

# **UNLOCKED**

**screenplay by  
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**Registered WGA, west**

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FADE IN:

--on TWO YOUNG FACES in the night, U.S. ARMY RANGERS, both nineteen. Both terrified.

CAPTION: PAMIR MOUNTAINS, AFGHANISTAN - 2002

The soldiers are huddled under a burning HUMVEE at the bottom of a slot canyon, part of CONVOY that's been ambushed.

RANGERS' POV - OUT FROM UNDER THE HUMVEE

--of vehicles ahead and behind them flipped over and burning. Of the BODIES of fellow RANGERS scattered about like fish amidst fresh RPG craters.

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, the sound of Kalashnikovs finishing off the last of their squad. A beat, and...

DOZENS OF TALIBAN FIGHTERS

--climb over the rubble in front of them, their breath visible outside their head wraps, their smoking rifles silhouetted against the stars.

RANGER

I'm sorry, J.P. I'm so sorry.

He's answered by a tire EXPLODING, the bullet that pierced it killing his squad mate.

All alone now, the remaining ranger SCREAMS and FIRES blindly at the advancing enemy.

WIDE AERIAL SHOT

--of the mountains, the muzzle flash of his rifle a tiny flicker in a sea of blackness.

HOLD...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONDON STREETS - VARIOUS SHOTS

--of a city in flux, its boroughs transforming daily under wave upon wave of immigration.

Another CAPTION now: LONDON - PRESENT DAY

--the text fading as a SERIES OF SHOTS captures a cityscape both vibrant and simmering with unease:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONSTRUCTION CREWS MOVE LIKE ANTS BENEATH GIANT CRANES  
FILLING THE SKY OVER THE 2012 OLYMPIC SITE.

DRUNKEN PUBGOERS PACK A KEBAB SHOP, A TURKISH MAN SLICING  
LAMB FROM A SKEWER.

ROWS OF KNEELING WORSHIPERS FILL THE VAST PRAYER ROOM OF AN  
EAST LONDON MOSQUE.

PAKISTANI MAIDS CHANGE THE SHEETS IN A FOUR-STAR HOTEL ROOM.

YOUNG MUSLIMS DISTRIBUTE ANTI-WESTERN PAMPHLETS FROM FOLDING  
TABLES ON OXFORD STREET.

FILIPINOS PLAY SOCCER BETWEEN HOUSING TOWERS, A GAUNT  
TEENAGER SCORING A GOAL AS WE...

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLD CRESCENT COMMUNITY CENTER - TOTTENHAM - DAY

A low-income multicultural borough. Pawn shops and discount  
stores, the signs in both English and Arabic. A soot-darkened  
COMMUNITY CENTER is squeezed into the block.

ALICE (V.O.)

When Mr. Westicott fired you, did he tell  
you why?

The accent is American. A gravelly MALE VOICE replies in  
Kurdish, followed by an INTERPRETER.

INTERPRETER (V.O.)

He said his wife is afraid of me.

We are...

INT. OFFICE - COMMUNITY CENTER

Lettering on the door: *EMPLOYMENT ASSISTANCE*. Inside, JOB  
CANDIDATES of varying races wait their turn in chairs along a  
wall, while behind a cluttered desk...

ALICE RACINE (30s, American) converses with an elderly  
KURDISH MAN. Full tribal dress. A face like cracked mud.

ALICE

Why is she afraid of you?

The Kurdish man replies, an INTERPRETER translating back.

INTERPRETER

I do not know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE

Did you ever speak with his wife?

INTERPRETER

(listening, translating)

Once.

ALICE

Once when?

INTERPRETER

I praise her. I tell her she has hips good for many children. Large, like my best goat. They give her boys, I tell her.

ALICE

You told her this?

The interpreter translates. The man nods. Alice fighting back a smile.

ALICE (cont'd)

Right. Ok, that's...

(sighs, to the interpreter)

Tell him that for women in the UK, comparisons to livestock are--

Looking at the oddly-endearing man, she changes her mind.

ALICE (cont'd)

Actually, just tell him not to talk to his employer's wife.

(to the Kurdish man)

Unless you hear from me, Mr. Ghadari, go to work tomorrow. I'll call Mr. Westicott and straighten this out.

(to the interpreter, firmly)

Make sure he understands. No praising. Ever.

CUT TO:

ALICE'S NEXT APPOINTMENT...

--a MINICAB DRIVER from Somalia (black, 25), a London "wide-boy" in everything but his accent: Bright yellow baseball cap. Hoody. Jeans large enough to hold trees. AMJAD.

AMJAD

My cousin hates his new neighbors.

Egyptians. Nine of 'em in one flat. *Nine*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alice writes something on a note pad.

ALICE  
Your cousin should talk to the landlord.

AMJAD  
Yo, it's council estates, innit.

ALICE  
Then he should talk to the Housing  
Office.

AMJAD  
Already did. They sent immigration  
officers 'round.

ALICE  
And...?

AMJAD  
And nofing. Flat was empty that day.

He reaches for a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH on Alice's desk. His hand  
is missing two fingers and his wrists bear ligature scars.

AMJAD (cont'd)  
This your daughter, then?

Alice nods. CLOSE ON THE PHOTO in Amjad's hands -- of Alice,  
her HUSBAND and their five-year-old DAUGHTER on a teak-decked  
SAILBOAT. Big smiles. The wind in their hair.

AMJAD (cont'd)  
Mine's two monfs. An' so beautiful I  
can't stand it. When she's sleepin', I  
can watch her all night. Like she's a  
movie at the cinema, 'knowwhatImean?

ALICE  
(smiling)  
I do.

Amjad returns the frame and withdraws his scarred hands.

AMJAD  
Dangerous world I brought her into,  
innit.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

CAPTION: DOMODEDOVO AIRPORT, MOSCOW

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A RUSSIAN MAN (30s, nervous) steps into a bomb detection machine. As he receives automated INSTRUCTIONS in Russian...

A SINGLE BEAD OF SWEAT

--rolls down his temple beneath THICK ALUMINUM EYEGLASS FRAMES.

Some quick BURSTS OF AIR from the machine. A light turns GREEN and the doors open. A GUARD nods, waving him onward.

The man retrieves his carry-on bag and proceeds to his gate: a BRITISH AIRWAYS flight.

EXT. EDGEWARE ROAD - LONDON - DAY

A bustling Arab district in Central London, the street lined with restaurants.

INT. ALGERIAN RESTAURANT - KITCHEN

The OWNER grabs a plate of hummus and flatbread and hustles down a dark hallway into...

INT. EMPTY BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--where TWO FIGURES occupy a corner table -- an ARAB YOUTH in a mesh prayer cap (19), and a middle-aged man in flowing robes. The man is an imam, imposing in presence, his formidable beard dyed red at the tips: YUSEF KHALIFA.

The owner delivers the hummus to the table.

OWNER (IN ARABIC)  
Is there anything else you desire?

KHALIFA (IN ARABIC)  
Privacy.

The owner scuttles away. Khalifa appraises the youth a moment, the kid shifting nervously under his gaze. They speak in Arabic (SUBTITLED):

KHALIFA (cont'd)  
As my messenger--my representative--you understand what I've said to you?

ARAB YOUTH  
Yes.

KHALIFA  
Repeat it back to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The youth, a COURIER, clears his throat.

COURIER

I bring you a message from imam Khalifa,  
who prays his words find you ready to  
accept your position as blessed servants  
in God's will, may his compassion and  
mercy be upon you.

KHALIFA

Good. Then you will be asked a question.  
When it is asked of you, how will you  
reply?

The kid takes a breath. Begins carefully:

COURIER

My dearest brother in Islam--

KHALIFA

Wait.  
(finger to his ear)  
Here.

He reaches for the flatbread as the youth comes around to  
WHISPER into his ear. The cleric listens, nodding  
occasionally, chewing the bread.

INT. LECTURE HALL - KING'S COLLEGE - DAY

STUDENTS file out at the end of a class. The PROFESSOR (40s,  
English, handsome) is left alone. He wipes a quantum  
mechanics equation from the board and gathers his things.

As he's walking out...

ALICE (O.S.)

Going my way?

Alice is waiting for him outside the hall. The professor  
smiles and kisses her.

NATHAN

I could be persuaded.

Alice's husband, NATHAN RACINE.

EXT. TUBE STOP/STREETS - CHELSEA

Alice and Nathan emerge from the Underground onto the street.

ALICE

Miss Nolan left a message for us to call.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATHAN

I spoke to her. The woman had me pulled out of a faculty meeting.

ALICE

And...?

NATHAN

Chloe's costume choice for the school play sends the wrong message.

ALICE

Message?? They're five years old.

NATHAN

Exactly what I said.

ALICE

Is there a rule she has to be a princess?

NATHAN

Lines must be drawn, apparently. She even appealed to statistical probability.

ALICE

To a mathematician at King's College?

NATHAN

I know. I kept quiet. You would've been proud of me.

ALICE

I feel like our parenting skills have been called into question.

NATHAN

They have. Absolutely. Which is why I made it clear it was all your fault.

Alice swats him and laughs.

They turn onto a street of terraced houses and well-tended gardens. Pushing back the gate to one of them.

EXT. ALLY BEHIND ALGERIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A light drizzle falls. The courier mounts a Vespa.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - VESPA - MOVING

We FOLLOW as he buzzes along, weaving through traffic. A windshield wiper SWEEPS FRAME. He's being tailed.



INT. KITCHEN - ALICE AND NATHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CRAYON DRAWINGS

--adorn the refrigerator, several of stick figures on a sailboat. The artist is Alice's daughter, CHLOE (5). Presently, she's up on the kitchen table, her father helping her don a knight costume (paper maché armor, holes cut out for arms and head).

NATHAN

Hold still, sweetheart. You're not in yet.

Chloe is wielding a foam sword. A slow thirty-pound CAT leaps for safety, the sword nailing Nathan in the ear.

NATHAN (cont'd)

Whoa. Easy with that. Talk to her about the sword, honey.

Alice looks up from chopping vegetables at the sink with a kitchen knife. In an unconscious motion, she spins it adroitly in her palm and plants the tip in the cutting board. The blade remains quivering as she attends to her daughter.

ALICE

Daddy's right, sweetheart. Fat Elvis is not a dragon, and you can't be whacking people in the head.

(taking the sword from Chloe)

Much better to go for the body.

She demonstrates on Nathan, Chloe laughing in delight.

NATHAN

Hey... Hey!

ALICE

The trunk and the legs, sweetheart. Like you're chopping down a tree.

Nathan retreats.

ALICE (cont'd)

Now that's what awaits any knight who doesn't eat all her dinner.

CHLOE

Not really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE

Really.

(kissing her)

Or any knight who, oh, I dunno... feeds  
her vegetables to the sink monster when  
Mommy and Daddy aren't looking.

Nathan soaks up this moment between mother and daughter.  
Notices the knife stuck vertically in the cutting board. He  
gently removes it and sets it flat.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MOVING - NIGHT

The courier buzzes along the Thames. As the road dips into an  
embankment tunnel, RADIOS SQUAWK with AMERICAN ACCENTS:

VOICE #1 (V.O.)

Dogcatcher, dogcatcher, the stray is in  
the tunnel, west-bound, ETA ten seconds.

VOICE #2 (V.O.)

Roger that.

The Vespa shoots from the tunnel and a VAN falls in behind  
it, ACCELERATING to tap it from behind. The courier goes  
down, tumbling on the pavement. A second van SCREECHES up.  
The door slides back and MEN in CAMO FATIGUES haul the kid  
inside, his SCREAMS muffled inside his helmet.

INT. CLARIDGE'S HOTEL - FUMOIR - DAY

A plush aubergine cocktail room in this premier West End  
fixture. Patrician DRINKERS relax in deep leather chairs.

Among them is a cluster of BUSINESSMEN of different  
nationalities, all being hosted by a distinguished-looking  
American in his sixties. ERIC LASCH. The men LAUGH LOUDLY,  
heads back, their puffy fingers wrapped around crystal filled  
with eighteen-year-old scotch.

Lasch excuses himself and moves to the bar where he pays the  
bill. He's between two PATRONS. Alice one of them.

LASCH

Sorry. Wrapping up.

INT. CLARIDGE'S - LATER

Alice and Lasch sit at the bar, two good friends several  
drinks into a laughter-filled conversation. In Lasch's eyes,  
though, is the fatigue acquired by years of distasteful  
errands for the American government.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE  
Cooking shows?!

LASCH  
I know. It's embarrassing. You should see me. I yell at the screen, "Not the minced shallots again, you moron! Your ass is getting handed to you in a colander!"  
(Alice just looking at him)  
What?

ALICE  
Ok, I'm officially worried about you.

LASCH  
I'm telling you, Al. I need help.

ALICE  
You need a woman.

LASCH  
It's frowned upon.

ALICE  
Please. Since when did frowns from Langley stop you from doing anything?

The words reveal them as CIA colleagues, Alice likewise undercover.

LASCH  
Or you, for that matter. You took their "no close and continuing contact with a foreign national" clause, folded it up and sent it to them in a wedding invitation.

ALICE  
Don't forget the gift registry to our division chief.

LASCH  
Right. Right. I forget, did you get anything?

ALICE  
Just a memo alerting me Nathan had been cleared on background, with an asterisk next to his weed habit at Cambridge.

LASCH  
Security loves its asterisks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He notices Alice is distracted by something. Follows her gaze to a *SKY NEWS* report on the TV behind the bar.

SKY NEWS CORRESPONDENT (ON TV)  
*...in a raid early this morning in north London. The nine men are Egyptian and had all been living in a cramped one-bedroom flat where today they were arrested under the Terrorism Act 2000.*

NEWS FOOTAGE on the TV: of POLICE storming a housing block.

SKY NEWS CORRESPONDENT (ON TV) (cont'd)  
*Statements from Scotland Yard suggest a connection between the suspects and the bombing of an American tour bus in Paris last July.*

LASCH

Yours?

ALICE

(nods)

This Somali kid I'm running is batting a thousand.

LASCH

We paying him?

ALICE

He won't accept it. Sunni extremists killed half his clan before he got out.

LASCH

Gotta love a well-motivated source.

NEWS FOOTAGE: of the EGYPTIAN SUSPECTS being herded into police vehicles. Alice and Lasch watching.

LASCH (cont'd)

Ever miss the front lines?

ALICE

There are no front lines.

LASCH

We had one in Afghanistan.

ALICE

Hey, 'you coming for dinner Saturday?  
Nathan's inviting his Department Chair,  
so you'll have to behave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LASCH

You're changing the subject.

ALICE

If I wanted to change the subject, I'd say, "Can we not talk about this, please?"

LASCH

We did a lot of good, you know.

ALICE

Can we not talk about this, please?

Lasch signals the bartender for another drink.

LASCH

Can I at least make a suggestion?

ALICE

Are you asking permission?

LASCH

Course not. Look, you want to go on punishing yourself, go ahead. But I hope at least somewhere along the way you ask yourself the right questions.

ALICE

Hm-hmm. What's that, your third double?

LASCH

Fourth, and let me finish. For instance, what would someone else have done in the same situation? What would *anyone* have done in the same situation??

ALICE

It's not that easy.

LASCH

Sure it is. A lot of innocent people are alive today because of your work in those tents.

Silence from Alice.

LASCH (cont'd)

Perspective, Al. It's all we've got. Hell, 'I look at my life the wrong way, I'm an aging spy with nothing to show for thirty years of field work but a Rolodex of shady names.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LASCH (cont'd)  
(drinking, smiling)  
Which is why I don't look at my life the  
wrong way.

INT. SPA - THE GROSVENOR HOUSE HOTEL - DAY

A hotel spa. A HOUSEKEEPER is stacking fresh towels.

Finished, she's walking out when something turns her head. A  
LIGHT from the steam room. She returns to turn it off. Then  
freezes. Behind the glass door, steam falls away to reveal...

A MAN'S NAKED BODY

--face down on the tiles. Heavysset. Lifeless eyes open behind  
fogged glasses askew on his face.

THE IMAGE FREEZES. And slowly becomes...

INT. CIA OFFICES - LANGLEY, VA - NIGHT

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPH

--projected on a bank of flat-screens. Other IMAGES appear  
beside it. Of the same man alive in military fatigues. Of a  
CIA ID badge bearing the man's face.

PAYNE (O.S.)  
A hotel employee found him.

CAPTION TEXT: CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, OFFICE OF COUNTER-  
TERRORISM, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

PAYNE (cont'd)  
Jim McAllister. We'd flown him in from  
GTMO to interrogate a prisoner. Had him  
waiting at a hotel.

CIA OFFICERS encircle the table. The mood is tense. Two young  
officers, PAYNE and BARRETT, are briefing the room.

BARRETT  
St. Thomas' Hospital is saying heart  
attack. Common scenario, apparently. The  
heat from the steam. Dehydration. Our own  
doctors are following up.

The corpse is reflected in the glasses of BOB NEVILLE, Chief  
of Operations for Europe.

NEVILLE  
He's dead, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRETT

Sir?

NEVILLE

And that's not expected to change between now and sun-up?

(confused looks from the room)

What I'm saying is, I am not a morning person. The fuck was I was called?

PAYNE

We're on a bit of a clock, sir.

NEVILLE

Explain.

Another image appears on the screen: of YUSEF KHALIFA shouting to a crowd in front of his Dalston mosque.

PAYNE

The prisoner McAllister was supposed to unlock is a courier for the radical imam, Yusef Khalifa. Khalifa is the spiritual authority for a loose network of--

NEVILLE

I know who Khalifa is.

PAYNE

Right. Well, sir, field sources tell us he's given the go order for a bio-terror attack on an American target in the UK. We believe the courier to be carrying it.

