash of a tattoo on his forearm -- a leaping gray wolf. \*

Joe exerts more pressure, forcing the man to drop the knife. \*

...Joe picks it up, facing off against the massive Turk. \*

JOE \*

Let's not be silly. \*

Joe edges round, getting between the killer and the man \*

coughing up blood on the floor. \*

The killer's eyes are wild, flicking between his target, who \*

is crying out in agony, and this stranger who has dared to \*

intervene. \*

JOE (CONT'D) (cont'd) \*

Back off. \*

The Masked Man focuses on the blood on Joe's hands, the \*

knife... \*

He spits out one word -- \*

MASKED MAN \*

*English.* \*

...Then hightails it out of there, leaving Joe holding the \*

knife. \*

Joe's FINGERS open up and the knife clatters to the floor... \*

32 INT. CORRIDOR, VIP AREA -- DAY 32 \*

The Masked Man bolts down the corridor...and slips back \*

through the security door, vanishing from the corridor. \*

33 INT. VIP RESTROOMS -- DAY 33 \*

Joe grabs a towel and presses it to Daradeniz's wound. \*

The towel instantly changes color, mushrooming red. \*

JOE \*

I'm gonna get help. Hold this. \*

He presses Daradeniz's hands onto the sodden towel. \*

DARADENIZ \*

(in Turkish) \*

Polis...Polis... \*

JOE \*

I'm calling them now. But you've \*

gotta keep the pressure on the \*

wound. \*

But as Joe moves away, Daradeniz seizes his wrist,  
desperately trying to tell him something.

JOE (cont'd)  
I don't understand you, mate. I'm  
gonna get help.

As Daradeniz goes into his death throws he puts all his  
effort into repeating one word --

DARADENIZ  
Gumus...*Gumus*.

Daradeniz goes into convulsions.

Joe can't believe this is happening. He sprints out of the  
restrooms --

34 INT. VIP LOUNGE -- DAY

34

-- Joe appears in the corridor, looking like a madman.  
Daradeniz's blood is down the front of his shirt, on his  
hands, his shoes...

A Waiter points. A WOMAN screams, dropping her glass.

35 ON THE PITCH

35

A rain of missiles comes down from the stands, hooligans from  
both sets of supporters pelting the Referee and the Players.

36 INT. CORRIDOR, VIP AREA -- DAY

36

Joe's adrenaline is pumping. His eyes are WIDE.

He can see the fearful reaction on the other side of the  
glass but he doesn't twig. Joe waves his hands, calling for  
help.

JOE  
I need some help out here!

37 THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATRIUM

37

The Security Guards thunder over.

38 INT. ENTRANCE TO THE VIP LOUNGE -- DAY

38

Joe points back down the corridor towards the restrooms.

JOE  
I need a doctor!

But the Security Guards aren't interested in what Joe has to say. They come straight at him. As does Daradeniz's Bodyguard...

JOE (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
What you doing?

Joe fends one of them off.

JOE (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Not me, you tit!

The second Guard swings with a baton. Joe ducks, but still takes a blow across his shoulder.

Joe shoves the Guard back on his arse.

Now Daradeniz's Bodyguard is coming at him. And he looks like he means business. He grabs Joe by the throat.

Joe knees him in the balls.

The Manager comes out into the corridor, followed by two more angry-looking Security Guards. Joe looks at the blood on his hands, only now realizing how much trouble he's in.

Joe's survival instincts kick in and HE RUNS, charging back down the corridor and vaulting through the open security door.

39 ON THE PITCH 39

Coins, bottles, even cellphones rain down.

The SOUND of DRUMS and CHANTING.

40 INT. STAIRWELL -- DAY 40

Joe's feet pound down the twisting staircase, rapidly dropping a level.

Above him, he can hear the shouts and boots of the Turkish Cops.

41 INT. LOWER LEVEL, WEST STAND -- DAY 41

Joe bursts out of the stairwell onto the ground floor of the stadium.

Looking left -- a detachment of Cops are steaming towards him, Walkie Talkies in hand.

Coming from his right -- a Squad of uniformed Security Stewards.

Joe hears the roar of the English Fans inside the stadium.

Only one choice left -- Joe runs into the seating area, seeking sanctuary with his own countrymen.

42 INT. WEST STAND, SEATING AREA -- DAY 42

Joe pushes through the English fans, who are all on their feet, shouting obscenities at the Referee --

43 ON THE PITCH 43

-- who finally blows his whistle, abandoning the match.

Both sets of Players and the Referee run for the cover of the players' tunnel.

44 INT. WEST STAND, SEATING AREA -- DAY 44

The Cops pile in after Joe...but encounter some resistance from the English fans, who see their presence in the stand as incitement.

Joe keeps pushing forward, trying to put some distance between himself and his pursuers...

...who start wading into the English with their batons, cracking skulls.

Joe checks out the ten-foot security cage separating the fans' enclosure from the pitch.

The Cops are almost upon him.

Joe hurls himself up onto the fence and starts scaling it.

45 ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE, PITCHSIDE 45

Riot Police stationed on the pitch see Joe on the fence and run over to intercept him.

- 46 100 FEET AWAY, IN THE WEST STAND 46
- Ray sees Joe on top of the fence and gleefully points him out to Nails.
- RAY  
Told you Grievous was here.
- Nails doesn't look so happy to see Joe.
- 47 EXT. EDGE OF THE PITCH -- DAY 47
- The Riot Police amass on the pitchside, standing by to arrest Joe -- who is now precariously balanced on the top of the fence.
- Joe can't go back, he can't jump over.
- Suddenly, the Riot Police are bombarded by a slew of large, flying objects -- Ray and his gang are tearing up their plastic seats and using them as missiles.
- The other English firms follow The Regiment's example and soon the air is thick with flying seats.
- The Riot Police back off, taking shelter under their riot shields.
- 48 ON THE FENCE 48
- Joe sees his chance and leaps down onto the pitch. He rolls to break his fall, losing his iphone in the process.
- Joe legs it across the pitch.
- 49 IN THE WEST STAND 49
- Ray and the other Hooligans cheer Joe on.
- RAY  
Go on, my son!
- 50 ON THE PITCH 50
- Joe is chased by Stewards and Riot Police, dodging his pursuers with a mazy run. Joe's headed after the Players into the tunnel...but gets tackled by three Security Stewards, who lay into him.

51 IN THE WEST STAND

51

Ray sees Joe's plight.

RAY  
He's gonna get his head kicked  
in.

Ray stands up, hollering a battle cry.

RAY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
England, on me!

Ray starts climbing the fence. His gang don't hesitate, following their leader -- even if Nails does have to give his leader a push up.

In the stands, the ICF can't help watching in admiration. Adams has seen enough.

ADAMS  
Call yourself West Ham? Don't let  
these lags get the glory. Come  
on!

Adams grabs Slick, throwing him towards the fence.

52 ON THE PITCH

52

It's getting uglier by the second.

Ray and The Regiment attack the line of Riot Police, fighting to get to Joe, who is still getting the crap kicked out of him by the Stewards. Joe can only take the punches for so long...

Some of The Regiment are nabbed by the Police, but the remaining hardcore break through the lines.

The Hooligans set upon Joe's assailants, ferocious with their boots and fists, pulping the Security Stewards.

Ray pulls Joe to his feet. His face is covered with mud and blood smears.

RAY  
You all right, son?

Joe spits out a line of phlegm and blood.

RAY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Cracking tear-up, hey?



Joe manages one word.

JOE

Yeah...

Ray spots Slick darting over to the corner of the pitch.

RAY

Oi, oi. What's he up to?

Slick rips off the green corner flag, replacing it with the English cross of Saint George flag.

Now Ray gets it -- and he can't help but be impressed as Slick runs along the touch-line, waving the flag right in front of the Turkish fans.

Putting on his best "English gentleman" accent, Ray provides a running commentary as Slick tears across the pitch, the English flag held high.

RAY (cont'd)

If I should die, think only this of me. That there is some corner of a foreign field...

Swerving past a Riot Cop, Slick plants the flag smack bang in the middle of the center circle.

RAY (cont'd)

...that is forever England.

80,000 Turkish fans fall eerily silent.

Everyone in the stadium stops what they're doing -- Cops and Hooligans, all eyes falling on Slick and his English flag. It goes so quiet you can almost hear the flag FLAPPING in the breeze...

Ray and Joe exchange a tentative look.

Slick's smile evaporates. He's not feeling so cocky now...

Suddenly --

80,000 Turkish fans go insane, surging forward to shake down the fences and get their hands on the English Hooligans.

As the Turks batter down the fences --

TACTICAL DAVE

We're going to get mullered if we stay here.

Ray stares at the enemy hordes, realizing the Regiment might just have overstretched themselves here.

Tactical Dave gestures toward the players' tunnel.

TACTICAL DAVE (cont'd)  
I was thinking the tunnel?

RAY  
You heard him, let's make like  
Charlie Bronson.

MAGGSY, a 20 year-old scaffolder from Catford starts singing the tune to *The Great Escape*.

MAGGSY  
La-la, la-laa, la la-la!

The Regiment sprint towards the players' tunnel, Joe joining the pack.

Seconds later, the Turks finally break down the fences and charge onto the pitch, the Police unable to contain them.

The ICF take the brunt of the attack.

ADAMS  
Stand fast! Fight, you slags!

But some of his most seasoned veterans lose their nerve.

ADAMS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Don't you dare bottle it!

The ICF's greenest recruit decides that discretion is the better part of valor -- as the Turks charge across the turf, Slick hurls himself down the players' tunnel.

53 INT. PLAYERS TUNNEL -- DAY 53

The Regiment burst up the tunnel into --

54 INT. A NETWORK OF CORRIDORS INSIDE THE STADIUM -- DAY 54

Ray calls them to a halt.

RAY  
Is this all?

Besides Joe and Ray, only four others have made it inside; Tactical Dave, Nails, Maggsy and BRADGE.

Bradge(30) wipes the sweat from his cropped hair.

BRADGE

I seen Mash take some of the boys  
back over the fence.

TACTICAL DAVE

Lenny and Duds were definitely  
nicked.

MAGGSY

We're gonna get nicked an' all if  
we stand around here. What we  
gonna do?

RAY

Shush and let me think.

Meanwhile, Joe peers round a corner, scoping out the two  
POLICE TROOPERS who are patrolling up and down the  
corridor. They're armed with Heckler and Koch submachine  
guns.

Joe gestures for Ray to join him for a whispered conflag.

JOE (CONT'D)

Security for the Turkish players.  
But you see that other door --

Joe points at a door labelled "Away Team".

JOE (cont'd)

Our lads.

Ray gets the plan straight away and takes over.

RAY

*Maggsy.*

MAGGSY

What do you want me to do?

RAY

Get into that changing room,  
without getting shot.

Ray crouches down, watching the Police Guards doing their  
rounds in the corridor...

As soon as their backs are turned, Maggsy gets a tap on the  
shoulder -- he scoots over to the away team door and slips  
inside without being seen.

RAY (cont'd)  
 (to Joe)  
 You next. And Nails. We'll do two  
 at a time.

Ray gives them the signal -- and Joe and Nails skedaddle  
 over to the changing room door.

55 INT. AWAY CHANGING ROOM -- DAY

55

If Joe was expecting support from the English Players,  
 he's sorely mistaken. The team have ganged up on Maggsy and  
 are hurling abuse at him.

JOE  
 Calm it down, lads. You're gonna  
 get us nicked.

MARK BERRYMAN, England's £100,000 a week captain, takes  
 offence.

BERRYMAN  
 You wankers always ruin it for  
 everyone else.

Ray piles in through the door.

BERRYMAN (cont'd)  
 ...Call yourself fans?

RAY  
 We're not fans, we're *firm*.

One look at Ray and Berryman quickly changes his tune.

BERRYMAN  
 We don't want any trouble...

RAY  
 That's your problem. No fire in  
 your belly.

Ray feigns to punch him and Berryman flinches. Ray addresses  
 the England players.

RAY (cont'd)  
 Get yourself a new captain, lads,  
 this one's a bottlehead.  
 (to Joe)  
 If it wasn't for me ankle, I'd be  
 out there myself.

Meanwhile Slick, the teenager from The ICF, has snuck in and is busy scooping up armfuls of England shirts.

NAILS

What do you think you're doing?

SLICK

Trophies, bruv. These'll go for a fortune on Ebay. I'll cut you in, if you like.

NAILS

I'll cut you up if you don't fuck off back to your kiddie firm.

SLICK

What?

NAILS

Back up the tunnel. Chop, chop.

SLICK

I can't go back up there. It's swarming with mad Turks.

NAILS

You're not running with us.

SLICK

Hey, Mr. Chandler. Ray.

Ray stares at this 17 year-old wannabe hooligan.

SLICK (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You said we were all England, tonight. Well are we or aren't we?

RAY

What's your name?

SLICK

Nick but the boys call me Slick.

RAY

Don't worry, son. Run with us, we got your back.

Ray growls out a final warning to the England Players.

RAY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You wankers play like that again, and we'll come looking for 'yer.

56

INT. PLAYERS' CAR PARK, ATATURK COMPLEX -- DAY

56

The Regiment emerge out of a changing room door, stealthily making their way between the lines of supercars parked in the Players' car park.

Maggsy takes out a key and scrapes it down a classic red Ferrari.

JOE

What you doing? That's a classic,  
1960s Ferrari Daytona.

Ray clips Maggsy around the ear.

RAY

You disgusting hooligan.

But from the way Ray's laughing, it's clear that he thoroughly approves. As do the rest of The Regiment. Tactical Dave clumps his huge hand on Joe's shoulder, smiling.

TACTICAL DAVE

Turkish plates, it's an enemy  
vehicle.

MAGGSY

Yeah, it's a justifiable act of  
sabotage, innit, Dave?

Joe shrugs, frustrated. But he's got a lot more to worry about than petty acts of vandalism. He decides to level with the gang.

JOE

Boys, I just want to say...  
thanks for bailing me out back  
there. I don't want to cause you  
any more trouble.

RAY

It's no trouble. It's all part of  
the game.

JOE

All the same, I'll be on my way.

RAY

Listen to him. "On my way".  
You're not gonna get far like  
that. Look at the state of you.

Joe checks out his reflection in the blacked-out windows of a Porsche Carrera. Ray's right -- he's in an absolute state -- his suit and shirt are ripped, his face covered in battle wounds.

RAY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
You'll either get picked up by the Old Bill or roasted by one of the Turkish firms. And there'll be plenty of them trawling for our blood tonight.

JOE  
There's something else --

Ray bulldozers on.

RAY  
Safety in numbers, son. You stick with us and we'll get you home in one piece. That's a promise.

Ray's already leading The Regiment out of the players' car park -- and Joe has no option but to tag along.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. ATATURK STADIUM -- DAY 57

It's the aftermath of the battle, ARMED POLICE are rounding up the STRAGGLERS, ambulances carting away the injured.

