

## "BODY + BLOOD"

EXT. A ROAD - DAWN

A spinning silver disk. Pull back: to reveal a 1972 red Triumph convertible. The Triumph glides down a coastal road and takes the curves at breakneck speeds, coming perilously close to the cliff's edge.

Beyond and below the cliff the rough surf beats against the rocks.

The Triumph takes another curve. We move in to see the driver: ELENI, 25, a black-haired, black-eyed beauty. Intent on the road, her expression shifts between wild exhilaration and apprehension.

ELENI

I'm coming. I'm coming, my darlings.

Another sharp curve ahead. With a screech, the Triumph maneuvers it wonderfully. The woman laughs then glances in the rearview mirror. Eleni's expression changes to horror as the vision strangles her joy.

First the nose and then the sleek body of a silver Jaguar slithers into view. The driver and someone in the back seat are just dark blurs. The Jaguar bears down on the Triumph with sinister intensity. It's a shark hot on the blood trail of its prey.

The Triumph skids around another curve. The Jag follows, screeching.

Eleni downshifts and tries to brake. Her foot presses the brake down - all the way to the floor. The Triumph does not slow down. Beads of sweat pour down Eleni's forehead as she sees another curve ahead. She tries to open her door. It's locked.

The Triumph sails gracefully over the cliff and somersaults down the side of the cliff toward the sea.

The Jag stops at the edge of the cliff. The passenger door opens and a pair of black, dapper men's shoes get out of the car and walks to the cliff's edge.

The Triumph lands on its nose among the rocks and surf. Stones dribble down and then...

SILENCE.

MAN'S VO

"Her sins cannot escape her, nor those who come after. Right, Mike?"

The driver - MIKE WILCOX, Irish 25, says nothing. Only his face betrays that he hides something: Agony? Shame? Guilt?

The waves below lap at the battered Triumph. From the driver's window, the white arm of the woman extends and rests on a rock, as if caressing it. On her wrist an antique wrist watch.

Its sound of the ticking watch segues into. Organ music for the Responsorial Psalm 31.

TITLE: 10 Years Later

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

St. Augustine Church, Kilburn. Mass is in full swing. It's Ash Wednesday. The congregation is small and shabby but has tried to dress in their finery.

From the back pew, we see the heads bowed, except a young girl's.

CONGREGATION

And he shall divide the spoils  
with the mighty because he  
surrendered himself to death;

The girl is ten-year-old VERONICA (RONI) WILCOX. She sits next to her father, Michael Wilcox, looking much older than his 35 years. His head is bowed and he holds a rosary of red ruby beads. Roni fidgets. Michael admonishes her with his a look. She bows her head and rubs the ashen cross off.

PRIEST

And he shall take away the sins of  
many, and win pardon for their  
offenses. The word of the Lord.

CONGREGATION

(Except Roni)

Thanks be to God.

Michael nudges Roni.

RONI

Thanks be to God. (Whispers to  
herself) For what?

TITLE: 20 Years Later

Loud grinding noise.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Door opens to a dim and dank warehouse. Sparks fly as the blowtorch grinds through metal. The metal splits, it falls to the floor next to car parts. A car is elevated and the wheel, its hub cap reflecting a masked man.

V.O.

Nick. Nick. NICK!

The blowtorch is turned off. A protective visor of a mask is flipped up and the man's dirty features are impossible to see in the shadow of this headgear.

NICK'S V.O.

Yeah?

VOICE

The guv' wants you.

NICK V.O.

Fuckin' hell. Let him wait.

VOICE

Now.

NICK V.O.

Right. One more cut.

He flips the visor down and does a final cut. The license plate falls to the ground with a ping.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD

A red Triumph sails over the cliff and cascades nose over tail down the side of the cliff toward the sea. And before it hits the rocks below, the dream is broken with:

Loud pop music blasts out interrupted by that irritatingly jolly early morning enthusiast:

RADIO ANNOUNCER

WAKE UP, LONDON, IT'S 7.15,  
AND IT'S MONDAY MORNING!  
COME ON, LET'S GET UP AND OUT  
THERE AND MAKE SOME... MONEY!

INT. STUDIO FLAT - MORNING

Roni, now 25, wakes up and stares at the ceiling. She is drenched and lies on her futon couch-bed. The Triumph nightmare is a frequent visitor to her dream world.

The clock radio is on an otherwise empty shelf of an empty bookcase. Is this a flat or a hotel room? There's a futon and a glass-topped table with a laptop and two chairs at the other end of the room. That's it. No personal touches. Except for a collection of toy sports cars on a shelf.

