

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

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

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

AA1

CONTINUED:

AA1

EBRAHIM (CONT'D)

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

ASNIK

Ebrahim...

Asnik splays his hand on the glass. Helpless. Angered at being forced to witness the death of his friend.

EBRAHIM

Make it safe. There is another vial behind you.

A long moment between them. And then the scientist COUGHS a great, red gobbet. It splatters on the glass between them.

Asnik takes an automatic, horrified step backwards. And then turns.

On a BENCH behind him stands a RACK with space for TWO VIALS. One of the vials is missing - the one in the lab.

EBRAHIM (CONT'D)

Destroy it, Mehan.

Fade out on Asnik's face...

AAB1

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY 1 - 07:30

AAB1

A seedy winter morning. An ALARM CLOCK.

Which begins to RING.

A WOMAN'S HAND reaches out to shut it up. Flails at it blindly. It shuts up.

And then ROS MYERS groans and sits up in the disordered bed. Blinking. Tired.

Next to her is ADAM CARTER. He groans and throws a forearm over his eyes.

Next to the alarm clock on the CRAPPY BEDSIDE TABLE is a CHEAP JUG KETTLE, AN ALMOST EMPTY JAR OF INSTANT COFFEE, a DIRTY SPOON, a SQUASHED CARTON OF MILK.

As ROS GETS UP, Adam LEANS OVER and turns on the kettle.

CUT TO:

Ros and Adam, sitting on the edge of the bed.

Tired and barefoot, Adam is buttoning his shirt. His jacket and shoes in a pile on the floor - hastily removed.

Dressed, Ros attempts to pour milk into her mug. No milk. It's empty. She sips black coffee.

(CONTINUED)

AAB1

CONTINUED:

AAB1

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

A good moment between them.

ROS

You okay?

ADAM

(pocketing his keys)
Yeah. Tired. You?

ROS

Y'know.

A shared smile - perhaps some sadness in it.

ROS (CONT'D)

Five minute head start?

She exits.

AAA1

INT. THAMES HOUSE, HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 1 - 09:00

AAA1

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

HARRY

You're late.

ADAM

(sitting)
Sorry.

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

HARRY

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

ADAM

Except a brink to some is a precipice to others.

(CONTINUED)

AAA1 CONTINUED:

AAA1

HARRY

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

ADAM

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

HARRY

Ros?

ROS

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

HARRY

Any idea what?

ROS

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

HARRY

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

ADAM

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

HARRY

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

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

HARRY (CONT'D)

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

(CONTINUED)

AAA1 CONTINUED:

AAA1

ADAM

Good to hear. I am actually attending them now.

Harry a bit uncomfortable but knows he should continue.

HARRY

Working in this field, it's important to find some kind of... equilibrium.

Adam smiles.

ADAM

Who are you fooling, Harry? None of us have time for real lives around here anyway.

Adam exits.

A1

INT. THAMES HOUSE, HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 1 10:30

A1

HARRY watches the HOME SECRETARY being interviewed.

ON SCREEN: IRAN BREAKTHROUGH? PRIME MINISTER HERALDS 'NEW ERA'

INTERVIEWER

Minister, this 'Regional charter for Stability...' The new PM has talked of a turning point in British relations with the Muslim world, which has naturally been greeted with positive noises in the Middle East... But with all the hostile rhetoric and flash points of recent months, one has to ask if a lasting peace with Iran is just fantasy?

HOME SECRETARY

We believe it isn't. The Prime Minister set out his stall when he began a direct dialogue with the Iranian government, something that no western politician has dared attempt in recent years. We are entering a new era. We have a relationship based on firm foundations - one, we believe, that will prove the cynics wrong...

INTERVIEWER

By 'the cynics,' I assume you mean the insurgents determined to upset the process - do you believe these rogue elements can be contained?

(CONTINUED)

A1

CONTINUED:

A1

HOME SECRETARY

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

1 **EXT. LONDON STREET, ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSHOP - DAY 1 10:30** 1

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

Insert Titles: Central London

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

She enters an ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSHOP.

In the background we see the OBS VAN.

2 **INT. ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSHOP - DAY 1 10:31** 2

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

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

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

ADAM

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

ANA

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

ADAM

And that, obviously.

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

ANA

My security detail is outside. Be careful.

3 **EXT. ALLEY WAY, BEHIND RESTAURANT - DAY 1 10:32** 3

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

MANI

(nods)
Miriam.

ROS

So what have you got for me, Mani?

(CONTINUED)

MANI

An attack. In London.

ROS

Okay. Where and when?

MANI

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

ROS

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

4 **EXT. TEHRAN SKYLINE - DAY 1 14:02** 4

Establisher.

5 **INT. TEHRAN, OFFICES OF ANGLO CASPIAN OIL PLC - DAY 1 14:03** 5

Insert Titles: Offices of Anglo Caspian Oil Plc, Tehran.

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

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

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

JUSTINE

So anyway.

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

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

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

ZAF

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

JUSTINE

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

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

JUSTINE (CONT'D)

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

ZAF

Okay. Yeah. Why not?

JUSTINE

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

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

6 **OMITTED**

6

7

EXT. ALLEY WAY, BEHIND RESTAURANT - DAY 1 10:35

7

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

MANI

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

ROS

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

MANI

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

8

INT. ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSHOP - DAY 1 10:35

8

Adam and Ana, still browsing. Ostensibly.

ADAM

So, when can I see you again?

ANA

You're seeing me now.

ADAM

You know what I mean.

9

EXT. ALLEY WAY, BEHIND RESTAURANT - DAY 1 10:36

9

Ros. Assessing the photograph.

ROS

I need more on your source.

MANI

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

ROS

Well, you're normally a bit more comprehensive.

MANI

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

10

INT. ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSHOP - DAY 1 10:36

10

Adam and Ana.

ANA

I couldn't. I can't.

(Beat)

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

Adam feigns disappointment.

11

INT. OBS VAN - DAY 1 10:37

11

Malcolm and Jo. On SCREEN. One of the bodyguards is LEAVING THE CAR. He's carrying -- a HANDBAG! They can see Adam and Ana speaking inside the BOOKSHOP.

JO

Adam. Bodyguard on the way. Ten seconds.

12

INT. ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSHOP - DAY 1 10:37

12

Unnoticed by Ana, Adam's eyes DART to the door. He selects a COLLECTED OSCAR WILDE. Ana watches.

ANA

I'm never sure about Wilde -- whether he's as profound as he seems, or just a poseur.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED:

12

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

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

ADAM

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

He gives her the book. She examines it.

13

INT. OBS VAN - DAY 1 10:37

13

ON SCREEN: The bodyguard. Closer to the Bookshop.

JO

Six seconds.

14

INT. ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSHOP - DAY 1 10:37

14

Ana, still examining the book.

ANA

So he was both.