Above the glistening hulk of the stadium, the colored haze of flares begins to dissipate, taken away on the breeze.

58 INT. VIP TOILETS -- DAY 58

FORENSIC OFFICERS are working the murder scene, which is still covered with the victim's blood.

An anti-hooligan cop marches in, dressed in a helmet and full riot gear. SEDA's in her late twenties, beautiful, but clearly not to be messed with. She hollers out to the men --

SEDA  
Who's the primary, here?

A man with huge shoulders and a boxer's physique turns to face her.

KARGAN  
I am.

-- Homicide detective Lieutenant DEMIR KARGAN.

SEDA (CONT'D)  
We just got a match on the killer.

59 INT. CORRIDOR, VIP LOUNGE -- DAY

59

Seda and Kargan walk back to the VIP lounge, Seda showing Lt. Kargan a CCTV image of Joe.

SEDA  
His name's Joe Gibson, he was a  
guest in the VIP lounge.

KARGAN  
So now the hooligans travel first  
class.

SEDA  
How did he get the knife past our  
metal detectors?

Kargan shrugs, eying her carefully.

Seda directs him to the security door.

SEDA (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
He escaped through here.

KARGAN  
That's the information we have.

Seda shines a flashlight down the stairwell.

SEDA (CONT'D)  
Leads down into the west stand.  
There's another security door at  
the bottom. Both of these doors  
*should* have been locked.

KARGAN  
Your point?

SEDA  
Gibson didn't stop to use a key.  
The security guards saw him run  
right through.

KARGAN  
So someone let him in.



SEDA

He was already inside the VIP lounge before the murder. He didn't need to come up through this door to murder Judge Karadeniz. But I'm thinking, maybe someone came up the stairs and gave him the knife?

KARGAN

Sergeant, why don't you leave the detective work to me --

SEDA

The murder was committed in the stadium, this is my job.

KARGAN

This case is very high profile, with an international dimension. Trust me; you don't need the paperwork.

SEDA

If it's hooligan-related, Gibson's mine.

Kargan can sense her burning ambition.

KARGAN

And if you catch him, it could make your career.

SEDA

If?

KARGAN

Working in homicide, you have to rely on your instincts. My instinct is telling me something about you, Sergeant -- you're very good at what you do. Why don't we help each other, work this case together?

Fine by Seda.

60

EXT. WASTELAND, ISTANBUL SUBURBS -- DAY

60

Joe, Ray and the surviving members of The Regiment are jogging across a patch of wasteland. Slick is tagging along.

Behind them, the silhouette of the Ataturk stadium recedes. Ahead: an urban jungle, low quality houses stacked like concrete boxes.

BRADGE

The hotel's miles away. How are we going to get back?

Ray calls a halt, breathless.

RAY

Let's get our bearings. Anyone recognise this place?

Blank looks all round.

TACTICAL DAVE

Without armor, we're vulnerable in the open.

Joe picks up on this strange comment. And the fact that Tactical Dave is looking rather twitchy.

MAGGSY

Aw, fuck me, this ain't good...

NAILS

All right, Maggsy, keep your cock on.

Slick decides to risk a suggestion.

SLICK

There's a tram link into town.

NAILS

Shut your cake-hole.

SLICK

I'm serious. I read about it in my guide book.

NAILS

Guide book? This ain't a bloody holiday.

Ray juts his chin at Slick.

RAY

Where is it?

SLICK

I left it back at the hotel.

RAY

The tram link, you plank.

SLICK

...I dunno.

JOE

Those are power lines down there.  
Could be something.

NAILS

Yeah, and it could be fuck all.

JOE

You got a better idea?

Clearly not.

61 EXT. A TRAM STATION, ISTANBUL SUBURBS -- DAY

61

An OLD TURKISH LADY, a YOUNG BOY and numerous bags of shopping are waiting on the platform.

The Old Lady looks up to see a group of foreign men sliding down the embankment opposite -- Joe and The Regiment.

62 INT. A TRAM -- DAY

62

The gang of seven Englishmen pile onto a tram, their noisy arrival drawing looks from the TURKISH PASSENGERS.

The Hooligans sit according to status -- top dogs together in the middle of the carriage, the younger, newer recruits on the edges.

-- Slick is clearly a newcomer on an outside seat with Maggsy.

-- Bradge and Tactical Dave are on the next tier.

-- Nails looks mightily pissed when Ray pulls Joe into the seat next to him.

RAY

This'll do nicely. How long's it gonna take?

Tactical Dave is already sussing out the on-board map.

TACTICAL DAVE

Forty minutes, tops. Blue line.  
Then we change.

MAGGSY

I can practically taste that first Efes.

NAILS

No need to drink that Turkish piss, they've got Stella.

SLICK

Efes ain't bad actually. It's 5% an' all. I was on holiday in Marmaris with the Mrs last year --

NAILS

Nobody wants to hear about your scabby minger.

TACTICAL DAVE

Steady on, boys. You're scaring the natives.

Joe hooks a thumb at Tactical Dave.

JOE

(to Ray)

Where'd you find the Rupert?

RAY

Stamford Bridge. The nutter only booked himself in next to The Headhunters. Took on their whole firm, single-handed.

Ray lowers his voice.

RAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

He was with the Marines in Iraq. Went schizo. Loves a ruck, though. You should see him when it comes on top.

JOE

I already have.

Ray looks round the carriage at the rest of his crew.

RAY

Bradge you know.

BRADGE

(to Joe)

Sticking around this time?

JOE  
Married life, Bradge. You know  
how it is.

RAY  
Nails of course.

Nails gives back a moody stare.

RAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
And this is our new lad. Maggsy.

MAGGSY  
I heard a lot about you,  
Grievous. You were the boy back  
in the day.

NAILS  
But that was back in the day...

Nails locks eyes with Joe.

NAILS (cont'd)  
...how come you're wearing a  
whistle?

Joe subconsciously touches the front of his suit.

JOE  
I had a work thing. We brought a  
client over for the match.

NAILS  
A what?

JOE  
You heard. Free flight, free  
booze, free ticket. I wasn't  
going to say no.

NAILS  
You really have sold out, int'  
cha?

JOE  
I was first over the fence,  
wasn't I?

Ray moves to diffuse the tension.

RAY  
All right, ladies. You're both  
pretty.

He slaps his meaty arms around the pair of them.

But Nails isn't happy -- neither is Joe, who'd rather be anywhere else but here.

63 INT. CORRIDOR, VIP AREA, ATATURK STADIUM -- DAY

63

Seda is talking with one of the Forensic Team when her partner jogs up -- ALP is in his 30s, proud of his good looks but worried about the gray creeping into his lovely hairdo.

ALP

You're going to love me.

SEDA

Only your mother could love you,  
Alp.

Alp hands Seda a fax.

ALP

Just through from Scotland Yard.

It's a police rap sheet with Joe's name and picture on it.

ALP (cont'd)

"Grievous" Gibson.

SEDA

...Aggravated assault. Possession  
of class A drugs and an offensive  
weapon. And multiple counts of --

ALP

*Grievous bodily harm.*

SEDA

Sounds like a real gentleman.

ALP

He's been quiet the last few  
years.

SEDA

This man is a hardened criminal;  
he's done jail time; he's our  
killer.

Seda keeps reading.

SEDA (cont'd) (CONT'D)

'Regiment'? What is that?

ALP  
It's his gang.

Seda begins flicking through additional pages -- lists of names and dates, surveillance shots of Ray, Nails, Dave...

SEDA  
Hooligans.

She almost spits out the word.

SEDA (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Were any of these men here today?

ALP  
We're still going through the footage.

Seda goes back to Joe's mugshot, her eyes tracking over his face.

SEDA  
Tell me; why would an English hooligan want to kill a Turkish judge?

Kargan strides past them, headed toward a TV NEWS TEAM who are milling in a corridor.

Kargan hands a VHS tape to the News Team.

\*

64 EXT. A LOCAL BAR, ISTANBUL -- DAY 64

A busy local bar in a rough, working neighborhood.

65 INT. THE BAR -- DAY 65

The bar is filled with animated conversation and a miasma of tobacco smoke. It's a hangout for the 'ULTRAASLANS' -- the hardcore, Turkish hooligan firm.

Gang leader YAPRAK GAZI silences everyone as a newsflash plays on the TV. It's footage of the riot: incendiary pictures of Ray and Nails ripping up seats, Joe fighting with the stewards...and the red rag to the Turkish bull: Slick planting the Saint George flag in the center circle.

TV NEWSREADER'S VOICE  
 The English gang are considered  
 extremely dangerous and should not  
 be approached under any  
 circumstance. The police have set  
 up a telephone hotline number...

A number flashes up on the screen.

TV NEWSREADER'S VOICE (cont'd)  
 ...Asking members of the public to  
 call in with any information about  
 the gang's whereabouts.

YAPRAK GAZI  
 They think we're going to call  
 the cops? After what the English  
 have done? Tonight, they die.

A bloodcurdling cheer goes up from his crew.

66

INT. PRESS ROOM, ATATURK STADIUM -- DAY

66

Kargan is giving an interview to a group of NEWS REPORTERS.  
 Seda appears, face like thunder.

KARGAN  
 (to reporters)  
 Excuse me.

He walks over to her.

SEDA  
 That CCTV footage is police  
 evidence --

KARGAN  
 -- which is going to help us catch  
 the killer. Now the whole of  
 Istanbul knows what this gang looks  
 like. We'll get a call within the  
 hour.

SEDA  
 Let's hope it's not from the  
 morgue. Once our people see this,  
 the city is going to explode.

Kargan shrugs nonchalantly.



KARGAN

The English shouldn't come over  
here planting flags and killing our  
judges.

67 INT. BASEMENT BENEATH THE ULTRAASLANS' BAR -- DAY 67

Yaprak and his Ultras tool up, tying on their gang colors  
and arming themselves with clubs and wooden batons.

Every man has got a cellphone and footage of the stadium  
riot is being distributed by text and email. The hooligans'  
21st century version of an APB.

68 INT. THE TRAM -- DAY 68

There's a distinct divide on the tram; the LOCALS keeping  
as far away from the lairy English hooligans as possible.

JOE

(to Ray)

So where are the rest of the boys?

Ray looks uncomfortable.

NAILS

We got rid of the dead wood, we're  
down to the elite now.

Joe can sense he's touched a nerve and decides not to push  
it.

In the next carriage, a TURKISH TEENAGER in a football  
scarf is taking a particular interest in Ray's gang. He  
gets a video message on his cellphone -- footage of the  
news broadcast showing the flag-planting moment and The  
Regiments' mugshots.

All the confirmation he needs to call it in....

69 EXT. TRAM LINE -- DAY 69

The tram speeds along towards the city, the landscape  
changing as the boys get nearer to downtown Istanbul.

70 MONTAGE 70

The UltraAslans mobilize -- mopeds, taxis, minibuses.  
Rumors, text messages, phone calls...

71 EXT. TRAM STATION -- DAY

71

The Regiment change trams, spilling out onto the platform in a rolling mass.

RAY  
Tactical, sort us out.

Tactical Dave starts sussing out the tram map, the rest loitering.

SLICK  
I'm Hank Marvin. Can't we get a kebab or somethin'?

NAILS  
There's a stall over there. Get yourself some nuts.

SLICK  
I ain't a fuckin' squirrel.

NAILS  
You got them little fuzzy bollocks don'tcha? Get me a bottle of pop.

RAY  
And grab some choccy while you're at it. Gotta keep me blood sugars up.

Slick lopes over to the stall. Meanwhile, Tactical Dave is having difficulty with the map.

BRADGE  
Come on, Dave. We ain't got all day.

The Regiment change trams, spilling out onto the platform in a rolling mass.

RAY  
Tactical, sort us out.

Tactical Dave starts sussing out the tram map, the rest loitering.

SLICK  
I'm Hank Marvin. Can't we get a kebab or somethin'?

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NAILS  
You got them little fuzzy bollocks  
don'tcha? Get me a bottle of pop.

RAY  
And grab some choccy while you're  
at it. Gotta keep me blood sugars  
up.

Slick lopes over to the stall. Meanwhile, Tactical Dave is  
having difficulty with the map.

BRADGE  
Come on, Dave. We ain't got all  
day.

MAGGSY  
(under his breath)  
Let's hope he made a better fist of  
it in Iraq.

RAY  
The man's a hero. You say a word  
against him --

MAGGSY  
I was only pissing about...

The gang are beginning to attract stares and some angry looks  
from the other PASSENGERS. Bradge takes offence at a TURKISH  
MAN wearing the national team colors.

BRADGE  
Fuck's his problem?

Bradge shouts out, gesturing with his hands.

BRADGE (cont'd)  
Yeah, I'm English, mate. ENGLISH.

The man mutters and turns away.

With their attention elsewhere, Joe ducks out, heading for  
the station exit.

Joe takes one last look back at Ray, then heads up the  
street; taking quick double steps.

He passes a phone booth on the corner. Joe deliberates but decides to make the call.

73 EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- DAY 73

Joe pumps coins into the machine and frantically dials.

JOE  
Come on.

Finally, someone picks up.

JOE (cont'd)  
Trevor?

A stream of muffled abuse comes down the line.

JOE (cont'd)  
I know, I know. Just shut up and  
listen a minute. *I didn't do it.*

74 INT. VIP LOUNGE, ATATURK STADIUM -- DAY 74

Seda and Alp are taking statements from the VIP Guests and Staff. Trevor moves out of earshot.

TREVOR  
So come in and tell the cops.

JOE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(filter)  
They won't believe me. My prints  
are over the murder weapon. And  
there's the other thing.

His voice trails off.

TREVOR  
Oh, yeah. The small matter of  
your previous.

75 INT. PHONE BOOTH -- DAY 75

JOE  
*I haven't done anything!*

Joe smacks the side of the booth in frustration.

JOE (cont'd)  
This is the plan. I'm gonna head  
for the airport --

TREVOR'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 (filter)  
 No, you don't. You're not  
 dragging me into this.

JOE  
 I'm in the shit here, Trevor. I  
 need your help.

76 INT. VIP LOUNGE -- DAY

76

Trevor steps over to the investigation desk, handing the  
 phone to Seda.

TREVOR  
 Officer, it's him.

Seda's eyes narrow as she takes the phone.

SEDA  
 (into the phone)  
 This is Sergeant Orhan.

77 EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- DAY

77

Joe can't believe it as he hears Seda's voice.

SEDA'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 (filter)  
 You will surrender yourself  
 immediately.

JOE  
 I didn't do it. I'm not saying I  
 wasn't there -- I was; but I didn't  
 stab anybody. I saw the guy that  
 did though.

SEDA'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Describe him.

JOE  
 That's gonna be tricky; he was  
 wearing a mask.

SEDA'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Of course he was.

JOE  
It's the truth. Before he died, the  
 old man tried to tell me something.  
 This one word. Over and over.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

SEDA'S VOICE (O.S.)  
What word?

