

A.K.A. "Abbie"

by

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1 FADE IN: 1

2 EXT. "WINDSOR CASTLE" - DAY 2

TITLE OVER ACTION: MI5 Rendezvous Point. Codename: WINDSOR CASTLE.

A fierce woman, ABBIE, 30, trains her pistol on the doorway as she darts in, scanning her arcs with expert precision. The pistol is rock solid in her hands.

She snaps round at the sound of crunching stone under foot, aiming up at the source of the noise. She climbs a flight of stairs, and trains her pistol on the silhouette of a man on the second floor.

Above her, calmly staring out at the landscape is IRWIN, 40s, tired eyes but a relaxed face. Nothing appears to phase him, not Abbie's approaching footsteps nor her gun pointed to his head.

IRWIN
We both know you won't kill me.

ABBIE
Not yet. Not until I get an explanation.

Irwin raises a quizzical eyebrow as he turns to face her.

IRWIN
You first.

3 EXT. "WINDSOR CASTLE" - DAY 3

TITLE OVER ACTION: MONDAY

Irwin stands in the same spot, waving at Abbie as she approaches from the wasteland. Abbie gives a small laugh.

ABBIE
I guess every King need a castle.

IRWIN
Precisely.

Irwin's phone pings. The message is from an unknown number: 'MAESTRO not in play. Options?'

He makes sure Abbie doesn't see it as she reaches him.

IRWIN
Which by implication --

ABBIE
Makes me the dirty rascal.

IRWIN
Somewhat apt for a field agent.

IRWIN (CONT.)
(suddenly stern)
Especially in this case.

ABBIE
Charming.

IRWIN
This is serious, Abbie. More than
that, it's a dressing down.

ABBIE
For what?

IRWIN
Jakob Semenkovich.

ABBIE
You're chewing me out for tailing
that bastard? Seriously, Irwin?

IRWIN
Higher authorities dictate it's in
your interests, and ours, that you
back off.

ABBIE
Why?

IRWIN
That's need to know. And all you
need to know is it's an order.

ABBIE
What about Babushka? Two years I've
safeguarded those shipments.

IRWIN
Babushka's not your job anymore.

ABBIE
Like hell it isn't...

Abbie whips out her phone and waves it under Irwin's nose.
It's a photo of JAKOB, 30s, bald, athletic. He's in
conversation with a man whose face is obscured.

ABBIE
From my contact. Jakob met with a
man who I traced to working for BAE
Systems. He's building a network
and we need to --

IRWIN
Enough, Abbie. It's under control.

ABBIE

If Jakob's left to his own devices
Moscow will know the weapons in
those shipments before Kiev does.

IRWIN

I said it's under control. So you
will stand down, and you will like
it.

4 EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

4

Abbie storms away, Irwin watching her every step from his
vantage point. As she walks, she pulls out her phone.

ABBIE

(into phone)

It's me... Yeah, just had the same
lecture... Yeah well you still work
for me and I say fuck 'em, we've
put too much into this... Yes, I'm
sure... same time same place.

She hangs up.

5 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

5

TITLE OVER ACTION: TUESDAY

Abbie sits beside a BYSTANDER. A HOODIED MAN approaches
chugging from a Coke bottle. Casually, he chucks it aside.

BYSTANDER

Oi! Bin's right there!

The Hoodied Man doesn't react and just walks off.

BYSTANDER

Excuse me!

(to Abbie)

Some people, eh? That's what's
wrong with this country these days.
Whole generation with no respect,
only care about themselves.

As the Bystander rants, Abbie retrieves the bottle. She
quickly rips the label off before binning it, taking care
the Bystander doesn't see as she inspects the reverse side.

'Scratchwood Car Park - 0900'

6 EXT. SCRATCHWOOD CAR PARK - DAY

6

TITLE OVER ACTION: WEDNESDAY

A car sits inconspicuously parked among others as dog
walkers and strollers come and go.

7 INT. CAR - DAY

7

Abbie tilts back in the driver's seat, angles the rear view mirror and checks the time: 0900. A car pulls up. Abbie watches in the mirror as the driver climbs out: Jakob.

Discreetly, Jakob wanders to an industrial skip at the far end of the car park. Taking out a small camera, Abbie snaps shots of him loitering behind it before briskly walking back to his car, climbing in and driving off.

Abbie studies the photos, zooming in to see Jakob's stuck a memory stick to the skip. Looking back, she sees another car pull up and is shocked to see Irwin climb out. He sidles up to the skip, retrieves the memory stick, then drives away.

Abbie lies still in her seat, reeling from what she's seen. Fuming, she pounds the steering wheel.

8 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

8

TITLES OVER ACTION: THURSDAY

Abbie and the Bystander are back. Abbie has a backpack at her feet as she taps her phone, oblivious to the Bystander.

BYSTANDER

You getting a lift?

Abbie doesn't respond. The Bystander snorts indignantly.

ABBIE

Sorry, what?

She hits 'send' on her phone and pockets it.

BYSTANDER

Just saying I've never seen you
catch the bus. Was wondering if you
were waiting for someone or --

Suddenly, the Hoodied Man dashes past, snatching Abbie's bag and sprinting away down a path. The Bystander leaps to his feet. Abbie copies him.