Adam smiles. Relaxed. Takes the book.

He turns to the COUNTER -

- just as the BODYGUARD enters, and approaches Ana.

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

ANA (CONT'D)

(shocked to see him)

I said I'd be right out.

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

ANA (CONT'D)

Ah, yes. Thank you.

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

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

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

ANA (CONT'D)

We were very lucky.

ADAM

No such thing.

He gives her the book, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

ADAM (CONT'D)

For you.

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

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

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

15

INT. OBS VAN - DAY 1 10:38

15

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

JO

Oh, you bastard, Carter!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MALCOLM

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

Jo laughs, and nudges Malcolm.

JO

She's not what I imagined.

MALCOLM

She's half English. The Special
Consul met and married her in
London. She's not exactly popular
with Tehran. But *he* is. So she's
tolerated.

15A **INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID, CORRIDOR - DAY 1 12:02**

15A

Ros, heading down the corridor. Behind her, Adam catching up.

ROS

Here he is, then. The honeytrap. So
how was your day?

ADAM

It had its up and downs. You?

ROS

One of the Iranian die-hards Zaf's
been keeping tabs on for Operation
Greenleaf. He's decided on a trip
to London.

16 **INT. THAMES HOUSE, HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 1 12:04**

16

Harry at his desk. Looking up as Ros and Adam enter,
together.

ROS

Harry, I think we may have
something.

HARRY

Go on.

Ros passes him the MUGSHOT OF ASNIK.

ROS

Mehan Asnik. Zaf's already reported
that he's dropped off the radar.
According to my source, that's
because he's coming here.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

We know Asnik's already tried and failed to disrupt this process inside Tehran. If he's coming to London, it's not for the shopping.

HARRY

Your source, Ros...

ROS

Always reliable so far.

Harry sets down the photograph.

HARRY

So do we have times? Places?

ROS

All we know, Asnik's departure is imminent -- inside twenty-four hours. After that, nothing.

ADAM

I met with the Special Consul's wife today. Sounding out Bakhshi's diary. Ana mentioned his intention to cancel Thursday's appointment at the Anglo-Persian development forum.

ROS

The first fruits of the peace process -- which makes it a prime target.

HARRY

There's no evidence to link Bakhshi to Asnik's cause.

ROS

But it does look like someone might've ordered him to keep clear of the City next Thursday. Which suggests it will be the scene of the attack.

HARRY

I need to warn the Home Secretary.

17

OMITTED

17

18

EXT. WHITEHALL, HOME OFFICE - DAY 1 16:00

18

Establisher.

19

INT. WHITEHALL, HOME SECRETARY'S OFFICE - DAY 1 16:09

19

Harry and the HOME SECRETARY.

(CONTINUED)

HOME SECRETARY

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

HARRY

A possible attack.

HOME SECRETARY

How possible?

HARRY

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

HOME SECRETARY

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

HARRY

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

HOME SECRETARY

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

(Beat)

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

Harry, Ros, Adam.

HARRY

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

ADAM

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

A beat. They take this in. The implications.

ROS

Why not a bullet through the head?

HARRY

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

And Malcolm enters, carrying a BRIEFCASE. He hands it to
Adam.

MALCOLM

This does require arming -- but
it's probably for the best if,
meanwhile, you try not to drop it.

HARRY

(to Adam)

Liaise with Zaf in Tehran, tonight.
You're on the plane in an hour.

Jo and Ros are staring at the weapon.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's a civilian train but we do
know Asnik's carriage will be
virtually empty. And with a
precision device we can be certain
of a bare minimum of casualties.

A CASE is opened. A SUITCASE. It's full of CLOTHES. It's on a
bed in MEHAN ASNIK'S claustrophobic apartment. Asnik's in a
white vest. Holding a METAL CASE containing A VIAL OF GREEN
LIQUID. The vial is marked with a BIOHAZARD legend. He takes
a moment to consider it. Then puts it in the suitcase. And
closes the lid.

TITLES

22

INT. TEHRAN, OFFICE OF ANGLO CASPIAN OIL PLC - NIGHT 1 23:50

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

U.S. To Support Easing of Iran Sanctions

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

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

ADAM

Anything?

ZAF

Nothing. If Asnik's moving, he's doing it in perfect silence.

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

ADAM

Well, let's make it permanent.

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

22A

EXT. IRANIAN TRAIN YARD - NIGHT 1 00:45

22A

The DARK SIDE of a STATIONARY TRAIN -- as A FIGURE resolves from the darkness; scuttling LOW and QUIET -- a HEAVY SPORTSBAG clutched in his hand. It's ZAF.

He stops. Checks quickly -- right, left. Waits. Then WORMS HIS WAY UNDER THE TRAIN.

Under the train, Zaf UNZIPS the sportsbag. Removes some TOOLS. And -- working quickly, a small Maglight torch in his mouth -- he begins to DISMANTLE a HOUSING underneath the train.

Then, from the bag, he removes THE BOMB. It has a CELL-PHONE DETONATOR. He begins ATTACHING it to the BELLY OF THE TRAIN.

23

OMITTED - MOVED TO SC 20A

23

24

EXT. TEHRAN STATION, TRAIN - DAY 2 07:20

24

ASNIK, boarding the train. Carrying the SUITCASE.

Leaning on a PILLAR, reading an IRANIAN NEWSPAPER, is Adam. He notes Asnik passing. Behind the newspaper, he's holding a CELLPHONE. Sending a TEXT MESSAGE.

25

INT. THAMES HOUSE, FORGERY SUITE - NIGHT 1 03:50

25

Resembling a TOYMAKER'S DEN. It's packed, catastrophically messy. Full of wire, pliers, solder, disassembled computers, radios, tvs. Jeweller's tools, manual type-writers. Scattered PASSPORTS. Microscopes.

Jo and Malcolm at their desks, ready.

Ros's phone: INCOMING MESSAGE. She reads it.

ROS

Okay, we've got a positive ID from Adam. And confirmation the subject has boarded the train.

ON SCREEN: satellite image of THE TRAIN.

26 **INT. TEHRAN, TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY 2 07:25** 26

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

27 **INT. THAMES HOUSE, FORGERY SUITE - NIGHT 1 04:00** 27

Harry and Ros. Leaning over Malcolm's desk.

ROS

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

MALCOLM

Coming online.

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

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Real time imagery updating every thirty seconds.

ROS

We hit the train here, outside the city -

She indicates an area SEVERAL KILOMETRES outside Tehran.

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

JO

Okay. It's pulling out of the station.

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

Ros takes her PHONE. Dials. Waits.

ROS

Michael Laws?

28 **INT. TEHRAN, OFFICES OF ANGLO CASPIAN OIL PLC - DAY 2 07:32** 8

Zaf at work, phone in hand.

