

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

A single vial could eradicate an entire city. This has no place, Mehan. It has no place. You take it, and you ensure it's destroyed.

ASNIK

Ebrahim. . .

Asnik splays his hand on the glass. Helpless. Angered at

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*
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*
*
*
*

AAB1 CONTINUED:

Near the window is a PORTABLE TV balanced on a RICKETY KITCHEN CHAIR. They're watching the HOME SECRETARY being interviewed about IRAN.

CUT TO:

The interview's still on TV - ending, now. Adam is knotting his tie. Ros is pulling on her jacket.

Frowning, Adam begins to pat himself down. He's lost something. Ros reaches under the bed and finds his KEYS.

She throws them to him. He catches them. She smiles.

A good moment between them.

ROS
You okay?

ADAM
(pocketing his keys)
Yeah. Tired. You?

ROS
Y' know.

A shared smile - perhaps some sadness in it.

ROS (CONT'D)
Five minute head start?

She exits.

AAA1

AAA1

Harry and Ros. Sitting in silence. Waiting. Until ADAM enters.

HARRY
You're late.

ADAM
(sitting)
Sorry.

Not the slightest tell. Business as usual between Adam and Ros.

HARRY
Okay, you're conversant with the unfolding situation. But as the days pass, I'm actually beginning to believe we're getting close to something with Iran. That we might stand on the brink of peace.

ADAM
Except a brink to some is a precipice to others.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Which is why, the closer we come, the less we can afford to let anything go wrong. So what's the weather like out there?

ADAM

So far Zaf's reports from Tehran only mention the expected rumblings from local dissidents. It's pretty calm. We're monitoring the UK. Any unusual movements, communications, chatter. It's coming directly to us.

HARRY

Ros?

ROS

I'd concur. Signs are, most Iranians want this accord as much as we do. I have set up a meet with an asset. An Iranian dissident called Mani. He says he's got something for me.

HARRY

Any idea what?

ROS

For all I know, it could be an invitation to his daughter's wedding. But he's a good source.

HARRY

Then follow it up, wedding invitation or otherwise. Adam?

ADAM

I'm maintaining watch and ward on the Iranian Special Consul's movements via his wife. It's... quiet.

HARRY

Long may it stay that way. So, go to it.

They stand, to leave. Harry picks up a file and calls for Adam.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Oh - Adam... the Review Board passed on your latest psychiatric assessment. Says you've made excellent progress in recent sessions.

A1

CONTINUED:

HOME SECRETARY

Absolutely. Both Iran and Britain have worked very hard to get to this point. We have people in place who's very job is to ensure this bid for peace is not derailed by violence.

1

1

A woman we'll come to know as ANA is stepping out of a BLACK MERCEDES. Two BODYGUARDS up front.

She's dressed without ostentation. Jeans, a sweater. A modest HEADSCARF -- almost an afterthought.

She enters an ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSHOP.

In the background we see the OBS VAN.

2

2

Ana enters. Walks to the shelf. Selects a BOOK. MADAME BOVARY. Stands there, pretending to read it.

Behind her, ADAM CARTER enters. He stands very close - reading over her shoulder.

Always in the background is a BEARDED BOOKSELLER in a waistcoat.

ADAM

Ah, Madame Bovary. It's all boredom and adultery, isn't it?

ANA

(apparently serious)
It's a comment on an entire culture. The inadequacy of language. The upsurge of the detested bourgeoisie.

ADAM

And that, obviously.

She smiles. And his hand settles on her LOWER BACK. Very intimate. She glances nervously at the door.

ANA

My security detail is outside. Be careful.

3

3

ROS enters. She meets A MAN in A CHEF'S WHITES. He's IRANIAN. Name of Mani.

MANI

(nods)
Mi ri am.

ROS

MANI

An attack. In London.

ROS

Okay. Where and when?

MANI

Where, I don't know. But soon, I think.

ROS

Well, pardon my ingrati tude. But I'm going to need something a bit better than that.

4

4

Establisher.

5

5

A MODERN, OPEN PLAN OFFICE -- staffed mostly by EUROPEANS.

One of the staff is ZAF. He's at the WATER COOLER, sipping from a plastic cup. Looking out the PICTURE WINDOW, at TEHRAN.

A colleague -- JUSTINE -- steps up to his shoulder.

JUSTINE

So anyway.

She nods at a MAN IN A LOUD TIE, leaning over a SUBORDINATE'S desk. Obviously their boss.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

Terry tells me you were here past midnight, last night.

ZAF

Ah, y' know. It's this Macmillan thing.

JUSTINE

You'll give the rest of us a bad name.

He smiles. She smiles. We're watching a SMALL OFFICE FLIRTATION.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

I know it's not easy. It took me a good year, to find my way around Tehran; the real Tehran. So listen. When we knock off tomorrow, let's go out. I'll show you round.

ZAF

Okay. Yeah. Why not?

JUSTINE

Okay. Great! Just -- y' know. E-mail me your number.

Zaf grins. Returns to his CUBICLE DESK. Fires up his e-mail.

6

6

7

7

Mani hands Ros an ENVELOPE now. From it, she removes a MUG SHOT of...

MANI

Mehan Asnik. Iranian Intelligence.
A great deal of blood on his hands -
- Iraqi, European. And Iranian,
naturally. He's planning a trip to
London.

ROS

I thought we were all friends now.
Under what route, by what name?

MANI

We don't know. What we do know --
if Asnik's leaving Iran, atrocity
is not far behind him.

8

8

Adam and Ana, still browsing. Ostensibly.

ADAM

So, when can I see you again?

ANA

You're seeing me now.

ADAM

You know what I mean.

Ros. Assessing the photograph.

ROS

I need more on your source.

MANI

My source is reliable and established. And I've never let you down before.

ROS

Well, you're normally a bit more comprehensive.

MANI

Look, intelligence on Asnik isn't easy to come by. What we've established is this: tomorrow, he leaves Tehran. We know what time. What train. After that, it goes cold.

Adam and Ana.

ANA

I couldn't. I can't.

(Beat)

And anyway. Next week I have the glorious total of one free evening - - and that's only because we're cancelling an engagement.

Adam feigns disappointment.

12 CONTINUED:

12

Eye contact. Really, she's talking about Adam.

Adam's betraying no anxiety. Unhurried, he flicks through the book.

ADAM

"Man is least himself when he talks
in his own person. Give him a mask
and he will tell you the truth."

He gives her the book. She examines it.

13

13

ON SCREEN: The bodyguard. Closer to the Bookshop.

JO

Six seconds.

14

14

Ana, still examining the book.

ANA

So he was both.

Adam smiles. Relaxed. Takes the book.

He turns to the COUNTER -

- just as the BODYGUARD enters, and approaches Ana.

Adam hands the book to the BEARDED BOOKSELLER. His BACK TO THE ROOM now.

ANA (CONT'D)

(shocked to see him)
I said I'd be right out.

The Bodyguard is large, menacing. But deferential. He hands Ana the PURSE. She makes a comical face. Typical me.

ANA (CONT'D)

Ah, yes. Thank you.

The bodyguard sweeps the shop with his eyes. Sees nothing. Just a man paying for a book. He exits.

And, as he does, Adam turns away from the counter.