NEVILLE

A go order for who?

BARRETT

Umar Khozi.

Neville exchanges looks with the ANALYSTS flanking him.

NEVILLE

Umar Khozi?

PAYNE

A cell captain for the Islamic Liberation Brotherhood. Philippines-based. The southern islands, mostly. Small, as far as networks go, but with a growing footprint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARRETT  
Istanbul. The Milan nightclub.

More IMAGES now. Buildings on fire. Bodies. Carnage.

ANALYST #1  
We haven't had actionable intelligence on  
the ILB in three years.

BARRETT  
Four. Until two weeks ago when one of our  
monitoring stations flagged a phone call  
the imam received from Manila. We had the  
caller voice-printed. Got a positive for  
Ghozi.

A final IMAGE: Dense jungle terrain. Rifle-toting men in the  
back of a Toyota pickup, one FACE circled in red ink.  
Thirties. Bearded, with a bare upper lip. UMAR GHOZI.

NEVILLE  
And the target?

BARRETT  
They didn't discuss it. In all  
likelihood, Khalifa doesn't know.

NEVILLE  
How can he not know?

PAYNE  
By choice. Operational knowledge exposes  
him.

NEVILLE  
Fucking beyond belief these guys can be  
walking around.  
(shedding his jacket)  
Somebody get me a coffee.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LONDON - DAY

MEN in suits strip the room bare. The bed, the furniture, the  
TV--all of it is cleared out.

The courier, hooded and handcuffed, is escorted in. A punch  
to the stomach deposits him in a folding chair. His terrified  
BREATHING moves the fabric of his hood in and out.

BARRETT (V.O.)  
The snatch mission was last night.  
They've got him waiting.



INT. CIA OFFICES - LANGLEY, VA

The briefing continues. Grainy SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS show the COURIER leaving the Algerian restaurant.

NEVILLE

You said Khalifa stays clear of logistics?

BARRETT

Yes, sir.

NEVILLE

So what's his errand boy gonna know??

BARRETT

It's not what he knows. It's that Umar Ghazi won't have met him.

(explaining)

The imam never uses the same courier twice. A firewall measure against informants.

PAYNE

Which is where we saw an opportunity.

BARRETT

Interrogate the courier for any recognition measures needed for the meet, then switch him out for one of our own people. If Ghazi buys it, he's tagged and followed.

PAYNE

It was all going beautifully until McCallister's ticker gave out.

NEVILLE

So get another interrogator.

PAYNE

Our best people are in GTMO.

NEVILLE

It's a plane ride.

PAYNE

It's time we don't have. The meet could be tomorrow.

NEVILLE

You're telling me we don't have another gator in the UK??

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARRETT

One, but--

NEVILLE

Who is he?

BARRETT

She. Case Officer Alice Racine out of London Station.

NEVILLE

Who's her control stateside?

A suit at the end of the table, ED ROMLEY (29), speaks up.

ROMLEY

I am. But she's no longer active as an interrogator.

NEVILLE

Hm-hmm. Background?

Romley's ASSISTANT slides him a folder. He flips pages.

ROMLEY

Top five percent of her class at The Farm. Level 3 Arabic. Deployed to Afghanistan as a gator in oh-two.

(more page flipping)

Quite good at it, according to commanders. Served eight months with the Joint Task Force in Kandahar.

NEVILLE

On the short side.

ROMLEY

The transfer was at her request. As was the move to clandestine service. She's currently stationed in London running sources from a cover job.

BARRETT

Which is why we didn't consider her, sir. She's burrowed in. Has one of the most prolific informant rosters in the UK.

PAYNE

Not to mention it's been four years since she's been in the booth.

NEVILLE

Do you have a better idea?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAYNE  
I'm just saying--

NEVILLE  
Yes or no?  
(Payne hesitates)  
Anyone??

Silence from the room.

NEVILLE (cont'd)  
Then I suggest you bring her out of her  
gopher hole, gentlemen.

INT. TUNNEL - THE UNDERGROUND

Sparks fly on train tracks as...

INT. TUBE CAR - CONTINUOUS

--a carriage rounds a bend. It's packed with COMMUTERS. Alice  
among them. Someone vacates the seat next to her. It's  
quickly filled. A beat.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Alice Racine?

From the MAN now sitting beside her. American accent.  
Fifties. Dark-skinned with a neat, salt and pepper mustache.

SUTTER  
Frank Sutter, London Station.

He hands her a folded *Daily Mail*. Smiles.

SUTTER (cont'd)  
Some good reading in there.

The train slows. The doors part and he's gone.

Alice unfolds the newspaper. And freezes in her seat.

INT. ESCALATOR - THE UNDERGROUND - MOVING

Ascending to daylight, Alice has her cell out to dial a  
sequence of numbers scribbled on the paper. She waits. After  
a series of odd BEEPS, she dials a second sequence. Waits  
again. Until...

DIGITAL VOICE  
Today's control code... confirmed.  
Today's encryption key... confirmed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She ends the call. Considers the newspaper in her hand. A location circled in ink: *MARBLE ARCH*, 17:30.

EXT. MARBLE ARCH - DAY

ALICE

It's not what I do anymore.

The landmark monument looms over Hyde Park like a white giant. Alice and Sutter walk a footpath amidst pedestrians and runners, Sutter wearing mirrored aviator sunglasses.

SUTTER

Are you saying you've forgotten how?

ALICE

No. There have to be better options is all.

SUTTER

If you want me to say you were Langley's first choice--

ALICE

I don't. That's the point. I don't want to be anyone's choice. And this is reckless. I'm in cover. If someone were to see us right now--

SUTTER

Please. I'm your visiting American friend. You're showing me the sights.

At the park's edge now, he turns and raises his hand. A black Mercedes sedan pulls out of traffic behind them.

SUTTER (cont'd)

Don't think I don't understand your reluctance, but this one's critical. Someone has to crack this kid, and people far more objective than you think you're up to it.

The Mercedes eases to a stop alongside them.

SUTTER (cont'd)

Besides, this comes from the Director for European counter-terror operations.

(opens the rear door)

It's not a request.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - MOVING

The DRIVER takes them through London.

ALICE  
How long have you had him?

SUTTER  
Fifteen... sixteen hours.

ALICE  
Age?

SUTTER  
Nineteen.  
(Alice nodding, a beat)  
Is that good or bad?

ALICE  
Good. Young prisoners stay scared longer.

Sutter hands her a CIA BACKGROUND FILE on the courier.

SUTTER  
He was in Afghanistan in oh-two. Task Force 500 processed him in Bagram but considered him low-value and let him go.

ALICE  
(browsing the file)  
His capture tag says no English.

SUTTER  
He's Pakistani. Tribal. Speaks some weird dialect of Sindhi no one in the Army understood when they had him. I've got a terp waiting.  
(handing her an envelope)  
Your PIR's.

Alice extracts a folded sheet of paper. We glimpse the words *PRIORITY INTELLIGENCE REQUIREMENTS* over an itemized list.

ALICE  
(re. an item on the list)  
He won't know the meet site until Ghazi makes contact.

SUTTER  
Langley's aware of that. It's the recognition protocol they've gotta have.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE

Let's hope he parts with it then.

EXT. HIGH RISE HOTEL - PADDINGTON - DUSK

The Mercedes pulls into the garage of a modern business hotel, its skin of mirrored glass reflecting the city.

INT. LARGE HOTEL SUITE - DUSK

Alice and Sutter enter. AIDES have computers set up. An INTERPRETER in a head wrap is watching TV. TWO SECURITY MEN stand post outside the bedroom door. Sutter opens it.

ALICE'S POV

--into the darkened bedroom seen earlier. Drawn curtains. Just that table and two chairs, the hooded COURIER cuffed to one of them. A microphone now on the table.

Alice turns away and the door is pulled shut. She crosses to the windows and for a moment doesn't speak. Shaken.

ALICE

That mic is a trust deterrent.

SUTTER

I'll take notes, then.

ALICE

No. One interrogator. And the hood off.

Sutter snaps his fingers and the guards enter the bedroom. Alice hands him the file.

ALICE (cont'd)

This needs to be thicker. The kind of file that says the United States government has been on your ass since you were a fetus.

INT. BEDROOM - HOTEL SUITE - LATER

Alice enters. The courier looks up sharply. For a moment, Alice stands just inside the door, rigid, her eyes on the table and chair waiting for her across the room.

Finally, she tears her feet from the carpet and approaches.

ALICE

Hello, Said.

She drops the now noticeably thicker file on the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE (cont'd)  
I'm gonna open these a bit.

She parts the curtains. Another SECURITY GUARD is smoking on the balcony with his back to the sliding glass doors.

ALICE (cont'd)  
English?

No answer. The courier's eyes are glued to his file. Alice sits down across from him. Opens it and starts thumbing through some serious-looking documents.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Punjabi?  
(nothing)  
From Pakistan and no Punjabi?  
(in Arabic, SUBTITLED)  
Sindhi, then?

The courier immediately starts speaking in an excited gush.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Stop. Stop. I don't speak Sindhi.  
(he stops)  
But that was a good bet, wasn't it? Handy language to have under the circumstances.

The kid stares at her blankly. Alice closes the file.

ALICE (cont'd)  
I'll be back with an interpreter.

Saiid nods. Alice stands. A beat.

ALICE (cont'd)  
You just nodded.  
(off Saiid's look)  
To something I said in English.

Caught, Saiid sinks.

SAIID  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, let's get on wif it.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Closing the door on him, Alice dials her cell phone.

ALICE  
You can send your interpreter home. He's British-born.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUTTER  
British??

ALICE  
(holding up a finger as she  
leaves a voice message)  
It's me. Work's gonna go late tonight.  
Sorry. Don't wait up. Kisses for Chloe.  
Oh, and there's lasagna in the fridge.

She hangs up. Back to Sutter:

ALICE (cont'd)  
East London from the sound of it. How's  
it coming on those photos I asked for?

INT. BEDROOM - HOTEL SUITE - LATER

CLICK, CLICK, Alice unlocks Said's handcuffs from the chair.  
A Pepsi is on the table in front of him. He reaches for it.

ALICE  
Are you in school, Said?

SAID  
Was.  
(guzzling the soda)  
Further Education.

ALICE  
In what?

SAID  
Computers.

ALICE  
But not anymore?

SAID  
Can't afford it. Kuffar teachers know  
nuffing, anyway.

ALICE  
There are Muslim schools.

SAID  
The mosque is enough.

ALICE  
That what your parents think?

SAID  
Have to ask them, wouldn't you.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ALICE  
(opening his file)  
Are they in Pakistan or the UK?

SAIID  
What's it matter?

ALICE  
It doesn't. Answer any way you like.

Said weighs this a beat.

SAIID  
London. Poplar.

ALICE  
What's your dad do in Poplar?  
(more hesitation)  
Any way you like, Said. He's an  
astronaut for all I care.

SAIID  
He has a fish-and-chips shop.

ALICE  
Business good?

SAIID  
We're all still in one flat.

ALICE  
All...?

SAIID  
Four sisters.

ALICE  
That's some queue for the bathroom in the  
morning.

SAIID  
Like Starbucks.

ALICE  
You pray for husbands, then.

SAIID  
Husbands wif their own flats, yeah.

ALICE  
How's that going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SAIID

The oldest got married last month.

ALICE

Three to go.

SAIID

Yeah, yeah.

ALICE

Why did you pretend not to speak English?

Just beginning to relax, Saiid stiffens.

ALICE (cont'd)

Because an interpreter slows things down?  
Who would train you to do this?

SAIID

No one.

ALICE

It was your own idea, then?

SAIID

I don't want to talk anymore.

ALICE

What were you doing in the Takhar  
mountains of Afghanistan in May of 2002?

SAIID

What'd I just say?

ALICE

I'm giving you a chance to tell your  
side. Because the United States Army says  
you were fighting with the Taliban.

SAIID

Nah, nah, I *told* them, I went there to  
study. To live a pure Muslim life. I *hate*  
the Taliban. I'm *happy* they lost.

ALICE

You still haven't asked why you're here.

SAIID

Tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALICE

My point is there's a reason you didn't ask. The same reason for every prisoner who doesn't ask.

She drops a STACK OF PHOTOS in front of him.

ALICE (cont'd)

You already know.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Night has fallen, the windows now dark.

SUTTER

How long are you going to leave him in there?

Alice is staring out at the lights of London.

SUTTER (cont'd)

Shouldn't you be using the time to--

ALICE

I am using it.

SUTTER

He's in there alone.

ALICE

Exactly.

INT. BEDROOM - HOTEL SUITE - LATER

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOS

--now spread out over the table, all of a large ferry ablaze: Of thick smoke pouring from its hull. Of passengers, some of them on fire, diving into the sea.

ALICE

This what your pure Muslim life looks like?

SAIID

I would never do this.

ALICE

Two hundred and nine dead, Said. Mothers. Sisters.

She slides a PHOTOGRAPH toward him: rows of body bags on a rocky Scottish beach. Said fights back tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAIID

The News said the engine caught fire.

ALICE

That made you angry, didn't it? Not getting credit?

SAIID

No. No! I see what you're doing.

ALICE

Do you know this man?

She slides another PHOTO under his eyes: of Yusef Khalifa in handcuffs being led away through a pressing crowd.

SAIID

No.

ALICE

No??

SAIID

No. An imam. So what?

ALICE

He was arrested yesterday. Just after we picked you up. He's been charged with plotting the Sea Empress attack.

SAIID

What's that got to do wif me?

ALICE

You tell me.

SAIID

Fine, then. Nuffing.

ALICE

You should know we have two other members of the imam's mosque in custody.

SAIID

I should know??

ALICE

(checking her notes)

Mohammed al-Naser and Habib Abbasi. CCTV cameras caught them casing the ferry.

SAIID

Never heard of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALICE

Like you, they learned bomb making in Afghanistan.

SAIID

Nah, nah, not like me.

ALICE

Like you, they're headed for cages in the Caribbean.

SAIID

Their problem, innit. I told you, I don't know them!

ALICE

Like you don't know Yusef Khalifa?

She produces a PHOTO of the imam embracing Saiid in that Algerian restaurant.

SAIID

Ok... wait. Wait. That was--

He catches himself. Cornered.

ALICE

Relax. We already know. Your imam learned Scotland Yard had tied him to the Sea Empress and was sending you away.

Saiid shakes his head vigorously and jabs at the photo.

SAIID

That's not what this is.

ALICE

Just like he sent al-Naser and Abbasi away.

SAIID

I'm supposed to deliver a message.

ALICE

Good soldiers, all of you, but disposable as Kleenex to men like Khalifa. 'Think your the first kid from Poplar he's--?

Rising, Saiid sweeps the photos from the table.

SAIID

You're not *listening*! I'm a *messenger* for him! That is *all*!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Photos float to the floor.

ALICE  
I am listening. Just hearing nothing that  
can help you.

She stands and calmly gathers her things. Said panicking.

SAIID  
I can prove it. If I have proof--what  
then??

ALICE  
What proof?

SAIID  
Please, not Guantanamo.

ALICE  
Not my call. What proof?

Said's fearful eyes search Alice's for assurance.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Not my call, Said. All I can do is  
guarantee your safety.

Clinging to this like a lifeline, the kid's torment eases. He  
sinks to the floor and turns his gaze heavenward.

SAIID  
May Allah forgive me.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

It's morning now, Alice spent and flopped back on the sofa.  
Across from her, Sutter studies her notes, his aviator  
sunglasses held in his teeth.

ALICE  
What are you going to do with him?

SUTTER  
He'll be turned over to the  
counterterrorism branch of Scotland Yard.

Alice's cell phone CHIMES in her bag.

SUTTER (cont'd)  
(absorbed in the notes)  
These numbers... one, one, one, four--  
it's from the Koran?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE

Sura one hundred eleven, verse four.

She retrieves her phone and MUTES it.

SUTTER

And that's all he needs to verify his identity to the cell captain?

ALICE

Hm-hmm.

Distracted, she's staring at the phone's screen.

SUTTER

Important?

ALICE

Hmm? Oh. No. Just to my husband and me.

Reaching into her bag, she extracts a pack of birth control pills. Stands.

ALICE (cont'd)

Will you excuse me a second?

INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL SUITE

Alice enters and locks the door behind her. Reviewing a TEXT MESSAGE, she dials a number. Paces. RINGING.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Hello, Alice.

ALICE

Who is this?

POLK (V.O.)

Terry Polk, Chief of London Station.  
Control code for today's date -- Zulu,  
Gamma, Charlie, four, four, two.  
Encryption key -- Alpha, Nancy, Alpha,  
nine, zero, three.

ALICE

Sir, this is not a secure line.

POLK (V.O.)

And under any other circumstances I  
wouldn't use it, but my office has been  
trying to reach you all goddamn night.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLK (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Now, I need a gator for an emergency  
assignment here in London. I've got a  
prisoner waiting.

ALICE  
Already on it, sir.

SILENCE on the other end.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Your field officer obviously hasn't  
updated you.

POLK (V.O.)  
My field officer??

ALICE  
Frank Sutter.

POLK (V.O.)  
The hell are you talking about?

Alice's mind races. A horrible thought forming.

ALICE  
Sir, would your prisoner happen to be a  
nineteen year old British national of  
Pakistani descent?

POLK (V.O.)  
That's right. The fuck is going on??

ALICE  
I'll call you back.

She hangs up. The color drains from her face.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Alice re-enters the suite, her heart now pounding in her  
ears. She sits down again. Sutter is pacing with her notes.

SUTTER  
This sura and verse from the Koran?  
You're absolutely certain of it?