ZAF

(on phone)

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

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

ZAF (CONT'D)

Excellent. Well, it's looking...there were a few issues. But it's looking good.

(CONTINUED)

ROS(O.S.)

Stand by.

ZAF

Okay. I'll hold.

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

28A **INT. TEHRAN STATION - DAY 2 07:40**

28A

ROS (O.S.)
Adam, numbers?

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

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

29 **INT. THAMES HOUSE, FORGERY SUITE - NIGHT 1 04:10**

29

The team. Monitoring The SATELLITE IMAGES.

JO
Ros. The train's losing speed...

She RE-CHECKS the screen.

JO (CONT'D)
It's stopping.

HARRY
What's its position?

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

ON SCREEN: SATELLITE IMAGE of TWO TRAINS, drawing PARALLEL.

JO (CONT'D)
It's a passenger train, coming in
to Tehran. Re-routed. This time of
morning, it'll be packed.

29A **EXT. TEHRAN STATION - DAY 2 07:41**

29A

Adam is listening to this.

ADAM
He's going to swap trains. He's
experienced in the field. It's
probably a routine switch.

29B **INT. THAMES HOUSE, FORGERY SUITE - NIGHT 1 04:12**

29B

Harry and Ros. Looking at the SATELLITE IMAGE.

ROS
Well, if he wants to lose any tail,
it's about to work. If we disappear
him now, we've lost him until he
attacks London.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Malcolm how many people are on that train?

MALCOLM

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

All eyes on Harry now. My God.

Ros holding the phone. Hand cupped over the MOUTHPIECE.

JO

So we abort, right?

Harry produces his own PHONE.

HARRY

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

(Beat)

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

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

ASNIK

(in English)

The train has stopped.

VOICE (V.O.)

It's nothing. Hold your nerve.

ASNIK

I'm compromised.

VOICE (V.O.)

You're not compromised. Maintain your position.

ASNIK

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

VOICE

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

30 CONTINUED:

30

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

31 **INT. TEHRAN, OFFICES OF ANGLO CASPIAN OIL PLC - DAY 2 07:43** 31

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

ZAF

Geoff?

31A **INT. THAMES HOUSE, FORGERY SUITE - NIGHT 1 04:14**

31A

Harry. Wrestling with a terrible decision.

HARRY

(on phone)

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

32 **OMITTED**

32

32A **INT. HOME SECRETARY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 1 04:14**

32A

HOME SECRETARY

But the alternative is to permit something worse -

Intercut Harry and the Home Secretary

HARRY

The loss of British lives?

HOME SECRETARY

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

HARRY

By bombing your way to peace?

HOME SECRETARY

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

Harry hangs up. Everyone looking at him.

32B **EXT. TEHRAN STATION - DAY 2 07:44**

32B

ADAM

Harry?

32C

INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - NIGHT 1 04:14

32C

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

HARRY

Proceed with the operation.

Ros takes a moment. Takes a breath.

ROS

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

33

INT. TEHRAN, OFFICES OF ANGLO CASPIAN OIL PLC - DAY 2 07:43

ROS (O.S.)

So get your head down. And go.

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

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

He presses SEND.

ZAF

Everyone under your desk! Under your desks! Now!

34

EXT. TEHRAN, UNDER THE TRAIN - DAY 2 07:45

34

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

On screen: INCOMING CALL.

35

INT. TEHRAN, OFFICES OF ANGLO CASPIAN OIL PLC - DAY 2 07:45

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

Not all of them fast enough.

Zaf DIVES.

TACKLES JUSTINE to the floor. Shielding her -- just as --

-- we're BLINDED by AN ALMIGHTY FLASH.

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

36

INT. THAMES HOUSE, FORGERY SUITE - NIGHT 1 04:15

36

SATELLITE IMAGE: A sudden SPIDER OF LIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 36

MALCOLM
Detonation confirmed.

36A **EXT. TEHRAN STATION - DAY 2 07:45** 36A

Adam closes his eyes. What have they done?

37 **INT. TEHRAN, OFFICES OF ANGLO CASPIAN OIL PLC - DAY 2 07:46** 37

Slowly, Zaf stands.

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

They stand there, dazed.

Everyone except Zaf.

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

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

He walks out.

38 **INT. THAMES HOUSE, FORGERY SUITE - NIGHT 1 04:16** 38

The team. Exchanging a slow, cautious glance.

HARRY

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

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

39 **INT. THAMES HOUSE, HARRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT 1 04:16** 39

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

40 **INT. TEHRAN, TRAIN WRECKAGE - DAY 2 07:52** 40

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

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

41 **INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - DAY 2 06:02** 41

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

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

NEWS PRESENTER
...live to our Tehran
correspondent.

The correspondent appears via a SHAKEY VIDEO-PHONE.

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

NEWS PRESENTER
Any news on casualties?

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

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

Ros turns on her heel and exits.

42

OMITTED

42

43

INT. TEHRAN, BRITISH EMBASSY, LOBBY - DAY 2 10:03

43

Superimpose Titles: British Embassy, Tehran

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

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

Passing two ARMED SOLDIERS at the door.

44

INT. TEHRAN, BRITISH EMBASSY, OFFICE - DAY 2 10:06

44

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

ZAF

Casualties?

ADAM

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

ZAF

So what's the story with the second train?

ADAM

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

(Beat)

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

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

ZAF

And what would you have done, Adam?

The moment BROKEN by SUDDEN ACTIVITY ON A SECURITY MONITOR.

Adam TURNS TO IT.

A shared moment of ASTONISHMENT.

ADAM

What the hell is he doing alive?

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

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

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

Adam and Zaf are already RUNNING from the room.

45

INT. TEHRAN, BRITISH EMBASSY, LOBBY - DAY 2 10:07

45

Adam and Zaf enter, running.

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

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

The soldiers, holding him at gunpoint.

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

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

46

INT. TEHRAN, BRITISH EMBASSY, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY 2 10:10 46

Adam and Asnik, seated across the table.

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

ASNIK
Like I said. Defecting.

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

Adam, standing now. As if to leave.

ASNIK
I had no intention of leaving Iran.

ADAM
Oh, that's all right, then. Do you prefer a window or an aisle seat?

ASNIK
Your intelligence is gravely in error. Why would I detonate a bomb in London?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ASNIK (CONT'D)

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

ADAM

Because peace doesn't interest men like you?

ASNIK

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

Long beat. Adam considering.

ASNIK (CONT'D)

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

ADAM

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

ASNIK

For peace. And for money.

ADAM

Whose money?

ASNIK

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

ADAM

Intended for you.

ASNIK

No. My death was to be entirely incidental.

ADAM

What does that mean, Mehan?

ASNIK

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

Adam on the line to Harry.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

ADAM

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

48 INT. THAMES HOUSE, HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY 2 06:44

48

Harry on the phone.

HARRY

Why?

Intercut Adam and Harry.