His twinkling eyes lock with Ana's. Hers serious now.

ANA (CONT'D)

We were very lucky.

ADAM

No such thing.

He gives her the book, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

ADAM (CONT'D)

For you.

She takes it. INSIDE he has slipped a piece of paper. On it is scribbled TUESDAY, 8.30?? PETER. X

Ana scrunches up the paper, destroys the evidence. But smiles.

And, unseen by Ana, Adam glances up at the CCTV CAMERA. And very briefly, he GRINS.

15

15

ON screen; Adam, looking up at Jo and Malcolm.

JO

Oh, you bastard, Carter!

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

Quite. There's very little Adam
wouldn't do. For his country.

Jo laughs, and nudges Malcolm.

JO

She's not what I imagined.

MALCOLM

She's half English. The Special
Consul met and married her in

HOME SECRETARY

So what's your best assessment?
We're talking about a likely
attack...?

HARRY

A possible attack.

HOME SECRETARY

How possible?

HARRY

The intelligence was secured as
part of a foreign infiltration.
Which means it can't be subject to
independent corroboration. It's in
the nature of these things; you can
never be entirely sure.

HOME SECRETARY

Harry, the Prime Minister's barely
warmed his chair yet -- but he's
made it abundantly clear that he's
the Peacemaker, the waver of olive
branches. If this lunatic's a
threat to all that, why hasn't
Tehran already stamped on him?

HARRY

He's protected. Operation Green
Leaf has revealed the division
inside the Iranian secret services.
The reactionary element, the die-
hards, are opposed to appeasement.

HOME SECRETARY

Whatever his personal motivations,
Asnik's still an agent of the
Iranian state. If he attacks
London, it means Iran's attacked
London -- and up in smoke and
shrapnel go our hopes for peace in
the region. And that's before we
factor in America's response.

(Beat)

You know how close we are, Harry.
The stakes are just too high. Mehan
Asnik can't be permitted even to
step onto British soil -- let alone
unleash his carnage here. Are we
clear? If your man in Tehran
corroborates Asnik's movements,
deal with it. Over there.

HARRY

Thanks to Zaf, we know that Asnik
hasn't visited any of his known
addresses in the last seventy-two
hours. So the best intelligence we
have -

ADAM

Points to the train he's thought to be taking.

A beat. They take this in. The implications.

ROS

Why not a bullet through the head?

HARRY

We leave nothing that leads back to us; not the slightest indication of British involvement. There have been six train bombs in Tehran in as many weeks. The assassination must be seen as part of Iran's internal power struggle. Which means, we do it their way.

And Malcolm enters, carrying a BRIEFCASE

Most of the WORKSTATIONS in darkness. At ONE of them sits ZAF. He's reading something ON SCREEN: the Financial Times online:

When -- in the background -- Adam enters. In a business suit. Carrying the BRIEFCASE.

Adam sets it down by Zaf's desk. They shake hands.

ADAM

Anythi ng?

ZAF

Nothi ng. If Asni k's movi ng, he's doi ng i t i n perfect si lence.

ADAM
Well, let's make it permanent.

He picks up a SECOND, IDENTICAL BRIEFCASE. And exits.

22A

22A

The DARK SIDE of a STATIONARY TRAIN -- as A FIGURE resolves

Asnik deposits the SUITCASE in the LUGGAGE RACK. Then takes his seat. Opens his own NEWSPAPER.

Harry and Ros. Leaning over Malcolm's desk.

ROS

Malcolm, has the satellite been re-tasked over Tehran?

MALCOLM

Coming online.

ON SCREEN: We see a SATELLITE IMAGE of the whole of Tehran.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Real time imagery updating every thirty seconds.

ROS

We hit the train here, outside the city -

She indicates an area SEVERAL KILOMETRES outside Tehran.

Jo, intent on her screen. ON SCREEN: SATELLITE IMAGE has now focussed in on the train station and surrounding area.

JO

Okay. It's pulling out of the station.

ON SCREEN: A SATELLITE IMAGE of the train -- PULLING SLOWLY AWAY.

Ros takes her PHONE. Dials. Waits.

ROS

Michael Laws?

Zaf at work, phone in hand.

ZAF

(on phone)

Hi, Geoff. Hi, yeah. Actually, I was just about to call -

Across the office, he meets JUSTINE'S EYE. Makes a comical face. Mouths: Geoff. Justine laughs. Looks away.

ZAF (CONT'D)

Excellent. Well, it's looking... there were a few issues. But it's looking good. But .053 T RN50Stout to call -

ROS(O. S.)
Stand by.

ZAF
Okay. I'll hold.

He produces his CELL-PHONE. Thumbs a sequence of keys. On its screen, a text message: EXECUTE.

ROS (O. S.)
Adam, numbers?

ADAM
Asnik's no where near any other
passengers. We're all clear and
good to go.

ROS (O. S.)
Stay on the line.

The team. Monitoring The SATELLITE IMAGES.

JO
Ros. The train's losing speed...
She RE-CHECKS the screen.

JO (CONT'D)
It's stopping.

HARRY
What's its position?

JO
Still inside Tehran. There's a
second train. It's slowing, too.

ON SCREEN: SATELLITE IMAGELITE

HARRY

Malcolm how many people are on that train?

MALCOLM

You're looking at thirty deaths, Harry. Forty, possibly. All of them civilian.

All eyes on Harry now. My God.

Ros holding the phone. Hand cupped over the MOUTHPIECE.

JO

So we abort, right?

Harry produces his own PHONE.

HARRY

Harry Pearce. I need to speak to the Home Secretary. Urgently.

(Beat)

I don't care where he is and what he's doing. I need to speak to him NOW.

30

30

The train has come to a halt. Asnik is peering sideways out the window. Not wishing to appear anxious. But he is. He produces his cell-phone.

ASNIK

(in English)

The train has stopped.

VOICE (V. O.)

It's nothing. Hold your nerve.

ASNIK

I'm compromised.

VOICE (V. O.)

You're not compromised. Maintain your position.

ASNIK

If I'm found with this in my possession -- do you know what they'll do to me?

VOICE

Stay with the vial. Don't let it out of your sight until the time comes to make the switch. Just hold your nerve.

(CONTI NUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

The voice hangs up. And Asnik pockets the phone. He's nervously eyeing the SUITCASE. Suddenly, he stands.

31

31

Zaf still has the phone crooked between ear and shoulder. He's also still holding the CELL-PHONE. Thumb hovering over the SEND button. OFFICE LIFE goes on all around him. He meets JUSTINE'S EYE. Smiles. THE strain in his eyes.

ZAF

Geoff?

31A

31A

Harry. Wrestling with a terrible decision.

HARRY

(on phone)

It's one thing to enact an operation on foreign soil. It's quite another to kill dozens of civilians in the process.

32

32

32A

32A

HOME SECRETARY

But the alternative is to permit something worse -

Intercut Harry and the Home Secretary

HARRY

The loss of British lives?

HOME SECRETARY

- the loss of the greatest opportunity to put things right in the Middle East our generation has yet been afforded.

HARRY

By bombing your way to peace?

HOME SECRETARY

This is not to be negotiated. You go ahead. You do your job. And you swallow it.

Harry hangs up. Everyone looking at him.