ALICE  
I'm certain he was certain.

ALICE'S POV - OF SUTTER'S AVIATOR SUNGLASSES

--on the coffee table, their mirrored lenses capturing an  
"AIDE" ten feet behind her discreetly screwing a silencer  
onto a handgun.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ALICE (cont'd)  
Or at least quite good at giving that  
impression.

The aide levels the gun to the back of her head. Alice seeing  
this in the sunglasses but not letting on. Not flinching.  
Waiting. Waiting. Until...

SUTTER  
Impression??

ALICE  
Disinformation is a common resistance  
technique.

SUTTER  
And you think--?

ALICE  
Don't know. But it wouldn't hurt to cycle  
his information again. See if I can  
produce any cracks.  
(Sutter frowning)  
Unless you'd rather they turn up at your  
meet with Umar Ghazi.

In the mirrored lenses, the gun lowers from Alice's head and  
is put away.

INT. BEDROOM - HOTEL SUITE

Alice closes the door behind her. Said looks up.

ALICE  
I need to get you out of here.

SAIID  
We're done then?

ALICE  
These men are going to kill us.

SAIID  
I don't understand.

ALICE  
They're not CIA.

A beat. Said searching her face. Then smiling.

SAIID  
This is a trick. I've seen it on the  
telly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE

No trick, Said. They have what they need. We don't have much time.

SAIID

(panicking)

You're lying.

Alice drags a chair to angle it under the doorknob. Said getting that she's not.

EXT. BALCONY - HOTEL - MORNING

The security guard stands post outside. The glass doors part, and Alice steps out as if taking a break.

ALICE

Got a cigarette?

The guard extends a pack. Alice taps one out and puts it in her mouth. The guard holds a LIGHTER to it. Alice feigns trouble getting it lit in the wind.

When the guard cups his hands to cover it, HIS OWN HANDGUN appears under his chin.

ALICE (cont'd)

Not one sound.

The guard nods. Alice removes several 9mm clips from his clothing. Withdraws.

ALICE (cont'd)

Said!?

Said emerges. He moves to the end of the balcony and climbs over the rail. He lowers himself to jump but is afraid to let go. The guard suddenly barks into a sleeve MIC:

GUARD

Flight! Flight!

TWO SHOTS from Alice, one in each knee. The guard drops.

ALICE

Now, Said!

Said drops from view. MULTIPLE SHOTS from the bedroom. The door splinters... is kicked down by Sutter's MEN, snapping the chair against it.

Alice drags the guard backward by his tie, his blown-out knees leaving TWO RED STRIPES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reaching the end of the balcony, she props him up and takes cover behind him as the security men OPEN FIRE. The guard jerks wildly. Dead, he tips over sideways. Alice no longer there...

--having vaulted over the deck rail. The balconies are staggered. She lands on the one below, beside...

--Saiid who lies GROANING on his back. His leg is broken.

Alice FIRES at this balcony's doors to clear their escape route. Glass falls away. She drags Saiid through the glass toward cover. Their faces are inches apart. Saiid crying.

SAIID

You said I would be *safe*! You said--

A SHOT and a RED HOLE flowers in his throat. Red spray speckles Alice's face.

MORE SHOTS, a bullet grazing Alice's neck. She pivots and fires TWO SHOTS at the balcony above. Two puffs of RED MIST. Two SECURITY MEN falling dead.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alice gets Saiid inside. Cradling him. Already gone, a spreading red halo soaks the carpet beneath him.

Alice releases him. Stands. And backs away.

A DOOR FLIES BACK...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

--to Chloe's kindergarten classroom, the TEACHER and KIDS looking up in surprise.

ALICE

Chloe, come with me.

TEACHER

Mrs. Racine? I wasn't notified.

But Alice already has Chloe by the hand.

CHLOE

My book bag.

ALICE

We'll get it later, sweetheart.

INT. AUDI STATION WAGON - MOVING - DAY

Rain. Alice speeds through it. Chloe is belted into a child safety seat in the back holding their enormous cat.

CHLOE

Why is Fat Elvis with us?

ALICE

Fat Elvis looked like he wanted some fresh air. Now, help me look for Daddy.

CHLOE

There he is.

She's pointing to her father...

EXT. KING'S COLLEGE - MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT

--who races out onto the Strand with his jacket pulled over his head. He opens the door as Alice screeches to a stop.

NATHAN

What's going on??

ALICE

Get in.

NATHAN

I'm in the middle of a lecture.

ALICE

Get in, Nathan!

Nathan does, Alice ROARING away before he shuts the door.

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOVING FAST

ALICE

I'm blown. Or worse. I nearly got--  
(eyeing Chloe)  
We're not safe.

NATHAN

What do you mean, *not safe*? Tell me what's going--

ALICE

I am telling you!

NATHAN

Ok... alright. We'll go to my mother's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE

No. Nowhere connected to us. This is--  
It's bad. We gotta go dark. Like we  
practiced.

A beat. Nathan digesting this.

ALICE (cont'd)

If you ever wondered if you fell for the  
wrong girl...

NATHAN

I haven't.

CHLOE

Whose the wrong girl, Mommy?

NATHAN

No one in this car, sweetheart.  
(putting his arm around Chloe)  
Only the *right* girls, here.

With a last glance in the mirror Alice swerves into an  
underground parking garage.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Alice is under the dash of a Volvo. Hot-wiring it. Nathan  
removes the child safety seat from the Audi and puts it in  
the Volvo. The engine snarls to life.

CHLOE

What's wrong with our car?

ALICE

This one's better for your trip, peanut.

CHLOE

Why?

ALICE

Well, for starters, it's red, which is  
your favorite color.

Lifting Chloe, she places her in the safety seat.

ALICE (cont'd)

Plus, Mommy's gonna need our car to catch  
up with you and Daddy. Otherwise I'd have  
to walk, and that would take wa-aay too  
long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

Mommy?

ALICE

Yes, baby?

CHLOE

Are you trying to make it so I'm not  
scared?

ALICE

It's not working, is it?

CHLOE

No.

ALICE

See, that's the problem with you being so  
smart.

She kneels down and buckles Chloe in the seat.

ALICE (cont'd)

Tell you what. How 'bout you and Mommy  
pretend not to be scared.

CHLOE

What will that do?

ALICE

Well, if we're both really good at it,  
Daddy and Fat Elvis won't get scared too.

(whispering in Chloe's ear)

Because, to tell you the truth, I'm not  
sure they could handle it.

A small smile from Chloe. Little arms going around her  
mother.

ALICE (cont'd)

Ooooh, that's a good one. I love you,  
sweetie. See you in no time, ok?

She withdraws from the car. Nathan places Fat Elvis in  
Chloe's lap and shuts the door. He takes Alice's hands in his  
own. Kisses them. Then her.

NATHAN

What's "no time"?

ALICE

I don't know. I don't know anything.

EXT. STREET - MARYLEBONE - DAY

Eric Lasch ascends the steps of a vine-covered building in Marylebone. Key in the door, he notices a lone STREET SERVICES WORKER in a yellow jumpsuit across the street.

As if sensing Lasch's gaze, the man resumes the removal of some graffiti from the sidewalk with a high pressure water hose. Lasch watches him work a beat. Then enters...

INT. ERIC LASCH'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

A richly-appointed flat. He drops his keys on a side table and moves to the living room. He's puzzled at the drawn curtains... is about to throw them back when...

ALICE  
Leave them shut.

LASCH  
Al...??

He turns on the lights. His face fills with concern. Alice is crouched at a window, the 9mm in hand.

ALICE  
I think I may have unlocked a source for the enemy.

LASCH  
Come again?

ALICE  
I unlocked a source! Lethal intel that I gave to a stranger.  
(off Lasch's shock)  
I got played, Eric. He had today's control code. Today's encryption key. He-

LASCH  
Whoa, whoa, slow down. Who??

ALICE  
Frank Sutter. 'Least that's what he called himself. I *thought* he was with London Station. He asked me to do an interrogation. A courier for Yusef Khalifa.

LASCH  
The fist-shaker from Dalston?

Alice nods, her eyes tracking passing cars on the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE

The kid was carrying a message from the imam to an Islamic Liberation Brotherhood cell captain. I was asked to acquire their recognition protocol. Which I did.

LASCH

And...?

ALICE

And right after I broke the prisoner I get a call from the Chief of London Station asking me to do the exact same job. There's no Frank Sutter on his staff.

LASCH

Jesus.

ALICE

I tried to get the prisoner out, but I--  
(breaking off)  
There were bagmen there. I wasn't supposed to walk away.

She pulls back her hair to reveal a RED STRIPE on her neck.

LASCH

My God, Al.

ALICE

Yeah. Guess I'm gonna have to start going to church now.

Lasch walks down the hall. The sound of RUNNING WATER.

LASCH (O.S.)

You sure you weren't tailed?

ALICE

I was careful. No ghosts.

LASCH (O.S.)

Any idea who this Sutter guy is?

ALICE

No clue.

LASCH (O.S.)

Or why he'd hijack a CIA interrogation?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

ALICE

With what I gave him, he can claim to speak for the imam. The imam is the cell captain's control.

Lasch has returned with a damp towel. He sits beside her.

LASCH

Looks like I'm gonna miss Iron Chef tonight.

INT. CIA OFFICES - LANGLEY, VA - NIGHT

ALICE'S VOICE (V.O.)

Sir, would your prisoner happen to be a nineteen year old British national of Pakistani descent?

Neville and his officers are listening to PLAYBACK of Alice's PHONE CALL with London Station.

POLK'S VOICE (V.O.)

That's right. The fuck is going on??

ALICE'S VOICE (V.O.)

I'll call you back.

The HISS of dead air. Barrett stops the PLAYBACK.

BARRETT

The cell tower that routed the call was in central London. That's all we know.

NEVILLE

Ed? She's your C.O.

ROMLEY

She didn't show up at her cover job this morning. She's not at her house, not answering her cell, and we haven't been able to locate her husband and kid.

NEVILLE

What about the prisoner?

Payne and Barrett exchange an uncomfortable look.

PAYNE

We're having some trouble reaching the safe house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEVILLE  
Some trouble??

PAYNE  
Yes, sir. We've sent a team.

EXT. CIA SAFE HOUSE - HACKNEY MARSHES - DAY

A derelict house encircled by wetlands. The windows are boarded up, its bricks marred with graffiti.

Two unmarked CARS ease up. A half-dozen FIELD OFFICERS step out with guns and proceed quietly toward the structure.

INT. CIA SAFE HOUSE - DAY

The OFFICER on point reaches the front door. It creaks back on rusty hinges. Darkness inside. He leads the team in.

Another OFFICER flips a light switch. A single bulb comes alive at the end of a cord thrown over a beam. It swings in the wind coming in from outside, illuminating...

--the BODIES of a half dozen CIA OFFICERS cut down by bullets, crumpled around the room like abandoned dolls. Their faces are familiar: those MEN IN CAMO FATIGUES who first snatched the courier from his Vespa.

POINT OFFICER  
Sheila...?

He waves someone in from outside. A female OFFICER from the JRRU (Joint Research and Reports Unit) joins them, notebook and pen in hand. Asian. 20s. SHEILA CHEN.

INT. LASCH'S FLAT - DAY

Lasch is cleaning Alice's neck with the towel, the courier's blood-spray all over her top.

LASCH  
So what was the recognition protocol for the meet? Code, cypher... what?

ALICE  
A verse from the Koran.

LASCH  
And you gave it to Sutter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE

Yes.  
(wincing as Lasch works)  
But not the recitation.

LASCH

Recitation?

ALICE

The exact oral tradition to be used. The  
Koran has dozens. I was about to cough it  
up when London Station got a hold of me.

LASCH

Lucky.

ALICE

Only if it's part of the protocol. Could  
be completely irrelevant.

LASCH

But you got it?

ALICE

I got it, yeah.

LASCH

(nods)

You know, before you go calling Langley,  
you do know they'll want to bring you in?

ALICE

Good. I'm not safe.

LASCH

As a suspect, I mean.

ALICE

What are you saying?

LASCH

That while you're in a two-day debrief  
getting your story picked over, Frank  
Sutter--whoever he is--will have no one  
on him.

Finishing up, he stands.

LASCH (cont'd)

I'm gonna make us some tea.  
(re. Alice's appearance)  
And you should change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He exits the room. Alice left alone.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Alice sheds her top in a walnut-trimmed closet. She tears a strip from one of Lasch's neatly-folded handkerchiefs, his initials, *E.L.*, embroidered on it. Standing before the mirror in her bra, she rolls up the strip and applies it to her neck with tape.

The 9mm rests against the small of her back.

INT. KITCHEN

Flames lick the bottom of a kettle, its chrome surface REFLECTING Lasch in the kitchen. Then something else. A HUMAN SHADOW moving across the wall behind him.

INT. LASCH'S BEDROOM

Alice dons one of Lasch's sweaters. Offscreen, the tea kettle can be heard WHISTLING.

ALICE

You gonna get that, Eric?

No answer. The sound of GUNSHOTS spins her around. Drawing the nine, she darts out into...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

--where Lasch stumbles toward her. Ashen. Holding his side.

LASCH

Thought you weren't followed.

He falls into her, Alice easing him to the floor. SHADOWS dart across the hall near the entrance. With his free hand, Lasch FIRES at them with a revolver.

LASCH (cont'd)

Get out of here, Al.

ALICE

You're coming with me.

LASCH

(blood pushing through his fingers)

That's not looking likely.

A barrage of SHOTS. Lasch weakening. No longer able to return fire. Alice FIRES repeatedly with the nine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LASCH (cont'd)

Go!

Plaster EXPLODES over their heads. A moment between them.

And Alice flees.

EXT. LASCH'S FLAT - FIRE ESCAPE

Alice ducks through a window onto a fire escape. Keeping low, she shimmies toward the ladder, passing a window that offers a final glimpse into the house.

ALICE'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

--of Lasch in the hallway propped against the wall. One of Sutter's "AIDES" stands over him with a gun to his head. A SHOT. Lasch crumples.

The killer looks up to see Alice. He advances firing SHOTS, obliterating the window. Alice drops onto a steeply-pitched roof, rolling off in an avalanche of shingles into a patio.

Bullets strafe down from above, missing her as she ducks between buildings. Gone.

EXT. STREETS - MARYLEBONE - DAY

Alice on foot. Running like hell and looking over her shoulder. Safe?

No. An UNMARKED VAN suddenly tailing. She tries to shake it by cutting through traffic. HORNS. The van still with her. A row of double-decker busses ahead. Momentary cover as she vaults over a barricade...

STREET WORKERS (VARIOUS)

Oi! You can't go down--!

--and drops into an open manhole. She slides twenty feet down a ladder... which abruptly ends, Alice FALLING now, airborne in the darkness before...

INT. VICTORIAN SEWER SYSTEM - DAY

--landing with a SPLASH in a long-abandoned Victorian sewer system. Groaning, she picks herself up. Eyes adjusting to the low light. She heads down a tunnel of arched brick, her footfalls splashing in drainage water.

INT. CHAMBER - SEWER SYSTEM - LATER

Alice is crouched against the curved wall of an antechamber between tunnels. Crying. Trembling and holding her knees. Until...

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS

--approach from one of the tunnels. VOICES. Closing.

Alice takes off down another tunnel. A circular pool of light ahead. She reaches it. Another access chute to the surface.

INT. ACCESS CHUTE - DAY

She ascends the ladder... is almost at the top when the FLASHLIGHT BEAMS appear in the tunnel below. Then angle up into the chute. Directly at her. The KLACK of a MACHINE GUN safety being pulled back.

And Alice lets go! Dropping twenty feet onto...

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

--TWO MEN at the bottom. A vicious MELEE of fists and lights and splashing. Finally overwhelmed, Alice is yanked to her feet and slammed face-first into the side of the tunnel.

MAN #1 presses her face to the bricks, his machine gun slung over his shoulder.

MAN #1

Mind if we take that?

He relieves her of the nine. A beat, and his machine gun FIRES from his side. ANGLE: Alice's finger on the trigger, the BULLETS strafing the man's foot while at the same time...

Her elbow flies back twice--just a blur--breaking MAN #2's nose and putting him to sleep. Both men drop, MAN #1 holding a foot gushing blood. Alice takes her gun back.

ALICE

Yes.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Alice wriggles from a manhole. Runs out into...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

--where she's abruptly swept up by HUNDREDS OF SOCCER FANS, a DRUNKEN MOB spilling out into the streets after a match, SHOUTING and climbing over cars. Alice looks back to see...

Another UNMARKED VAN right there! But blocked by the crowd. MEN wearing ear pieces pour from it.

Alice threads through bodies to a bus stop. And onto...

INT. BENDY BUS - CONTINUOUS

--a double-length bus with an accordion middle. Packed. The aisle filled with drunken fans. As the bus lurches forward, she wedges her way back. Lewd commentary trails her. She crosses the mid-point and glances behind. The bus is bending around a corner. When the sections straighten out...

The men with earpieces are revealed on board. Alice presses onward. But the crowd is too tight. Her progress halted.

ALICE  
(drawing her gun)  
EVERYONE DOWN!

SCREAMS as passengers hit the floor. She FIRES TWICE, the rear window dropping in a spidered sheet. She vaults through the opening, hits the pavement...

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

--and rolls, cars swerving to avoid her. HORNS. She picks herself up and runs. Down a trench of apartment buildings by the river. That van suddenly behind her again. She sprints down a side street. More vans appearing in front of her now. Herding her into...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

An old warehouse converted into luxury flats. Alice tries the stairwell. Locked. She darts onto a FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

She jabs the button repeatedly, MEN seen rushing the elevator through a small window. It jerks upward. Cables CREAK.