\*  
\*

In the heat of the moment, Joe struggles to remember --

\*

JOE  
Something Turkish. It's...it's  
coming back to me --

\*  
\*  
\*

Joe is suddenly yanked out of the phone booth --

\*

78 EXT. STREET CORNER -- DAY

78

-- coming face-to-face with Yaprak Gazi and a pack of  
fifteen or more Ultras, armed to the teeth.

YAPRAK  
You made a big mistake coming to  
my country.

JOE  
Yeah, I'm thinking maybe the  
Greek islands next year.

Yaprak swings his bat.

Joe ducks and the weapon SHATTERS THE GLASS PANEL of the  
phone booth.

79 EXT. TRAM STATION -- DAY

79

Nails is alerted by the sound of breaking glass. He turns  
and clocks the fight breaking out on the street corner.

80 EXT. STREET CORNER -- DAY

80

Joe gets one punch off; a solid right jab to the side of  
Yaprak's head. Then the pack is on him.

The Ultras start beating the hell out of Joe.

81 EXT. TRAM STATION -- DAY

81

Nails' face flushes with rage and adrenaline. But he's  
smiling.

NAILS  
COME ON!

Nails leads the charge.

82 EXT. STREET CORNER -- DAY

82

The Regiment surge into the UltraAslans.

Nails goes straight for Yaprak, quick double punches. Tactical Dave hurls himself into the mix, taking out two Ultras at once. Maggsy goes to Joe's aid, windmilling into the mob.

Ray aims a clever kick at a Turkish ball-sack and forearm-smashes another guy.

Only Slick is holding back, paralysed by the ferocity of The Regiment's charge. Bradge, holding an Ultra by the throat screams at him --

BRADGE

Get in!

Slick hesitates...then runs into the fray.

SLICK

AAARGGHHHH!

...smashing his opponent straight into the phone booth, sending the receiver swinging.

83 INT. VIP LOUNGE -- DAY

83

Alp hangs up.

ALP

The operator traced it. Tram station, downtown.

SEDA

Let's take a ride.

ALP

Is that a date?

Seda raises an eyebrow.

84 EXT. STREET CORNER -- DAY

84

More Ultras are arriving on the scene, joining the melee; red and yellow shirts emerging from doors and alleyways.

Tactical Dave, still punching the head of an Ultra, spots the arrival of a tram.

TACTICAL DAVE  
That's our connection.

JOE  
Let's go, let's go!

But Nails is having none of it.

NAILS  
The Regiment never run.

Joe blocks a punch, kicks an attacker away.

JOE  
We lure them on the tram.  
Confined space. We can hold the  
line.

NAILS  
Bottler.

RAY  
He's right. Fall back!

Ray backs away from Yaprak and The Regiment turn on their  
heels, appearing to be in full flight --

85 EXT. TRAM STATION -- DAY 85

With the UltraAslans racing after them, The Regiment storm  
back onto the platform, scattering PASSENGERS.

86 INT. THE DOWNTOWN TRAM -- DAY 86

The boys pile on, taking up battle positions at one end of  
the carriage.

Yaprak leads his crew in through a rear door, until a host  
of Ultras fill the other end.

As the tram moves off, the two gangs size each other up.

RAY  
All right, you Turkish wankers.  
Come and get some.

Yaprak looks totally menacing, a splash of blood on his  
cheek, his massive hands gripped around a spiked baseball  
bat.

YAPRAK  
Your boy. He dies.



Nails glances at Joe -- *why is Joe being singled out for special attention?*

Hostilities commence, the two sides coming together like crashing waves.

But Joe is right -- in the confined space of the carriage, the UltraAslans are unable to bring their superior numbers to bear, restricted to fighting a maximum of three abreast.

Joe's in the thick of it, parrying blows and throwing punches.

87 EXT. TRAM -- DAY

87

The tram speeds past the walls of the old city; the view through the carriage windows showing a terrifying cross-section of the violence.

There's a big push by The Regiment, Nails and Tactical Dave leading the charge with baseball bats they've purloined.

88 INT. TRAM -- DAY

88

A huge Ultra comes at Joe, mouthing curses. Joe drops him with a smash to the face and a knee in the midriff.

As the man falls, he drags Joe down with him.

Joe and the Ultra wrestle on the carriage floor, caught up in the tumble of other fighters' legs.

Joe pins the Ultra down, pummelling him. He shouts in his face --

JOE  
STAY DOWN.

Joe lets him be and gets up.

But the UltraAslan breaks the spirit of the deal and attacks Joe when he has his back turned.

Joe grunts as he feels a steel-toed boot in the small of his back. He absorbs more punches from his treacherous attacker, the third swing busting blood from his nose.

Joe's had enough. He dodges the next attack and proceeds to give the Ultra some of his own medicine.

The Regiment are totally on top of things now, the UltraAslans backed-up and beaten.

But Joe's still fighting, going at his assailant like a prizefighter, blinded by "the red mist".

Ray and the boys cheer him on.

RAY  
Grievous! Grievous!

Joe is merciless.

THE REGIMENT  
Grievous!

The sight of the raw aggression on their faces brings Joe back from the brink.

The UltraAslan is down and out. Utterly annihilated.

Joe stares at his fists, fixated by the sight of the other man's blood. A huge adrenaline rush is buzzing through his veins.

The others look at him in awe.

BRADGE  
Welcome back.

In his heart, Joe knows he has crossed the line.

CUT TO:

89	EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH, ATATURK STADIUM -- DAY	89
	A GROUNDSMAN is clearing up debris from the riot. Amongst the flotsam and jetsam, there's booty: coins, a brace of cellphones...	
	The groundsman thinks his ship's come in when he gets his hands on a shiny, new iphone. He's about to pocket it, when he recognizes the face on the phone's touchscreen. It's the photo of Joe and Penny that Joe was in the process of sending...before he became a murder suspect.	
90	EXT. TRAM STOP, ISTANBUL OLD TOWN -- DAY	90
	The wrecked tram has pulled in at a station. Windows are smashed, the debris of battle everywhere.	
	Turkish COPS are taking statements from WITNESSES, AMBULANCE CREWS are tending to the injured UltraAslans who have been unable to flee the scene.	

Seda finishes questioning Yaprak, the Ultras' injured leader. She looks furious.

SEDA  
He's lost three teeth. His arm's  
broken; and he still won't identify  
his attackers.

She raps the police mugshots of Joe against her palm.

ALP  
It's a gang thing. Honor amongst  
thugs.

SEDA  
It's macho crap.

ALP  
Doesn't matter.

Alp bites into a simit, a bread-ring covered with sesame seeds.

ALP (cont'd)  
(wiggling the simit)  
I spoke to the vendor. He  
identified Joe Gibson and two of  
the others. You want a bite?

Seda declines.

SEDA  
Is he sure?

ALP  
They were heading towards the grand  
bazaar.

SEDA  
So the gang are in on it.

Alp takes a call on his cellphone.

ALP  
(to Seda)  
We've got Gibson's cellphone. They  
found it on the pitch.

For the first time, Seda smiles.

SEDA  
Bike it over.

91 EXT. ISTANBUL OLD TOWN -- DAY 91

Modern Businesses stand shoulder-to-shoulder with ancient monuments. 'Traditionally' dressed TURKS walk alongside their more western counterparts and a host of TOURISTS.

92 EXT. STREETS, ISTANBUL OLD TOWN -- DAY 92

The Regiment are on the move, moving through the throng. They're on a high, buoyed-up post-fight.

NAILS

(to Ray)

Why'd he naff off in the first place? What was that phone call all about?

RAY

If you're so bothered, why don't you ask him?

NAILS

I'm trying to point something out to you. Only you keep fuckin' me off.

RAY

Can't you just enjoy the day? We've had a right result.

(to Joe)

Oi, Joe -- soppy-bollocks wants to ask you about that phone call.

JOE

You what?

Joe clocks the hostility on Nails' face.

JOE (cont'd)

Oh, that. Thought I'd check in with the Mrs.

Joe is roundly greeted by laughter and jeers of derision. But Nails isn't buying it.

The gang continue on down the street, Tactical Dave out in front, his head bobbing from side to side.

Maggsy gives Bradge a nudge.

MAGGSY

Look out. Billy Basra's back in town.

BRADGE

Oi, Tactical. What's up, mate?

TACTICAL DAVE

*Get away from the vehicles. Could  
be IEDs.*

And the scary thing is, Dave looks like he actually believes it.

Ray clocks a side entrance to the grand bazaar.

RAY

We'll duck in here, Dave -- get off  
the street, hey?

This seems to ease Dave's state of mind.

Ray winks at the boys, directing them to look at the riches on display in the bazaar.

They all pile inside the bazaar, Tactical Dave acting as their 'tail end Charlie'.

93 INT. ROOFTOP TERRACE, OLD CITY, ISTANBUL -- DAY 93

A rooftop terrace in the heart of the old city. Dazzling views across the whole of Istanbul.

BARBAROS FARID seems to be floating above it all, sipping tea at a table.

A figure emerges onto the terrace, striding across to join Barbaros. \*

It's Detective Kargan. \*

But before Kargan can get close to Barbaros, his path is blocked by Barbaros' shaven-headed enforcer, CILIC.

Cilic wants to frisk the new arrival.

KARGAN

Of course I've got a gun. I'm a  
cop.

CILIC

No one carries up here.

Kargan treats the man as an annoyance, surrendering his .45 automatic pistol. Only then is he allowed to take his place at Barbaros' table.

At first, Barbaros doesn't even look at Kargan, continuing to sip his tea and watch the sun set over his city.

BARBAROS

It seem this English gang know how to handle themselves. They're not going to lie down and die.

KARGAN

They'd be no match for professionals.

Barbaros takes in Kargan's suggestion. Then dismisses it.

BARBAROS

Someone will get Gibson. Be sure of that.

KARGAN

What if the police find him first?

Barbaros adds sugar to his glass.

KARGAN (cont'd)

If he identifies me, it's over.

BARBAROS

Tell me you didn't let him see your face.

KARGAN

No, but before he died, the judge managed to speak to him.

BARBAROS

What did he tell him?

KARGAN

I don't know. But if Sergeant Orhan gets her hands on Gibson, she will get it out of him. Hence the need for you to fulfil your obligations.

BARBAROS

I certainly don't want this coming back at my door.

There's a discreet signal between Barbaros and his bodyguard.

Cilic moves up behind Kargan, pointing the cop's own .45 at his head.

KARGAN

You're going to shoot me with my  
own gun?

Barbaros shrugs. It's almost an apology.

KARGAN (cont'd)

Everyone knows I'm not the suicidal  
type.

Kargan remains completely sure of himself, leaning back in  
his chair, actually moving his head closer to the barrel of  
Cilic's gun.

KARGAN (cont'd)

I'm your guardian angel in the  
department. How long will your  
organization last without me?

Cilic's itching to pull the trigger...but Barbaros makes eye  
contact for the second time, signalling for Cilic to lower  
the gun --

-- Which is when Kargan spins round and almost breaks Cilic's  
arm, forcing him to drop the weapon.

Before the bodyguard knows it, Kargan has him lying face down  
on the floor with the .45 rammed into the back of his head.

Kargan's got Barbaros' attention now; the veteran mafia man  
more than a little agitated.

KARGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I want Joe Gibson dead.

Barbaros dials a number on his cellphone.

BARBAROS

We have good people all over the  
city. Consider it done.

Kargan lets go of Cilic and rakes his eyes over Barbaros.

KARGAN

That's the problem working with  
criminals...you're all such scum.

Kargan turns his back, walking away.

CUT TO:

94

INT. TOURIST STALL, GRAND BAZAAR -- DAY

94

Natural light pours in through stained glass windows cut high in the arched stone walls, illuminating the throng of TRADERS, LOCALS and TOURISTS in the Grand Bazaar.

The Regiment are enjoying themselves, rooting through the multitude of items up for sale.

This place is literally an Aladdin's cave, packed with stalls and shops laden with every imaginable product -- from the spectacularly gaudy to the downright mundane: trays of jewels, boxes of spices, stacks of plastic buckets, leather jackets hanging in rows...

-- Bradge and Nails are testing a 'hubbly-bubbly' pipe.

BRADGE

...I'm getting naff-all off this.  
Tastes like fruit.

NAILS

It's not gear, you muppet. Read the label.

BRADGE

Apple tobacco? What's the point of that?

-- Ray's haggling over a carpet.

RAY

...Do I look like I was born yesterday? I wouldn't pay you that if it was a *flying* carpet.

-- Tactical Dave is examining an ornamental sword.

TACTICAL DAVE

...No cutting power. And the hilt's too small.

TRADER

I make nice price.

TACTICAL DAVE

Got any bayonets?

Meanwhile Slick is about to shoplift a leather belt. He tries it on...is starting to walk away without paying for it...

When the long arm of Nails catches up with him.



NAILS

These are working people. They have  
to earn a living.

SLICK

I'm entitled to a five finger  
discount.

Nails twists Slick's hand, crushing the aforementioned  
fingers.

SLICK (cont'd)

Okay, okay...

Nails smiles at the STALLHOLDER, pointing at the belt around  
Slick's waist.

NAILS

He loves it. He'll have one for  
each of his brothers.

Nails signals "7" to the delighted Stallholder.

SLICK

I ain't got no --

NAILS

You have now.

-- Bradge joins Maggsy, who's messing about with some belly  
dancing costumes.

BRADGE

Go on, push it out, give it a roll.

Maggsy obliges, swinging his hips and rolling his gut.

MAGGSY

Whey-hay! Look at that. Turn up the  
music, darling.

Maggsy dances to the music, making the FEMALE STALLHOLDER  
laugh.

MAGGSY (cont'd)

Someone stick a hat down! I've got  
happy feet.

Joe hovers on the periphery, doing his utmost to stay calm.  
But he's growing increasingly anxious about the attention  
they're attracting. That's when he gets approached by the  
VENDOR of an exotic-looking sweet stall.

VENDOR

You look tired. Bad day?

The man's penetrating stare unnerves Joe. Who is this guy?

JOE

It's been eventful, yeah.

The man offers him a tray of Turkish Delight with a flourish.

VENDOR

These, you must taste.

JOE

Thanks mate, but I'm watching my waistline.

VENDOR

We have a saying in Istanbul. You die fat, but you die happy. And in heaven, we're all skinny anyway.

Joe pops one of the Turkish Delight cubes in his mouth... and goes into a state of ecstasy. For a moment, he forgets all his troubles.

JOE

My Mrs would love these.

The Vendor smiles at Joe.

JOE (cont'd)

How much?

VENDOR

No charge; I give you a box for free. But if you really like, you buy a second box; for your wife. Keep her 'sweet as a nut' yes?

Joe can't help but like this guy.

As Joe walks away he's accosted by another SALESMAN. This guy's bedecked in silver chains --

\*  
\*

SALESMAN

Gumus! Real Gumus!

\*  
\*

Joe's eyes light up.

\*

JOE

Gumus?

\*  
\*

SALESMAN  
Silver. The best...

Joe is more than happy to pay over the odds for a silver trinket.