32B

32B

ADAM

Harry?

32C

32C

Harry. Letting the phone in his hand, forgotten, sink to his waist. A moment between him and Ros. Her anxiety. Harry's torment.

HARRY

Proceed with the operation.

Ros takes a moment. Takes a breath.

ROS

Zaf. The train's only a few hundred metres away.

33

33

ROS (O.S.)

So get your head down. And go.

Zaf, looking at the OFFICE STAFF. Their helpless ignorance. He drops the landline.

Stands. Still holding the cellphone. Justine turns. Their eyes meet. Lock. What's wrong?

He presses SEND.

ZAF

Everyone under your desk! Under your desks! Now!

34

34

Underneath the NOW MOTIONLESS TRAIN, the screen of a CELL-PHONE DETONATOR suddenly LIGHTS UP.

On screen: INCOMING CALL.

35

35

Zaf's colleagues beginning to obey. Clambering under their desks..

Not all of them fast enough.

Zaf DIVES.

TACKLES JUSTINE to the floor. Shielding her -- just as --
-- we're BLINDED by AN ALMIGHTY FLASH.

There's a half-moment of PURE SHOCK. AND THE OFFICE WINDOWS IMplode, SHOWERING the room with ARROWS of SHATTERED GLASS.

36

36

: A sudden SPIDER OF LIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

MALCOLM
Detonation confirmed.

36A _____ 36A

Adam closes his eyes. What have they done?

37 _____ 37

Slowly, Zaf stands.

The office is a WASTELAND. A CHAOS of SHATTERED GLASS and FLUTTERING PAPER. His COLLEAGUES are standing, like zombies -- some with minor wounds.

They stand there, dazed.

Everyone except Zaf.

He lowers the cell-phone. Stands. Taking it in. What he's done.

And Justine. Who's watching him. Dishevelled, bleeding from a head wound. FIERCE ACCUSATION in her eyes.

He walks out.

38 _____ 38

The team. Exchanging a slow, cautious glance.

HARRY
I know none of you joined the
service for this. Well done,
everyone.

Before anyone can answer, he turns and heads for his office. Ros watching him.

39 _____ 39

Harry enters. Closes the door. He falls back against it. Closes his eyes.

40 _____ 40

Amid the scattering of SMOKING WRECKAGE lies Asnik's SUITCASE. It's BURNED. In pieces. It CONTAINS A FAMILIAR METAL BOX.

And the metal box is BADLY DAMAGED. LIQUID IS LEAKING FROM IT. A LIGHT GREEN SMOKE IS COMING OFF THE LIQUID...

41 _____ 41

ON SCREEN: the NEWS GRAPHIC shows a CITYSCAPE OF TEHRAN -- with a RISING BLACK CLOUD on the HORIZON.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTI NUED:

41

NEWS PRESENTER
...live to our Tehran
correspondent.

The correspondent appears via a SHAKEY VIDEO-PHONE.

FIELD REPORTER
Well, as you can imagine there's a
great deal of confusion on the
streets of Tehran, and reports vary
widely. What we do know is that
there's been an explosion on a
train...

NEWS PRESENTER
Any news on casual ties?

FIELD REPORTER
Well, shortly after the blast,
Iran's security services threw an
emergency cordon round the entire
area...

Pull back. And we're in the Grid. Ros and Malcolm are
watching.

Ros turns on her heel and exits.

42

42

43

43

43 CONTINUED:

43

A hassled-looking Zaf strides into the British Embassy, removing his tie.

Passing two ARMED SOLDIERS at the door.

44

44

Zaf enters. Adam is waiting. He is tense and scared. On the desk, there's water in a carafe. Zaf pours himself a glass. Takes a long, long drink.

ZAF

Casualties?

ADAM

Nobody's getting close. It's like Area 51 round there.

ZAF

So what's the story with the second train?

ADAM

The intelligence was imperfect. We think Asnik had planned on making a switch.

(Beat)

Look. Zaf. I know it was a difficult call. But the point of this operation was to fabricate an inside job. Make it look like Iranian spies killing Iranian spies. But you warned that entire office what was coming. If that gets back to the wrong people, this entire operation's blown. And the consequences of that...if the Iranians discover what we've done...

A moment. Zaf furious. Adam keeping his expression neutral.

ZAF

And what would you have done, Adam?

The moment BROKEN by SUDDEN ACTIVITY ON A SECURITY MONITOR.

Adam TURNS TO IT.

A shared moment of ASTONISHMENT.

ADAM

What the hell is he doing alive?

Because the monitor shows that MEHAN ASNIK has walked into the EMBASSY LOBBY! He has his ARMS RAISED in surrender. He's SHOUTING SOMETHING.

(CONTINUED)

THE GUARDS have their WEAPONS RAISED. They're SHOUTING at Asnik.

Adam and Zaf are already RUNNING from the room.

45

45

Adam and Zaf enter, running.

Asnik is placing fingers behind his head. Getting to his knees. Then lying face-down.

ASNIK
(shouting)
I'm unarmed! I'm unarmed!

The soldiers, holding him at gunpoint.

Adam approaches. Slowly. Asnik turns his head. Looks up at Adam.

ASNIK (CONT'D)
My name is Mehan Asnik. I'm here to defect.

46

46

Adam and Asnik, seated across the table.

ADAM
Well, it's nice to see you looking so healthy. So what are you doing here, Mehan?

ASNIK
Like I said. Defecting.

ADAM
Well, last we heard, you were on your way to London to plant a bomb. So you'll forgive me if I decline to pay your airfare.

Adam, standing now. As if to leave.

ASNIK
I had no intention of leaving Iran.

ADAM
Oh, that's all right, then. Do you

ASNIK (CONT'D)

Your country and mine, we actually seem to be getting somewhere. Why should I undermine that?

ADAM

Because peace doesn't interest men like you?

ASNIK

Men like us, you mean? If so, know yourself for a liar. Because men like us, you know what we are. We're peacemakers. We fight little wars, to prevent big wars. We betray those we love, in order to save them. I know you know this.

Long beat. Adam considering.

ASNIK (CONT'D)

I'm a traitor. A double agent. A little mole. I've been leaking intelligence -- Iran's missile acquisition, her nuclear programme.

ADAM

Working for whom? The Russians? The Americans? Israel?

ASNIK

For peace. And for money.

ADAM

Whose money?

ASNIK

My handler is codenamed Copenhagen. Copenhagen instructed me to be on that train. As it turns out, there was a bomb on it.

ADAM

Intended for you.

ASNIK

No. My death was to be entirely incidental.

ADAM

What does that mean, Mehan?

ASNIK

Take me to London. Now. Today. And I will explain.

Adam on the line to Harry.

ADAM

I don't think Asnik had any
intention of attacking London.
Somebody used us to take him out.

48

CONTINUED:

48

HARRY (CONT'D)

(Beat)

I need you to pull in Mani.

ROS

It'll take me a little while.

HARRY

Find out what you can about his source in Iran.

Ros stands. Already on her phone.

49

49

50

50

50A

50A

STOCK FOOTAGE of a plane flying through the sky.

51

51

Through the CHICKEN WIRE FENCE, we see Adam, Zaf and Mehan rounding the side of a HANGAR, meeting two LAND ROVERS.