INT. 5TH FLOOR HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING

The gate slams back and Alice darts out. A long hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She takes off in one direction only to see her pursuers step from the stairwell at the far end. She reverses. Rounds a corner. A chained roof door. Dead end!

But SOMEONE in a hooded sweatshirt is backing out of a flat with an armful of goods--stereo equipment, valuables, jewelry, etc. He feels a 9mm pressed to the back of his neck.

ALICE

That cold metal ring you're feeling is  
just what you think it is.

(pressing harder)

Back inside.

INT. FLAT - CONTINUOUS

She hustles him in and shuts the door. JACK ALCOTT (30s) sets down the loot. He sheds his hood. Handsome.

JACK

Not that you care, but I only picked this  
flat 'cause your door was open.

ALICE

You're robbing it??

JACK

Well, technically, I haven't taken  
anything yet, have I.

Alice goes to the window. Sees those vans outside. Lifts a magazine from a table and picks up the phone.

JACK (cont'd)

Aw, c'mon. Not the police.

Someone comes on the line. Alice adopting a frantic voice in a flawless English accent.

ALICE

Yeah, I just got home and I think my  
boyfriend might've overdosed on  
something. He's not moving.

(reading the magazine's label)

Eleven twenty, Westcott Road, number  
five oh nine. Please hurry!

She hangs up. Flips the gun around in her palm.

JACK

Who are you talking about??

WHACK!, she strikes him to the floor with the gun.



INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - BENEATH THE BUILDING

PARAMEDICS roll Jack on a gurney into the back of an AMBULANCE. Alice climbs in after them.

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING

The ambulance ascends a ramp to street level. Alice plays the distraught girlfriend.

ALICE

It's the crank. I hide his pipe, but he always finds it.

(to Jack)

You stupid, *stupid* motherfucker!

Jack GROANS, the paramedics working on him.

PARAMEDIC

What'd you say his name is?

ALICE

Victor.

PARAMEDIC

(to Jack)

Victor, can you hear me? We need to know what you've been using today?

ALICE

The dealer's down the hall. I think he's selling Victor bad shit. He's got this fat girlfriend who'll sleep with anything that moves, and, frankly, I'm not so sure she and Victor haven't been--

PARAMEDIC

Ma'am? I'm gonna need you not to talk.

Alice complies. She steals a glance out the rear window. The building--and the threat--recedes.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - LATER

The ambulance sits under trees just off the road.

A TRAFFIC OFFICER approaches it on foot. A tire iron is jammed through the rear door handles. POUNDING and YELLING from inside, the paramedics' angry faces in the windows.

EXT. STREET - SOHO - DAY

Jack keys open a door next to a garishly-painted sex shop. Holding his rucksack, Alice follows him up steep stairs, then down a corridor and into...

INT. JACK'S FLAT - DAY

--a modest flat in a horseshoe-shaped building. Three stories of identical bay windows line a common courtyard.

ALICE

Sit down. Hands on your knees where I can see them.

JACK

What, so you can hit me again? Fuck that.

ALICE

I'm not gonna hit you.

Jack remains standing. Alice waves the gun.

ALICE (cont'd)

But I will shoot you if you don't sit down.

Jack does. Alice goes to check the bedroom. Then the kitchen. A mountain of dishes in the sink.

JACK

I would've cleaned up, but I wasn't expecting a kidnapping today.

Alice locates a roll of plastic wrap. Walks back in and motions with the gun.

ALICE

Into the bedroom.

JACK

You just told me to sit down.

ALICE

I'm fickle. Move.

Jack walks down the hall into the bedroom. Alice behind him.

ALICE (cont'd)

Hands around the radiator pipe there.

JACK

Is this *really* necessary?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With the plastic wrap, Alice binds his wrists around the pipe. Next, she dumps the contents of his rucksack on the bed: A crowbar. A flashlight. Lock picking tools. She opens his wallet and examines his license.

ALICE

Jack Alcott. I'll be out of here in no time.

JACK

(flatly)

Mi casa es su casa.

ALICE

Sock drawer?

JACK

What?

ALICE

I need a pair of socks. Preferably clean.

JACK

The dresser.

Alice checks the dresser drawers.

JACK (cont'd)

Who are you??

ALICE

A case officer for the CIA.

JACK

Brilliant. Tell me, have you stopped taking any medications recently?

Alice locates a pair of socks. Jack still amused.

JACK (cont'd)

At what point do the men in white coats arrive to take you away?

ALICE

Sorry about this.

A sock goes in his mouth and is secured by plastic wrap. Alice exits, closing the door on Jack's MUFFLED SCREAMS.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - JACK'S BUILDING - DAY

That CROWBAR pries a padlock off a basement utility room. Alice enters with Jack's flashlight, the BEAM falling on furnaces and ducts.

INT. CIA OFFICES - CORRIDOR - LANGLEY

Romley's ASSISTANT runs in heels down a hallway into...

INT. NEVILLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

--passing by a SECRETARY who tries to stop her...

SECRETARY

They're in a meeting.

--to burst into an office where Romley and Neville look up.

ASSISTANT

I've got Alice Racine on line six. She convinced a watch officer to patch her through to security.

NEVILLE

About fucking time.

ASSISTANT

They've traced the call.

NEVILLE

What's our grab team ETA?

ASSISTANT

Too long, sir. MI5 had people closer. We gave them the ball.

Neville frowns and punches line six. Alice on SPEAKERPHONE.

NEVILLE

Alice? Bob Neville, Chief of Operations for Europe. I'm here with Ed Romley.

ROMLEY

Where are you, Alice?

ALICE (V.O.)

On a land line, so let's presume we all know the answer to that question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTERCUT

--with Alice on Jack's phone, alert at the windows, the bedroom door closed behind her at end of the hall.

ROMLEY

Where are your husband and daughter?

ALICE

Like I said, this line isn't secure, and someone wants me dead.

NEVILLE

Who wants you dead?

ALICE

Whoever tasked me with interrogating a terrorist courier at the Paddington Continental.

NEVILLE

Our prisoner?

ALICE

Former prisoner, yes, sir.

NEVILLE

Were you successful?

ALICE

I acquired the primary intel requirement, if that's what you're asking: Recognition protocol for the courier's meet with Umar Ghozi.

NEVILLE

What about the where and when?

ALICE

The kid didn't have it. Presumably, someone will ping him.

ROMLEY

And where's the prisoner now?

ALICE

Dead. I made it to case officer Eric Lasch's flat, but we were stormed before I could report in. Eric was killed.

NEVILLE

Christ.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALICE

May I ask a question, sir? Before you lost him, did the prisoner have ample security?

NEVILLE

A full detail.

ALICE

And support personnel were...?

NEVILLE

Need-to-know only.

ALICE

Yet the op was still breached.

Neville and Romley exchange a look.

NEVILLE

You're saying there's inside involvement.

ALICE

I'm saying they had yesterday's control codes to get me to drop cover. How else does that happen?

REMAIN ON ALICE

--at Jack's window, opposing flats visible across the courtyard.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

Alright, we need to bring you in, Alice. Get to our embassy. See Mitch Fillmore in State. Only him. He'll have been briefed.

ALICE

Sir...?

NEVILLE (V.O.)

Yes?

ALICE

I know you'll need to vet what I've just told you. I know that until you do, I'm to be considered a--

ROMLEY (V.O.)

No one's thinking that way here, Alice.

ALICE

Really? Because it's your job to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Watching something now, she hangs up.

ALICE'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW

--of a flat across the courtyard. A dozen MEN with guns have just burst in. A TERRIFIED WOMAN drops her coffee cup. She's thrown to the floor and swarmed.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - SAME TIME

ANGLE: A METAL ROUTING BOX in the building's basement, its cover pried off. Two of the PHONE LINES have been crossed.

INT. NEVILLE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

A DIAL TONE through the speaker.

NEVILLE

Where'd she go? Did they get her??

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Alice enters. Still bound to the radiator, Jack has his ear to the bedside telephone which he's managed to knock to the floor with his feet. He's heard everything.

ALICE

Not smart.

She kicks the phone away and raises a kitchen knife. Jack's eyes go wide over the plastic wrap gag. Alice cuts it off.

ALICE (cont'd)

Gotta go.

Jack extracts the sock from his mouth. Coughing.

JACK

You were actually telling the truth??

ALICE

What do you know, huh?

JACK

Whoa, whoa, you're just gonna leave me here? Where's the trust?

ALICE

You are *so* asking the wrong person right now.

She jams a fresh clip in the 9mm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE (cont'd)  
Goodbye, Jack. Stay out of trouble.  
(as she exits)  
And the trust is by your right foot.

ANGLE: The knife on the carpet within Jack's reach.

INT. STAIRWELL - JACK'S BUILDING

Alice descends. Is almost to the street when...

MORE MEN WITH GUNS

--rush up the stairs past her. PLAINCLOTHES OFFICERS. One grabs her firmly by the arm.

OFFICER  
Security Service. We're searching the building. Back to your flat, please.

INT. HALLWAY - JACK'S BUILDING

Alice steps from the stairwell into another hall. MI5 OFFICERS can be seen in both directions. The place is teeming with them now, knocking on doors and entering flats.

Alice ducks into...

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--where she removes laundry from a dryer, dumps it on a sorting table and starts folding. TWO MI5 OFFICERS enter.

OFFICER #1  
Miss, you can't be in here.

One of their RADIOS squawks:

RADIO VOICE  
*Hey Stan, check your mobile. The customer is viewable.*

OFFICER #2 flips open his cell. An image -- ALICE'S FACE.

ALICE (O.S.)  
Weapons and radios on the table.

They look up to see a towel fall away from Alice's 9mm. OFFICER #1 shows his hands, his voice soothing:

OFFICER #1  
Easy with that, yeah?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He sets his gun on the table. OFFICER #2 is reaching for his when he suddenly...

Flips the table into Alice's face, her gun BLOWING a hole in it. Before she can fire again, a billy club sends it flying.

OFFICER #2 swings again, the billy club HISSING over Alice's head to hit a dryer door. Glass CRACKS. More swings. Alice catches one, twists the weapon free and, CRACK, takes out OFFICER #2's knee. He drops, Alice spinning toward the other officer when...

Something hits her in the chest. Her eyes follow TWO THIN WIRES to a TASER in OFFICER #1's hand. A loud POP as the wires surge with CURRENT. Alice convulses and goes down.

ALICE'S POV - LOOKING UP FROM THE FLOOR

--as OFFICER #1 retracts the taser. Her vision is BLURRED, her ears RINGING. OFFICER #1 picks up his gun and raises his radio:

OFFICER #1 (cont'd)  
This is Adams. I've got the customer.

Suddenly, he's swept from Alice's field of vision. The SOUNDS of a STRUGGLE. Alice turning her head to see:

JACK AND THE OFFICER

--exchanging blows, the officer shoving Jack against the machines and raising his gun. A SHOT misses, the bullet ZINGING off metal as Jack slides behind him. When the officer pivots after him...

His face meets a dryer door, Jack SLAMMING it like a battering ram, THREE QUICK BLOWS that turn the glass RED. As the officer crumples, Jack plucks his gun free and drops to a military crouch to cover the door.

Gun trained on the entry, he backs up to Alice who remains twitching on the floor.

JACK  
I am so going to regret this.

He kneels to lift her, Alice losing consciousness as...

THE SCREEN BLEEDS WHITE

EXT. MI5 OFFICES - THAMES HOUSE - DAY

A massive pre-War complex on Millbank Road, home to Britain's Security Service.

INT. MALCOLM KNOWLES' OFFICE

An MI5 OFFICER in a smartly-tailored suit faces Bob Neville in a secure VIDEO FEED with Langley.

NEVILLE

How the fuck did you miss her!?

MALCOLM KNOWLES (40s, close cut blonde hair) doesn't ruffle easily, his response measured and calm.

KNOWLES

Are you asking, or complaining?

NEVILLE

Both.

KNOWLES

She had help.

NEVILLE

Who?

KNOWLES

We're working on it.

NEVILLE

(flatly)

Beautiful.

KNOWLES

She's your stray, Bob, not ours. And it would've helped if you'd brought us in sooner.

NEVILLE

Sooner we couldn't reach her. Sooner she was unlocking the courier for someone else.

KNOWLES

You actually think she's turned??

NEVILLE

It's a scenario.

KNOWLES

C'mon, Bob. *She* called you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEVILLE

I didn't say it was likely. Just that, as of yet, we can't eliminate it.

KNOWLES

You're wasting your time.

NEVILLE

Maybe, but she's the last person to see the courier alive, she's actively evading a post-incident debrief and she's floating a breach theory that, quite frankly--

KNOWLES

Has it been ruled out?

NEVILLE

What?

KNOWLES

Her breach theory?

A beat. Neville looking away from camera a little.

NEVILLE

We're working on it.

KNOWLES

(flatly right back)  
Beautiful.

NEVILLE

Goodbye, Malcolm.

REMAIN on Neville...

INT. NEVILLE'S OFFICE

--as he hangs up and barks at his SECRETARY:

NEVILLE

Research and Reports, London. Now!

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

A sprawling monolith in Grosvenor Square, its entrance topped by a gilded eagle with wings spread wide.

CAPTION: AMERICAN EMBASSY, JOINT RESEARCH AND REPORTS UNIT

INT. JRRU OFFICES - U.S. EMBASSY

Neville's face now appears on another VIDEO FEED, this time with SHEILA CHEN, seen earlier at the safe house massacre.

NEVILLE

Ms. Chen, you're writing the op  
misadventure report, correct?

SHEILA

Yes, sir. Almost done.

NEVILLE

Gimme a preview, will you.

SHEILA

Stun grenades softened our guards, then  
snipers dropped them from outside. They  
had the prisoner out in seconds.

NEVILLE

A textbook extraction in other words.

SHEILA

No question.

A beat. Sheila adding:

SHEILA (cont'd)

By at least six shooters.

NEVILLE

(frowning)

Thank you, Ms. Chen.

He ends the feed, Sheila left there in front of a blue  
screen. Someone passes her open door. Sheila calling out:

SHEILA

Jeremy...?

A research TECH (JEREMY, 20's) reverses and leans in.

SHEILA (cont'd)

'Mind running a cross-ref search for me?

JEREMY

Of what?

SHEILA

Level-five employees and the view log for  
Alice Racine's red file.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat. *That* got his attention.

JEREMY

Is someone climbing out of her playpen today?

SHEILA

Just reaching through the bars a little.

JEREMY

(broadening smile)  
This a mole hunt?

SHEILA

Course not. We're Research and Reports.  
That's not what we do here.

EXT. SOHO SQUARE - LONDON - DAY

ALICE'S EYES pop open with a SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH. She's lying on a bench in a small wooded square.

JACK (O.S.)

You ok?

At which point we reveal her head is in Jack's lap. She leaps up unsteadily. Jack hands her a bottle of water.

JACK (cont'd)

Strike that. Dumb question. How do you feel?

Alice just looks at him. Guzzles half the bottle.

JACK (cont'd)

Right. Also a dumb question.

ALICE

How'd we get out?

JACK

The roof. The buildings adjoin.

ALICE

Why'd you help me?

JACK

What's that thing called when a hostage starts to identify with his kidnapper?

ALICE

Stockholm syndrome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK  
Right. Well, that wasn't it.  
(then, serious)  
That phone call was enough to convince  
anyone. I couldn't just sit there, could  
I?

ALICE  
Most people would've.

JACK  
Most people are spectators.

ALICE  
Hm-hmm. Who trained you?

JACK  
Trained me?

ALICE  
To drop that MI5 officer like that?

JACK  
Saw that, did you?

ALICE  
Enough.

JACK  
SAS. Six years. Not their poster child,  
I'm afraid.  
(then, puzzled)  
MI5??

Alice nods.

ALICE  
Our governments are already talking to  
each other.

JACK  
'Mind telling me what about?

ALICE  
It's classified.

She turns and walks briskly off. Jack running after her.

JACK  
Hey, what'd I just do for you!?

ALICE  
You have my gratitude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

Yeah, well, I'll trade it for what the fuck is going on in my own backyard that involves the CIA, dead prisoners and terrorists!?

ALICE

I told you, it's classified.

JACK

Then why don't you do what you're supposed to?

CLICK, the sound of round being chambered. Alice stops. Turns around to see her gun in Jack's hand. He flips it around and hands it to her.

JACK (cont'd)

I've heard too much.

Alice takes the gun. Gently releases its slide.

ALICE

Go home, Jack.

JACK

I'm an unknown variable now. Tactically, it's a no brainer.

ALICE

What'd I just say?

JACK

So the stakes aren't high enough?

ALICE

They're high enough.

JACK

Prove it.

He advances on her. Alice instinctively raising the gun. Jack walking up to it, his chest meeting the barrel. A beat.

JACK (cont'd)

I can help you, Alice. Like I said, I'm no poster child, but I've got six years in Special Ops and it's clear both our governments are playing catch up.

ALICE

I told you to go home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

I am home. Are you??

The moment hangs there. Alice reading his face. And slowly lowering the gun.

ALICE

There's going to be a terror attack here in London. I think someone inside my Agency is involved.

(turning to the street)

If you want to know more, that makes two of us.

She hails a cab and climbs in. Jack ducks in behind her.

EXT. DEAD END STREET - BROMLEY - DAY

Cobblestones and row houses. An abandoned plastic factory blocks the end of the street, its windows opaque with soot.

INT. PLASTIC FACTORY - BROMLEY - DAY

Among the debris on the factory floor are several mattresses. Blankets and fast-food cartons indicate people have been staying here. We move into...