Ray lopes over, curious as to why Joe suddenly seems so upbeat.

JOE  
Gumus, mate. The shiny stuff.

RAY  
Looks like pewter to me. You've been screwed.

JOE  
Gumus doesn't means anything to you or me but it must mean something to someone. Otherwise why would --

Joe remembers he hasn't exactly been sharing information with Ray and clams up.

RAY  
What the bollocks are you talking about?

JOE  
Maybe there was something in that apple gear. I need a beer.

95 INT. POLICE PATROL CAR -- DAY

95

Seda is driving through the old city, eyes on alert for any signs of the Regiment.

Alp's beside her in the passenger seat, checking out Joe's iphone.

Alp scans through the photo files, stopping at the shot Joe took of himself with Penny and Frankie at Frankie's school.

ALP  
Does this guy look like a killer to you?

Seda glances at Joe's family photo, unimpressed.

SEDA  
These people show one face to their family, another to everyone else.

Seda slams on the brakes, skidding to a halt by the kerb.

She snatches the iphone and navigates her way through Joe's contacts. Seda tuts as she finds his listing for "The Wife". It's accompanied by a thumbnail picture of Penny.

ALP

She's pretty.

SEDA

It's time we educated Mrs. Gibson about her husband's *true nature*.

Seda presses dial and waits for an answer on the line...

PENNY'S VOICE (O.S.)

(filter)

Joe?

SEDA

No, Mrs Gibson. This is Sergeant Orhan of the Turkish police...

96 INT. JOE'S HOUSE, ENGLAND -- DAY

96

Penny's taking Seda's call, desperately trying to stay calm.

SEDA'S VOICE (O.S.)

(filter)

Your husband is in a lot of trouble. If he calls, you must tell him to turn himself in. Otherwise, I cannot guarantee his safety.

PENNY

*What's he done?*

97 INT. POLICE PATROL CAR, ISTANBUL OLD TOWN -- DUSK

97

Seda finishes her call with Penny, hanging up the phone.

SEDA

(to Alp)

Get on to Scotland Yard. I want a tap put on her phone line. If he calls...

Seda looks at Joe's photo of him with his family.

SEDA (cont'd)

...and he will call.

98 EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL, ISTANBUL -- DUSK 98  
Limousines and sports cars are double-parked outside this neo-classical, five star hotel.  
Joe and The Regiment stride on in.

99 INT. LOBBY AREA, FOUR SEASONS HOTEL -- DUSK 99  
As Joe crosses the lobby, the DUTY RECEPTIONIST recognizes him.  
The Receptionist checks no one is in earshot, then makes a discreet telephone call.

100 INT. BAR, THE FOUR SEASONS HOTEL -- DUSK 100  
The Regiment are knocking back the beers and filling the bar with raucous laughter.

RAY  
(calling the waiter)  
Oi, garcon! Fourteen more Efes over here!

SLICK  
Told you it was good beer, didn't I?

Nails gets right in Slick's face.

NAILS  
Efes?

Slick's smile evaporates.

NAILS (cont'd)  
-- Is not half effin' bad.

Nails laughs and roughs up Slick's hair.  
But unlike the boys, Joe is in a slump.  
Ray sidles over and plonks himself down on a bar stool.

RAY  
Tell me then. No more lies.

Joe takes a deep breath. He's about to tell Ray the truth,  
until --

RAY (cont'd)  
Why did you leave us? You didn't  
even say goodbye.

Joe exhales...

JOE  
...When Penny got pregnant, I knew  
I had to clean up my act.

Ray eyeballs him.

JOE (cont'd)  
Fulham was too close for comfort. I  
could have been sent down for ten  
years.

Nothing coming back from Ray.

JOE (cont'd)  
I didn't want Frankie growing up  
without a dad.

RAY  
I got Jules and the kids, ain't I?  
It don't stop me enjoying a tear-up  
at the weekend. You ride your luck.  
You beat the odds.

JOE  
Ray...

Joe is on the verge of telling him, desperate to unburden his  
conscience.

RAY  
Fulham, hey? That was mental.

Ray needs a refill. He looks round for a Waiter, but all of  
them seem to have scarpered.

RAY (cont'd)  
What is this, self-service?

JOE  
I'll get it sorted. Champagne work  
for you tarts?

CHEERS. Joe looks like he's going to the bar but ducks  
through into --

101 INT. THE LOBBY, FOUR SEASONS HOTEL -- NIGHT 101

Joe hurries past reception to a payphone.

102 INT. JOE AND PENNY'S HOUSE, LONDON -- NIGHT 102

Penny is sitting on the sofa, fraught with worry. The ring of the telephone fills her with dread.

PENNY  
(answering the phone)  
Hello...

JOE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(filter)  
It's me, hon'.

PENNY  
Where are you?

103 INT. LOBBY AREA, FOUR SEASONS HOTEL -- NIGHT 103

Joe is looking jumpy, eyes scanning the entrance and exit routes into the hotel.

JOE  
You're probably going to get a call  
from the police --

PENNY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(filter)  
They already called.

Bang go Joe's hopes of breaking the news gently.

JOE  
Whatever they've told you, it's not  
true.

PENNY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(filter)  
Your face is all over the news. The  
whole world saw you. Your son saw  
you on the television. How could  
you do this to us, Joe?

JOE  
This wasn't some punch up on a  
street corner, Pen, it was a  
professional hit. I didn't kill  
him. But I witnessed it.  
(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)  
I don't know who the dead guy was,  
but he had bodyguard --

PENNY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(filter)  
He was a judge.

Joe falls silent.

PENNY'S VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
(filter)  
Joe...?

This is even worse than he thought.

PENNY'S VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
The police said you have to hand  
yourself in.

CUT TO:

104	EXT. SIDE STREET, ISTANBUL -- NIGHT	104	*
	Detective Kargan climbs in to the back seat of Seda's patrol car.		* *
	SEDA'S VOICE (OS) He's on the line now		* *
105	INT. POLICE PATROL CAR -- NIGHT	105	*
	A laptop computer program traces Joe's call, triangulating the cellphone signal to the Sultanahmet district.		
	JOE'S VOICE (O.S.) (on the wiretap) I ain't taking my chances in a Turkish nick.		
	Seda and Alp are up front, Kargan listening in from the backseat.		* *
	PENNY'S VOICE (O.S.) (on the wiretap) What are you going to do?		
106	INT. LOBBY AREA, FOUR SEASONS HOTEL -- NIGHT	106	
	Joe experiences a moment of absolute clarity.		



JOE  
 I've got no choice. I'm gonna have  
 to fight my way home. I want you to  
 know, I'm doing it for you, for  
 Frankie. Do you understand?

Static on the line.

JOE (cont'd)  
 Do you believe me? *I need to know  
 you're with me.*

Penny holds back the tears.

PENNY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 (filter)  
 Yes.

JOE  
I'm coming home.

107 INT. POLICE PATROL CAR -- NIGHT

107

The computer program traces Joe's call to --

ALP  
 The Four Seasons Hotel, Sultanahmet.

SEDA  
 We got him.

In the back of the car, Kargan secretly speed types a text  
 message: "4 Seasons".

Seda crunches through the gears of the car, expertly weaving  
 through traffic. It seems she's going to get there in record  
 time.

Kargan is on edge -- until he receives a reply to his text.

The message reads "WE KNOW."

108 INT. THE KITCHENS, FOUR SEASONS HOTEL -- NIGHT

108

Steam, heat, noise. Amidst the rattling pots and pans, the  
 HEAD CHEF is arguing with his HEAD WAITER.

HEAD CHEF  
 No, no. Not like that. Turn it  
 around --

The rear doors smack open and a crew from the TURKISH MAFIA march in.

They are led by Cilic, who squares up to a terrified Waiter.

CILIC  
You're my size. Strip.

Meanwhile, his crew are jumping the other Waiters as soon as they enter the kitchen.

109 INT. BAR, THE FOUR SEASONS HOTEL -- NIGHT 109

Joe walks back in, clutching a couple of bottles of champagne.

BRADGE  
You took your time.

MAGGSY  
Crack on, then!

110 INT. THE KITCHENS, FOUR SEASONS HOTEL -- NIGHT 110

Cilic and his men -- now dressed as waiters -- arm themselves with kitchen knives, meat tenderizers and cleavers.

Pumped up, they barrel out through the swing doors.

111 INT. BAR, THE FOUR SEASONS HOTEL -- NIGHT 111

Slick takes a swig of champagne and BURPS loudly.

SLICK  
Do you know this place used to be a nick?

NAILS  
Bollocks.

SLICK  
Straight up.

Joe notices that one of the waiters isn't paying attention to his table, but is staring right at them.

SLICK (cont'd)  
It was in the guide book.

Joe realizes that all of the other waiters in the room are staring at them.

JOE

Any of you order a kebab?

He's referring to the waiter who's loitering by one of the exits with a foot-long kebab knife. He's not the only "waiter" in here carrying a knife...

A strange hush falls over the room.

JOE (cont'd)

GET UP!

The Regiment cotton on quick, grabbing improvised weapons: chairs, bottles...Maggsy grabs a potted plant.

The Turkish Mafia attack, blades swinging.

GUESTS scream, running for cover.

A Mafia Man thrusts a carving knife at Joe -- who only just turns out of the way.

Joe, incensed, lamps his attacker round the head with a champagne bottle. FIZZ and BLOOD. But there's no time to admire his handy work -- Cilic is coming straight at him.

Joe faces up to Cilic, the Turk towering over him, armed with a deadly-looking meat cleaver.

Cilic lunges. Joe spins...but Cilic is fast -- SLICE, SLICE -- the blade gleaming.

Joe kicks a chair at Cilic, wrong-footing him, then throws a punch to the side of his head. Cilic grunts; comes again swinging, one swipe slashing open the front of Joe's shirt, spreading a thin blood trail.

Outside, there's the WAIL of police sirens.

112 EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL -- NIGHT

112

TWO POLICE VANS screech up outside the hotel and a detachment of RIOT POLICE pile out, armed with shields, batons and gas-rounds.

Seda's in command, organizing her unit for the assault -- when Kargan puts a restraining hand on her shoulder.

KARGAN

These people are animals. You should stay back. Let Alp lead the men.

Seda's eyes burn at Kargan.

SEDA

In the years I've served on the anti-hooligan unit, I've been stabbed, knocked unconscious, shot at. But the people who tried to fuck with me -- they came off much worse.

"So back off, you sexist pig." Kargan does, content to watch this play out.

Seda rallies her troops.

SEDA (cont'd)

We're going in!

113 INT. BAR, THE FOUR SEASONS HOTEL -- NIGHT 113

TOTAL MAYHEM. Fists and feet flying. Knives swiping.

Tactical Dave is lobbing liquor bottles like mortar rounds. Ray and Bradge fling one of the Mafia Heavies through a window.

Cilic's attacks are forcing Joe backwards towards --

114 INT. A BARBECUE TABLE, THE BAR -- NIGHT 114

Sizzling kebab skewers lay across a huge charcoal burner running the length of a table. The barbecue chef has long since abandoned his post.

Cilic backs Joe into the table -- SLICE, SLICE.

Joe backs away and jumps over the table, scattering skewers.

Cilic comes after him with the meat cleaver.

Joe desperately needs a weapon. His eyes alight on a doner kebab rotisserie -- marinated meat packed onto a tall, vertical skewer.

Joe rips the kebab skewer free and holds it two-handed, using it like a meaty pugel stick.

Cilic keeps on coming, hacking out chunks of meat.

Joe twists and turns, slices of lamb flying -- until the cleaver finally sticks in tight.

Joe seizes his opportunity. He kicks Cilic in the nuts, then thrusts the whole damn thing at him; skewer, meat, cleaver and all...sending Cilic stumbling backwards.

115 INT. LOBBY, FOUR SEASONS HOTEL -- NIGHT 115

The Riot Police burst into the lobby, their progress checked by the stampede of Guests and Hotel Staff going the other way.

116 INT. AT THE BARBECUE TABLE -- NIGHT 116

Cilic comes back at Joe, who jumps up onto the barbecue table.

As Cilic gets near, Joe kicks burning coals into Cilic's face, sending him reeling.

117 INT. BAR, THE FOUR SEASONS HOTEL -- NIGHT 117

Seda, Alp and the other Cops see a vision of hell:

-- Nails smashing a Mafia Man's head against a wall.

-- Ray bellowing at his assailants, swinging a chair leg.

-- Cilic flailing his arms, trying to put out the burning coals on his face.

Cilic's screams draw Seda's eye -- and she recognizes him.

SEDA

(to Alp)

That's Cilic Terim. Mafia enforcer.

What's he doing here?

No time to dwell on that as the Riot Police pile in, batons raised. Despite the mayhem, Seda is ice-cool.

SEDA (cont'd)

Gas the bastards. ALL OF THEM.

Seda pulls on her gas mask.

The second wave of Riot Cops don't delay, pumping tear gas canisters amongst the brawling men.

Tactical Dave sees the danger.

TACTICAL DAVE

Gas! Gas! Gas!

Incredibly, The Regiment are prepared for exactly this type of law enforcement scenario, each man reaching into his pockets and pulling out a pair of swimming goggles.

Tactical Dave throws Slick his spare pair.

Joe has to make do with a table cloth, wrapping it around his face, covering his mouth.

As the tear gas billows out across the bar, the Mafia Men suffer the effects -- grabbing their eyes, coughing, doubling-up, vomiting...

Slick takes his chance to knacker his opponent with a punch.

SLICK

Have that, you twat.

But the Riot Cops have started wading in with their nightsticks.

Ray has seen enough.

RAY

Leg it!

Not even Nails is going to argue with that -- a tear-up with the mafia is one thing, getting nicked, something else entirely. Having come out best against the crazy waiters, The Regiment charge out of the bar, straight into --

118 INT. LOBBY, FOUR SEASONS -- NIGHT

118

-- an ambush. A phalanx of Anti-Riot Police are blocking the main lobby entrance. Seda bellows out the order to her team --

SEDA

Aim!

As one, the cops raise their shotguns.

RAY

They got shooters!

TACTICAL DAVE

TAKE COVER.

The gang hit the deck as --

SEDA

Fire!

The cops blast away.

Bradge gets hit in the chest, going down.

Joe IDs a rubber bullet pellet ricochetting off the wall.

JOE  
They're firing rubbers!

The cops advance...

SEDA  
Reload!

Kargan moves up alongside Seda, eyes trained at Joe, who is taking shelter with the gang behind a leather sofa.

KARGAN  
Why not use real bullets?

She ignores his suggestion --

SEDA  
Fire!

A slew of rubber bullets impact on the sofa, lacerating the fabric. One of the rounds whizzes underneath the sofa and clips Joe on the ankle. Agony.

JOE  
Sod this for a game of soldiers...

The Regiment appear to be completely surrounded. They've got no way out and the cops are edging ever closer. Joe points at the men's bathroom door.

JOE (cont'd)  
Make for the shitters.