Adam goes to the FIRST CAR and gets into the FRONT SEAT.

Zaf opens the REAR PASSENGER DOOR of the SECOND CAR. He guides Asnik inside, like a police officer.

52

52

In front: the driver, JOHN. The SECURITY OFFICER: SCOTT. Zaf and Asnik in the back.

ZAF

Buckle yourself in, Mehan. Keep your hands where I can see them.

Asnik lays his hands, handcuffed, palms down, on his knees.

53

53

Ros, in the alley way. On the phone.

ROS

Mani. Miriam. If you're not here in ten minutes, I'm coming looking for you. Do you understand what that means?

54

54

Harry steps out of his chauffeur driven car and walks into the American Embassy.

55

55

Harry enters.

BOB HOGAN is standing, to shake his hand. He's chief of station at the American Embassy.

HOGAN

Harry. Thanks for coming along. Please, sit.

(CONTINUED)

Harry does. Hogan passes him an A4 folder, buff. Then cracks open a BOTTLE OF WHISKY.

HOGAN (CONT'D)

Trust me -- you're going to need a drop.

57

CONTINUED:

57

HOGAN (CONT'D)
And I think maybe your guy in
Tehran just blew open a case of it.

58

58

The cars on a WOODED LANE, now. The road curving, enclosed by TREES.

Suddenly -- A LOUD, MUFFLED NOISE:

WHUMPF!

And the DRIVER LOSES CONTROL as they head up an incline. The car seems to DIE beneath them and rolls backwards. They come to a halt on the flat road.

He tries THE IGNITION. Nothing.

Adam checks his phone. His watch. Nothing.

He flips open the glovebox. THREE HANDGUNS inside. Hands one to each of the AGENTS. Keeps one for himself.

ADAM
We're being ambushed.

They get out. The TWO AGENTS using the CAR DOORS as cover, aiming into the TREES.

And Adam, barreling down the road in the direction they came from.

All around him, the shifting, hissing trees.

Until he sees ZAF'S CAR, approaching.

Adam waving his arms. Flagging it to a halt.

It screeches to a halt. Adam gets in.

59

59

ADAM
Back to the airport. Now!

IMMEDIATELY, the driver throws the car into a screeching turn....

ZAF
What happened?

ADAM
The electrics are dead. They hit us
with a pulse weapon. EMP. HMP,
maybe.

The car, racing down the track. And on Asnik. Scared bad, now.

(CONTINUED)

Adam. Checki ng hi s weapon.

ASNI K
I need to say somethi ng.

ADAM
Not now.

ASNI K
Yes. Now.

On hi s tone, Zaf and Adam. Turni ng to hi m.

ASNI K (CONT' D)
I thi nk I' m si ck. I thi nk I' m very
si ck.

HARRY
Pimped it?

HOGAN
Tinkered around. Modified it.

HARRY
Modified it how much?

HOGAN
Enough1 0 0 Tw (HOGAN) Tj 1 0h131 162.96 746.16 mg496.14Tj

WHUMPF

And the engine DIES. The driver struggling to bring the car to a safe halt.

It rolls to a stop.

Leaving them inside.

ADAM

The car's armour-plated. We stay inside until we've assessed their numbers and position.

ASNIK

Armour plating's no good against a rocket-propelled grenade.

ADAM

Yeah, thanks for that, Mehan.

Scanning the trees.

ADAM (CONT'D)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Classic Special Forces technique.
He's down. And we've got a serious
problem.

ZAF

But we know they're
(checks)
Due south.

ADAM

Okay. Take Asnik. Head north. Get
back to the airport.

ZAF's hand goes to the handle. He takes a breath. Then KICKS
OPEN THE REAR PASSENGER DOOR.

He and ASNIK dive out --

-- and scramble for the TREES. Heading NORTH.

At the SAME MOMENT, Adam and Scott leave the car. They split
up. Head into the trees. Due SOUTH.

Harry exiting Grosvenor House. His phone ringing.

HARRY

Ros?

Ros is striding onto the Grid.

ROS

Harry, my source -- Mani. No sign
of him. Not at the rendezvous,
home, work. He's either disappeared
-

Intercut Harry and Ros.

HARRY

Or he's been disappeared. Listen,
Ros. The point of all this wasn't
to assassinate Asnik. Asnik's a
patsy. Somebody used him, and us,
to release a biological weapon in
Tehran.

At that, Ros halts.

ROS

A what?

HARRY

Somebody wants to comprehensively
wreck any prospect of long-term
peace with Iran.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Asnik wasn't supposed to survive the train bomb, but he did. Now there's every chance he's infected with the virus. Eighteen hours after exposure, he becomes infectious. That gives us two hours -- to prevent an outbreak that will

70 CONTINUED:

70

Asnik wheezing, struggling for breath as they plunge forwards, towards the cover of a DENSE WALL of trees.

A BEEP. Zaf pauses, just a moment -- to see his CELL-PHONE LIGHTING UP.

ZAF

It's self-corrected. Keep moving.

He urges Asnik onwards, about to dial.

Asnik is wracked by coughing - and this time we see blood. He is becoming contagious.

AS A BULLET SLAMS INTO ZAF'S GUTS.

Zaf is thrown to the ground. His phone, tumbling through the air...

71

71

On Adam. Still backed-up against the tree. Hearing the GUNSHOT from Zaf's direction.

He turns to it. Begins to run...

72

72

73

73

Adam arrives, at speed.

Stops. Sees ZAF'S BLOOD in the CRUSHED GRASS. And a TRAIL, leading away.

Running, he follows it. Crashing through the woods, the undergrowth, low-branches...

He breaks through onto A ROAD...

Just in time to see a TRANSIT VAN, engine roaring, disappearing round a DISTANT CORNER -

He PLANTS HIS FEET. Raises the FIREARM.

Fires. Once. Twice. Three times. But the van is TOO FAR AWAY. Moving too fast. In moments, it's gone.

73A

73A

Harry entering, on the phone. Ros, Jo and Malcolm are there.

HARRY

(on phone)

Get yourself checked out by a medic before reporting back here. That's an order.

He hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

JO
Where are they?

HARRY
They were ambushed. Zaf and Asnik
have been taken.

On the team. Their concern, now.

ROS
By whom?

HARRY
Some kind of snatch squad. Well
trained, well equipped. Copenhagen
working this end.

And now he has their utmost attention.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Putting aside our concern for a
fellow officer, we know that Asnik
is carrying a highly contagious
virus. If we don't locate him
within the next few hours, that
pathogen will break free of its
host and begin to spread across
London. The only option will be
national quarantine and burial
pits. Find Asnik. Find that snatch
squad.

HARRY, watching News 24. The NEWS PRESENTER is reporting.

NEWS PRESENTER
...rumours are beginning to
circulate of a dreadful military
accident -- reigniting the
nightmare scenario of Biological
weapons in the Middle East...

75

75

ON SCREEN: The same report continues.

NEWS PRESENTER

Downing Street has so far declined to comment, except tersely to confirm that Iran is bound by the Biological Weapons Convention of 1975. But, if Iran is found to have manufactured or acquired biological or chemical agents, the response from the international community will be severe...making today's tragedy a doubly devastating blow for a country on the verge of shedding its long-held pariah status.