INT. BACK ROOM - PLASTIC FACTORY

--where a MOLECULAR BIOLOGIST is hunched over an airtight Plexiglas box. Rubber sleeves with gloves allow him to handle its contents: those thick ALUMINUM EYEGLASS FRAMES worn by the RUSSIAN TRAVELER seen earlier leaving Moscow...

--who now waits against a wall enjoying a cigarette.

With a micro-screwdriver, the biologist removes a tiny cap at the end of one of the eyeglass arms. It has been hollowed out, housing a thin VIAL OF GRAY POWDER.

Next, he uses a syringe to apply a drop of water to a glass slide. He opens the vial and, using surgical tweezers, adds a few grains of the powder to the water. He places the slide under a microscope, also inside the box.

EXTREME MACRO SHOT - THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

--of what the biologist sees: DRIED THREADLIKE PARTICLES, their ends curled in tiny loops.

The biologist looks up in awe. And fear. Nods to...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

A FIGURE IN ROBES

--now revealed to be sitting in the corner of the room.  
Thirties. Bearded, with a bare upper lip. UMAR GHOZI.

EXT. CAB/STREET - TOTTENHAM - DAY

ALICE (V.O.)  
Right here's good.

Alice and Jack climb out. Approach a crowded building through  
loitering DRUG DEALERS who eye them warily.

INT. COUNCIL ESTATE - CORRIDOR

Alice knocks on a door. The sound of YELLING and a BABY  
CRYING behind it. A SOMALI WOMAN in a head scarf opens it.

ALICE  
'Afternoon, ma'am. Is Amjad home?

AMJAD'S MOTHER  
Amjad...!?

Amjad, the Somali minicab driver posing as a job placement  
candidate, steps into the hall behind her. He holds a BABY  
under one arm, the infant incongruous with his wide-boy  
attire. He hands her off to his GIRLFRIEND.

GIRLFRIEND  
I just cooked for you. Where you goin'!?

AMJAD  
Just kick back, ok!? She's from the  
Center!

EXT. ROOFTOP - COUNCIL ESTATE

A rooftop overlooks a landscape of identical brick buildings.  
Alice and Amjad converse. A handler and her source.

AMJAD  
Who's he?

Across the roof, Jack has a smoke.

ALICE  
An asset.

AMJAD  
I don't know him, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE  
I'm vouching.

Amjad nods. Pulls his hood over his ever-present yellow baseball cap.

AMJAD  
My cousin's flat is quiet now. No more noise from the neighbors, 'knowwhatImean?

ALICE  
Glad I could help.

AMJAD  
Ditto. So what's it today?

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

On his cell phone now, Amjad paces near the roof edge. Alice and Jack waiting.

ALICE  
He's not devout but he has friends who are. Friends inside Khalifa's mosque.

Amjad flips his phone shut and walks back over to them.

AMJAD  
There's a private garden in Finsbury Park. Near Woodfall road, yeah? He has his tea there most every day.

Alice checks her watch.

ALICE  
Still time to get there.

AMJAD  
By public transport?? You're floating.  
(Alice just looking at him)  
Yeah, ok. Lemme tell Noma.

INT. AMJAD'S MINICAB - MOVING FAST

Somali HIP-HOP thumps from the stereo of Amjad's private hire taxi. Alice and Jack are squeezed in the back, a child safety seat between them.

ALICE  
Your little girl is precious.

AMJAD  
Told you, didn't I.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE  
(re. the safety seat)  
Her seat's in wrong. It needs to be rear-facing at her age.

AMJAD  
How's she supposed to see me?

ALICE  
She's not. It's a safety thing.

AMJAD  
(honking at traffic)  
So when can she face front again?

ALICE  
Depends on her weight.

AMJAD  
When was it for yours?

ALICE  
She was two.

AMJAD  
Two!? I ain't happy wif that, man.  
(tapping the rear view mirror)  
Won't be able to see that angel face of hers.

Alice looks out the window, thoughts of Chloe weighing heavily.

EXT. WALLED GARDEN - FINSBURY PARK - DAY

A walled garden occupies a square between a cluster of apartment towers. Two BODYGUARDS stand post at its gate.

BINOCULARS POV - of the guards, Jack's VOICE heard:

JACK (V.O.)  
Two at the door. More inside, probably.

BINOCULARS POV - RISING to find a MAN with a rifle perched in the window of one of the towers. PANNING to another tower, a SECOND MAN is seen similarly perched.

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)  
And two in the rafters.

INT. AMJAD'S MINICAB - CONTINUOUS

He lowers the binoculars and hands them to Alice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

This imam of yours... Not the kind of man  
you just stroll up to, is he?

They're parked down the street. In front of a SMALL HOTEL.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY

A WAITRESS stands by while a COOK prepares a tray for tea.

EXT. ALLEY - KITCHEN ENTRANCE

Carrying the tray, the waitress descends steps into an alley.

ALICE (O.S.)

Don't make a sound and nothing bad will  
happen to you.

Alice steps from behind a parked car, gun visible at her  
side. Jack takes the tray from the terrified girl.

ALICE (cont'd)

And your apron, please.

EXT. WALLED GARDEN - GATE - MINUTES LATER

Now wearing the server's apron, Alice approaches the gate  
carrying the tray. The BODYGUARDS block her.

BODYGUARD #1

Where's Emily?

ALICE

(English accent)

Sick today.

INT. TOWER FLAT - SAME TIME

From his perch overlooking the garden, one of those MEN with  
a rifle watches alertly as the BODYGUARDS scan Alice with a  
wand, then push back the gate to allow her entrance.

A NOISE behind him. He turns to see...

Jack's elbow come flying in like a hammer. The man crumples.  
Jack grabs the rifle and puts his eye to the scope.

EXT. WALLED GARDEN - SAME TIME

China clinks on the tray as Alice proceeds. Yusef Khalifa is  
alone at a garden table reading the paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alice is twenty yards away when another BODYGUARD blocks her. He examines the tray's contents. Takes it from her and delivers it to the imam's table. At which point Alice SHOUTS OUT in Arabic (SUBTITLED):

ALICE (IN ARABIC)  
Your courier's dead.

KLA-KLAK, the *SECOND* MAN in a window loads a round... is training his rifle on Alice when, POOF, a spray of blood bursts from his neck and he falls from view.

--in the opposing tower, Jack reloads and swings the weapon to cover Alice.

The bodyguard, aware he's in Jack's crosshairs, stands frozen. Khalifa nods. The bodyguard withdraws.

Alice approaches Khalifa. Sits down across.

KHALIFA  
This is a private garden.

ALICE  
Good. This is a private conversation.

KHALIFA  
An American woman in London who speaks flawless Arabic. Who are you?

ALICE  
CIA. My name is Alice.

Khalifa appraises her a moment. He stirs his tea.

KHALIFA  
This courier? Perhaps he is not mine.

ALICE  
Said Panhwar. He carried your instructions for Umar Khozi.

KHALIFA  
(giving nothing away)  
Go on.

ALICE  
Do you know an American named Frank Sutter?

KHALIFA  
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALICE

He kidnapped Said. Tricked me into  
obtaining what's needed for Ghozi's  
trust: The Koran, sura 111, verse 4.

The cleric's face goes grave.

KHALIFA

This Frank Sutter, did he ask you to  
obtain my instructions for Ghozi?

ALICE

No.

KHALIFA

His must differ from mine, then. It  
stands to reason, does it not?

(Alice nodding)

Do you wish to hear mine?

ALICE

Please.

KHALIFA

*My dearest brother in Islam, the time has  
not yet come. As is written in the Maxims  
of Ali, "Of bitter patience is the fruit  
success."*

ALICE

You didn't order an attack??

KHALIFA

Does that shock you?

ALICE

Restraint isn't your reputation.

KHALIFA

Restraint isn't yours.

ALICE

I am not my government.

KHALIFA

And I am not my religion.

(a beat)

Let me give you a hypothetical, Alice:  
Say an imam saw what was happening to his  
dear religion in the eyes of a horrified  
world. Say, quietly, over time, he came  
to believe he had been wrong about how to  
best serve his faith.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KHALIFA (cont'd)

His outrage at the West, at its cultural perversions, at its intrusion into our most sacred lands, this remained, but he was no longer willing to sacrifice the face of Islam to appease it.

He sips his tea.

KHALIFA (cont'd)

Yet say years of a less-measured position had earned him the trust of believers still engaged in a global jihad, men who think nothing of how they represent our faith, only of their own place in heaven after leaving hell behind for the rest of us. Tell me, this imam, should he break ties with them and by so doing, forgo his influence among would-be killers? Or should he take every opportunity to stay their terrible hand?

ALICE

What do I think? I think you're playing God.

KHALIFA

Better than playing the Devil. Or perhaps becoming him in the pursuit of our enemies. No enemy is worth that, wouldn't you agree?

The words hang there, their impact seen in Alice's face.

ALICE

You want an opportunity?? Tell me where and when your courier was supposed to meet Umar Khozi.

KHALIFA

I can't; it is not information I control.

ALICE

Who does?

KHALIFA

Khozi. Only when he is ready will he make contact.

ALICE

He contacts you?

KHALIFA

(shakes his head)

My courier. Each link is separate.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KHALIFA (cont'd)  
You understand such measures, yes? Your  
own agency employs them.

EXT. DEAD END STREET - BROMLEY - DAY

Neighborhood CHILDREN are playing soccer on the cobblestones.

INT. PLASTIC FACTORY - SAME TIME

The Russian zips up a duffel bag stuffed with euro notes. He exits past Umar Ghazi and several serious-looking CELL MEMBERS. One we may recognize from the film's opening montage: a GAUNT FILIPINO YOUTH. He waits patiently as...

The biologist checks a rising PRESSURE GAUGE on a medium-sized GAS CYLINDER. A motorized pump is attached to it. WHIRRING. Satisfied with the reading, he seals the cylinder's valve and unhooks the pump.

GHOZI (IN ARABIC)  
It is ready?

BIOLOGIST (IN ARABIC)  
Yes.

He steps back cautiously. The Filipino approaches the cylinder and unzips a rucksack.

EXT. PANHWAR'S FISH-AND-CHIPS SHOP - POPLAR - DUSK

A fish-and-chips shop in a bleak East London district. Alice can be seen inside speaking to the OWNER behind the counter. We're seeing this from...

INT. AMJAD'S MINICAB

--where Jack and Amjad wait, Amjad still wary of Jack. Both of them watching Alice. A beat.

JACK  
How long have you known her?

AMJAD  
Long enough, blood. You?

JACK  
Not long enough.

AMJAD  
Yeah? Why you doin' this, then?

JACK  
Been asking myself the same thing.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

AMJAD

And...?

JACK

She's made a strong impression on me in a short period of time.

Amjad smiles. Warming a little.

AMJAD

Yeah. She does that. Most definitely.

The car door opens and Alice slides in the back.

ALICE

Balfron Tower.

EXT. BALFRON TOWER - DUSK

Thirty stories of concrete. Babel-esque. A city unto itself.

INT. BALFRON TOWER - 26TH FLOOR CORRIDOR

Alice squeezes her way out of a crowded elevator and into a corridor NOISY with shouting, TV's and crying infants.

INT. FLAT 2609 - BALFRON TOWER

Alice rings a BUZZER. A compact Pakistani woman, MRS. PANHWAR (40'S), opens the door to the length of a chain.

ALICE (IN ARABIC)

Hello, I'm from the Gold Crescent Community Center.

She hands the woman a business card from the Center.

ALICE (cont'd)

I'm looking for Saiid. I just spoke to your husband. He said he might be home.

MRS. PANHWAR

No. I'm sorry.

Her manner is guarded, her English heavily-accented. Through the gap, Saiid's SISTERS can be seen watching TV.

MRS. PANHWAR (cont'd)

Why do you need him?

ALICE

He didn't tell you? About the scholarship?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. PANHWAR  
Scholarship? No.  
(warms, unhooks the chain)  
Please. Come in.

INT. FLAT 2609 - BALFRON TOWER

CLOSE on a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of Said.

MRS. PANHWAR  
Here he is in lower sixth form. You see  
what a happy boy he is?

Alice can barely bring herself to look at it. Mrs. Panhwar  
returns the frame to its place among other family photos.

MRS. PANHWAR (cont'd)  
He has not mentioned your Center.

ALICE  
We have volunteers at mosques. A youth  
minister at Said's, Khalid Ofrit,  
recommended him for educational aid.

MRS. PANHWAR  
I must call to thank him.

ALICE  
Said tells me you have had a wedding in  
the family.

Mrs. Panhwar beams. Looks over at her daughters watching TV.

MRS. PANHWAR  
My oldest. They are close. Well, perhaps  
not so much now, but they were. My son is  
serious about Islam. Too serious, maybe.  
He tells his sisters they have sold out.  
The UK has infected them, he says.

ALICE  
He is young.

MRS. PANHWAR  
Yes. It will pass. Praise be to Allah, I  
have a good Muslim boy. He reminds me why  
it is good to be a mother.

She smiles, her eyes filled with love.

ALICE  
May I use your bathroom?

INT. BATHROOM

Alice cups water onto her face to rinse away tears.

INT. HALLWAY - FLAT 2609

Alice steps from the bathroom. With a precautionary glance in Mrs. Panhwar's direction, she crosses into...

INT. SAIID'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

--a narrow neatly-kept room. A prayer rug is on the floor beneath a window. With the exception of a *HALO 3* video game poster, there are few signs of teenage occupancy.

A computer HUMS on a small desk. Alice reboots it. An E-MAIL ICON flashes. She clicks... scrolls through an inbox full of MESSAGES. One in particular grabs her attention...

A MATCH.COM EMAIL

--sent within the hour. The SENDER is pictured as a smiling Caucasian girl, the image incongruous with the ARABIC TEXT of the message. Alice's eyes move over it.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Alice slips out, Mrs. Panhwar can be HEARD on the phone.

MRS. PANHWAR (IN ARABIC) (O.S.)  
When you get this, call me. Where are  
you, Said?? Your father is worried.

INT. PLASTIC FACTORY - DUSK

Umar Khozi and the others have cleared out. Only the biologist remains. He wears a white spacesuit now, a precautionary measure while disassembling his equipment.

A HISS of air as he unseals the Plexiglas box. Reaching in with double-gloved hands, he deposits the contents into clear vacuum pouches marked *biohazard*. His movements are slow. Precise. First, the microscope. Then the eye glass frames.

He's lifting the vial, the thin glass tube held gingerly between thumb and index finger, when...

A SOCCER BALL SHATTERS A WINDOW BEHIND HIM

--and bounces across the factory floor. The vial slips from his fingers to shatter at his feet and dust the cement with gray powder.

(CONTINUED)

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The biologist freezes. His BREATHING quickens inside the spacesuit as he watches the powder disperse in the draft. LAUGHTER. He looks up sharply to see...

Those neighborhood CHILDREN standing there, giggling at his strange attire.

A FRECKLE-FACED BOY retrieves the ball.

EXT. THAMES HOUSE - MI5 OFFICES - NIGHT

A gate lifts. A vintage MG ROADSTER pops from an underground garage and zips off.

INT. MINICAB - FOLLOWING

ALICE  
There. There. The green MG.

JACK  
You're losing him.

AMJAD  
I see him, blood. Kick back, bof of you.

He cranks the wheel to follow the MG down a side street.

INT. MG - NIGHT

The driver is MALCOLM KNOWLES, the MI5 officer seen earlier. He's idling at a light when, WHAM, he's SLAMMED from behind.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

He gets out and examines his bumper. Scowling, he walks back to the minicab and raps on the window. Staring straight ahead, Amjad keeps his window rolled up. Knowles raps harder.

KNOWLES  
You need to get out of the car!

At which point the back door flies open and he's dragged kicking into the back seat. Amjad floors it.

INT. MINICAB - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Knowles is thrashing wildly in Jack's grasp when...

ALICE  
It's alright, Malcolm. It's me. Alice.

Knowles instantly stops thrashing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNOWLES

Alice...??

EXT. THAMES - RIVER BANK - NIGHT

Alice and Knowles converse by the river, a railway trestle bridge overhead. Jack and Amjad share a smoke by the minicab.

KNOWLES

Who are they?

ALICE

At the moment, all I've got.

KNOWLES

Quite a few people from both our governments are looking for you. Langley's saying you're no longer in their control.

ALICE

It's temporary.

KNOWLES

Do you know where I was all afternoon? In a Cobra meeting at Number Ten.

ALICE

I take it my name came up.

KNOWLES

Often. I defended your honor, of course, though as your husband's old roommate at Cambridge, it was noted more than once I'm not an objective party.

ALICE

Why do you think I'm talking to you?

KNOWLES

(nods)

The Home Secretary is committing every available asset to this. All conceivable soft targets are being assessed for--

ALICE

You're guessing, in other words?

KNOWLES

Some are more likely than others.

ALICE

Just say it, Malcolm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

77.

KNOWLES

We're guessing.

ALICE

Well, don't. I've found fresh tracks.  
Highgate cemetery. Khalifa's courier just  
got an email instructing him to be there.

KNOWLES

We were told his courier's dead.

ALICE

He is. I'm intercepting.

KNOWLES

Assuming I don't arrest you.

ALICE

Assuming you don't arrest me.

A beat. The river sliding lazily by.

KNOWLES

Highgate cemetery, you said?

ALICE

At oh-seven hundred.

KNOWLES

I'll get a team together.

ALICE

Your best, Malcolm. 'We spook these  
people and we're fucked.

KNOWLES

You're talking to MI5's head of domestic  
surveillance.

ALICE

I know who I'm talking to.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - JRRU OFFICES - NIGHT

Jeremy, that research tech, falls in beside Sheila Chen  
walking down a hallway.