As one, the gang make a break for the men's bathroom: Joe running with a limp, Ray and Nails dragging Bradge's unconscious body with them.

Just before Joe crashes through the bathroom door he catches sight of Kargan standing with Seda on the other side of the lobby.

\*  
\*  
\*

Kargan lifts his arm and points right at Joe, urging the Riot Police on.

\*  
\*

KARGAN  
(in Turkish)  
<<GET HIM!>>

\*  
\*  
\*

Kargan's cuff has rolled back, revealing the tattoo of the leaping gray wolf.

\*  
\*

Joe clocks it -- and for a second he looks right into Kargan's eyes across the gap of space.

\*  
\*

He recognises him as the killer.

\*

119 INT. MEN'S RESTROOM -- NIGHT

119 \*

Tactical and Nails grab a 15th century oak bureau and barricade it against the door.

The gang catch their breath in the luxurious surroundings of this top-of-the range restroom.

SLICK

We're cream crackered now.

Joe's already checking out the narrow slit window above the urinals.

MAGGSY

We ain't gettin' out through there.

Joe turns his attention to the basin.

JOE

Nails -- give us a hand.

NAILS

(to Maggsy)

Watch and learn. A little trick we picked up at Fulham.

Joe and Nails go to work on the marble basin, repeatedly kicking it...until it shears off the wall.

JOE

This is miles better than Fulham.  
We've got some marble action.

Nails grins at Joe, forgetting their animosity for a moment.

RAY

Need some weight behind that?

Slick and Maggsy watch in amazement as the three lads lift up the hefty marble basin and use it as a battering ram against the casement window.

On the second blow, the reinforced glass window slit shatters.

SLICK

How's that gonna help?



But on the third and fourth hits, the plaster and brickwork around the window also starts breaking up, opening up a much wider hole for them to escape out of.

The restroom door shudders as the cops start using their own battering ram.

Tactical checks the view through the hole around the window: a fifteen foot drop.

TACTICAL DAVE

Bradge is out cold. We drop him out of here, we'll break his legs.

The bathroom door splinters...

All eyes are on Ray.

RAY

No one gets left behind.

NAILS

It's him or the lot of us. We'll all get nicked.

Joe checks out Bradge.

JOE

He needs a doctor.

RAY

Maybe we can bust him out later.

It's a fanciful comment and they all know it. Ray's way of walking away without losing face.

As the cops continue to batter down the door --

Joe and the gang climb out of the window opening.

CUT TO:

120 INT. MEN'S RESTROOM -- NIGHT

120

When the cops finally smash down the door, they find their quarry have already escaped.

Seda takes one look at the window opening, furious.

KARGAN

I told you to shoot them.

SEDA  
 They won't get far.  
 (to Alp)  
 I want the whole city locked down.  
 Every road, every river crossing.

ALP  
 There must be an easier way of  
 doing this. If you were them, where  
 would you run to?

Seda and Kargan mull on this.

ALP (cont'd)  
 They must be planning on leaving  
 the country somehow.

SEDA  
 Not from Ataturk Airport, unless  
 they're extremely foolish.

KARGAN  
 How did Gibson get into the city?

SEDA  
 Flew in on his boss' private jet.

KARGAN  
*Which airport?*

121 EXT. ARCHEOLOGICAL RUINS -- NIGHT

121

The Regiment hunker down in the ruins of an archaeological dig. In the background, lit up like a Christmas tree, the minarets and dome of the Hagia Sofia Mosque.

Everyone's wheezing and coughing, their eyes still stinging from the tear gas.

MAGGSY  
 Bradge will be okay, won't he?  
 They'll take him to hospital?

RAY  
 'Course. He'll be nut-deep in  
 nurses before the night's over.

But Ray exchanges a worried look with Joe.

SLICK  
 ...Who were those mad-bastards with  
 the choppers?

NAILS

They weren't in the catering business.

MAGGSY

Weren't no football firm neither. They were tooled up like proper gangsters.

TACTICAL DAVE

And they knew where we were staying.

RAY

Must have had a tip off.

Joe is starting to look edgy.

TACTICAL DAVE

-- them and the police. We'd only be scrapping for a few minutes before the rozzers showed up.

JOE

*They were all looking for me.*

Serious faces stare back at him.

JOE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Something happened back at the stadium. I saw this Turkish guy get stabbed. The bastard who did it, pinned it on me. That's why I was on the hoof when I met you lads.

Shocked silence.

RAY

Why didn't you tell us this before?

JOE

I tried to but...

RAY

What?

JOE

It was my problem. I didn't want to get you involved.

NAILS

But we are involved.

MAGGSY

We backed you up. The cops are gonna think we were in on it. They're gonna do us for being accessories!

JOE

There's something else. The guy who pinned this on me...I think he's a cop.

Suddenly, this jaunt across the city no longer looks so much fun.

MAGGSY

We ain't gonna walk away from this. They're gonna kill us.

RAY

You held out on us...your mates. You used us.

JOE

I tried to give you the slip.

RAY

Bradge is lying sparko because of you!

NAILS

Nothing's changed, has it, Joe? Always looking out for yourself. We should have left you in it.

JOE

I can make it up to you. I can get all of us out.

NAILS

We'll look out for ourselves.

JOE

The cops know you were staying at that hotel. Which means they've already got your names. Your flight details. Your passport numbers. They're gonna be watching the airport. You don't think they're gonna just let you stroll on out of here, do ya?

Nails grabs Joe and smashes him against a monument.

JOE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I'm your ticket out of here, you  
dozey twat.

RAY  
Nails.

Nails lets Joe go.

JOE  
There's another airport on the  
Asian side of the city.

RAY  
Go on.

JOE  
I flew in there on a private jet.  
We can all go back on it. No  
passport control, no police, no  
problem.

NAILS  
What bollocks jet?

JOE  
(to Nails)  
It's my boss'. He's a total tosser,  
but he's minted.

RAY  
Call him, then.

Ray tosses Joe his cellphone.

JOE  
What?

RAY  
Call your boss. See if he'll take  
us.

JOE  
Fine.

NAILS  
'Cos if he won't.

Nails makes a throat-cutting gesture. Even Slick chips in --

SLICK  
Chop, chop.

122 INT. BELLY DANCING CLUB -- NIGHT

122

Trevor and Eddy Banks are goggle-eyed, mesmerized by the acrobatic movements of TWO BELLY DANCERS.

Trevor struggles to hear Joe's voice over the music.

TREVOR  
(speaking into the phone)  
Are you off your nut?

Trevor smiles at Eddy, pretending nothing's wrong.

TREVOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I can't talk to you now. I'm with  
the client.  
(sotto)  
Trying to sort out the mess you  
caused.

123 EXT. ARCHEOLOGICAL RUINS -- NIGHT

123

Nails is using a Stanley knife to graffiti The Regiment's name into a 4000 year-old stone pillar.

JOE  
(on the phone)  
It'll get a lot messier if I tell  
Eddy the truth about that Ankara  
deal.

TREVOR'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(filter)  
Come again?

JOE  
You heard me. You'll lose millions.  
Fly me and the boys out, or I'll  
give Eddy the real score.

124 INT. BELLY DANCING CLUB -- NIGHT

124

Trevor remains ice cold.

TREVOR  
(on the phone)  
Me and Eddy are gonna finish our  
drinks. We might even get our nuts  
wet.

125 EXT. ARCHEOLOGICAL RUINS -- NIGHT

125

Joe's life is hanging in balance.

TREVOR'S VOICE (O.S.)

(filter)

The flight-slot's booked for twelve  
midnight. But we ain't hanging  
around.

Joe hangs up, covering up his massive relief.

JOE

Piece of cake.

But Joe's no longer amongst friends.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. GALATA BRIDGE AREA, ISTANBUL -- NIGHT

126

The Regiment skulk around the docks, doing a recce of the  
Galata Bridge area.

Tactical Dave's on point. He holds up a clenched fist,  
halting them.

RAY

What's up?

TACTICAL DAVE

Armed police units on the bridge.

MAGGSY

How are we gonna get across?

NAILS

We'll storm it.

TACTICAL DAVE

As much I admire your gumption, I  
think we need some perspective.  
Because of Joe, we're all now  
wanted for murder. If we charge  
Istanbul's finest, we might just  
end up *brown bread*.

Joe points out the ferry terminal.

JOE

We get the ferry.

TACTICAL DAVE  
Hold on. What's going on with those  
two?

Tactical Dave gestures at a couple of lovers, loitering  
outside the ferry terminal.

127 EXT. FERRY TERMINAL -- NIGHT 127

Seda and Alp are in an embrace, pretending to be lovers. Alp  
puts his arms behind Seda's back, bringing her closer.

SEDA  
What are you doing?

ALP  
We've got to make it look  
convincing.

SEDA  
I could slap you. That would be  
really convincing.

Despite the banter, both of them are checking out the  
PASSENGERS approaching the ferry terminal.

128 EXT. GALATA BRIDGE AREA -- NIGHT 128

The Regiment are looking increasingly panicked. Tactical Dave  
has sussed Seda and Alp.

TACTICAL DAVE  
*They're forward observers.*

Dave's getting the thousand yard stare.

RAY  
Calm it, Dave. We'll get it sorted.

SLICK  
How about we 'jack that cargo ship?

Joe checks out the nearby cargo ship, moored off a jetty.

JOE  
I like it.

RAY  
(to Slick)  
That ain't no rowing boat, son.  
Even if we get on board, none of us  
has a clue --



SLICK

I know all about boats. My dad used to work on the ferries. I used to ride along with him. Picked it all up by osmosis.

NAILS

Are you having us on?

SLICK

Straight up, bruv. I'm a right Admiral Nelson.

JOE

Let's do it.

Ray lays a restraining hand on Joe's shoulder.

RAY

I'm the top boy. I say what we do and what we don't do.

JOE

No sweat, Ray. Your call.

129 EXT. JETTY BY THE BOSPHORUS -- NIGHT

129

Joe and Slick lead the boarding party, scampering around the dockside. Staying low, they run up the jetty. But the gangway's drawn up and it's a long way up the side of the ship...

Joe tests a mooring rope which snakes up one side of the ship. Satisfied it will hold, he starts climbing.

Ray and the other watch as Joe hauls himself up on board and disappears.

NAILS

That's the last we'll see of him.

MAGGSY

Probably bugging off the other side as we speak.

But the gangway rattles down, the chains clanking out... and Joe's warrior-like silhouette rises up on the deck.

RAY

All aboard.

The Regiment race up the gangway.

130 EXT. FERRY TERMINAL -- NIGHT

130

Seda and Alp are still staking out the ferry terminal. But the frustration's getting to Seda.

SEDA  
Where are they?

Her eyes scan around the port area, drawn to the lights burning on the bridge of a cargo ship...

Two men are on the foredeck, casting off the mooring line. Another man is moving around to the gangway.

131 EXT. CARGO SHIP -- NIGHT

131

Joe is raising the gangway when he sees Seda and Alp sprinting across the jetty.

Seda and Alp pull their guns, aiming them up at Joe.

SEDA  
Stay where you are! You're under arrest.

Joe furiously cranks the gangway mechanism.

JOE  
(to Slick)  
Get moving!

132 INT. THE BRIDGE, CARGO SHIP -- NIGHT

132

But Slick's having trouble getting the ship under way.

SLICK  
Just give us a sec'.

NAILS  
What exactly did your old man do on the ferries?

Slick rams the boat into reverse.

SLICK  
Logistics, mainly. Worked in the galleys.

TACTICAL DAVE  
You mean he was a cook?

RAY  
I'll kill him.

133 AT THE JETTY 133

The ship starts moving off.

Seda's damned if she's going to let Joe get away -- she takes a running jump, hurling herself up onto the rising gangway, her fingertips just clinging on...

134 ON THE CARGO SHIP 134

Joe spots the danger too late -- Seda's catlike figure is monkey-climbing up the gangway, armed with a 9mm Glock.

SEDA  
Stop the ship.

Joe puts his hands up.

JOE  
I ain't driving.

As if to confirm this, the cargo ship lurches violently, moving back to the jetty.

Seda's still clinging onto the gangway -- and she's about to get pulped between ship and the jetty wall...

Joe springs into action.

He grabs a boathook...bends down over the side of ship and jams it between the ship and the jetty.

The ship seem to stop moving...only for a wave to roll in.

The boathook grinds between ship and jetty wall, then shears in two.

Joe reaches down to Seda.

JOE (cont'd)  
Gimme your hand!

But to do that she'll have to drop the gun.

The ship's being borne up on the tide...

Seda has no option but to comply, releasing the Glock and grabbing on to Joe's hand.

Still dangling, Seda looks up into Joe's eyes, completely at his mercy as the ship rides the swell back toward the jetty...

SEDA  
You bastard.

She's inches away from getting crushed when Joe uses all his upper body strength to swing her, throwing her back onto the jetty...and a bumpy landing on a stack of fishing nets.

135 EXT. THE JETTY -- NIGHT

135

Seda stares after the departing ship, completely thrown by Joe's gallantry.

Joe shouts out.

JOE  
I remembered that word. It was  
"gumus"!

Alp runs over and helps her to her feet.

ALP  
Just as well I didn't shoot him.

SEDA  
You're a lousy shot. You would have  
killed us both.

ALP  
What did he mean "gumus?"

SEDA  
Probably just messing with us.

ALP  
He *did* save your life.

Her brain ticking over, Seda reaches into her pocket and pulls out Joe's Iphone.

ALP (cont'd)  
You still think Gibson's our man?

Seda looks at the photo of Joe and his family, seeing him with new eyes.

SEDA  
What were the mafia doing at the  
Four Seasons? Why would they want  
to attack the English?

136      200 METRES AWAY, QUAYSIDE      136

Kargan is standing back, talking in hushed whispers on his cellphone; his eyes tracking the ship's navigation lights as it journeys across the Bosphorus.

KARGAN  
They've just hijacked a ship.  
They're headed for the Asian side.

BARBAROS' VOICE (O.S)  
(filter)  
That's the Suleymans' territory.  
The twins won't lift a finger to  
help us.

KARGAN  
They will if I speak to them.

CUT TO:

137 EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, ASIAN SIDE OF ISTANBUL -- NIGHT 137

The screech of MACHINERY echoes out of this fortress-like garage building.

138 INT. CHOP-SHOP GARAGE -- NIGHT 138

This chop-shop is full of expensive motor cars. A team of CAR MECHANICS are chain-sawing a BMW 750i in half.

Up above, two figures watch over the chop-shop from the vantage point of a glass-walled office.

139 INT. GLASS WALLED OFFICE -- NIGHT 139

The SULEYMAN TWINS are slight figures, identical in height and appearance. Small men -- each man no more than five foot four -- yet they wield enormous clout.

The Twins are on a speakerphone to Kargan.

KARGAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(filter)  
I am calling you not as a cop, but  
as a fellow countryman --

Before Kargan can even get into full-flow --

TWIN #1

You're not a cop, Kargan. Cops I  
can deal with. You're a leech.

KARGAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

This matter goes beyond our  
personal history. The English  
hooligans are headed for Kadikoy.  
They've made fools of our city  
police force and they just defeated  
a team of Barbaros Farid's most-  
feared soldiers.

TWIN #2

I'm sorry to hear that, detective.  
That leaves you very exposed.

KARGAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

The English are no ordinary gang.  
People on this side of the river  
say that the Suleyman brothers are  
not up to the challenge.

TWIN #1

Do you think we're stupid? We're  
not going to do your dirty work for  
you.

TWIN #2

We know why you want the Englishman  
dead. Had it ever occurred to you  
that it might suit us better if he  
stayed alive --

TWIN #1

-- and you paid for your crimes?

KARGAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

One hundred thousand dollars cash.  
Each.

Silence.

KARGAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)

I'll be the model of discretion.  
Not even your crew need know about  
the money.

140 FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE CHOP-SHOP

140

A buzz goes round the chop-shop floor as the Twins psyche up  
their crew.

TWIN #1

Kadikoy is our territory. Our domain. The whole of Istanbul is watching.

TWIN #2

It will be our honour to kill them.

The Mechanics quickly gather up their work tools, arming themselves with hammers and power-saws, wrenches, long-handled screwdrivers...

141 EXT. PORT DECK, CARGO SHIP -- NIGHT

141

Joe's standing alone on the port deck, looking in wonder at the extraordinary views of the city drifting by -- monuments and minarets are lit up to maximum effect.

RAY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Top city, huh?

Ray emerges from the shadows, gamboling over to join Joe at the guardrail.

RAY

Asia on one side of the river,  
Europe on the other.

JOE

Maybe one day we can come back in  
better circumstances.

RAY

It don't get any better than this:  
the whole firm, behind enemy lines,  
clinging on by the skin of our  
nuts. This could be our finest  
hour.

Joe half-laughs, disbelieving.

RAY (cont'd)

Did I say something funny?

JOE

No, not at all.

RAY

You might think you're better than  
us --

JOE

When did I say that?

RAY  
You don't need to spell it out.

Ray grabs Joe forearm, turning it to show the outline of his former tatoo.

RAY (cont'd)  
Laser removal, was it?

Ray still has his gang tattoo on his own forearm -- a homage to the famous SAS dagger and eagle's wings, with the added flourish of some swimming goggles and the legend "REGIMENT".

Joe pulls his arm away, the criticism starting to get to him.

RAY (cont'd)  
Scratch away all you like, but it won't change what you are underneath. You're a punch up artist, plain and simple. It's in your blood. You should be a little more proud of your heritage.

JOE  
What happened to this firm, Ray?  
You used to be a hundred-handed.

RAY  
Nails told you. I cut out the dead wood.

JOE  
That's not what I heard.

RAY  
What did you hear?

But Joe decides to drop it, heading below decks.

142	EXT. POLICE HELIPAD -- NIGHT	142
	The THUNDER of ROTOR BLADES. A Police Helicopter is fuelled and ready for take off. Kargan runs out, joining Alp and Seda in the chopper.	
143	INT. HELICOPTER	143
	Seda gives the PILOT the signal to take off.	
	As they lift off --	



SEDA  
Where have you been?

KARGAN  
Talking to the underworld.

Which takes Seda unawares.

KARGAN (cont'd)  
Someone's put a contract out on  
Gibson. 100,000 dollars.

ALP  
Must have been that video footage.  
It insulted the gangs' sense of  
honor.

SEDA  
Or maybe someone just wants to shut  
him up? What if Gibson didn't kill  
Judge Daradeniz...but he witnessed  
it?

KARGAN  
His prints were all over the murder  
weapon. And you only have to look  
at his record --

SEDA  
I also work on instinct.

KARGAN  
And you think he's innocent?

SEDA  
*Possibly* innocent.

KARGAN  
So if he is a witness, like you  
say...we'd better get our hands on  
him. Fast.

As the helicopter crosses the Bosphoros, Kargan points to the  
distant bank of the river.

KARGAN (cont'd)  
They've just docked at Kadikoy.

An ominous look passes between Alp and Seda. They have more  
than an inkling of what that means...

144 EXT. PORT OF KADIKOY -- NIGHT 144

The cargo ship cruises into Kadikoy, a sprawling, industrialized port complex.

145 INT. PIER -- NIGHT 145

Joe lowers the gangway.

It's eerily quiet as The Regiment disembark at a trot.

Joe immediately picks up on the vibe, calling everyone to stand still.

JOE

Wait.

The port is deserted. Not a soul around.

RAY

What is it?

SLICK

What's the prob', boys? We're home dry.

As if in answer, a metallic CLANKING noise rings out across the pier. One tap, two...multiplying into a symphony of hundreds, as the Mechanics materialize on the pier.

Many of them are still dressed in their work clothes, armed with chains, wrenches, sledgehammers, nail-guns -- and most worrying, one of them is revving up a chainsaw.

RAY

Wish I'd brought my tools.

The Mechanics part -- and the Suleyman Twins swagger into the light.

TWIN #1

This is Kadikoy.

TWIN #2

This is our territory!

A blood-curdling roar goes up.

The Mechanics advance, forcing the English to retreat to the end of the pier.

146 END OF THE PIER

146

Nowhere to go.

TACTICAL DAVE  
Time to get our feet wet.

RAY  
Bollocks to that.

JOE  
Dave's right. We can make for that  
shoreline.

Joe points across to a spit of land.

NAILS  
(an aside, to Joe)  
He can't swim.

The Man with the chainsaw is only feet away now, taunting  
them, revving his deadly weapon...

JOE  
We'll swim for him. Go!

Together they rush Ray, slamming into him, knocking him off  
the side of the pier and into the water. The rest of The  
Regiment dive in after them.

147 WATER, BELOW PIER

147

Ray flounders, panicking. But Joe and Nails are good to their  
word, hooking their arms around the hooligan boss, buoying  
him up.

As The Regiment swim away from the pier, The Mechanics rain  
down a lethal bombardment of hammers and other metal tools.

Joe and Nails are most vulnerable, struggling to swim with  
the big man. All around them, metal tools splash down,  
missing them by inches.

Slick gets hit, a wrench impacting into the back of his  
head...and the teenager goes under.

RAY  
Get him!

Joe lets go of Ray and duck-dives under --

- 148 UNDERWATER 148
- Joe searches the murky, polluted waters of the Bosphorus.
- Tools are still raining down, a hammer hits Joe's back.
- Joe's getting desperate...when he sees a lifeless body floating a metre below. Pumping his arms and legs, Joe swims down and retrieves Slick's body, sweeping him to the surface.
- 149 OPEN WATER BETWEEN THE PIER AND THE SPIT OF LAND 149
- Now out of range of The Mechanics' projectiles, the gang swim for the spit of land, Joe cradling Slick, who is still lifeless.
- 150 THE PIER 150
- The Suleyman Twins are retasking their forces.
- The Mechanics run off the pier, headed round the shoreline...
- 151 EXT. SHORELINE -- NIGHT 151
- Joe hauls Slick out of the water, carrying his body onto the shoreline.
- He rolls him over. Pumps his chest. No response.
- One by one, the rest of the gang stagger in. Nails sees Joe pumping Slick's chest and charges over.
- NAILS
- Get outta the way.
- Nails gives Slick the kiss of life, holding his nostrils, blowing into his lungs.
- A deathly silence as the others stand back.
- TACTICAL DAVE
- Nails...
- But Nails isn't giving up.
- NAILS
- Call yourself a hammer? West Ham  
till you die? Well you ain't dying  
today!

Nails blows the biggest breath of all into Slick's mouth...who suddenly convulses, vomiting up water.

SLICK

Get off me, you queer bastard.

Nails breaks into a huge grin.

NAILS

Me? If you were any more in the closet, you'd been havin' adventures in Narnia.

But the smiles evaporate as The Regiment realize they're not out of danger --

The Mechanics have worked their way round the shoreline and are now marching en masse, armed to the teeth with their trademark weapons.

JOE

We can lose them in there.

The gang follow Joe. He's taking them into a forest of gray tower blocks...

The Suleymans' Crew grind to a halt. They don't want to follow.

TWIN #1

What are you waiting for, come on!

The Mechanics reluctantly obey their bosses, nervous about venturing into the towers...

Only a minute behind them, a police helicopter approaches the shoreline.

152 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

152

From above, Seda can see The Regiment moving into a narrow alley lined with tower blocks.

SEDA

Who rules the roost down there?

KARGAN

The K2 Crew.

Seda grabs the radio.

SEDA

I'm calling in S.W.A.T.

Kargan grinds on his jaw.

153 EXT. "TOWER ALLEY" -- NIGHT 153

Joe and the Regiment jog through this rundown neighbourhood of tower blocks. There's graffiti everywhere, ominous tags of "K2" marking the territory.

ABOVE THEIR HEADS --

154 EXT. ROOFS OF THE TOWER BLOCKS -- NIGHT 154

FREERUNNERS are vaulting over the rooftops in flash-frames of dizzying movement.

The young members of the K2 Crew are kitted out in their own 'uniform' of urban apparel -- hoodies, double sleeved tops, K-Swiss shoes...

As they climb, jump and hurdle, the young gangbangers track the progress of The Regiment, who are strung out in the alleyway below...

155 ON THE GROUND, AMONGST THE TOWER BLOCKS 155

Joe leads the gang into a dead-end. Which doesn't win him any credibility points.

NAILS

C'mon Columbus, get it together.

Tactical Dave goes rigid, sensing movement on the rooftops above.

TACTICAL DAVE

Stand to!

JOE

Leave it out, Dave --

TACTICAL DAVE

X-rays on the roof.

SLICK

He's bleedin' right, look!

A SHADOW leaps from one tower block to another.

There's the CLINKING of glass bottles. Some more movement. The PATTERN of feet.

MAGGSY

This place gives me the willies.

BOOM! A Molotov cocktail explodes, spurting burning gasoline.

Then another. And another.

From their elevated position, The K2 Crew pelt The Regiment with petrol bombs...

Maggsy's hair and jacket catches fire.

MAGGSY (cont'd)

Arggghh!

Nails and Joe run to his side, pulling off his burning jacket and rolling him over to put out the flames.

The Regiment leg it back up the alley, shadowed by the K2 Crew who keep bombing them.

156 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- NIGHT 156

Seda and Alp can see this explosive pursuit in progress, Molotovs detonating all around Joe and the gang as they flee.

The K2 Crew are like insects, jumping from building to building, pulling gravity-defying stunts.

157 EXT. TOWER STREET -- NIGHT 157

As Joe and the gang tear around the corner they come under a sustained assault from the K2 Crew, who use their acrobatic skills to attack the Regiment with flick knives.

It's death by a thousand cuts as the freerunners launch themselves at the English, backflipping over their heads, jumping back off walls, vaulting over the concrete...

The Regiment fight a running battle with the younger and more mobile gang who keep picking them off, darting in like mosquitos, taking a swipe then leaping clear before The Regiment can get in a single blow...

Nails' face gets cut, Maggsy gets sliced on his forearm, Joe receives a nasty incision on his neck...

158 INT. HELICOPTER -- NIGHT 158

Seda and Alp can see the whole thing playing out beneath them.

ALP  
How long til SWAT gets here?

SEDA  
Ten minutes.

ALP  
We've got to get down there, Seda.

KARGAN  
I don't think that's such a good  
idea.

Kargan points at the K2 roofteam who are still lurking and starting to take an interest in the police helicopter.

Seda directs the Pilot to land on the rooftop of a nearby tower block.

SEDA  
That's your L.Z.

159 EXT. TOWER BLOCK ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

159

The police chopper comes into a hover above the roof of the tower block. Seda, Alp and Kargan jump out, weapons drawn.

Seda gives last minute instructions to the Pilot.

SEDA  
Radio in our coordinates to the  
SWAT team. And be ready to pull us  
out of here!

The K2 Crew are close now, jumping across the rooftops towards the tower block, Molotovs at the ready.

PILOT  
Are you sure about this?

But Seda's already hotfooting it across the roof.

She catches up with Alp and Kargan, disappearing through a doorway into the dark reaches of the tower block.

Meanwhile, ten floors below:

160 EXT. STREET, TOWER BLOCK AREA -- NIGHT

160

The freerunners buzz around their targets, striking The Regiment at will. Joe and the hooligans close ranks, going back to back, trying to ward off their acrobatic attackers.



And just as it looks like it couldn't get any worse, the fifty-strong gang of tooled-up Mechanics come steaming round the corner.

RAY

Now that's just taking the piss.

MAGGSY

We are so far out of our manor.

However Joe can sense something else is going on here...

K2 immediately cease their attacks on The Regiment, forming a line against the Mechanics.

The Suleyman Twins, however, are full of accommodating smiles.

TWIN #1

Thank you friends, allow us to take care of the English.

The K2 LEADER looks back at the Suleymans with menace.

K2 LEADER

You took a big risk coming in here.  
What's your real interest in them?

TWIN #2

They invaded our territory first.  
Our honor demands we are the ones  
to castigate them.

The K2 Leader shakes his head. He's not buying into this bullshit. Neither is Joe, who sees an opening.

JOE

(to the Twins)

Bollocks. I bet that cop's paying  
you off.

The K2 Leader notes the Twins' sudden discomfort.

K2 LEADER

What cop?

JOE

The same guy who fitted me up for  
murder.

161 INT. STAIRWELL, TOWER BLOCK -- NIGHT

161

Seda, Alp and Kargan creep down the stairwell towards street level. Through the broken windows, they can see and hear the exchange on the ground.

JOE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
He put the word out on me and now  
he's using you lot as his monkeys.

Seda and Alp strain to listen in...

JOE'S VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Think about it. If you kill us,  
you'd be doing him a favour.

ALP  
Who's he talking about?

Kargan's sweating it, hoping that Joe's going to be eliminated sooner rather than later.

162 EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

162

Joe jerks a thumb at the vertically-challenged Suleyman Twins.

JOE  
The thing is, it looks like Pinky  
and Perky here, are getting paid  
for their work.

Joe casts a knowing look at the K2 leader.

JOE (cont'd)  
Like you say: *why else would they  
risk coming in here?*

TWIN #1  
He's lying.

RAY  
Really? Then why are you shitting  
it?

The K2 Leader brandishes his flick knife at Joe.

K2 LEADER  
*What is the name of this police  
officer?*

JOE  
Big geezer. Built like a brick  
shithouse. Ring any bells for yer?

163 INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT 163

Kargan unholsters his sidearm. Seda tries to hold him back.

SEDA  
We wait for SWAT.

But Kargan's already charging out of the door.

164 EXT. STREET, TOWER BLOCK AREA -- NIGHT 164

Kargan's appearance ignites the powder keg.

KARGAN  
POLICE!

Seda and Alp belatedly follow him, weapons raised.

A few gangsters surrender, some try to flee -- but the majority take up arms, attacking the Cops AND each other.