BYSTANDER

Hey! Stop!

He gives chase for all of three paces, but soon turns back flapping and in shock. Abbie plays along.

9 EXT. FOOTPATH - DAY

9

The Hoodied Man comes to a stop after checking the area's clear. He sets the backpack down, opens it and pulls out a brown envelope. Inside is a document that he skims, and a phone with a photo of Irwin on it.

He deletes the photo then slings the bag and walks off.

10 EXT. PUBLIC FOOTPATH - DUSK 10

Abbie walks alongside a busy dual carriageway. Her phone vibrates, the screen's glare illuminates her face as she reads: '8am FRIDAY - WINDSOR CASTLE.'

11 EXT. WOODLAND - DAY 11

TITLE OVER ACTION: FRIDAY

An ASSASSIN navigates the undergrowth, a bag on his back.

IRWIN (O.S.)
We both know you won't kill me.

He stops, opens the bag and assembles a sniper rifle. Stuffed at the bottom, there's a brown envelope.

ABBIE (O.S.)
Not yet. Not until I get an explanation.

He loads the magazine and drives forward the bolt before taking up a fire position and controlling his breathing.

IRWIN (O.S.)
You first.

12 EXT. "WINDSOR CASTLE" - DAY 12

We are back to the opening scene. Irwin and Abbie face off, Abbie's pistol still trained between Irwin's eyes.

ABBIE
Where's Jakob?

IRWIN
For God's sake, Abbie --

ABBIE
You gave the stand down order, why?
To make saving your arse sound nice and official?

IRWIN
Because an order's an order.

ABBIE
On Moscow's authority?

IRWIN
Listen to yourself.

ABBIE
I can tie you to him. I have proof.
I know about the rendezvous here so
I say again, where is he?

IRWIN

You mean that message you received?

ABBIE

Yes, obviously the message...

A beat as Abbie realises. Irwin gives an indifferent shrug.

IRWIN

I had to start somewhere to clean
up your mess once I knew what you
were up to.

Abbie is blank, but vigilant. Her pistol remains poised.

ABBIE

But how did you know --

IRWIN

I've spent enough years in Five to
know when I'm being tailed. Clearly
something your man underestimated.

ABBIE

Where is he?

IRWIN

Stewing in a Scotland Yard cell
where he'll remain until I decide
what to do with him. Perhaps you'd
care to spare him a lot of grief
and explain why you felt the need
to ignore my orders and jeopardise
national security?

ABBIE

Two years out in the cold. Nine
months seconded to Six running
networks in the Donbas. Everything
I've worked for, Jakob would
destroy if he got the chance. I'll
do whatever it takes to make sure
that doesn't happen.

IRWIN

It won't.

ABBIE

(sarcastic)

You'd know.

IRWIN

Yes, I damn well would. One of the
perks of rank, being privy to the
big picture. If you'd trusted me --

Irwin's phone rings.

ABBIE

Answer it. Put it on speaker.

Irwin obliges.

VOICE (O.S.)

Maestro's on site. Asset's standing by.

IRWIN

Clear to proceed. Thank you.

Irwin hangs up.

ABBIE

What was that?

IRWIN

As I was saying, if you'd trusted me, this all could've been avoided. But as it is, alas...

There's a distant crack, and Abbie slumps down dead.

13 EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

13

The Assassin breaks down the rifle, packs up and slips away.

14 EXT. "WINDSOR CASTLE" - DAY

14

Irwin surveys the pool of blood slowly seeping out from Abbie. There is a sound of footsteps, he looks up to see Jakob standing before him.

JAKOB

I hope this wasn't for nothing.

IRWIN

I'll authorise an investigation. Five will match the bullet to a contract killer who received instructions from a burner phone. FSB can trace that phone back to your last known address. If that doesn't persuade them you're genuine nothing will.

JAKOB

And if they are?

IRWIN

With any luck they'll fold you into their UK network, and we can feed them what we like about Babushka. After today they should swallow every word.

JAKOB

If only it were that simple.

Irwin sees Jakob eyeing Abbie's lifeless body.

IRWIN

She went rogue, Jakob. Left to her own devices she would have exposed you, me and this operation. Babushka would be compromised and those weapons likely never would reach the front. How many would die then? Besides, if an asset insists on becoming expendable we might as well find one last use for them.

Jakob glares up at Irwin, visibly appalled. Irwin's unphased.

IRWIN

FSB will likely check in soon. Give me what you've got and get going.

Jakob steps over Abbie's body and hands over another memory stick, but he can't look Irwin in the eye.

IRWIN

We do what we have to, Jakob.

JAKOB

I'm sure FSB would say the same.

IRWIN

Find me a spook who wouldn't.

JAKOB

That doesn't make it right.

IRWIN

Regret is unprofessional, Jakob, and does nothing to protect the people we serve.

Jakob gives a small nod. He turns and leaves. Once out of sight, Irwin pulls out his phone and dials.

IRWIN

(into phone)

Maestro is in play. Green light on my authority. Clear up everything.

He hangs up and stares out at the landscape. His kingdom. His country. His responsibility.

FADE TO BLACK

END.