Pull back -- and the IRANIAN SPECIAL CONSUL, DARIUSH BAKHSHI is watching the broadcast. He's intent. Focussed. And very still. Impossible to read. We see that ANA, his wife, is behind him.

ANA

So much for sitting down at the international table.

BAKSHI

You think these people's families care about diplomacy? This -- this on screen. This is my home.

ANA

You think I don't understand?

BAKSHI

You're not an Iranian.

76

76

Adam, storming onto the Grid. Ros stands.

ROS

Adam -?

ADAM

I told you, I'm fine. Last I saw of him, Asnik was asymptomatic. But that won't be true for long. We need to find him before he can infect Zaf -- or anyone else. So what do you have?

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

Nothing. Special Branch is searching buildings in a five-mile radius. There's no CCTV. Nothing from the local speed cameras.

ON MALCOLM'S SCREEN: Jerky, time-lapse footage of TRAFFIC PASSING COUNTRY SPEED CAMERAS.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

All we've got is this.

He hits a key-combination.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Zaf's phone self-corrected and rebooted for a few moments. Are you sure you want to see this?

ADAM

It might help us, Malcolm.

Malcolm goes ahead. ON SCREEN. Very, very shaky footage. The HARSH SOUND of Zaf's breathing. A GREEN BLUR that might be TREES. That BASS GUNSHOT -- distorted by the phone's small speaker. Then the image, tumbling. Coming to rest.

A view of the sky. And then. THE LOOMING FIGURE of a MAN IN A GHILLIE SUIT. He lifts his foot, to bring a BOOT down upon the phone. And the screen goes to BLACK.

They take a moment. Thinking about what they've just witnessed.

On Adam. Teeth set in fury.

ROS

This operation must've been put together in an awful hurry. The equipment used, the tactics. These men were mercenaries. Malcolm, go close on the final image?

He does. The man in the ghillie suit. Raising a boot. Zooms in.

MALCOLM

I've already tried. The Ghillie suit's perfectly standard. He's wearing camo paint under the ski-mask. He doesn't speak. There's nothing to go on.

ROS

What's that?

She points to the screen. A VERY FAINT, PALE BLUR on the figure's BELT -- under the skirts of the Ghillie suit, where he's raised a leg to stamp on the phone. Malcolm goes in closer.

ROS (CONT' D)

ADAM

How are you?

ANA

How do you think? To see Iran get so close. And then to see it thrown away again, by men of violence.

ADAM

So you think it could be true? Germ warfare?

ANA

It hardly matters, does it. All that matters is; more people are dead. And just as the world is beginning to look at Iran with fresh eyes, she gives her enemies exactly what they want.

Adam. Thinking.

ADAM

I hate to hear you like this. It's a busy old day at work -- but can we meet, later, maybe? You need to talk about this.

ANA

How can I?

ADAM

Of course. But if you change your mind, give me a call.

He hangs up. And he's Adam again. Aware of Ros' proximity.

ADAM (CONT'D)

The mood she's in, she'll tell me anything.

ROS

The trouble is, she doesn't know anything. It's crumbs from the table.

She walks off. Adam following her with his eyes. Knowing she's right.

77

77

Waiting -- with two SECURITY GOONS at a safe distance -- is DARIUSH BAKHSI. Harry arrives. They shake hands.

HARRY

Special Consul, thank you for meeting me.

(CONTINUED)

BAKHSI

A pleasure to meet you again, Mr
Pearce.

HARRY

Harry, please. And likewise. I hope
your wife is well?

77

CONTINUED:

77

BAKHSHI (CONT'D)

But you'll forgive me if I have no assurances to offer in response. Not today, when we're still counting the dead.

78

78

Ros enters.

ROS

Malcolm?

MALCOLM

I've got it.

On SCREEN; before our eyes, the blocky pixels resolve into a number: AMC 75 D 018 124

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

It's a smoke grenade. Manufactured in Switzerland. The main batch was brokered in Helsinki, via bogus companies in Delaware and Chicago. But the end user is this man.

ON SCREEN: a man we'll come to know as NICK RONSON.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Nick Ronson. Owner of Strategic Force. A Private Security Company.

ROS

I'm on my way.

79

79

Adam and Harry enter. The Home Secretary waiting for them.

HOME SECRETARY

And how was Mr Bakhshi?

HARRY

They don't know what happened. How the virus came to be on that train. Who the hell blew it up, and why.

(CONTINUED)

And ROS enters, from the kitchen. Carrying two mugs.

ROS

I let myself in. Hope you don't mind.

(offers one of the mugs)

Black. Half a teaspoon of Manuka honey. How you like it.

Ronson starts to back away. Towards the DOOR.

ROS (CONT'D)

Don't go tripping any alarms, Nick -
- I won't be here long enough.

(grins)

Come on. Be nice. I made coffee.

RONSON

Who are you?

ROS

No names, no pack-drill.

RONSON

Security services, then. What flavour?

ROS

Friendly. For the moment.

He takes a coffee. Sips. Sets the mug down. Hand slow and steady.

ROS (CONT'D)

Late yesterday, or early today, you chartered out a snatch team. Rush job. I need you to contact them, and I need you to bring them in.

RONSON

Oh, come on.

ROS

I really wish I had time for the niceties. But I don't, so let's skip the angry denials and the protestations of legality. Contact your team. Bring them in.

RONSON

Look, all I do: I mediate between buyers and sellers. Put people in contact. I'm a broker.

ZAF

(Beat)
Do as I tell you: you and Leonard
walk away.

Ronson nods. Flips open the laptop. Hits the POWER switch.

85 CONTINUED:

85

Until he COUGHS UP A RED FROTH OF BLOOD. The chief mercenary steps back. There's a glob of blood on his clothes.

He brushes at it with his fingertips.

86

86

Ros. Crouching. Clear of the windows. PHONE in one hand, opening and closing KITCHEN DRAWERS with the other.

ROS
(on phone)
Harry, I'm in Ronson's flat. The team was his, alright.

HARRY (O.S.)
So who hired them?

ROS
Some go-between. Albanian.

She finds what she's looking for. A ZIP-LOCK BAG.

ROS (CONT'D)
It'll be a little while before I can tell you any more.

HARRY (O.S.)
What's going on?

ROS
Sniper. Killshot.

Shocked beat.

HARRY (O.S.)
Ros, get out of there, now.

ROS
Oh, the sniper's long gone.

She glances up. Makes a face. Nowhere near as sure as she sounds. She scuttles to the FREEZER. Opens the door.

ROS (CONT'D)
Besides. I won't be long.

87

87

Jo and Malcolm, at work. Adam enters.

JO
So what happened?

ADAM
Sniper.

(CONTINUED)

JO

Who?

ADAM

The mercenaries, covering their tracks. The Iranians. Copenhagen
(shrugs)

The Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

But it turns out that thousands die
in London? Come on. This thing
breaks free; maybe war isn't
inevitable. But it sure makes peace
hard to justify.

(Beat)

You know I've got family with me.
Here, in London. Is there anything
you'd like to be telling me, at
this point? Ears only?

HARRY

If there was something I'd like to
be telling you, Bob -- I'd be
telling you.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I have something to say.