Then three trucks carrying the Istanbul SWAT team do show up...

...As battle rages, Joe and The Regiment use the opportunity to make a run for it.

Seda spots Joe through the mayhem and hones in on him, determined that he's not going to give her the slip again.

SEDA  
GIBSON! Get on the ground.

Joe clocks her through the mass of bodies -- Seda has her gun trained on him...

For a second he thinks about surrendering...then he takes the risk and turns his back, fleeing.

SEDA (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Stop, I'll shoot!

Out the corner of her eye, Seda sees Kargan, willing her to do it...

She lowers her weapon, lasering a look of intent at Kargan.

He's on her list.

CUT TO:

165 EXT. TOWER BLOCK -- NIGHT

165

Mass arrests are being made by the POLICE who herd members of K2 and the Suleyman Crews into Riot Vans.

Seda and Alp watch on as Kargan orders the SWAT team to "saddle up" again.

KARGAN

Move it!

Seda grabs one the Swat Team.

SEDA

Where are you headed?

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Sabiha Gökçen. The hooligans have been spotted on the airport road.  
They're ours.

The pumped-up Swat man throws himself into an Armor Personnel Carrier.

As it roars away from Seda --

SEDA

Kargan's going to kill Gibson. We can't let it happen.

ALP

He outranks you. Take him on, you'd better have some serious backup.

166 EXT. AIRPORT ROAD -- NIGHT

166

The airport road snakes up through a hilly area.

The Regiment jog up the hill as one unit, their limbs weary and battered.

At the top of the hill road is a towering flagpole bearing the Turkish flag and a sign which reads "SABIHA GÖKÇEN AIRPORT".

Tactical Dave urges them to get off the road.

TACTICAL DAVE  
Time spent on reconnaissance is  
rarely wasted.

The Regiment scramble up the hill to see what's waiting for them on the other side.

167 TOP OF THE HILL, OVERLOOKING THE AIRPORT

167

Joe and the Gang leopard crawl up to the top, staying low as they look down onto the plateau of Sabiha Gökçen Airport.

A LIGHT AIRCRAFT buzzes over, coming in to land.

Joe squints at the runway in the distance, pointing out a Lear Jet.

JOE  
That's our ride.

Victory grins all round.

JOE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
All we've gotta do, is figure out  
how to get over that fence.

There's a sudden flurry of activity outside the terminal.

A convoy of police and military police vehicles rock up -- PATROL CARS, JEEPS, ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIERS, over fifty vehicles in total.

Joe can't believe it as not just the SWAT team, but the best part of five hundred MILITARY POLICE jump out and begin setting up a perimeter.

RAY  
"No passport, no police, no  
problem."

Joe looks gutted.

MAGGSY  
We always pull through. You can get  
us out of this one, too, can't you,  
Joe?

The kicker is when Joe recognizes the big Turkish Detective marshalling the police forces.

JOE

That's the cop who nailed me. They know about the plane. We're screwed.

RAY

What did you say?

JOE

Fantasize all you like, but we ain't gonna fight our way past THAT army. Unless you've brought yourself a pair of bullet-proof bollocks.

RAY

So you're just gonna give up?

JOE

We've had a good run.

RAY

We're facing twenty to life in a Turkish nick, 'cos of you. You're gonna have to do better than that, my son.

Joe finally loses control.

JOE

I've got more to lose than anyone!

NAILS

What? Your life's worth more than ours, is it?

JOE

That's not what I meant.

RAY

Yeah, it was. You and your cushy job. Your cushy life.

JOE

This ain't the time --

Joe shakes his head, his will to fight all gone.

JOE (cont'd)

You lot can piss off. I'm turning myself in.

RAY

I see your game. You're trying to nark us, so you can get out of your obligations.

JOE

You're talking shite.

Joe makes to leave but Ray yanks him back.

RAY

We're English. We stand and fight, no matter what.

JOE

Leave it out, Ray.

RAY

Or what?

Ray pushes him hard in the chest.

RAY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Come on, let's have it.

JOE

It's been a long night --

RAY

LET'S HAVE IT!

Ray smacks Joe in the face. Joe recoils, the punch drawing blood.

JOE

You don't want to do this, fella.

RAY

You cocky twat.

Ray lets fly with a wild swing, which Joe easily ducks.

Joe lands a precision kick behind Ray's knee and the big man crumples. Joe follows up with a boot to Ray's stomach, winding him.

Nails surges forward but Tactical pulls him back: the two men are going to have to sort it out, once and for all.

Ray gets to his feet. He's got dust in his eyes and blood running down his face.

RAY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 You talk about your family, but  
 weren't we family, too? Because  
 these boys -- even that little runt  
 from West Ham -- I'd go to war for  
 them. I'd lay down my life for  
 them. But you...you were the reason  
 this firm went to the dogs in the  
 first place. When you legged it,  
 they legged it. You pulled us  
 apart. We were your best mates and  
 you shat all over us!

The sight of Ray, now a broken man in front of his crew,  
 shames Joe into taking stock of his life like never before.

Joe's head drops. He can't look at Ray. Joe has never felt  
 lower.

Just then, the sorrowful call of a MUEZZIN rings out over the  
 city.

Joe looks out onto the airport, sees the ranks of military  
 police on alert. And as he stares at them, he hears the  
 incredible sound of more MUEZZINS joining in the call to  
 prayer, their voices ringing out from mosques across the  
 city. A concert...the sound of which inspires Joe.

Slowly, the determination and fight comes surging back into  
 Joe's face. He checks his watch.

JOE  
 (to Slick)  
 Hand us your phone.

SLICK  
 You what?

JOE  
 Maybe we can squeeze in one last  
 tear up.

CUT TO:

168 INT. IRISH BAR, TAXIM SQUARE -- NIGHT

168

Adams and his ICF Crew are nursing pints of Guinness in this  
 faux Irish bar. They look subdued, still bearing the scars  
 from the stadium riot.

Adams takes a call on his cellphone, his caller ID flashing  
 up a match.



ADAMS

Slick?

JOE'S VOICE (O.S.)

(filter)

It's Grievous, a mate of his.

ADAMS

What the fuck d'you want?

JOE'S VOICE (O.S.)

(filter)

We're havin' it off with the old  
bill. Wondered whether you'd care  
to join us.

ADAMS

Who's we?

JOE'S VOICE (O.S.)

(filter)

England.

ADAMS

I already told Chandler. We're West  
Ham not --

169 EXT. THE HILLTOP OVERLOOKING THE AIRPORT -- NIGHT

169

Joe gives Adams the hard sell.

JOE

Tonight's gonna be the stuff of  
legends. When you get home,  
everyone's gonna have one question -  
- where were you when it all went  
off at the airport? If you ain't  
there, you're gonna look like a  
right mug.

A long silence. Has Joe overplayed his hand?

ADAMS' VOICE (O.S.)

(filter)

How many you got?

JOE

We're fifty-handed.

A huge lie.

JOE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

And the Zulus are on their way.

ADAMS' VOICE (O.S.)  
 (filter)  
 The Zulus are coming?

JOE  
 What did I just say?

A FEW MINUTES LATER

170 INT. HASH DEN, ISTANBUL -- NIGHT

170

A fog of hashish smoke swirls around this exotic Arabian Nights establishment. Hooked up to the hubbly bubbly pipes -- Birmingham City's multi-ethnic firm, The ZULU WARRIORS.

Their dreadlocked leader, HEBRON, is taking Joe's call.

HEBRON  
 How many you got?

JOE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 (filter)  
 We got a ton. And The ICF are on their way.

HEBRON  
 (incredulous)  
 ICF?

JOE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 (filter)  
 What did I just say?

HEBRON  
 If the ICF are coming, we'll come...

Hebron takes a huge hit on the hash pipe.

HEBRON (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 ...to cut their balls off and roast them over the fires of hell.

JOE  
 We'll see about that, Hebron. Ta-ta.

CUT TO:

171 INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE, ISTANBUL -- NIGHT 171

Joe's on the phone to the most sinister-looking gang leader of them all, TWO-TONE, an English hooligan with a strawberry birthmark on his face. Two-Tone is with his crew THE BUSHWHACKERS, loitering with intent and looking for trouble.

TWO-TONE  
How many you got?

172 EXT. THE HILLTOP OVERLOOKING THE AIRPORT -- NIGHT 172

Joe finishes the call and takes in the expectant faces of The Regiment.

JOE  
We're on.

CUT TO:

173 EXT. CITY HALL, ISTANBUL -- NIGHT 173

Istanbul's City Hall is a magnificent Ottoman mansion house, perched on the banks of the Bosphorus.

174 INT. ATTORNEY'S GENERAL OFFICE -- NIGHT 174

Seda and Alp are escorted through tapestry-lined corridors, a MALE ASSISTANT showing them into an office marked "Attorney General".

175 INT. ATTORNEY'S GENERAL OFFICE -- NIGHT 175

Seda is talking with the ATTORNEY GENERAL, a distinguished servant of the state.

SEDA  
Thank you for seeing us at such late notice.

ATTORNEY GENERAL  
Judge Daradeniz was a friend of many years, we went to law school together. If there's any thing I can do to help the investigation --

SEDA

We don't believe that Joe Gibson had anything to do with the judge's murder. The killer was one of our own. A police officer.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Do you have any proof of this?

Seda bows her head in frustration.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (cont'd)

Then don't presume to come into my office, defaming a man's reputation. I can only act on proof.

SEDA

Daradeniz was in a lot of pain when he died. But he did manage to speak to Gibson. One word. Gumus.

That stops the Attorney General in his tracks. Seda can sense blood.

SEDA (cont'd)

It means something, doesn't it?

The Attorney General gets up, looking out at the flotilla of ships plying their trade on the river.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Operation Gumus is a highly classified investigation, known to only a few insiders -- including myself and Daradeniz. He had overall control.

SEDA

Who was the target of the investigation?

ATTORNEY GENERAL

We've never been able to break the mafia's stranglehold on this city, because they're always one step ahead of us -- every drug bust, every major investigation is compromised, time and again. Daradeniz became convinced that the root of our problems was a certain police detective. A man who's been selling us out to the criminals.

Seda's eyes light up.

\*

SEDA

\*

Gibson witnessed the killing. He  
said the killer was a cop. Did  
Daradeniz --

ATTORNEY GENERAL

No. He was very careful. He didn't  
name names.

SEDA

Lieutenant Demir Kargan.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

I didn't hear that.

Nevertheless, the wily old Attorney has taken it in 100%.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (cont'd) (CONT'D)

But if you could bring this witness  
in alive...

176 EXT. AIRPORT ROAD -- NIGHT

176

A chain of headlights twinkle on the airport road; a convoy  
of TAXIS and MINIVANS bringing the English reinforcements to  
the airport.

177 EXT. THE HILLSIDE, AIRPORT ROAD -- NIGHT

177

The various English firms disembark and stand apart on the  
hillside, eyeing each other suspiciously.

Two-Tone's Bushwhackers already look like they've been in a  
punch-up -- they're battered and bruised, sporting cuts and  
black eyes.

\*  
\*  
\*

TWO-TONE

\*

This better not be a wind up. We  
ran three roadblocks to get here.

\*  
\*  
\*

The Zulu's leader, Hebron cracks his knuckles.

\*

HEBRON

\*

That's the point, man.

\*

TWO-TONE

\*

Don't lip me sunshine. I'll pull  
out your heart and fuckin' eat it.

\*  
\*  
\*

Hebron sucks his mouthful of gold-plated teeth.

\*

HEBRON

With rice and pea and a nice  
chianti.

\*  
\*  
\*

Inter-crew rivalry is kicking-off already.

\*

RAY

(to Joe)

We're gonna have our work cut out  
with this lot.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Nails collars Slick, pointing out the arrival of Adams and  
the rest of the ICF.

\*

NAILS

Slick, your kiddie firm's here. Jog  
on.

But Slick's not moving, he wants to line up with The  
Regiment.

NAILS (cont'd) (CONT'D)

It's a fact, innit? The biggest  
turds are the hardest to flush.

But Nails is smiling; he's finally accepting Slick into the  
gang.

Joe addresses the gathering of English firms.

JOE

I've gotta level with you, boys.  
The Regiment are in the shit. We  
need your help to get out of town.

ADAMS

What makes you think we'd lift a  
finger for you?

JOE

I've done all right over the last  
few years, financially speaking.  
I've got half a million quid in the  
bank. I'll spread it round all the  
firms who stand with us.

HEBRON

So let's this get this straight.  
You want to buy our services, as  
*mercenaries*?

JOE

If you want to put it that way,  
Hebron, yeah.

ADAMS

As a rule, we kick coppers' heads  
in *for free*. But for a cool half  
mill... we'd be happy to break it.

Which gets a rousing cheer from his firm. Hebron, not to be  
outdone --

HEBRON

The Zulus didn't come here for you.  
We came for England...and 50%.

TWO-TONE

This peer pressure's just killin'  
me. Three ways, gents. Then we got  
ourselves a national firm.

Rousing "oi-oi's" from the other firms. The Hooligans are  
psyching themselves up, relishing the prospect of battle.

CUT TO:

178 EXT. THE HILLTOP OVERLOOKING THE AIRPORT -- NIGHT 178

Joe is standing at the foot of a flagpole.

Maggsy spits on his hands, about to climb it.

JOE

No sweat Maggsy, I can handle this.

MAGGSY

Shut your mush and take notes.

Maggsy starts shinning up the 30 foot-high flagpole,  
surprisingly nimble.

179 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- NIGHT 179

Lt. Demir Kargan is pacing outside the terminal when he hears  
an ungodly shout go up.

MAGGSY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Inger-lund. Inger-lund! Inger-lund!

Maggsy has reached the top of the flagpole and is baiting the  
cops.

Maggsy cuts down the Turkish flag and replaces it with the  
cross of Saint George.

Kargan barks an order at a SERGEANT.

KARGAN

Take a squad. Arrest him. Everyone  
else -- stay at your posts.

A SQUAD of ten Riot Police move off, double-timing it.

Kargan watches his Squad disappear behind the bend in the  
hill road.

180 EXT. HILLSIDE OVERLOOKING THE ROAD -- NIGHT

180

Maggsy shins down the flagpole.

The 100-strong 'English firm' have taken the Cops prisoner  
and are stripping them of their riot gear -- body armor,  
helmets and batons are being appropriated and passed along  
the line.

Meanwhile, the Cops are being forced to use their handcuffs  
on each other.

Ray steps up to Joe.

RAY

You put this firm together. You'd  
better lead them out.

JOE

I'm sorry I let you down, mate. I  
really am.

And he means it.

RAY

I'm 43 years old, still dreaming of  
a 34 inch waist -- fact is, it's  
never coming back. But I've still  
got some moves in me.

Joe smiles, relieved that Ray's giving him another chance.

RAY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Just do me proud. Or I *will* kill  
ya.

181 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- NIGHT

181

Kargan is checking in with his squad on the radio.

KARGAN

Sergeant, report in immediately.  
Have you arrested Gibson yet?