ADAM

I don't know. But if Asnik's
running to us -- his mortal enemies
-- he's scared.

HARRY

Of whom, exactly?

ADAM

He claims his handler is codenamed
Copenhagen. Now, assume for a
second that Asnik's not lying. That
means Copenhagen was able to
manipulate MI5 into doing his dirty
work. Which means we urgently need
to establish who he's working for -

HARRY

And his agenda.

ADAM

We're not going to achieve that
without bringing Asnik in.

(Beat)

Harry, they've already closed the
airports and the official border
crossings. But Zaf's organised a
plane from Turkey.

HARRY

Bring him in.

Harry hangs up as Ros enters his office. Closes the door.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Sit down.

She sits.

ROS

Harry, if I screwed up -

HARRY

We all screwed up. But we may also
have been set up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

48

CONTINUED:

48

HARRY (CONT'D)

(Beat)

I need you to pull in Mani.

ROS

It'll take me a little while.

HARRY

Find out what you can about his
source in Iran.

Ros stands. Already on her phone.

49

OMITTED

49

50

OMITTED - CONTENT MOVED TO SC 48

50

50A

EXT. AIRPLANE - MID-AIR - DAY 2 - 13:00

50A

STOCK FOOTAGE of a plane flying through the sky.

51 **EXT. STOCKWOOD HILL MILITARY AIRPORT - DAY 2 13:39** 51

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

Insert Titles: Stockwood Hill Military Base, England

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

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

52 **INT. STOCKWOOD HILL MILITARY AIRPORT, ZAF'S CAR - DAY 2 13:40**

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

ZAF

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

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

53 **EXT. ALLEY WAY / BEHIND RESTAURANT - DAY 2 13:42** 53

Ros, in the alley way. On the phone.

ROS

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

54 **EXT. GROSVENOR HOUSE (AMERICAN EMBASSY) - DAY 2 13:45** 54

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

55 **INT. GROSVENOR HOUSE, HOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY 2 13:47** 55

Harry enters.

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

HOGAN

Harry. Thanks for coming along. Please, sit.

55

CONTINUED:

55

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

HOGAN (CONT'D)

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

He pours a glass for them both, while Harry flicks through the sheaf of SATELLITE IMAGES that Hogan has given him.

HOGAN (CONT'D)

They've thrown a massive *cordon sanitaire* round the train. They're erecting field hospitals. Far more capacity than can be explained away by a modest bomb blast.

Slowly, Harry looks up at him.

HOGAN (CONT'D)

Old friend, I think we've got a big problem.

56

I/E. ZAF'S CAR, COUNTRY LANE (TRAVELLING) - DAY 2 13:50

56

The four of them, jostling along. The road narrow, picturesque. Deserted. Trees on either side. Adam's car up ahead.

57

INT. GROSVENOR HOUSE, HOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY 2 13:50

57

Hogan drains his drink. Pours another. Harry's remains untouched.

HOGAN

This is ears only, okay? I'm stretching my discretionary powers to the limit here.

Harry. Preparing for it.

HOGAN (CONT'D)

Mid 1980s. We sold Bio-weapons to Saddam. A little deniable doomsday weapon to use on Tehran, should it become expedient.

HARRY

What kind of bio-weapon?

HOGAN

Strain E-34. This is bad stuff. Incubates in eighteen hours. After that, the carrier starts to cough up blood. Infects everyone he comes near. All this stuff does: it kills people.

(Beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

57

HOGAN (CONT'D)

And I think maybe your guy in
Tehran just blew open a case of it.

58

I/E. THE CARS, WOODED LANE (TRAVELLING) - DAY 2 13:51

58

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

Suddenly -- A LOUD, MUFFLED NOISE:

WHUMPF!

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

He tries THE IGNITION. Nothing.

Adam checks his phone. His watch. Nothing.

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

ADAM

We're being ambushed.

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

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

All around him, the shifting, hissing trees.

Until he sees ZAF'S CAR, approaching.

Adam waving his arms. Flagging it to a halt.

It screeches to a halt. Adam gets in.

59

I/E. ZAF'S CAR, WOODED LANE (TRAVELLING) - DAY 2 13:52

59

ADAM

Back to the airport. Now!

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

ZAF

What happened?

ADAM

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

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

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

Adam. Checking his weapon.

ASNIK

I need to say something.

ADAM

Not now.

ASNIK

Yes. Now.

On his tone, Zaf and Adam. Turning to him.

ASNIK (CONT'D)

I think I'm sick. I think I'm very sick.

60

INT. GROSVENOR HOUSE, HOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY 2 13:54

60

Harry and Hogan.

HARRY

How the hell did Iran get hold of it?

HOGAN

Come on, the border's like the wild west. Some Iraqi General wants to retire to Dubai. Some scientist's got it buried in his yard, he's after making a buck...

HARRY

How can you be sure it's E-34?

HOGAN

Who's sure? We're applying Occam's razor, here. You've got a cordon sanitaire in Tehran. You got NBC suits. No sign of radiation leakage. So chances are, we're looking at Bio-weapons. Who supplied the only known bio-weapon in the area? We did. Run down the checklist. Chances are this is our baby.

HARRY

How very proud you must be.

HOGAN

Far as we're aware, we picked up every last cubic ounce of E-34. So, chances are, the Iraqis managed to culture the strain, and if they did that...chances are, they also pimped it a little.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

HARRY
Pimped it?

HOGAN
Tinkered around. Modified it.

HARRY
Modified it how much?

HOGAN
Enough.

61

I/E. ZAF'S CAR, WOODED DRIVE (TRAVELLING) - DAY 2 13:54

61

The car, racing round a bend. Inside, the occupants. Scanning the trees..

ASNIK
I'd planned to be in quarantine long before I became infectious.

ZAF
So how long before that happens?

ASNIK
A few hours. Perhaps.

Adam WHIRLS. The gun to Asnik's head.

ADAM
You're a suicide bomber, Mehan.
You're a walking plague.

ASNIK
No! This thing, it's an abomination.

ADAM
Turn left here...

62

INT. GROSVENOR HOUSE, HOGAN'S OFFICE - DAY 2 13:55

62

Harry and Hogan.

HARRY
Are you telling me you don't have a cure for this thing?

HOGAN
Harry, I'm telling you - the chances are, no-one does.

63

I/E. ZAF'S CAR, WOODED DRIVE (TRAVELLING) - DAY 2 13:56

63

The car cresting a rise, picking up speed..

And AGAIN, a muted:

(CONTINUED)

WHUMPF

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

It rolls to a stop.

Leaving them inside.

ADAM

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

ASNIK

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

ADAM

Yeah, thanks for that, Mehan.

Scanning the trees.

ADAM (CONT'D)

We stay, we go. Neither option's perfect.