A beat. The door opens.

BAKHSHI
Then get in. Say it. And get out of
my sight.

Jo and Adam get into the limo and sit, facing Dariush and Ana.

Jo's eyes flick to Ana. Assess her. ANA looking like she's been kicked in the stomach.

Jo's eyes flick away, to Bakhshi.

ADAM
I'm asking you: for all our sakes,
return our officer, alive. And
return what was taken -- before you
make a mistake that can never be
undone.

A moment. Is Bakhshi calculating? Confused? Both?

For the BRIEFEST moment, Adam's eyes meet Ana's.

She glares a narrow, enraged ACCUSATION. Adam's gaze remains perfectly blank.

Ana looks away. Helpless. Angry. Humiliated. Hurt beyond measure.

Jo misses none of this.

Adam fixes his gaze back on Dariush.

BAKHSHI
Do you think the world is a
schoolyard? You go where you
please, insult whom you choose,
threaten those you can, cajole
those you can't. Well, you're in
Iranian diplomatic territory now.
This is Iran. Iran doesn't respond
well to invasion. Now leave.

Burning EYE CONTACT between Adam and Bakhshi.

Then Adam and Jo exit.

BAKHSHI. Trembling with rage.

Ana watching Adam's back. Nauseated with betrayal.

90 CONTINUED:

90

BAKHSHI

They think they can do whatever they like, to whomever they chose.

Ana's face is unreadable now. Because it has to be.

91

91

Adam and Jo, striding to their car.

JO

Well, there goes your source at the embassy. Was it worth it?

ADAM

Did you plant the device?

JO

Yup.

ADAM

Then it was worth it.

JO

They'll find it on the next sweep.

ADAM

That's time enough.

JO

Fine. But bagsie, you're telling Harry.

92

92

Ana and Dariush. Still in shock.

ANA

Let's go home. I feel sick.

He thinks about it. Gets himself together.

BAKHSHI

No.

He motions: DRIVE ON -- and produces his CELL-PHONE.

And as he dials, we see, UNDER THE SEAT where Jo had been sitting, the TINY BUG she attached.

BAKHSHI (CONT'D) (INTO PHONE)

Apparently, there's been some kind of aggressive operation in London; something of strategic value's been stolen, and they've got an officer down. They might have something to do with what happened in Tehran. Find out anything you can.

93

93

Jo and Adam. Listening to the end of Bakhshi's phone call. Adam and Jo sit back. There you go.

JO

So it wasn't the Iranians.

94

94

Jo and Adam enter. Followed by Harry. He slams the door.

HARRY

You blew your source! The wife's useless to us now. Worse than useless. She's a liability.

ADAM

She wasn't working out. Look, I know this is going to cause problems, but it was a studied risk.

HARRY

Problems? You forced your way into Iranian diplomatic territory. Best case, he wants your head on a stick. Worst case, you may have linked us to the bomb in Tehran. And under no circumstances can we afford that.

ADAM

We had to move quickly.

HARRY

Precipitately -

ADAM

And because we did, we know the Iranians didn't hire the mercenaries. Which means Copenhagen did.

HARRY

Whoever Copenhagen might be.

ADAM

It also means Zaf and Asnik are still in play -- still out there, somewhere.

They look up -- as ROS enters. She's carrying RONSON'S BRIEFCASE.

ROS

Sorry I'm late.

95

95

Asnik is VERY, VERY sick now. And the Chief Mercenary is deeply anxious.

ZAF

It's incubating inside you, right now. In a few hours, you'll be delirious and coughing up lung tissue. And wishing to God you'd listened to me. The only way to survive this thing, is MI 5.

ASNIK

Do you have anything...? Please, you must have something - for the pain!

And now the Chief Mercenary SPEAKS, for the first time.

CHIEF MERCENARY

I'd still need my money.

ZAF

You'd get your money.

96

96

Ros and Malcolm are in there. Malcolm is examining Ronson's laptop.

ROS

The information we need to bring down those mercenaries is on here.

MALCOLM

This is a biometric security matrix. Fingerprint recognition. If I log in without that fingerprint, it'll destroy the hard drive.

Ros fishes in her pocket. And she produces the ZIP-LOCK BAG she took from the kitchen drawer. Inside, it's packed with ICE she took from the freezer. Also, RONSON'S INDEX FINGER.

ROS

Which is why I brought this along.

Malcolm's passing moment of distaste.

MALCOLM

I'll - um. I'll get some tweezers.

Adam comes to the door.

ADAM

Ros. You need to see this.

ON SCREEN: What looks like a WHITE ROOM. Actually the back of the mercenaries' van. A SHEET pinned to the wall and a SHEET for a floor. IN a stretcher-bed is MEHAN ASNIK. Semi-conscious, mouth smeared in BLOOD.

Propped against the wall is ZAF. Bleeding. In GREAT PAIN. But ALIVE. And reading from a PREPARED STATEMENT.

ZAF

You've got an hour to free up thirty million pounds -- and produce the vaccine for this disease. Enough for ten men. Don't waste time. Don't try to find us. We'll make contact in sixty minutes.

The transmission ends. The ENTIRE TEAM is gathered around Malcolm's computer.

HARRY

Jo can we locate them? Source this message?

JO

(shakes her head)

They're too proficient. Isolated elements of the ambient soundtrack -
- hoping for some positional indices...

She touches a key. Increases volume. We hear -- Aircraft noise. Planes landing. Planes taking off.

ADAM

Any idea which airport?

JO

None of them. It's a loop. It repeats every one hundred and thirty six seconds.

ADAM

They know exactly what we're looking for, and exactly what blind alleys to lead us down.

ROS

Asnik is lethal. Thirty million is

97 CONTINUED:

97

ADAM
But they don't know that.

All turn to him.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Come on. What choice to we have?

98

98

Adam is heading to the Grid. Ros passes.

ROS
So. You as scared as you look?

ADAM
Do I look scared?

ROS
Not as scared as I'd be looking.

A quick grin. A moment between them -- an old intimacy.

ROS (CONT'D)
Really. You okay?

ADAM
I brought back the plague. I lost Zaf. How do you think I feel?

ROS
Embarrassed?

She smiles. But she's holding his gaze.

ROS (CONT'D)
You made the right choices out there.

This comment sticks in Adam.

ADAM
Is that what you really think?

A slightly tense beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You sure I'm not in too deep?

ROS
I've never said that.

Adam laughs, bitterly now.

ADAM
You think that I need this job. For some kind of emotional sustenance - that I'm just an empty vessel without it.

(CONTINUED)

ROS

I think we all have to be careful
what this job does to us; that

ROS (CONT'D)

And you don't - ?

ADAM

No, I don't. But because of it, I
know what terrible things are out
there. And once you know that --
how can you step away from the
responsibility of doing something
about it? How can you look someone
you love in the eye without feeling
you're betraying them - because
you're not out there, protecting
them? Tell me how to do that, and
I'll quit service in the field.
Tomorrow. Be a person. Get a life.

ROS

And what about the people who want
to protect you? They don't get a
say?

A long, uncomfortable beat. Are Adam and Ros on the edge of
saying something? If so, we watch as Adam withdraws from it.