Kargan notices some strange movement on the hilltop; shadows are flitting down the hillside.

Kargan shouts out to the DRIVER of a WATERCANNON TRUCK.

KARGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Turn your lights on!

The truck's headlights snap on, illuminating a terrifying vision: the English mob are swarming down the hill en-masse, their arms outstretched in time-honored fashion, "calling it on".

As the Hooligans advance down the hill, they pick up rocks and stones, arming themselves...

KARGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Get ready!

182 EXT. CAR PARK, AIRPORT -- NIGHT 182

The English come down off the hill, building momentum, now headed across the car park towards the police lines.

183 INT. EXECUTIVE CLUB LOUNGE, AIRPORT -- NIGHT 183

Trevor and Eddy are reclined in leather armchairs, sharing a bottle of Glenfiddich.

TREVOR  
...guaranteed tenants for ten  
years, no break clauses, and yields  
north of 20%.

They hear shouting and look out of the window onto the terminal car park.

EDDY BANKS  
*Is that Joe?*

184 EXT. CAR PARK, AIRPORT -- NIGHT 184

Joe is leading the mob from the front, looking like an Anglo-Saxon, warrior king.

Joe roars, the war cry taken up by his ragtag army.

The Hooligans attack, unleashing a fusillade of rocks and stones at the Riot Police.

185 IN FRONT OF THE TERMINAL

185

The Cops shelter under their riot shields, bombarded with projectiles.

KARGAN  
Hold your positions!

The English stampede toward them.

Kargan bellows an order to the GUNNER on the roof of the watercannon truck.

KARGAN (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Engage!

186 ON THE ROOF OF THE WATERCANNON TRUCK

186

The Gunner opens up with his riot control weapon, firing a jet of high-pressurized water at the Hooligans.

187 CAR PARK

187

The watercannon decimates the English charge, blasting the Hooligans back before they even have a chance to reach the Police lines.

Joe and Ray get hit with the watercannon, both of them thrown back ten metres. The blast of the water is so strong that Joe has his shirt torn off his back; Ray is blown off his feet, cracking his skull against the window of a parked car.

188 BEHIND A PARKED CAR

188

Joe, Ray and Tactical hunker down.

RAY  
We can't get anywhere near the bastards.

TACTICAL DAVE  
We've got to engage them at close-quarters. Otherwise the plan's stuffed.

Nails scrambles over, taking cover with them.

NAILS  
That watercannon's killing us.

JOE  
We're taking it out.

They all nod, agreeing.

TACTICAL DAVE  
I'll provide covering fire.

Tactical Dave stands up, calling out to the ICF and the Zulus who are hanging back.

TACTICAL DAVE (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
ICF platoon get your skirts off!  
Zulu company on me!

189 CAR PARK 189

Adams stares at this barking mad ex-army officer.

ADAMS  
Who the fuck does he think he is,  
Lawrence of Arabia?

TACTICAL DAVE  
Left flank, wheel. Follow me!

And the other firms do follow Dave, who rediscovers his leadership skills in the heat of battle.

190 BEHIND A PARKED CAR 190

Joe watches Tactical leading the entire Hooligan army out of range of the watercannon truck...which now drives out to re-engage with them.

191 CAR PARK 191

Joe, Ray and Nails make their move.

They run between the lines of parked cars, catching up with the truck as it drives over to deal with the Hooligans... who are now throwing missiles on the left flank.

192 WATERCANNON TRUCK 192

Joe jumps up onto the side of the truck, catching a ride. Ray hauls arse past him, determined to be first onto the roof.

193 ROOF OF THE TRUCK

193

The Gunner opens up with the watercannon, hosing down the English on the left flank...unaware of the bulky figure clambering up behind him.

The Gunner grins with glee as he takes out Tactical Dave, sending him sprawling.

Ray taps the Gunner on his back.

RAY

Oi. That's my mate you're pissing on.

Ray HEADBUTTS the Gunner, knocking him out. He seizes control of the water cannon.

ON THE GROUND

Adams and Hebron see Tactical Dave rolling around on the floor.

They lift him to his feet.

ADAMS

Off you trot, son.

...directing him back towards the car park.

Meanwhile:

194 IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BATTLEFIELD

194

Lt. Kargan strides out in the center of the melee, swiping English Hooligans aside with a riot baton. He is totally focussed, intent on reaching Joe, who is still clinging on the side of the water cannon truck, which is revving back and forth.

Kargan passes the baton from right hand to left, and reaches into his coat pocket, pulling out his service revolver.

Only now does Joe see the danger. Kargan's pulling back the hammer, about to shoot Joe in the back, when --

Kargan gets hit by a blast from the watercannon, which is now being operated to lethal effect by Ray.

- 195 ON THE LEFT FLANK 195
- The English boys love it, cheering as Kargan and his Police Riot Squad get the water hose treatment, batons and shields going flying...
- 196 INT. DRIVER'S CAB, WATERCANNON TRUCK -- NIGHT 196
- The Driver flicks a switch on the control console --
- 197 ON THE ROOF OF THE TRUCK 197
- The water pressure drops, the cannon no longer in action. Ray puts two fingers in his mouth, sending out a shrill whistle.
- 198 AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL 198
- Maggsy and Slick act on Ray's signal, scuttling towards the car park, laden with the stolen riot gear.
- 199 CAR PARK 199
- Joe, Nails and Ray jump off the watercannon truck and rendezvous with the others behind the parked car.
- 200 BEHIND THE PARKED CAR 200
- The fugitives change into the riot gear, putting on body armor and helmets.
- Meanwhile, the entire English firm has swung round and is massing in the car park for a second charge.
- Joe gives the signal to Two-Tone.
- TWO-TONE  
Let's have it!
- The English charge across the car park and this time they do make contact with the ranks of the Turkish Police.
- It's like a scene out of a medieval battle as the two armies clash. Two-Tone leads his men, shouting like a maniac, swinging a length of rubber tubing like a flail.
- TWO-TONE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Oi! Oi! Savaloy!

The Hooligans pile in, throwing bodies, breaking the line of Cops, pushing them back.

In the chaos of battle, Joe and the Regiment get themselves in between the lines of the English Hooligans and the Turkish cops.

The disguised Hooligans are now indistinguishable from the real Police.

Joe clomps Adams over the head with a riot baton.

JOE  
Make it look good.

Adams and his ICF Crew need no encouragement, punching and kicking Joe and The Regiment, who now look and behave exactly like the rest of the Riot Police who are now being pushed back.

But the ruse works...and Joe and the boys are able to retreat through the lines of Police, the beleaguered Cops unaware that their lines are being infiltrated.

Kargan, now back on his feet, head bleeding, searches the faces of the English, frantically looking for Joe.

But the Regiment don't hang around. As soon as they've gone past the Cops, they slip into the airport terminal, unnoticed.

Job done, the mass of English Hooligans slowly pull back, taunting the Cops.

HOOLIGANS  
You don't know what you're doing!  
You don't know what you're doing!

It's at that point that Kargan sees the half-naked form of his Sergeant stumbling over the airport hill -- he's still handcuffed but has managed to crawl free to raise the alarm.

Kargan instantly makes the connection --

KARGAN  
They're already in the terminal!

-- and leads his troops inside.

201 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- NIGHT

201

The Regiment steam through, shoes and sneakers pounding over the shiny, white floor tiles.

They ignore the cries of a SECURITY GUARD -- no one's going to stop them getting on this plane.

Still sprinting, Joe ditches his riot helmet, eyes furiously scanning for the departures channel.

JOE  
Over here!

He spots the sign for the gates and leads the way.

There's the thunder of BOOTS as Kargan and his detachment of Riot Police charge after them.

202 INT. DEPARTURES GATE, TERMINAL -- NIGHT 202

Joe vaults over a passport control desk, racing through the metal detectors.

Nails is next, followed by Ray, Slick and Tactical Dave.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! The metal detectors go off the scale.

Maggsy briefly pauses at passport control, grabs a rubber stamp and bangs it down hard on his passport: an imprint of a Turkish logo.

MAGGSY  
Lovely job.

NAILS  
Move it!

The Turkish Cops are closing. They want revenge.

203 EXT. EDGE OF THE RUNWAY, AIRPORT -- NIGHT 203

Joe and The Regiment crash through the departure gate onto the edge of the runway.

NAILS  
Where's it gone?

Joe points a finger at the Lear Jet, which is parked on the far side of the runway. Trevor and Eddy can be seen in the distance, climbing into the plane.

Ray looks utterly knackered.

RAY  
It's piggin' miles away.

But Joe leads the stagger across the runway to the Lear Jet.

204 100 METRES BEHIND THEM 204

Kargan and the cops.

KARGAN  
*They're getting away!*

205 EXT. LEAR JET -- NIGHT 205

Joe, Maggsy and Slick carry Tactical Dave up the steps of the plane.

Trevor is standing screaming at the door.

TREVOR  
Get in!

Joe ignores his boss and looks round -- Ray is bringing up the rear, huffing and puffing...when he falls over on his ankle.

NAILS  
Ray!

Ray goes down, in agony, unable to stand.

Nails goes back for his boss.

Joe moves to follow but Trevor seizes him by the shoulder.

TREVOR  
We're leaving. Now.

The Cops are seconds away, sprinting across the tarmac.

Nails is struggling to get Ray onto his feet again. There's no way they're going to make it onto the jet.

TREVOR (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Unless you want to get nicked.

Joe makes his choice.

JOE  
Get your hands off me, you filthy  
slag.

Joe jumps down onto the Tarmac, running back to stand with his two mates.



206 EXT. RUNWAY -- NIGHT

206

Riot Police surround the three Englishmen.

Joe, Ray and Nails stand shoulder-to-shoulder, facing the Cops. Each man is covered in bruises and bloody wounds, their clothes in shreds.

Many of the police are also badly wounded. They want payback and Kargan's going to give it to them.

KARGAN

A lifetime in prison is too good  
for these animals. Do your duty.

The Cops eyeball the three blood-drenched Englishmen.

Kargan raises his voice, addressing all of the Cops.

KARGAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

DO YOUR DUTY!

The Riot Police beat their batons on their shields, moving in for the kill.

NAILS

This ain't just a good kicking.  
These lads are gonna do us.

The realization dawns that they are going to die.

Joe regards Kargan with utter contempt.

Joe rips of the remains of his shirt and stands bare-chested, feral, a wild animal. He raises his arms and bellows --

JOE

COME AND GET IT, YOU FUCKING  
SHITHEADS.

Joe's defiance inspires Ray and Nails who go back on a war footing.

RAY

NO SURRENDER.

JOE & RAY & NAILS

Argggghhhhhh!!!!

It's a spine-tingling moment as these three mad Englishmen prepare to charge the ranks of cops and go down in a blaze of glory, in true *Butch and Sundance* style.

A SIREN blares out and a Police Patrol Car careers into view. It screeches to a halt and Seda and Alp jump out.

SEDA  
This man is to be given full  
protection, he's a state witness.

KARGAN  
Ignore her. She has no authority  
here.

SEDA  
This order comes direct from the  
Attorney General's office.

Seda waves the document in the Cops' faces.

SEDA (cont'd)  
Unless you want a transfer to the  
Iraqi border.

...and they do back off.

Kargan is livid, the muscles in his face twitching.

SEDA (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Mr. Gibson. Are you able to  
identify the man who murdered Judge  
Daradeniz?

JOE  
My pleasure, love.

SEDA  
Could you point him out now --

JOE  
It was that big bastard. Got a wolf  
tattoo on his right arm, haven't  
you, pal?

Kargan makes a grab for the Police Officer next to him,  
pulling his revolver.

Kargan arches the weapon onto Joe. He's got him point  
blank....

WHAM!

Kargan is floored by a thundering punch.

Alp stares in amazement as Seda unclenches her fist.

SEDA  
 He had it coming.  
 (to another Cop)  
 CUFF HIM.

Joe and the boys can't believe they've just cheated death.

RAY  
 Fuckin' hell.

Ray eyeballs Joe.

Joe totters on his feet, suddenly nauseous. Ray catches him.

RAY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 Steady, son.

CUT TO:

207 EXT. STEPS OF THE LEAR JET -- NIGHT

207

Ray and Nails board the plane. The happy faces of Slick, Maggsy and Tactical Dave appear at the various porthole windows.

Joe turns to say farewell to Seda and Alp who are standing at the foot of the steps.

SEDA  
 Go home, hooligan.

But then she offers him her hand.

Joe shakes it and winks at Alp.

JOE  
 You've got a good one here, mate.

ALP  
 I know.

Joe climbs the steps to the plane.

SEDA  
 (to Alp)  
 Mate?

ALP  
 I'm a people person. I can't help it if they like me.

SEDA  
 I need a coffee.

ALP

Understand; this is not a date.

Seda puts her arm through his.

SEDA

What do you know?

They walk away across the runway, arm-in-arm.

208 INT. THE LEAR JET -- NIGHT

208

Eddy Banks stares agog, as Joe comes stumbling in, looking like a casualty of war.

Joe plonks himself down next to the American.

JOE

You said you wanted to mix it up  
with some real fans. Meet the boys.

Something in Trevor snaps.

TREVOR

You've got a bloody nerve --

JOE

Shut your face Trevor or we'll  
throw you out. And I'm pretty sure  
we ain't carrying parachutes.

TREVOR

That's it. You're --

JOE

Fired? Don't make me laugh. You're  
about to go bust.

Joe turns back to Eddy.

JOE (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Now where were we? Oh, yeah -- you  
know that Ankara development? I'd  
double check the rental yields if I  
was you.

As the Lear Jet takes off...

EDDY BANKS

I'm starting a new venture down in  
South America.

(MORE)

EDDY BANKS (cont'd)  
 I wonder if you and the lads might  
 like to "oversee" it. Nice corner  
 office, company cars, fat expense  
 account.

JOE  
 What in the world would possess you  
 to hire these hooligans?

EDDY BANKS  
 I got a little problem with the  
 locals. Nothing that you boys  
 couldn't handle.

The Regiment cheer.

NAILS  
 Sun, sea and savage violence. Let's  
 'ave it.

SLICK  
 Beer, Mr. Banks?

Slick hands Eddy a can.

SLICK (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 Not an American beer I know. But a  
 beer's a beer. I was in Boston  
 once. They do this Samuel Adams. I  
 think it's 4% --

NAILS  
 You plum.

Nails bounces a beer can off Slick's head.

Maggsy shakes his beer up and sprays Nails with it. The beer  
 fight kicks off.

JOE  
 (to Eddy)  
 You don't know what you're getting  
 yourself into.

EDDY BANK  
 Neither do you.

Eddy cracks open the beer, a twinkle in his eye.

EDDY BANKS  
 Cheers.

Joe looks a little spooked -- maybe this Yank's not such a  
 straight-shooter after all.

Joe sits back, looking out of the window onto the twinkling lights of the city, reflecting on his extraordinary night in Istanbul.

SNAP TO BLACK.

THE END