He turns to the SECURITY GUARD in the front passenger seat; JOHN.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Try to make it back to the others. Call this in, somehow.

He nods to THE DRIVER - SCOTT.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Okay, spray and pray. Suppressing fire.

Scott nods. He and Adam prepare...

JOHN leaps out of the car, running, ZIGZAGGING..into the trees, heading south. As he runs, ADAM and SCOTT FIRE into the woods around him.

Then they DUCK back into the vehicle.

They wait.

A long beat of TOTAL SILENCE...

Then TWO DISTINCT SHOTS. Deep bass: a big gun.

ADAM (CONT'D)

That was a double tap from an automatic weapon.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

63

CONTINUED:

63

ADAM (CONT'D)

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

ZAF

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

ADAM

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

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

He and ASNIK dive out --

-- and scramble for the TREES. Heading NORTH.

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

64

EXT. GROSVENOR SQUARE, GROSVENOR HOUSE - DAY 2 14:00

64

Harry exiting Grosvenor House. His phone ringing.

HARRY

Ros?

65

INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - DAY 2 14:00

65

Ros is striding onto the Grid.

ROS

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

Intercut Harry and Ros.

HARRY

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

At that, Ros halts.

ROS

A what?

HARRY

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

HARRY (CONT'D)

Asnik wasn't supposed to survive the train bomb, but he did. Now there's every chance he's infected with the virus. Eighteen hours after exposure, he becomes infectious. That gives us two hours -- to prevent an outbreak that will kill tens of thousands. So get him into Military Quarantine. Immediately.

66

EXT. THE WOODS (NORTH) - DAY 2 14:02

66

Zaf and Asnik running headlong through the woods, the undergrowth. Zaf is holding his CELL-PHONE.

67

EXT. THE WOODS (SOUTH) - DAY 2 14:02

67

Cut between Adam and Scott. Deep in the woods. Hunting. Their movements slow, stealthy.

68

INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - DAY 2 14:03

68

Jo and Ros, simultaneously hanging up their phones.

ROS

Nothing?

JO

Nothing.

69

EXT. THE WOODS (SOUTH) - DAY 2 14:03

69

ADAM pausing. Checking left and right.

Scott, out of Adam's line of sight, is edging towards a COPSE. When he HEARS something. Behind him. He whirls. Bringing up his FIREARM...

On ADAM as he hears TWO RAPID SHOTS. That same BASS SIGNATURE.

He swears under his breath. Presses his BACK to the tree.

And begins, very slowly, to move round the tree...firearm raised...scanning the undergrowth...

70

EXT. THE WOODS (NORTH) - DAY 2 14:04

70

Zaf and Asnik, fording a NARROW STREAM, slipping on the WET ROCKS.

Asnik stumbles. Beginning to COUGH.

Zaf offers his hand. Scanning the trees as he does so. He sees nothing. He's still struggling to operate the cell-phone.

(CONTINUED)

70

CONTINUED:

70

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

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

ZAF

It's self-corrected. Keep moving.

He urges Asnik onwards, about to dial.

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

AS A BULLET SLAMS INTO ZAF'S GUTS.

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

71

EXT. THE WOODS (SOUTH) - DAY 2 14:04

71

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

He turns to it. Begins to run...

72

OMITTED

72

73

EXT. THE WOODS (NORTH) - DAY 2 14:05

73

Adam arrives, at speed.

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

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

He breaks through onto A ROAD...

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

He PLANTS HIS FEET. Raises the FIREARM.

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

73A

INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - DAY 2 14:16

73A

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

HARRY

(on phone)

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

He hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

JO
Where are they?

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

On the team. Their concern, now.

ROS
By whom?

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

And now he has their utmost attention.

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

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

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

75

INT. LONDON, IRANIAN EMBASSY, PRIVATE QUARTERS - DAY 2 14:15

ON SCREEN: The same report continues.

NEWS PRESENTER

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

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

ANA

So much for sitting down at the international table.

BAKSHI

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

ANA

You think I don't understand?

BAKSHI

You're not an Iranian.

76

INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - DAY 2 15:05

76

Adam, storming onto the Grid. Ros stands.

ROS

Adam -?

ADAM

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

(CONTINUED)

MALCOLM

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

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

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

All we've got is this.

He hits a key-combination.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

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

ADAM

It might help us, Malcolm.

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

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

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

On Adam. Teeth set in fury.

ROS

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

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

MALCOLM

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

ROS

What's that?

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

ROS (CONT'D)

It's a grenade.

(Beat)

How close can you go? Centre on the firing pin.

He zooms in VERY, VERY CLOSE. The screen just blurred, PIXILLATED BLOCKS now; the METALLIC COLOUR of the firing pin in EXTREME CLOSE-UP. A slightly darker smudge along the centre.

ROS (CONT'D)

This here. Can you clean that up?

MALCOLM

It'll take some time.

ROS

Not too much time. This could be the only link to these mercenaries. That means, it could be the only way we can get to Zaf -- and to Asnik, before he becomes a living weapon of mass destruction.

Adam's phone rings. He reaches for it. But realizes it's his 2nd phone.

He takes a moment -- and changes his mood. He puts on "Peter's" personality. We see his rage and frustration drop away. His voice softens.

ADAM

Ana?

76A

INT. LONDON, IRANIAN EMBASSY, PRIVATE QUARTERS - DAY 2 15:00

Ana, distressed. On the phone.

ANA

Peter?

Intercut Adam and Ana.

ADAM

God, I've wanted to call. I saw the news and...is it safe? To talk. Can we talk?

ANA

Yes. It's safe.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

How are you?

ANA

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

ADAM

So you think it could be true? Germ warfare?

ANA

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

Adam. Thinking.

ADAM

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

ANA

How can I?

ADAM

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

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

ADAM (CONT'D)

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

ROS

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

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

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

HARRY

Special Consul, thank you for meeting me.

BAKHSHI

A pleasure to meet you again, Mr Pearce.

HARRY

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

BAKHSHI

She's very well.

HARRY

Do send my best regards.

(Beat)

This catastrophe... obviously the nature of it is somewhat embarrassing to Tehran -- and more than a little unfortunate, given the improving relationship between our countries. We have to face the fact, there'll be a great deal of rhetoric from the United Nations and the United States...

BAKHSHI

Rhetoric? There'll be renewed sanctions, weapons inspections.

HARRY

And the intelligence services -- ours, yours, everyone's -- will be on high alert. But thanks in no small part to your efforts we stood very close to something momentous. So let's you and I do what we can to minimise this new tension. Let's avoid any misunderstandings.

Beat.

BAKHSHI

Do you recall what Christ had to say about hypocrites, Mr Pearce?

HARRY

Much the same as Muhammad had to say, I'd imagine. On that subject, the Gods speak with one voice.

