

A JUST VENGEANCE

Written by

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FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY - 1985 - ESTABLISHING 1  
The cityscape of New York City reveals a transit bus rumbling smoothly through the busy roads.  
SUPER: NEW YORK CITY - 1985
- 2 INT. NEW YORK CITY BUS 2  
Public transport is heaving, there isn't room to move.  
Midway to the back is a man sitting near the window.  
This man stares at the chair in front of him.  
In his SIXTIES, he looks tired and miserable. This man is JACK ARGENT. He is a hero with all the hero drained out of him.  
Occasionally turning a corner, the bus rolls around the streets. Jack doesn't bother to admire what New York has to offer outside. He just keeps on staring at that damn chair.  
The bus lurches to a stop. A long queue of people is seen through the window. Jack, nonplussed, looks them over.
- 3 EXT. BUS QUEUE 3  
In the queue is a man who looks to be about the same age as Jack. He has a distinctive face and scarring down one cheek that appears to have been put there by fingernails.  
The man is astonished at the sight of Jack. He quickly looks around for any shelter. Not seeing any, he picks up his leather holdall and shuffles away.  
He makes the mistake of looking back. He and Jack glimpse each other for the first time in FORTY YEARS.  
Jack's eyes widen in utter disbelief. He is staring at his nemesis, AUGUSTUS REINHARDT.  
Unbelieving himself, Augustus glances back as he walks away. Confirming his and Jack's suspicions, he begins to run.

4 INT. NEW YORK CITY BUS

4

Jack ejects from his chair, shoving aggressively past the seated passenger next to him.

JACK  
It's him! That. Bastard!

Standing room only, Jack almost bounces off the commuters.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Murderer! Murder!

STARTLED DRIVER  
Now you settle down back there.

JACK  
Murder. Murder.

He shoves his way through more passengers.

STARTLED DRIVER  
Look just settle down there or I'll  
have to eject you.

JACK  
Move!

A passenger holds the huffing and puffing Jack back.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Let me off!

Jack splutters the right words out too late. He's already collapsing slowly backwards. He slides down against other people like an office team-building game, clutching at his chest.

PASSENGER  
Someone call 911!

Closing in on Jack's glazed over eyes we begin to hear the sound of an old time car...

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. CAR - GERMAN OCCUPIED FRANCE - JANUARY 1944 - DAY

5

We come out of the eyes of JACK ARGENT in his TWENTIES, wearing a NAZI uniform. He's sitting in the back of a moving car, looking out of the window.

SUPER: GERMAN OCCUPIED FRANCE - 1944

The car comes to a stop outside a typical French cafe.

We hear the other doors open and close with people getting out, but we don't move, because Jack is staring at the most beautiful woman he's ever seen.

6 THROUGH THE WINDOW

6

Sitting at a table, staring into the middle distance, is EILEEN PETERS. Early TWENTIES.

Curls drape over her blouse's collar, her smoky eyes resonate with deep thought, she is glamorous without knowing it.

Knock-knock at the window. Jack sees his briefing officer and another man waiting for him. He gets out.

7 EXT. CAFE

7

They go towards the table where Eileen is sitting, she smokes a cigarette, but with a shy manner puts it out when she sees the three men approaching.

She begins to get up.

LIEUTENANT JANNES

Oh plea-

Too late, she's up and salutes the men.

EILEEN

Heil.

Lieutenant Jannes surveys the situation and decides to respond accordingly.

LIEUTENANT JANNES

Heil! Oh come now.

He and her sit.

LIEUTENANT JANNES (CONT'D)

How long have we known each other?  
You don't have to-

EILEEN

Always have to Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT JANNES

Gentlemen, sit. Known her for years  
and yet she still refuses to call  
me Herman, what about it eh?

Jack and the other man, now sitting, smile. Uncomfortable at the Lieutenant's at ease nature with their soon to be client.

EILEEN

Rules are rules Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT JANNES

I won't tell if you won't Eilee'.  
Anyway, these are your men. Private  
Hubert Lueger and Private Leon  
Adler.

He puts their files, complete with cover photo in front of Eileen on the table. Jack's photograph reads "PRIVATE FIRST CLASS, LEON ADLER"

LIEUTENANT JANNES (CONT'D)

Hubert, Adler, this is Eileen  
Peters. Your new number one  
priority.

BOTH MEN

Hello.

EILEEN

Nice to meet you.

LIEUTENANT JANNES

How are you, after your little  
escapade?

EILEEN

OK.

LIEUTENANT JANNES

Hubert is familiar with what  
happened, but our new man might not  
be, did you get briefed at all on  
what happened to Miss Eileen,  
Adler?

JACK

No Lieutenant, I just got the  
basics. I gather it was some sort  
of underworld movement, and that  
Miss Eileen was lucky.

LIEUTENANT JANNES

She was very lucky Private. And  
don't worry you can say Résistance.  
It was a Résistance attack. This  
cafe's been German since the day we  
walked in here. Jefe the owner even  
saved us some champagne.

He gestures at a fat bald man with a towel on his shoulder.

LIEUTENANT JANNES (CONT'D)

To stop us laying waste to the place no doubt. Suffice to say it's safe to talk here, albeit in a low tone. Miss Eileen, Adler here got transferred in from Monte Cassino so fast he hasn't had time to read a thing about you. Which is a shame, but don't tell me we don't bring you the best. Are you OK to fill him in?

EILEEN

Of course, wasn't anything in it really, just a shock.

FLASHBACK TO:

8

EXT. PARISIAN ROAD - AFTER CURFEW

8

Eileen walks home on a cobbled street lit only by the moon.

EILEEN (V.O.)

The general was having a bad spell, I'd had to stay late. I'd changed out of my medical uniform as normal, but I think I was followed all the way from his place. In fact the more I think about it, I'm sure I was.

She checks behind her and scurries along.

EILEEN (V.O.)

When I came to Rue de Ouragan, I became aware that something was happening, I hadn't seen anyone for several hundred yards. But by then it was too late, they were on me, three of them.

THREE MAQUISARDS step from the shadows. One clasps a hand over her mouth. Together, they rush her down a narrow alleyway.

Her heels drag along the cobbles, one shoe comes off.

At the end of the alley a van is waiting, she gets thrown in.