Roni staggers to the bathroom and within seconds emerges like a racehorse from the starting gate as she dresses, turns on her laptop, clicks on the coffee maker, puts toast in the toaster, and collects briefcase, papers.

Back to toaster, then to the laptop with toast in her mouth, she buttons blouse, clicks into a document, then back to the coffeemaker and pours her coffee. She drinks it black. Who has time for milk and sugar? Her coffee mug reads: "I'm A Woman With Drive." Are we surprised?

As Roni moves past the television it goes on. She adjusts her Casio watch and the telly is off.

RONI

Crap watch.

EXT. ISLINGTON STREET - SAME

Roni slams the front door of the row house, her attention in on her mobile. She walks down the path and nearly collides with an older Asian woman, DR. SINGH, whose surgery is on the ground floor.

DR. SINGH

Good morning, Miss Wilcox. (Attempting humor) Working on the run?

Roni does not look up and passes her quickly.

RONI

'Morning, Dr. Singh.

Dr. Singh watches Roni speed around the corner, smiles with maternal understanding and concern.

EXT. PAVEMENT - SAME

Roni walks rapidly along the pavement, looking for her car.

RONI

Where is it? Sod London parking.

Her mobile rings. She recognizes the caller and prepares herself for this call. It's the flipside of her encounter with Mrs. Singh.

RONI

Mrs. Steele, hello. (Beat) Yes, I worked on it last night. I know. I know I can make Fillmore a very attractive offer. (Beat) Thank you, that's very kind of you, Mrs. St... (Steele interrupts) Good-bye. (Another call.) Harry, you were meant to ring last night. (Beat) Yes, until very late. (Beat. Exasperated) Harry. He's my client. Yeah, I appreciate your concern. (Beat) Right. Bye.

She puts her mobile in her bag with a grunt.

RONI

Wanker.

A cab comes down the road. She tosses her keys into her briefcase and hails it down.

INT. RECEPTION AREA OF GO CAPITAL - MORNING

Roni, still with mobile stuck to her ear, emerges from the lift, whisks by the receptionist and gives her a little wave.

RECEPTIONIST

Go Capital, good morning. One moment please. Go Capital, good morning. Please hold. (To RONI) Roni, Mrs. Steele wants to see you in her office. (Relishing this:) Right away she said.

INT. CORNER OFFICE OF GO CAPITAL! - DAY

VERITY STEELE, 68, grand matriarch of GO CAPITAL, sits behind a monstrous mahogany desk. She studies her computer screen and does not look up when Roni enters the office, and motions for her to sit down.

RONI

Good morning, Miss Steele. You wanted to see me.

VERITY

Yes, Veronica. Your accounts are interesting. (Deliberate pause announces her power, then more gently) Actually: very impressive. Nice progress with the Fillmore portfolio. He's a hard nut to crack.

RONI

(grateful for Verity's approval)  
Thank you. I'm getting there.

VERITY

No doubt. That's why I gave Fillmore to you.

Roni waits as Verity continues to examine the accounts.

VERITY

Go, go. GO. Make more money for me and Go Capital.

Roni hopes for more, but that's not Verity's way.

INT. RONI'S OFFICE AT GO CAPITAL - DAY

Roni is at her desk. Her speakerphone is on.

FILLMORE'S VOICE

How soon would I benefit from that?

RONI

Your broker at Merrill Lynch will handle that transaction, Mr. Fillmore, but may I suggest....

HARRY STRACHEN, 40s, charming and sexy (at least he thinks so), bounds into Roni's office with two cups of coffee and a croissant. Puts one cup and croissant on her desk. She hands croissant back to him but takes the coffee.

HARRY

You're looking more and more like Steele every day.

Roni shushes him. He mouths "Fillmore?" as he plops down in a chair.

RONI

Mr. Fillmore, will you please  
hold a moment? Thank you.

(Clicks off speakerphone) Harry,  
I'm helping Fillmore invest his  
money, since you couldn't.  
Leave, Harry, just leave.

He points to his Rolex and mouths "lunch, yes." She nods  
no; he "begs" and she finally nods yes and vigorously  
shoos him out.

EXT. RONI'S STREET - AFTERNOON

Roni is at a Ford Escort and struggling with her keys as  
she tries to open the car door and dial a number on her  
mobile at the same time. DR. SINGH walks by.

DR. SINGH

You're home early, Miss Wilcox.

Roni doesn't look up.

DR. SINGH (Cont'd)

Off to visit your father?

Finally gets the door open.