BAKHSHI

But here we are. Furtive little hypocrites, making furtive little meetings. Desperate to be friends, terrified that we're enemies. And none of us fears God. We fear *payload* and *kill rate* and *death zone*. So, thank you for your message.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

BAKHSHI (CONT'D)

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

78

INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - DAY 2 15:41

78

Ros enters.

ROS

Malcolm?

MALCOLM

I've got it.

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

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

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

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

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

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

ROS

I'm on my way.

79

INT. WHITEHALL, HOME SECRETARY'S OFFICE - DAY 2 16:10

79

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

HOME SECRETARY

And how was Mr Bakhshi?

HARRY

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

(CONTINUED)

HOME SECRETARY

Well that's something. Because if the world learns that we unleashed a bio-weapon in Tehran, the consequences will be catastrophic.

He turns to Adam.

HOME SECRETARY (CONT'D)

But God help us, if anyone discovers you brought that virus back with you....thousands dead on the streets of Britain...

ADAM

You gave the order which wiped out forty people like that.
(snaps his fingers)
This is your doing. All of it. And now your sole concern -

HOME SECRETARY

My sole concern is the people of this country!

Harry interjects. Pacifying.

HARRY

Home Secretary. Intelligence gathering is a game of imperfect information. We can guess at our opponent's moves; we hope that, by listening hard, we can hear on what square they set their pieces. But we can never be sure that we guessed correctly. Not until the game's over.

HOME SECRETARY

This game is over, Harry. You run this thing to the ground. Stop it dead. Before it stops us.

INT. RONSON'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - DAY 2 16:46

NICK RONSON enters. Closes the door. KEYS in a LOCKING SEQUENCE. Sets down his briefcase. Loosens his tie.

He stops. Frowns. Sniffs.

Curious, he walks through into -

INT. RONSON'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 2 16:47

- the living room of a WELL-APPOINTED DOCKLANDS FLAT.

RONSON

Katie? You home?

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

ROS

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

(offers one of the mugs)

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

Ronson starts to back away. Towards the DOOR.

ROS (CONT'D)

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

(grins)

Come on. Be nice. I made coffee.

RONSON

Who are you?

ROS

No names, no pack-drill.

RONSON

Security services, then. What flavour?

ROS

Friendly. For the moment.

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

ROS (CONT'D)

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

RONSON

Oh, come on.

ROS

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

RONSON

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

ROS

And I know every war criminal,
petty dictator, assassin, scumbag
and warlord you ever brokered for.
We do keep records, you know.

RONSON

Then you know I'm an asset: I've
given MI6 a lot of useful material,
over the years.

ROS

Which, I'd imagine, is exactly the
kind of thing you'd like to keep
from all those blood-hungry
nutcases you quietly sold down the
river. Because if they were to find
out -- well, they wouldn't even
leave a wet spot where you'd been
standing, would they?

RONSON

You wouldn't blow an MI6 asset.

Ros' look tells him otherwise.

A beat.

RONSON (CONT'D)

All right. Wait.

He stoops. Pauses. Makes a gesture -- he's only going to pick
up his BRIEFCASE. Ros nods.

82 **EXT. MERCENARIES TRUCK, LONDON STREETS (TRAVELLING) - DAY 2 16:48**

Establisher.

83 **INT. BACK OF THE MERCENARIES' TRUCK - DAY 2 16:48**

83

This is the mercenaries' MOBILE BASE OF OPERATIONS. There's
COMPUTER EQUIPMENT. Sheets pinned to the wall. And a FIELD
HOSPITAL UNIT.

Inside are FOUR MERCENARIES.

They're out of the Gillie suits, but still in their assault
kit (they'll remain in SKI-MASKS throughout). STILL ARMED.
Guarding ZAF and Asnik.

Asnik is very, very SICK. Coughing. Hacking. Pale and
sweating. Feverish. Shivering. The CHIEF MERCENARY is
checking Asnik's brow. Then he checks his WATCH.

Zaf, watching. He's laid out flat. Gut-shot and bandaged.
Speaking to the ceiling. But he's being relaxed, charming. As
if there's nowhere else he'd rather be.

(CONTINUED)

ZAF

It's a weaponised virus. It mimics
pneumonic plague. And it's going to
kill you.

The Chief takes a hasty, unconscious step away from Asnik.

Zaf notes this.

ZAF (CONT'D)

They didn't mention it - the people
who hired you?

No answer.

ZAF (CONT'D)

I thought it might have slipped
their mind. I'd imagine the
contract was to deliver Asnik
alive, after the heat's off. In
what -- three hours? Four? Do you
really think that's going happen?

They look at the sick man.

ZAF (CONT'D)

Because what I think is, all that
running in the woods. The exertion.
It's brought things on a bit.

RONSON lights a nervous CIGARETTE. He's at the TABLE, in
front of the WINDOW. He opens the BRIEF-CASE. A LAPTOP
inside.

RONSON

The team's led by Angus Leonard.
Special forces. Good man, actually.
Yesterday I was contacted -

ROS

By whom?

RONSON

An old contact. Albanian. We've
done business before. He offered a
lot of money for a quick and easy
job. I assumed it was - y'know. An
Albanian thing.

(Beat)

This isn't an Albanian thing, is
it?

ROS

Contact Leonard. Bring him in.
Straight in. He and his team stay
in that truck. They contact nobody.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROS (CONT'D)

(Beat)

Do as I tell you: you and Leonard
walk away.

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

He's about to press his INDEX FINGERTIP to An ISOMETRIC PAD near the power-button. When we notice a RED SPOT seeming to seek through the blue cigarette smoke - it settles on Ronson's BACK and then...

THWIP!

Through the WINDOW. A single, PERFECT SNIPER'S SHOT. Through the back. Out through THE CHEST.

RONSON collapses.

And ROS, diving for cover beneath the window-sill. The one place in the room the SNIPER can't hit. Looking at Ronson's LAPTOP. And his DEAD, TWITCHING HAND, next to it. She looks.

From computer. To dead hand. Computer. To dead hand.

INT. BACK OF THE MERCENARIES' TRUCK - DAY 2 16:50

More tentatively, the CHIEF MERCENARY is once again examining Asnik.

ZAF

He's dying. And by now, so are we.

(Beat)

Whoever hired you knowingly exposed
you to this. They were killing you.

He lets this sink in.

ZAF (CONT'D)

So hand him back to MI5. Set a
price. Take their money. Live to
spend it.

(Beat)

Pick your enemy. The people who
exposed you to this -

Both of them now, looking at Asnik.

ZAF (CONT'D)

Or MI5. And this infection. Your
choice.

Asnik is slick with sweat now. Mumbling. Drifting in and out of consciousness.

The Chief doesn't answer. Instead, he looks at his MEN.

Suddenly, Asnik is WRACKED by coughing. He coughs. And coughs.

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

85

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

He brushes at it with his fingertips.