JEREMY

A little something from Santa.  
(handing her a print-out)  
Your cross-ref search of Level Fives  
sniffing around in Alice Racine's red  
file.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEILA  
You rock, Jeremy!

JEREMY  
You're just lucky I'm a relativist when  
it comes to Embassy rules.

SHEILA  
You're disgruntled and underpaid.

JEREMY  
That too.

SHEILA  
(glancing at the print-out)  
Twenty-two names??

JEREMY  
Yeah, but check it. Twenty-one are in  
Clandestine Aid.  
(pointing to the list)  
Document assistance, bank account feeds,  
dead drops. All normal covert support.

SHEILA  
And the twenty-second?

Jeremy hands her a file.

JEREMY  
This guy. Agency ID number only. His  
branch, department and station assignment  
are nowhere in the system.  
(a beat, smiling)  
Just how far outside the playpen do you  
want to reach?

ANGLE: a PHOTO clipped to the file -- of that STREET SERVICES  
WORKER Eric Lasch noticed removing graffiti outside his flat,  
his jumpsuit here traded for pinstripes.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAWN

Night gives way to a purple sky. An MI5 SURVEILLANCE RV rolls  
through the city's empty streets. Amjad's minicab follows.

INT. AMJAD'S MINICAB - MOVING

Behind the wheel, a groggy Amjad is sucking down Starbucks.

AMJAD  
I must be dumb as fuck agreein' to this.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ALICE

If Ghazi has spotters there, they'll be expecting a young male.

AMJAD

(re. Jack)

What's wrong wif him??

ALICE

Young male.

JACK

(flatly)

Thanks. 'Appreciate that.

AMJAD

Tell me again... How 'we know Ghazi himself ain't gonna show?

ALICE

Because the email's fifteen hours old.

(off Amjad's look)

When snakes come out of the woodpile, they don't put out a flyer the day before.

AMJAD

Yeah, ok. Watch it just be some online stranger-bonk thing.

ALICE

At a graveyard before sunrise?

AMJAD

Maybe she's a brown bagger. Like, she don't want to scare 'em off, so she asks to meet in, like, low light situations.

(Alice not laughing, to Jack)

No sense of humor.

The RV's taillights flare in front of them. It pulls off the road near a hillside cemetery.

EXT. HIGHGATE CEMETERY - LATER

The site is a maze of trench-like paths lined by Gothic mausoleums, some of which provide shelter to HOMELESS PEOPLE. Thick vegetation engulfs the stonework.

MI5 SHOOTERS are scattered about, invisible in leafy CAMO SUITS and PAINTED FACES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amjad waits alone on a bench amidst the tombs, smoking to pass the time. The IMAGE becomes GRAINY...

INT. SURVEILLANCE RV - SAME TIME

--appearing now on screens, KNOWLES and several TECHNICIANS before them. They've already emptied two thermoses of coffee.

Alice and Jack share a booth in the back, Alice wearing a headset. She speaks into the mic...

ALICE

How are you doing out there?

EXT. HIGHGATE CEMETERY

--her VOICE coming through an EAR PIECE under Amjad's hoody.

AMJAD

Cold. When's somthin' happen?

ALICE (V.O.)

When it happens.

AMJAD

Hm-hmm. Thanks for clearin' that up.

INT. SURVEILLANCE RV - SAME TIME

Alice removes the headset and settles back into the booth. Jack watching the screens.

JACK

So what made you want to become a spy?

Alice takes a moment to answer.

ALICE

I thought it would be exciting.

JACK

Careful what you wish for.

ALICE

No kidding.

JACK

How'd you get into it?

ALICE

I was a bit of a language freak in college. Fluent in six by my sophomore year.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Whoa.

ALICE

A linguistics professor of mine was a CIA recruiter. This was just after 9/11, and they were staffing up in Afghanistan.

JACK

You didn't stay, though?

ALICE

Stayed long enough.

JACK

Something happened, yeah?

ALICE

588 happened.

JACK

588...?

EXT. JOINT INTERROGATION FACILITY - AFGHANISTAN - FLASHBACK

A MILITARY ENCAMPMENT. Concertina wire surrounding it.

ALICE (V.O.)

A prisoner.

INT. INTERROGATION TENT - FLASHBACK

PRISONER 588

--sits on a folding chair behind a bare table. Forties. A cigarette trembling in his fingers. His dirt-caked body shivers violently inside a wool blanket.

ALICE (V.O.)

They scooped him up in the Pamir Mountains near a pass the Army was using to supply Special Forces units further in.

Alice sits across from prisoner 588 in a down parka. MPs guard the entrance behind her.

ALICE (V.O.) (cont'd)

The pass was nine miles long. A slot canyon. Vertical walls that blocked radios and sat phones.

EXT. SLOT CANYON - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A crack in the earth winds like a snake through treeless snow-covered terrain. Seventy-five feet down...

A SMALL CONVOY OF MILITARY VEHICLES

--creeps along with headlights doused between the sheer granite walls: Five armored Humvees. A dozen or so U.S. ARMY RANGERS flanking them on foot. All cradling rifles.

ALICE (V.O.)

I knew two of the Rangers making the runs. We'd all flown in together on the same C-141 from Germany:

Those TWO ARMY RANGERS from the MOVIE'S OPENING SEQUENCE walk point out ahead of the rest. Alert and nervous.

ALICE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Trevor Stokes, a world class snowboarder from Utah, and J.P. Poltermann, a sweet shy kid from Milwaukee with a prom night baby on the way.

RANGER #1

You see that, J.P.?

RANGER #2

See what?

RANGER #1

On the ridge up there?

They stop. The Humvees IDLING behind them. Ranger #2 dons night vision goggles.

RANGER #2's POV - NIGHT VISION

--of the ridge above. Boulders and snow. That's it.

RANGER #2

Rocks, dude. Don't be freaking me out.

He turns to signal the convoy forward. Ranger #1 remains where he is, still squinting into the dark.

ALICE (V.O.)

Their squad was half-way through a run when MP's found some pocket litter on 588. An ambush diagram.

INT. INTERROGATION TENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER sits on the table between Alice and prisoner 588 -- a crude sketch of the canyon and the convoy.

ALICE (V.O.)

With no way to contact them, air support was their only hope. Predators were called in, but Control needed the enemy's position to get their birds overhead. That fell to me. 588 was my prisoner.

CLOSE on 588's eyes, defiant through his cigarette smoke.

ALICE (V.O.) (cont'd)

He was older. Fought the Soviets. Fought the Northern Alliance. After five straight hours, all I had were repeated denials that the diagram was even his. I thought about Trevor and J.P. out there in the night. I panicked.

Abruptly, Alice shoves her chair back and exits. Prisoner 588 calls after her in Pashtu (SUBTITLED):

PRISONER 588 (IN PASHTU)

Hey? Where are you going? Am I done?

ALICE (V.O.)

When you hit a wall, you can request a replacement. Someone whose skill set may stand a better chance.

The MPs jerk 588 to his feet. His cigarette falls. A burlap sack is dropped over his head.

EXT. ANOTHER INTERROGATION TENT - LATER

Time has passed. Alice waits outside in her parka. In b.g., snow lifts from the mountains in curling wisps.

ALICE (V.O.)

For 588, I requested a Sergeant in the Military Intelligence Corps whose skill set included low self-esteem, sadism and a preference for element exposure. "No blood, no foul," he'd say.

The tent flap is thrown back and the SERGEANT exits. He kicks rocks in frustration and walks off.

SERGEANT

Fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moments later, MPs emerge with prisoner 588 on a stretcher. His skin is blue. He's carried right by Alice. His eyes lift to meet hers before the night swallows him.

ALICE (V.O.)

588 had been stripped naked and, for six hours, forced to stand in front of an air conditioner with his feet in a tub of ice water. It killed him.

JACK (V.O.)

And the ambush?

EXT. SLOT CANYON - FLASHBACK

The convoy is moving again. But Ranger #1 remains fixated on the ridge above. A LOOSE CHUNK OF SNOW falls silently from the darkness. A beat. And...

ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADES

--HISS down to hit the canyon walls in front and behind the convoy, the EXPLOSIONS releasing AVALANCHES OF ROCK and setting vehicles ablaze.

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, Kalashnikovs drop any RANGERS left standing. All but Trevor and J.P. who scurry beneath a burning Humvee.

It's the OPENING SHOT OF THE MOVIE: those two young faces in the dark, pinned down by advancing TALIBAN.

RANGER #1

I'm sorry, J.P. I'm so sorry.

A tire EXPLODES and his friend slumps. All alone now, he SCREAMS and FIRES blindly into the night, his rifle flash a flicker in the void.

ALICE (V.O.)

Like I said, I'd stayed long enough.

We are back...

INT. SURVEILLANCE RV - PRESENT TIME

--where Alice stands and rejoins Knowles at the screens. Jack is left alone in the booth, along with Alice's HEADSET, still TRANSMITTING...

EXT. HIGHGATE CEMETERY

--to Amjad's EAR PIECE, Amjad having heard the story. Visibly moved, he taps out a fresh smoke and lifts it to his lips with the two remaining fingers of his right hand.

EXT. PUB - NORTH LONDON - MORNING

A rough place, near empty at this hour. A few tradesman. Dog racing on the TV, the VOLUME loud.

Among the patrons at the bar is that "street services worker" from outside Lasch's flat. WALTER IBBS. He's hunched over his breakfast and a pint. A BUSINESSMAN takes the stool next to him. Orders. Over the din of the TV...

--a two-way RADIO squawks under clothing. The businessman adjusts something and the sound ceases. Ibbs appears not to notice.

Until he suddenly grabs the businessman's tie, and, SMACK, yanks his face into the bar. The guy sinks. Ibbs flees. From the floor, the businessman raises a radio.

CIA OFFICER  
Coming out!

EXT. STREET - MOVING - MORNING

Ibbs sprints into the dark maw of a railway arch...

EXT. RAILWAY ARCH - CONTINUOUS

--where CARS abruptly screech in from all sides to box him against the bricks. Infrared beams dance on his chest.

MEGAPHONE (O.S.)  
FACE DOWN ON THE GROUND! NOW!

ANGLE: SHEILA CHEN in one of the cars.

EXT. HIGHGATE CEMETARY - MORNING

Amjad still waits. Dawn has come and gone along with half a pack of smokes. Slowly, we become aware of a faint RINGING somewhere. A cell phone. RINGING and RINGING.

INT. SURVEILLANCE RV - SAME TIME

A TECHNICIAN with headphones looks up from the screens.

TECHNICIAN  
Seven rings, now, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Knowles and Alice exchange a look. Alice grabs a mic:

ALICE  
Amjad, find that mobile you're hearing.

EXT. HIGHGATE CEMETERY

Amjad stubs out his cigarette and stands.

AMJAD  
'Bout time.

He moves cautiously down a trench of vaults. Passes a  
GROUNDSKEEPER trimming vines from the statuary.

Further along, the RINGING gets LOUDER. LOUDER. His eyes  
moving to a carved lion on one of the crypts. Reaching into  
its roaring mouth, he finds a cell phone.

DERANGED VOICE (O.S.)  
Oi! You there!? You think I don't see  
you!??

Amjad looks up sharply: a HOMELESS MAN is throwing rocks and  
shouting at a bush. The bush moves. An MI5 SHOOTER exposed!  
Instantly, the GROUNDSKEEPER drops his clippers and flees.

INTERCUT WITH ALICE AND KNOWLES

--in the RV, Alice again grabbing the mic:

ALICE  
To the car, Amjad. Now!

Jack snatches a rifle from a weapons rack and bursts from the  
RV. Alice draws her 9mm, shoving past Knowles for the door.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Your men are made.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The groundskeeper runs like hell down a wooded road. Jack and  
Alice sight him with their weapons and FIRE. Both missing.

JACK'S POV - THROUGH THE RIFLE SCOPE

--of the groundskeeper dialing his CELL PHONE as he flees. He  
FIRES again. A BURST OF RED from the man's elbow just as...

Alice hits him in the ankle, toppling him, the phone flying  
to break apart on the road. He leaves it and limps on.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Alice takes the rifle from Jack. As Knowles catches up to them, she shoves it furiously into his hands.

ALICE  
What did I tell you, Malcolm!?

And they're gone. Left alone, Knowles lifts a radio:

KNOWLES  
Take him.

MOTORCYCLES burst from the foliage to chase the man down.

INT. MINICAB - SCREECHING AWAY

Amjad drives, Alice on her cell beside him. She hears:

AUTOMATED VOICE  
*The number you have dialed is no longer  
in service. If you feel you have reached--*

Hanging up, she stares at the NEWLY-ACQUIRED CELL PHONE in her other hand.

ALICE  
It's been deactivated.

AMJAD  
Just now?? How they gonna call us then?

ALICE  
They're not.  
(to Jack)  
Think that spotter got through to Ghazi?

JACK  
Nah, nah, we winged him first.

ALICE  
So what are we missing?

To answer her own question, she pops the battery off the phone. Puts it back. Re-boots the device. Ponders its screen.

ALICE (cont'd)  
This menu screen photo is in black and white.

AMJAD  
What's wrong wif that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

88.

ALICE  
It's of a rainbow.  
(off Amjad's look)  
In *black and white*.

Understanding, Jack takes the phone to examine the screen.

JACK  
We're gonna need help with this.

EXT. PADDINGTON GREEN POLICE STATION - DAY

A concrete-fortified police station.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (V.O.)  
He's not talking.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

A CHIEF INSPECTOR for Scotland Yard stands with Knowles before a one-way viewing window. On the other side of it, that "groundskeeper" is getting worked over by INTERROGATORS.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
He had eight quid and a grocery receipt from an off-license in his pockets.

KNOWLES  
Where's the off-license?

EXT. BEEFEATER OFF-LICENSE SHOP - BROMLEY - DAY

A shabby convenience store. CONSTABLES stand post while, through the window, Knowles can be seen querying the OWNER.

CAMERA PANS in the direction the owner is pointing. A familiar dead end street comes into view. Cobblestones. Row houses. And, at its end, that abandoned PLASTIC FACTORY.

EXT. SOUND STAGE/PRODUCTION FACILITY - DAY

A video production facility in a sketchy part of southwest London. A stage door opens, and a man in a parka with an Eskimo collar pokes his head into the alley. SKEET (20s).

Alice, Jack and Amjad are there. Skeet sizing them up.

SKEET  
He can't smoke in here.

AMJAD  
I'll wait wif the car, then.

INT. SOUND STAGE - MOVING

Skeet shuffles through the darkened stage. Alice whispering:

ALICE  
You know him *how*?

JACK  
Used to fence for me.

SKEET  
Sorry about the cold. It's for our clients. Watch your step here.

Stepping over cables, they reach a GREEN SCREEN set, a middle-aged COUPLE fucking vigorously against a bright green backdrop. A bored CAMERAMAN and a bored BOOM OPERATOR record the event.

SKEET (cont'd)  
That's what you get with amateurs; they sweat like dogs. Like these two. A barrister and his wife. Sometimes I think I should just do regular porno.

ALICE  
This isn't??

SKEET  
What? Nah, this is for punters who want to make their own. We provide the set. The wardrobe and styling. The professional camera work. All for eight hundred quid.  
(eyeing Alice and Jack)  
You two interested?

ALICE  
I'm married.

SKEET  
Maybe a little solo show for your husband then? Makes a great Christmas gift.

INT. EDITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Skeet flips on the lights and drops into a swivel chair. Footage of couples fucking fills computer screens.

SKEET  
The locations are virtual. That's where I come in. Say you've got a bloke wants to fuck in a barn. Or anywhere.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKEET (cont'd)  
On top of the BT tower if that's his  
thing.

(proudly)  
I'm the one who puts 'im there.

He demonstrates, dragging and dropping a naked couple into a  
digitally-rendered--and quite convincing--medieval dungeon.

JACK  
We're in a hurry, Skeet.

SKEET  
Right. No problem.

Alice hands him the cell phone from Highgate cemetery.

ALICE  
We think there might be something  
imbedded in the menu screen photo.

SKEET  
Digital steganography? What, 'you  
stealing government secrets or something?

INT. PLASTIC FACTORY - DAY

Knowles' FORENSIC TEAM swarms over the site, abandoned now,  
those empty fast-food cartons dropped into evidence bags.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (O.S.)  
Malcolm...?

The Chief Inspector seen earlier approaches.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (cont'd)  
An ambulance needs to get past our  
perimeter. There's a situation at a  
residence down the street.

KNOWLES  
It'll have to wait.

A DOCTOR behind the Inspector steps forward.

DOCTOR  
I'm afraid this can't.

KNOWLES  
Who are you?

DOCTOR  
Doctor David Roizman, Health Protection  
Agency.

EXT. ROW HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Less than a block away, an ambulance has backed up to one of those row houses. So too has a long white truck (A MOBILE BIOCONTAINMENT UNIT) marked *London Port Health Authority*. A clear plastic tent has been set up in the street.

ROIZMAN

The mother rang us. Frantic, as you can imagine. There she is.

He nods toward the tent where a NAKED WOMAN wails in terror as she's given a chemical decon shower by MEN in spacesuits.

ROIZMAN (cont'd)

Based on the symptomatology she reported, the dispatcher flagged the call. She was right to. Put this on, please.

He hands Knowles a hood with a full face mask.

ROIZMAN (cont'd)

They're about to extract the boy.

INT. ROW HOUSE

WE FOLLOW a team of DOCTORS in spacesuits up steep creaking stairs. They reach the attic level, pushing back a door...

INT. ATTIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--to enter a child's room under the rafters. A pile of blood-stained towels is on the floor. A fan oscillates in the corner, its breeze passing over...