ADAM

I'm going to make sure this plague
is contained. I'm going to find
Asnik and I'm going to find Zaf.
After that, we sit down -- you and
I. And we work out who did this to
us. Copenhagen, whoever. And we
settle this.

ROS

And after that? What then?

She's interrupted by Malcolm entering. Malcolm's carrying a
rucksack. He passes it to Adam. Adam slings on the rucksack.
Ready.

MALCOLM

One false vaccine. Good luck.

99

99

100

100

Malcolm's working RONSON'S LAPTOP -- a SECOND, EXTERNAL LAPTOP is hooked up to it: CYCLING rapidly through a dizzying sequence of PRIME NUMBERS.

Harry enters.

HARRY

Time's short.

MALCOLM

The things full of tripwires: secondary and tertiary levels of encryption. One misstep, I erase everything. And maybe lose a hand while I'm at it.

HARRY

Adam's about to be sent out into the unknown, Malcolm. The data on that machine might give us some working knowledge of these mercenaries. Who they are, where they come from. And right now, we need any advantage we can get, however slight.

On Malcolm. Scowling. Yes, thanks for that.

Then: A MESSAGE ALERT on Malcolm's SCREEN

HARRY (CONT'D)

Too late.

ON Screen: Zaf. Reading again from a PREPARED TEXT.

ZAF

Send one officer. Send more than one officer, and everyone dies. Including me. There's an alley off Kenburn Road. In that alley you'll find a cell phone. Then you'll receive further instructions.

Harry picks up a phone.

HARRY

Ros - tell Adam we've heard.

107

107

Adam hurries past kebab shops, pubs, betting shops. He pauses, to check his bearings. And nips into an ALLEYWAY.

(CONTINUED)

He walks several steps. Behind him a MERCENARY watches his progression.

Adam stops -- at the sound of a CELL-PHONE RINGING. He casts round, until he sees it. Stoops. Lifts the cell-phone from the alley floor...

And as he straightens, a MERCENARY steps out of the shadows behind him, and coldly puts a gun to the base of Adam's neck. He takes Adam's rucksack as -

- a SECOND MERCENARY steps out in front of him. He's carrying an ASSAULT RIFLE, and his own BACKPACK.

They bundle Adam into a door on the right.

107A

107A

A bare room, giving directly onto the alleyway. As Adam walks through the door, he sees a bare outline of a man above him.

CHIEF MERCENARY
You're carrying no listening
devices? No trackers?

ADAM
None.

The CHIEF MERCENARY chucks the backpack to the SILENT MERCENARY - who unzips and EMPTIES it. It contains a SMALL METAL CASE. He opens it. Inside: TEN LARGE HYPODERMIC SYRINGES.

CHIEF MERCENARY
Now strip. Shoes first.

Adam strips to his UNDERWEAR. The CHIEF MERCENARY passes a SCANNER UP AND DOWN his BODY.

Meanwhile, from his own backpack, the SILENT MERCENARY produces a FLASK. He unscrews the lid. Fills the mug. Passes it to Adam.

CHIEF MERCENARY (CONT'D)
Drink.

ADAM
No.

CHIEF MERCENARY
It's salt water. Drink, or we all
go home.

Adam takes the cup. Hesitates. DRAINS it. And almost immediately, he VOMITS. Painfully and fully.

The Mercenaries watch, until he's finished. Then the SILENT MERCENARY bends to POKE at the vomit with a BIRO, examining it.

CHIEF MERCENARY (CONT'D)
You swallowed nothing?

107A CONTINUED:

107A

The Silent Mercenary removes SOMETHING ELSE from his bag. Hands it to Adam. It's PAPER OVERALLS, the kind decorators wear, and a pair of COMBAT BOOTS.

As Adam dresses, the SILENT MERCENARY empties the metal case of the SYRINGES, transferring them to his own, now empty, back-pack.

Adam is led outside.

108

108

Malcolm is EXECUTING A FUNCTION on the laptop hooked into Ronson's. Ros waits at their stations.

Each of them has called up ON SCREEN a MAP OF LONDON.

MALCOLM

The false vaccine was loaded with SmartDust. Tiny transmitters. Smaller than a grain of sand. Activated by body heat. As soon as they inject themselves, we'll get a fix on their position.

ROS

And what's their effective life?

MALCOLM

Thirty seconds.

ROS

So until they inject themselves, we've got no idea where they are.

MALCOLM

None.

109

109

The car is jostling slowly over UNEVEN GROUND. Then it STOPS.

CHIEF MERCENARY

Out.

Adam scrambles out of the car. Hands still tied behind his back.

They're in a warehouse, empty but for the mercenaries' truck and the car. Adam's blindfold is taken off. POWERFUL ARC LIGHTS FLOOD the ground in that harsh, blue-white light.

The SILENT MERCENARY steps forward. Using a small lock-knife, he cuts Adam's hands free. Then he opens the bonnet of the car, rips out some wires and melts back into the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

The MERCENARIES stand there -- five of them, we think. It's difficult to be sure. They're amorphous shadows, painfully backlit. They form a semi-circle around Adam.

He can't focus on them. He blinks. Squints. He's disorientated, unarmed. And surrounded.

He rubs at his wrists. Getting the circulation back.

From somewhere to one side:

CHIEF MERCENARY (CONT'D)

Hey!

He turns to face the speaker...or at least, his silhouette

CHIEF MERCENARY (CONT'D)

Catch.

He LOBS something, underarm. It comes sailing out of the light. Adam flails, catches it -- a cell-phone. He stands there with it in his hand.

CHIEF MERCENARY (CONT'D)

I'm going to give you the details of a bank account. Into this account, you'll instruct your boss to deposit the money.

ADAM

Not without proof of life.

A beat. Then the Chief nods.

Sounds of a LORRY DOOR being opened.

And ANOTHER MERCENARY steps forward. He's supporting ZAF. Zaf's in a BAD WAY. But still alive.

Eye contact between Zaf and Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Asnik?

Zaf NODS.

Adam faces the Chief Mercenary.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Give me the details.

The team, waiting. The SILENT TENSION broken by Harry's phone.

HARRY

Adam?

110 CONTINUED:

110

ADAM (O. S.)
 Harry. Have the money transferred
 into the following account...

111

111

CHIEF MERCENARY
 (clicks fingers)
 Please.

Adam lobs back the phone...underarm. The Chief Mercenary catches it. Passes it to a COLLEAGUE. Who quickly, efficiently, disassembles the handset. And CRUNCHES the components under his boot heel.

A THIRD MERCENARY opens a laptop.

And we WAIT. A tense few moments. And watch a PROGRESS BAR on the THIRD MERCENARY'S COMPUTER.

Then the third mercenary NODS.

CHIEF MERCENARY (CONT' D)
 All right. Now.
 (nods to Adam)
 Into the truck.

A beat.

ADAM
 No.

Three Mercenaries STEP FORWARD.

ADAM (CONT' D)
 We agreed thirty million for Asnik
 and my colleague. You've got that.
 I want what we just paid for.

The Chief nods to his men.

And A MERCENARY jabs the BUTT OF his ASSAULT RIFLE into ADAM'S KIDNEYS. Adam collapses. Curled up. In agony.

ADAM (CONT' D)
 I don't care who you are. All I
 want - I want to control this
 virus. Stop it spreading.