86

INT. RONSON'S FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY 2 16:51

86

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

ROS

(on phone)

Harry, I'm in Ronson's flat. The team was his, alright.

HARRY (O.S.)

So who hired them?

ROS

Some go-between. Albanian.

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

ROS (CONT'D)

It'll be a little while before I can tell you any more.

HARRY (O.S.)

What's going on?

ROS

Sniper. Killshot.

Shocked beat.

HARRY (O.S.)

Ros, get out of there, now.

ROS

Oh, the sniper's long gone.

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

ROS (CONT'D)

Besides. I won't be long.

87

INT. THAMES HOUSE, GRID - DAY 2 17:36

87

Jo and Malcolm, at work. Adam enters.

JO

So what happened?

ADAM

Sniper.

(CONTINUED)

JO

Who?

ADAM

The mercenaries, covering their tracks. The Iranians. Copenhagen
(shrugs)
The Mormon Tabernacle Choir.
Anything on the mercenaries?

JO

Well, we looked into Angus Leonard -

ON SCREEN: THE CHIEF MERCENARY without his Ski-mask.

JO (CONT'D)

I can tell you his Service record is excellent, and this isn't his usual kind of job. Other than that, there's nothing of much use.

ADAM

Okay. We can't get to the mercenaries directly -- so we need to get to the people who hired them. That could be Copenhagen. Or it could be the Iranians.

(Beat)

Malcolm. We know Bakhshi is attending a charity event today. Get me likely routes from the Embassy to the venue.

Beat.

JO

No way. You'll lose your source. The wife.

ADAM

Right now, we've got two priorities -- getting Zaf back, and getting that virus off the streets. We lose a few resources along the way? So be it.

Harry and Bob Hogan. Hogan grown weary and serious now.

HOGAN

We're tired, Harry. We got stuck, in Iraq, and now we're tired. So God knows, we like the idea of a receptive Iran. And a weapons spillage over there, we can live with that -- at a push.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED:

88

HOGAN (CONT'D)

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

(Beat)

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

HARRY

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

89

I/E. LONDON SQUARE, BAKHSHI'S CAR (TRAVELLING) - DAY 2 19:00

A BLACK MERCEDES turns onto the square.

In the REAR SEATS are ANA and DARIUSH. They're DRESSED FOR THE THEATRE.

Behind the Mercedes, a SECOND CAR pulls into view. There's a BLUE LIGHT attached to the roof -- it's an UNMARKED POLICE CAR. It pulls ALONGSIDE the Mercedes -- and sounds its SIREN, flashes its lights. Signalling the Mercedes to pull over.

ANA

What's going on?

Her husband hushes her -- gently enough. Then, to his driver:

BAKSHI

Pull over.

Both cars pull up. A beat. And from the "police car" emerge ADAM and JO.

They approach the Mercedes.

Inside, Dariush is worried. What's going on?

On Ana; her sudden, sick horror as SHE RECOGNISES ADAM.

He's standing at the window now.

ADAM

Mr Bakhshi, my name's Adam Carter. I'm an officer of the British Security Services. Please open the door.

Adam's eyes flick to Ana.

An agonized question in her eyes. He looks away.

Dariush's window descends.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM (CONT'D)

I have something to say.

A beat. The door opens.

BAKHSHI

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

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

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

Jo's eyes flick away, to Bakhshi.

ADAM

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

A moment. Is Bakhshi calculating? Confused? Both?

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

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

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

Jo misses none of this.

Adam fixes his gaze back on Dariush.

BAKHSHI

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

Burning EYE CONTACT between Adam and Bakhshi.

Then Adam and Jo exit.

BAKHSHI. Trembling with rage.

Ana watching Adam's back. Nauseated with betrayal.

90 CONTINUED:

90

BAKHSHI

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

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

91 **EXT. LONDON SQUARE - DAY 2 19:09**

91

Adam and Jo, striding to their car.

JO

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

ADAM

Did you plant the device?

JO

Yup.

ADAM

Then it was worth it.

JO

They'll find it on the next sweep.

ADAM

That's time enough.

JO

Fine. But bagsie, you're telling
Harry.

92 **INT. LONDON SQUARE, BAKHSHI'S CAR (TRAVELLING) - DAY 2 19:09**

Ana and Dariush. Still in shock.

ANA

Let's go home. I feel sick.

He thinks about it. Gets himself together.

BAKHSHI

No.

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

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

BAKHSHI (CONT'D) (INTO PHONE)

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

95

INT. BACK OF THE MERCENARIES' TRUCK - NIGHT 2 19:44

95

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

ZAF

It's incubating inside you, right now. In a few hours, you'll be delirious and coughing up lung tissue. And wishing to God you'd listened to me. The only way to survive this thing, is MI5.

ASNIK

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

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

CHIEF MERCENARY

I'd still need my money.

ZAF

You'd get your money.

96

INT. THAMES HOUSE, FORGERY ROOM - NIGHT 2 19:44

96

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

ROS

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

MALCOLM

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

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

ROS

Which is why I brought this along.

Malcolm's passing moment of distaste.

MALCOLM

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

Adam comes to the door.

ADAM

Ros. You need to see this.

97

INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - NIGHT 2 19:56

97

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

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

ZAF

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

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

HARRY

Jo can we locate them? Source this message?

JO

(shakes her head)
They're too proficient. I isolated elements of the ambient soundtrack -
- hoping for some positional indices...

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

ADAM

Any idea which airport?

JO

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

ADAM

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

ROS

Asnik is lethal. Thirty million is small change.

HARRY

The money's not a problem. The vaccine is. We don't have it. It doesn't exist.

(CONTINUED)

97

CONTINUED:

97

ADAM

But they don't know that.

All turn to him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Come on. What choice to we have?

98

INT. THAMES HOUSE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT 2 20:26

98

Adam is heading to the Grid. Ros passes.

ROS

So. You as scared as you look?

ADAM

Do I look scared?

ROS

Not as scared as I'd be looking.

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

ROS (CONT'D)

Really. You okay?

ADAM

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

ROS

Embarrassed?

She smiles. But she's holding his gaze.

ROS (CONT'D)

You made the right choices out there.

This comment sticks in Adam.

ADAM

Is that what you really think?

A slightly tense beat.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You sure I'm not *in too deep*?

ROS

I've never said that.

Adam laughs, bitterly now.

ADAM

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

(CONTINUED)

ROS

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

ROS (CONT'D)

And you don't - ?

ADAM

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

ROS

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

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

ADAM

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

ROS

And after that? What then?

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

MALCOLM

One false vaccine. Good luck.

99 OMITTED 99

100 INT. THAMES HOUSE, GRID - NIGHT 2 20:38 100

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

Harry enters.

HARRY

Time's short.

MALCOLM

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

HARRY

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

On Malcolm. Scowling. Yes, thanks for that.