A BOY (10) in the last moments of life. We recognize him as the FRECKLE-FACED KID to retrieve the soccer ball. On a bed in his underwear, he convulses in sharp little jerks. Starlike bruises cover his body and his eyes are solid red, the result of ocular hemorrhaging.

As the spacesuits move closer, the source of all the blood becomes apparent: It trickles from his eyes... his ears, from his nose and mouth. It smears his teeth and drips like water from the bedsprings below.

ANGLE: A doctor's gloved hand lifting the boy's arm into the light. Countless tiny droplets collect on the skin as he sweats blood directly through his pores.

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

The middle-aged couple has finished. GRIPS put away gear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alice waits alone on the darkened stage. She's twisting her wedding ring on her finger. Her eyes distant. Until...

SKEET (O.S.)

Got it!

INT. EDITING ROOM

She enters to find Jack and Skeet before a monitor where...

THAT PHOTO OF A RAINBOW

--fills the screen. Skeet looks up proudly from his chair.

SKEET

A stubborn one, this one. Had to run my own encryption-breaking program.

Alice and Jack stare at the image.

ALICE

I'm not seeing anything.

SKEET

Sure you are. You just don't know it.

A CLICK of his mouse and the photo's pixels regroup to form two LINES OF DATA. The first reads, 1830, written as military time. The second is a WEB LINK.

SKEET (cont'd)

A boathouse in Hampstead Heath at half five.

He CLICKS and a GOOGLE EARTH image appears -- a SATELLITE VIEW of a pond, a blue oval in untamed woods north of London.

SKEET (cont'd)

(checking his watch)

Cutting it close, aren't you?

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - JRRU OFFICES - DAY

Sheila is on the phone. In an office across the hall, Walter Ibbs can be seen under guard.

SHEILA

He says he's operating on your authority.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

He is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

93.

INTERCUT

--with BOB NEVILLE in Langley, hot and impatient.

SHEILA  
But London Station has no record of--

NEVILLE  
You wouldn't. He's off line.

SHEILA  
No one's that off line.

NEVILLE  
Ibbs is. He's investigating a possible case of high-level internal malfeasance.

SHEILA  
A traitor, sir?

NEVILLE  
We don't know yet, nor do you have the clearance. You've done enough damage already pulling my bloodhound off his op.

SHEILA  
Sir, he *did* sift Alice Racine's red file.

NEVILLE  
He's sifted every covert's in Europe! It's approved! Now, I want him released, Ms. Chen, and I want an incident report from you by tomorrow AM. Are we clear?

SHEILA  
Yes, sir.

NEVILLE  
And if you stray from your job purview again you'll be sending out resumé's.

CLICK. He ends the call.

Sheila hangs up. Crosses the hall to the room where Ibbs is detained.

SHEILA  
Sorry to keep you waiting. I've spoken with Langley. They explained everything.

Ibbs stands and angrily pulls on his coat.

(CONTINUED)

IBBS  
Fucking unbelievable.

SHEILA  
Just not why you ran.

IBBS  
I investigate people at the highest levels of the Agency, Ms. Chen. People with full black op authority who can disappear guys like me faster than snowflakes in summer. So, nothing personal, but unannounced visits from colleagues tend to rattle me.

SHEILA  
You must be close then.

IBBS  
Sorry...?

SHEILA  
To an arrest.

IBBS  
As a matter of fact, yes.

SHEILA  
If there's anything my department can do--

IBBS  
I work alone.

But he bites, pausing between the ARMED GUARDS at the door.

IBBS (cont'd)  
Actually, how are you at assembling grab teams completely off the books?

INT./EXT. BIOCONTAINMENT TENT - ROW HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE on the blood-streaked face of the boy, now dead, as a body bag is zipped over it. Outside the tent...

Knowles rejoins his forensic team, cell phone to his ear.

KNOWLES  
I know you're angry at me, but we caught a break with the spotter. Found a nest. Empty, but we know what we're dealing with now.



INT. MINICAB - MOVING - SAME TIME

Alice has Knowles on SPEAKER-PHONE.

KNOWLES (V.O.)  
Marburg virus. It's a hemorrhagic fever  
that makes Ebola look like the sniffles.  
Stops blood from clotting. Liquefies  
organs. Victims bleed to death from the  
inside out.

Listening in, Jack and Amjad exchange a look.

KNOWLES (cont'd) (V.O.)  
Looks to be a super strain developed by  
the Soviets in the eighties called  
Variant U. Same bug, but dried and milled  
for aerosolized delivery. Optimal targets  
are contained crowded spaces.

ALICE  
But the meet hasn't *happened* yet. Ghazi  
doesn't have the imam's order.

KNOWLES (V.O.)  
How do you know? You get new intel?

Jack grabs the phone and muffles it against his chest.

JACK  
If you tell him, the circus arrives.  
'That what you want after last time?? If  
Ghazi feels heat, who *knows* what he'll  
do.

Alice takes the phone back.

KNOWLES (V.O.)  
Alice...?

ALICE  
Right here, Malcolm.  
(a beat, Jack and Amjad waiting  
for her response)  
Nothing actionable. Gotta go.

She ends the call as...

EXT. A23 - MOVING - DAY

-- a CARGO VAN with diplomatic plates races south on the A23.

INT. CARGO VAN

A USMC SPECIAL REACTION TEAM fills the seats. Sheila Chen and Walter Ibbs are among them.

EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH - WOODS - AFTERNOON

Late-day fog drifts through trees. A pond is visible through the branches. On its shore is a BOATHOUSE with a narrow DOCK that extends like a finger out into the water.

AMJAD

Ok, tell me again what happens if I forget somfing.

JACK

Lots of people die.

Alice shoots Jack a look. He sits atop a boulder smoking.

ALICE

Nothing happens because you're not going to.

AMJAD

Yeah, well, you ain't the one face to face wif him, 'knowwhatImean?

ALICE

Which is why we're practicing. C'mon. Again.

Nervous, Amjad begins. The words don't come easily.

AMJAD (IN ARABIC)

*My dearest brother in Islam, the time has not yet come. As is written in the Maxims of Ali, "Of bitter patience is the fruit success."*

Alice plays the role of Ghazi, responding in Arabic:

ALICE (IN ARABIC)

You say you speak for Yusef Khalifa? Prove it.

AMJAD (IN ARABIC)

The truth can be found in the words of God--Most Gracious, Most Merciful--as recited in the Koran, sura one hundred eleven, verse four.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE  
(in English now)  
Good. And if he asks you which  
recitation?

AMJAD  
The recitation of An-nnnn--

He struggles with the pronunciation. Alice gently aiding.

ALICE  
Of An-Nafí's...

AMJAD  
Of An-Nafí's of Madina.

Alice nods. Good. Jack hops down from the boulder.

JACK  
Time. He's here in ten.

ALICE  
(to Amjad)  
You good?

AMJAD  
If you mean *happy*, nah, I ain't anywhere  
near good. If you mean *ready*, dunno. You  
tell me.

ALICE  
You're ready.

JACK  
And the car will be too when you're done.

He walks off through the trees toward a dirt road on the  
crest of a hill. Amjad calling after him.

AMJAD  
Jack...? Engine running, yeah?

EXT. BOATHOUSE DOCK - HAMPSTEAD HEATH

The sky is dark gray. Amjad waits for Umar Ghozi on the end  
of the dock some twenty yards from shore. The mist over the  
water obscures the opposite bank.

He checks his watch. At which point CAMERA DROPS DOWN to  
reveal...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE

--under the dock beneath his feet, waist deep in water and hidden by tall reeds. She sets the 9mm on the framing of the dock. Waits.

Amjad waiting too. Rubbing his hand together for warmth. Until HEADLIGHTS cut through the mist, a Range Rover crossing a clearing to pull behind the boathouse.

Amjad shifts nervously; the boathouse is blocking his view of the vehicle. Just its lights shooting out from behind it.

A SOUND behind him now. Amjad turns to face the blanket of mist over the pond. The sound grows LOUDER, now discernible as the quiet gurgling of an OUTBOARD MOTOR. Beneath the dock...

Alice watches with concern as the bow of an INFLATABLE DINGHY parts the mist. She reaches for her gun.

TWO FIGURES IN SKI MASKS are in the dinghy, one manning the motor, the other sitting face-forward in the bow.

Confusion in Amjad's face as they approach.

The craft is twenty feet from the dock when the MAN in the bow raises a pistol with a silencer and FIRES.

A THUMP on the dock over Alice's head. She looks up. Amjad's face fills a gap between the planks above her. His eyes are open, a RED HOLE between them.

More SILENCED GUNSHOTS now, a barrage of bullets HISSING through the reeds all around Alice. She gulps air, submerges and swims for her life.

The dinghy reaches the dock. The shooter leaves the gun and steps out. With his foot, he shoves Amjad's body into the boat which immediately sputters away. He removes his ski mask and smooths his hair. FRANK SUTTER.

ANGLE - UNDERWATER: Alice grabbing a length of rope trailing the dinghy, the craft pulling her along as it retreats into the mist. She passes under...

Amjad's yellow baseball cap floating on the surface.

EXT. BOATHOUSE DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Cautiously, Umar Khozi steps from behind the boathouse. He walks toward Sutter. Reaches him at the end of the dock. The two men embrace and exchange kisses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

99.

GHOZI (IN ARABIC)

All is set. You have words for me, yes?

SUTTER (IN ARABIC)

Yes.

Sutter's hands fall away, leaving behind a tiny swatch of fabric--a GPS TRACKING CHIP--on the cell captain's robes.

EXT. POND - OPPOSITE BANK - HAMPSTEAD HEATH

As the dinghy reaches the far bank, Alice releases her hold on the line and swims behind a piling, unseen by...

--the MAN in the dinghy who kills the motor and pulls it up onto the sand. His cell phone RINGS. Shedding his ski mask, he answers it. Alice gasps behind the piling. It's Jack.

JACK

Yeah...? 'Course I got it. Frank's with him now. Right. Absinthe at six.

He hangs up. Reaches into the dinghy to retrieve Sutter's gun from under Amjad's body. Heads for the trees.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - CROYDON - AFTERNOON

Sheila Chen and Ibbs are talking to a LANDLADY through a screen door. She points to a GUEST HOUSE in back. Sheila signals the van and the Special Reaction Team pours out.

EXT. DINGHY - POND - HAMPSTEAD HEATH

With a brush of her hand, Alice closes Amjad's eyes. Tears stream from her own.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Jack navigates the trees toward East Heath Road. Movement behind him. Alice. Ghosting him. A shadow in the mist. The fog plays tricks. Jack in and out of it. Then suddenly gone.

A beat. Alice scanning 360 degrees. Nothing but mist and the sound of CREAKING trees. Her BREATHING quickens. Then freezes as a gun is put to the back of her neck.

JACK

That cold metal ring you're feeling is just what you think it is.

ALICE

Jack--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

100.

JACK  
Shutup and move.

He shoves her roughly forward. Away from the road.

JACK (cont'd)  
Told you I'm no poster child.

ALICE  
Who are you then!?

JACK  
A worker bee.

Passing through underbrush, Alice furtively grabs a low-lying branch, bending it back as she walks.

ALICE  
Think about what you're doing.

JACK  
No, see, that's the thing; worker bees  
don't have to.

SNAP, the branch flies back in his face. His gun FIRES, the bark on a tree EXPLODING. Jack bats the branch aside. Alice gone. He wheels around. ALICE'S ELBOW right there. He tries to raise the gun but Alice swats it from his hand, another SHOT going off as it sails away.

Out on the road, some JOGGERS shout and peer into the trees.

Nose gushing red, Jack draws a combat-issue KNIFE. He rushes Alice with it. She deflects the thrust and the knife sinks into a tree. Pinning her collar. Jack's fist comes at her. Alice drops. Cloth ripping. Jack's fist hitting wood.

He frees the knife and comes at her again. Fierce looping swings. Alice moves side-to-side like a metronome. Fast. Eyes always on the blade. It takes a shock of her hair.

The knife comes at her again. A BLUR that misses. The blade shoots between two trees, Alice right there on the other side to grab Jack's arm and, CRACK, break it. The knife drops.

He backs away cradling his arm. Alice picks up the knife. Jack running now. ANGLE: Alice flipping the knife from one hand to the other. Spinning it adroitly before HURLING it after him.

The knife flies. IMBEDS to the hilt in the back of Jack's leg. He pitches into a tree. Pulls it out. Staggers off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Hands on her knees, Alice sucks air.

EXT. GUEST HOUSE - CROYDON

MARINES kick the door in, storming into...

INT. GUEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

--which they quickly sweep behind raised rifles. Nothing.

CAPTAIN

Clear!

EXT. GUEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sheila lowers her RADIO and follows Walter Ibbs inside.

EXT. SOUTH BANK BAR - DUSK

A discreet bar off the Thames path: *ABSINTHE*. Jack enters.

INT. *ABSINTHE* - DUSK

Minimalist-cool. Pinpoint lighting on white tablecloths. And only a few well-heeled PATRONS at this hour.

Cradling his arm and dripping blood, Jack limps past the HOSTESS who eyes him warily.

HOSTESS

May I help you, sir?

JACK

I'm meeting someone.

He brushes by her and heads for the back... down a row of empty booths separated by high partitions for privacy.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - CROYDON - SAME TIME

Marines now relax about with lowered guns. Sheila enters the kitchen. On the counter is an empty *iPHONE* CHARGING DOCK.

Upstairs, Ibbs rifles through someone's suitcase: Dress shirts. Expensive toiletries. And a stack of neatly-folded HANDKERCHIEFS, a familiar MONOGRAM embroidered on each: *E.L.*

INT. *ABSINTHE* - SAME TIME

Jack slides into a booth. Across from...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC LASCH

LASCH  
You're late.

JACK  
I'm done with this. I want to get paid.  
Preoccupied with his *iPHONE*, Lasch doesn't look up

LASCH  
What happened?

JACK  
Your man couldn't hit a barn, that's what happened.

LASCH  
He missed the Somali kid?

JACK  
Nah, he dropped the kid fine. He missed her. She fucking broke my arm.

LASCH  
Get a desk job.

He drops the *iPHONE* in the pocket of a jacket on a hook.  
Slides a cash-stuffed envelope across the table.

JACK  
I don't know which is worse, your smugness or your arrogance.

LASCH  
They're probably related. You gonna count that?

ALICE (V.O.)  
Course he's gonna count it.

They look up to see Alice at the end of the booth.

ALICE (cont'd)  
I'm curious, what's a soul go for these days?

She slides in next to Jack. Jack eyeing the gun in her hand.

JACK  
For the record, no one was supposed to die.

(CONTINUED)



ALICE  
Which record is that?

JACK  
Watch and learn, that was the gig.

ALICE  
Ghozi's recognition protocol?

JACK  
(nodding)  
That's all I signed on for.

Alice puts the gun to his temple and cocks the hammer.

ALICE  
You're not counting.

JACK  
What??

ALICE  
Count.

She throws the money in his face. Bills float down like confetti. Jack looks to Lasch for help.

JACK  
Do something, Eric.

ALICE  
Count!!

JACK  
Rein her in, will you.

ALICE  
Yeah, Eric.  
(standing)  
Rein.

She strikes Jack as hard as she can with the gun.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Me.

Another blow, Jack's face hitting the table.

ALICE (cont'd)  
In.

A final blow puts him to sleep and sprinkles the table cloth with blood. He slides to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Petrified patrons stare with mouths agape. SHOUTS from BAR STAFF can be heard offscreen. Alice wipes Jack's blood from the gun and waves it at Lasch.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Up. Back door. Let's go.

LASCH  
What, or you'll shoot me?

A SHOT. Wood SPLINTERS by his ear. Lasch complies.

INT. GUEST HOUSE - CROYDON - DUSK

CLOSE on the underside of Lasch's *iPHONE* DOCK. On the Apple logo. On the BAR CODE and TINY SERIAL NUMBER there.

Ibbs is on a sat phone:

IBBS  
It's Walter. I have a cellular device I need sourced, ASAP. The account holder is with *Telefónica O2 Europe*.

EXT. THAMES FOOTPATH - SAME TIME

Gun pressed firmly in Lasch's ribs, Alice prompts him along the embankment path. Toward...

THE LONDON EYE

--which rises like a great circular behemoth before them.

ALICE  
How, Eric?

LASCH  
A staged death? C'mon. 'You forget what business we're in?

ALICE  
How did you know the imam was icing terror strikes from within?

LASCH  
Because too many of his meetings had benign outcomes.

ALICE  
So you snatched his courier?

(CONTINUED)

Petrified patrons stare with mouths agape. SHOUTS from BAR STAFF can be heard offscreen. Alice wipes Jack's blood from the gun and waves it at Lasch.

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ALICE  
So you snatched his courier?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LASCH

He'd already been snatched. I just borrowed him.

FLASHBACK: A STUN GRENADE EXPLODING INSIDE THAT DERELICT HOUSE, THE COURIER'S CIA GUARDS CUT DOWN BY SNIPER FIRE.

LASCH (V.O.) (cont'd)

There was some wet work, too. Not my forte, but I know who to call.

FLASHBACK: THE ORIGINAL INTERROGATOR LUXURIATING IN THE STEAM ROOM. A FULLY-CLOTHED MAN EMERGES THROUGH THE STEAM BEHIND HIM AND DROPS A PLASTIC BAG OVER HIS HEAD.

INT. CAPSULE - LONDON EYE - PRESENT TIME

Alice and Lasch board. Doors slide shut and the capsule clears the platform.

LASCH

You were the hard part, Al. When I found you in my flat, I'd already been briefed. I knew you'd escaped... that the courier was dead.