ZAF
 I warned you...

And a Mercenary puts a GUN TO ZAF'S HEAD. Zaf holds his ground. Long eye contact. Neither man backing down -

As Adam is HAULED TO HIS FEET. Hands cuffed in front of him. Then Adam and Zaf are FROGMARCHED -

(CONTINUED)

And bundled into the truck.

ADAM
You're wasting my time.

But, even as Adam is speaking, the truck is slowing...
Stopping.

Adam and Zaf exchange a terrified look. Scared they know what this means.

The truck has stopped now. And TWO MERCENARIES begin to LOOSEN ASNIK'S RESTRAINTS.

They SLAP Asnik awake. He opens his eyes. He's feverish. No idea where he is. Begins to MUMBLE in Farsi.

The Mercenaries lift him to his feet. Haul him towards the door.

And Adam leaps to his feet.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Don't! He'll infect everyone he passes! We'll never control it!
You'll be murdering thousands!

CHIEF MERCENARY
I'd rather have MI5 out there looking for him, than looking for me.

ADAM
Don't do this!

The Chief, suddenly with his HANDGUN to Adam's head.

As the TRUCK DOORS are THROWN OPEN.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Don't do it!

Adam's POV: Outside, it's MORNING. And they're PARKED on a QUIET LONDON STREET. Like a window on ANOTHER WORLD.

ADAM (CONT'D)
He needs TO BE quarantined. Now.
RIGHT NOW!

The Chief HEADBUTTS Adam.

Adam falls BACK, into the wall of the truck.

ADAM (CONT'D)
PLEASE!

AS ASNIK is thrown onto the QUIET STREET.

And the DOORS are CLOSED.

113 _____ 113

And as the TRUCK PULLS AWAY, ASNIK looks about himself, bewildered. He's feverish, confused, filthy. Fingers horribly blackened by the spread of the disease. No idea where he is. He begins to stumble down the street, mumbling like a drunk.

113A _____ 113A

The car, speeding through the traffic, LIGHTS FLASHING and SIRENS BLARING.

114 _____ 114

115 _____ 115

116 _____ 116

Adam, still shocked by the headbutt.

Zaf watches him. Adam meets his gaze.

Zaf seems to make a decision. And struggles to his feet. He stands. Confronts the Chief Mercenary. Gets up in his face.

ZAF

I warned you not to make us your enemy.

The Chief PUNCHES Zaf in the guts. The gunshot wound.

Zaf falls, in agony.

And now, enraged, Adam stands, to intervene...

And IMMEDIATELY, FOUR ASSAULT RIFLES are pointed at him. He backs up. Holding up his hands.

For THAT ONE MOMENT, Adam has monopolised their attention.

Which is the moment Zaf has been waiting for! He GRABS at the GRENADE which hangs from the Chief Mercenary's belt.

The FOUR ASSAULT RIFLES on Zaf, now -- as he scrambles backwards. His HAND on the firing lever.

Towards the VACCINE.

ZAF (CONT'D)

You shoot me and my hand will spasm on the firing mechanism. The grenade will go up and take you with it. Vaccine and all.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Zaf...

ZAF

It's all right, mate.

Zaf's made his way back to the corner now. With his free hand, he lifts the vaccine container. Sets it on his lap. Then holds the grenade, in two hands, above it. Tension on the firing lever.

The guns still on him. Zaf stops smiling for a second. Faces the Chief.

ZAF (CONT'D)

(to the Chief)

Don't think I'll hesitate.

The Chief and Zaf lock eyes. And -- knowing Zaf won't back down -- the Chief gestures. The Mercenaries lower their weapons.

CHIEF MERCENARY

So. What now?

A moment between Zaf and Adam. Adam knowing. Shaking his head, once. No. No way.

And Zaf. A tiny smile. Yes.

ZAF

(to the chief)

You let him go.

A beat.

Then the CHIEF MERCENARY, into his WALKIE TALKIE.

CHIEF MERCENARY

Pull over.

And the truck pulls to the side of the road. Stops.

TWO MERCENARIES throw open the REAR DOORS.

CHIEF MERCENARY (CONT'D)

(to Adam)

You heard him. Go.

ZAF

No choice. We need Asnik off the streets and quarantined -- before it's too late.

Adam, wrestling with it. To stay, in a hopeless situation. Or fulfil his mission. Saving thousands.

ZAF (CONT'D)

Get Asnik. Go.

(CONTINUED)

Adam, turning now to face the Chief Mercenary.

ADAM

He lives -- or I come for you. We
all come for you. Do you understand
me?

Fierce eye contact. The Chief Mercenary steps forward and,
with a knife, cuts Adam's wrist straps.

A gun to Adam's head, now -- as he's forced backwards to the
door. Never breaking eye contact with Zaf.

ZAF

I'll catch you later.

ADAM

My round, yeah?

They laugh. Knowing this for a lie. And then the smiles fall.

ZAF

Go, mate.

And Adam is hustled out of the truck...

2Tc -0106 116A

116i

Adam out of the truck. The truck drives off. He looks after
it for a second. Then looks back to where he has just come
from. And runs.

116A

116A

Jo referring to SATNAV. The MOVING BLIP.

JO

They've turned onto Northlight
Road.

The car skrV1EXT. CENTRAL LONDON STREET - DAY 3 06:27

As we hear the APPROACHING SIREN -- Jo's car.

The Mercenary slams the rear doors closed. And the TRUCK PULLS AWAY.

118

118

ROS
Malcolm, have we got the CCTV on
Northlight Road?

MALCOLM
Northlight Road. Here it is.

A beat. Then the CCTV footage shows...not the MERCENARIES but ADAM. Running.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Adam's been injected with the
SmartDust.

ROS
Jo, we've been tracking Adam - not
the Mercenaries. We've lost the
target.

Ros frowns. Adam is MOUTHING SOMETHING as he runs. SHE LEANS IN CLOSE. Reading his lips

119

119

Adam. Handcuffed. Bloodied. Beaten. And RUNNING.

ADAM
Asnik! ASNIK!

Through all THOSE PEOPLE.

119A

119A

Ros, watching Adam on CCTV. Sprinting. MOUTHING ASNIK'S NAME.

ROS
He's calling Asnik's name. Asnik's
free. He's in the wind.

119B _____ 119B

Looking out the window as the car speeds along.

JO
We've lost him?

120 _____ 120

Harry, checking out Ros's screen.

HARRY
So it's happened. For the first
time in four hundred years, a
plague is loose on the streets of
London.

121 _____ 121

122 _____ 122

Adam, still running.

ADAM
ASNIK!!!!

123 _____ 123

Here he is. Mehan Asnik. Stumbling. Collapsing.

Getting to his feet again. Weaving through ALL THE DIFFERENT
PEOPLE.

ASNIK
Help me!

But no-one does. This is London. They just look IRRITATED.
And keep walking on.

ASNIK (CONT'D)
Help me...!

123A _____ 123A

And we see this image of Asnik on a CCTV monitor. As we pull
out we see Adam on another screen - a different location to
Asnik. And then we pull out further to see other monitors
showing images of OTHER PEOPLE. Each a different image of the
oblivious, imminently-infected. There are banks of monitors,
hundreds of people - out there.