Then: A MESSAGE ALERT on Malcolm's SCREEN

HARRY (CONT'D)

Too late.

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

ZAF

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

Harry picks up a phone.

HARRY

Ros - tell Adam we've heard.

SCENES 100A - 106 OMITTED

107 EXT. EAST LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 2 20:50 107

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

107 CONTINUED:

107

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

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

They bundle Adam into a door on the right.

107A INT. LOCK-UP - NIGHT 2 20:51

107A

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

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

ADAM
None.

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

CHIEF MERCENARY
Now strip. Shoes first.

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

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

CHIEF MERCENARY (CONT'D)
Drink.

ADAM
No.

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

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

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

CHIEF MERCENARY (CONT'D)
You swallowed nothing?

(CONTINUED)

107A CONTINUED:

107A

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

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

Adam is led outside.

108 **INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - NIGHT 2 21:30**

108

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

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

MALCOLM

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

ROS

And what's their effective life?

MALCOLM

Thirty seconds.

ROS

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

MALCOLM

None.

109 **INT. MERCENARIES' CAR / INT. MERCENARIES' WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 21:39**

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

CHIEF MERCENARY

Out.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

He rubs at his wrists. Getting the circulation back.

From somewhere to one side:

CHIEF MERCENARY (CONT'D)

Hey!

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

CHIEF MERCENARY (CONT'D)

Catch.

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

CHIEF MERCENARY (CONT'D)

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

ADAM

Not without proof of life.

A beat. Then the Chief nods.

Sounds of a LORRY DOOR being opened.

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

Eye contact between Zaf and Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Asnik?

Zaf NODS.

Adam faces the Chief Mercenary.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Give me the details.

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

HARRY

Adam?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

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

111 INT. MERCENARIES' WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 2 21:40

111

CHIEF MERCENARY
 (clicks fingers)
 Please.

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

A THIRD MERCENARY opens a laptop.

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

Then the third mercenary NODS.

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

A beat.

ADAM
 No.

Three Mercenaries STEP FORWARD.

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

The Chief nods to his men.

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

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

ZAF
 I warned you...

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

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

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

And bundled into the truck.

112 **INT. BACK OF THE MERCENARIES' TRUCK - DAY 3 06:20** 112

ASNIK milky-pale.

Adam and Zaf. Forced into a SITTING POSITION. Zaf wounded, bleeding. Weak.

Adam. BOUND AT THE WRISTS. The Chief is squatting before him, removing a SYRINGE from the case.

CHIEF MERCENARY

Now, I want to believe this contains a vaccine, because I don't want to die. Not like that.

(nods at Asnik)

Trouble is -- you know that, don't you? So what if I inject you with it -- what would happen? You wouldn't die, would you? Or anything tricky like that?

And the Chief Mercenary JAMS the syringe into Adam's CHEST.

Adam bites down on the pain.

As the SMARTDUST in the FAKE VACCINE is ACTIVATED BY HIS BODYHEAT.

112A **INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - DAY 3 06:21** 112A

On Malcolm's screen: a sudden PULSE OF LIGHT on the LONDON MAP.

MALCOLM

Got them!

112B **I/E JO'S CAR, LONDON STREETS - DAY 3 06:21** 112B

Jo in the passenger seat. On the phone. Referring to the SATNAV.

JO

Okay, Bankford Road.

On satnav screen: a BLIP representing ADAM'S POSITION.

JO (CONT'D)

I see them.

112C **INT. QUIET STREET, BACK OF THE MERCENARIES' TRUCK - DAY 3 06:24** 112C

The Chief Mercenary, squatting over Adam.

CHIEF MERCENARY

Still alive?

(CONTINUED)

112C CONTINUED:

112C

ADAM

You're wasting my time.

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

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

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

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

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

And Adam leaps to his feet.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Don't! He'll infect everyone he passes! We'll never control it! You'll be murdering thousands!

CHIEF MERCENARY

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

ADAM

Don't do this!

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

As the TRUCK DOORS are THROWN OPEN.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Don't do it!

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

ADAM (CONT'D)

He needs TO BE quarantined. Now. RIGHT NOW!

The Chief HEADBUTTS Adam.

Adam falls BACK, into the wall of the truck.

ADAM (CONT'D)

PLEASE!

AS ASNIK is thrown onto the QUIET STREET.

And the DOORS are CLOSED.

ADAM

Zaf...

ZAF

It's all right, mate.

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

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

ZAF (CONT'D)

(to the Chief)

Don't think I'll hesitate.

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

CHIEF MERCENARY

So. What now?

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

And Zaf. A tiny smile. Yes.

ZAF

(to the chief)

You let him go.

A beat.

Then the CHIEF MERCENARY, into his WALKIE TALKIE.

CHIEF MERCENARY

Pull over.

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

TWO MERCENARIES throw open the REAR DOORS.

CHIEF MERCENARY (CONT'D)

(to Adam)

You heard him. Go.

ZAF

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

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

ZAF (CONT'D)

Get Asnik. Go.

(CONTINUED)

116

CONTINUED:

116

Adam, turning now to face the Chief Mercenary.

ADAM

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

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

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

ZAF

I'll catch you later.

ADAM

My round, yeah?

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

ZAF

Go, mate.

And Adam is hustled out of the truck...

116i

EXT. CENTRAL LONDON STREET - DAY 3 06:27

116i

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

116A

I/E. JO'S CAR - DAY 3 06:27

116A

Jo referring to SATNAV. The MOVING BLIP.

JO

They've turned onto Northlight
Road.

The car speeding away.

117

EXT. CENTRAL LONDON STREET - DAY 3 06:27

117

Adam on the STREET now. Running -- zig-zagging -- hands still
bound....

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

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

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

118 **INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - DAY 3 06:27** 118

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

MALCOLM
Northlight Road. Here it is.

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

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

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

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

119 **EXT. CENTRAL LONDON STREETS - DAY 3 06:28** 119

Adam. Handcuffed. Bloodied. Beaten. And RUNNING.

ADAM
Asnik! ASNIK!

Through all THOSE PEOPLE.

119A **INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - DAY 3 06:28** 119A

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

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

119B I/E - JO'S CAR - DAY 3 06:28 119B

Looking out the window as the car speeds along.

JO
We've lost him?

120 INT. THAMES HOUSE, THE GRID - DAY 3 06:29 120

Harry, checking out Ros's screen.

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

121 OMITTED 121

122 EXT. OXFORD STREET - DAY 3 06:29 122

Adam, still running.

ADAM
ASNIK!!!!

123 EXT. CENTRAL LONDON STREETS - DAY 3 06:30 123

Here he is. Mehan Asnik. Stumbling. Collapsing.

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

ASNIK
Help me!

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

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

123A INT. CCTV OBSERVATION UNIT - DAY 3 - 06:31 123A

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

END OF EPISODE