He moves to the railing encircling the capsule.

LASCH (cont'd)

Just not that I had incomplete information.

INT. LASCH'S FLAT - FLASHBACK

Lasch questioning Alice while cleaning her wound:

LASCH

*Recitation??*

ALICE

The exact oral tradition to be used. The Koran has dozens.

(Lasch masking his concern)

I was about to cough it up when London Station got a hold of me.

FLASHBACK: ALICE SPRINTING DOWN STREETS BEING TAILED BY UNMARKED VANS.

LASCH (V.O.)

So I put someone on you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASHBACK: MULTIPLE OVERHEAD CCTV CAMERAS PIVOTING TO FOLLOW HER MOVEMENTS.

FLASHBACK: ALICE APPEARING ON SCREENS INSIDE ONE OF THE VANS. JACK WATCHING. WHEN ALICE ENTERS THAT APARTMENT BUILDING, HE PULLS UP HIS HOOD AND JUMPS OUT.

FLASHBACK: JACK RACING UP A STAIRWELL IN THE BUILDING, HIS EARPIECE CRACKLING:

VOICE (V.O.)  
*She's in the elevator. Thirty seconds.*

FLASHBACK: JACK BREAKING INTO A 5TH FLOOR FLAT. ENTERING. A BEAT LATER, HE BACKS OUT WITH AN ARMFUL OF LOOT, JUST AS...

CLICK, ALICE'S 9MM IS PRESSED TO THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

INT. CAPSULE - LONDON EYE - PRESENT TIME

ALICE  
He was good.

LASCH  
You had a fuckup on your conscience. All he had to do was keep up.

INT. SA341 GAZELLE HELICOPTER - LIFTING OFF

Rising over Bromley's row houses, Knowles answers his cell:

KNOWLES  
Yeah...?

SHEILA (V.O.)  
It's Sheila Chen, sir, Reports Officer from the U.S. Embassy.

KNOWLES  
How'd you get this number?

INT. ABSINTHE - SAME TIME

Sheila is in the bar just vacated by Alice, now a crime scene buzzing with POLICE. An unconscious Jack is wheeled off by EMT's, one wrist cuffed to the gurney.

SHEILA  
Does it matter? I have something MI5 should know about. It regards Alice Racine's breach theory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNOWLES

We know about Eric Lasch, if that's what this is.

SHEILA

Do you know that he's monitoring the cell's movements?

CLOSE ON ERIC LASCH'S *iPhone*

--in her hand, its screen depicting a MOVING RED BLIP on a map. The BLIP BECOMES...

INT. RANGE ROVER - MOVING - DUSK

--that fabric swatch--the GPS CHIP--on Umar Khozi's robes.

Khozi is in the back, his DRIVER navigating. Beside him is the gaunt FILIPINO YOUTH clutching his rucksack.

INT. CAPSULE - LONDON EYE - DUSK

ALICE

How many?

LASCH

How many...?

ALICE

Are you going to kill?

LASCH

Oh.

(matter-of-factly)

Sacrifice. And the number is tolerable.

ALICE

For whom?

LASCH

Good point. Exactly the point. Because you were one too many for me. I had to will myself forward at every turn. One thought of Chloe and Nathan, and I'd--

ALICE

Don't you fucking mention them!

LASCH

Ok... ok...

ALICE

I asked you, how many!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat. Lasch looking down at Parliament's spires.

LASCH

A few thousand. If Marburg has a flaw as an organism, it's that it's too lethal. Kills before its victims have a chance to infect others, so outbreaks tend to be small. It's not about numbers, though. Three thousand New Yorkers out of nine million is statistically unnoticeable. But how they died--the presentation--that was everything. Same will be true of ours.

ALICE

Ours?

LASCH

Like-minded men have joined me.

ALICE

Names from that Rolodex of yours?

LASCH

Some. Brave thinkers. Patriots. Men who fully grasp the threat before us.

FLASHBACK: ALICE AT THE BAR IN CLARIDGE'S, LASCH SEEN BEHIND HER ENTERTAINING THAT GROUP OF INTERNATIONAL "BUSINESSMEN".

INT. CAPSULE - PRESENT TIME

ALICE

Interesting how their patriotism is anonymous.

LASCH

No more than a covert CIA officer's.

ALICE

Hm-hmm. Tell me, what threat are we talking about?

Lasch shakes his head. Sighs.

LASCH

These people want us erased, Al. And not just extremists. Average Muslims.

ALICE

Like the one you just murdered?

(CONTINUED)

LASCH  
I wouldn't know.

ALICE  
I would.

LASCH  
Do you? They keep their mouths shut. They know Islam makes no room for its neighbors. Geographically, it's the most territorial belief system invented. What does the Muslim world fears most? Contamination. And Muslim world is not a stretch: 1.4 billion of them already. Fifty thousand new converts in England alone last year. The dominant religion in the UK by 2020. You see what I'm saying?? Chloe will be raising your grandkids in a Caliphate if we don't--

ALICE  
I told you not to mention her!

LASCH  
Mention her?? This is for her. For her America.

ALICE  
The fuck it is.

LASCH  
Murky conflicts bring down empires. History 101. It's not murky for *them*. In terms of brand-recognition, America *is* the West. But for us, seven years out from 9/11, post-Taliban, post-Saddam, what are we left with? Iran?? Maybe?? We'll see, but in the meantime, we're a greyhound without the rabbit on the pole, everyone watching their TV's at night and asking, "What the fuck are we doing??"

ALICE  
And you're going to tell them?

LASCH  
That's right. I'm going to say, today we're fighting a Philippines-based terror group that brought unthinkable horror to our shores.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

LASCH (cont'd)

I'm going to give the enemy a face it hasn't had since bin Laden's faded into a Waziristan cave, and when I do, just watch how fast the American juggernaut comes out of its malaise.

ALICE

To do what, exactly??

LASCH

Exactly doesn't matter. Take some islands in the Pacific. Make a few captures. Point is, the TV watchers can sleep at night knowing we're in the right again.

ALICE

So far as they know.

LASCH

So far as they believe.

ALICE

It won't last.

LASCH

It's not meant to. This is empire maintenance. The stringing together of events that sufficiently enrage us.

ALICE

You're out of your mind.

LASCH

(ignoring this)

Some find us. Some are chosen. And far better by me than someone else.

A GUNSHOT, the slug knocking him hard against the glass.

ALICE

Better by no one.

Lasch sinks to the floor. He stares for a moment at the spreading RED STAIN in the fabric of his shirt.

LASCH

You disappoint me, Al.

He loosens his collar and leans back wearily against the capsule. His life ebbing.

LASCH (cont'd)

Out of my mind? Hell, I'm just awake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Alice raises the gun again. Lasch stares contemptuously down the barrel.

LASCH (cont'd)  
You of all people should know. Our  
enemies--

EXT. CAPSULE - WIDE SHOT

Another GUNSHOT lights up the capsule and splashes its canopy RED.

ALICE (V.O.)  
Are not worth it.

EXT. LONDON EYE - MINUTES LATER

The SA341 Gazelle drops out of the sky to settle on the river bank. Alice running out to it.

Behind her, TOURISTS SCREAM, the doors of the capsule she just exited parting and closing on Lasch's protruding foot.

Alice climbs in beside Knowles and hands him the gun.

ALICE  
He said our *shores*, Malcolm. They're  
hitting America.

INT. ABSINTHE - SOUTH BANK - DUSK

Sheila Chen answers her RINGING cell phone to hear:

KNOWLES (V.O.)  
Where are they now?

The RED BLIP on Lasch's *iPHONE* moves slowly across the screen. Sheila notes its position.

SHEILA  
On the M4, crossing Heston Road.

INT./EXT. SA341 GAZELLE HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Knowles hangs up and shouts over the NOISE to the PILOT.

KNOWLES  
Heathrow!

The pilot banks hard into a setting sun.

INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER - HEATHROW

Curbside. The driver opens the Filipino's door. Remaining in the vehicle, Ghozi kisses the youth and sends him on his way like a proud father dropping his child off at school.

INT. SA341 GAZELLE HELICOPTER - FLYING

The craft screams over London. Knowles on the RADIO:

KNOWLES  
Be advised, all sections: On the authority of the Home Office Minister, we have a Level 1 alert for London Heathrow.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - HEATHROW

A public rest room. The Filipino is in a stall facing a travel mirror hung on the back of the door. Using water from the toilet, he's shaving his head.

He examines his hairless scalp a moment. Satisfied, he lathers his eyebrows and shaves them off as well.

INT. BRITISH AIRWAYS TICKET COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

A TICKET AGENT examines a MEDICAL EXEMPTION PASS. We glimpse some words in the paperwork accompanying it: *PHYSICIAN'S ORDER... CANCER... CHEMOTHERAPY, etc.*

Smiling to hide her pity, the agent includes a special tag with the boarding pass and hands it to the Filipino who stands there hairless and emaciated.

TICKET AGENT  
There you are, sir.

Clear plastic tubing runs from his nostrils, over his ears and down his back to...

That GAS CYLINDER, now on wheels and looking everything like a MEDICAL OXYGEN TANK.

QUICK CUTS

--OF POLICE VEHICLES RACING DOWN THE M4 WITH LIGHTS FLASHING.

--OF POLICE MOTORCYCLES INTERCEPTING TRAFFIC TO THE AIRPORT, ALL APPROACHING CARS HALTED.

--OF ARMY TRUCKS ROARING UP, SOLDIERS LEAPING OUT WITH GUNS.

--OF SPECIAL INCIDENT UNITS POURING INTO THE TERMINALS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--OF TERMINAL DOORS HASTILY BLOCKED BY BARRIERS.

INT. JETWAY/777 - NIGHT

We FOLLOW that "oxygen tank" as it's wheeled down a jetway, the Filipino greeted by sympathetic FLIGHT ATTENDANTS. He boards just as one of them picks up a FLASHING TELEPHONE.

INT. TERMINAL FIVE - NIGHT

Heathrow's newest terminal. A cavernous bubble of glass and steel. In mere minutes, it has become a police state: SOLDIERS everywhere. The lobby getting increasingly crowded as arriving PASSENGERS join those forbidden to leave.

Alice can only wait. Nearby, a SOLDIER'S radio SQUAWKS:

RADIO (V.O.)

Protection zones are in effect for all of London Heathrow. Long-haul flights to the States presently queueing for take off are to be directed to runway four--

Alice surveys a DEPARTURES screen overhead. The word "DELAYED" pops up one flight after the next. Alice's eyes scan down the list... to see a flight listed as "NOW BOARDING". A beat later, it too is listed as "DELAYED".

Concerned, she shoves her way to the nearest ticket agent.

ALICE

Excuse me...? Gate B-39? The flight to Chicago O'Hare?

MALE TICKET AGENT

In T5-B. Our next concourse.

(pointing)

There's track transit down the escalators.

INT. CONCOURSE TRAIN - MOVING

A crowded driverless carriage STREAKS through a tunnel to the next concourse. The doors part, and Alice darts out into...

INT. CONCOURSE B - CONTINUOUS

--where she quickly locates a female AVIATION SECURITY OFFICER patrolling it. She addresses her excitedly in French, pleading and tugging at the woman's jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECURITY OFFICER

I'm sorry, ma'am, I don't understand you.  
There's something you want to show me??

Alice leads her behind a column. And drops her with a blow.

INT. CONCOURSE B - MOMENTS LATER

Now wearing the officer's sidearm and jacket, Alice sprints past gates. Gate 33... 34...

INT. 777 - NIGHT

The Filipino occupies an aisle seat, his appearance drawing sympathetic glances from passengers settling in around him.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)(INTERCOM)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain. There's a security alert, and we've been instructed to hold at the gate. Please remain in your seats as we very much hope to be underway shortly.

Panic in the terrorist's eyes. A decision. He stands and walks briskly down the aisle, the cylinder rolling behind him. A petite GATE AGENT attempts to detain him at the aircraft door, GROUND CREW MEMBERS about to shut it.

GATE AGENT

I'm sorry, sir, but no one is to get off at this time.

FILIPINO

(waving his paperwork)  
Medical! I must go!

GATE AGENT

Sir, I'm not allowed--

An elbow to the teeth stops her short, the blow knocking her against the bulkhead. Other CREW MEMBERS dive for him, clawing at his clothes, but he tears free.

INT. CONCOURSE B - MOMENTS LATER

Alice running. Passing gate 37... 38. Reaching...

Gate 39. SHOUTS. CONFUSION. POLICE already swarming down the jetway with guns. Alice peers after them... down the jetway where the gate agent can be seen surrounded by colleagues, blood gushing through hands covering her face.

A sobbing FLIGHT ATTENDANT emerges. Alice grabs her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

115.

ALICE  
Who got off!?? Describe him!

INT. CONCOURSE TRAIN - MOVING

Another fifty-second ride back to the terminal. Alice on the carriage. Scanning the PASSENGERS. A bump in the tracks jostles them, bodies parting to reveal...

A BALD HEAD by the far doors. They part and the CROWD exits. The head with them. His face revealed. A beard. Not him.

INT. TERMINAL FIVE - SAME TIME

The Filipino steps from an escalator onto the main level. POLICE everywhere. He walks, resisting the urge to run.

Moments later, Alice steps from the same escalator. Eyes sweeping COUNTLESS FACES as...

An ARMY UNIT storms by the Filipino. Spooked, he walks faster... is glancing back at the soldiers when he trips on someone's luggage and goes sprawling. The cylinder spins across the floor. He dives after it.

Alice's eyes snap to the incident. A beat. And the Filipino's gleaming head rises in the crowd. He rips the tubes from his nose and tucks the cylinder under his arm.

ALICE  
(drawing her gun)  
DON'T MOVE!

SCREAMS. The terrorist bolting. No clear shot. Alice weaving through travelers. A breathless chase through EVER-THICKENING CROWDS.

Suddenly--unexpectedly--the Filipino slows. Then stops. He turns to face Alice, a slight smile on his face. Alice stopping as well. Gun trained with both hands. Neither moving.

WIDE

--of their surroundings -- the sprawling glass-encased LOBBY of the terminal. A human fish tank. With exits blocked, THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE fill the space, an OCEAN OF BODIES with nowhere to go.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Place it on the floor and step away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

More SCREAMS. The crowd parting between them. The terrorist kneels on the floor. Closing his eyes, he praises Allah and reaches for the cylinder's pressure valve.

ALICE (cont'd)

Don't.

She FIRES twice, blowing the youth's fingers from his hand. He drops the cylinder. It rolls. Hand pouring blood, he scrambles to retrieve it in a forest of legs... does... is once more reaching for the valve when...

BLAM, Alice ends his life with a shot through the spine. He face-plants on the terrazzo with the cylinder clutched to his chest. Alice moves in. Kneels. Sets the gun down.

And ever-so-gently peels his fingers from the valve.

HIGH OVERHEAD ANGLE

--of a clearing in the crowd, Alice and the dead terrorist in its center, ARMED MEN IN SPACESUITS moving in from all sides.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HEATHROW - FIVE DAYS LATER

AERIAL SHOT

--of a post-apocalyptic scene: The roads are empty. The runways still. Dormant jumbo jets are parked in neat rows.

INT. TERMINAL ONE - DAY

Day five of the largest quarantine effort in history. Thousands of beds hold thousands of people.

A HISS OF AIR as an airlock opens and Alice steps into...

INT. BIOCONTAINMENT TENT - CONTINUOUS

--where Malcolm Knowles occupies a chair. He's wearing a mask and holding Fat Elvis.

KNOWLES

The boarding facility said he was well behaved.

Alice takes the cat gratefully.

ALICE

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KNOWLES

One more day of this, they're saying.

Alice nods, the enormous cat already PURRING in her arms.

KNOWLES (cont'd)

Oh, and the police report came back on your colleague's death. It makes quite a fuss about the man being unarmed.

ALICE

He was.

KNOWLES

Yes, well, MI5 has asked for jurisdiction in the matter.

(off Alice's look)

Eric Lasch is a tangle of operational secrets for both our governments. Can't have him in the papers, now, can we.

He stands and pulls on his coat.

KNOWLES (cont'd)

That's not to say there won't be an inquiry. I'll be the ranking officer, in fact. No promises, but I can tell you my interpretation of the word "armed" is a broad one.

ALICE

How broad?

KNOWLES

Extremely.

(then)

You in touch with Nathan yet?

INT. TERMINAL FIVE - LATER

Alice removes Fat Elvis' collar. A zipper runs down its length on the inside. She unsips it and extracts a tightly-folded piece of paper. It contains a MATHEMATICAL EQUATION.

ALICE (V.O.)

In a way.

Using a SCIENTIFIC CALCULATOR, she works it out and circles the answer -- a six-digit numerical sequence.

KNOWLES (V.O.)

Well, if there's anything I can do...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

118.

ALICE (V.O.)  
There is, actually.

Next, with some effort, she removes her WEDDING RING.  
Engraved on the inside is another six-digit sequence.

ALICE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
I could use a lift.

She copies it down below the first, likewise circling it, the  
TWO SEQUENCES...

INT. SEA KING MK4 - MOVING

--now appearing taped to the instrument panel of a Royal Navy  
HELICOPTER, 50.42.00N and 001.18.00W. Latitude and longitude.

The powerful machine flies low and fast over southern  
England. Then over open water as it leaves the rocky  
shoreline behind.

Alice sits beside the PILOT. The sea streaks beneath her.  
Endless blue. Then a speck several miles out. The speck  
growing larger. Tears forming in Alice's eyes as she makes it  
out.

A sailboat. Teak-decked. A MAN and a LITTLE GIRL waving from  
it.

ROLL CREDITS...