DR. SINGH

Hope he's feeling better.

Roni gets in the car, slams the door and gives Dr. Singh  
a little wave.

INT. FORD ESCROT - SAME

Inside the car, she redials the number. She puts the key  
in the ignition and turns it a couple of times. Nothing.

RONI

Philip, ANSWER YOUR BLOODY PHONE!  
How long does an interview with a  
political refugee take?

She throws the mobile onto the seat next to her and  
concentrates on starting the car. After two tries, the  
engine turns over. She puts on her seat belt, shifts  
into reverse, backs out of the parking place, shifts into  
forward and off she goes. Mrs. Singh watches and waves  
as she leaves.

Roni grabs for her mobile without looking and picks up a small white stuffed dog to her ear. She screams and throws it down. The dog's belly bleats: HOW MUCH IS THAT DOGGIE IN THE WINDOW. She laughs then looks around. This is not her car!

EXT. ROAD - SAME

Roni parks the car where she found it and leaps out quickly, looking around to see if anyone saw her.

She walks down the road and finds her car. It is the same year and model as the first one. She gets in and starts it and drives off.

EXT. HOPEWELL ESTATES - EVENING

This facility for the aged is so high-end, we're not sure that it isn't a corporation HQ. Roni stops at the guard house, smiles. The guard, BILLY, 70s, smiles back and raises the barrier.

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Beautiful corner office with a magnificent view of the countryside. Roni sits in a plush leather chair and writes a cheque. CORNELIA ASHCROFT, 50s, benevolent - because she's supposed to be that way to the "relatives" - sits at her gorgeous circular desk.

MISS ASHCROFT

I'm sorry to trouble you with this extra expense, Ms. Wilcox, but your father's depression is worsening and he'll need new medication.

RONI

Thank you, Miss Ashcroft. I think this will cover any additional care expenses.

Roni hands Miss Ashcroft the cheque.

INT. DOOR IN HOPEWELL ESTATES - SAME

Roni knocks softly on the door. No answer. She knocks again and then slowly opens the door to reveal:

INT. ROOM - SAME

A dimly-lit room. The bed is ruffled. Clothes strewn on the floor. A lamp is on a small table next to a chair



that does not face the door. A hand extends over the arm of the chair clutching the same rosary made of ruby red beads. We hear a hoarse whispered Hail Mary. On the little table next to the bed is a framed photo of Eleni (woman in the Triumph) and a little girl sitting on a picnic blanket. Eleni is throwing a kiss to the photographer.

Roni is a shadowy form in the doorway. The Hail Mary stops.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Eleni?

Roni's shadow moves into the room and over to the chair. She bends and kisses the head of a much older Michael, dressed in soiled pajamas, a dressing gown, who continues to stare in front of him, not acknowledging Roni.

RONI

No, Daddy, it's Roni.

MICHAEL

I was saying my rosary for her.

RONI

That's a good boy. Let's get you into bed now.

She helps to his bed, takes the rosary and puts it on the bedside table. She tucks him into bed. Michael drops his head onto the pillow and closes his eyes.

MICHAEL

"Oh, Lord, make me an instrument of your peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; and where there is a parent's sin, there is"...what, Pet?

RONI

Forgiveness, Daddy.

MICHAEL

Do you forgive her, Pet?

RONI

Yes. Come on, let's get you to bed.

MICHAEL

Do you forgive me?

RONI

Lie down and rest. You're going to be fine.

Michael turns to look at Roni and then closes his eyes. Roni flicks off the lamp.

INT. GREEK RESTAURANT - THAT EVENING

Greek folk music. Roni sits with PHILIP, early 40s, attractive in that brainy kind of way, with dark curly hair, dark inquisitive eyes, and glasses. Roni is unusually relaxed and coyly disheveled. Though he appears nonchalant, Philip is acutely alert and watches Roni intently. He raises his glass. She raises hers.

PHILIP

And so: Happy Birthday, darling.

RONI

Shite, Philip. I'm not celebrating any more birthdays until I'm a millionaire. Which might be very soon. (Sips) So as I was saying... I had this toy dog to my ear.

PHILIP

And my darling, it's called: Breaking and entering.

RONI

Unintentionally with my own key.

PHILIP

And then what?

RONI

What do you think, Philip?

Roni extends her fork heaped with food to Philip. He accepts.

RONI

I was a good little girl. I got out and locked the car, Philip. Let's get another bottle? It's

PHILIP

Tried the mobile. Then rang your office. They said you left early. Where were you?

RONI

Or maybe some ouzo?

